

Personal Recollections of a Confederate Cavalryman.

By GEO. DALLAS MOSGROVE.

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Unwittingly, by a lapsus calami, when writing of the Blue Springs battle, I stated that there were 10,000 Federals, there or thereabouts. Well, it did appear that "the woods were full of 'em." At this distance, writing mainly from memory, which is liable to be treacherous, I avoid "statistics" as far as possible, knowing that when I pressume to give numbers. "Two, —! You fool! Here take some more. Now, what do you see?" this distance, writing mainly from memory, which is liable to be treacherous, I avoid "statistics" as far as possible, knowing that when I presume to give numbers, especially of "my friends, the enemy," I am venturing upon uncertain, even dandard with the control of the contr am venturing upon uncertain, even dangerous, ground. Regretfully, I observe that my unwitting statement as to Gen.

"I say there is a whole drove of cattle. Here, try another. Now what do you see?" that my unwitting statement as to Gen.
Burnside's force has started a controversy among the comrades—Americans all.
Personally, I am not caring whether all, whether all, whether there is a whole drove of a truth that there is a whole drove of cattle, and a mighty big drove it is. You'll have same—"we'uns had to git outen thar,"

a devil of a time driving all these cattle out to the 'Squire's. I'll go 'long an' help

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight some other day."

Whatever may have been the numerical strength, the rank and file on both sides

"The squire of the squir

"I had often heard of battles, in fact loved to hear them. Imagination's ear and eye convey to the mind little idea of death groans and mangled bodies—broken where the enemy had reveled before we scared 'em away. Before day we were aroused to select our battleground—may be burying-ground. We took whigh hill, pertheological essays and sage warnings can ever overcome, and which richly repays

"In camp I noticed how anxious were to fight. I held myself rather shy of such brave men, whose only inclina-tion seemed to be to "hurt somebody," and I scarcely wished to make the Yankees run. wished to see those fellows

"Well, now and then, there was a rumor that the Yanks were approaching our rendezvous in hostile array. Upon those occasions all was utter confusion. Horses were in greatest demand. Many of the men seldom made much fuss trying to find their guns and other martial accourrements. I explained it this: The guns could not run away—the horses could; therefore, it was good policy to first secure the horses.

"Such rumors affected me somewhat different. different. My first thoughts were of minic-balls and three-cornered bayonets. mine-balls and three-cornered bayonets.

I read a little in my Bible and walked about by myself to philosophise 'on Death.' I also thought of 'home, sweet home.' I wondered how many Yankees were coming, hoping there were not very many. Very soon I had a higher opinion many. There would be few battles and

imbs and necks, bleeding heads and sides.

"Well, I concluded that I would go and see a battle. There is a certain pleasure attending the acquisition of knowledge by us actual observation and experience, that no low our hights, their snake-like skir-mishers creeping along in front and on the the high tuition Experience charges as sides. This was the most singular sight schoolmaster. Every madeap feels this own head and stumps his big toe exactly where his father did and warned him of They were men like 'we'use' We didn't know each other, nor had we ever harmed each other. Personally, we had nothing against each other. Why were they marching up to kill us? How strange! No one can fully appreciate this war un-til he has seen a battle. Then it comes home to him. I knew those men were enemies, but I could not feel it. When our big cannon opened its mouth and 'spit' iron words, fire-clad, at them, it was strange still. But when the cannon, manipulated by the blue-clad men, began its 'big talk' in reply, and sent a roaring ball whirling right at us, I understood, with-out a doubt, that the other fellows were

enemies. I felt it, too.

"Well, those cannon disputed all day,
using iron arguments, clothed in the terrific rhetoric of 'Jupiter Tonans.' I was
stationed at the battery, and at every discharge I looked to see Yankee legs, arms, guns, horses, wagons, cannon and all floating around among the clouds; but there were always enough of them left to shoot back, and—then there was 'leaving in hot haste.' I never lay as flat in my life. I wanted to be a pancake. I tried to squeeze myself down into the ground to avoid the voracious appetite of those Pandora shells. It seemed as if Heaven, Earth and 'Thunderation' had run into each other and made one grand 'smash up, leaving nothing but noise. I had the earache two days after the battle. I would advise nobody but a deaf man to

"About 11 a. m. a terrific fight began on our right. A wooded hill was between us and the combatants, but the noise rolled over it like a surge. I never heard the like before, and I hope I may never hear it again. It seemed as if every gnarled tree, limb, shrub and stick in all that vast forest was being snapped into a thousand pieces. It was one continuous ronr; and above the battle din rose the shout of the maddened warriors as they fought and Col. Dumont, and two pieces of Regular fell, advanced and retreated. Fear and artillery from Carlisle Barracks, (the anxiety were depicted in pale colors on

combatants grew fiercer as they tasted the intoxication of blood. At length it ceased in the prolonged shouts of the victors, followed by silence profound—the silence. lin the protonged shouts of the victors, followed by silence profound—the silence of death and the grave. The enemy's assault had been repulsed, and they left 150 of their dead and wounded on that field of death. Some, already blackened and gained upon the retreating foe. We kept ghastly in the embrace of death, were holding up their hands in mute appeal, clear the road. All of this in the midst or grasping convulsively the instruments of destruction, now harmless. Some were calling piteously for water as the red tide of life sought on unnatural channel in the When our advance crossed the ford they thirsty ground, flowing freely to ebb no

"Would that the world might see one battle and fight never again. War is the agony of the soul, the crucifixion of na-May it soon cease from earth forever, and peace reign universally. I have

when Garnett came up to the fourth told how I felt—the battle I cannot really describe."

The battle referred to by Capt. Guerrant was fought at Princeton, Va., between the Confederates under Gen. Humphrey Marshall and the Federals under Men Garnett came up to the fourth crossing, known as Carrick's Ford, he had some trouble to get his wagons through the stream. Here he prepared to receive his pursuers. On the left bank of the river were level bottoms, cornfield and meadows; on the right were high bluffs, and the federals under Men Garnett came up to the fourth some trouble to get his wagons through the stream. tween the Confederates under Gen. Humphrey Marshall and the Federals meadows; on the right were high bluffs, under Maj-Gen. Jacob D. Cox. "My first battle" will be appreciated by all intelligent, courageous soldiers, whether they were the blue or the gray. The brave soldier is the one that fully realizes the dangers incident to battle, and yet has a seen of the enemy. The wagon train was left in the river crossing, and as our advance was about to seize it they were

When the battle is o'er and the sounds of fight Have closed with the closing day-How happy around the watch-fire's light To chat the long hours away; To chat the long hours away, my boy, And talk of the days to come; Or, better still, and a purer joy,

To think of our far off home. How many a cheek will then grow pale, That never felt a tear; And many a stalwart heart will quail, That never quailed in fear.

And the breast that, like some mighty

rock, Amid the foaming sea, Bore high against the battle's shock; Now heaves like infancy,

And those who knew each other not, Their hands together steal; Each thinks of some long hallowed spot, And all like brothers feel: Such holy thoughts to all are given,

The lowliest has his part: Is woven in the heart."

CAPT. TOM BARRETT'S "PIECE" FLAG. Along about Feb. 1, 1865, rumors of as armistice and peace negotiations reached Castlewoods, Va., where Capt. Tom Bar-rett was temporarily stationed. When ordered to rejoin his regiment, the 4th Ky. Cav., the stalwart Captain's company marched from Castlewoods bearing a flag fearfully and wonderfully made. ing from a "rustic sapling" staff was a remnant of cotton goods that had seen better days—in the long ago, and inscribed Floathereon was the "strange device," "Piece." Barrett's "Piece" flag was hailed with loud acclaim, especially by the rustic women and children along his line of march. In that "Piece" flag the young women saw calico, crinoline, and all kinds of store-goods floating before their excited fancy. The old women tasted the flavor of "sure enough" coffee, and dreamed of cotton gowns and clay pipes, store tea and "short sweetnin"." In short, the "strange new (or old) flag" was an omen of the good time comin. The dark clouds of civil war were fast rolling by and the dawn of a brighter day was peeping over the summits of the blue mountains Those simple mountain people saw more

enemy. He dressed as he pleased, was permitted to carry a better of the real pleasures and happiness of life smaller rifle, and no knapsack. We five of Co. I. 7th Ind., left the dead with in Barrett's "Piece" flag than they had ever dreamed of when looking upon either the Star Spangled Banner or the and Bars and Starry Cross of Dixie. mile and a half further on, turned in to (To be continued.)

A Loyal Virginian. Mrs. Lizzie H. Janney, of Springboro. Ohio, writes that she is very much inter-ested in The National Tribune, as it each week recalls events of 40 years ago. At that time Mrs. Janney was a young girl living near Winchester, Va., where she rendered considerable assistance to the Union soldiers, aiding them when on a retreat, dressing wounds, and caring for the sick. At one time she went with a cavalry command of about three hundred mer piloting them over a rough mountain road, thus preventing their capture by the rebels, who were coming up the She also assisted in collecting relief funds and distributing supplies. She is a sol-dier's widow and receiving \$8.00 per month.

DEER PARK HOTEL,

and not near Ferry's company, and the Resort of the Alleghenies. finding of the bodies was as much a sur-prise to Gordon as to us. He probably Swept by mountain breezes, 2,800 feet

1861, and from that date Gordon's commission was dated. Gen. Garnett wore a fine uniform, with brilliant star on his shoulder strap, and long black hair. He was lying with his head towards us, legs What the Veterans Have to Say towards his retreating men.

About Their Campaigns.

KILLED BY GEORGIANS.

The Eattle of Carrick's Ford and Death of

Gen. Garnett, July 13, 1861.

the enemy, under Gen. Garnett, had erected some breastworks, and was hold-

of the trees by the enemy. We did not know its meaning. The night was pitch

dark, but daylight revealed the fact that

mand of Gen. Pegram.
Our brigade was soon in the enemy's

The rebels had now about 12 hours the start of us. The Confederate Gen. Gar-nett's intentions had been to join Pegram

he would not be able to make any resis-

tance against the combined forces under

McClellan, he struck off on a country road, a short distance from Leedville, and

Tucker County, Our brigade, under Gen, Morris, com-

posed of the 14th Ohio, Col. Steedman; the 9th Ind., Col. Milroy; the 7th Ind.,

same that were with us at Philippi), total about 2,500 men, by rapid and late march-

of a furious rain storm.

About noon Gen. Garnett had passed

caught sight of the rear of the enemy, and with renewed energy we followed the re-

treating Southerners who were also ex-cited, and increased their speed to get out

of our way, throwing away everything that impeded their progress, When Garnett came up to the fourth

ross and take position on a high hill to

During this movement of the 7th Ind.

street in Indianapolis, and for four years

fine private rifle in hand and in civilian

the north of the road (the laurel bushe

had somewhat separated the command).

Brigadier-General with Federal shoulder straps, the other a private soldier in a Georgia Militia uniform. The General with Federal shoulder straps was still

breathing. Gordon remarked with sur-prise, after viewing the dying officer, "Why this is the rebel Gen. Garnett." There were five in our squad present.

who belonged to my company. I noted

this down before evening in my note book,

giving their names. Vehaus, Williams, Gockle and Stout were with me. Mr. Gordon did not belong to our regiment, but

I learned afterwards that he was the Ser-geant-Major of the 9th Ind. (Milroy's regi-

ment), and somewhat a priviliged charac-ter; hence he went where he pleased and joined the 7th Ind. in the run after the

Gordon, and followed in hot haste after

our regiment, which had gone about one

Soon after this, Capt. Benham, of Gen.

Morris's staff, came up and ordered the pursuit to cease. We had marched 26 miles since 10 a. m. on the 12th in a most

furious storm. Dumont, always ready with sarcasm, asked Benham if we were

to jubilate over the captured baggage, and

give the enemy a chance to get away. Our regiment had captured about 50 offi-

cers and men belonging to a Georgia

road, and rested.

militia regiment.

get on the enemy's flank and rear.

in our hands

Ferry's company was to the right of the road, and not near Gen. Garnett or within musket reach of him. If Burlingame of Ferry's company shot Garnett his musket must have carried further and his powder been stronger than ours, and to enabled him to have reached Garnett be must have shot around the corner. The position in which Garnett lay, and the EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Just 40 route which Ferry's company followed, makes it clear in my mind that Garnett was killed by his own men, the Georgians, Thomas Morris, composed of Indiana, Ohio and West Virginia Volunteers, had been tured by us (the 7th Ind.) on our run. Gar (after the Philippi affair of June 3), quar-tered on the hills around that town, but on July 8 received orders to march to Laurel Hill, about 14 miles distant, where the enemy, under Gen. Garnett, had his reward for his claim. Whether he furnished record evidence with his claim

erected some breastworks, and was noteding the pass, with about 3,500 Confeding the pass and the The brigade of Gen. Morris reached the place in due time, and at once deployed be stated that as Garnett and his in line of battle, and by slow progress we reached the hights surrounding the enemy's line. On the night of July 11 it stood by themselves, and nearly halfway between the lines, they would have been called on to surrender before being shot was my duty to be on outpost. During at, the night we heard the continous chopping the at, as it was easy, in their position, for the 7th Ind. to have captured them. Again, how does it come that Burlingame of Co. E should do the shooting, when Cos. F. G. H. I. and K were much nearer the enemy had abandoned the strong to Garnett then he?

Then, again, how far did those altered

Rosecrans had with another brigade of the enemy at Rich Mountain, under comenough to have reached Garnett from Burlingame's position. As to the point-ing out by Gordon it may be held, with truth, that if Gordon had seen Gen. Gar-nett before we reached his body, he with camp, and now ready to follow, and by 10 a. m. we were on the road after them. his far-reaching and better rifle have taken aim at Garnett himself. at Beverly. His forces, united, would make him about 6,000 strong; but finding a rifle a year or two before, when he was

these troops defeated, demoralized and part made prisoners, and conscious that preparing to fight a duel with Hefferen an opposing politician in Indiana. He would do doubt have brought Garnett. down without calling on any one to do this for him. retreated rapidly towards St. George, in

The above is the true story of the death of Garnett. I have copied this from data in my note book written at the time.—Fred'k W. Fout, Co. I, 7th Ind. and First Lieutenant, 15th Battery Ind. Art.; received medal of honor Sept. 15, 1862.

CHICKAMAUGA.

Wilder's Brigade and the Fight at the Glenn House. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: It some

times strikes me as rather amusing as I read over the "Fighting Them Over" column of the The National Tribune, and see some old war scarred hero, in whose hair time has blown the snows of age, break cover, rush out into the open, un limber his full battery of steel parrot guns, and commence throwing hot shot into the fortifications of some old comrade, who, he thinks, has scattered, or overshot the mark in some way. He forgets the fact that 35 or 40 years can work a change in the mind as well as in the physical man. As regards myself, I find that my memory of today and my diary of war-time days vary considerably in some instances when I refer to it to clear up some point of dis-pute between some comrade and myself. Another fact is, that when we went into battle, a private at the head of the com-pany did not know what the front of the

advance was about to seize it they were fired on by the enemy's artillery and infantry from the other side of the river.

The 14th Ohio had the lead, and at once replied. Our artillery was soon in action, and the 9th Ind, which now came in Comrade Doyle says that Wilder's Brigade were the only troops engaged at the Glenn House that day, except the skirmish line of Lytle's Brigade. As I was

A Stanch Union Map. range, opened an oblique fire. The 7th Ind., under Dumont, entered the river to a member of Co. A, 39th Ind., and still have a vivid recollection of my feelings the hill was steep, and Dumont always ready to get close to the enemy, he filed the head of his regiment around the base on that particular day on that particular spot of ground, I know that the comrade of the hill and came close upon the enemy's left. As soon as the Confederates is mistaken. I will now give my observation of that engagement.

noticed Dumont's movement they broke and fled, leaving their train and one gun When Longstreet moved his command when Longstreet moved his command to flank Rosecrans's right, Gen. Thruston, of McCook's staff, dashed up to Col. Har-rison (of 39th Ind.), and ordered him to form line on the left of Wilder's Brigade. the 14th Ohio, the artillery and the 9th Ind., kept up a steady fire on the rebels. We dashed off at a gallop, Thruston lead-ing the regiment in person and placing us Just as my company was entering the river to cross. Mr. Jonathan Gordon, a former neighbor of mine, with whom I had been well acquainted (he lived at 192 North Illinois street, and I at 193 same on Wilder's left, joining on to the 72d Ind., Wilder's left lay just to the right of the Glenn House, so that when our regiment took position, it threw our colors immediately in front of the house, with the extreme of the regiment flanking the house both to the right and the left, and, as we saw each other almost daily), with a dress, stepped to my side, and in my com-pany crossed the river. As we reached Comrade Doyle says, this was the only fighting on that ground on the 20th of September, 1863. Now, if this is correct, the bluff the alignment of company and Fallis's claim regarding the movement is regiment was somewhat broken, but in a just, and I would say that if Gen. Thrusfull run after the enemy we tried to per-form a right wheel. This brought us to on is living today (I know not whether he is), it would be a hard matter for even Gen. Wilder to make him believe anything In this manner we ran about a quar-ter of a mile, when we came upon two prostrate forms, one in the uniform of a

If there were no other evidence to justify his claim, he might still be mistaken But let us take into consideration that the 39th Ind. has a monument erected on that ground, and that, too, nearer to the site of the Glenn House than any of the posi tions occupied by any of Wilder's regi-ments, except the one that joined us or our right. That one (the 72d Ind.), has a marker on the ground our colors occupied while our monument stands on the ground covered by Co. K, of our regiment. The monument bears this inscription:

Indiana's Tribute To Her Thirty-ninth Reg't Mounted Inf't (Afterwards Eighth Ind. Cav.) Colonel Thomas J. Harrison. First Brigade (Willieh). Second Division (Johns Twentieth Corps (McCook).

September 20th, 1863 * * * mounted in the line on ridge near the Widow Glenn's, west of Crawfish Springs Road, etc. But sufficient of the inscription. Comrade Doyle refers Fallis to the reposts of Chickamauga. The comrade seems to forget that a report does not al-

ways give a full detail of all the incidents of a battle, nor does it always give the facts in the case. Wilder knew the relation that the 39th Ind. bore to his brigade, because he was placed there for he same object and by the same order hat placed Harrison there. He also knew that but for the 39th a gap would have been left open on his left, through which Longstreet would have passed, cutting Wilder off, thereby changing the result of hat engagement altogether,

Now, as to the killing of Gen. Garnett. Row, as to the killing of Gen. Garnett, it is claimed by some writers that Mr. Gordon seeing the rebel General (who was waving his sword and calling on his men to make a stand), had called on Capt. Ferry's company to fire at them, and that Serg't Burlingame took a dead aim at Garnett and killed him. This story is false as false can be. Mr. Gordon was not far from my side from the time we not far from my side from the time we netered the river until we found the dead. it is claimed by some writers that Mr. Gordon seeing the rebel General (who was ntered the river until we found the dead. two and a half miles distant, in a bend of the Chickamauga, fronting the stream, Swept by mountain breezes, 2,800 feet above sea level. Absolutely free from malaria, hay fever and mosquitoa. Reached without chango of cars from all prineipal cities via Baitimore & Ohio Railroad. Every modern convenience. Rooms en suite with private baths. Electric Lights, Long Distance Telephone, Electric Lights, Complete Livery Service. Annapolis Naval Academy Band. Motel remodeled with additional conveniences. All cottages have been taken for the season. Open from June 2nd to September 30th.

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so much about it?" I will answer. After the battle of Mission Ridge I became per-senally acquainted with the Widow Glenn, and have had many conversations with her and have been to her house. In conclusion of my defense of Fallis's claim, I will say that I have spoken from the same source of knowledge as that of Comrade Doyle, viz., observation during the storm of battle, and, further, from observation and acquaintance during the latter part of Winter following that battle.

No doubt many who will read this have often wondered what manner of woman Mrs. Glenn was, the woman whose name vill be ever present when the battle of Chickamanga is mentioned. In stature she was a little below the medium hight of women, of rather slender form, black hair, Grecian nose, well-formed mouth, with thin lips, and clear-cut features; a woman of intelligence and refinement—in fact, a typical lady of the South; at that time she Summer of 1864 she married a man nearly twice her own age by the name of John Todd, who claimed to be a relation of Mrs. Lincoln. Todd's house was a two-story log house standing a half mile south of Rossville, on the road leading to Chattanooga.—J. N. Jones, Co. C. 39th. Ind., 18th Ind. Cav., Alexandria, Ind.

A Prison Incident. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I wish to

find a man named Brown, who was in an Indiana regiment and a pensioner at Florence, S. C., in Fall of 1864. If this comrade will write to me, I will give him the address of the man who saved his life while he was in prison. While issuing clothing one day to those most in need. and, after the supply was exhausted Serg't J. H. Harp, of the 5th Ga., who issued the clothing, had his attention called to a young boy 16 or 17 years old. who asked for clothing. All was gone. The Sergeant felt sorry for his weak condition, and used his influence, through his brother, who was one of the Prison In-spectors and an officer, to get a parole alpany did not know what the front of the regiment was doing, much less what the brigade was doing. The brigade commander knew how his regiments were disposed, the Colonel knew how his composed, the Colonel knew how his composed to the colon possed, the Colonel knew how his companies were disposed, and the Captain knew where his company was. This is the extent of the knowledge of a battle while the battle is being fought. But as I started out gunning for Comrade Doyle, I had better throw out my flankers. In while the battle is being fought. But as I started out gunning for Comrade Doyle, I had better throw out my flankers. In the issue of June 6 Comrade Doyle fres a charge of canister full into the front of Comrade Fallis, of the 39th Ind. Well, he didn't hurt him any, and if there was any damage done it was from the recoil of his gan. like to hear from them .- FRANK WAL-

A Stanch Union Mar.

Mr. J. J. Lambert, of 1025 Franklin Moberly, Mo., complains of the harsh treatment received at the hands of the Government by the 1st. 2d. 3d. 4th, 5th. and 6th U. S. Inf. Vols. These six regiments were composed of prisoners of war and deserters from the rebel army. Comrade Lambert belonged to Co. C, 5th U: S. Vols., and has an application pending for pension. He has filed the affi-davits of three disinterested parties, who knew him well and who have sworn that was a stanch Union man and was forced into the rebel army, but after unsuccessful attempts to desert, at last reached the Union lines at Resaca, Ga. Comrade Lambert was sent as a prisoner of war to Alton, Ill. He enlisted for three years in the Union army and served about 19 months. His wife, who remained in the South, suffered much because of the





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of 'Yankee smartness' than I had pre-viously entertained. Concluding that disandoubtedly fought nobly. ous, ran round and round "John," entwincretion was the better part of valor, they had gone back, which was the best thing they could do—I thought. But our General foolishly determined to follow them. How I wished nobody but Generals had no candidates for promotion. Then they hall received would not go after the enemy-nor wait for the enemy to come after them. "Well, when we came near the enemy we marched slowly and solemnly along a dismal wilderness road. Few spoke, Nobody laughed, except a few idiots,

SEVERAL BOTTLES OF CARMINE ELIXIR FELL FROM THE CAPACIOUS POCKETS OF THE DUSTER."

the firing lines were all right.

Of course, history should be true; no attempt should be made to pervert it. Assuredly, I did not know how many Federals were at and near Blue Springs. Unthoughtelly, carelessly, I intimated there were "lots of 'em"—basing my belief on my own "feelings," and the state-life on my own "feelings," and the state-life of the 7th Obio Cay. Unthoughtedly, carelessly, I intimated there were "lots of 'em"—basing my better of my own "feelings," and the statement of Capt. Allen, of the 7th Ohio Cav., who, by the way, seems abundantly able to take care of himself—even when it is "loaded."

We and made his heart glad. He was tried to creep away and did not mind how far or how fast; but I held on. The nearer we getty reprimanded him for not having faster. I saw stalwart arms tremble and healthy cheeks grow pale. Feet grew very tender, and shoes very heavy. Many were take care of himself-even when it is

a long time between drinks. physical, prompting me to stay and ex-claim, "Lay on, Macduff, and damned be he who first shall cry enough,' -or words "plain United States, as "Shorty" would say, I generally had

nore than enough. THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Approaching the closing scene at Anpomattox, our army melting away as the mists before the morning sun, knowing that the end is near, I begin to dreamily long for the old Kentucky home far away on the shore of La belle Riviere where groweth the mint in season and wherein standeth the sideboard embellished by amber-colored glassware—containing the famous Kentucky elixir. It has been "a ong time between," and having that tired let, heartily indorsing the Kentucky girl's

> "Here's to old Kentucky whisky, So amber and so clear; Not as sweet as woman's lips, But a -- sight more sincere."

And this reminds me of the Kentucky Colonel and his magnifying elixir. About a mile from the Kentucky River not far from where it joins the Ohio, is a quaint old town, clean and substan-The citizens point with pride to several pretentious stores, a bank, three large churches—Methodist, Christian, and Baptist - attractive and commodious mes, flowers and singing-birds, stately shade trees, and the latch strings hang ing outside the portals. The Arcadian charms and hospitality of this ancient Kentucky town are so alluring to the lan-quid tourist that once within the welcoming, wide open gates, he is in no hurry to get away. Probably the only deterrent from his enjoyment of perennial bliss, if he has been accustomed to matitudinal potations of Kentucky elixir, lies in the

fact that there is not always "a hot time in the old town," it having periodical spasms of "local option," unusual for a Kentucky town—being sometimes wet and sometimes dry. However, where there is will there is a way. Col. "Knintuck" having given the necessary and knowing wink, the thirsty tourist has only to "catch on and exercise an "option" that readily procures the elixir by the usual old reliable under-

ground route. The tourist, seeking to learn local history, ancient, medieval and modern, will invariably hear the story of the evolution of a calf into a whole drove of cattle. The egend was told to me by a Baptist minis ter, who especially enjoys it because of the fact that a young preacher of the "same faith and order" was one of the

alleged dramatis personne.

A certain Colonel, witty and genial, a lawyer and politician, lived in the little town some years ago, how many it is not necessary here to mention, and one of his boon companions was John —, then a fun-loving young school teacher. Both young men were generous imbibers of Kentucky's potent elixir. Of course the folly young teacher had not at that time been "called" to preach the gospel.

Colonel had sold a small calf to a certain 'Squire, living some miles out in the country, and on a Saturday morning, bright and early, he arose, took a few potations of Bourbon liquor, and with a ng rope successfully lassoed the calf and shantly started to deliver the diminu-

"Calf! ___ John can't you "Calf! -, John, can't you see? This a whole drove of cattle."

"Pshaw! Colonel, I don't see anything t one little calf." "You don't! I tell you this is a whole

Generals may have erred, but the men on | ing the rope ground the long-tailed duster

At Blue Springs, as on other occasions, wanted to get away, moral courage, not with the "whole drove of cattle," head few had lost their company—others their and tail up.

and tail up.

The commotion made by the "lowing herd," and the "cussin' drovers" had apprised the "Squire of the "round up" at his gate. The Colonel halled him:

don't see anything but a — scrawny calf. I believe I did buy a calf.

"Calf. —! Now, see here, 'Squirc, I tell you I have brought a whole drove of calf.

whole drove of cattle, sure enough.

Island. I have jealously treasured it these

Mine's of straw, but dry; She sinks to sleep at night with scarce a sigh-

sweep by.

And so do I: The richest viands flank her dainty plate-Coarse grub have I;

My love has all the world at will to

So cannot I: night-A Yank with loaded gun keeps me

tween her this wintry night, cold, calm,

serene waft a sigh; And hope with all my earnestness of soul.

then-Her lovelit eye

again-

My love and I.

My closest, best-beloved comrade, Adi't Gen. Guerrant, kept an elaborate journal of "current events" in the army, and, as his secretary, I did much writing myself therein, at his request, often at his dicta-

tion. The following, which was written by him, but which I have paraphrased to some extent, is taken from that journal, the Captain having long ago given me free access to it, giving me carte blanche to use it in the construction of my war stories.

MY FIRST BATTLE. "How one of 'Mr. Marshall's Company"

whose thoughts never reached six inches after dinner. Eternity, to them, was about as distinct and well defined as the Constitution and causes of ethercal nebulea. A serious thought would have given any one of them a headache and loss of appetite. "By-and-by we heard the gun of a videt. That was the first hostile gun I ever heard. It sounded loud as the 'crack of doom.' It was bloodthirsty. My flesh tried to creep away and did not mind how far or how fast; but I held on. The nearer

It was long after due time when the

"Howdy, 'Squire! Here's that drove of cattle you bought." "Drove of cattle?" Why, Colonel, I

cattle. John, pass the 'Squire one of your biggest bottles. There! Now, 'Squire, biggest bottles. how many cattle do you see?"
"Colonel, you are right! There is

while ago, I saw only one scrub calf, but now, b'gosh, I see a whole drove of twofeeling and a stomach unsatisfied-like, I year-olds. But, —— it, Colonel, I didn't am looking toward the bottom of the gob- buy a whole drove of cattle. I bargained for one calf, and I'll pay you when you deliver it, as agreed. Now, where is the calf?

The following poem, sentimental and iumorous, was written by Maj. George McKnight, when a prisoner on Johnson's many years, because of its originality and

uniqueness. MY LOVE AND L. My love reposes on a rosewood frame-

A "bunk" have I; A couch of feathery dawn fills up the

With waking eyes I watch the hours My love her dainty dinner takes in state-

Pure wines she sips at ease, her thirst to slake pump my drink from Erie's limpid lake.

roam—
Three acres have I;
She goes abroad, as quiet sits at home— Bright angels watch around her couch at

sight. thousand weary miles now stretch be-

l'omorrow's mail may bring me my parole. There's hope ahead! We'll one day meet

wipe away all tears of sorrow Will all my weary troubles then beguile And keep this wayward Reb from John-

son's Isle.

stories.

felt on going into battle, and after he got in." and slept a few hours in the cabin kitchen

CAPT. BARRETT'S "PIECE" FLAG. piercing. Moreover, I had an unnatural desire to lessen my size—already reduced to short division. Still, just then, I would like to have been one half as large or twice as small, or no size at all. The trees were too small. It seemed I had outgrown them. Everything around me had an unearthly look The sky looked like a pall; the earth gloomy. It was the sublimity of nature when we view it in the light of eternity There was no cerulean sky, no beautiful landscape, no foliage-clad trees. The earth was to tread on, and to fall on, the sky to light up the conflict, and the trees to protect us by receiving in their gen-erous 'hearts' the requiem singing balls as they went 'zip' and burled themselves in oaken graves. When I saw the blood of dead and mangled victims I had and mangled victims, I had strange feelings, and began to think I did not care-not very much, but I was still thoughtful to seek the shelter of anything that could hide me from those vicious

tender, and shoes very heavy. Many were sick and some were lame, and some had

hats, but all went in one direction to find them—to the rear. I would not do that! I could not do that! I think I would have

died first-got wounded, at least, and I was mad every time I saw one of those

fellows going, yet I would myself rather have been almost any place on God's earth

than where I was. But I would not go to the rear. Thank God for that! The

the rear. Thank God for that! The bullets whistled thicker and faster, and

seemingly whispered unwelcome news; for

my ear instinctively avoided every advance. When they came in familiar,

whispering distance my head went down.

Fate could not have held up my head with both hands when I heard the death song

of a minie-ball. I am fond of music, but

that kind has a certain power that is over-

whelming. I do not like it. It is too

PIECE

balls. "At length I was given a message to bear to a distant part of the field. I mounted my horse and double-quicked it, but somehow my progress seemed to be slow. I forgot the balls that I had left behind me until I had delivered the dispatch. In returning I had to climb a big. parren hill, raked by missiles of death and destruction. My senses and caution then returned. I crept up that hill, bent nearly double to lessen the mark, and traveled in a very erratic course to puzzle the aim. I made the hill and returned 'post haste.' The enemy were driven. We shouted, and pressed on.

"By the side of the road I saw three "By the side of the road I saw three women, who waved their handkershiefs and cried. Then I had cold chills. I was strangely possessed. My blood boiled. The fountains of my eyes overflowed. I felt like I 'didn't carre a cent.' I was not per-mitted to carry a gun, but I selzed my pistol convulsively, sithough the ring of he enemy's rifles was dying away in the distance, as they retreated. "That night a comrade and I lay down

Deer Park, Md.-Most Delightful Summe