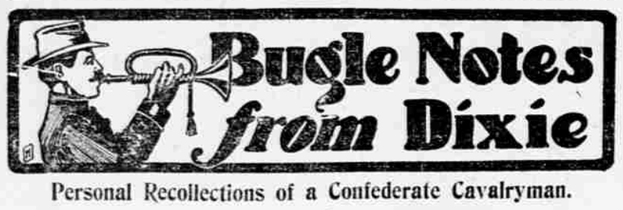

Personal Recollections of a Confederate Cavalryman.

By GEO. DALLAS MOSGROVE.

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There was an inconsequential engagement at Blountville, Gen. Wm. E. Jones commanding the cavalry. As usual, the enemy flanked the position, compelling a retreat and a concentration at Zollicoffer, whence the retreat was continued to Abingdon, Va. At Zallicoffer the enemy destroyed the long railroad bridge, two or three locomotives, a number of cars, and the old pine-log fort, such only in name. The railroad rolling-stock was worthless, but the bridge was a valuable structure.

Gen. Wm. E. Jones was an eccentric officer, who had served under Stonewall Jackson. He rode a little "clay-bank" mare, to which he was much attached. The famous Stonewall had ridden the unpretentious-looking animal in the battles of Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg and Second Manassas. Jones was a small man, middle-aged, exceedingly plain in dress, cool and imperturbable, notably brave. Toward the close of the war he was killed at Piedmont, Va., shot through the head while charging the enemy, hat in hand.

Arriving at Abingdon, about Oct. 16, and receiving reinforcements, it was determined to fight another battle. The position was an admirable one; the batteries of Burrows, Otey, Lowry and Lewis, posted on four high hills, commanded all approaches in front.

The Federal cavalry, commanded by Shackelford, consisting of Wolford's, Foster's, Carter's and Wells's Brigades, and 25 pieces of artillery, continued to advance, a strong force of infantry leisurely following. Witcher and his "Nighthawks," bringing up our rear, fought them almost continuously. We were "well fixed" at Abingdon, having about 6,000 men in a position naturally strong and fortified. The enemy, however, having advanced to within six miles of our battle-line, suddenly withdrew, going in the direction of Cumberland Gap.

GEN. JOHN S. WILLIAMS'S FAREWELL.

Old Cerro Gordo was a rough-and-ready fighter, but no strategist. Having made himself famous for bravery in the battle of Cerro Gordo, Mexico, he had ever afterward been known as Cerro Gordo Williams. He was a man of fine physique, bluff, but genial and pleasing in manner. He was generally popular with officers and men serving under him, but almost invariably incurred the disfavor of his superior officers. He was severely criticised for his movements in the East Tennessee campaign, especially for his conduct at Rheatown. Soon after the retreat to Abingdon he issued the following address:

"Fellow-soldiers: I have asked to be temporarily relieved from the command of this brigade, because my honor would not allow me to retain it longer.

"It is unnecessary for me to recite the reasons which have prompted me to take this step.

"My association with you has been short, but full of stirring events. The patient endurance and devoted courage you have shown in one of the most trying and difficult campaigns of this or any other war command my highest admiration and endear you to me by one of the strongest of human ties—that of sharing common hardships and a common danger.

"I hope it may not be long until I shall be with you again; but whether the separation be temporary or final, I shall ever cherish in kindest remembrance the many evidences of generous confidence you have given me.

"JOHN S. WILLIAMS,
"Brigadier-General."

We knew the address was a valedictory—that it meant final separation. We saw the genial General no more until he opportunely appeared on the field at the battle of Saltville, a year hence.

GEN. RANSOM.

Gen. Ransom, Commander-in-Chief in East Tennessee, was a "West Pointer," of fine martial appearance, but his "Regular Army regulations" were not popular with the volunteers—especially Kentucky volunteers. Because of his imperiousness the cavalry was in an almost constant state of incipient "rebellion." An order prohibiting officers and soldiers from entering the homes of citizens uninvited, was, of course, exceedingly unpopular. In fact, a number of proud Kentucky officers incurred the martinet General's displeasure, and his edicts became more and more oppressive. Finally, Col. Pryor, commanding the 4th Ky. Cav., roundly "cussed" Maj. Branch, Chief of Ransom's staff, and, of course, was immediately ordered under arrest. Col. Giltner, who succeeded to the command of Williams's Brigade, soon became restive under the iron rule of Ransom and threatened to resign—following Williams's example.

THE BATTLE OF BIG CREEK.

Williams's Brigade, now commanded by Giltner, was again in Tennessee, Gen. Ransom's headquarters being at Blountville. On the morning of Nov. 4, 1863, Gen. Ransom desired a conference with Giltner, and sent for him two or three times before the Colonel condescended to honor the summons. Giltner was much mollified, however, when he learned that the General was planning to capture a Federal force that had appeared at Rogersville, commanded by Col. Israel Garrard, the force consisting of the 7th Ohio Cav., the 2d Tenn. M't'd Inf., I think, and a battery of artillery.

The plan was for Gen. Wm. E. Jones to march his brigade south of Holston River and gain the enemy's rear, while Giltner should attack in front.

Nov. 5 Giltner's Brigade moved to a point below Kingsport, where it went into camp for a short time late in the afternoon. It was raining—cold, dreary, disgusting November weather. Just before dark we began crossing the Holston, a turbulent stream.

Our column, about 1,000 fighting men, had many tribulations. It rained nearly all night, and was dark as Erebus. Crossing the river was both difficult and dangerous. Lost in the darkness, the men, contrary to orders, would call the names of missing comrades. Men and horses were rolling in the rapid stream, the big boulders at the bottom making it difficult for the horses to retain their footing. It was "Jordan is a hard road to travel," and nearly every mother's son of a Kentuckian was sorry he had ever left the Old Kentucky Home to "jine the cavalry." However, we "tumbled over," every man in his own way, no regulation cavalry tactics being observed. Having "crossed over the river," we found ourselves "all present or accounted for," wet, cold and shivering. We were delayed by Gen. Jones's column crossing our road, he having found his original route impracticable. He was now on a longer circuit, intending to strike Rogersville in the enemy's rear. We were forced to further delay our advance in order to give Jones time to make his longer march.

Before daylight our advance met a company of scouts and chased them several miles toward Rogersville. They, of course, warned the Union forces of our designs.

The day dawn revealed the enemy posted on a high and apparently strong position. Not many were visible, but we suspected that the whole force was concealed behind the ridge and in the timber. Our artillery, Lowry's Battery, far behind on account of the darkness and bad road, was ordered to hurry up, but before its arrival the enemy had mysteriously disappeared. Moving forward in a trot we were astonished to find the enemy crossing the river at Russell's Ford, their wagons and artillery standing in the road. Giltner ordered Col. Carter with the 1st Tenn. to gallop across the fields to cut off the retreat. The movement resulted in a return of the enemy to their former position, on the hills beyond Big Creek. They, however, left two pieces of artillery, with a strong support, on our side of the creek, which promptly opened, disputing our advance. Maj. Parker, with the 4th Ky., and Col. Trimble, with the 10th Ky., rushed forward at a gallop, dismounted within 300 yards of the booming cannon and charged. Carter, who had cut off the retreat at the ford, being on the flank of the guns, also charged, and, I think, he reached them first. However, all "got there" in briefer time than it takes to tell it. The guns, of course, were captured; also a number of wagons parked in Russell's lot. The teamsters had run away, and the mules, uncontrolled and uncontrollable, were running hither and thither, charging into each other, and colliding the wagons, wrecking many of them. Scarcely halting, the whole brigade charged the main body of the enemy and their artillery, posted on a commanding elevation beyond Big Creek, a broad, deep and rapid stream. No halt was made until we were within the enemy's lines. The Federals fought valiantly under discouraging circumstances, the 4th Ky. having to fight desperately for probably a half hour before capturing the section of battery.

"JUST BEFORE DARK WE BEGAN CROSSING THE HOLSTON."

About 500 prisoners were captured when the artillery surrendered. The most of the prisoners belonged to the 2d Tenn. M't'd Inf., the majority of the 7th Ohio Cav., with them Col. Garrard, having escaped at the ford. We captured in all about 600—one Major, seven Captains, one Adjutant-General and many minor officers. The captured Adjutant-General was Theodore F. Allen, who recently in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE pleasantly told the story of how at Cynthiana, Ky., he got revenge for his mishap at Big Creek—or, as he calls it, Rogersville.

Immediately after the unconditional surrender our boys scattered over the field, looking for spoils, and found in profusion blankets, guns, pistols, sabers, clothing, camp equipage, etc. Two or three disabled caissons and some wagons were burned. We lost only three men killed and four or five wounded. The enemy lost about 15 killed and 30 wounded. Some of their men were drowned in attempting to cross the river. Adj't-Gen. Guerrant and Serg't-Maj. Frank Harrison paroled the wounded. There were, as usual, sad scenes after the battle—dead and wounded neglected, horses shot dead at hitching-posts or rolling in agonies of death, others whinnying wistfully for food or drink. When we started back to our base nearly every soldier was leading a horse, some were leading two.

Having marched on the straight and shorter route we "got there" and finished the job before Gen. Jones had time to complete his circuit—a tortuous and weary way. However, the 8th Va. Cav., a splendid regiment of his brigade, intercepted about 200 fugitives, making a total of 800 prisoners. Verily Col. Garrard was right—discretion was the better part of valor. With twice his numbers we had stolen a march on him and caught him a long way from his base. "He who fights and runs away may live to fight another day." Col. Garrard and the 7th Ohio Cav. did some absolutely necessary fighting before running away to live until the rosy morn of a June day, seven months hence, when, in turn, they stole a march on us at Cynthiana, "everlastingly salivating" Morgan's weary and defenseless "rough riders." Gen. Ransom "tumbled" from his lofty pedestal, falling in love with the "buttermilk rangers." *Vide* the following complimentary address:

Headquarters Department Southwest Virginia and East Tennessee,
Blountville, Nov. 10, 1863.
(General Orders, No. 10.)

It is with pleasure that the Major-General commanding announces to the troops the successful attack of our cavalry upon the enemy at Rogersville, Tenn., on the 6th inst., resulting in the capture of 800 prisoners, four pieces of artillery, four stands of colors, 60 wagons, 1,000 horses and mules, small-arms, ammunition and other valuable stores, with a loss of only three killed and four or five wounded.

The Major-General commanding offers his heartfelt thanks to the officers and men engaged, and hopes that this brilliant exploit will be the earnest of continued and substantial success in the future.

By command of
MAJ.-GEN. RANSOM.
F. ROWLAND, A. A. G.

Capt. Theodore F. Allen, of the 7th Ohio Cav., then Adjutant-General of Garrard's Brigade, afterwards Brevet-Colonel of U. S. Volunteers, wounded and captured in this fight at Rogersville, in an interesting letter addressed to me through the columns of the Covington (Ky.) Commonwealth, relates the manner of his escape from our endearing (?) clutches. Being satisfied that his "experience" will be of interest to his comrades, nearly all of whom read THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, I take the liberty of interpolating portions of his letter here:

Cincinnati, O., Nov. 6, 1895.
Mr. Geo. Dallas Mosgrove.

My Dear Sir: Thirty-two years ago today, when I was Adjutant-General of Cavalry Brigade, I was a prisoner in your hands at Rogersville, Tenn., and this seems to be an appropriate time to say that I have just completed the reading of your very interesting book, "Kentucky Cavaliers in Dixie."

It was my misfortune to lead a small portion of the 7th Ohio Cav. against a detachment of your brigade at Rogersville, or, as you call it, Big Creek. We received a heavy fire from your men, which brought down nearly all my detachment, including myself. I was unconscious when I fell into your hands, but was treated kindly and restored to pretty fair condition. I was afoot all that day, Nov. 6, 1863, and marched under guard up the Holston Valley road for a few miles, thence over into the Carter's Valley road, continuing the march until your command stopped, just before dark.

With the other prisoners I was corraled in a large meadow on the left of the road, while your brigade fed the horses from a nearby cornfield. Soon after dark the march was resumed, but, taking advantage of the first opportunity afforded by the darkness of the night, I secured a horse, and when I rode out of that field I was free. True, I was marching with your column of cavalry, but in the dark I could not be distinguished from any of your own officers. I assumed the role of a Confederate officer and rode alongside your column, giving orders to "close up," as is the custom on dark nights. My commands were promptly obeyed, and I was pleased to note how readily your troops obeyed orders. I continued to march with the column, all the time watching for an opportunity to depart, until finally I saw my chance and rode slowly through a gap in the fence, thence to the foot of the hills on the south side of Carter Valley. Here I turned my horse free, and then on foot took to the mountains, traveling at night and resting and hiding by day. In three days more I was on duty with my command at Morristown.

It may interest you to know that I was the officer with whom your Adjutant (Freeman) corresponded that Winter, Freeman returning to me some letters captured at Rogersville, or Big Creek. Several letters of a friendly nature passed between us, being left at picket posts, etc., etc. In your book you refer to one of these instances.

* * * * *

When I was captured at Rogersville I lost every stitch of clothing I possessed, except the one suit I had on. I suffered a great deal on account of a lack of clothing during the Winter, and I remember that by Spring I had fringe on my trousers up to my knees, but I never missed a day of duty, never missed a meal, when one was to be had, and never missed a fight during the entire period. I was then just 21 years old, and was enjoying the best of health. We always had plenty of water, sometimes some applejack, and sometimes peach-and-honey to drink, but I cannot recall the time when we had very much to eat.

* * * *

Very truly yours,
T. F. ALLEN.

We were much disgusted when we found that the gallant young Adjutant-General had "mysteriously disappeared," and I had never learned the "howness of the thusness" until I received the above letter, which is an explanation that fully explains.

Now, the versatile Allen exultantly writes in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE how at Cynthiana he avenged Rogersville; but if he had not "stolen" that horse we doubtless would have put him in "the pen," and he would not have been at Cynthiana, forcing us to take "water in ourn," taking us out of horse-pens, bull-pens, cattle-guards, etc., the fun of which he so felicitously and triumphantly describes. At Cynthiana we were "Morgan's men"—"cussed horse thieves." Personally, I do not attempt to deny that I occasionally "stole a hoss," never, however, unless peculiar and embarrassing circumstances demanded the "sacrifice." Let him that is without sin cast the first stone. Allen stands condemned by his own record. He is somewhat of a horse thief himself—of course, on proper occasions.

Adjutant Freeman, referred to by Capt. Allen, was an educated and rather aristocratic young Kentuckian, a martinet, giving ready obedience to "Regular Army regulations," and exacting it of others.

Freeman's personal appearance was somewhat remarkable. A slender, symmetrical body, of medium hight, a wealth of long, black, curly hair, smooth, beardless face, fine, clear-cut features, and always scrupulously well-attired—his appearance was strikingly feminine and attractive. His martial bearing, however, was the opposite of effeminacy. The most wonderful thing about him was his voice. Whenever he formed the 4th Ky. on "dress parade," and gave the command, "Right, dress!" every soldier heard him. It was a marvel that such a strong, resonant voice should be possessed by that small, girl-like officer. It was a delight to see him on dress parade, with precise military step, gracefully marching up and down the line he was forming, his saber clanking with musical rhythm to his movements; to hear the ringing, stentorian tones of command, and to witness the grace with which he saluted the commanding officer when announcing that the parade was formed.

He was fond of taking a man or two and "going a-scouting on his own hook" toward the front—even within the enemy's lines. Upon one of these daring little expeditions, near Tazewell, Tenn., he captured a courier who had in his possession a portfolio, belonging to a Union officer (Capt. Allen), containing love letters and the picture of the officer's sweetheart. Freeman wrote a courteous note, and sent it with the letters and picture to the officer by special flag of truce. So we learn that the ingenuous Allen had other accomplishments than being a gallant soldier and a plain "horse thief."

(To be continued.)

Comrade Avery Hawkins, of Bogota, Ill., wishes to hear from Carlin's Brigade through THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 99 per cent. permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What the Veterans Have to Say About Their Campaigns.

SHERIDAN AT CHICKAMAUGA.

An Admirer of Little Phil Thinks He Made a Mistake There.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In the recent writings of Capt. Castle, regarding Sheridan at Chickamauga, I have taken no little interest, but our views are widely apart. Both he and Comrade Downs, of Minneapolis, are well and favorably known to me; but are typical of the American volunteer; but my judgment of myself mentally would be highly overrated if I allowed myself to come in contact in a descriptive way with Capt. Henry A. Castle. I realize only too clearly, everything being equal, I would quickly "go bump." Sheridan does not need Chickamauga to add luster or brilliancy to his qualities as a dashing and successful commander; but, to say the least, it always appeared incomprehensible, and has never been explained with any satisfaction to those who saw the battle to a finish, that some successful effort was not made to stop whole brigades as well as divisions, armed and organized, from being driven from the field at 10:30 a. m.; they were not pursued to exceed three-quarters of a mile. Some of them went back into Chattanooga, while others wandered around, to all appearance without aim, nine or ten hours, when the only guide they needed to take them where they were wanted, in almost desperation, was the continuous and incessant roar of artillery.

There has been more or less said about roads for batteries, but I would remind the apologists for Sheridan at Chickamauga that later on tens of thousands, under Grant in the Wilderness, were never looking for roads, but went for miles into an almost impenetrable forest, leaving their artillery behind.

In the Jan. 10 issue the Captain says Thruston went more directly, but the mere fact that he made the trip with 10 men through woods and thickets is no proof that Sheridan could make it with his entire division. Why not, Captain? Did not this same Sheridan, a few days later, perform a much more difficult task at Missionary Ridge, where he had artillery and musketry in his front to impede his progress, and, according to his report, pursued the enemy six miles? Where was his artillery then? This ground was as objectionable as any portion of the surroundings of Chickamauga. For performing this latter feat Sheridan has been given full and merited credit, but who will say this was not an inspiration gained from what he failed to do at Chickamauga?

Again, the Captain says Sheridan was under no obligation to obey Thruston's orders. If that spirited officer is alive, and sees that article, he would undoubtedly smile and ask: "Is it possible at this late day they are claiming that I was riding frantically over the field of Chickamauga giving orders to Major-Generals?"

Van Horne's History says Thruston was sent by Thomas to Sheridan, requesting him to come upon the field at the nearest point. If George H. Thomas asked for help, either by command or request, it goes without saying to those who knew him best, that he must have been in desperate need. None knew this better than Sheridan. The mere fact, if true, that he was only one mile from Snodgrass Ridge when the retreat commenced, would be successful in proving but one thing—he might with the same progress have reached the field in time to be of substantial aid to the troops that were at that time hammered almost to a frazzle, if the hero, Thomas, had chosen to remain upon the field for a longer period.

There were no troops needed to cover our retreat. Johnnie was whipped to a stand still for that night any way, and the fact that Sheridan rode by the side of Thomas back to Rossville, I will venture, was not gratifying to that sturdy old commander, after the events of the last few hours. Thomas fails to make any note of this, but does mention others of lesser rank. Sheridan was promoted shortly after this, but it is well known not for what he did at Chickamauga, but in spite of what he did not do.

Sheridan has no more ardent admirer than myself—not even Capt. Castle; but before laying the lash so severely upon a person's back for his failure to sympathize with or comprehend the animus which inspires people to tear down well-earned reputations, I would call his attention to the fact that there was but one amongst all of our successful leaders who never committed a mistake—George H. Thomas. This is history, and the judgment of the majority of the loyal people of this country. The troops that left the field of Chickamauga were not panic-stricken, and if they had been marched back by their commanders to bear their share of the burden of the final conflict, the belief is steadfast in the minds of thousands qualified to judge that Stone River would have been repeated. What the American volunteer does want when he is up for a target is victory. If he does not get this he is critical enough to look for a victim. Plenty of them were found to be responsible for the disaster at Chickamauga. More heads fell amongst those high in command than after any other engagement. Fortunately, Sheridan was not one of them. Without a doubt the reputation of Little Phil will stand the strain of his mistake at Chickamauga.—H. H. HILLS, Lieutenant, 2d Minn., 416 E Tenth street, St. Paul, Minn.

A ROUND OF REMINISCENCE.

Boy Lieutenant Writes of Corinth and Discusses Mooted Points.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Some time back I saw in your paper that Serg't-Maj. Miller wanted to know where the 48th Ind. was on April 6 and 7, 1862. Well, we were in Kentucky, at Paducah; Cos. A, D, E and K were in camp west of the town; Cos. G and I, Provost-Guards; Cos. B, C, F and H, garrisoning Fort Anderson. We did not go to Pittsburg Landing till after Gen. Pope went up the river. We then followed and became a part of the army under Pope. We were then brigaded with the 5th Iowa, 26th Mo., 59th Ind., and 5th Minn., Gen. Buford commanding the brigade, and Gen. Schuyler Hamilton the division. We participated in the siege of Corinth, with the back door open, under Gen. Hallack.

We were at the battles of Iuka and Corinth. And I want to say here that while we do not want all the honor of the battle of Oct. 4, 1862, I do claim that the First Brigade did its part. I was only a boy of 18 years, but was Second Lieutenant in command of my company. Our brigade was in reserve on the morning of the 4th. Our position was some 300 yards in rear of Gen. Sullivan's Brigade, which at that time was the Second of Hamilton's Division, and we were placed there, so we were informed by Gen. Buford, to cover a retreat to Pittsburg Landing, if necessary. I see that Gen. Raum, in his description of the battle of Corinth, at least the part that Hamilton's Division was in, does not in some respects coincide with my understanding of the battle on that part of the field.

Now, to use a military term, the right of the army was "up in the air." The 6th Wis. Battery was directly in front of my regiment; the 12th Wis. Battery to our left; to our right was the 59th Ind., 5th Iowa, 4th Minn. and 26th Mo. Now, as the first line was formed the rebels, under Gen. Price, flanked it, but the position we were in flanked them as they came on in their mad rush to capture the battery. A part of the Second Brigade was supporting the battery, and as they were driven back came directly in front of my regiment. Our Colonel told them to right-oblique and give us a chance to open on our friends that were coming after them. The other four regiments having a clear field in front of them opened at once. Having a good flank fire and an open field, it was only a matter of a short time when the gentlemen in butternut would have to go. Capt. Dillan, of the 6th Wis., came to my regiment and told the boys to shoot the horses, so the rebs could not take the guns away.

As to the 56th Ill. and 10th Mo. retaking the battery, we could have had it a half hour before they got there, but Buford would not let us advance, as he had orders to stay there, and he did. The 56th Ill. and 10th Mo. were good soldiers, but I claim, and with good reason, that if the First Brigade had not been in the place we were, the rebs would have taken Corinth, for the simple reason that Price would have doubled the right wing back, and any one who has been there understands what that would mean to soldiers. Van Dorn would not then have had the soldiers in front of him that he had later. I do not want to rob any old "Coffee Cooler" of any honor, but I want all the honor coming to my old brigade to which it is entitled.

As to the old boy of the 68th Ohio, I only want to say that he is "off his base," when he says that Logan commanded the Third Division, Seventeenth Corps, in the Mississippi campaign around Vicksburg. I was a member of that division myself. Here are the brigade commanders: First, Jesse I. Alexander, 59th Ind.; second and third, Gens. Mathers and G. B. Raum; division commander, Gen. Crocker, of Third Division, Seventeenth Corps, until he did it as a corps commander.

As to the battle of Raymond, the 68th Ohio man claimed that his division was the only one in it. Old fellow, the First Brigade, Seventeenth Corps, helped you out, but you were not in the Jackson (Miss.) fight two days later. The Third Division did that little job by themselves. The 59th Ind. flag was put upon the State House.—CAPT. HENRY MILBURN, 48th Ind., Eby, Cal.

A QUEER WEDDING PARTY.

Will L. Welch Tells of a Humorous Experience at Hatteras Inlet.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: A short time ago I saw a communication in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE from James McKay (I have mislaid the paper and cannot give his address), giving some account of the prisoners under his charge when he was Provost-Marshal at Hatteras Inlet, in the early part of 1864. I was at that post when he was Provost-Marshal, having gone there in May, 1864, to assist a new Commissary, Lieut. A. H. Hamblin, of the 1st N. C., in acquiring the proper methods of distributing rations.

The soldiers at the post were two companies of that regiment (natives of North Carolina), officered by men formerly non-commissioned officers of the 3d N. Y. Art.

The course pursued by the Government was to allow the families of the married men on Hatteras banks who enlisted, rations in the proportion, say, of one ration for the wife and a half ration for each child. One day, while I was in the Provost's office, a soldier came in and asked for a license to marry, meaning to be married by an itinerant minister up the island. I suggested to the Provost ("Mac," he was familiarly called) that he had the requisite authority to marry persons, and that it would be a pleasant episode for him, as also for myself, if I could go with him. The Provost notified the man that he would go up to "Trent" on the night named and perform the ceremony, at no expense to the parties interested.

We took a "water passage" in a canoe ("cooner," as the local pronunciation has it) to Trent, which is several miles up the island, and found the couple ready. The prospective bride was a widow with several children, and the groom a widower with several children, so the arrangement was a good one from a business point of view for all concerned.

I officiated as assistant minister, as you might say, standing up beside the Provost and bracing him for the effort. Quite a number of witnesses—soldiers and citizens—were present, and the couple, wearing white gloves furnished by the Provost and assistant minister, were soon man and wife. A pleasant view from a window of the house was the grave of the late husband.

After the wedding we proposed having a pleasant evening, enjoying games applicable to the event; but the bride, having assumed a position in the corner of the fireplace with the inevitable box of snuff, went to work "dipping," and assured us she didn't or wouldn't allow any such thing. This was rather a damper to our enthusiasm, and we were wondering what would come next, when a voice was heard saying, "We'll go to Aunt Mavie's." Who or what she was I didn't know, but, after some minutes walking through the Hegelian darkness of the woods, we came to a house apparently of one room on a floor, and the evening's festivities began.

Being somewhat of a stranger, and my assistant ministerial dignity hanging over me, I did not at first enter the ring, but Aunt Mavie (she was aged, thin and had seven or eight hairs on her head tied in one knot on top) called me for her partner, and in I went and enjoyed myself.

We played all the old-fashioned Copenhagen, kissing games, and some that I had never before heard of; such as "Bump your noddle against the wall," "Marching to Quebec," etc.

Somewhere about midnight we started for the "cooner," and set sail for Hatteras Inlet, but a squall came up and we were compelled to run ashore and foot it. The squall was a thunder shower—very heavy thunder, very sharp lightning, and very wet rain. For two miles, more or less, we plodded through the sand until we reached the hospital at the "Neighborhood," where we soon stripped off our wet clothes and for the night became patients.

The next morning we reached the forts at the Inlet. This ended one of the pleasant trips of the many that I made while on duty at Hatteras Inlet, from the 18th of May to 18th of June, 1864. I have a piece of poetry that "Mac" gave me at Hatteras, in his own hand writing, which I will send him if he will drop a line to me at 53 State street, Boston, Mass. I would like his address in full.—WILL L. WELCH, Co. A, 23d Mass., Boston.

Prisoner's Tale of Woe.

John W. Manning, Co. F, 22d Pa. Cav., Salineville, O., writes: "I have read with special interest different articles in regard to prisons and the treatment received by the unfortunate ones who partook of the hospitalities received in those infamous places. As a member of Co. E, Ringgold Battalion, Pa. Cav., afterwards known as Co. F, 22d Pa. Cav., I served in the Moorefield and Shenandoah Valleys; was one of Sheridan's rough riders, and the number of engagements in which we took part was legion.

"In September, 1863, a number of our company were taken prisoners near Morefield, Va., myself being one of them. We were soon after ushered into and partook of the hospitalities of Libby Prison, and after a few weeks' sojourn in this place were transferred to Belle Isle, and remained there during the long, cold Winter of 1863 and Spring of '64. We were thinly clad, without shelter, save a few old weather-beaten tents full of holes, subjected to the cold and chilling winds which swept over Belle Isle. During those weary days and nights, lying on the damp and wet sand, suffering the pangs of hunger, without hope of release, cut off from any communication with home or friends, no wonder that death came as a relief to many.

"And now, after a lapse of nearly 40 years, memory goes back to those eventful years, fraught as they were with so many incidents, and what is written in history may be read. Our Congress should enact laws whereby those who suffered the privations of a long term of confinement in those places shall have a fair and equitable recompense for each day."

Vicksburg Military Park.

Capt. E. Z. Hays, one of the Commissioners for Ohio for the Vicksburg Military Park, is desirous of hearing from any of the Ohio soldiers who participated in the siege of Vicksburg, who have any suggestions to make as to the location of the monuments for their particular command. Write briefly and to the point. The Commission meets in the City of Vicksburg, April 15 next.—E. Z. HAYS, Warsaw, O.

Test for Yourself the Wonderful Curative Properties of Swamp-Root

To Prove What the World-Famous Discovery, SWAMP-ROOT, Will Do for YOU, Every Reader of the "National Tribune" May Have a Sample Bottle Free.

To the readers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

For some time I suffered from a serious kidney trouble, and also gravel (calculi), which I believe was the result of carrying heavy loads and continual exposure. I had an almost continual pain in my back, was weak and run down generally. I fully realized that kidney disease was not only remarkably prevalent, but was also one of the greatest dangers of my own employment, as a large percentage of the deaths among letter-carriers is due to some form of kidney trouble. After using other remedies without satisfaction, I decided to try Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, which is prepared in my own city and recommended by so many Binghamton people. Within a short time I realized a marked improvement, and in a reasonable time a complete cure was accomplished. It has been some time since I have had to use any of the remedy, and I have no fear of a recurrence of the trouble. Two of my fellow carriers (E. J. Casey and S. C. Sweeney) have also used Swamp-Root for about the same difficulty as mine, and with exactly the same results, and they gladly join me in recommending the remedy to any one who suffers from kidney, liver or bladder disorders.

Very truly yours,
C. E. Stebbins

E. J. CASEY, S. C. SWEENEY,) We endorse the above statement.

Binghamton, N. Y., Jan. 7, 1901.

C. E. Stebbins has been in the employ of the Binghamton Post Office for 15 years, E. J. Casey for 10 years and S. C. Sweeney for seven years. This long service speaks volumes of their integrity, honest and efficient work.

(J. H. ROBERTS, P. M.)

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—*The wonderful remedy, Swamp-Root, is so remarkably successful that a special arrangement has been made by which all of our readers who have not already tried it may have a sample bottle of Swamp-Root sent absolutely free by mail. Also a valuable book telling all about kidney and bladder troubles and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured by Swamp-Root. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., be sure and say that you read this generous offer in the Washington "National Tribune."*

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Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, and if permitted to continue *fatal results are sure to follow.* Kidney trouble irritates the nerves, makes you dizzy, restless, sleepless and irritable. Makes you pass water often during the day, and obliges you to get up many times during the night. Causes puffy or dark circles under the eyes, rheumatism, gravel, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints and muscles, makes your head ache and back ache, causes indigestion, stomach and liver troubles; you get a sallow, yellow complexion; makes you feel as though you had heart trouble; you may have plenty of ambition, but no strength; get weak and waste away.

The kidney must also filter and purify the blood, so when they are weak or out of order and fail to do their work you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected, and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

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If there is any doubt in your mind as to your condition, take from your urine on rising about four ounces, place it in a glass or bottle and let it stand 24 hours. If on examination it is milky or cloudy, if there is a brick-dust settling, or if small particles float about in it, your kidneys are in need of immediate attention.

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