BY DR. J. H. PORTER.

CHAPTER IV.

The Indian who had been attacked by a tiger exhibited symptoms of dangerous shock. One derivation of the Indian word jaguar is referred by Emmuel Liais to that crushed state which follows its spring. The animal ranks third in bulk and weight among great cats, and the striking force of a body like this, launched by such muscles, must be tremendous, even without aid from tooth or claw.

Moreover, people make mistakes about the physical condition of these natives. On account of poor food and unsanitary habits they possess much less strength, endurance or vitality than is popularly supposed to belong to them. Moreover, this is a deficiency which attaches to all men in the same grade and similarly ill-provided. Scientific travelers have never found the savage of romance in any country.

That evening we heard an account of the accident from the man's wife. They had gone fishing, she said, and likewise intended cutting a canoe-load of reeds in order to finish thatching their house; thus it was certainly an unfortunate peculiarity of taste that made them prefer this material to the usually employed palm leaves, or long coarse grasses.

Such was the case, however, and when enough fish had been caught, they paddled some distance upward, and went into one of those innumerable reed-fringed inlets that Amazonian rivers project into surrounding forests. It appears to have been a place especially adapted for the ensuing disaster, and those many similar catastrophes which have occurred in like situations.

The desired material grew close to an overhanging bank, and was overshadowed by trees, some of them towering far aloft, while others leaned over the water. No human being can imagine how many natives have been killed by tigers—as they call them—in just such spots, and Indians are perfectly aware of this; yet they do not remember it at the proper time; for here again, as everyone knows who has associated intimately with him, the wild men of story bear little resemblance to primitive human beings as they are in fact.

We read of eyes and ears that nothing escapes, unrelaxed vigilance, and an unwavering attentiveness; but notwithstanding a very perfect sense development within limited ranges, and great, though restricted, power of concentration, any savage, unless especially excited or temporarily absorbed by some particular object, is habitually semi-torpid in mind, and incurably careless.

This one spoken of, seemingly, paid no attention to his surroundings. When the woman was asked if she did not know that danger might always be looked for in these places, all we got in answer was a vacant stare, and the reply that they saw nothing.

Of course, neither saw anything! How could it be otherwise, unless accidentally, when both were entirely indifferent, and did not take the trouble to look around them. Nevertheless, deadly peril was close at hand, for while the man cut reeds, and his companion loaded their boat, a jaguar crept along one of the projecting limbs and sprang upon him. Fortunately the distance was so great that he only got half way into their canoe.

As things were, however, all advantages remained with him, and he would certainly have made an entrance and killed them both, if the woman in desperation had not caught up a fish spear, which she plunged deeply into one of his eyes.

That broke the brute's hold, causing it to fall backward, and their boat was at once pushed off and paddled away by her whose courage undoubtedly saved both lives. One life, however, only for a little while. Later, when the night grew cool, quickly-succeeding shudders began to pass over that dark, mutilated form then lying in a low muttering delirium on one of the rough native beds.

Both of us had seen this state more than once before. It is the way in which a lion or tiger's unfinished work is apt to end, when those whom they have mangled do not possess enough reserve force to rally from initial shock. Before daybreak the man was dead.

A few hours afterwards, our long-expected transports hove in sight. They were very disreputable in every particular, like their crews, and on such a stream as this, wide as an oceanic gulf, would no doubt fully justify their obvious appearances of worthlessness when bad weather came on.

It was a case of necessity, however, and so, after the invariable waste of words accompanying every, even the simplest, transaction, we hired an igarape. This aquatic curiosity carried two masts (crooked like the keel), her rudder was swung awry, and she had been rigged according to "the custom of the country," which looked discouraging.

There is no use to say anything about cleanliness, order, or leaks; neither to make remarks concerning the Captain and his men; for a consistency in design, execution and conduct pervaded that vessel, such as left nothing which people who love completeness could cavil at. A small wigwam had been constructed near her stern, and an ugly little Saint Christopher was skewered through his stomach to the mainmast.

Therefore, being provided for both temporally and spiritually, we stowed away our belongings while servants and sailors looked on, apparently without experiencing any vulgar impulse to interfere. After these exercises we expected to get off.

Our departure, however, took place late on the next evening, by which period the ship's company had become partially sober. For days upon days we sailed and poled, tacked, yawed, and, it may be said, sprawled about on the mighty Orinoco.

Now putting into some inlet, then examining a bar or island. Here tying up to make excursions in savannas or forests; there visiting ports in all respects similar with the one we sailed from.

Furthermore, and finally, with respect to these voyages and those which followed them; their incidents may be given, and, likewise, descriptions of what was seen; but a true account of this and other crews, their language or sentiments; what they did among themselves, and how such beings behaved towards their fellow-creatures at various settlements, can in no wise be set forth with any exactness, because all this is horrific and unmentionable.

The infinite variety and interest nature displayed wherever we went only revealed itself to us gradually. These forests impress one like the ocean. Within them live a multiplicity of animal and vegetable species such as might occupy a naturalist's lifetime and then their study be only just begun.

Take some immense, incalculably-old saman tree, for example, with its single great dome of foliage looking like a grove. There is more vitality in and about this solitary mimosa than could be found in acres upon acres of comparatively barren northern lands. The birds that flutter among its gigantic branches, the arboreal and semi-arboreal quadrupeds which resort there, those innumerable insects, arthropods, and larval forms, found in the earth under its buttressed roots, its bark and leaves, or frequenting the faintly pink feathery flowers, would fill a cabinet by themselves. Here sapucayas tower on high, with their rich nuts, closely resembling those called Brazil nuts, inclosed in large wooden globes with neatly-fitted lids, which loosen as they ripen, and are cast off, when these capsules (Cuyas de Macaco, monkey cups) fall, scattering their contents around.

Many trees are of great height—Symphonia, Crateva, Pao d'Arco, the king tree, and others—but they are not proportionately thick through. There is a bitter struggle for life always going on in an Amazonian forest. Each of these lofty stems literally conquers its own domain. It must push upward to the sun and air in order to develop; yet notwithstanding that every one of them stands to a certain extent alone, keeping down or killing competitors, it cannot get enough nutriment to make it symmetrical.

Hence those columnar boles without branches for a hundred feet, rising from encircling buttresses—aerial roots getting higher and more massive as the ascending trunk and superincumbent foliage become more and more in need of support.

This peculiarity marks all larger arboreal forms, irrespectively of their species, and among others the Massaranduba or cow tree; so called from a milk-like exudation of its bark. It is, in fact, very good milk and pleasant to drink, unless, indeed, the beverage be somewhat stale, or is taken, undiluted, in excess—when this liquid may probably turn into an extremely tough kind of glue inside one, and kill a person in a very disagreeable manner.

Despite the varieties of animal life existing within these tropical woodlands, their fauna is so evenly distributed, owing to uniform physical conditions, that to untrained eyes this sea of verdure might seem almost untenanted. There is nothing here to correspond with such grand assemblages of imposing creatures as often gather upon African plains.

Shy deer conceal themselves within dense brakes, the tapir and wild hog hide in marshy coverts; pumas and jaguars—lions and tigers in native parlance—crouch in secret lairs, monkeys peer silently down from lofty boughs; while the greater land birds run swiftly and noiselessly away, and turtles, snakes, ant-eaters, armadillos, capybaras, and saurians, squirrels, hares and opossums, with an infinity of other forms, cover up amidst leaves, sink in water, seek burrows, coil among deep shadows, or cling to barks on which at a little distance it is impossible to distinguish their similarly-colored bodies. There is plenty of chattering, grunting, roaring and screaming, however, at certain times.

Not only as symbolizing the ocean through its vastness, as recalling it in the roar of its wind-swept boughs, or by that deep murmur which never ceases, is this great forest like a sea. Tides—tides of life—ebb and flow there endlessly. Slow oscillations of existence whose shore marks, so to speak, reveal themselves by bloom and vigor; lie close on every side to evidences of ineffectuality issuing in decay and death.

Associated with these secular changes there is also a daily rise and fall of vitality among plants and beasts and men. As the sun ascends, each sound that betokened activity is hushed. Except a cicada's harsh whirr, the silence of exhaustion broods upon nature. Human beings, prostrated by heat and electric tension, sink into a languor from which they cannot rouse; lethargy accompanied with uneasiness, oppresses bird and mammal; relaxed leaves droop, and the petals of flowers fall. Towards night this tide of living energy flows anew, and again it is spent. Added beauty, increased strength, a more certain assurance of lengthened life, accompanies the completed cycle on one hand, and on the other lie its wrecks.

Reverting to our nautical experiences, they were many and varied. We had a black squall at least once every day. When opportunity offered we took refuge within some inlet; otherwise things went on as it pleased heaven, and our ship's company performed feats of seamanship the like of which have not been seen; neither are they spoken of in treatises upon maritime affairs.

However, we were not drowned conformably with those rules laid down for such cases. Moreover, these vicissitudes brought out the true inwardness of our companions' natures. It was our privilege to see them as they were, and probably neither of us would ever have fully appreciated our own servants, if their traits had not been, as it were, concentrated on board.

Francisco, perhaps, might be distinguished as having fewer sketches and outlines of ordinary human nature about him than the rest; but this was not so much because he was a greater liar, drunkard and outlaw, or a more finished blackguard, as on account of his incomparable absurdities. Most likely the spirit of a pariah dog had transmigrated into him; for outside of India no animal so aggressive and cowardly, so mean, self-assertive, and incompetent, has been seen by anybody.

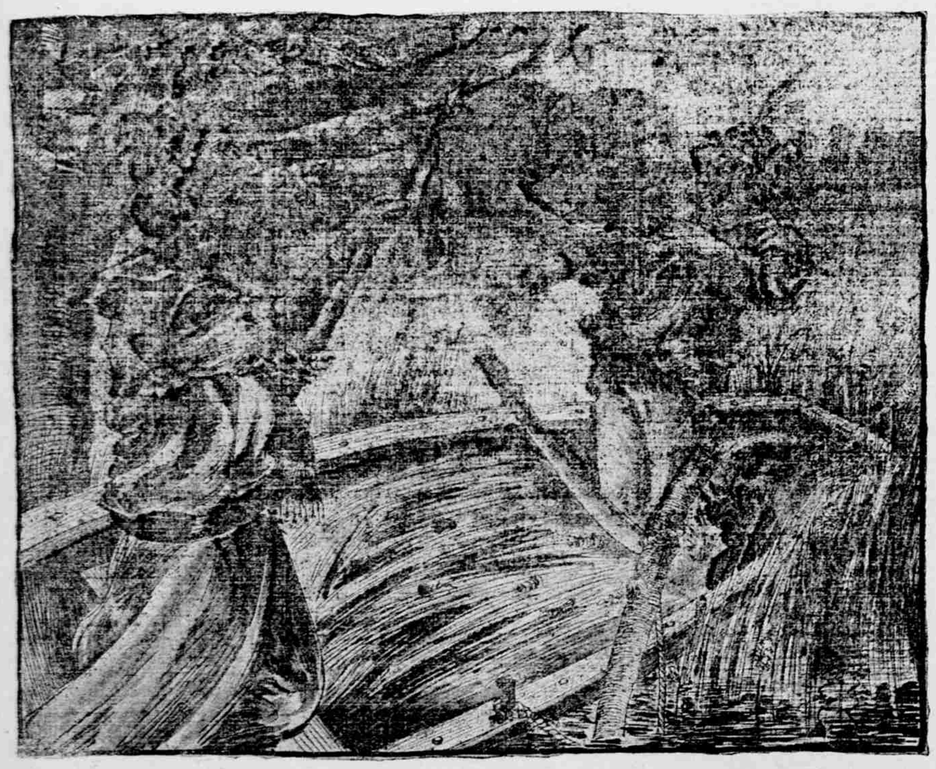
On one occasion we had gone a day's journey down a savanna stretching back from the river. Four of our crew accompanied us, and also that worthy who has just been referred to. It was about sunset, growing rapidly cooler, and everybody felt glad to rest in camp, eat supper and dinner combined, smoke, and look about them. Not so Francisco. That abandoned wretch saw a chance to make himself conspicuous. He said he smelt a tiger. Being so accustomed to killing tigers his scent was like a hound's. Then we overheard him tell how in Venezuela (the reader may remember this incident) he saved both our lives from one of these beasts who would otherwise have made an end of us immediately.

Upon this, Francisco got up, took his gun, and went off. What particular farce he intended acting, no one knows; but very soon after his departure we heard a shot, followed at once by yells for aid. When we arrived, there sat the incomparable, perched on a jagged stump, with half a dozen peccaries jumping at him

These small porkers were in one of their raging, tearing passions, and the destined victim did well to get out of their way; although he need not have sworn that there were 300 there when his appeal for assistance was made, nor turned entirely green with fear.

We soon extricated him; but these little wild hogs are really dangerous, and it was only a few days after this somewhat "lame and impotant conclusion" of Francisco's pursuit of an imaginary tiger that an opportunity offered to see how fierce and how formidable peccaries can become. While hunting in the forest some distance above this spot, our attention was arrested by a frightful commingling of roars, grunts and squealings, pressing forward towards which we got up in time to see the last act in one of those strange dramas which few people have witnessed, notwithstanding that their occurrence cannot be very rare.

[*To be continued.*]



THE SPRING OF THE JAGUAR.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—In the next installment of "A Hunting Trip on the Amazons," Dr. Porter will tell of a fight between a tiger and a herd of peccaries, and the wrecking of his vessel.

CUSHING'S FEAT.

Connecticut Man Reminded of the Episode by "Andersonville."

Editor National Tribune: I have been much interested in your story of rebel military prisons, and particularly so because you refer to Lieut. Cushing and his exploits, one of which, the destruction of the Albemarle, my brother participated in.

When Cushing's boat approached near enough to see that a boom of logs protected the sides of the ram he backed water, and at the same time the sentry on the ram's deck challenged. He did not reply, but made a detour around to the bow where she was unprotected by logs.

In the meantime the ram's crew had been summoned to quarters, and the troops on the deck hastily called to him; and as Cushing's torpedo plowed under the ram's bow he was again challenged, and he pulled his lanyard as he replied, "Yankees," with an oath. The force of the exploded torpedo forced the picket boat's bow down, the stern of course arose proportionately out of water just in time to receive the shot from the ram's bow gun, which went right through her bottom. The boat immediately filled and sank.

My brother, Lorenzo Deming, with two comrades, viz, Rob't H. King and Henry Wilkes, both of Albany, N. Y., were taken. My brother died in Salisbury prison five months after capture. Rob't H. King died a few hours after arriving home, he having fallen into the house from weakness and exhaustion when the door was opened for him. Henry Wilkes I saw in March, 1866, terribly emaciated, and I have not heard from him since. My brother's prize money from the Albemarle case would have been nearly $10,000 if he had lived.

I served in the 6th Conn., and my regiment was in the advance at the entering of Wilmington. I think your estimate of the fronts of Fort Fisher is too great. My regiment covered the whole land face. I think the two fronts combined would not be over one-eighth of a mile; but, of course, on the river end of the land face there was a stockade from the earth, or fort proper, to the river, which I do not estimate, as I cannot remember. I call to mind the immense Armstrong gun on the sea face of fort, to which you refer.—J. Deming, Co. G, 6th Conn., New Britain, Conn.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Andersonville:

A Story of Rebel Military Prisons.

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CHAPTER LXXXIII.

THE RESPONSIBILITY—WHO WAS TO BLAME FOR ALL THE MISERY—AN EXAMINATION OF THE FLIMSY EXCUSES MADE FOR THE REBELS—ONE DOCUMENT THAT CONVICTS THEM—WHAT IS DESIRED.

I have endeavored to tell the foregoing story as calmly, as dispassionately, as free from vituperation and prejudice as possible. How well I have succeeded the reader must judge. How difficult this moderation has been at times only those know who, like myself, have seen, from day to day, the treason-sharpened fangs of Starvation and Disease gnaw nearer and nearer to the hearts of well-beloved friends and comrades. Of the 63 of my company comrades who entered prison with me but 11, or at most 13, emerged alive, and several of these have since died from the effects of what they suffered.

The mortality in the other companies of our battalion was equally great, as it was also with the prisoners generally. Not less than 25,000 gallant, noble hearted boys died around me between the dates of my capture and release. Nobler men than they never died for any cause. For the most part they were simple-minded, honest-hearted *boys;* the sterling products of our Northern home-life, and Northern common schools, and that grand stalwart Northern blood, the yeoman blood of sturdy middle-class freemen—the blood of the race which has conquered on every field since the Roman Empire went down under its sinewy blows. They prated little of honor, and knew nothing of "chivalry" except in its repulsive travesty in the South.

As citizens at home, no honest labor had been regarded by them as too humble to be followed with manly pride in its success; as soldiers in the field, they did their duty with a calm defiance of danger and death that the world has not seen equaled in the 6,000 years that men have followed the trade of war.

In the prison their conduct was marked by the same unostentatious but unflinching heroism. Death stared them in the face constantly. They could read their own fate in that of the loathsome, unburied dead all around them. Insolent enemies mocked their sufferings, and sneered at their devotion to a Government which they asserted had abandoned them, but the simple faith, the ingrained honesty of these plain-mannered, plain-spoken boys rose superior to every trial. Brutus, the noblest Roman of them all, says in his grandest flight:

> Set honor in one eye and death i' the other,
> And I will look on both indifferently.

They did not say this; they *did* it. They never questioned their duty; no repinings, no murmurings against their Government escaped their lips, they took the dread fortunes brought to them as calmly, as unshrinkingly as they had those in the field; they quailed not, nor wavered in their faith before the worst the rebels could do.

The finest epitaph ever inscribed above a soldier's grave was that graven on the stone which marked the resting-place of the deathless 300 who fell at Thermopylæ—

> Go, stranger, to Lacedæmon—
> And tell Sparta that we lie here in obedience to her laws.

They who lie in the shallow graves of Andersonville, Belle Isle, Florence and Salisbury, lie there in obedience to the precepts and maxims inculcated into their minds in the churches and common schools of the North; precepts which impressed upon them the duty of manliness and honor in all the relations and exigencies of life; not the "chivalric" prate of their enemies, but the calm steadfastness which endureth to the end.

The highest tribute which can be paid them is to say they did full credit to their teachings, and they died as every American should when duty bids him. No richer heritage was ever bequeathed to posterity.

It was in the year 1864 and the first three months of 1865 that these 70,000 youths were cruelly and needlessly done to death. In these fatal 15 months more young men than to-day form the pride, the hope and the vigor of any one of our leading cities, more than at the beginning of the war were found in either of several States in the Nation, were sent to their graves "unknelled, uncoffined and unknown," victims of the most barbarous and unnecessary cruelty recorded since the Dark Ages.

Barbarous, because the wit of man has not yet devised a more savage method of destroying fellow-beings than by exposure and starvation; unnecessary, because the destruction of these had not, and could not have the slightest effect upon the result of the struggle. The rebel leaders have acknowledged that they knew the fate of the Confederacy was sealed when the campaign of 1864 opened with the North displaying an unflinching determination to prosecute the war to a successful conclusion.

All that they could hope for after that was some fortuitous accident, or unexpected foreign recognition that would give them peace with victory. The prisoners were non-important factors in the military problem. Had they all been turned loose as soon as captured, their efforts would not have hastened the Confederacy's fate a single day.

As to the responsibility for this monstrous cataclysism of human misery and death: That the great mass of the Southern people approved of these outrages, or even knew of them, I do not, for an instant, believe. They are as little capable of countenancing such a thing as any people in the world. But the crowning blemish of Southern society has ever been the dumb acquiescence of the many respectable, well-disposed, right-thinking people in the acts of the turbulent and unscrupulous few.

From this direful spring has flowed an Iliad of unnumbered woes, not only to that section but to our common country. It was this that kept the South vibrating between patriotism and treason during the Revolution, so that it cost more lives and treasure to maintain the struggle there than in all the rest of the country. It was this that threatened the dismemberment of the Union in 1832. It was this that aggravated and envenomed every wrong growing out of slavery; that outraged liberty, debauched citizenship, plundered the mails, gagged the press, stifled speech, made opinion a crime, polluted the free soil of God with the unwilling step of the bondman, and at last crowned three-quarters of a century of this unparalleled iniquity by dragging 11,000,000 of people into a war from which their souls revolted, and against which they had declared by overwhelming majorities in every State except South Carolina, where the people had no voice.

It may puzzle some to understand how a relatively small band of political desperados in each State could accomplish such a momentous wrong; that they did do it, no one conversant with our history will deny, and that they—insignificant as they were in numbers, in abilities, in character, in everything save capacity and indomitable energy in mischief—could achieve such gigantic wrongs in direct opposition to the better sense of their communities is a fearful demonstration of the defects of the constitution of Southern society.

Men capable of doing all that the secession leaders were guilty of—both before and during the war—were quite capable of revengefully destroying 70,000 of their enemies by the most hideous means at their command. That they did so set about destroying their enemies, wilfully, maliciously, and with malice prepense and aforethought, is susceptible of proof as conclusive as that which in a criminal court sends murderers to the gallows.

Let us examine some of these proofs:

The terrible mortality at Andersonville and elsewhere was a matter of as much notoriety throughout the Southern Confederacy as the military operations of Lee and Johnston. No intelligent man—much less the rebel leaders—was ignorant of it nor of its calamitous proportions.

Had the rebel leaders within a reasonable time after this matter became notorious made some show of inquiring into and alleviating the deadly misery, there might be some excuse for them on the ground of lack of information, and the plea that they did as well as they could would have some validity. But this state of affairs was allowed to continue over a year—in fact until the downfall of the Confederacy—without a hand being raised to mitigate the horrors of those places—without even an inquiry being made as to whether they were mitigable or not. Still worse: every month saw the horrors thicken, and the condition of the prisoners became more wretched.

The suffering in May, 1864, was more terrible than in April; June showed a frightful increase over May, while words fail to paint the horrors of July and August, and so the wretchedness waxed until the end, in April, 1865.

The main causes of suffering and death were so obviously preventible that the rebel leaders could not have been ignorant of the ease with which a remedy could be applied. These main causes were three in number: improper and insufficient food, unheard-of crowding together, utter lack of shelter.

It is difficult to say which of these three was the most deadly. Let us admit, for the sake of argument, that it was impossible for the rebels to supply sufficient and proper food. This admission, I know, will not stand for an instant in the face of the revelations made by Sherman's March to the Sea, and through the Carolinas, but let that pass, that we may consider more easily demonstrable facts connected with the next two propositions, the first of which is as to the crowding together.

Was land so scarce in the Southern Confederacy that no more than 16 acres could be spared for the use of 35,000 prisoners? The State of Georgia has a population of less than one-sixth that of New York, scattered over a territory one-quarter greater than that State's, and yet a pitiful little tract—less than the corn-patch "clearing" of the laziest "cracker" in the State—was all that could be alloted to the use of three-and-a-half times ten thousand young men!

The average population of the State did not exceed 16 to the square mile, yet Andersonville was peopled at the rate of 1,400,000 to the square mile. With millions of acres of unsettled, useless, worthless pine barrens all around them, the prisoners were wedged together so closely that there was scarcely room to lie down at night, and a few had space enough to have served as a grave. This, too, in a country where the land was of so little worth that much of it had never been entered from the Government.

Then as to shelter and fire: Each of the prisons was situated in the heart of a primeval forest, from which the first trees that had ever been cut were those used in building the pens. Within a gunshot of the perishing men was an abundance of lumber and wood to have built every man in prison a warm, comfortable hut, and enough fuel to supply all his wants.

Supposing, even, that the rebels did not have the labor at hand to convert these forests into building material and fuel, the prisoners themselves would have gladly undertaken the work as a means of promoting their own comfort, and for occupation and exercise. No tools would have been too poor and clumsy for them to work with.

When logs were occasionally found or brought into prison men tore them to pieces almost with their naked fingers. Every prisoner will bear me out in the assertion that there was probably not a root as large as a bit of clothes-line in all the ground covered by the prisons that eluded the faithfully eager search of freezing men for fuel.

What else than deliberate design can account for this systematic withholding from the prisoners of that which was so essential to their existence, and which it was so easy to give them?

This much for the circumstantial evidence connecting the rebel authorities with the premeditated plan for destroying the prisoners. Let us examine the direct evidence:

The first feature is the assignment to the command of the prisons of "General" John H. Winder, the confidential friend of Mr. Jefferson Davis, and a man so unscrupulous, cruel, and blood-thirsty that at the time of his appointment he was the most hated and feared man in the Southern Confederacy. His odious administration of the odious office of Provost-Marshal-General showed him to be fittest of tools for their purpose. Their selection, considering the end in view, was eminently wise.

Baron Haynau was made eternelly infamous by a fraction of the wanton cruelties which load the memory of Winder. But it can be said in extenuation of Haynau's offenses that he was a brave, skillful, and energetic soldier, who overthrew on the field the enemies he maltreated. If Winder, at any time during the war, was nearer to the front than Richmond, history does not mention it. Winder was the son of a sham aristocrat, whose cowardice and incompetence in the War of 1812 gave Washington into the hands of the British ravagers.

It is sufficient indication of this man's character that he could look unmoved upon the terrible suffering that prevailed in Andersonville in June, July, and August; that he could see 3,000 men die each month in the most horrible manner without lifting a finger in any way to assist them; that he could call attention in a self-boastful way to the fact that "I am killing off more Yankees than 20 regiments in Lee's Army," and that he could respond to the suggestions of the horror-struck visiting Inspector that the prisoners be given at least more room, with the assertion that he intended to leave matters just as they were—the operations of death would soon thin out the crowd so that the survivors would have sufficient room.

It was Winder who issued this order to the Commander of the Artillery:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY PRISON,
ANDERSONVILLE, GA., July 27, 1864.

ORDER No. 13.

The officers on duty and in charge of the Battery of Florida Artillery at the time will, upon receiving notice that the enemy has approached within seven miles of this post, open upon the Stockade with grapeshot, without reference to the situation beyond these lines of defense. JOHN H. WINDER,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

Diabolical is the only word that will come at all near fitly characterizing such an infamous order. What must have been the nature of a man who would calmly order 25 guns to be opened with grape and canister at 200 yards range, upon a mass of 30,000 prisoners, mostly sick and dying! All this, rather than suffer them to be rescued by their friends.

Can there be any terms of reprobation sufficiently strong to properly denounce so malignant a monster? History has no parallel to him, save among the blood-reveling kings of Dahomey, or those sanguinary Asiatic chieftains who built pyramids of human skulls, and paved roads with men's bones.

How a man bred an American came to display such a Timour-like thirst for human life, such an Oriental contempt for the sufferings of others, is one of the mysteries that perplexes me the more I study it.

If the rebel leaders who appointed this man, to whom he reported direct, without intervention of superior officers, and who were fully informed of all his acts through other sources than himself, were not responsible for him, who was? How can there be a possibility that they were not cognizant and approving of his acts?

The rebels have attempted but one defense to the terrible charges against them, and that is, that our Government persistently refused to exchange, preferring to let its men rot in prison to yielding up the rebels it held. This is so utterly false as to be absurd.

Our Government made overture after overture for exchange to the rebels, and offered to yield many of the points of difference. But it could not, with the least consideration for its own honor, yield up the negro soldiers and their officers to the unrestrained brutality of the rebel authorities, nor could it, consistent with military prudence, parole the 100,000 well-fed, well-clothed, able-bodied rebels held by it as prisoners, and let them appear inside of a week in front of Grant or Sherman.

Until it would agree to do this the rebels would not agree to exchange, and the only motive—save revenge—which could have inspired the rebel maltreatment of the prisoners, was the expectation of raising such a clamor in the North as would force the Government to consent to a disadvantageous exchange, and to give back to the Confederacy, at its most critical period, 100,000 fresh, able-bodied soldiers.

It was for this purpose, probably, that our Government and the Sanitary Commission were refused all permission to send us food and clothing. For my part, and I know I echo the feelings of 99 out of every 100 of my comrades, I would rather have staid in prison till I rotted, than that our Government should have yielded to the degrading demands of insolent rebels.

There is one document in the possession of the Government which seems to me to be unanswerable proof, both of the settled policy of the Richmond Government towards the Union prisoners, and of the relative merits of Northern and Southern treatment of captives. The document is a letter reading as follows:

CITY POINT, VA., March 17, 1863.

SIR: A flag-of-truce boat has arrived with 350 political prisoners, Gen. Barlow and several other prominent men among them.

I wish you to send me on four o'clock Wednesday morning, all the military prisoners (except officers), and all the political prisoners you have. If any of the political prisoners have on hand proof enough to convict them of being spies, or of having committed other offenses which should subject them to punishment, so state opposite their names. Also, state whether you think, under all the circumstances, they should be released. The arrangement I have made works largely in our favor. We get rid of a set of miserable wretches, and receive some of the best material I ever saw.

Tell Capt. Turner to put down on the list of political prisoners the names of Edward P. Eggling and Eugenia Hammermister. The President is anxious that they should get off. They are here now. This, of course, is between ourselves. If you have any political prisoners whom you can send off safely to keep her company, I would like you to send her.

Two hundred and odd more political prisoners are on their way.

I would be more full in my communication if I had time. Yours truly,
ROBERT OULD,
Commissioner of Exchange.

To Brig.-Gen. JOHN H. WINDER.

But, supposing that our Government, for good military reasons, or no reason at all, declined to exchange prisoners; what possible excuse is that for slaughtering them by exquisite tortures? Every Government has an unquestioned right to decline exchanging when its military policy suggests such a course; and such declination conveys no right whatever to the enemy to slay those prisoners, either outright with the edge of the sword, or more slowly by inhuman treatment:

The rebels' attempts to justify their conduct by the claim that our Government refused to accede to their wishes in a certain respect, is too preposterous to be made or listened to by intelligent men.

The whole affair is simply inexcusable, and stands out a foul blot on the memory of every rebel in a high place in the Confederate Government.

"Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord, and by Him must this great crime be avenged, if it ever is avenged. It certainly transcends all human power. I have seen little indication of any Divine interposition to mete out, at least on this earth, adequate punishment to those who were the principal agents in that iniquity. Howell Cobb died as peacefully in his bed as any Christian in the land, and with as few apparent twinges of remorse as if he had spent his life in good deeds and prayer. The arch-fiend Winder died in equal tranquility, murmuring some cheerful hope as to his soul's future. Not one of the ghosts of the hunger-slain hovered around to embitter his dying moments as he had theirs.

The rest of the leading conspirators have either departed this life in the odor of sanctity, surrounded by sorrowing friends, or are gliding serenely down the mellow autumnal vale of a benign old age.

Only Wirz—small, insignificant, miserable Wirz, the underling, the tool, the servile, brainless, little fetcher-and-carrier of these men, was punished—was hanged, and upon the narrow shoulders of this pitiful scapegoat was packed the entire sin of Jefferson Davis and his crew. What a farce!

A petty little Captain made to expiate the crimes of Generals, Cabinet officers, and a President. How absurd!

But I do not ask for vengeance. I do not ask for retribution for one of those thousands of dead comrades, the glitter of whose sightless eyes will follow me through life. I do not desire even justice on the living authors and accomplices in the deep damnation of their taking off.

I simply ask that the great sacrifices of my dead comrades shall not be suffered to pass unregarded to irrevocable oblivion; that the example of their heroic self-abnegation shall not be lost, but the lesson it teaches be preserved and inculcated into the minds of their fellow-countrymen, that future generations may profit by it, and others be as ready to die for right and honor and good Government as they were.

And it seems to me that if we are to appreciate their virtues, we must loathe and hold up to opprobrium those evil men whose malignity made all their sacrifices necessary. I cannot understand what good self-sacrifice and heroic example are to serve in the world, if they are to be followed by such a mandlin confusion of ideas as now threaten to obliterate all distinction between the men who fought and died for the Right and those who resisted them for the Wrong.

[*The end.*]

Ladies of the G.A.R.

The Convention of the Nebraska Department met at Norfolk during the Encampment of the Grand Army. Fifty delegates were present, besides a large number who had no voice in the meetings, but by their presence showed their interest in the Order.

Mrs. W. W. Stull, Department President, presided. Reports showed an increase in membership and influence in the State. Many members of the Grand Army who had been obligated visited the sessions.

The following were chosen: Pres., Mrs. A. Marshall, Hastings; S. V. P., Mrs. Goodwin, Crete; J. V. P., Miss W. E. Hesse, North Platte; Treas., Mrs. Pattie Vaughn, Lincoln; Chap., Mrs. Rosa Brown, Omaha. Delegates, Mrs. J. Harlocker, Hastings; Mrs. Martin Grey, Harvard; Mrs. W. H. Gonger, Loup, and Mrs. E. H. Metcalf, Omaha.

Press Correspondent Kate A. Hesselman, of Springer Circle, 34, Springfield, Ill., writes that the Ladies are prospering in that State. Springer Circle has 66 active members and 44 veterans are honorary members. New members are being obligated at each meeting. Sophia Steelman is President.

Eliza J. Hardy, Manhattan, Kan., writes: "We organized our Circle six years ago, and feel truly proud of our success, not only financially, but as to the work that we have done. There is thorough good feeling for each other among the members of our Circles.

"Our entertainments are always successful. Our new officers have all taken their places, and another prosperous year will be the result of our labors. Our Circle has continued to grow some each year and I think the comrades appreciate us. We are the near relatives of the boys who wore the blue and we feel it an honor to have them become honorary members. We have never felt that there should be ill feeling between the different organizations of women connected with the G.A.R. The W.R.C. do their work; we do ours."

FREE CUBA.

A History of the War for Liberty.

This is a work of 675 pages, illustrated with numerous engravings and maps, bound in cloth, ornamented with gold and blue lettering, and the flag of Cuba reproduced in natural colors.

It embraces a complete history of the island from discovery down to the present time, and an account of the present revolution down to the close of 1897. It has portraits of all the great leaders. It been prepared under the supervision of Dr. John Guiteras, of the University of Pennsylvania. It will be sent, postage paid, free to any person who will send us a club of only three yearly subscribers to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE at $1 each.

PARTIAL PROSPECTUS.

Some Features of The National Tribune, 1898.

Thousands of new readers every week make it proper to again call attention to some of the good things in our literary locker. Awake and imbued with the spirit of this enterprising age, we have stopped at nothing in the way of trouble and expense to secure attractions.

Our object is to enlist the largest army of readers marshalled under the flag of any publisher in America.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is a current review of the great questions which occupy men's thoughts from week to week. The interests of the Nation are paramount, and therefore such important matters as the Cuban situation, Hawaiian annexation, British complications, and Alaskan gold discoveries are treated in a cyclopedic manner as they arise. New pension rulings of great importance appear as fast as issued, and frequently exclusively in our columns. The great questions before Congress and subjects dominating the attention of the executive branch of the Government also find full and safe exposition here.

With all these features THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is a pictorial paper, illustrated as well as any monthly magazine. We are now publishing

Charles A. Dana's Letters. Mr. Dana was the personal representative of President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton in the field, and wrote fully about men and things without fear or favor.

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Andersonville: That unique war classic, dealing with life behind the rebel stockades.

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Uncle Snowball. Pussonal Rekollekshuns of an Army Cook. A series of inimitable sketches depicting the ludicrous side of camp life.

Napoleon and His Marshals. By J. T. Headly. Splendidly illustrated.

Historic Homes of Washington. By Mary S. Lockwood, the founder of the society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Splendidly illustrated.

Public Buildings of Washington. By Kate Brownlee Sherwood.

Si Klegg as a Veteran. One of the most popular stories ever written.

"Three Months in the Confederacy." By Col. (now Lieut.-Gen.) Fremantle, of the British Army.

A Hunting Trip on the Amazons. By Dr. J. H. Porter.

The following, among other things, will appear in future at an early date:

The Story of Paul Jones. By Augustus Buell, author of "The Cannoneer." This writer needs no introduction, as his place in the regards of the readers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is established.

A Loyal Home Worker Abroad. By Elsie Pomeroy McElroy. This is a series of letters from Europe by this gifted young writer, with whose work our readers are familiar.

Inside of Rebeldom. By Dr. J. P. Cannon. A second installment of this graphic narrative, going back to the beginning of the war.

The Truth of History. This will be the actual history of the war, drawn from official sources, told in an interesting way, and set in opposition to the rebel side of the story.

Battle Days of the Roundheads. A sketch of the famous 100th Pa. By J. R. Holibaugh.

The Brady War-Views. From photographs taken during the war.

The Santa Fe Trail in the Old Days, and **A Journey to the Manitoba Country in 1849.** Both by Gen. John Pope.

Reminiscences of Gettysburg. By Jas. Fulton, M. D.

War Events in East Tennessee. By W. E. Doyle.

Sabers Again to the Front. By Birney McLean.

The Shelby Raid. By Wiley Britton.

The Pennsylvania Reserves. By R. E. McBride.

The Firing on Fort Sumter. By a young Ohio mechanic.

A File of Infantrymen. By John McElroy.

And many other attractions, arrangements for which are in progress.