

SCOUTING IN TENNESSEE.

Recollections of Services There Toward the Close of the War.

BY HENRY BOWEN, BRIGIAD-MAJOR, U. S. A., RETIRED.

In one of our raids into Macon County, information was obtained regarding a man named Jack Gross, who was said to be connected with bushwhacking work, and we started to hunt him up.

The road for some distance before the house was reached ran along, or near, the edge of high land, with a steep descent, overgrown with thick brush, down to a creek bottom covered with large timber.

As we came in sight of the house, probably within a hundred and fifty yards, the rush was made. There was no way to cut off his retreat to the timber, for the fence was high and strongly staked, and when we reached the front we found a strong gate, fastened by a chain hooked on the inside of a heavy post, and the fence too high to be cleared by any horse.

As we halted, the bushwhacker bolted from the rear door, and ran like a deer for the bluff, about 75 yards away. Three or four pistol-shots failed to stop him, though he was hit, as he threw up his left hand to his side as he ran.

In the house we found his father, a very old man, and a woman, who said it was not her home, to which place she wanted to be taken.

At once. But we did not want word sent in advance of our presence in the neighborhood, and she was told she could not leave.

Under some loose boards of the floor was found a lot of gold, and a keg with about five gallons of whiskey. This was taken to the door, the bung knocked out, and the liquor allowed to run out.

With a rough exclamation she caught and replaced the vessel, only to have the same Yankee trick played upon her again. This brought out a round, solid looking man, and when she put it under the stream again she gripped it with both hands, and soon raised it to her lips, and in haste, lest she should lose it, drank an enormous quantity.

STAMPEDED UPON THE PERSONS WANTED, and the heckster was made happy by getting back his capt and a portion of his money.

Capt. Lawson was a noble man and gallant officer, of Irish birth, game all through, and very matter of fact, as the following story will show.

On one occasion, while scouting in Macon County, Tenn., a man ran from the house near the road, for the nearby hill and timber.

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The whisky did not loosen her tongue, but it did loosen her eyes, and she gazed at the highland fling she danced out of any man's eyes on the stage. Just as it began the Sergeant was called out of the house to meet the returning pursuers of Gross, who had not found him, but had a fine horse which had been hidden in the brush.

CAPT. RANKIN SPEAKS AGAIN.

Answers Comrade Hopkins's Statements About the Duck River Matter.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In your issue of March 21, in the column of "Fighting Them Over," Comrade Hopkins has been fit to reply to my article of Jan. 19.

Comrade Hopkins read my article more carefully, he would have seen in the beginning that I said it is not my purpose to take up the endless harping of Capt. Allen, but for good statements made in Comrade Hopkins's first article that needed explanation, and others that were incorrect, and in this I exonerated Comrade Hopkins by saying that his statements were those of the general officer's report.

Beginning at Spring Hill, in the afternoon of the day I received an order to take the left-hand road, and report to Col. Capron, at Henderson's Mill, or Ford, with all possible speed.

I started at full speed and kept it up until I reached Col. Capron. I met no one—the road was clear. I received my orders from the first. The first was to send one company a mile down the river to guard the Ford.

I sent Co. A, Capt. Ketterman, who reached his destination before being captured. The second order was to send two companies to scout towards Columbia, and one company to scout five miles up the river.

The wording of my order to report to Capron is prima facie evidence that the enemy had not crossed Duck River at the time the courier left heading the order.

Again, it was near sundown when I reached Capron. The order I received was from Maj. Dumont, or Adj't-Gen. Wilson, who evidently understood the situation. It is evident that Capron would not have sent single companies from one to five miles, scouting, if he were not at the same time fighting the enemy, as before described.

The 6th Iowa held their line in front until after dark. It seems Capron had not notified them of his retreat. Upon their return to our lines they came upon the rear of a camp of rebel cavalry, who, not knowing of anything behind them, had built fires and were cooking supper.

The 5th Iowa drew their revolvers, and charged by fours through their camp, firing right and left. The enemy took refuge in the woods on either side of the road, the 5th Iowa coming out without the loss of a man.

A HOT SKIRMISH.

An Unexpected Lively Time in Front of Vicksburg.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I enlisted in '61, in Co. B, 12th Wis. I was made a Sergeant. We were in the siege of Vicksburg for 21 days before it fell.

One night during the siege Co. B and G were ordered to make an advance on our picket-line on the "Dawn River Road." After making the advance, Co. G was ordered to make a breastwork across the road.

Co. B joined them on the right and formed an I on the left side of the road. By the time we had completed our work it was near sundown. Our Captain, Giles Stevens, ordered me to put out two videts on the road that led to Vicksburg, one on each side, with instructions to halt any man who should come on the left side of the road.

I placed the other one with instructions that our picket-line extended to where our company was on the right-hand side, but to halt anyone who should come down the road.

It happened on the night of the moon. I staid there a short time. The picket on the right hand beckoned me to come where he was. He told me he had seen two men crawling up the bank. He supposed they were our pickets, and didn't challenge them.

We fought afterwards they were two rebels. The picket-line was supposed, joined with our company, but 20 rods lacked pickets. The rebels went around to our rear, and finding there no obstructions, went back the same way and reported to the rebel Colonel that the road was all clear, and he formed his second order was to send two companies to scout towards Columbia, and one company to scout five miles up the river.

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UNION VETERANS' UNION.

The Commander-in-Chief and Staff at Washington.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Order, Robert St. George Dyerenthorp, was at a central point sent to Europe where he received a classical and military education.

April 15, 1861, he enlisted in the famous Schambeck Chicago Dragoons, but having been designated as an officer, and for good conduct in battle, he was soon promoted to a Lieutenant, and was promoted frequently thereafter.

He also served in the 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

He was a member of the G.A.R. and served in the 14th Mich., and was in all the battles of that celebrated regiment. He was transferred to the Regular Army, serving in infantry and cavalry, and filling various staff positions. He is a Captain in the Regular Army, retired, and brevet Lieutenant Colonel in the Regular Army, serving in infantry and cavalry, and filling various staff positions.

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"CALTHOS" is a French discovery by Prof. Jules Laborde, famed in Paris as France's foremost specialist. "CALTHOS" is the only remedy recognized by the medical profession as a specific cure for weak men. It has the endorsement of the German and French governments, and is largely used in the standing armies of those countries.

"CALTHOS" is put before you on its merits alone. Try it and put it to the test. TRY IT FREE. There is no security required—no C. O. D. scheme. Send us your name and address, and we will send you enough "CALTHOS" to last five days. IT WILL BE SENT IN A SEALED PACKAGE BY MAIL. In the quiet of your home you can try it and see what it does.

All correspondence relating to the "CALTHOS" department of our business is strictly confidential. We neither publish nor furnish names of our patients, or testimonials. Address applications for trial treatment to Largest Importers of Standard Preparations in the United States.

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THE OLD CANTEN. By Milo S. Latho, Co. F, 33d Mass., Cumberland, Wis. Of all the memories of the past, That come like Summer dreams, Whose rainbow hues still round us cast, Their gold and purple beams, The dearest sweetest of our kind, That mirrors back its sheen, Is one that oft recalls to mind The friendly old canteen.

We smile on fancies of the past, On castles reared in vain; On brilliant hopes that could not last, Nor ever come again; And Memory holds a folded page, Our comrades have not seen, Yet do we meet in happy days, To praise the old canteen.

What though some chord, whose numbers thrilled Our beings to the core, Is hushed and mute, its music stilled, And broken by the wind, Yet the memory of that silent friend Will cast a rainbow sheen, And with a rosy halo blend Around the old canteen.

ENTERING RALEIGH. S. S. Carpenter, Co. B, 13th Pa. Cav., Roaring Spring, Pa., writes: "I saw an article from a comrade of the 9th Pa. Cav., in which he makes several mistakes about entering Raleigh, N. C. He says the First Brigade was in the advance. The Second was in the advance, and the 6th Ohio Cav. was the first Union boys to enter the city. My regiment stopped in the suburbs of the city on some vacant lots to the right of the road, to get our breakfast, and get on the comrade says, no such luck for the 13th! We had no more than got our coffee on to cook, when Maj. McCabe, commanding the regiment, called us to the other side of the city, where the 6th Ohio was highly engaged with a small brigade of rebel cavalry. One of our boys stopped long enough to get his Old Glory on the Courthouse. When we charged the rebels they broke and ran about a mile, to a fork in the road, where they made a stand. My regiment lost a dozen or more in killed and wounded before we got them routed. McCabe told us about the rebel hanging some of our men, and told us to take no prisoners. We had a running fight for about 10 miles, the writer having a horse shot under him during the run. We stopped about 10 miles from Raleigh. It was there the 9th Pa. Cav., 1st Ala. Cav. and others passed us about 3 o'clock in the afternoon."

RESC