Rounding-up the Confederacy

Veteran Campaigns of the 68th Ohio.

By M. B. LOOP.

Oct. 3 we received orders to turn over all camp equipage, and at 4 o'clock the following morning we started in pursuit of Hood. We swept north through the suburbs of Atlanta, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon went into camp near Marietta, 22 miles from our camp of the morning.

The morning of Oct. 5 we marched through Marietta, and about noon came to a halt near Kenesaw. North of us could be seen the smoke of the enemy's campfires. The battle of Allatoona was being fought. We could hear the bellowing of distant guns, and saw the Signal Corps on the top of Kenesaw flashing the message of our great chieftain: "Hold the fort; I am coming."

"Oh, for a voice to reach them," said the noble Sherman, as again and again the signal was flashed across the intervening space. At last there came a lull in the fight; the smoke lifted, and the brave garrison caught sight of the signal flag on the top of lofty Kenesaw. "Hold the fort; relief is coming," it said; and hold the fort those brave men did.

The early morning of Sunday, Oct. 9, found us sweeping on through the narrow defile between Kenesaw and Brush Mountains. We moved on over the ground we fought over the previous June, and in due time went into camp near Big Shanty, where a detail of 200 men was engaged in repairing the railroad, which the enemy had wrecked.

We remained near Big Shanty until the night of Oct. 10, when we marched in the direction of Kingston. Heavy firing was heard in front, and we hurried forward, to be on hand if needed. At daylight next morning we were at Allatoona, where cheer upon cheer rent the air in honor of Gen. Corse and his noble 1,700 men, who for 10 long hours had withstood the fierce onset of 4,000 of the enemy.

From Allatoona we moved north along the railroad until about noon, when a halt was ordered, to hold our State election. Late in the day we moved on, and about midnight crossed the Etowah, and went into camp near Cartersville.

PURSUIT OF HOOD.

Oct. 12 we passed through Kingston, 62 miles from Atlanta, and at dark camped four miles from Rome, after a march of 20 miles.

Late the following day we started in the direction of Resaca, 25 miles distant. We marched all night, and just at daylight stopped long enough to make coffee, after which we moved on, and at night went into camp near Resaca.

This constant marching, early and late, began to tell on us. We would march through the day, and then continue on through the night, stopping now and then to let the line close up, and then on again over hills and mountains, through fields and swamps.

Oct. 15 we crossed the Oostanaula River and approached Snake Creek Gap. Here we found trees felled into the road to check our progress, but we mounted the high ground, and at night went into bivouac on the north side.

Sunday, Oct. 16, our line of march lay along the foot of a mountain to Gordon Springs, where we remained until Monday evening, when we turned to the left, ascended the mountain, and after a march of six miles halted for the night.

Oct. 18 we moved down the mountain side to the valley below. About 10 o'clock we marched through Lafayette, going in a westerly course, the enemy in full retreat, and we after them in hot haste. The following day we reached Summerville, and on the evening of Oct. 20 went into camp near Galesville, Ala.

Since leaving Atlanta the enemy had led us a wild chase of 170 miles, much of the way over mountain roads, which made the march very tiresome.

Gen. Sherman now became satisfied that Hood could not be made to fight. Therefore he ordered the pursuit of Hood's army to be discontinued, as he had no desire to wear out his army following a cowardly foe. He felt sure that Gen. Thomas could attend to Hood, so he began to perfect his plans for putting his cherished plan into effect.

PREPARING FOR THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

Oct. 22 our non-veterans, whose term of service had expired, were ordered to get ready for a march to Chattanooga, about 70 miles away, preparatory to being mustered out.

During the time our comrades were making preparations for their march northward the regiment was preparing for a march southward, and all were seemingly too busy to even heave a sigh of regret that a comradeship extending over a period of three years was being sundered. However, our orders to march were countermanded, but our comrades moved on, and soon passed over the hills out of sight.

Oct. 25 our supply train reached us from Rome, Ga., laden with rations, and we were once more relieved of the necessity of foraging.

Early the 28th a shout went ringing through the camp: "One hour for writing letters. It may be the last chance for some weeks to come." This extended to the army in camp around Galesville, and I doubt another more quiet hour in the army was ever witnessed, except when in slumber, as one and all were engaged in writing letters to some dear relative or friend.

These letters covered the news that a great move would soon be made, and that some weeks might pass before they heard from us again.

The morning of Oct. 29 we formed in line, and started in the direction of Atlanta, 100 miles southeast; keeping step to the merry music by our band.

"Oh, ain't I glad to get out of the wilderness, down in Alabam."

We crossed the Coosa River on pontoons that afternoon and went into bivouac for the night. The evening of the next day we camped at Cave Springs. Here we remained one day.

ON THE NICKAJACK.

Nov. 1 we resumed our march by way of Cedar Town, Dallas and Lost Mountain, and Nov. 5 went into camp on Nickajack Creek, six miles south of Marietta, where we remained till Nov. 13.

Our regiment was now supplied with new clothing and everything thoroughly overhauled.

The wild echoes of the struggle around Atlanta had died away. The banks of the Nickajack or Chattahoochee no longer resounded with the crack of rifles along the picket line, and the Yanks and Johnnies no longer sassed each other from the shadows on either side.

One evening the boys felled a large chestnut tree, when there came upon us a new enemy—an army of enraged bees—which put to flight the fellows who were after chestnuts. My comrades fell back in good order, and for a time were busily engaged in picking out this new enemy's bullets.

After the enemy had quieted down and ceased to trouble we sought the sweetness in that tree, and ate heartily of the honey.

Nov. 8 we drew our pay, also held Presidential election, our regiment casting 381 votes; 316 for Lincoln and 65 for McClellan.

Nov. 13 we marched along the line of railroad toward Atlanta, leaving the smoking ruins of bridges and culverts behind us, and about 8 o'clock in the evening went into camp one mile from Atlanta.

MARCHING TO THE SEA.

Orders were now read to us from Gen. Sherman that the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Seventeenth and Twentieth Corps had been organized into an army for a special purpose far away in Dixie.

We did not know where we were going, neither did we care. We only knew Billy Sherman was to lead us on some great campaign. The common soldier is not supposed to know anything but to march, camp, dig trenches and fight. But they were no ciphers. They had a pretty clear opinion of the purpose of any campaign, though, like our leaders, were often at sea as to the ultimate result.

Some said we were going to Mobile, while others said we were going to Richmond. But when we started in a southeasterly course we became satisfied that we were going to Savannah, or some point on the south Atlantic coast.

Early in the morning of Nov. 15 there was a commotion in the camps surrounding us. Campfires blazed high, fed with rubbish and such equipage as had been cast aside.

In the direction of Atlanta the smoke and flames from mills, machine shops and such other buildings as Sherman thought best to have destroyed leaped to the skies and rolled away over the doomed city. The bugle soon sounded, telling us

"WHAR'S YO'UNS HORNS? WHITE FOLKS TOLE US YO'UNS YANKS HAD HORNS."

to fall in. Col. Welles now mounted his noble horse, Polk, and shouted, "Attention—battalion; shoulder—arms; right face; forward—march," and one of the most brilliant campaigns of modern times—the march to the sea—began.

We were happy that morning. Mules brayed, drivers cracked their long whips, and we shouted with joy as we turned our backs upon the smoking ruins of Atlanta and marched away, accompanied by the invincible hardtack, a testament, and a Southern paper announcing Sherman's retreat from Atlanta. A number of recruits who had recently joined us lugged enormous knapsacks. About the second or third day out a murmur began to be heard and a desire to investigate and to cast first this and then that into the bushes along the wayside. This operation was repeated the next day, and the next, and in time they found themselves in light marching order, equal to the old vets.

Different corps marched by parallel roads. Each regiment was provided with one ambulance and one wagon; and in the center of each brigade, to better guard against an attack from the enemy, came our provision and ammunition train.

The army was ordered to forage liberally, and each day 30 men were detailed from each regiment. Property was ordered to be protected where the line of march was not molested by armed bands of the enemy, or by the inhabitants burning bridges, obstructing the roads, or otherwise showing their hostility toward the Nation.

The evening of the 15th we went into camp 16 miles from Atlanta. Early the next morning we were in motion, and that day we marched 18 miles through wood and field.

On the 17th we marched about 15 miles; passed through the town of McDonough. The following day we marched 18 miles. About the close of the day we passed through Jackson, the Countyseat of Butts County, when a halt was ordered to let the columns close up. Soon after we moved on, and about midnight we crossed the Ocmulgee and went into bivouac till morning.

THE GEORGIA NEGROES.

Thus far everything had gone well. The people appeared to be thoroughly frightened at the sudden appearance of Sherman's conquering heroes in the heart of Georgia. Some had been taught to believe that a Yank was a counterpart of the devil, and had horns growing out of his head.

I pause to remark that my readers will say, "Oh, how absurd!" Yet my comrades will bear me out in saying colored people have gathered around us with the query, "Is yo'uns real Yankees?" Upon our replying in the affirmative, they would further question us: "Whar's yo'uns horns? White folks tole yo'uns Yanks had horns."

Many of the citizens fled from their homes upon our approach, while those who remained gazed in silent awe as the army went sweeping by. The Governor of Georgia, Jeff Davis, Beauregard and many other leaders of the so-called Confederacy pleaded with the people of Georgia to arise and hurl the Yankee invader back. But against such an army as the noble Sherman held in hand they must have felt that what little resistance they could offer would have been vain.

Nov. 19 we marched 16 miles, being in the advance of the entire Seventeenth Corps. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon we passed through Monticello, Jasper County, and went into camp.

The next day we marched in the rear of the whole corps, having in charge a drove of beef-cattle. During the day a number of cattle mired down in a deep, boggy swamp by the roadside, when a detail was ordered out to shoot them.

We were on the road all night of the 20th and until midnight of the 21st, when, having caught up with the advance, a halt was ordered until morning, having marched about 26 miles.

Nov. 22 we left camp at the usual hour, and after a rapid march of 12 miles reached Gordon, 16 miles south of Milledgeville, where we remained a short time listening to Gen. Kilpatrick's guns at Macon, Ga., 12 miles south. In the evening we gave the railroad attention, to notify Gen. Kilpatrick of our whereabouts, and then rolled up in our blankets to wait the dawn of another day.

On the 23 we marched eight miles along the Georgia Central Road, utterly wrecking it as we moved forward, and in the evening went into camp on a large plantation.

All along our line of march we found the colored people bubbling over with delight, each endeavoring to outdo the other in some crude expression of frantic joy as they first beheld Massa Linkum's boys.

Upon one occasion Capt. Mooney addressed an old colored man, who from all appearances may have been a centenarian: "Well, Uncle Ned, what do you think of us Yankees?" With a lond guffaw and doff of his cap, Ned replied: "Fore de Lord, Massa, I dun don't know what to think, sah; neber did I see so many white folks. Dey jus' trabel and trable down de road all day." "How many Yankees were there?" asked one of my comrades. "Bress my soul," says Ned, "I dun don't know, sah, for sure; I guess dars about a million. "Oh, you old fool," says another, "you old nigger, you dun don't know nuffin nohow. Dar's more as a million for sure, sah; guess dars 'bout five hundred."

Nov. 24 we acted as guard for our supply train. We marched 12 miles and went into camp. After supper we were ordered out on the railroad, and for a time were engaged in tearing up the track.

The next day we marched to the Oconee River, 10 miles distant, where we met with a body of "Georgia Home Guards," who disputed the crossing. Our artillery treated the woods on the opposite side to a vigorous shelling, after which the representatives of the cradle and the grave retired from our front.

Next morning we crossed the river on pontoons laid during the night, and then hurried away four miles, when a halt was called to let the column close up.

Early on Sunday, Nov. 27, our bugle sounded the advance, and we marched off in the direction of Millen, 55 miles east of us. A portion of the time our brigade marched along the line of the Georgia Central Railroad, leaving smoking ruins behind.

Nov. 30, just as the shades of night began to wrap its mantle about us, we crossed to the east side of the Ogeechee River, and on the afternoon of Saturday, Dec. 2, went into camp on Buck's Creek, one mile from Millen.

AN APPEAL TO GEORGIANS.

The month of December found Sherman and his conquering heroes in the best of spirits. Not so with Jeff Davis, Hardee, Beauregard and the rebel authorities of Georgia, who were almost frantic in their earnest appeals for help, couched in the following language:

"Georgians, be firm. Let every man fly to arms. Remove all horses, cattle and provisions from Sherman's army, and burn what you cannot carry away. Burn all bridges and block up the roads in his front. Assail the enemy in front, flank and rear by day and by night. You can destroy the invader by retarding his march. Act promptly and fear not."

The people failed to respond, which fact convinced us that the resources of the Confederacy, the cradle and the grave, were well nigh exhausted.

The days were warm and pleasant, and new scenes were continually opening up before us, which made our march through Georgia one grand excursion.

With the exception of an engagement with the Georgia militia at the crossing of the Oconee River, we experienced no variation from the easy marches and pleasant bivouacs, interspersed with the chickens and turkeys that our Commissary found, and the noted sweet potatoes that started from the ground made our march across Georgia a tramp of pleasure and recreation. Our daily bill of fare consisted of fresh pork and chicken, cornpone and chicken, sweet potatoes and chicken, and for a change we always take a little more chicken.

When the daring move was first made rebels North and South, and the traitorous press everywhere, declared that Sherman's army had gone into the jaws of death. That the citizens would destroy all manner of subsistence in our front, and that Sherman's army would die of starvation in the swamps of Georgia. After long days and weeks of weary watching and waiting, the joyful news was flashed through our Northern homes that Sherman's conquering heroes were on the Atlantic coast, 300 miles from Atlanta, and so far from being dead, were the liveliest lot of Yankees the world ever heard of.

How the men on the vessels laying at anchor off Savannah waiting our approach must have shouted with joy when they first heard the sound of distant guns engaged in leveling all obstructions, "As Sherman marched down to the sea."

But I have left our regiment at Millen, where on the morning of Dec. 3 we were engaged in reducing to ashes the rebel stockade and prison where several thousand boys in blue had been confined, but who had been removed by the rebel authorities a few days before our arrival. From Millen we marched east 10 miles, and in the evening went into camp on a large plantation, where, finding molasses in untold measure, and kettles in abundance, we invited ourselves to an old-fashioned taffy-pulling party.

Dec. 5 we marched 12 miles, and toward the close of day were ordered out of line to go on guard at a large mill, where a detail was engaged in grinding corn for army use. We remained on guard until the next morning, when, after assisting to load the wagons with corn and meal, we formed in line and hastily moved forward.

Toward the middle of the afternoon we caught up with our advance columns, which were brought to a temporary halt on the banks of the Little Ogeechee by a body of the enemy on the opposite side.

The enemy seemed to think there was but one place to cross the river, and that in their front; but a portion of our corps made a crossing two miles below, which caused the enemy to evacuate their works and seek safety in flight.

Meanwhile one of our batteries was engaged in feeling for the enemy; but eliciting no response, an advance was ordered, and about dark we crossed the river and went into camp in the evacuated works of the enemy.

(To be continued.)

CAMPAIGNING ON THE FRONTIER.

Reminiscences of Service With the 1st U. S. Cav. on the Plains Before the War.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The 1st U. S. Cav. was at Fort Leavenworth through most of the Winter of 1855-6. I did not keep a diary while in the service, but I will tell my experiences as I remember them, and some incidents happening in those five years I will never forget. I do not intend to go into details about camp life, as Comrade Peck has ably described that part of the service.

About January we were ordered to move to Pawnee Creek to head off old Jim Lane, who was coming into Kansas by way of Nebraska. We stayed there about one month. One morning about 10 o'clock old Jim Lane walked right into the trap we had set for him. We secured a miscellaneous assortment of arms from the party. He had about 1,000 men with him, but some of those in the rear got away and we turned the others loose as soon as we had disarmed them. I think they had gathered all of the rusty pistols and old flint-lock muskets in the United States, and, as one of the boys expressed it, the collection was the "goldurndest lot of arms ever I seen."

After turning Lane's men loose we broke camp and started for Fort Leavenworth, but before we reached there we got orders to go to Grasshopper to disarm a body of pro-slavery men who had killed old man Cody and burned his house and saw mill (he being a Free Statesman), leaving his family without protection. The pro-slavery men left before we arrived. A detail was sent with the widow and her two children. One of these children is the world-renowned Buffalo Bill (William Cody), but he had not earned his title then, as he was only about 12 years old at the time of which I write. After sending them to Fort Leavenworth, we followed the murderers down through Kansas to a town called Little Santa Fe. Here they crossed the line into Missouri, and we had to turn back.

We were ordered to move back to Osawatomie to try to capture John Brown and his men, who were encamped there. This was in the month of March. We captured the entire band, but turned loose all but John Brown, whom we held prisoner, as the United States Government had preferred the charge of treason against him. We guarded Brown about 10 days. I was one of the men detailed to guard him. The first time I was on guard duty he acted very strangely; he would sing a while, then pray a while, and then curse a while. I kept one eye on him, and it was well I did. The second time I was on guard he tried the insane dodge on me; he first tried to climb the tent-pole backwards, and about 1 o'clock in the day he made a break for liberty. Jumping out of the tent, he grabbed my gun and tried to take it away from be, but I called for the Corporal of the Guard. Corp'l Winters came to my rescue, or John Brown's father, as he was about to get away, and take me with him.

Capt. Wood, being in command, ordered Sergeant of the Guard Merchant to take a file of men and tie Brown in the guard-tent. They tied him to the tent-pole, with his hands behind his back. After he had been tied about a half hour Brown asked me to call the Captain. Capt. Wood came to the tent and asked: "What do you want, Mr. Brown?" Brown replied, "God will hold you responsible for this," and then went on with his singing and praying.

We kept Brown under guard about three days after the incident, and then we moved him to Fort Leavenworth, where he was held in the garrison for about six or eight months before his trial. We will pass on to the other scenes, and leave old John Brown, as he was cleared on the charge of treason, and, as the old song goes, "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the tomb," as we go marching on to the same goal, where all animosity is gone, where we are judged according to the deeds done in the body, and who but Him that knows all things can judge.

We were at the fort but a few days when we were ordered to move on to Fort Scott, Kan., and here we stayed until the Spring of 1857, when we were ordered to Fort Leavenworth to fit up, as the United States Government was going to send out three bodies of soldiers. Comrade Peck was under Maj. Sedgwick, who had four companies. I went with Col. Joseph E. Johnston's command to guard the surveyors establishing the southern boundary line of Kansas. We had four companies of men, Capt. Wood, Co. C.; Capt. Anderson, Co. I. I have forgotten the names of the Captains of Cos. K and F.

We went first to Spring River and established a corner-stone, and started on a direct line to the headwaters of the Cimarron River. Nothing of any importance happened until we passed through the Delaware Reservation. There we struck the buffalo range, and also found plenty of antelope. We then had a change of diet, although we had been supplied with fresh meat from the herd of beef cattle we had been driving along. Buffalo meat was pretty tough, unless we killed a young one. Antelope was tender, but we could not get very many of these, as we could not get close enough to shoot them. The way to get them was taught to us by a Delaware Indian; it was to tie a red handkerchief to the ramrod of a gun. After we got as close as we could to the herd one man would hold the ramrod and handkerchief up so the antelopes could see them. This would attract their attention, and another of us would go around and slip up on the other side. Generally he would get a good shot, sometimes killing them and sometimes not, according to how much of that complaint called the "buck ague" he was troubled with.

After we got into the buffalo range we moved rapidly on and went into camp on a small stream that we supposed to be a tributary of the Osage River. Here we stayed in camp three weeks, waiting on the surveyors and Capt. Clark, and, as the boys said, "waited on him to count the stars."

I forgot to state we left Fort Leavenworth about April 1, and we were gone on this trip just six months to a day.

We moved from this camp on the small stream to the main body of the Osage River, where we camped on the site of an old Osage Indian village. We had been in camp about three days when a courier brought a dispatch from the surveyors that the Comanche Indians were about to cut them off from the command. The Colonel ordered "boots and saddles" sounded, and we were not very long getting in readiness. We fell in line and started at double-quick. When we reached the surveyors we found with them a scout, who reported the Indians about four miles to the south of us.

We found the Indians hidden in a patch of timber, and surrounded them. They commenced shooting as soon as we were within range. There was a soldier in our company by the name of Tedwell, a Georgian. When we were ordered to draw sabers and charge, the company charged the Indians, and Tedwell charged for camp. After the fight he said that his horse ran away with him. We knew better. The Colonel put him under guard for cowardice, and when we moved back to Fort Leavenworth he deserted.

We fought the Indians two hours, but could not dislodge them from the timber; so Col. Johnston ordered up the artillery and shelled the woods. We soon had the Indians on the run. The Colonel again ordered us to charge. The casualties were not very great while the Indians were in the timber, but when we got them out in the open we killed 29 and wounded many more.

Big Wolf, a Delaware Indian guide, estimated their number in the timber at 800.

We did not get to look over the battlefield that night, as we were ordered to move back to camp, 12 miles away. The Colonel ordered a detail of soldiers to increase the guard with surveyors. We stayed in camp for about four weeks, hunting and fishing, while waiting for the surveyors to move out.

About a half-mile from camp was an Osage burial-ground. I had always heard when an Indian died it was the custom to bury his personal effects with him. My curiosity got the better of me, and I went one day to investigate. I found that they put the body on top the ground and built a pen around it, using sod and earth to stop the cracks between poles. I picked out one of the biggest pens I could find and tore the top off, and then taking one of the poles of which the pen was built and placing it under the body for a pry turned it over. I found two plugs of tobacco and a buckskin purse with $60 in gold in it. Well, to say I was agreeably surprised would not express it. I did some pretty hard prying and tearing down of pens there for a while, but after all my trouble I did not find any more gold, and as I did not feel like taking a chaw of tobacco I left the plugs lying where I found them. Tobacco did not taste very good to me for sometime. I did not feel as though it would be right to take his tobacco, tomahawks and war club, but I could not see what need he had of gold, as he could not spend it.

It was not very long until I wished I had not kept the gold or torn down any pens, as Col. Johnston, when he heard what had been done, tried to find out who did it. He had information that these Indians died of smallpox, but I did not know this before, and you bet I kept what I had done to myself, as the boys would have put me away off to myself until all danger of taking the smallpox was past. However, none of us had smallpox.

Everything went along very well for a few days until one night when James Price, whom we thought would be easily scared, was on guard between the horses and the graveyard. My chum, William Ennis, and I concluded to play a joke on him. His post being alongside the torn-down graves, we took our blankets and slipped into the graveyard as close as we could get to him, and putting our blankets on poles began waving them back and forth, making guttural sounds all the while. Price started for camp, calling for the Corporal of the Guard at every jump. He got about 200 yards towards camp before he met the Corporal and his men. He told the Corporal he thought there were Indians up there by the graveyard. The Corporal said he did not doubt that, but did not think they would hurt him, as they were all dead. He claimed that the Indians that scared him were very much alive; but he was relieved from duty and placed in the guard-house, where he was held three days and then placed him on extra guard duty at the same place.—THOMPSON F. FRISBY, Staunton, Ind.

Oil Cure for Cancer. Glory, Glory to God!

Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Indianapolis, Ind.:

Dear Friend and Brother—I write to thank you for saving my life. I am now seventy-six years old; have had cancer for over twenty years. For the last six years it has been very bad—it was on my nose and under my right eye. Many physicians treated me. I was treated last by an old doctor who claimed to cure cancer, but I got worse. My nose was eaten nearly off. I was afraid to wipe my nose for fear I would wipe the end of it off. My nose and face had swolen so that I could not see. My sufferings were so intense that I was compelled to go to bed, as I thought, to die in despair. Some friend sent me the Religious Herald, published in Richmond, Va. Rev. H. H. Butler, who lives near me, and who has visited me and given me much spiritual comfort during my sufferings, gave me your book, "The Message of Hope," saying while there was life there was hope. He wrote to you for me. You sent the oils and I used them and began to improve immediately, and it was not long before my nose began to heal nicely. The great sore under my eye healed up and I am now well. Glory—glory to God! I am now living and those terrible sores are gone. I can't find language to express my gratitude to you, dear Doctor Bye, for what you have done for me. I wish everybody suffering knew of your oil cure. God bless you.

Yours, in grateful remembrance,
JESSE BALLARD, Suffolk, Va.

SUFFOLK, Va., May 8, 1895.

Dear Doctor Bye—You have made one of the most wonderful cures in the case of Brother Jesse Ballard I ever knew. He was at death's door; now he is well.
REV. H. H. BUTLER.

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ELEPHANTS IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

Highly Trained Brigade for a Great Variety of Work.

(*The Regiment.*)

One of the most interesting features of the English army life presented to the layman in India is furnished by the remarkable efficiency of the elephant brigade, most highly developed through the skill of the Burmese in handling the giant animals. Their usefulness in India can scarcely be imagined by one not familiar with the amount and variety of work which they accomplish, but it would be a serious mistake to imagine that this degree of usefulness is attained through any aptitude of the unwieldy animals or natural tendency toward it. It is due solely and entirely to the wonderful ability of the natives in training the huge animals and overcoming their natural inclinations. This cannot be too highly praised. Neither must it be imagined that the use of elephants in army life is not attended by great disadvantages, not the least of which is the difficulty with which they are transported. Naturally, the elephant is not an intelligent animal. He can be taught remarkable things, in which his strength and endurance play an important part. He can never, however, perform these feats without continual attendance and direction. Abstractly, his power of work is unappreciable; when directed by skillful hands, however, it is remarkable.

The transportation facilities which are provided for the sole use of the elephant are quite as remarkable. I witnessed recently, adds the writer, the loading and detraining of a lot of elephants on the Madras Railway. Both were remarkable processes. In loading, a rope is fastened to his foreleg, and a lot of natives haul and pull at it to induce the animal to take the first steps into the car. This is only accomplished, however, by admonishing him in the paunch by means of a tusk. The first step taken is rapidly followed by the others, until he stands safely on the car. This portion of the task is accomplished comparatively easily, however, when compared with the next. At first he is timid and slightly frightened, but when the car starts his fear is wonderful to behold. Though he may ride a hundred times, he never overcomes this fear, though it is much more pronounced when he takes his initial ride after, say two months' acquaintance with civilization. He rends the air with wild trumpetings, endeavors fruitlessly to escape, and only ceases his efforts when the car has again come to a standstill. In transporting the elephants by sea the difficulties are almost as great. They are raised by means of a canvas sling from the wharf to the ship, struggling to escape and rending the air with their cries. Once aboard ship they are easily managed, the motion not affecting them, because they do not see the moving panorama before them. Unloading them is easy. They are lowered to a raft beside the ship and allowed to swim ashore. They take to the water easily and are excellent swimmers, being able to swim eight or ten miles at a stretch without tiring.

Nancy Hanks Memorial Ready.

The monument to be erected over the grave of the mother of Abraham Lincoln, at Lincoln City, Spencer County, will be put up at once. The unveiling will be marked with elaborate ceremonies, and the State officials will be present.

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ROUGH RIDING.

(Continued from first page.)

ing! The claws of the cubs had worked through the sack and were going vigorously into the mule's hide in a very ticklish place. This was enough to throw even a well-regulated mule into hysterics, and my long-eared companion began giving me an exhibition of acrobatic feats that tried my best skill to keep my seat and make the responses, as I was per force an assistant. I could have admired this performance more if I had been in some safer place than on her back.

I stayed with her, however, but had to turn loose the sack and throw overboard my live freight to save myself from shipwreck. After I had succeeded in stopping and quieting the frightened mule, I went back, dismounted, and picked up my sack of cubs, but there was no such thing as getting onto that mule with them again; so I had to walk and carry my pets to camp, leading the mule. I had abandoned a bunch of wolf skins in order to take on the cubs, and now went back and got them; but the mule was so thoroughly frightened that it was with considerable difficulty that I persuaded her to carry even her accustomed burden.

A coyote does not make a very amiable pet. Like the Indian, they are treacherous, ungratefnl wretches, and about as unreliable a thing as can well be imagined. I soon got tired of these and gave them away.

(To be continued.)

THROUGH THE DANUBE'S GATES.

A Remarkable Scheme for Towing Vessels Against the Current.

(London Daily Mail.)

For centuries the navigation on the Danube, the largest river of Europe next to the Volga, was greatly hampered by the so-called Iron Gates, a celebrated defile in the river at the confines of Hungary, Servia and Roumania. At this place the river is crossed from shore to shore on a length of about 8,000 feet by rocky masses, and many a ship went aground in the Iron Gates, which always had been a terror to all navigators. It is the most magnificent and greatest river defile in the whole of Europe.

During the years of 1890 to 1896 a scheme was carried out here which involved immense difficulties. A canal 275 feet wide and 7 feet deep was cut through the rocks of the Iron Gates. No less than 14,000,000 cubic feet of rocky masses had to be blasted and more than 50,000,000 cubic feet of stone and earth had to be excavated. A great number of dams, of a combined length of 35,000 feet, had to be built to protect the canal. The expenditure for this work amounted to about 12,000,000 florins. Since the completion of this canal the navigation on the river has steadily increased, and thousands of steamers and barks now sail every year down to the Black Sea.

One drawback, however, remained. The current in the Iron Gates is immense, averaging from 14 to 18 feet per second, and it was especially difficult for the heavy-laden ships to steam upstream through the gates or to tow the barges against the current. It was therefore decided to build a special wire rope steamer for the purpose of towing ships through the defile. The steamer was built at Budapest and has recently been put on the river. The Vasapu, as the steamer is named, is entirely built of steel. It has a length of 1,836 feet, is 25¼ feet broad, its draught being 5.44 feet. It is divided into nine watertight compartments, and has a double bottom, so that even in the case of a serious accident the vessel will not sink.

A wire rope 20,000 feet in length and almost one foot in diameter, having a resistance of 84 tons, is strongly anchored to a rock at the upper end of the gates at the bottom of the river bed. This rope or cable runs over a drum on board the steamer. The vessels to be taken upstream are towed toward the steamer and the cable is then drawn around the drum by means of a steam engine of 300-horse power. The wire rope vessel has, in addition, two other engines, so as to enable her to run independent of the cable. Each of these two engines has a capacity of 250-horse power. The speed of the steamer with two loaded vessels of 600 tons in tow, is 1.3 miles per hour when sailing against the current and between four and five miles per hour when going downstream. The steamer has also been equipped with a powerful dynamo, which furnishes electric light and feeds a searchlight.

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