The SPY of the REBELLION

By ALLAN PINKERTON.

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Recognizing the importance of holding West Virginia, and of preventing the Union forces from penetrating through the mountains in the direction of Staunton, the rebel authorities had sent two new commanders into that region. Ex-Gov. Wise was dispatched to the Kanawha Valley, and Gen. Garnett, formerly a Major in the Regular Army, was sent to Beverly to attempt to gather up and reorganize the remnants of Col. Porterfield's scattered command, and to adopt immediate measures to re-enforce them.

Gen. Wise having been assigned to the Kanawha Valley, was expected to arrive at Charleston on the day following the appearance of my operatives, and the city was in a state of subdued excitement in anticipation of his coming.

In the evening, Lewis, in company with the officers whom he had met in the morning, proceeded to the residence of Judge Beveridge, where he was cordially received by that gentleman and his charming daughter, who had now thoroughly recovered from the effects of her dangerous ride. With rare grace she greeted my operative, and her expressions of thankfulness were couched in such delicate language, that the pretended Englishman felt a strange fluttering in his breast, which was as novel to him as it was delicious. He passed a very delightful evening, and by his knowledge of English affairs, and his unqualified approval of the cause of the South, added to the fact that he was believed to be a gentleman of rank and fortune, he succeeded in materially increasing the high opinion which had previously been entertained regarding him.

The next morning Gen. Wise arrived, and his appearance was hailed with delight by the disunion element of the city, while those whose sympathies were with the North looked with apprehension and disfavor upon the demonstrations that were being made in his honor.

UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF LEWIS'S GOOD NATURE THE GENERAL BECAME SOCIAL.

At the first opportune moment Price Lewis, with the assistance of his newfound friends, the rebel officers, succeeded in obtaining an introduction to the ancient-looking individual whose career had been marked by such exciting events, and who was so prominent a figure in the tragedy that was now being enacted. He was a small, intelligent-looking man, whose age appeared to be nearly 70 years, and whose emaciated appearance gave every token that he had not long to live. His eyes shone with the brilliancy of youth, and the fires of ambition seemed to be burning brightly in his breast. Perhaps no other man in the South had contributed in so great a degree to hasten the folly of secession, and certainly none rejoiced more heartily at its final realization.

By his eloquence and the magnetic power of his presence he had led the ignorant classes of the State to a firm belief in the justice of his cause, and by his teachings he had imbued them with a firm conviction that they were acting for their own best interests and for the furtherance of Southern supremacy and success.

Stern and determined, he allowed nothing to stand between him and the accomplishment of his purposes. But a few months before he had ordered the execution of John Brown, who, with a mere handful of men, had attempted to strike a blow in behalf of the slave. This ardent Abolitionist attacked and captured Harper's Ferry, a Government arsenal, by overpowering the men who were stationed at that place; but the authorities had been called upon, and then, yielding to superior numbers, he was compelled to surrender. In this encounter the majority of his men were slain, and John Brown, with six of his associates, was taken prisoner. This occurred on the 16th day of October, 1859, and on the 22d day of December, after a hurried trial, the prisoners were ordered by Gov. Wise to be publicly hanged. The sentence was duly carried into effect, and the action of John Brown was used by the secession advocates to inflame the minds of the Southern people against the North.

The General had been previously informed of the presence of Lewis in the hotel, and of his adventure on the day previous; consequently, when he was presented to the new commander, he was received with warm cordiality. The General inquired particularly into his history and his present movements, all of which were replied to by Lewis in a dignified and satisfactory manner. Under the influence of Lewis's good nature the General became social and familiar, and invited him to dine with him in his apartments.

Leaving no opportunity that offered, the detective took advantage of every available suggestion, and the result was he became fully posted upon everything that was of importance, and was enabled to render such an account of his labors as was satisfactory in the extreme. Sam Bridgeman, too, had not been idle, but mingling freely with the soldiers, he had succeeded in learning much of the conditions of the country that was of immense advantage in the after events of the campaign in Western Virginia.

They remained in Charleston about eight days, and then, taking leave of the many friends they had made, they made their way safely back to Cincinnati and reported.

WORK OF OTHER OPERATIVES.

The other two men whom I had dispatched upon the same mission traveled by rail across the State of Ohio and reached the West Virginia line at Point Pleasant. Here they began their investigations, and passing unquestioned they roamed through the country, passing eastward as far as Lynchburg. Thence they made a detour to the south, and journeyed as far as Chattanooga and Nashville, in Tennessee, and thence to Louisville, Ky.

Throughout their entire pilgrimage they were ever on the alert to acquire knowledge, and the immense amount of information which they gathered would only prove tedious to both myself and the reader. It is enough to say that they performed their duty in a manner creditable to themselves and valuable to the cause they represented, and I will simply summarize the situation.

Gen. Garnett had posted himself in the pass at Laurel Hill, with an additional force at Beverly, while another detachment, under Col. Pegram, had established itself in the pass at Rich Mountain. Here he had intended to fortify himself and to await a favorable opportunity for breaking the railroad. He found affairs upon his arrival in a miserable condition; the troops were disorganized and without discipline, arms or ammunition, and Gen. Lee immediately sent him reinforcements.

BATTLE OF RICH MOUNTAIN.

This was the condition of affairs when, early in July, 1861, Gen. McClellan resolved to take the offensive and drive the rebels from West Virginia. In this campaign he received material aid and assistance from that brave officer, Gen. Rosecrans, who by superhuman exertions penetrated the pathless forest, cutting and climbing his way to the very crest of Rich Mountain.

This movement, difficult as it was, to the south of the rebels, was a complete surprise to the enemy, who was expecting their arrival from the north.

They made a gallant resistance, however, but the Union forces had such an advantage that the contest was quickly decided. The rebel forces were driven from their breastworks and were compelled to take refuge in thickets or the mountains. Their confusion was deplorable, and their defeat unmistakable.

This victory placed the enemy in a very precarious position. McClellan was in his front and Rosecrans in secure possession of the road behind him, and Pegram, realizing the danger that threatened him, returned to his camp and, hastily spiking his guns, he abandoned all his stores and equipments, and endeavored to escape by marching northward along the mountain, intending, if possible, to join Garnett at Laurel Hill.

For the time being he was successful in eluding the Federal commanders, and after a most laborious march of 18 hours, found himself within three miles of Leedsville. Here he was doomed to disappointment, for he learned that Garnett had also retreated, and that a strong Union column was in close pursuit. Thus he was again caught between two Union armies, and despairing of effecting his escape, he sent a proposal to Gen. McClellan, offering a total surrender of his command. The Union General accepted the proposition, and on the following day the half-famished fugitives laid down their arms and became prisoners of war, only too glad to receive once more comfortable quarters and hunger-appeasing rations.

The fugitives who had escaped from the battle of Rich Mountain carried the news of that disaster to Beverly and to Gen. Garnett, at Laurel Hill, and an immediate retreat was ordered. But he was closely pressed by the advancing Union armies, and when Gen. Garnett reached Leedsville he heard that Gen. McClellan was at Beverly, thus cutting off effectually his further passage southward. He now resolved upon the desperate attempt of turning to the north and reaching St. George and West Union by a rough and difficult mountain road. During this retreat his troops became very much scattered and disorganized. Although he was nearly 15 hours in advance of his pursuers, they gained rapidly upon him, and notwithstanding every effort was made by the rebels to impede his progress by felling trees in the narrow mountain defiles, the Union advance overtook the rebel wagon-train at Carrick's Ford, one of the crossings of Cheat River, about 25 miles northwest of Laurel Hill. Here Garnett resolved to risk an encounter, and facing about his troops he took a position on a favorable and precipitous elevation on the river bank, and planting his guns so as to command the ford and the approaching road, he prepared to defend his retreat. A brisk engagement at once ensued, and after a sharp contest the rebel lines broke and fled, abandoning one of their guns.

Retreat and pursuit were once more commenced, and at the next ford, a quarter of a mile farther on, during a desultory skirmish fire between small parties of sharpshooters, Gen. Garnett was killed. Here the Federal pursuit was discontinued, and the rebels left in the hands of the victors their entire baggage-train, one gun, two stands of colors and 50 prisoners.

Estimated according to mere numbers, these battles of Rich Mountain and Carrick's Ford appear somewhat insignificant in contrast with the great battles of the rebellion which occurred during the succeeding three years. Hundreds of engagements of greater magnitude, and attended with much more serious loss of life, followed these encounters, and decided the mighty problem of Northern success; but this early skirmish with the rebels on Rich Mountain, and this rout of Garnett's rearguard at Carrick's Ford, were speedily followed by great political and military results, which exercised a powerful influence upon the after-conduct of the war. They closed a campaign, dispersed a rebel army which had for a long time been harassing a State whose sympathies were with the Union, and they permanently pushed back the military frontier to the borders of rebellious territory. Now, it is too much to say that the brilliant success which attended this first aggressive movement of Gen. McClellan had a marked effect upon the public mind? That they gave a general impression of his military skill is not to be doubted, and he was from that time the hero of the hour. Certain it is that a train of circumstances started from these achievements which eventually led to his being called to Washington after the reverses at Manassas and Bull Run, and made him, on the first day of November following, the General-in-Chief of all the Armies of the United States.

It is not necessary for me to follow the subsequent operations in West Virginia, as my duties were connected with Gen. McClellan, and his campaigns in that district ended with the death of Gen. Garnett and the dispersion of his army. About a week afterwards he was called to a new field of duty at Washington City, and it is not my purpose to touch upon events in which I took no part. It is enough to say that, with somewhat fluctuating changes, the rebels were gradually forced back from the Great Kanawha Valley, and eventually left West Virginia in possession of the Federal troops, her own inherent loyalty having contributed largely in producing this condition. The Union sentiment of the people was everywhere manifest, and the new State Government was consolidated and heartily sustained, ending in her ultimate admission as a separate member of the Federal Union in June, 1863.

As I am not attempting to write a history of the civil war, but merely relating, as best I can, the leading incidents connected with my labors in the Secret Service, I shall not dwell upon the details of the military movements of the war, except as they are necessarily connected with my own movements. It is necessary, however, to make cursory mention of that remarkable chain of circumstances which followed Gen. McClellan's campaign in West Virginia, resulting in entire and unexpected change of circumstances to him, and a consequent enlargement of my own field of operations. Therefore, without pausing to describe the various movements and enterprises in West Virginia during the remainder of the year 1861, or detailing the campaign of the three months volunteers under Gen. Patterson, and their bloodless victory at Harper's Ferry, I will pass on to other scenes and events.

Patriotism in the North was excited to such a pitch that the people were impatient of delay, and eager to strike a decisive blow—a blow that would at once annihilate treason and wipe out the insult to a Nation's flag, and maintain a Nation's honor. The resounding echoes of the rebel guns that had done their work of destruction on Sumter's walls were still vibrating in the air.

The Confederate seat of Government had been transferred from Montgomery to Richmond, immediately after Virginia's indorsement of the secession ordinance, and this enthronement of rebellion so close to the very stronghold of freedom caused patriotic resentment to blaze up with fresh intensity.

ADVANCE ON MANASSAS.

In the month of June a determined movement against Manassas was resolved upon at Washington.

As a preliminary step to the advance upon the rebel Capital, Gen. Scott gave Patterson orders to offer Johnston battle, or detain him in the Shenandoah Valley by other demonstrations, in order that his army might not unite with Beauregard's and defeat the movement. But Patterson failed to perform the task assigned to him, and his failure lost to the Union cause the first great battle of the war.

Gen. Beauregard was in possession of Manassas, with 6,000 men, and this force was being very materially increased by the arrival of reinforcements from time to time; but notwithstanding this fact, it was believed that every chance of success would be provided for by the strength of the Union army at the Capital, if only Johnston could be held in check for a few days.

Delay in starting this expedition against the enemy's works was unavoidable, and it was not until the afternoon of July 16 that the march of McDowell's army commenced. Even then the progress was painfully slow, owing to inexperience and lack of discipline on the part of the troops.

Manassas Junction was defended by about 2,000 rebels, with 14 or 15 heavy guns, while at Bull Run, some three miles east of Manassas, was stationed Beauregard's main army, over 20,000 strong, posted at the various fords of the stream, in a line fully eight miles long. McDowell, as a strategic movement to conceal his real purpose, directed his march upon Centerville, at which place Tyler's Division arrived on the morning of July 18, to find that it had been evacuated by the rebels, who were behind Bull Run.

From Centerville, which is situated on a hill, Tyler and his men had a view of the whole valley spread out before them, with Manassas on the high plateau beyond. It has been hinted that Tyler was inspired with over-confidence by the utter absence of opposition to his advance, and was thus betrayed into the indiscretion of a further advance and an experimental assault. This provoked a skirmish, which speedily culminated in the battle of Blackburn's Ford, the result of which was much loss and demoralization.

BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

Two more days elapsed before the great fight occurred. Those two days were occupied by the engineers in efforts to find an unfortified ford over Bull Run, which was accomplished in time to permit McDowell to call his officers together on Saturday night and announce to them his plan of battle for the following day. This brought the main contest on Sunday, July 21, and before daylight on the morning of that eventful day both armies were up and astir, each intending to take the initiative. There was much unnecessary confusion and delay, mingled with undue excitement and impetuosity, showing that everything was raw and awkward on both sides. Perhaps no troops ever engaged in warfare with as little knowledge of the privations, hardships and dangers of soldier-life as did the Union and Confederate armies on this bloody field.

The day passed; the shades of evening fell, and the battle of Bull Run had been fought and lost! Victory had perched itself on the rebel banners, and the Union army was in full retreat toward Washington. The engagement had been well contested, and fought with equal courage and persistence by both sides, and the result was quite as unexpected to the Confederates as to the Federals.

But Johnston had not been kept out of the fray, as it was calculated he would be. His army had been permitted to arrive on the battlefield in the nick of time to take a decisive part in the famous conflict, and to turn the fortunes of the day at a moment when the signs of victory were all in favor of the Federal troops. Totally unconscious of the fact that they had been fighting Johnston all day, the Union soldiers had not once lost confidence in themselves, and fully believed that they must win; but when a fresh assault from a new quarter convinced them that Johnston's forces had arrived, the realization and acknowledgment of coming defeat pervaded the whole army, and the quick instinct of retreat was aroused. They believed that success had now become hopeless, and nothing could change this belief, or check or control the impulse of flight, once started. The day was lost; the evidence of a great disaster became suddenly overwhelming to the non-combatants in the rear; the retreating brigades, and the nearer approach of cannonade and musketry, soon confirmed the worst fears of a terrible defeat and a hot pursuit; and then began that insane scramble and stampede for safety.

The sights and scenes encountered on the way to Fairfax Courthouse will never be effaced from the memory of those who witnessed it. The story of that memorable retreat has been told over and over again; of the mad flight of civilians, in carriages and on horseback, lashing their steeds to the top of their speed; of soldiers of all regiments mingled confusedly together, some in complete uniform, others stripped of everything but trousers, shirts and shoes, and all footsore, haggard and half-starved; of arms, clothing and other valuables abandoned, that the progress of the runaways might not be impeded by such incumbrances; of vehicles, and even ambulances, bearing wounded men, left standing in the road, while the frightened teamsters rode away like the wind, on horses unhitched or cut out of their harness; of army wagons emptied of their loads and filled with stragglers, thundering along the crowded highway; of the dash and clatter of artillery carriages; of confusion, panic, demoralization and headlong hurry everywhere along the route.

By midnight mounted officers and civilians began to arrive in Washington; but not until the next day, when the rain was pouring down in torrents—that dreadful drenching rain that continued for 36 hours, with but slight intermission—did the poor, hungry, fagged-out soldiers commence straggling in. That they were promptly and properly fed by the people, rich and poor, who threw open their doors and gave what they could to alleviate the suffering of these brave but unfortunate men, speaks volumes for the unselfish generosity of the loyal families of the Capital during that period.

It was while this discouraging state of affairs existed that Gen. McClellan was called to Washington to assume control of the troops, Gen. Rosecrans having succeeded him in the command of the Army of the West. Considering his recent success in West Virginia, and the military skill and judgment there displayed by him, it is but natural that McClellan should have been selected to re-create the army, which was destined to defend the Capital for the next three years.

His arrival in Washington, July 27, was hailed with genuine delight by officers and citizens, for at that date he held the esteem and confidence and admiration of all loyal people. It was an immense responsibility which devolved upon him, but he accepted it cheerfully, and took up his task with that energy, tact and perseverance which precluded all possibility of failure. When first called to the command he found a mere collection of regiments, undisciplined, undrilled and dispirited, cowering on the banks of the Potomac, and with only such material to work upon, he soon organized, equipped and trained, with rare skill, that grand body of troops which he afterwards led in the campaign of the Peninsula.

(To be continued.)

BRANDING IN THE 4th U. S. CAV.

Reminiscences Called Up by Comrade Peck's "Rough Riding."

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have been greatly interested in Robert Morris Peck's account of his five years in the 1st U. S. Cav., the more so as I served 20 years in the same regiment. It is the 4th Cav. now.

That account which he gives of the branding of those two deserters reminds me of the last ceremony of that kind that took place in the 4th Cav., and, so far as I know, in the Regular Army.

The regiment was stationed in San Antonio at the time. We were camped in "The Big Yard," about a square below the Military Plaza, and near the Arsenal.

We had been having a great many desertions all Winter and Spring. This was in the Spring of 1866.

Nearly all of these deserters were recruits. Why they left I don't know. We certainly had an easy time of it there; easier, in fact, than I ever saw it afterwards in the next 18 years. The regiment was under command of our senior Major, Gen. John P. Hatch, but he had nothing to do with the branding; that was ordered by the sentence of a general court martial, approved by Gen. Reynolds, the Department Commander, at Austin, Tex.

I have forgotten the name of the man who was branded, but he was a fine-looking, well-built Irishman, about 25 years old, and, by the way, I missed having to brand him myself by just one inch and a half. This man had been in the guard house ever since his trial, and one morning, soon after guard mount, the officer of the day came to the guard house and asked if there was a barber in the guard.

There was one, a man named Murphy, belonging to Troop H. Murphy was ordered to shave the one-half of this man's head, and did so.

I was a Corporal of the guard, and the junior one at the time, and expected to be ordered to do the branding.

I did not want the job, but, of course, would have branded him if told to do it. The Sergeant of the guard took three straws, two long and one short one, and told us to draw. The other two Corporals drew first, according to rank, and one drew the short straw; that let me out.

At 10 o'clock in the forenoon the whole regiment was marched on the parade grounds and formed in a hollow square; then a blacksmith, coming to the guard house, cut the shackles off this man, and I was told to take a file of the guard and a trumpeter and march the man up for punishment.

I halted him just in rear of the square, then waited for the Adjutant to read his findings and sentence, and as the man's name was called I marched him inside of the square and halted right in the center of the square, then told this man to strip his right thigh. He did so, and this Corporal who had been detailed to do the branding now came forward with D Troop's horse-brand, that had already been heated, and with a quick motion put that D on his thigh; the man never moved, although it must have pained him. Then putting the trumpeter in front, who struck up the Rogue's March, we marched the man through the gate and let him go.

The citizens now took charge of him, and taking him to a doctor in town, had the brand dressed; then they raised a purse of about $200 for him, and sent him off. This was the first deserter who had been branded in the 4th U. S. Cav. in several years, and was the last one. This man was branded to furnish an example to stop deserting, and it stopped it. The young trumpeter who furnished the music that day was a mischievous young fellow about 14 years old.

I had been making a pet of him and he always came to me when in trouble. He came to me the night before the branding. He had to sound that Rogue's March next day, and could not find the notes in the tactics. I whistled it, but he could not catch it.

Then, taking his trumpet, I sounded it as near as I could, and at last he got it.

He had proposed to give us "Marching Through Georgia," instead, he said.

"If you do," I told him, "and the officer of the day don't order you tied up, I'll tie you up. We don't want "Marching Through Georgia" in front of a deserter."

A good many of the men who were in the 1st Cav. when Peck belonged to it were still in it when I joined it in February, 1865. Baldwin, of Troop K; Julius R. Davenport—"Buck Davenport"—of H, and old McLaughlin, of H, also; he served 30 years in the regiment.—JOHN A. BROOKS, Troop H and F, 4th U. S. Cav., Soldiers' Home, Erie, Pa.

This Will Interest Many.

F. W. Parkhurst, the Boston publisher, says that if any one who is afflicted with rheumatism in any form, or neuralgia, will send their address to him at box 1501, Boston, Mass., he will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give, only tells you how he was cured. Hundreds have tested it with success.

Who Has Seen This Comrade.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Julius Becking, a veteran of the civil war, disappeared from his home Feb. 15. He was about 61 years old, slightly gray-haired, with gray mustache. He was very lame from wounds received in battle, and also from a stroke of paralysis. His speech is very seriously affected by the stroke and his mind also at times.

Diligent search has been made in all the surrounding country, but in vain. It is now supposed that he escaped to the railroad, and has gone to some city, to be picked up and sent to some home or hospital.

Will you kindly publish this notice, so that in case any of your readers may have heard or seen him they can give some information to his wife, who is suffering all that such a loss can inflict.—J. B. DOTY, Milmay, N. J.

Praise for Representative Gibson.

T. G. Arnold, Millersburg, Ohio, is well pleased with the deserved heckling that Representative Gibson gave Commissioner Evans for his outrageous rules of evidence. His first choice for Commissioner of Pensions would be J. J. Sullivan, of Cleveland, Ohio, and second, E. L. Lybarger, Coshocton, Ohio.

ROUGH RIDING.

(Continued from first page.)

drew his saber, and charged with the rest. After crossing the creek Lynch's horse, being a fiery, hard-mouthed thing, took the bit in his teeth and ran away with him. He soon left all his comrades behind and overtook a crowd of the Cheyennes as they were running. The Indians, seeing what was the matter, opened to right and left, and let him pass in amongst them; then shot a few arrows into him, till he fell off his horse, when one of them jumped down, took Lynch's revolver out of the holster and shot him a couple of times with it, and then out with his knife and began to scalp him, but our men were too close onto him and they failed to get the scalp, but got his horse and pistol. The Indians being overtaken made quite a little fight near this spot, as several dead Cheyennes lying near Lynch showed.

By being killed Lynch saved himself a court-martial for "disobedience of orders."

There were about 30 dead Cheyennes left on the field, and probably many of the wounded who got away died. Only prisoner was taken. He had lost his horse in crossing the creek, and seeing escape impossible had thrown away all his arms except his knife, and had thrown himself on the ground, pretending to be dead, waiting an opportunity to creep off and escape. He was lying near Serg't McCune, of Co. D, who was wounded, and some of our men in passing noticed the Indian crawling, at intervals, toward McCune, probably with the hope of finishing the Sergeant and scalping him, and making his escape. But on finding himself discovered he jumped up and surrendered. This is something unusual—for an Indian to surrender—for they imagine that they will be tortured to death, and consider it a great disgrace for a warrior to be taken prisoner while yet able to fight. They therefore usually fight as long as they have breath and strength to raise a hand.

Our Delawares went into the fight with us and did good service, but the Pawnees followed in our rear, scalping the dead Cheyennes and gathering up the ponies and other plunder lost by the Cheyennes.

J. Fenimore Cooper, in "The Prairie," represents the Pawnees as a nation of heroes. We found them to be a cowardly, treacherous, thieving, dirty set, utterly devoid of honor, and totally unreliable. The Cheyennes are far superior to them in every way.

The Pawnees gathered in some 60 of the enemy's ponies, which Col. Sumner had agreed to allow them to keep for their services, and after coming back to camp and hearing that a Cheyenne prisoner had been taken, they came in a body up to Col. Sumner's headquarters to try to obtain possession of the prisoner, in order that they might hold a war-dance and put him to death by torture.

Of course, the Colonel refused to listen to any overtures in this direction. They made various offers to purchase the prisoner—even offering to surrender to the Colonel the 60 head of ponies they had captured, and went off much exasperated at his refusal.

Some of the Cheyennes had revolvers of the old "pepper-box" pattern (Allen's self-cockers), which they had probably obtained by murdering and robbing emigrants.

First Lieut. J. E. B. Stuart, of Co. G, was wounded by one of these. It happened in this way: Stuart, with a few men, noticed an Indian making off afoot, and galloped toward him. The Indian seemed to be unarmed except a knife in his belt, and seeing he could not escape turned and walked toward Stuart's party, and when they got near enough extended one hand and said, "How! how," which they undestood to mean that he was willing to surrender; but none of the party seemed to notice that the rekskin was holding something concealed behind him in his other hand.

Stuart, disdaining to take advantage of an unarmed enemy, turned to a Corporal in his party and said:

"Corporal Boggs, take that Indian prisoner, and take him to the rear."

While he yet had his head turned aside talking to Boggs the Indian drew his concealed pepper-box revolver from behind him and fired, hitting Stuart in the shoulder, and, firing rapidly at the other soldiers, hit Boggs, also, wounding him slightly in the side. Stuart's wound was not serious, and he and his men quickly drew their revolvers and riddled the Indian, who kept dancing about to dodge the bullets, till he fell dead.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Our trooper's adventures continue at a pace quite hot enough to satisfy his ambition for dangerous exploits.

For Commissioner of Pensions.

Julius Priester is enthusiastically for R. B. Brown, of Zanesville, Ohio, for Commander-in-Chief and Commissioner of Pensions.

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