Lord Wolseley Finds One Worthy Type Among the Generals of Our War.

HE WAS N. B. FORREST. Never Saw West Point, but flis

Methods Satisfy Students.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

It is a remarkable fact that, in the Secession War of 1861-5, almost all the bestknown Generals of both contending armies had been educated at the West Point Military Academy. Those who desire to emphasize the necessity of close military study for all ambitious soldiers often point to this fact in support of their contention. During the progress of that prolonged war a few civilians, however, were given high military rank. Some obtained it through per-sonal influence, but still more through party interest, and a few by the gallantry and natural military ability they had displayed in battle.

But none of these political Generals are known to fame, and though one lawyer Gen eral from the North became for the time notorious, the names of very few among them will be remembered in history. Of that few one of the most remarkable was General Forrest, a great organizer and leader of what used to be known in Europ as dragoons, but now called mounted rifle or mounted infantry, though still spoken of and written about as cavalry in the United States of America. When any English writer refers to General Sheridan's men a "mounted infantry," a host of gallant American cavalry officers spring up to defend the title by which his command was, and still is, universally known in America. They seem to regard the designation of 'mounted infantry" as derogatory, and as doing some injustice to the gallant soldiers who followed that able infantry soldier, General Sheridan.

A Soldier's Opinion of Himself.

In all epochs the horse have very natural ly thought themselves superior to the foot. A name has often much to do with the fighting value of soldiers; and if a man is proud of the official designation given to his arm of the service no one but an idiot who had to get hard work out of that arm would use any other, no matter how technically wrong such a title might be. You cannot make the cavalry soldier or the mounted soldier, whatever may be his functions in war, think too highly of himself. His training teaches him that he belongs, as it were, to the aristocracy of the army, and that his work, always in the tront, is the most im-portant, and places him in a position far above that of what the Indian sowar terms

mounted troops were justly the popular heroes of the day. I can only remember the refrain, which ran thus: "If you want to smell hell, just jine the cavalry—jine the cavalre" UNTAUGHT FIGHTERS. cavalry!" In deference to this prejudice on the part of many gallant American soldiers, for whose deeds and valor I entertain the greatwhose deeds and valor I entertain the great-est admiration, I shall, in the course of the following article, usually refer to their mounted troops as cavalry. But it is essen-tial that others should understand it was in reality what we now term mounted infantry, and what was in the seventeenth century, and what was in the seventeenth century, and early in the eighteenth, known as dragoons. In those far-off days, all regular armies were officially described as consisting of horse, foot and dragoons. The latter were armed as infantry, with long musicets and bayonets, the former carried in a sort of Namaqua bucket like that now used by our mounted infantry They Did Not Une the Saber,

They Did Not Une the Saber.

 NATURE WAS HIS INSTRUCTOR.
 They Did Not Une the Saber.

 A Slave Dealer, Frontiersman and Master of the Bowie Knife.
 The generals in the Secession war have taught us that, although a country may be entirely unsuited for purely cavalry operations, and where the shock of charging masses of horsemen is a physical impossibility, still, mounted troops are more valuable thas the mounted troops of both North and South were—that their great mission is to fight on foot. In a letter written a few

to fight on foot. In a letter written a few years after the end of this war, the cavalry



eneral, S. D. Lee, says: "Nearly all the avaly used by the Confederate States, and, in fact, by both sides, was nothing more than mounted riflemen. The saber was done mounted riflemen. The saber was done away with by the Confederate States' cavalry pretty well, and rarely used in action by either party." And again: "In every in-stance under my observation the revolvers replaced the saber," etc. One of the most distinguished cavalry leaders in that war, Major General T. L. Rosser, in a letter of about the same date, writes: "Neither the Yankees nor Confederates employed cavalry in the late war, it was all mounted rifles." After these expressions of opinion from

General N. B. Forrest.

After these expressions of opinion from well-known American calvary leaders I hope I may be forgiven if I say that in neither of the contending armies was there ever a brigade or division that would have been brigade or division that would have been regarded as regular cavalry in Europe. The cavalry made use of by both belligerents did splendid service and had a role of its own, but that was not the role of regular cavalry.

## Forrest Early Dearned to Fight.

General Forrest was born in 1821 of very humble parents. He was, therefore, just 40 when he first donned the soldier's garb as a private in the Tennessee Mounted Riflês. In the wild borderland of civilization, where he had been reared, he had, however, been accustomed to the use of arms from above that of what the indian sowar terms the "Peidal Wallah." This feeling was given full vent to in a cavalry song of the period when Forrest, Fitzhugh Lee, Mor-gan, Sheridan, Stewart and other leaders of armed with pistol and bowie knife. Many in him; its objects must necessarily be evident to most men, but the ways and methods by which those objects could and should be secured came of themselves into the untaught brain of this fearless soldier, this General by intuition.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

this General by intuition. His favorite maxim was: "War means fighting, and fighting means killing." Hence it was his track was usually marked with blood, and the dead bodies of his enemies were the records he left of fierce charges down roads and of Federal camps or bivonace taken by surprise. It may be asserted without contradiction that no man on either side killed so many adversaries with his own hand as he did during that long war.

were the wounds Forrest received, and many were the hairbreadth escapes in the personal encounters he had to engage in as a young man. "Lynch law" was often re-sorted to by the community in which he lived, and in the rule and reckless society of his early surroundings, the first lesson he learned was that of self-preservation, and personal defense of one's own property with steel and bullet was the first great and most important law of nature." The father died when the future general was a boy of only 16. The eldest son of 11 ohidren, upon him them devolved the care and maintenance of his mother and his many brothers and sisters. They lived on a little, rented farm, lately cleared from the wilderness, and it was only by the hardest manual labor he was at first able to provide with food those who ware dependent upon him. The locality was unhealthy, and fever carried off several of the family, and very hearly killed him also. But his naturally robust constitution enabled him to pull through, though it was several months be-fore he fully regained his wonted strength. Mis education was most meager, and what he learned as a boy was picked up at odd times from casual schoolmasters. He could just read and write and do some very simple sums in arithmetic. Indeed, it may be as-sumed that during all his career as general his orders and dispatches were written for him by the educated men he collected round his y the officer. Benty of Adventure in His Career. Forrest's first real fight did not come of until the last week of 1861. Up to that time he had practiced his men in long marches and accustomed them to life in the marches and accustomed them to life in the open air during cold and very trying weather. He thus tempered and hardened his young volunteers to the hardships and rough life of a soldier in the field, and he had time to shake down himself into the, to him, novel position of commanding officer. On the 28th of December, 1861, Forrest had marched his regiment, then 300 strong, about 20 miles over execrable roads, either deep with mud or rendered barely passable from frost. In the neighborhood of Rumsey, Ky., he came upon a fresh trail of the enemy, who he learned from the inhabitants were about 450 in number. A gallop of ten miles brought him into contact with the Federal rear guard near the village of Sacramento.

acramento.

### He Charged With Half His Men.

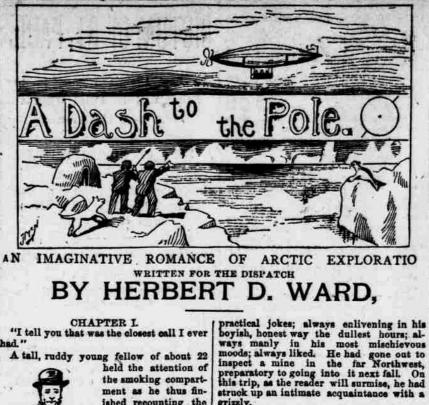
him by the educated men he collected round him as staff officers. Plenty of Adventure in His Career. His many adventures with pistol and bowie knife on shore and of boller explo-sions on the Mississippi river would alone form an interesting article. But I must hurry on to his military career, which be-gan at the opening of the secession war in the summer of 1861. He was in the prime of life and where areat in forme, and over He Charged With Half His Men. Not more than half of his men had been able to keep pace with him, but with them he charged down the road and drove in the rear guard upon the main body. He ordered his men to fall back, in the hope of drawing the enemy after him, and in this way of bringing them neaser to the remainder of his regiment, the men of which kept drop-ping in by fives and sizes. In this he suc-ceeded. Dismounting about half his men, he directed them to fall upon the enemy's flank, while with the remainder on horse-back he bore down along the road upon his center. The rifle fire in flank from these dismounted detachments was too much for the Federal cavalry, who, in spite of their officers' gallant efforts to make them stand, broke and bolted to the rear. Many were the hand-to-hand encounters and hair-breadth escopes of the Southern\_leader that day, but his loss was small, while the Fed-erals suffered very severely. the summer of 1861. He was in the prime of life and vigor, erect in figure, and over rix feet in height, with broad chest and shoulders. He required good horses to carry him, for he already weighed over 13 stone. Like many of the American officers of that time, he allowed his dark, straight hair to grow long and wore it combed back from his forshead; but, while he shaved his chesks no record seven touched bis line or from his forshead; but, while he shaved his cheeks, no major ever touched his lips or ohin. Several prominent Confederate officers affected the style and bearing of their cavalier forefathers, and seemed especially to despise the roundhead "crop" of the regular same. Their broad-brimmed, wide-awake hats, often adorned with a long, graceful ostrich feather, leut additional coloring to the resemblance. Successful as a farmer, he afterward took

Successful as a farmer, he afterward took to horse dealing. An excellent judge of that noble animal, he was very fortunate at this business. By thrifty management of his gains, he was soon able to embark in the still more soon able to embark in day, but his loss was small, while the Fed-orals suffered very severely. It was not mo much the defeat of the en-emy he rejoiced at as the confidence this in-significant success gave his men in their own strength and prowess. His second in command, Colonel Kelly, who before the war had been a clergyman—or, in Southern the still more remunerative but most de-testable occupation of slave dealing. Even among the planters who used the services language, "a preacher"-was as gallant a soldier under fire as ever smelled powder in any war. In a note written soon after this action, Kelly refers to his leader in the fol-

among the planters who used the services of those who bought and sold their fellow-man, those engaged in this nefarious traffic were held in very general contempt. By all who then knew Forrest, however, he was regarded as a humane man. Early in July the Governor of Tennessee sent for Forrest and gave him a commission to raise a regiment of volunteer cavalry. Before many months had passed a whole battery of eight companies of mounted men had been enlisted, equipped, and duly armed, and they elected Forrest to be their Lieutenant Colonel. For the first 18 months of the war the officers in all the Confederate regiments were elected by the lowing terms: "It was the first time I had ever seen the Colonel in the face of the enemy, and when he rode up to me in the thick of the action he rode up to me in the thick of the action I could scarcely believe him to be the man I had known for several months. His face flushed till it bore a striking resemblance to a painted Indian warrior's, and his eyes, usually mild in their expression, were blaz-ing with the intense glare of a panther's pringing mean its year. In fact he looked springing upon its prey. In fact, he looked as little like the Forrest of our mess table as the storm of December resembles the quiet of June." Confederate regiments were elected by the men, a system which led to such extremely bad results that it had to be altered to one of selection by the Secretary of War upon the recommendation of the general officers commanding in the field.

quiet of June." Although I cannot pretend to follow this great leader of mounted troops through his many hard-fought battles, I have dwelt upon this, his first engagement, because it fairly illustrates his mode of fighting upon all occasions. GARNET JOSEPH WOLSELEY. —The canal is an ancient institution. It coexists with the remotest periods of hu-

The Learning of the Unicarned; Forrest, the backwoodsman, the farmer, and the slave dealer, knew nothing of "grand strategy," but he was at once a shrewd, able man of business, and at the same time thoroughly acquainted with the common-sense tactics of the hunter and the Western pioneer. But if his operations be carefully examined by the most pedantic military critic, they will seem as it designed poexists with the remotest periods of hu-man history, since the primitive man disman history, since the primitive man dis-covered the value of an artificial waterway across a peninsula, or from one remote stream to the navigable waters of another. Historians allude to these artificial channels as existing in Egypt and elsewhere in the far-away centuries preceding the Christian by a military professor, so thoroughly are the principles of factics, when broadly inter-preted by a liberal understanding, in accordance with common sense and business principles. The art of war was an instinct



1892

the smoking compartment as he thus finished recounting the grizzly. greatest experience of his life. He looked the West. For three years he had been a clerk in a Kansas City real estate office; had from one to another of his five companion shaking back his blonde locks and awaiting the applause

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SUNDAY APRIL 3.

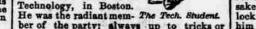
The Inventor. heighth. He had straight hair, barely inclined to crispness, and dark eyes, with a look common enough in the West, but rare in the East, of con-centrated, well-reined daring. He was of

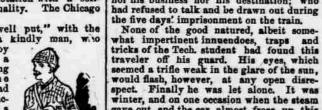
the stock of men who have made the Great the stock of men who have made the Great West what it is to-day. "Talking about sport," interrupted the elder member of the party, "I remember when partridges used to be shot where Lin-coln Park is to-day." "What a change is that, my countrymen!" ejaculated the ruddy young gentleman. He delivered this stock quotation with a self-satisfied air of of originality. The Chicago merchant said:

indulgent smile of a kindly man, who would not make a boy

uncomfortable for a trifle. In that smoking compariment of the sleeper the party had become very well ac-quainted-that is, in a

checked suit and traveling cap to match, was





more in the Institute of Technology, in Boston. He was the radiant mem- The Tech. Student.

31 **1** 

"Who is he ?" asked the real estate man differently. "It's that Nansen, Mr. Hardy. I be-

sledges of Markham, higher than Nares, backed by a million of pounds. Did it pay? Where is the gallant Lookwood?" More and more excited, he would have re-sumed his eager argument had not the stranger laid his hand upon the young man's knee, and bade him stop. "I ennot suffer you to go on," he said with trembling voice. "You touch my own experience, my own life. The North Pole has not yet been reached, because God has so willed it. But has not all knowledge her immerative claim upon naltry human life? lieve he has done up Greenland before." "You never can tell," said Royal Sterne. "He might immortalize himself by going up a little higher than anybody else before

"He can't !" interrupted a gruff, decisive voice. They all turned with surprise toward the speaker. It was the first exhibition of

the speaker. It was the first exhibition of interest the silent traveler had shown since they left San Francisco. "Well, why not?" asked Royal, with a wink at the tutor, as if to say: "At last, we've brought him out." "Because he will first starve and then freeze to death. He must have a chain of depots in his rear." The stranger spoke so authoritatively that the student was si-lenced.

"You are right," said the tutor, with a halt sigh. "He can't. The North Pole is an absolute impossibility. Only fools try

it." The millionaire, the inventor, Jack Hardy and Royal Sterne nodded approval, as if they considered the subject disposed of. But the silent man. flushed, as if he had been struck, caught his breath hur-riedly, and then replied with obvious restraint:

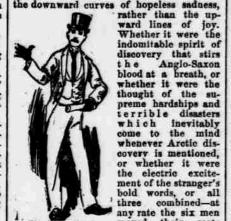
"I beg to differ from you. Nansen can't. But the North Pole is possible. It only needs to be reached at intelligently. If Stanley can traverse Equatorial Africa, somebody can get to the North Pole. It requires faith, endurance and gumption, but I believe it will be accomplianed before the end of this century—and by an Ameri-can." Jack Hardy was a representative scion of

"Bravo!" cried the inventor. "Let me inment. troduce myself to you formally. I am Professor Wilder. Here's my card and my und."

"Spoken like a patriot!" said the Chicago merchant, smiling at the silent traveler. "And Chicago cught to fit out a party that would do it."

The unapproachable stranger had thawed out. He took the inventor's outstretched hand cordially, and smiled upon the rest of the party for the first time. It was noticeable that his smile showed

It was noticeable that his since showed the downward curves of hopeless sadness, rather than the up-ward lines of joy. Whether it were the



three combined-at any rate the six men moved their seats Agent. closer together. "Well," said Mr. Frederick Ball, the tutor, "I do not like to differ from you, sir," bowing politely to the stranger, "for sir." bowing politely to the stranger, "for you seem to know all about these things. But I have read a little on Arctic discov-ery, and have noticed that from Cabot to McClintock there have been no less than 130 Polar expeditions, not one of which has attained to within 300 miles of the North Pole. Millions of dollars have been spent to reach it! Hun-ereds of lives have been starved and frozen out. Think of Franklin and the utter an-nibilation of his expedition! Remember

out. Inflation of his expedition! Remember ithe best equipped party that ever left our shore! Remember the Jeanette! Think of the fruitless reliefs! Call to mind the

It for the sixth time. The rest puffed gloomily at their cigars. "Here's another fool !" he said contempt-uously. "Here's a Norwegian idiot who is going to tramp it across Greenland to the North Pole. I, for one, am dead tired of relief expeditions. His triends, for the sake of sympathizing humanity, ought to lock him up in an insame asylum and keep him there !" Greely expedition!" At this point the stranger's eyes flashed. His teeth bit nervously into his cigar, and his hands clinched each other powerfully.

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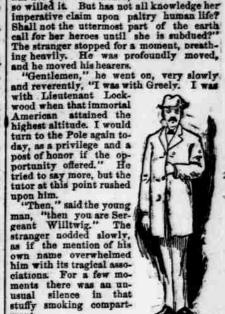
Carpets,

Lounges,

Lace Curtains,

Cabinets.

923, 925, 927



17

"If you went again," The Sergeand, said the tutor solemnly, "you would lose your own life." "Perhaps!" answered Sergeant Willtwig, with a superb shrug. "What's that? The next time I should find the Pole."

"Well, how?" asked the practical mer-chant, joining for the first time in the dis-

"Depots must be advanced from Franz Joseph Land," answered the Sergeant. "The preparation before the final dash might take five years. The getting to the Pole is not the difficult thing. It is the get-

ing back!" "That's too long," said Royal Sterne with the careless confidence of youth. "I'd do it by balloon; not depots!" He looks around as is he had given vent to an origi-

nal idea. At this word, Prof. Wilder, the inventor. gave a sharp start. It was so noticeable that Mr. Vanderlyn looked at him inquir

ingly. "The balloon," answered the Arctic trav-eler quietly, "is not the means of access to the Pole."

"Sat on!" whispered Jack Hardy to Roval

"But isn't it possible by airship?" asked

the inventor quietly. To the surprise of all the Sergeant did not immediately annihilate the inventor. For a moment he sat immersed in thought.

"If the airship were built," said Royal Sterne, shaking his curly head with irre-sistible confidence, "I'd start in it to the Pole as quick as a wink-diploma or no diploma. My guardian wouldn't care a rap." This was said off hand, and the others seemed to take up the idea to kill

time.

"By gracious! I would go for the adver-tisement to the new firm," said Jack Hardy laughing. "I would go for the love of science,"

said the tutor slowly. "It really has been the dream of my life that some time or other I should see the North Pole reached." "For the glory of Chicago and science l would pay for the trip for the rest of you, said the merchant. half laughing.

During the conversation the inventor sat back in his seat, gasping for breath, silent. No one noticed him

"Well," said Sergeant Willtwig gravely, "What was obtained?" proceeded the tutor, growing more eager. "A paltry 83° and 24 seconds—the highest latitude trod by man, it is true; four minutes higher than the

merchant said: "Very neat! Very well put," with the winter, and on one occasion when the steam gave out, and the car almost froze up, this man became radiant. He had evidently suffered from the closeness of the car, and this arotic atmosphere affected him like a bottle of champagne. No one had learned his name or his business. The train was due in Chicago now and was two hours late. In despair the young astronomer took up a paper and glanced at it for the sixth time. The rest puffed gloomily at their cigars.

Royal Sterne, a Maine boy, with six months

ber of the party; always up to tricks or | him there !"

cierk in a Manuss City real estate office; had seen fortunes made in a day, and melt away in a week, and was now about to meet in Chicago his future partner, a young fellow like himself in the same line of business. "We shall set up some time in the sum-mer," said Jack Hardy in confidence to Mr. Vanderlyn, a well-known grain millionaire, and one of the most influential and public spirited men in Chicago. "I believe you will succeed, Mr. Hardy," said this good-hearted capitalist with a smile of encouragement, that, coming from such lips, seemed to mean everything to the young man. due to prowess and adventure. "Did vou ever see the bear again?" asked his vis-a-vis, not knowing what else such lips, seemed to mean everything to the young man. "What do you think about the Patagon-ian war cloud?" asked the third young man of this party, Mr. Frederick Ball, a young astronomical tator. "It all seems to lie in the difference be-tween South American"—"Peep! peep!" interrupted Royal Sterne, imitating a young chicken with rare talent, "and North Amer-ican code-a-dodle-doo-col" Sterne thus gayly tossed off the astronomi-cal tutor's sober questions much to the mer-riment of the inventor, who had sat dream-ing talking little, and observing less, dur-ing the whole of the long cross-continent trip. Even the icide of the party smiled— the sixth man, whose name no one knew, nor his business nor his destination; who had refused to talk and be drawn out during to say. This person was of an entirely different type, middle-sized in breadth and

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