



CHAPTER I
OPENING OF A CAMPAIGN.

The Army of the Cumberland is awakening. For months its 30 miles of torpid length have been marked by clusters of white tents like the rings of a gigantic anaconda. But now there is an arousing from its long period of lethargy. The tents are being struck, the men are stuffing knapsacks, rolling blankets or swallowing from tin cups a last draft of invigorating coffee. Wagons are being loaded with all kinds of camp equipage—tents, camp oots, cooking utensils, the pine tables and army desks of the staff departments. Here orderlies are holding horses, waiting their riders.

and there men are strapping blankets or ponchos behind saddles or cramming bacon and "hard tack" into haversacks, while strikers empty the contents of the demijohn into canteens. Each regiment as soon as formed moves out into the road, the whole taking up the line of march by brigades and divisions.

It is the right or head of the monster that awakens first. The main body of this wing moves diagonally toward the front and left, while cavalry pushes directly south to conceal the movement and produce a false impression on the enemy. All day the infantry and artillery work their way over dirt roads, the men marching at will, smoking, chatting, laughing, the Irish regiments cracking jokes, the Germans singing, all with that esprit which pervades an army just starting after a long period of idleness on a new campaign. A lashing of artillery horses, a cursing of mules, words of command, bugle calls, picket firing, the occasional boom of a gun, mingle confusedly and in a country used only to the peaceful lowing of cattle or the song of birds. Throughout its whole length the Army of the Cumberland is in motion, advancing on that campaign which is to maneuver the Confederates out of Tennessee and lead up to the battle of Chickamauga.

On a road running parallel with the Cumberland mountains, which flank the Union army on its left, a strange looking vehicle is going at a breakneck pace toward the south. The horse is a raw-boned animal with long legs and neck, while the vehicle—a buggy—is so bespattered with mud that what paint remains on it is invisible. The bottom is partly gone; the dashboard would let through a cannon ball without being injured; the springs are badly bent; the top, which is let down—there are no props to hold it up—is shriveled and torn, its tatters flying behind in the wind. A woman in a striped calico dress, a sunbonnet of the same material, a pair of colored spectacles on her nose, holds the reins and urges forward the horse. Yet strange looking as is the conveyance and its occupant, for that time and region there is nothing unusual in the appearance of either. The country people inhabiting that portion of Tennessee are not cultured, and uncleanliness is rather the rule than the exception.

Coming to a place where she can get a full view for some distance ahead, the woman glances over the intervening space between her and the next rise in the undulating ground. Seeing nothing to deter, she drives her horse on as rapidly as she can force him to go. Her buggy careens till it is in danger of going over; she is bounced from her seat with a prospect of being sent over the dashboard; the mud flies, the horse wheezes, the buggy groans, but there is no slackening of pace.

"Go on, Bobby, go on!" Turning a curve in the road partly hidden by trees, she sees a cavalry camp ahead. In the road an officer stands talking to a man in a farm wagon, beside whom, on a board seat, its two ends resting on the wagon's sides, sits a boy of 14, while on a back seat, evidently borrowed from a more pretentious vehicle, is a young girl, perhaps three or four years the boy's senior.

The woman of the striped dress drove up to the group, and drawing rein listened to what they were saying. "Cap," said the farmer—all officers in the Union army were called by the people of the country either cap or general or mister—"cap, I want ter go through the lines powerful bad."

"Well, Oi'm thinkin, me good man," replied the officer, with the brogue of an Irishman, "that's exactly what old Rosy wants to do unless he prefers to get behind 'em and bag 'em from the rear." "Oh, I don't mean fightin! I want ter go hum peaceful."

"Can't pass ye, me good man. Oi've orders not to pass any one south while the army is movin. There's no need to be tellin ye that all day. Once ought to be sufficient."

"What's that?" cried a shrill voice from the buggy. "You don't mean fo' ter tell me I can't go hum?" "Oi fear, me dear luddy, that ye can't, if ye live beyond our lines."

"H'm! And so you uns hev kem down hyar ter make war on women." "Well, now, that depends on the kind of war. We've come down vi et armis, as my old proceptor at the university used to say—God bless 'im! Like enough the vi is for the men and the armis for the women."

"Beauty and the beast," interrupted the officer, bowing. "Now, see hyar, Mr. Yank, I got ter go hum. Pop he's waitin fo' me, and mother she's sick in bed."

The officer scratched his head and thought. "Well, me friends," he said presently, "Oi'm thinkin Oi'll refer the case of all of ye to brigade headquarters. Would ye moind sittin where ye are till I get an answer?"

"Reckon not," from the farmer. "Hurry up," said the woman in the buggy. "Mother's waitin fo' me."

The officer stepped into his tent near by and came out with a pencil and the back of an old letter. With these he proceeded to take down the information required. Approaching the buggy, he said: "Will ye plaze favor me with your patronymic?"—he paused while he looked to see if she were young or old—"miss?"

"My what?" "Your patronymic." "Oh, talk Tennessee!" "Well, then, your cognomen." "See hyar, Mr. Officer, of you want ter git anything outen me, you want to talk squar."

"Please tell me your name." "Betsy Baggs. And yours?" "Major Burke, at your service. Are ye Union or?"

"Rebel!" "Where do ye want to go?" "Hum."

"And that is at?" "Dunlap." "Why are ye here?"

"I been ter MacMinville ter see mother's old doctor."

"There's a shorter road from MacMinville than this. Why didn't ye take it?"

The girl showed a slight confusion. "Oh, I got a friend at Franklin college. She uns and I uns allus ben powerful thick."

After getting the data as to all the party the major called a mounted man and directed him to take it to headquarters and ask for instructions. "Do ye know who to take it to?" he asked of the man as he was about to ride away.

"It's to the general I'm takin it." "The general? Man, would you get me court martialled for disregard of the regulations? Take it to the chafe of staff, ye lunkhead, and from him ye'll

get the answer. It's not the likes of you can approach the general. Moind now, and don't spind the time talkin with the guard."

While the messenger was away the party listened to the voluble tongue of the young Confederate sympathizer in the buggy. She entered into the causes of the war, depicted the benefits of negro slavery, especially on the slave, spoke admiringly of all Confederate soldiers and ransacked the dictionary to find words to express her loathing of Yankees.

"Come, now, Miss Baggs," said the major good naturedly. "There's a young fellow in me regiment who'll suit ye exactly. He is an Irishman from the crown of his head to the sole of his fut. He only came over a few years ago. He is as smart as a whip. There was but one gurrel in County Cavan who could outtalk 'im. That's the reason he left Oireland."

"When I want a man, I reckon I can find one right hyar outen the yarth o' Tennessee 'bout goin to Oireland ter find one. Is he redheaded?" "Red as the linin of an artillery officer's cap."

"What kind o' eyes?" "Blue as a robin's egg." "Waal, trot him out. I'll take a look at him."

"Oi'll call him meself," and the major went into one of the tents. There he found Corporal Ratigan, the man he sought. "Corporal Rats," he said—every one called the corporal Rats—"there's a gurrel out there that wants to go through the lines. Oi've sent to brigade headquarters to find out if they'll give her a pass. I want ye to make her acquaintance."

"At your service, major," said the corporal, saluting. And the two walked out to where the travelers were waiting. "Miss Baggs," said the major, "allow me to present Corporal Ratigan, commonly called Rats by his comrades, one of the most gallant men in the regiment."

Corporal Ratigan bowed and uncovered a head of hair fully up to the major's description of it. It surmounted one of the most honest of countenances.

There was an air of gentility about the man despite his private's uniform, and the smile with which he greeted the young woman could not have been more bewitching had he saluted a marchioness. Admiration for the strapping Irish Yankee soldier stood big in Miss Baggs' eyes.

"How do?" she said, with something that was intended for a bow. "Ye a purty likely lookin feller of you air playin Yank. You'd better 'a' staid in Oireland than come down hyar ter make war on women."

"And have Oi overpainted the beautiful tint of his hair?" asked the major, laughing. "It'd make good winter hair; needn't hev no fire in the house."

Horses' hoofs were heard down the road, and in a few minutes the messenger who had been sent to headquarters rode up. "Where's the answer?" asked the major.

"Divil an answer did Oi get, major," said the man, saluting awkwardly. "And what d'ye mean by that?" "Well, Oi kem up to headquarters, and the general was gettin off of his horse to go in his tint. 'Have ye anything for me, me man?' he asked. 'Niver a worrod, general,' Oi answered, salutin respectful. 'What's the paper ye have in your belt?' 'It's for the chafe of staff. 'Well, give it to me.' 'Divil a bit, general; it's not for the likes of me to be given ye a paper. Oi'm instructed to give it to the chafe of staff.' 'Give me the paper, ye cussed Oirishman,' he said, 'or Oi'll send ye to the guard tint.' 'Niver will Oi be guilty of breakin the regulations or the articles of war, general.' 'Corporal of the guard!' yelled the general.

"The corporal kem and saluted the general, him red as Corporal Ratigan's head. 'Take that paper from that man!' he roared. Well, bein surrounded by the guard who were at the corporal's call, Oi surrendered."

"And thin?" gasped the major, glaring at the stupid messenger. "And thin the general said, 'Go to yer camp and tell Major Burke to put ye in the guard tint for 24 hours. And when he sends another orderly to me not to send a recruit, or Oi'll put him in arrest.'"

"By the howly—! Ye infernal, raw—! Did ye get no answer?" "Oi'll send an answer by a soldier who has been properly retained," said the general. Didn't ye tell me right, major?"

"Corporal of the guard!" cried the major by way of reply. "Take that man," he said when the corporal came, "to the guard tent."

As the messenger was marched away, protesting against the injustice of his treatment for obeying orders, a staff officer rode up. Taking the major apart, he instructed him to let the applicants go through, provided they would take an oath not to give any information concerning the Union troops to the enemy. With the passes he brought a suggestion from the general to send some person with one or the other of the two parties under pretense of an escort, but really with a view to discovering the proximity of the enemy. Now that the main army was moving, it might be well to discover if the cavalry on its flank had fallen back. The ground was unfavorable for a reconnaissance; hence the suggestion to get information by stratagem.

The major hunted the camp for a Bible on which to administer the oath and called on Corporal Ratigan to help him. He explained the general's request and told Ratigan that he wanted him to go with Miss Baggs. Having given the corporal a full understanding of what was required of him, he went back to the party with a Bible, followed by Ratigan.

The farmer and his family were first sworn, and then the major offered to swear Miss Baggs.

"I hain't goin ter do no swearin," she said defiantly. "Oi'm glad to hear that," remarked Corporal Ratigan.

"What fo', fire top?" she asked, surprised. "Oi'd be breakin me heart at partin with ye."

"You hain't got no heart nohow, or you wouldn't be in the Yankee army." "Don't ye believe it," exclaimed the major; "his heart's as warm as the color of his hair. Come, young luddy, take the oath. Oi'd be sorry to be partin ye from yer mother and she sufferin."

"I won't." "Won't ye take it for moi sake?" queried Ratigan, with a mock appeal. "You'll hev ter git some un uglier'n you uns ter move me. I hanker after ugly men, but you uns ain't quite ugly enough fo' me."

"Now ye're talkin with a seductive tongue," quoth Ratigan. "If the major will permit, Oi've a mind to see ye through the lines meself without the oath."

The corporal looked slyly at the major, and the major returned the corporal's sly glance. "Very well," said Burke. "Ye go with her, and moind that she isn't keepin her ois open to see things for General Bragg's benefit. Miss Baggs, if ye'll just keep lookin roit into the corporal's blue arbs, ye'll get through all right, and if ye're tempted to look aside just fix 'em on his head, and ye'll be blinded."

The corporal went for his horse, buckled on his revolver, and coming back started out to play diplomat—in other words, to acquire knowledge by strategy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

Dr. C. H. Porter, of Kentucky, Suffers for Over 25 Years Before He Finds Relief

How He Was Affected, How He Suffered and How He Was Cured. An Interesting Case.

From the Mt. Sterling, Ky., Gazette.

In the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, several miles from the line of the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad lives a retired physician and farmer, surrounded by a happy and interesting family. His name is Dr. C. H. Porter, and for 47 years he has ministered to the sick in the counties of Rowan and Morgan, and for years he suffered more than patients on whom he called. He was at last cured, and his cure was so startling and miraculous that it was soon the talk of the mountains, and finally reached the Bluegrass. A reporter of the Gazette hearing of the remarkable case, concluded to investigate the matter in the interest of suffering humanity.

The reporter reached the home of Dr. Porter, and after introducing himself, said: "Dr. Porter, I learn that for years you have been a great sufferer, and that you have at last been cured and by a new discovery in medicine. Will you oblige me by relating your experience?"

In reply, Dr. Porter related the following: "Twenty years ago while living in Morgan county and practicing my profession, I had a terrible nervous shock that completely prostrated me, and from that time until a few months ago, I suffered untold agony, and in fact never knew a well day. I tried everything in the way of medicine that I could hear of, and consulted physicians for miles around, but I found no relief, and I resigned myself to the inevitable, as I thought, and awaited the end. A few months ago my son saw an account in your paper of a new medicine called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and wanted me to try it. I told him it was no use, that they would do me no good; but finally he persuaded me to get Mr. B. L. Tabor, our merchant to order some for me. After taking a few doses I felt better, and again hope revived in my breast. I continued taking the pills, and continued to improve, and now I believe I have finally recovered. That is about all of the story. I believe Pink Pills saved my life, and I never fail to recommend them to anyone who is suffering. In fact, I can tell you of a man that you will pass on your road home who has been almost completely cured of rheumatism after years of suffering. Mr. S. G. Bailey, is his name, and you can stop and see him."

After thanking Dr. Porter, and bidding him farewell, the Gazette man started for Mr. Bailey's residence. He was found on his farm cutting some trees down. In reply to our inquiry, Mr. Bailey said: "Yes, Dr. Porter has told you the truth. I suffered for years with rheumatism, and was only able to leave my room in good weather, and then was not able to do any work. I saw Pink Pills advertised, and was urged by Dr. Porter and other friends to try them. They finally overcame my prejudices, however, and I am glad of it, for you can see yourself what Pink Pills have done for me. Come to the house, and I will show you my crutch and cane which Pink Pills have enabled me to lay aside. I have also been giving these pills to a neighbor's child, which has serofula, and it is improving right along."

The reporter next visited the store of B. L. Tabor, who corroborated the testimony of Dr. Porter and Mr. Bailey. Mr. Tabor further said that he had never handled a medicine that had given such universal satisfaction as Pink Pills, and it was almost impossible to supply the demand. The address of all the gentlemen referred to is, Elliottsville, Rowan county, Kentucky, and anyone can have these statements verified by writing to them.

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