The Watchman and Southron.

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THE BEATTY CLAN

By ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

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CHAPTER III.

Among the thousands of refugees who, in the early months of 1861, crowded into Kentucky from the mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina there was not one who attracted more attention and cared less for it than Captain Hugh Beatty. The loss of his sons and the fortitude with which he bore his trials were well calculated to stir the sympathy of all who met him, but this soon gave place to an intense admiration for the old man's devotion to the cause of the Union and his readiness to give up all that remained to him for the success of its arms.

At the beginning of the war our recruiting officers were very particular as to the physical qualifications of the volunteers, and all men under 18 and over 45 were regarded as disqualified for military duty. It took us two years to learn that boys of 16 and men of 60 or more might make good soldiers.

Although "a risin of 73," and with grandsons strong enough to fight, there was not at Camp Dick Robinson in January, 1862, a better rifleman than old Hugh Beatty nor a man in the ranks who was capable of rendering better service to the cause that was so dear to his heart. Great, then, was his disappointment when he was told that he could not be enlisted.

At the old man's request I introduced him to General Thomas, and I recall as if I had heard it yesterday, the purport of the conversation between these remarkable men, each of whom represented the best types of the trained southern soldier and the untrained southern mountaineer. At this time General Thomas was about 40, tall, powerfully built, and with a face that showed the kindliest heart and the most masterful intellect. He understood the volunteer soldier as no other officer of prominence did at that time, and so he had no barrier of bayonets to fence him in from the men. He heard their stories without the intervention of red tape, and he made himself accessible to all without permitting familiarity from any. The soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland were looking around for an idol, as soldiers will, and they began by giving this calm, kindly man their confidence, a confidence which gradually deepened into the love of sons for a father, and so it came about that he whose home was childless found an army of boys who, with mingled love and reverence, called him "Pop."

Old Hugh Beatty had no idea of the social distinctions that divide men into classes. He would have been unconstrained in the presence of a king, or if he gave their differences a thought it would be to feel pity for the prince who could not be his own master, and who was so unfortunate as to have been born outside the Cumberland range. There was a dignity about the old mountaineer that commanded respect, nor was there any boorish familiarity in his treatment of others. He shook hands with General Thomas, and sitting down facing that officer he began in his intensely earnest way:

"Gineral Thomas, I'm in a d——d bad scrape, and I've come to see ef so be you can't help me out."

"I shall be glad to aid you, if in my power," said the general.

"Waal, hit is in yer power."

"Please tell me in what way," and the general smiled.

"I come from Batty's crick. 'Tain't called after me. My dad was the man, and he was kilt way back when the Cherokees was in the hills to the south. We uns down our way is purty much all Union, and when we seed that the rebs was 'bleged to conscript us, me and my boys and a lot of neighbors lit out and agreed to foller the no'th star till we uns found the flag and men ready to fight fo' hit."

"That was a noble resolution," said the general.

"We uns had a h—l of a time gittin har. Hit was nigh most four weeks of starvin and marchin and fightin. Three of my five boys and two of my grandsons was kilt, yet we uns didn't never give up, and I'll tell you fo' why, gineral. You see, I was in command. The boys knowed I'd been a sojer 'way back with Ole Hick'ry, and they knowed ef any man in the mountains could fetch 'em through—why, he was a man of just my age and heft."

"And from what I have learned," said the general, "you did your duty like a man."

"Yes, gineral, like a full growed man!"

"Certainly."

"And not like a d——d ole fool, or a babby ez hez to be fed on stuff that don't need no chawin."

"Of course," acquiesced the general.

"Look me over, General Thomas. Look me up one side and down the other, good and hard."

The old man leaped from his chair. He was straight as an Indian, considerably over 6 feet in height, there was no fat on him, and every muscle, as he braced himself for inspection, stood out like wrought steel.

General Thomas obeyed the old man, and his fine eyes lit up with admiration as he said:

"You have been a powerful man in your time, Mr. Beatty."

"In my time?" repeated the old man.

"Yes, when you were younger," laughed the general.

"Gineral Thomas, by G—, I never was a braggin nor a bettin man, and you don't look like ez ef you was any sich yo'self, though I'll allow you'd be a d——d hard man to tackle without outside help, but if so be I can't take any two sojers a-wearin blue in this h'ar camp and down 'em as fast ez they can git up, and without a-shuckin my coat, or you can go out thar and whistle up two officers, and you needn't be 'ticklar to get small sizes, and if I can't put 'em both to wanst on my knee and lather 'em like h—"——

"But, my dear sir," interrupted the astonished general, "I am quite willing to take all this for granted. Now, tell me what I can do for you."

"You are not willin to take all this fo' granted," said the old man, his eyes flashing and his voice trembling with excitement. "I come up h'ar—a refugeein, with sich of my kin and neighbors as is left. I led 'em to the ole flag, and thar was tears in my eyes whin I seed her a-flutterin ag'in the sky, like a angel's wing, but they wasn't the tears of a child or of a weak ole man. When I left the mountains and looked to God and the no'th star to guide me, I wasn't out s'archin for a nuss and a hospital cot. Gineral, I come h'ar to fight fo' the flag and to lay down my life, if she's needed, fo' the Union. Ain't that fa'r and squar', and man to man? Can't you understand hit?"

"I certainly can, my friend, and there is no man who appreciates more fully what the noble mountain men like yourself are doing."

"That's right, gineral!" cried old Hugh, and in his delight he reached out and seized the officer's hand. "Now you know what I'm heah fo'?"

"Yes; to fight for the Union."

"Yes, to fight fo' the Union every day in the week and twice on Sundays, ef need be. To fight fo' the Union from July to eternity, ef so be hit takes that time to git the flag back to whar she hez a right to float fo'evah and fo'evah. Amen!"

"But no one opposes your doing this," urged the general.

"But thar does some one oppose, though!"

"Who?"

"A d——d little cuss ez I could hide in my pocket. They calls him a muster-in officer. I'm d——d sorry I didn't pick him up and spank him good whin he told me I was too ole to fight, and so refused to give me the oath. But I took hit all the same, and I reckon he won't have more oaths in a yeah than I fired into him in five minutes. And then, ef hit hadn't a-been for Colonel Speed Fry—he's a white man, he is—they'd had a guard to drive me out of this camp! That's why I've come, gineral, and let me say thar ain't so many good men a-hankerin fo' a fight that you uns can afford to kick 'em out like a dog whin they does show up."

"Come with me, Hugh Beatty, and I will be your military godfather," said General Thomas, and he shook the old mountaineer's hand and led him to the quarters of the mustering officer, and that night I met the captain disguised in an army overcoat, and he was as proud of his muster in as a West Point cadet is when he gets his first commission.

Through Andrew Johnson, who soon after this became military governor of Tennessee, Hugh Beatty was commissioned a captain, but his knowledge of the mountains was so great that, instead of being assigned to a regular command, he was detailed to act as guide and scout with the brigade which, under Colonel Garfield, began a spring campaign in 1862 against the Confederates, who, under Humphrey Marshall, occupied the mountains along the head waters of the Big Sandy and extending down to Cumberland Gap.

When the Union forces under our General Morgan seized and fortified the gap in the early summer, Captain Beatty applied for and received a month's leave of absence. At this point he was only about 35 miles from his old home, and although that territory was supposed to be inside the enemy's lines the desire to see his wife and "to l'arn how things had gone with the wimmin folk and the chillen ovah on Batty's crick" was too strong to be resisted.

The old scout knew that if he communicated his purpose to any of his friends in General Morgan's army he would be restrained. He still had with him the ragged butternut clothes in which he came through with his kinsmen to our lines, and arraying himself in these, and with an army rifle, he started from the gap and eluded our pickets and those of the enemy, then in some force over in Powell's valley.

It required no ordinary daring for this enterprise. The enemy's scouts and bands of guerrillas, organized to plunder and murder the few remaining Union men, were then ruthlessly raiding the Cumberland plateau. The conduct of Captain Beatty and his friends in fighting their way out of the state had already made them well known and hateful to their opponents in that region. Had the old soldier gone in in uniform and backed by comrades it is doubtful if any of the enemy in the mountains then under the lead of his infamous namesake, Tinker Dave Beatty, would have taken him prisoner, or, if they did so, it would only be to hang him after they had submitted him to insult. But going within the lines in citizen's dress meant that he was a spy and would be treated as such if he fell into the hands of even those regular Confederate organizations who acknowledged what is called "civilized warfare."

In this Captain Beatty may have been rash, but he was not blind to the danger of his position. "I felt right smart safer," he said when telling of the adventure, "than ef I'd had a crowd along. I could always keer fo' one man better'n two, more particklar whin that one man's myself.

"Even befo' the wah," he explained, "the mountains was never crowded with people, but I could always tell whar a light and a welcome could be found on the darkest night." But now even the sparse settlements were abandoned and many of the little log houses, clinging like odd eyries to the mountain side, were deserted.

The rutted trails told of more frequent travel, but except in odd places no corn had been planted, and the potato fields of past days were breast high with weeds.

An awful dread for the fate of his loved ones—he gave no thought to himself—filled the old man's heart as he neared Beatty's creek. He traveled at night, hiding himself by day among the higher rocky peaks, from which his coming frightened the wolf. He saw in the distance men dressed in butternut, but he did not dare to make himself known, fearing that they might be friendly to the south.

About 3 o'clock the third morning after leaving the army at Cumberland Gap the old man reached the site of the stillhouse on the creek, about a half mile below the settlement. The building was gone. He struck a light and looked about him. Charred timbers were all he saw. He grasped his rifle, set hard his teeth and started up the creek. The barking of a dog in the distance gave him a little comfort, for it told there were people left in the old home.

The half moon came over the mountains, revealing the line of log cabins above the bed of the creek, but the store and the mill were gone. They, too, had been given to the torch.

With his heart leaping till it swayed him, the old man turned to his own house. He heard the whining of a dog. Then, with a bark of joy, the animal leaped up and began to lick his hands, and this assured him that his worst fears were groundless.

He hurried on, and he heard the voice of a woman coming from the darkness, where heretofore a light had ever guided his night approach.

"Hugh! My ole man, I—I knowed yer step!"

Weaker than himself, but as brave, she came out in her thin calico dress, and her thin arms were about his neck, and the gray strands of her hair fell on his face with her kisses and her tears.

"They're been raisin h—l h'ar sence you uns left," was what she said when she could get her feelings under control.

He did not need to be told who "they" were. He had seen war. He knew what to expect as to the destruction or appropriation of property by the enemy, but he could not have anticipated the worst.

The old woman led him into the house, but she refused to make a light, fearing that it would attract the attention of "Tinker Dave's men," who were then swarming in the mountains.

She gave him some cornbread to eat, explaining that the enemy had plundered the store and left them only a little meal. And as he munched the hard bread by the fireless hearth the old wife, with no emotion in her voice, for she had her feelings under control again, told him the worst.

Diphtheria, though that was not the name she gave it, appeared on the creek early in the spring, and nearly all the

He struck a light and looked about him.

children and many of the mothers had died for the want of proper treatment. Some of the daughters-in-law had gone back to their folks, but of the 12 houses that 10 months before had been full to overflowing with women and children nine were empty.

In the midst of this plague the enemy appeared to complete the work of destruction and to carry off and spread the disease. The remaining women had buried the dead as best they could up on the hillside, and they tried to plant a little corn, but it was hard work with all the mules and the oxen taken away.

And when she had told him all this and tried to still his groaning by laying her hand on his shoulder and whispering him not to "take on so powahful bad" she went out to summon Andy's widow and the others that were left.

It needs no lurid coloring to intensify this picture. It is better represented by the more than silhouette blackness in which that old man and his wife and the little group of women and children found themselves. The captain told of the death of his boys, and, except for a suppressed sob or the exclamation of the word "God!" forced through the closed, set teeth, there was nothing in the manner of the group buried there in the darkness to tell of the fresh thrusts to hearts already wounded unto death.

And then they told him of their trials, not by way of exciting sympathy or contrasting suffering, but because their hearts were full and till death must remain full of the one subject.

There was no chiding, no complaint, no wishing that one course rather than another had been taken, nor were they sustained at this time by the sublime faith which glorifies martyrdom and renders torture a delight to the religious devotee. Each had acted as he or she thought for the best. The result had not been as they could have wished, and so, like fatalists, they accepted the present without complaint, but it was not in the nature of the race to yield without resisting. They would keep right on, doing the best they could and fearlessly awaiting the end, be that what it might.

Not the least sad feature of the old patriot's visit to his mountain home was the fact that, instead of being able to assist those who so sorely needed it, his presence added to their already serious burdens and helped to decrease the little stock of meal they had on hand.

He could not stay in his own house, but had to hide up the mountain, where the old woman and the others visited him at night. He brought with him a lot of Confederate money, which was very abundant in our army at that time, and this the captain gave his wife, hoping she might find it of some use, as greenbacks had no value in that part of Tennessee at that time.

As it would be cruel to remain where he could not help and where the danger to himself added to the anxiety of his wife and the others, the old captain determined to make his way back to Cumberland Gap before one-half of his 30 days' leave of absence had expired. Heavy of heart though Captain Beatty was, he did not permit his own troubles to blind him to the duty he owed that cause that grew dearer to him in proportion to his sufferings for it.

At this time, August, 1862, Kirby Smith, with a corps, was moving up through east Tennessee for the purpose of co-operating with Bragg, then preparing for his great foraging raid into the blue grass region of Kentucky. One purpose of Smith's campaign was to surprise the Federal garrison at Cumberland Gap. Captain Beatty was less cautious on his return, and so he ran against a courier hastening in the direction of Knoxville. A fight followed, and the Confederate's horse and dispatch bag were the spoils of the Union soldier.

The old captain reached the gap camp in safety, but what effect his information had on that campaign I cannot pretend to say, but certain it is that Kirby Smith neither surprised nor captured the Union troops under Morgan, though he did succeed in running into Kentucky and running out again.

I next met Captain Beatty when, in October of the same year, we were pushing Bragg's raiders back, and they had come to a halt along Chaplain creek, near the village of Perryville. The old scout was temporarily assigned to duty on General Jackson's staff, and he and I slept on one blanket the night before the battle. The old man had stood the fatigue of that torrid and dusty campaign as well as men one-third his age—better indeed than the strongest men in the new levies who had joined us at Louisville, and who were to take their first hard lesson in war on the morrow.

"I tell you," said the captain, "hit always ages me to see we uns a-marchin fo' the north. I come most nigh losin heart durin the past two months when the rebs seemed to have everything purty much nigh thar own way right har in Kaintuck, but now that were a-drivin 'em south, instead of them a-drivin we uns no'th hit's kinder more comfortin."

He had already told me of his visit to Tennessee and how he had met his surviving kinsmen with General Carter and told them the news.

"Once our folks gits into aist Tennessee," he continued, "I'll 'bout give up sojerin and go back and keer for the wimmin and chillen on the crick. Hit won't be long after that till the bottom'll drop outen the hull d—d thing, and then they'll be sorry they ever started hit. And I say, my son, ef so be you could come over and visit me when things is kinder quiet again we uns'll be mighty glad to see you."

There were men at Perryville who had been at Donelson and Shiloh, and who subsequently were engaged in the bloodiest battles in the west, but ask them the hardest fight they were ever in, the fight most trying to the active participants, and they will say without hesitation, "Perryville." The roads were ankle deep in dust, the streams were arid ruts, and the springs and wells had gone dry, so the men and animals suffered intensely for water. Hundreds of soldiers, blue and gray, were killed at Perryville in their efforts to reach the water, and they fell on their faces and drank it, after the tepid little stream had been choked up with the dead.

The enemy fell back the next morning, and we had orders to follow them in the direction of Harrodsburg. I was about to mount my horse near a field hospital that had been erected just back of where General Jim Jackson was killed the day before, when an orderly told me that Dr. White wished to see me.

I hurried back to the clump of trees, where White and his assistants were at work, looking like sanguinary monsters.

"Captain Beatty heard you were near and wanted to see you," said Dr. White, and he pointed to a figure on a stretcher near by.

I drew down a cloth that had been thrown over the face to keep off the flies.

The old man appeared to be asleep, but there was a red splotch and a jagged tear on his breast.

"Captain Beatty, old friend, I am here!" I called.

He made no response. I took his hand, and it struck me that hot morning as being the coldest hand I had ever felt.

I pushed back his hair and touched my lips to his forehead. The bugles sounded the "advance," and I felt as I rode away something of that dead soldier's ceaseless yearning to hurry the old flag back to Tennessee.

THE END.

One Way to Fry Chicken.

Cut up the chicken an hour before cooking and lay it in salt and water. Take it up, wipe and dip it in a batter made of 2 eggs, a little flour, pepper and a little nutmeg. Fry in part lard and part butter. Put the chicken on a hot dish. Pour off the contents of the spider and make a gravy of cream, butter, salt, pepper, thickened with flour wet in a little cold milk. Let it boil up and pour over the chicken.

HUNTING, FORSOOTH!

The Movement In England to Stop the Cruelties of Misnamed "Sportsmen."

The Royal Buckhounds have commenced the season of hunting the tame deer in Windsor park and the adjacent country, although over a year ago the government promised to consider the advisability of abolishing this misnamed sport, and although the queen herself is known to regard it with anything but favor. The Humanitarian league has again taken up the subject, and to Lord Rosebery will shortly be presented a petition in favor of the prohibition not only of tame stag hunting, but of all kinds of so called sport other than fair hunting.

The practices aimed at by the petitioners include pigeon shooting and coursing hares and rabbits within inclosures. The petition is signed by 9,000 humanitarians, headed by George Meredith, the novelist, and the list contains the names of all the best known poets, artists, writers and dreamers, with a good mixture of practical politicians like Timothy Healy and John Burns.—London Letter.

Ninety-six Weds Seventy-four.

The oldest bride and groom in this county are Mr. and Mrs. John Shilling. Mr. Shilling is in his ninety-sixth year, while the bride, Mrs. Ruth Sears, is over 74. They both live on Sugar Loaf mountain, in Grant county, and have known each other for more than 60 years. They courted 54 years before making up their minds. The wedding took place at Zion church, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Randall. Before the ceremony the bride and groom were both baptized and admitted into the church. The wedding was a typical mountain affair, the attendance embracing several hundred friends and relatives, many of whom rode 40 and 50 miles on horseback over the mountains to be present at the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Shilling are as energetic as the average middle aged people of the cities.—Parkersburg (W. Va.) Dispatch.

She Wants Her Leg.

One day last March a Belgian lady fell from her carriage in Brussels and received injuries which necessitated the amputation of her leg. The surgeon who performed the operation, considering the amputated member his property, placed it on exhibition in his anteroom, with an explanatory note, giving the name, age and address of its former possessor. When the lady's husband heard of this, considering such an exhibition improper, he went to the surgeon to get back the leg. The surgeon refused to give it up, but offered to remove the notice. This was not satisfactory, and the matter has become a cause celebre in the courts of Brussels.—Brussels Correspondent.

Espionage at Constantinople.

Strong protests come from both the foreign and native inhabitants of Constantinople against the oppressive policy of espionage recently enforced by the sultan's government, says a correspondent. The minions of the sultan even scent political conspiracy in a garden party or a ball. Sometimes such entertainments are prohibited, and at others insult is added to injury by an order that a representative of the palace be present. The latter step was adopted recently at the annual distribution of prizes at the English high school for girls.

Matchmaking Abroad.

An international matrimonial paper, printed in three languages, is about to make its appearance in Berlin.—Journal of Education.

POKER IN THE CABINET.

A Member of the Same, Who Wasn't Talking About Herbert, Tells Tales.

"Gresham," said a prominent member of the cabinet, vainly searching in his pocket for a nickel with which to pay his fare in the last night car after a pleasant little evening at the White House, and who then gratefully thanked a newspaper correspondent for handing the conductor an extra nickel, "Gresham says that he doesn't play poker for the money there is in it, but I notice that he wins all the chips."

The secretary was lost in thought for a few moments. Finally he shook his head sadly, sighed heavily and continued:

"Secretary Gresham is, in my opinion, the finest poker player in the country. I have seen a great many stiff games in my life, games played by men who had for years made their living at it. And I have seen some pretty desperate chances taken, too, but never have I seen a man so thoroughly at home at a game of poker, so cool and collected at every stage, as our secretary of state. In this opinion I am sure that I would be indorsed by every member of the cabinet. Even the president himself would, I am sure, second my views on this subject, although he thinks he knows a thing or two about the game himself."

"Has the president played the game long?" the newspaper man inquired.

"Oh, no," said the secretary; "I don't believe he ever played the game at all until he went down the river last year and took Gresham and Carlisle with him. When he came back, he didn't talk about anything for months but poker. He hinted one day that if I'd come up in the evening he would give me a few points about the game. I went up. The next morning the president had to send to the bank for money."

"What did the president say when he arose from the game?"

"He simply said that it was easy to see that I'd been taking a few lessons from Gresham, and then he said good night."

"Can all the members of the cabinet play?"

"They can; but, like the man with the dish of crow before him, they don't hanker after it. It's too expensive. The great poker players of the president's official family are the president, secretary of state, Carlisle and Morton. They play for the love of it. Morton is not what one would say in the language of the street an 'out of sight player,' but he is a pretty good all around hand at the game, and then he doesn't have to live on his salary. Carlisle is a shrewd player, but lacks nerve. The president is a great bluffer and seldom stays out. He's the biggest winner of the four, except, of course, Gresham. Gresham seems to win all the time."

"Do they play often?"

"Well, they devote about all their spare time to it. It's become a hobby with the whole of them. I don't want to be understood as insinuating that they play night after night or that very large sums change hands. It's merely a gentleman's game. They like it. It affords them the necessary relaxation after a hard day's work, and it's perfectly proper and correct."

"Does Lamont play poker?"

"Well, as my friend Goldzier would put it, 'Lamont do play a few poker,' but it's not his hobby. Politics is Lamont's hobby."

"How about Herbert?"

"I'm not talking about him." Then he winked the other eye and left the car.—Washington Cor. Rochester Post-Express.

The Snow Flower.

A traveler in Siberia tells us about a wonderful plant found in the northern part of that country, where the ground is perpetually covered with a coating of frost and snow. It is called the snow flower, and the description of its birth and its short life reads like a fairy tale.

He says it shoots out of the frozen soil on the first day of the year and attains a height of 3 feet. On the third day it blooms, remaining open for only 24 hours. Then the stem, the leaves and the flower are converted into snow—in other words, the plant goes back into its original elements.

The leaves are three in number and the flower is star shaped. On the third day, the day the bloom appears, little glistening specks appear on the extremities of the leaves. They are about the size of the head of a pin and are the seeds of the flower.

It is said that some of these seeds were gathered once and taken to St. Petersburg, where they were buried in a bed of snow. The first of the following year the plant burst forth and bloomed, just as it does in Siberia.—Philadelphia Times.

Self Crucifiers.

A remarkable sect has just made its appearance in the Volga province of Samara, in Russia, of which, as far as is known, only women can be members. These sectaries make a point of what they call "self crucifixion." They feed exclusively on grass, herbs and berries, and subject their bodies to all kinds of self imposed tortures. They are opposed to the Russian clergy and to the worship of pictures.—St. Petersburg Letter.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE