ing personal reminiscenses of the long ago, indulged in by both, the judge related this incident:

"During the Kanawha campaign of 1862, in fact from March to August of that year, my company A, Sixth West Virginia infantry, was camped with other troops at Roane Court House, Va. The surrounding country was filled with Confederate soldiers, who claimed, and not without reason, that their tread was as silent as that 'of the foot of time,' and styled themselves 'Moccasin Rangers.' We spent most of our time in playing at war's wild, mad game with these rangers, and while it was a sort of guerrilla warfare, yet to the infinite credit of both, no cold-blooded murder was ever committed there, nor was any prisoner killed or mistreated by either side during the entire campaign. On May 30, just thirty-one years ago, I was one of a scouting party of 115 sent out from camp against a force of rangers supposed to be at or near the big bend of the Little Kanawha.

"The expedition was commanded by Captain James W. Myers, of the Eleventh West Virginia infantry, a red headed six-footer, who, although apparently gruff and stern, yet at heart was so gentle and kind that without fear the boys affectionately addressed him as 'Old Sorrel Top.' For some reason our rations ran out in a day or two after starting, and as foraging was both dangerous and fruitless in those mountains, we went hungry. On Saturday night we reached the foot of the mountain on the opposite side of which was our game. We spent hours in unsuccessful efforts to find some way by which we could get up and through a narrow gorge so as to strike the enemy at break of day on Sunday morning; but they had fallen trees across all lines of travel, the darkness was intense, and baffled at every attempt, we finally gave it up and, with hearts heavy and haversacks and stomachs empty, laid down by the river's brim, covered only by our rubber blankets, and tried to sleep. We dared not have fires, because right in the enemy's country; and it was so cold and dreary and desolate in that mountain gorge that every leaf of the forest and every rock and tree might well have borne the inscription, 'All hope abandon, ye who enter here.'

"Now I always believed I enlisted from purely patriotic motives, and up to that hour had kept a stiff upper lip through all sorts of hardships; but what with the gnawings of hunger, the gurgling and swishing sound of the water, the damp ground, the chilly night air and the general desolation of the situation my mind naturally drifted back to the spacious and comfortable farm house I had left but a year before, and for the first and only time in the army my boasted patriotism and high courage slowly oozed away, and to Comrade Boggess, whom I was 'spooning' to get warm, I said: 'Say, Frank, if I were at home to-night and father would give me as good a place to sleep as my dog has, I'd stay there and the Union might go to the devil.' With his peculiar quiet chuckle, Corporal Frank simply said: 'Never mind; it might be worse; we'll probably get warmed up to-morrow.' And we did. In the first gray of the morning 'Old Sorrel Top' had us up and off. Over the mountains we went and at sunrise surprised the rangers, fought at the big bend of the river, killing a number, wounding others and capturing a few prisoners.

"One of the wounded captives came limping straight to me. A minnie ball had struck the point of his chin, fractured the jawbone, torn a great ugly furrow through to the right side of the neck, and so plainly exposed the carotid artery that the pulsation of the blood could be seen as it gushed up at every throb of the heart. His black curling hair hung upon his shoulders; the boy whiskers had not felt the razor for a year, and disfigured as he was, I did not recognize the figure in gray until with outstretched hands and tears in his eyes he exclaimed: 'My God, Henry, I had hoped I would never meet you like this.' It was 'Lys Morgan, friend and companion of my childhood and youth, now a sergeant in Captain Downs' company of Confederate rangers and a dangerously wounded prisoner of war. While binding up his wound as tenderly as if he had been a brother 'Lys told me that his leg had been recently broken, and on that account, even if the new wound did not kill him, it would be impossible for him to go with us; but, said he, 'if you will get permission for me to remain here until I can travel, I pledge you my word I will go in and report to your commanding officer at Roane Court House.' I at once reported all this to Captain Myers, who at first said: 'He's a d—d liar; he will not voluntarily enter our camp.' To this, with some warmth and earnestness, I replied: 'Captain, 'Lys Morgan never told a lie in his life; he said he will come in and he will.' The stern face of 'Old Sorrel Top' relaxed as he said [illegible] 'Well, [illegible]' and stay he did. Three weeks later pale, haggard and [illegible] 'Lys Morgan brought into our camp.

"During that summer our [illegible]

[illegible] was struck in the head and instantly killed by one of our shells."

During this recital Captain Minter said never a word, but at its close there were tears in his eyes and his voice was tremulous as he slowly said: "I heard that story from 'Lys Morgan's own lips soon after his exchange. He was in my regiment. I knew him well. A truer, better soldier never lived. I was within ten feet of him when he fell at the battle of Droop mountain."

THIRTY-TWO YEARS AGO.

The following interesting sketch of Kansas City on May 30, 1861, was furnished by Colonel T. S. Case:

"When I look over the Kansas City of to-day, with its massive and ornate public buildings, its elegant and commodious business houses, its handsome and costly residences, its numerous and convenient cable lines, its busy and prosperous population of 160,000 people, and its wonderful concentration of commercial interests—all indicating the best possible results of prolonged peace and harmony—and am asked to state a few facts suitable to the day we celebrate, taken from the history of the Kansas City of 1861, it seems incredible that such immense and momentous changes can have taken place in so short a time.

"Reverting to the Kansas City of May, 1861, I recall a straggling row of warehouses, stores, saloons, hotels, etc., extending along the levee from Wyandotte street to a little east of Walnut street, several horribly muddy and precipitous gashes in the bluffs known as Main street Delaware street and Wyandotte street; another row of stores, etc., along Main street as far south as Ninth street, then a long vacancy filled up with stumps, dead trees and underbrush nearly to Twelfth street; then another similar row along South Grand avenue. These, with another rather rusty looking row on East Third street, made up the "business portion" of the city, while its dwellings crowned and frequently disfigured the hills in various directions. Not a railroad came within fifty miles and the Eastern mails came by stage from the nearest termini, at Sedalia and Cameron.

"There had been an active and zealous population of 7,000 people here a few months before and these buildings had all been full, but now the business was practically gone, one-half of the people had left and the remainder seemed ready and anxious to go at the first opportunity. The war had actually broken out at Fort Sumter and the Southern Confederacy was sending its emissaries into the border states of Kentucky and Missouri to 'fire the Southern heart' and take them out of the Union. The results of this work were manifested, as above stated and as to be hereinafter shown.

"On the bluff overlooking the Missouri river, at Second and Walnut streets, stood a tall flagstaff from which waved defiantly in the breeze a magnificent rebel flag, while twenty-five or thirty smaller ones fluttered more or less audaciously from housetops and windows in different portions of the city. At this time only two Union flags were openly displayed in the whole place—one over the McGee hotel at Sixteenth and Grand avenue, and one whose tattered relics still adhered to a pole that had been raised on Fourth street between Main and Walnut streets by some patriotic and dauntless Germans and other citizens a few weeks before. The halliards jammed in the pulley and refused to lower the flag, which remained at half mast until it whipped itself to shreds in the wind.

"At the same time a company of Southern men, armed with guns and accoutrements stolen from the United States arsenal at Liberty, were daily or nightly drilling on our streets. A quantity of United States freight was also taken by them from the warehouse of Alexander Majors in the West bottoms, near the foot of Santa Fe street.

"The result of all this was that more buildings were vacated, more families removed to more peaceable localities, and the town became still more shabby and dilapidated. Even the newspapers ceased publication, like the Journal and the Free State Republican, while others, like the Post, removed its office to Wyandotte, Kas.

"Those were the darkest days Kansas City ever knew, and its population was reduced from about 7,000 to less than [illegible] by May 30, 1861. Decoration day [illegible] than the dog fennel and jimson weeds, which literally filled the streets and open grounds, and scarcely [illegible] with heart to decorate the moldering [illegible] remnants of the city which [illegible] hope and pride but a few months before.

"Notwithstanding [illegible] discouraging conditions, there were a few loyal and dauntless men left whose courage [illegible] took affairs into their own hands and [illegible] firmly guided them aright, [illegible] without bloodshed or [illegible] violence [illegible] out of chaos [illegible] their rightful [illegible] the war, were [illegible] laying the firm foundations on which [illegible] present prosperity [illegible]. Unfortunately [illegible] could not be accomplished without giving due [illegible]

ADMIRED HIS BRAVERY.

How are these interesting war incidents related by Mr. C. J. [illegible]

[illegible] and during the investment the command to which I belonged invested that part of Knoxville known as the 'Fair ground' part and near the Holston river. Opposing us were some Indiana troops and notably the Fifth Indiana cavalry, I think Colonel McKee Dunn commanding.

"This Colonel Dunn was a fearless Ney, an almost dudish Du Roo or Pickett in personal appearance. For several days during this seige, this Colonel Dunn would, within easy range of our guns, ride up and down his line as coolly and determinedly as a Napoleon and with such consummate dash and stylish bravery, but never an Enfield or Spencer was leveled at him from our lines. He captivated us by his personal bravery. If he is alive to-day and sees this, he will recall a pleasant reminiscense of the war.

"Previous to this, we had occasion to know the mettle of his men. It was the October previous. Our general command was then under [illegible] In the early part of October, our little band of about 2,000 men had held Burnside's crack Ninth corps at bay at Blue Springs, which was a great natural fort and barrier.

"After fighting several days and on the night of the 10th of October our forces retreated toward Greenville. Passing through Greenville early that morning, our troops all exhausted from want of sleep and food, the writer actually, while walking and leading his good old mare, 'Bess,' fell asleep and only woke up by stumbling over the railroad track. After passing through Greenville, where we always saw the constant sign, 'A. Johnson, Tailor,' confronting us, our command struck General John W. Foster's (the late secretary of the treasury) brigade in our pathway. In about one hour's time the road was cleared and we went to Rheatown to camp and to feed man and beast, but no sooner had our men camped, some in corn fields gathering corn for horses, than Burnside and Foster were both raining bullets upon us. Then was performed one of the prodigies of the war.

"Our little command resaddled the already worn out beasts, mounted, counted off for battle, the horse holders were sent back and then the men of line formed and received the assault. The enemy wavered and came again, forcing us to retreat to another part of the field, and thus the entire afternoon was consumed until sunset. Did not we pray for sunset? We lost 200 killed, wounded and captured. Secretary Foster will remember this little episode.

"In the East Tennessee campaign of 1863 I now forget the month, I had a peculiar personal experience. Our forces were then camped at the 'Boat Yard' or Kingsport, on the Holston river, and General Garrett, of the Federals, with a full brigade of cavalry was camped east of Rogersville. Two days previous to the occurrence herein I was one of a scouting party sent into the enemy's lines to pick up information. We picked it up for we saw the whole camp of the enemy from an elevated knoll. When we returned with the information, the general then in command, W. E. Jones, decided to attack at once. So we advanced on Rogersville through one of those all night downpours which were peculiar to the South during the war. With us was Lowry's battery of twelve pounder Napoleons.

"These were dragged over a mountain and across Clinch river and through nearly twenty-seven miles of mud and rain. At daybreak the pickets of the enemy were captured, and in short order our entire force galloped to the point of the enemy's encampment, and only about six shots from their Napoleon guns and a little musketry were exchanged when they were surrounded and in half an hour surrendered. This was a bloodless fight, no one being killed on either side. Clearly do I see gallant Major Parker there commanding my regiment, say to Tom Barrett, my captain, 'Captain, take that battery.' It was taken. Amongst the troops captured was the greater part of the Seventh Ohio cavalry. One man amongst them was the classmate, school friend and companion of my boyhood. Here we were in opposing armies. That night I hunted up Sam Sweeny and took him to my mess quarters, and gave him the best I had and such talk and companionship no one but a soldier can feel or understand. How we wished the war was over so that we could go home in honor. The next day I gave Sam a suit of Confederate clothes, the best I could gather from my own wardrobe and others, and gave him all the flour, bacon and tobacco he and his friends wanted. All of our men did the same to others.

"The next day our regiment was detailed to escort the prisoners to Bristol. All that day along the route more Federal soldiers rode horseback than our own men, for we freely [illegible] every one ride who wanted to do so. Sam rode Bess all the way, as he was sick. I tried to get him paroled then, but could not. Not a prisoner desired to escape from us, and when the Fourth Kentucky delivered them over to others at Bristol three loud, spontaneous cheers were given the old Fourth Kentucky cavalry for their kind treatment, and the Ohioans vowed revenge in the same way should we ever fall into their hands. Poor Sam Sweeney died in Libby prison.

"I could keep on with such little episodes. Every private soldier on either side of the great struggle can tell more than I have related. In fact, it was one continuous history of personal encounters and reminiscenses. Let us hope that the country will be always united. One flag, one government and perpetual [illegible] the aspiration of every American heart whether native or naturalized."

ADRIFT ON A PLANK.

lights and I can make myself heard by the soldiers on shore, who will hurry to my rescue.'

"Cheered by this hope he rushed on into darkness. But lo! There is a light. It is on the Arkansas shore and a great way off. 'Now,' thinks the colonel, 'but a little while and I shall be on land. They will hear my cries and come to me. And whether friends or foes I shall go to them—go anywhere rather than remain in this cramped and perilous position.' The light has disappeared and now reappears much nearer than before. Radiant with hope he speeds along with wind and current. He thinks of home and the loved ones there, whom he had left only two days before to rejoin his regiment after a few days' leave of absence won by fifteen months' hard service at the front. O! that home. O! those loved ones. He would soon be on shore and, even if a prisoner, he could communicate with them. They should know that he was safe and sound and this would gladden their hearts. But there are lights eighty rods ahead. Only there are no moving figures there. The lights are distant and shine out from houses. There seems to be no one astir, and he is far from shore. Anyhow, he will shout for aid, and a long, loud cry rings out over the waters. But it awakens no answer. Again and again he shouts, but all is silent. The lights recede. Again he plunges into darkness.

"A half hour, an hour passes, yet there is no light. Onward he dashes into deeper gloom. The clouds have grown thicker and blacker. The wind has risen higher. It has grown colder. Sitting in a cramped position the colonel has become benumbed. Still he hopes on. There must be succor. Any fate rather than perish here alone in this wilderness of waters and in the depth of night. 'It must be,' soliloquizes the colonel, 'that there are steamers in the river and some one of them will pick me up. But am I sure? Might not the coming of a steamer endanger rather than help my rescue. I might be run down in the darkness and drowned. No, I will not think of it. Ah! there is a light. This time it is on the Tennessee shore. It is a long distance off. It is out from the bank. Can this be Fort Pillow? I dare not hope. It shines among the trees. No; it is not the fort, not even a house. Most likely it is a scouting party encamped for the night, or maybe a party of hunters. At all events I shall try to make myself heard.' All the time the light draws nearer. Now he is well onto it and shouts with might and main. But there is no answer.

"Raising himself the best he can the colonel gives one long, loud despairing wail, but its echo is the only reply. O! sad fate; is there no hope? Already the light is far in the distance and grows dim. It flickers and fades out and all is gloom again. Onward he goes with the current. His fate is fixed, whatever it may be. He can only cling to his lodgment and hope for the best. He knows not what hour it is, but thinks the night far spent. Will his strength hold out till morning comes and relief? Doubt-

air and the general desolation of the situation my mind naturally drifted back to the spacious and comfortable farm house I had left but a year before, and for the first and only time in the army my boasted patriotism and high courage slowly oozed away, and to Comrade Boggess, whom I was 'spooning' to get warm, I said: 'Say, Frank, if I were at home to-night and father would give me as good a place to sleep as my dog has, I'd stay there and the Union might go to the devil.' With his peculiar quiet chuckle, Corporal Frank simply said: 'Never mind; it might be worse; we'll probably get warmed up to-morrow.' And we did. In the first gray of the morning 'Old Sorrel Top' had us up and off. Over the mountains we went, and at sunrise surprised the rangers right at the big bend of the river, killing a number, wounding others and capturing a few prisoners.

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"During that summer our base of supplies was Ravenswood, on the Ohio river, sixty miles away. Up to that time every wagon train, courier and expedition between these points had been attacked by the enemy. Losses had not been great in either life or property, yet no one could guess the result of the next attack. Another supply train was to leave Roane Court House for Ravenswood on the 4th of July, and with it was to be sent a squad of prisoners on their way to the military prison at Camp Chase. [illegible] among them several Confederate [illegible] and my friend Morgan. I was detailed [illegible] the guard to accompany the [illegible]

[illegible]

river, at Second and Walnut streets, stood a tall flagstaff from which waved defiantly in the breeze a magnificent rebel flag, while twenty-five or thirty smaller ones fluttered more or less audaciously from housetops and windows in different portions of the city. At this time only two Union flags were openly displayed in the whole place—one over the McGee hotel at Sixteenth and Grand avenue, and one whose tattered relics still adhered to a pole that had been raised on Fourth street between Main and Walnut streets by some patriotic and dauntless Germans and other citizens a few weeks before. The halliards jammed in the pulley and refused to lower the flag, which remained at half mast until it whipped itself to shreds in the wind.

"At the same time a company of Southern men, armed with guns and accoutrements stolen from the United States arsenal at Liberty, were daily or nightly drilling on our streets. A quantity of United States freight was also taken by them from the warehouse of Alexander Majors in the West bottoms, near the foot of Santa Fe street.

"The result of all this was that more buildings were vacated, more families removed to more peaceable localities, and the town became still more shabby and dilapidated. Even the newspapers ceased publication, like the Journal and the Free State Republican, while others, like the Post, removed its office to Wyandotte, Kas.

"These were the darkest days Kansas City ever knew, and its population was reduced from about 7,000 to less than 4,000 by May 30, 1861. Decoration day [illegible] unknown, but if it had [illegible] than the dog fennel and jimson weeds, which literally filled the streets and open grounds, and scarcely a person with heart to decorate the moldering and decaying remnants of the city which had [illegible] hope and pride but a few months before.

"Notwithstanding these discouraging conditions, there were a few loyal and determined men left whose courage never weakened, but who at the proper time took affairs into their own hands and wisely and firmly guided them aright, and without bloodshed or undue violence brought order out of chaos, elevated the stars and stripes to their rightful position and finally, after the war, were foremost in laying the firm foundations on which her present prosperity rests. Unfortunately all this could not be accomplished without giving due and ever binding [illegible] for the mournful ceremonies [illegible]

ADMIRED HIS BRAVERY.

Here are some interesting war incidents related by Mr. C. J. Bower, a brave soldier who wore the gray, and now an honored citizen [illegible] City.

"I, [illegible] enthusiasm, martial vigor and [illegible] glory, with about 1,100 others, [illegible] to fight for the Confederacy [illegible] the outbreak of the war. Of [illegible] number 90 per cent were under 21 years of age. I was [illegible] The Fourth Kentucky cavalry regiment, to which I belonged had many splendid [illegible] reaching from the Potomac almost to the gulf, covering the states of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, West Virginia, North Carolina, Alabama and Georgia. As that day, nearly forty [illegible]

[illegible]

up for we saw the whole camp of the enemy from an elevated knoll. When we returned with the information, the general then in command, W. E. Jones, decided to attack at once. So we advanced on Rogersville through one of those all night downpours which were peculiar to the South during the war. With us was Lowry's battery of twelve pounder Napoleons.

"These were dragged over a mountain and across Clinch river and through nearly twenty-seven miles of mud and rain. At daybreak the pickets of the enemy were captured, and in short order our entire force galloped to the point of the enemy's encampment, and only about six shots from their Napoleon guns and a little musketry were exchanged when they were surrounded and in half an hour surrendered. This was a bloodless fight, no one being killed on either side. Clearly do I see gallant Major Parker there commanding my regiment, say to Tom Barret, my captain, 'Captain, take that battery.' It was taken. Amongst the troops captured was the greater part of the Seventh Ohio cavalry. One man amongst them was the classmate, school friend and companion of my boyhood. Here we were in opposing armies. That night I hunted up Sam Sweeny and took him to my mess quarters, and gave him the best I had, and such talk and companionship no one but a soldier can feel or understand. How we wished the war was over so that we could go home in honor. The next day I gave Sam a suit of Confederate clothes, the best I could gather from my own wardrobe and others, and gave him all the flour, bacon and tobacco he and his friends wanted. All of our men did the same to others.

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ADRIFT ON A PLANK.

The following war incident has never been published [illegible] teaches a valuable lesson in courage [illegible] by Major Ross Guffin:

"Late in December, 1863, the steamboat Eugene, [illegible] on the Mississippi river, southward bound and heavily laden, ran afoul of a snag at a point a few miles above Osceola, Ark., about 11 o'clock at night. Her machinery [illegible] disabled, the [illegible] sank [illegible] and [illegible] to the bottom, [illegible] leaving the hurricane deck. The [illegible] cabin passengers, [illegible]

[illegible]

darkness. But lo! There is a light. It is on the Arkansas shore and a great way off. 'Now,' thinks the colonel, 'but a little while and I shall be on land. They will hear my cries and come to me. And whether friends or foes I shall go to them—go anywhere rather than remain in this cramped and perilous position.' The light has disappeared and now reappears much nearer than before. Radiant with hope he speeds along with wind and current. He thinks of home and the loved ones there, whom he had recently [illegible] two days before [illegible] a few days' leave of absence from his fifteen months' hard service at the front. O! home. O! those loved ones. He would soon be on shore and, even if a prisoner, he could communicate with them. They should know that he was safe and sound and this would gladden their hearts. But, there are lights eighty rods ahead. Only there are no moving figures there. The lights are distant and shine out from houses. There seems to be no one astir, and he is far from shore. Anyhow, he will shout for aid, and a long, loud cry rings out over the waters. But it awakens no answer. Again and again he shouts, but all is silent. The lights recede. Again he plunges into darkness.

"A half hour, an hour passes, yet there is no light. Onward he dashes into deeper gloom. The clouds have grown thicker and blacker. The wind has risen higher. It has grown colder. Sitting in a cramped position the colonel has become benumbed. Still he hopes on. There must be succor. Any fate rather than perish here alone in this wilderness of waters and in the depth of night. 'It must be,' soliloquizes the colonel, 'that there are steamers in the river and some one of them will pick me up. But am I sure? Might not the coming of a steamer endanger rather than help my rescue. I might be run down in the darkness and drowned. No, I will not think of it. Ah! there is a light. This time it is on the Tennessee shore. It is a long distance off, is out from the bank. Can this be Fort Pillow? I dare not hope. It shines among the trees. No; it is not the fort, nor even a house. Most likely it is a scouting party encamped for the night, or maybe a party of hunters. At all events I shall try to make myself heard.' All the time the light draws nearer. Now he is well onto it and shouts with might and main. But there is no answer.

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[illegible]