MODERN SHENANDOAH

A Pleasant Revisit to the Old Battlefields.

BY LAWRENCE WILSON, M. D., Sergeant, Co. D, 7th Ohio, Shields's Division, Washington, D. C.

To understand the battle of Port Republic we must remember that Stonewall Jackson, having been defeated at Kernstown and pursued to beyond Harrisonburg toward Conrad's Store, on the South Branch of the Shenandoah River, leaving Gen. Ewell to watch our forces under Gen. Banks, marched rapidly via Port Republic and Staunton and in conjunction with the Confederate forces under Gen. Edward Johnson, moved against Gen. Milroy at McDowell, started Milroy and Schenck toward Franklin, and then with the entire command returned to New Market. Gen. Banks's command having been reduced about one-half by the withdrawal of Shields's Division to Fredericksburg, moved back to Strasburg and began to strengthen his position by fortifying. At New Market Jackson, having united with Ewell, his entire command was estimated at 20,000 men. Leaving a portion of his cavalry to make pretense of a general attack on Gen. Banks from below Strasburg, Jackson moved across the Massanutten Range to Luray, marched down to Front Royal, where he dispersed the garrison at that point, and pushing over to the Staunton and Winchester pike at Middleton fell upon the rear of Banks's forces, now thoroughly alarmed and in rapid retreat toward the Potomac. Although during this movement Banks's forces were scattered from Strasburg to the Potomac River, and lost many wagons and stores en route, the wonder is that the whole command was not sacrificed. Gen. Jackson, however, partly explains why he was not more successful when he states "the Federal forces upon falling back preserved their organization remarkably well," and tells how some of his cavalry gave up the pursuit for the purpose of plundering the captured wagons and individually securing horses, which they took to their homes ere they again returned to duty. Gen. Winder, however, having advanced as far as Hallstown, our forces at Charlestown fled to Harper's Ferry, greatly alarming the authorities in Washington. To arrest Jackson's advance, Gen. Fremont, with 17,000 men, was ordered to intercept him at Strasburg, and Gen. McDowell, with 21,000, at Front Royal; but before these columns could unite, Jackson, by that rapid and continuous marching for which his command was noted, passed by without any considerable loss.

FREMONT DISAPPOINTED.

Deeply chagrined at the failure to intercept and destroy Jackson's command, Fremont gave pursuit along the main pike toward Staunton, while Shields, with all the energy of an enthusiastic Irishman, made haste up the Luray Valley to reach the bridges on the South Branch of the Shenandoah River, over which he supposed the enemy would seek to escape.

Finding that the White House and Columbia Bridges, and one near Conrad's store, near and above Luray, had been burned by order of Jackson, he ordered Col. Carroll, with his brigade, some cavalry and artillery, to go some 15 miles farther "to save the bridge at Port Republic." Although Shields's Division had been on the march from New Market to Fredericksburg and return, covering hundreds of miles in a very rainy season of nearly four weeks' duration, and the command was greatly fatigued and in need of shoes and clothing, as well as short on hardtack and bacon, Carroll's Brigade, followed by Col. E. B. Tyler's, by almost superhuman effort dragged along over the roughest of roads and reached Port Republic June 8, nearly capturing Gen. Jackson himself, while he and his staff were resting in the village. At sight of the Yankees the rebels scattered. Jackson and part of his staff crossed the bridge, and with great promptness ordered up infantry and artillery and drove Carroll's troops off, holding the bridge intact. While Shields's order to Carroll states he must go to Port Republic "to save the bridge," yet in his official report he said Carroll "wanted the good sense to burn it." While this little affair was on at Port Republic, the battle at Cross Keys was being fought, some six or eight miles away, between Fremont and Ewell. When Tyler's Brigade came up, Carroll's Brigade was some three miles below Port Republic in a somewhat damaged condition, and Col. Carroll advised that our forces make an orderly retreat while they could; but Tyler and Daum (the latter our Chief of Artillery) had not seen the enemy in force as Carroll had, and were disposed to renew the attack. However, night came on, and with strong picket-guards out, the command went to rest.

Gen. Jackson said that as Shields did not renew the attack on the 8th of June, 1862, he decided to take the initiative in the morning. With Fremont up against his rear and Shields threatening in front, the condition of affairs required vigorous action. Maj. R. S. Dabney, of Jackson's staff, is authority for the statement that Jackson expected to brush Shields's troops away and get back to fight Fremont by 10 o'clock a. m. He accordingly ordered Ewell to withdraw from Fremont's front, leaving Trimble's Brigade, the 42d Va. and 1st Battalion Va. Regulars, to hold him in check while the rest of his entire command moved down on 2,500 of Shields's boys, in the little valley below. Listen to Gen. Jackson a moment: "Before 5 in the morning Gen. Winder's Brigade was in Port Republic, and having crossed the South Fork by a temporary wagon bridge placed there for the purpose, was moving down the river road to attack the forces of Gen. Shields. Advancing one and a half miles he encountered the Federal pickets and drove them in. The enemy had judiciously selected his position for defense. Upon a rising ground near the Lewis house he had planted six guns, which commanded the road from Port Republic and swept the plateau for a considerable distance in front. As Gen. Winder moved forward his brigade, a rapid and severe fire of shell was opened upon it. Capt. Pogue, with two Parrot guns, was promptly placed in position on the left of the road to engage and if possible dislodge the Federal battery. Capt. Carpenter was sent to the right to select a position for his battery, but finding it impracticable to drag it through the dense undergrowth, it was brought back and part of it placed near Pogue. The artillery fire was well sustained by our batteries, but found unequal to that of the enemy. In the meantime, Winder, being now reinforced by the 7th La., seeing no mode of silencing the Federal battery or escaping its destructive missiles but by a rapid charge and the capture of it, advanced with great boldness for some distance, but encountered such a heavy fire of artillery and small-arms as greatly to disorganize his command, which fell back in disorder. The enemy advanced across the field, and by a heavy musketry fire forced back our infantry supports, in consequence of which our guns had to retire. The enemy's advance was checked by a spirited attack upon their flank by the 58th and 54th Va. regiments, directed by Gen. Ewell and led by Col. Scott, although his command was afterward driven back to the woods with severe loss. The batteries were all safely withdrawn, except one of Capt. Pogue's six-pounder guns, which was carried off by the enemy.

WHILE WINDER'S COMMAND

was in this critical condition the gallant and successful attack of Gen. Taylor on the Federal left and rear diverted attention from the front, and led to a concentration of their force upon him. Moving to the right along the mountain acclivity through a rough and tangled forest, and much disordered by the rapidity and obstructions of the march, Taylor emerged with his command from the wood just as the loud cheers of the enemy had proclaimed their success in front, and, although assailed by a superior force in front and flank, with their guns in position, within point-blank range, the charge was gallantly made, and the battery, consisting of six guns, fell into our hands. Three times was this battery lost and won in the desperate and determined efforts to capture and recover it. After holding the battery for a short time a fresh brigade of the enemy, advancing upon his flank, made a vigorous and well-conducted attack upon him, accompanied by a galling fire of canister from a piece suddenly brought into position at a distance of about 350 yards. Under this combined attack Taylor fell back to the skirt of the wood, near which the captured battery was stationed, and from that point continued his fire upon the advancing enemy, who succeeded in recapturing the guns. The enemy, now occupied with Taylor, halted his advance to the front. Winder made a renewed effort to rally his command, and with reinforcements and a part of Pogue's battery again opened upon the enemy, who were moving against Taylor's flank, apparently to surround him in the woods. Chew's battery now reported and did good service. Soon after guns from the batteries of Brockenbrough, Courtney and Rains were brought forward. Col. Scott, having rallied his command, went to the support of Taylor, who having also received reinforcements, pushed forward, and assisted by the well directed fire of our artillery, forced the enemy to fall back."

THE SANGUINARY WHEATFIELD.

Much of the ground fought over was in the fields of wheat nearly ready to harvest, and the 5th and 7th Ohio were in the center. These regiments swept down upon Winder, broke him up, snatched the gun out of Pogue's battery (the 5th Ohio man who vaulted into the saddle and with all the antics of a boy upon a hobby-horse took the piece to the rear, was given a medal of honor), turned upon the 54th and 58th Va. on the left flank, and knocked them to pieces. When Taylor's attack upon our guns in the coal-pits, well back to our left and rear, was made, we knew if the 66th Ohio, in support there, should give way, we would soon be en route to Richmond as prisoners of war. Therefore we about-faced and on a run with all the speed of which we were capable ran back until we came abreast of Taylor's command at our guns, then wheeled and rushed the enemy to the rear, a goodly number of them falling into our hands in dead, wounded and prisoners. It had by this time become apparent to all that we were so greatly outnumbered success was impossible; therefore, after one more dash to check the advancing hosts, we broke away in retreat, leaving behind the guns Taylor fought for, because, while in possession, his men had been ordered to kill the horses. But for this foresight we would not have left a gun behind. Jackson had intended to get back to Fremont by 10 a. m., but (he said) "finding the resistance more obstinate than I anticipated, orders were sent to Trimble to join the main body." Trimble said: "Receiving from Gen. Jackson two messages in quick succession to hasten to the battlefield where we had engaged Gen. Shields's army, I marched rapidly to obey this order, crossed the bridge and burned it." On the evening of June 8, while Fremont was partially engaged at Cross Keys, he received a message from Shields, informing him of the arrival of a part of his force at Port Republic, but instead of forcing the battle then on, he readjusted his line and went into bivouac for the night. During the night Jackson withdrew nearly all his force, excepting Trimble's Brigade, from Fremont's front, and moved down upon our two brigades before 5 a. m. of June 9, 1862, while Fremont did not move until 7:30 a. m., and apparently did not know the enemy had withdrawn until he saw the smoke from the burning bridge at Port Republic, five miles away, after 10 o'clock.

This simple statement of facts is all the criticism I have to offer upon the conduct of this greatly-overestimated incompetent. With a man of even ordinary sense and capacity in command of our forces at Cross Keys, with the information Fremont had, that command would have been off at daylight and about the time when Tyler's and Carroll's boys were over-running and knocking Jackson's famous troops about in those lovely wheatfields in the Valley of the historic Shenandoah; loyal guns would have blown Jackson out of position, as they did later on, when Fremont came up, after we had fallen back, defeated, disorganized, disgusted and almost in a state of mutiny over the glaring incompetence of our commanders.

Our line of battle, extending from the hills on our left to the river on our right, nearly a mile in length, occupied the attention of our entire force, and having no reserves, whenever one point was strengthened it was at the expense of another, and this constant shifting told greatly on the troops; yet, although confronted and largely outnumbered by the acknowledged champion fighters of their day, our little command for four hours held them in steady, persistent battle, and made a record for gallant fighting in the open not excelled in any contest of that war. Jackson said he "found the resistance more obstinate than he anticipated." Shields said, "Our men fought like devils." Tyler said: "The 7th Ohio was sent forward to support Clark's guns; the 5th Ohio next, to support Huntington's Battery. These regiments moved forward and engaged the enemy in a style that commanded the admiration of every beholder." He also said: "Col. Candy met the enemy with his regiment with great coolness, his men fighting with commendable bravery. The 7th and 5th Ohio were soon supporting him, driving the enemy from their position and retaking the battery," while a gallant boy in gray, with one leg, in later years said we were Western men whose forefathers moved from Virginia, and "foemen worthy of their steel."

With all this in mind, who can imagine or describe my feelings when, after the lapse of more than 39 years, I again stood upon the ground where Taylor fought for our guns and looked down upon the same historic fields (now covered with wheat, as they were in June, 1862), and in memory saw the troops in position and heard the din of battle? Only the old comrades of like experience can imagine what I felt and saw, and none can describe it.

After a most enjoyable visit with Mr. John Lewis, his wife and sister—the latter Mrs. Dr. Gibbs, whose husband, now deceased, was for years a Medical Examiner in the Pension Office—our team was brought out, and with a note of commendation from Mr. Lewis to his friend, Mr. Jarman, of Elkton, some 17 miles away, we started on our return trip home.

(To be continued.)

Queer Pension Rejection.

(Warren (Ill.) Sentinel-Leader.)

Late last year Commander Cullen, as attorney, filed in the Pension Department a claim for pension for Moses R. Leverton. The claim was given a number by the Department and nothing further was heard from it until last March, when Mr. Cullen received a notice signed by H. Clay Evans, Commissioner of Pensions, saying the claim was rejected on the ground that the claimant was not disabled to a pensionable degree. Mr. Leverton had never received an order for a medical examination, and how a claim could be justly rejected before the Medical Examining Board had passed upon it is one of the many peculiar incidents of H. Clay Evans's administration that only H. Clay Evans can explain. The old soldiers have brought great pressure to bear upon President McKinley for the removal of Evans, but so far it seems to have been without effect.

Chronic Constipation Cured.

The most important discovery of recent years is the positive remedy for constipation. Cascarets Candy Cathartic. Cure guaranteed. Genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Druggists, 10c.

CORREGIDOR ISLAND.

A Sunday Excursion from Manila Down the Bay.

BY HYLAND C. KIRK.

There were a number of different boats advertised in the Manila papers to take excursionists to Mariveles and Corregidor that Sunday, and Mr. Wm. A. Randall and myself, of the Chief Paymaster's office, decided to make the trip. A Government launch, the New Orleans, Capt. Becker, makes daily runs to these points, except Sundays, but with the rush of work in the office, Sunday was our only available day. The following "ad." in the Bulletin we decided to take advantage of:

"GRAND EXCURSION!"

"S. S. Luisito will sail for Mariveles and Corregidor, on Sunday, 26th inst., at 8 a. m., returning on the same day, arriving at Manila at 6 p. m."

Mr. Randall, who lives in Ermita, was at my hotel, "Lally Ary's," opposite the Provoste Building, Intramuros, at 7 o'clock, with a carromatta, and we were across the Bridge of Spain by 7:30 looking for our "vapor." There were knots of men with small packages, etc., along the river front, who looked as though they might be excursionists, and we made inquiry of an active young man bustling around among the groups as to the whereabouts of the "Luisito."

"The 'Luisito' will not go to Mariveles today," he said, "nor will the 'Freda,' nor any of the launches advertised to go; but the 'Gregorio' will be here in a few minutes and you can all go on that."

So after waiting till about 8:30, meanwhile wondering why all the boats advertised to run to Mariveles should so utterly fail in their propositions, we clambered over two coasters and descended into a stanch-appearing launch, covered entirely with a wood canopy.

We were delayed while boxes of sandwiches, ice, and cases of beer were being put aboard, when the native "Capitan" ordered the boat around to descend the river. From the congested condition of the Pasig, it being lined with eight tiers of cascos on the south shore next to the bridge, with several tiers of coasters on the north, and with the number of launches, tows, etc., passing both ways under the Bridge of Spain, this turning business was not easy.

A swiftly-moving tug with two cascos in tow, going up, excited some apprehension lest its smokestack should be knocked off by the arch, but the moment it seemed about to strike the stonework, the stack slid down like a telescope and the tug shot through.

After numerous forward plunges, back movements, side-pulls from the tow-line of a small boat's crew, sputterings of the whistle and Tagalog yells, we got around, when a man was descried on the rail of the coaster we had embarked from, making wild gesticulations, as if desirous of getting aboard. The Capitan laughed in scorn; but when it was found that this man was the one who had chartered the boat, he took a different view of it, and we had another series of struggles getting back to the side of the coaster.

"The meat is not aboard; you'll have to wait!" shouted the manager. So we waited, and finally got away at a quarter to 10 o'clock.

EN ROUTE TO MARIVELES.

We were just fairly in the stream when the hospital launch New York, freighted with patients for the "Relief" in the harbor, came alongside, and we raced to the open water beyond the pier, when she crossed our bows astern. The manager said our boat was good for 12 knots an hour, and though Mariveles is 36 miles from Manila, he expected to reach that port by 12:30.

The day was fine, the water slightly ruffled by a breeze from the west, and the shipping and distant hills stood out sharp and clear on the blue base of the bay. The most notable elevations apparent on the main shore were the Sierra de Mariveles, which increased in pre-eminence as we neared our destination. White clouds surrounded the summits, setting off the better by contrast the dark green of the heavy forests which cover the sides sloping to the sea.

In these mountains live remnants of the Aetas, or Negritos, aboriginal inhabitants of the islands. Though they are to be found in the least accessible portions of Luzon and a few other islands, occasionally a specimen is seen in Manila; and, to an American, there is little in their personal appearance to excite surprise. They are simply what the name implies, "little negroes," smaller than the African negro in brain, brawn and in every particular.

Besides various smaller vessels, we met three large British steamers on our trip over, which came in by the Boca Chica or North Channel; the first was the "Lindula," Capt. Stewart, from Yokohama, reported tonnage 2,180; the second, the "Coulsdon," Capt. Gore, from New York, via the Suez, of 2,820 tons; and the third, Hong Kong, 2,281 tons.

Passing Corregidor and its brood of smaller islands to the left, we entered Mariveles Bay at 12:30, and actually landed at a quarter to 1 p. m. The Captain had taken soundings when entering, which seemed quite unnecessary, when we found that the depth at the dock was 27 feet at low tide.

A row of huge posts set for the purpose of constructing a more commodious dock, and the Quarantine Station, comprising a half-dozen new buildings, were the first objects noticeable.

A SPANISH TRADITION.

The town is not large, the dwellings being principally of nipa, though there are a few fine structures of wood and some of stone. The former name of the place was Camaya, and the change to Mariveles, according to tradition, was made shortly after Maria Velez, a Spanish girl, and a young Franciscan priest, resolved upon marriage, landed there with a view of taking the steamer from Manila, which made regular stops at that point on its way to Mexico. The steamer was delayed, a party, commanded by an Alderman, was sent out after them from Manila, they were arrested on the beach, where the priest was engaged in defending the girl from an attack of savages; and though he made a gallant fight against both classes of enemies, they were carried back to the Capital, the priest sent to the Visayas, and the girl to a nunnery, and her name remains as a memento of the circumstance. Corregidor is also said to have been named after the Alderman.

The church appears to be very old; we passed it when in search of a mango tree, and after following what appeared to be a public path and bringing up in a native door-yard from which there seemed to be but one egress—to go back again—we finally found a shelter, and after refreshing the inner man, despite the attack of a horde of ants which we incautiously stirred up, we set out to find the famous hot spring.

We met a party of seven under the guidance of a soldier with a gun, who gave us the direction and the further information that the water was hot and tasted of sulphur. We traversed rice-paddies dry as Summer's dust through a valley perhaps a quarter of a mile wide and twice as long, which looked as though it might have been the extinct crater of a volcano. Near the far end was a stone masonwork tank, at the foot of a hill covered with trees and shrubbery. On the top of this we thought we descried some natives, but they proved to be two American sailors taking a bath in the famous spring.

A FAMOUS HOT SPRING.

We did not taste of the water, though it appeared turbidly sulphurous. Thinking that this appearance might be due to stirring up the bottom, I asked one of the sailors, who was stationed on a gunboat in the harbor, as to the depth.

"It has been sounded to the depth of 2,000 feet, without finding bottom," was the reply.

The Lieutenant of a company stationed there subsequently told me that he had dropped a lead into it 1,450 feet without finding bottom. The opening is about four by eight feet, and the hillock, at the top of which the spring opens, from 30 to 40 feet across. This hillock is apparently a fixed bubble of the former crater; for it is a mere dome-shaped shell. The water is said to have valuable medicinal properties, and a company was organized at one time to locate a sanitarium there; but the insurrection prevented the execution of the plan. Valuable mineral springs are found at Tivi, Province of Albay; at Sibul, Province of Bulacan, and at Los Banos, on Laguna de Bay; but Mariveles is more readily accessible from Manila than any of these points.

On returning to the wharf we found another excursion launch, the "Luzon," with a party from Manila, and we had a very pretty race from Mariveles to San Jose, the port of Corregidor.

The channel west of Corregidor contains some remarkable rocks; the westernmost, some three miles from the main island, La Monja, the nun, from the direction we viewed it, hardly suggests the name, but Santa Amalia, about a half mile from Corregidor, resembles a classic female figure sitting on a dome. Horadada, very near the shore, shows an arch at its base, the result, doubtless, of wave action.

The Island of Corregidor rises over 600 feet and has a light at the summit visible for 36 miles; it is about three miles long and is said to have a population of over 500 people. Though the native part of San Jose de Corregidor is not specially attractive, the arrangement of roads and display of hospitals and fortifications forms a picturesque view. From the road to the fort the channels are visible on both sides, and Caballo Island to the west. The "Hooker," U. S. transport, is still on the reef where she struck between the two.

A large stone monument, commemorative of some Spanish hero, stands in rather a toppling condition in the valley to the west of this road. We left San Jose at 4:45 p. m., and kept ahead of the Luzon to Manila. We were passed, however, by the large Japanese steamer "Kasuga Maru," from Yokohama, as a greyhound passes a poodle, and she actually disappeared before reaching her anchorage in a distance of 25 miles, assisted somewhat, it is true, by the declining day. We met the U. S. "C. T. Kintuck," going out in a cloud of black smoke, bound for Portland with a Quartermaster cargo.

When we got ashore, at 7:45, it was learned that certain launches had not been allowed by the authorities to make the trip, for the reason of not carrying enough life-preservers.

Start a "pyramid" this week. For explanation read "How to get 600 Guesses," on first page.

THE FIRST MEDAL OF HONOR.

Parrot, of the Andrews Raiding Party, the First to Receive Recognition.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: My attention has been called to the issue of The National Tribune of July 11, containing correspondence between Wm. Hunter Myers and Hon. John Tweedale, Acting Chief of the Record and Pension Office, on the subject of the granting of the first Medal of Honor.

As I have many times asserted that the honor belonged to Jacob Parrot, of the Andrews Raid, I was interested to know what new light, if any, could be thrown on the question. The answer of Mr. Tweedale is disappointing. To a careless reader it would convey the impression that Parrot's claim is unsupported by the records and that the presumption lies in favor of John C. Hesse, of the 8th U. S. Doubtless Mr. Tweedale and all others concerned will be glad to learn that material exists in the records for absolutely settling this question.

As I write there lies before me a very interesting public document which every Medal-of-Honor man has or may have. Though called a "circular," it is a heavy quarto, published by the War Department, telling minutely all about the laws governing Medals of Honor, who received them, when and why, up to and including Oct. 31, 1897. It is published by authority of the Secretary of War. In this all the Medals are carefully dated.

This publication shows that just six Medals of Honor were issued to six members of the railroad raiding party on March 25, 1863. Their names are Parrot, Mason, Buffum, Reddick, Bensinger and Pittinger (myself).

Mr. Tweedale may say with truth that he cannot tell which of these six was first given. That is the only possible uncertainty; and as all six agree that Parrot was handed the first Medal by the Secretary of War, with the remark that it was the first one ever given to a United States soldier, the claim will stand good until some record of a Medal is found with a date earlier than March 25, 1863.

It is singular that Mr. Tweedale did not find the date of the giving of a Medal to John C. Hesse, to whom he makes reference, as if Hesse might be a competitor to Mr. Parrot. The date directly follows the name, while the deed which won the Medal is on the other side of the broad page. I can only think that Mr. Tweedale, when he wrote, had not this convenient official Medal compilation before him. The date of Mr. Hesse's Medal is Sept. 10, 1864—a year and over four months after the Parrot Medal. I have searched long and carefully, but have found no date preceding March 25, 1863. I find very few Medals given to any soldiers, aside from the members of the Andrews Raiders in the year 1863. Indeed, I can this morning put my finger upon only one. Probably there are a few others, but they are very few. In 1864 the number is still very low; but in 1865 they become quite numerous.

There is no disparagement of those soldiers whose Medals are of more recent date. A deed of brightest heroism may be a long while in reaching the proper authority to grant recognition by a Medal. Still, the granting of the Medal is the only possible date upon which to base seniority of honor. If the deed of merit were the determining factor a tardy recognition after a long term of years might put a new man ahead of others and the last man would not know how soon he might be supplanted.

Every Medal-of-Honor man would do well to get this official Medal-of-Honor "circular."—WM. PITTINGER, Benning, Cal.

Fiber Manufacture in the United States.

Of the $26,000,000 worth of fibers imported, nearly one-half is sisal hemp, which is successfully grown in Florida, in the Bahama Islands just off the coast of Florida, and in Yucatan, where the conditions of soil and climate do not differ materially from those of southern Florida, says Everybody's Magazine. The plants thrive upon the almost naked canal rocks of the islands and keys along the coast of Florida, and in large numbers have been transported to the Bahamas to stock the sisal plantations there, which are rapidly becoming profitable. Jute, of which we import nearly $4,000,000 worth annually, has been successfully grown in the United States, and so have others of imported fibers. In addition to the $26,000,000 worth of fibers imported, there are importations of manufactured fibers to the amount of $32,000,000, most of which would be spun and woven in American mills if the raw material were produced here. The Agricultural Department, which has carefully investigated this subject, declares: "When $20,000,000 worth of fibers are now manufactured in this country it might be possible to manufacture $40,000,000 worth, and thus double the home fiber industries, and it might easily be possible to produce home-grown fibers to the extent of one-half of the supply needed."

Spanish War Veterans.

The Second Assembly of delegates to the National Army of Spanish War Veterans will be held at Buffalo, N. Y., the 23d and 24th inst.

Start a "pyramid" this week. For explanation read "How to get 600 Guesses, on first page.

IN OLD KENTUCK.

The Blue Grass Region and Southern Home in Summer.

BY GEORGE DALLAS MOSGROVE.

"The sun shines bright in the old Kentuck home,
It is Summer, the darkies are gay,
The corn top's ripe and the meadows are in bloom,
And the birds make music all the day."

In the "low green valley on the old Kentucky shore" of what the Frenchmen called La Belle Riviere, I have hung my war bugle on the willow, and, being at peace with all mankind, am having what Mark Twain calls "an awful good time"—a time propitious for "idle thoughts of an idle fellow." Dreamily viewing the

"Sweet rural scene
Of flocks of green,"

My mind reverts to unforgotten comrades now "sleeping in the valley." Wherever their moldering bodies may be, green in my heart is the memory of the "boy soldiers" of the long ago. Touch them not. Let them quietly sleep until the bugle sounds the "assembly" on the farther shore. A sunny sky smiles on them by day, and sentinel stars keep watch by night. Fragrant flowers, types of the resurrection, bloom above them. The weeping willow extends its protecting branches, and the dews of Heaven sparkle in tears on the flowers and waving grasses over the soldier's sepulcher. Soft and low the Summer zephyr sings a requiem among the roses on the grave of the Blue and in mournful cadence stirs the lilies above the Gray. For more than the third of a century the heroes have been resting there—

"Under the laurel the Blue,
Under the willow the Gray."

Their warfare is o'er. In their ancestral homes are "lutes unswept and harps without strings."

"But little they'll reck, if they'll let them sleep on
In the graves where their comrades have laid them."

Alack-a-day! Life is not all sunshine. There is merry music, and then the funeral dirge—thorns among the roses, light and shadow. In this Summer idyl, however, I am determined to look upon the golden tints of the picture, rather than linger amid the somber shadows. I repeat, I am having "an awful good time." There is yet life and fun in old Kentucky—and all the Colonels are not dead:

There's ice saved o'er from Winter,
And there's mint beside the stream,
There's Bourbon on the sideboard
To inspire a Colonel's dream.

"The lowing herd winding slowly o'er the lea" suggests fresh milk and butter and berries swimming in cream; and I must not forget the spring under the old elm tree,

"Pure as the fountain in rocky cave,
Where never sunbeam kissed the wave."

The hills, Indiana and Kentucky, that border the beautiful river, the meadow, the golden harvest field, the orchard, the deep-tangled wildwood, and the bloomary parterre, make a landscape to charm the poet's fancy and inspire the painter's brush. Instead of bugle notes, I hear the woodland minstrels, "the singing angels of man's nearest heaven,"

Sing their songs in matin hour,
Vesper praise in leafy bower.

However, when twilight shadows are softly falling over lee and woodland, I hear a discordant note, the monotonous song of the whippoorwill, sounding war's alarm on the hill:

The noisy jay
Has hushed his lay—
Birds of woodland all are still,
Except the owl
On nightly prowl,
And the wakeful whippoorwill.

When evening shade
Steals o'er the glade,
There's war alarm on the hill,
And all night long
Is heard that song—
"Whip-poor-Will! Whip-poor-Will."

He'll fight it out
There is no doubt,
Along that line on the hill,
And every night,
With all his might,
He'll whip-poor-Will, whip-poor-Will.

The town girl in shirt-waist and trimmings, fresh and alluring, albeit amusingly ignorant of rustic manners and customs, is here to conquer if it takes her all Summer. I saw her yesterday:

I saw her but a moment—
Just saw her long enough
To know she was a town girl—
A diamond in the rough.

I saw her but a moment,
And yet I see her still—
That "outing" Summer girl
A-cycling down the hill.

That Summer girl of fashion—
That pretty city belle—
Was in the rustic country
To freely cut a swell.

Her clothes were light and airy,
And seemed to be in style—
I saw her but a moment,
A very little while.

I saw her but a moment,
And yet her face so fair
Lures me from the country girl
Of rustic, woodland air.

I can't forget the maiden
I saw go down the hill—
I saw her but a moment,
I think I see her still.

I saw her by the roadside,
I will not tell the place,
I saw her but a moment—
I saw a pretty face.

I would like to see her more—
That girl so debonair,
Fond memory lingers still—
The vision was so fair.

I saw her but a moment,
And always shall regret
That she didn't tarry longer
The only time we met.

A-cycling in the country,
She braved the Summer sun
To show the rural cousins
Just how the thing is done.

That girl on a wheel opportunely diverted my mind from a tendency to mournfully moralize on the passing of the stately poplar, the stalwart oak, the graceful walnut, the wide-spreading elm and other once familiar monarchs of the forest—victims of the relentless woodman's ax. In vain has been the plea, "Woodman, spare that tree."

There is frequent shifting of scene, even in the old Kentucky home in Summer. No sooner had the charming city girl gone beyond the horizon than a small boy to the manor born appeared upon the stage of vigorous action:

He'll not forget his mother,
When gone are boyhood days—
That hair-cut, like no other,
Was "one of mother's ways."

He won't forget his mother—
The fun the boys did make,
Calling to one another,
"That hair-cut takes the cake!

That hair-cut he'll ne'er forget—
It made the people stare;
But he loves his mother yet,
Although she cut his hair.

Fond memory brings to light
His mother's watchful care—
She had a sovereign right
To cut her darling's hair.

The boy cut a few capers, whistled a tune, and the curtain went down. Then another girl, differing in hue and pattern from the charmer on the wheel, presented herself to view:

She had a rural village air,
And she was strangely clad;
Her freckled face was very fair—
Her big feet made me sad.

Two good people, old Aunt Dinah, with her flaming turban, and Old Sambo, with his banjo, have gone from the old Kentucky home forever. They belonged to "de good old times befo' de wah." Reminiscently I recall how Aunt Dinah could cook "de 'possum an' sweet 'taters," and, in fancy, I hear Old Sambo and his inseparable banjo:

"I used to sing fo' Mary Ann, 'fore she 'an I was wed,
An' dat's what made her like me, too, I know;
An' well do I remember all de nice things dat she said,
As I sat beside her singin' sweet an' low.
Just han' me down de banjo, while I gently play an' sing,
An' den I'll be as happy as can be.
My goodness, how I likes it, when I hear it sweetly ring!
Yes, de banjo am de instrument fo' me."

A barefoot boy, carrying a rustic pole and "wums fo' bait," has just announced that fishin' is good in the pools of "Little Kentuck." I shall arise and trustfully follow that optimistic urchin, who nonchalantly wears a crownless straw hat in lieu of a crown of thorns:

With pole and line and hook,
I'll follow to the stream;
And there, in shaded nook,
I'll dream the fisher's dream.

A priori, that boy, unlettered but practical, will have good fisherman's luck while I am dreaming. Izaak Walton says: "Angling is somewhat like poetry; men must be born so."

For real pleasure I turn to the fair women and famously fine and fast horses, for "they were bred in old Kentucky, where the meadow grass is blue."

Although I have attempted to paint the brighter side of the picture of country life in Summer, I am often saddest when I sing. There is so much of sorrow along life's pathway that, when possible, I avoid the shadows for the sunshine:

It is wine, women and song
That make this world so gay;
As I journey life along,
I seek the pleasant way.

In closing, as in the beginning, my thoughts musingly recur to the comrades of days that were new, now faded away. I believe it was Job who exclaimed: "I would not live always; I ask not to stay!" Certainly the longest life is short. "Silver threads" are not far in advance of the "golden haired" in reaching the "good morning" of the perennial life to come. The older we grow the less reluctant are we to shuffle off this mortal coil. The octagenarian going over the border line is simply bidding farewell to the short old life for the eternally new. The Blue and the Gray, alike, hear the warning "Retreat" echoing through the evening of life, and know that the solemn "Tattoo" will soon close the vanishing scenes. The veteran warriors fully understand Schiller's declaration, "Life is but a battle and a march."

Start a "pyramid" this week. For explanation read "How to get 600 Guesses," on first page.

A PATHETIC LETTER.

The Story of a Loyal Tennesseean Who as a Boy Defended Old Glory.

(Canton (Ill.) Gazette.)

A few weeks ago S. P. Powelson received a letter from J. H. Powell, of Bertram, Tex., who had seen his name in The National Tribune, published at Washington, in connection with the announcement of the forthcoming Reunion of the survivors of the 7th Ill. Cav., to be held in this city. Powell, a homeless 14-year-old boy, made so by the fortunes of war, fell in with the 7th Ill. Cav. when that regiment was operating in Tennessee, and remained with it until wounded in a battle in which he as a boy was engaged, not being old enough to be a regularly-enlisted soldier. Mr. Powelson, remembering the plucky little fellow, answered his letter, and Wednesday morning received in return the following letter, which will no doubt be read with interest by many people, especially those of the old-soldier class. It is the brief recital of a pathetic story and a sad experience:

"My dear old Comrade Powelson: Yours of the 24th inst. is before me, and oh, comrade, how the tears flowed from my eyes for near an hour when I read your kind letter. Oh, how it brought the times and events of long ago back to my memory. I can hardly write for gratitude for your letter. Now, comrade, please pardon my spelling. I ought to have been in school when I was run out of the hills of Tenne see on account of my love for and loyalty to Old Glory.

"Yes, yes, I remember you; you were the one who came for the poor little wounded boy and put him in the shade of the old tree and gave him water. That boy was I. I have thought of that man a thousand times or more, wondering if he was yet among the living. I was a poor, wounded soldier boy, only 14 years of age; no home, nowhere to go, and no one to care for me. After lying upon the field of battle from about 10 o'clock in the morning until about 4 o'clock in the evening you came to my assistance. I was almost speechless from thirst when you gave me your canteen and assisted me to the shade. Comrade, I am sure God has and will continue to bless you.

"Well, comrade, I will say further, I think you are the man who got me a carbine (a gun) with which to help you Northern men defend Old Glory. I have that gun yet in my house. As I was too young to enlist, I remained with your regiment until after that fight.

"When I was wounded my father, a Union scout, came and took me to Memphis, where I was cared for by him, he himself being a doctor. After I got well I joined the 11th Tenn. Vol. Inf. for three years, or during the war. I suffered greatly from cold and exposure at the battle of Nashville, from which I never recovered, and must soon pay the penalty. After joining that regiment let me tell you what happened me. In March, 1864, I was asked to accompany or lead the 4th Ill. Cav. on a 10-days' scout across Wolf River. On the way I was taken sick with the measles and was forced to drop out at a plantation, where I was to remain until the return of the regiment. That night the guerrillas ran in and attempted to capture me, but they failed, as I made my escape, sick as I was, in the darkness. I walked 25 miles to Memphis, wading sloughs and ponds. On the terrible journey the measles broke out thick on me, and when I reached Memphis I could not speak, and have never since that time been able to utter a loud sound. Well, I made application for a pension under the old law for heart trouble as a result of measles. I proved up my case by the man at whose house I stopped when taken sick, his son and three comrades, and was granted a $4 pension, which was in 1886. When Commissioner Evans came in it was stopped for lack of proof, as he stated.

"Then I made application under the new law and was granted $6 a month last April, which, however, is being withheld to reimburse the Government for what I was paid wrongfully under the old law, as claimed by Evans, so I will not receive anything until November, 1902. I am not able to do any work whatever. Now you can see where Evans gets part of the money he returns to the Government. * * * I had three brothers in the Southern army. I helped to capture one of them, two years my senior, at a place in Arkansas. Oh, how I would like to be at your Reunion, where I could see many faces I knew when I was a beardless boy. I am now gray. At your gathering give my love to the old gray-haired boys, who last saw me a little Southern boy, loyal to Old Glory, lying wounded on the field of battle. May God bless them all. I am ever, yours in F. O. and L.—J. H. Powell."

There isn't an old soldier living today who campaigned in the perilous days of the Republic in the mountains and hills of Tennessee but that will testify that this country never produced grander types of loyalty to Old Glory than came from those mountains and hills when Old Glory, in the early 60's, was assailed. It was President Andrew Johnson who, when Senator, said in one of his bursts of eloquence: "Should it ever come to pass that the angel of liberty is driven from this land, her last lingering place will be over the mountains and hills of Tennessee."

The Powell boy, who became a protege of the 7th Ill. Cav., was of Tennessee's patriotic class. His was a patriotism which, to sustain, called for sacrifice. His pathetic story and sad experience given in his letter cannot be questioned. In F., C. and L. it is written to a comrade who is familiar with his early history. Why should he have such a pension experience? Let the reader answer if he can. The letter needs no comment. It speaks for itself. But with a Tennessee-mountain patriotism that never wanes, he remains loyal to Old Glory, clinging affectionately to the old cavalry carbine which Comrade Powelson gave to him, a mere boy, on that long-ago day of conflict and tragedy.

Headache

dullness, pressure, dizziness, irritability of temper, sleeplessness, blues, mania, melancholy and insanity, are nervous disorders, no matter what the apparent cause. Strengthen the nerves, increase the vitality, build up the worn-out brain-cells, and you will get well.

"The first bottle of Dr. Miles' Nervine stopped the sick headache and nervousness for four months. Then I began using it again and since that time have been free from the trouble." MRS. H. H. WOODS, Frewsburg, N. Y.

Dr. Miles'

Nervine

is food for the worn-out brain and wasted nerves. It cures chronic headache when everything else f