

UNTAUGHT FIGHTERS.

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

HE WAS N. B. FORREST.

Never Saw West Point, but His Methods Satisfy Students.

NATURE WAS HIS INSTRUCTOR.

A Slave Dealer, Frontiersman and Master of the Bowie Knife.

FACTS ABOUT THE CAVALRY SERVICE

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

It is a remarkable fact that, in the Secession War of 1861-5, almost all the best-known Generals of both contending armies had been educated at the West Point Military Academy.

But none of these political Generals are known to fame, and though one lawyer General from the North became for a time notorious, the names of very few among them will be remembered in history.

In all epochs the horse have very naturally 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.

mounted troops were justly the popular heroes of the day. I can only remember the words of the poet: "If you want to smell hell, just line the cavalry—the cavalry!"

The general in the Secession war have taught us that, although a country may be entirely untaught for purely cavalry operations, and where the shock of charging masses of horsemen is a physical impossibility, still, mounted troops are more valuable than ever; but they must be men taught as the mounted troops of both North and South were—that their great mission is to fight on foot.



General N. B. Forrest.

General S. D. Lee says: "Nearly all the cavalry used by the Confederate States, and, in fact, by both sides, was nothing more than mounted riflemen. The saber was done away with by the Confederate States cavalry pretty well, and rarely used in action by either party."

Forrest Early Deceived 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 Rifles.

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 resorted to by the community in which he lived, and in the rude and reckless society of his early surroundings, the first lesson he learned was that of self-protection, and personal defense of one's own property with steel and bullet was the first great and most important law of nature.

His father died when the future general was a boy of only 16. The eldest son of 11 children, upon him then devolved the care and maintenance of his mother and his many brothers and sisters. They lived on a little, remote 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 were dependent upon him. The locality was unhealthy, and fever carried off several of the family, and very nearly killed him also.

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 nearer to the remainder of his regiment, the men of which kept dropping in by fives and sixes. In this he succeeded, and he learned from his inhabitants he directed them to fall upon the enemy's flank, while with the remainder on horseback he bore down along the road upon his center.

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.

in him; its objects must necessarily be evident to most men, but the ways and methods by which these objects could and should be secured came of themselves into the untaught brain of this fearless soldier, this General by intuition.

Forrest's first real fight did not come off 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 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.

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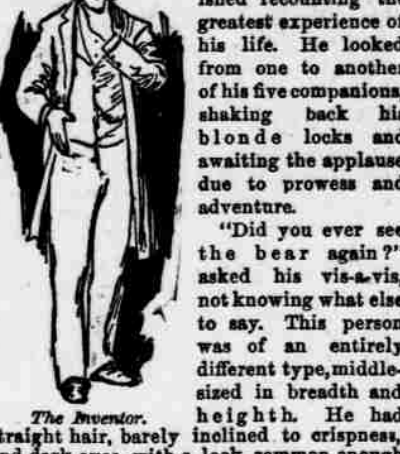
It was some months before he had seen the Colonel in the face of the enemy, and when he rode up to me in the thick of the action I could scarcely believe him to be the man I had known for several months. His face flushed till it bore a striking resemblance to a painted Indian warrior, and his eyes, usually mild in their expression, were blazing with the intense glare of a panther's springing upon its prey.

The canal is an ancient institution. It occupies with the remotest periods of human history, since the primitive man discovered the value of an artificial waterway across a peninsula, or from one remote stream to another.



AN IMAGINATIVE ROMANCE OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION BY HERBERT D. WARD.

CHAPTER I. "I tell you that was the closest call I ever had." A tall, ruddy young fellow of about 22 held the attention of the smoking compartment as he thus finished recounting the greatest experience of his life.



The inventor.

Jack Hardy was a representative son of the West. For three years he had been a clerk in a Kansas City real estate office; had seen fortunes made in a day, and met 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.

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

"He can't!" interrupted a gruff, decisive voice. "They all turned with surprise toward the speaker. It was the first exhibition of interest the silent traveler had shown since they left San Francisco."

"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 the same amount of gumption, but I believe it will be accomplished before the end of this century—and by an American."

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pledges of Markham, higher than Nansen, backed by a million of pounds. Did it pay? Where is the gallant Lookwood?"

"More and more excited, he would have resumed his eager argument had not the stranger said his hand upon the young man's knee, and bade him stop."

"I cannot 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 imperative claim upon palfry human life? Shall not the uttermost part of the earth call for her heroes until she is subdued?"

"The stranger stopped for a moment, breathing heavily. He was profoundly moved, and he moved his hearers. "Gentlemen," he went on, very slowly and earnestly, "I was with Greeley. I was with Lieutenant Lookwood when that immortal American attained the highest altitude. I would turn to the Pole again to-day, as a privilege and a post of honor if the opportunity offered. If I tried to do more, but the tutor at this point rushed upon him."

"The balloon," answered the Arctic traveler quietly, "is not the means of access to the Pole."



The inventor.

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