

TWO EPOCHS

In the History of Atlanta in the Sixties.

AFTER THE SIEGE AND LATER.

How Sherman Left the Gate City on His March to the Sea, and How The Constitution Found It Rising from Ashes.

Sherman literally wiped Atlanta from the face of the earth!

The burning of Moscow was not more complete than was the destruction of the Gate City.

The day before the burning of the city 5,000 houses lined the streets of the rising metropolis. Rolling mills, foundries, machine shops, cannon and pistol factories, shops where the implements of war were manufactured, hundreds of stores and thousands of dwellings made the place a center of industry and commerce as well as an important military point.

In a few hours all this was blotted out. The federal legions, starting on their march to the sea applied the torch in every quarter of the town. The business center was entirely destroyed with the exception of perhaps a dozen buildings. Thousands of dwellings were swept away by the flames. When the conflagration was over about 400 residences remained standing around a dreary waste of ashes and ruins.

The fire destroyed eleven-twelfths of the city. The fallen walls made it impossible to distinguish the principal streets. Scattered over the town by the carcasses of 3,000 dead animals. The churches had been defaced or partially wrecked. Oakland cemetery showed the traces of vandal invasion. The vaults had been opened by robbers hunting for hidden treasures.

This was about the middle of November, 1864. For weeks the smoke from the ruins was visible for many miles. As late as the following January smoke was seen rising from some of the piles of debris.

If The Constitution had made an effort to start in those days it would not have been able to have found house room.

Nearly four years later when it issued its first number the work of rebuilding the city was progressing rapidly, but the difficulty of securing an office made it necessary for the paper to establish itself in a store-room on Alabama street.

In the four years that had elapsed since Sherman's visit Atlanta had undergone a wonderful transformation.

The Constitution found a town of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. The population embraced many new settlers from the Carolinas, Tennessee, Alabama and the western states. These people were full of enterprise and money was flush. Military rule made little difference. Men had confidence in the future and they went ahead with a rush. Old citizens, like the Markhams, Rawsons, Henlys, Berrys, Bells, Dodds, Scofields, Ormonds, Roots, Clarkes, Colliers, Connollys, Ryans, Norcrosses, Davises and many others erected very substantial brick structures. The National, American and the United States hotels furnished accommodations for travelers, Davis hall was the theater and two variety shows were in full blast every night. Saloons and restaurants kept open all the time and there was no sign of a Sunday law. There were only four railways with a fifth just beginning to take shape.

The streets were in a bad condition. There was no waterworks system and the fire department consisted of volunteer companies.

There was not a rougher looking place on the continent. The constitutional convention could find no better place than the old courthouse for its sessions and the federal court occupied an upper floor of the Brown building on Broad street. The old capitol was then a half finished opera house.

command of the Federal army, his casting of his lot with his native state, the great ability with which he commanded the Army of Northern Virginia and the splendid victories which he won until compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources are matters clearly brought out.

And then the biographer tells the story of General Lee's life after the war and fully illustrates his great ability and success as president of Washington College. He tells of his devotion to duty, his modest humility, simplicity and gentleness, his spirit of self-denial for the good of others, his domestic life and his beautiful Christian character.

With the pen of an eye-witness the author portrays the final sickness, death and funeral obsequies of the great chieftain and tells of the eulogies that were pronounced upon him and how two continents mourned his death.

With the rich material in his possession, much of which has never been available before, it would have been unpardonable if so competent a historian as Dr. Jones had not produced a work of very great importance and interest. This volume is such a book.

General Lee was a model letter-writer, and the letters which form a part of this work will not only charm the reader but throw a flood of light on the life and character of Lee the man. The anecdotes and personal reminiscences are of more than passing value.

Dr. Jones has written of a man among men. His hero is no weak man, but a giant of towering height whose strength was the might of gentleness and self-command. A modest, God-loving gentleman, a firm, staunch patriot and intrepid soldier, a brilliant commander, a magnanimous foe, a thorough scholar, a useful and honorable citizen, Robert Edward Lee's place is at the head of the great men of recorded time.

We cannot have too many biographies of him, we cannot raise too many monuments to him, we cannot see his gentle face too often. Noble, just and generous, tender, strong and loving, he is venerated and loved throughout the world. Any serious work touching upon his life and character must command respect and here we have his life as told by himself through his letters and by his chaplain, "the fighting parson," whom he greatly loved.

brave Jackson would have condescended to make war on a poor helpless old woman. No, he might have smiled, if he didn't laugh outright. It did not require very much bravery for an old woman to perform an act that would only have been regarded as a proof of her sympathy with the Union cause, and could by no possibility hurt either the Confederate general or the Confederate cause. Stonewall Jackson would have been as silly as the old woman herself if he had condescended to resent the act. But in truth, the act was never performed, and the catchy little poem of Whittier is based on a false assumption. Still, the tradition lives and will live, such is the power of song. When President Taft visited Frederick the other day, his automobile was checked for a moment to permit him to gaze with reverence on the spot where the famous deed was done. He can but exclaim with Falstaff, "Oh, how this world is given to lying," and it may be added, to credul-

And yet it was a jolly, public-spirited town. The people pulled together and went deep down into their pockets whenever a good object needed aid.

The Intelligencer, New Era and The Opinion flourished at this time, the latter suspending just before The Constitution appeared.

The summer of 1868 found Atlanta boiling over with business and political activity. The gubernatorial election, lasting four days, had resulted in the triumph of Rufus B. Bullock over John B. Gordon and the legislature, with about thirty negro members in it, was to meet in July. The wrath of the people against the reconstruction laws was at its height and every citizen was busy talking politics.

The trial of the Columbus prisoners by court martial was then going on at the barracks and the newspapers had plenty of other sensational news.

Even at that early day some of our wholesale houses had made a start. A rolling mill was in full blast on Marietta street and various manufacturing enterprises were springing up. The retail trade was brisk, and, although our banking capital was less than five hundred thousand dollars, our merchants were making money and new firms were starting as rapidly as stores could be built for them.

It was an era of high prices. There was work for everybody and nobody shirked it. Farmers, getting about 25 cents a pound for their cotton, made good customers

and it seemed that money was a drug in the market.

It was a rare thing in those times to find an Atlanta business house more than two stories in height and the rents were enormous.

The streets were as crowded day and night as they are now, but this was largely due to the presence of so many federal soldiers. Naturally life and property were not very secure. The courts were just beginning to assert themselves under the shadow of the bayonet and it was several months later before Judge John L. Hopkins came on the bench and began his fearless crusade against the lawless elements.

Atlanta looked in 1868 like a composite city—a mixture of northern, New England, western and frontier architecture.

In the midst of this eruption of progress The Constitution issued its first number and all classes and all parties immediately recognized the fact that a new and a powerful factor in the upbuilding of Atlanta had made its appearance.

From the very first The Constitution took hold of local business interests and the perilous politics of the day with the most startling vigor and boldness and the people gave it an enthusiastic welcome.

The Atlanta that Sherman left; the Atlanta that The Constitution found and the Atlanta of today resemble three widely different cities, but the same indomitable pluck will be found.

Wallace P. Reed.

severe fighting on the Todd's tavern road, where Wickham's cavalry brigade, of which the Second Virginia was a part, engaged in a desperate conflict with a Federal infantry corps and held their position until Longstreet reached Spotsylvania. In this bloody battle Henry D. Yancey, a Lynchburg boy, and a member of Company C, volunteered to carry the regimental flag and was killed. Mr. Whitehead spoke of him as "a gallant lad." The cavalry engagements at Beaver Dam station, in which the Fifth Squadron under Captain Whitehead met and defeated a full regiment of United States regulars was gone into, the battle of Ashland was described and an account given of the battle of Yellow Tavern, in which General J. E. B. Stuart was killed. He next gave an account of the severe cavalry fight at Haw's Shop, in which Companies E and G had a thrilling experience, being forced, in order to prevent capture, to run the gauntlet between two infantry brigades of Federals across an open field, not more than a hundred yards wide. He then took up the battle of Trevilians and showed how Sheridan, while on a raid, the object of which was the destruction of Lynchburg. General Lee's reserve supply depot, was met by Hampton, with a vastly inferior force and defeated. "Thus," said Mr. Whitehead, "Lynchburg was saved, for had not Hampton defeated him at Trevilians, Sheridan would have passed on through Charlottesville, Nelson and Amherst counties, and once his guns were planted on Amherst Heights nothing could have saved the city. Hunter, with a vastly superior force, over three times that of General Early, only awaited the sound of Sheridan's guns to make the attack. Had Sheridan been in position Early would have been powerless."

BRAVE OLD SOLDIERS THE COLLEY FAMILY

Father and Two Sons Who
Fought for South Living at
Advanced Ages.

Last week, in the department devoted to the jeweled cross contest, we published a letter from Mr. Thomas W. Colley, who is now a Commissioner of the Revenue

SHARPSBURG.

Fallacy of the Claim That it Was
a Drawn Battle.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir.—One of your correspondents, C. A. Richardson, who writes such a glowing and beautiful account of the battle of Sharpsburg, Md., September 17, 1862, I think falls into error when he states that General Longstreet fought on the Confederate left.

This writer was a participant in that sanguinary engagement and a member of the third brigade of the old "Stonewall Division," Company E, Thirty-seventh Regiment, Virginia Infantry. It was my understanding then and ever since that Stonewall Jackson commanded the Confederate left on that day, and that he fought and defeated in succession three corps of the enemy, who made repeated desperate efforts to turn our left and try to drive Lee's army back on the Potomac.

He fails, too, to mention the fact that General Lee held the battlefield all the next day unmolested, and that General McClellan sent a flag of truce to General Lee asking leave to bury his dead, which General Lee refused to grant. These are facts I find in my diary kept at the time. And if these statements are true, how can the Federals claim a victory, or even a drawn battle?

I wish to add that I was wounded in the early morning and was in one of the last ambulances to cross the river after daylight the morning of the third day, September 19th.

E. S. BISHOP.
Artesia, N. M., September, 1906.

Hearty at Ninety-One.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir.—I notice you have instituted a friendly rivalry amongst old vets as to who is the oldest and youngest living soldier. I offer the name of an old friend of mine, whom I believe to be one among the oldest, if not the very oldest, now living. I refer to William Cardwell, of Fall Creek, Pittsylvania county. He was born October 15, 1815, and went in the Confederate service in 1863, remaining until the close of the war. He is hale and hearty at present. I saw him a few days ago. He can ride horseback as straight as a young man, and goes about his farm and in the neighborhood, and is in all respects a grand old man.

Yours truly,
W. B. M'NICHOLS.
Witt, Va., October, 1906.

Ninety-One in March.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir.—I have been reading the letters of the old and young Confederates in your valuable paper, and wish to enter my name in the list as the oldest Confederate soldier in the service.

I was born in Richmond March 3, 1815, which makes me ninety-one years old last March. I enlisted in the Thirty-first Battalion, Virginia Cavalry, under Captain William McGruder, and was detailed as expert horseman at Navy Hill, and served under Major Wren at Monroe Park in 1862. I was paroled at Washington, Ga., with Major Maynard, and went from there to Mobile; then to New Orleans, New York, and back to Richmond.

I am now living in this city, and would be glad to see any of my old Confederate friends.

Very truly yours,
JOS. C. (Uncle Joe) HALEY,
1312 North Twentieth Street,
Richmond, Va., October, 1906.

in Washington county, and who was a member of Company D, First Virginia Cavalry. A part of the letter read as follows:

"My father, C. M. Colley, who was born on the 12th day of November, 1813, is yet living. He was wagon-master of the Forty-fifth Virginia Infantry, under General John B. Floyd, in the State Line service, until it was taken from the State service and mustered into the regular Confederate service. From that time until the end of the war he was purchasing agent for the Confederate government. He bought horses and mules in Southwest Virginia and East Tennessee, and had some thrilling adventures in Tennessee among the "truly loyal," dodging the "bushwhackers," etc.

"I was born on the 30th day of November, 1837, and volunteered on the 7th day of April, 1861, in the Washington Mounted Rifles, under Captain W. E. Jones, afterwards General W. E. Jones. We were attached to the First Regiment, Virginia Cavalry, about the 1st of June, 1861, at Winchester, Va. General J. E. B. Stuart, the prince of cavalymen, was our first

colonel. I served with this regiment until I was wounded at Haw's Shop, on the 28th of May, 1864, losing my left foot."

"My brother, W. L. Colley, was born in the year 1839. He entered the service in 1861. He was with my father in the State Line service until the spring of 1862, when he came to Company D, First Virginia Cavalry, and served to the end of the war. He was twice wounded.

"We are all three still in the land of the living."

We to-day present a group picture of this remarkable family of Confederate fighters. The Colleys in the picture are the three Confederate soldiers mentioned above—C. M. Colley, aged 93; Thomas W. Colley, aged 69; W. L. Colley, aged 67; the young man is Fitzhugh Lee Colley, son of Thomas W. Colley, who died a year ago, aged 28, and the little baby in the chair is Robert Lee Colley, son of Fitzhugh and great-grandson of the brave old Confederate soldier, who is now 93 years of age. The little baby died in March last, aged 3 years.

Is there another such Confederate family in the State?

Mr. Daniel T. Colley, of No. 215 South Cherry street, this city, is a son of Thomas W. Colley.

BRIGHT RECORD OF YOUNG SOLDIERS

Editor Times-Dispatch:

Sir.—The reminiscences of a boy, under twelve years of age when the war of 1861 opened up, would hardly have interested the reading public a few years ago, but your jeweled cross contest has called out the most interesting of war stories, and I only venture now on the historic field because I was within the area of actual combat, and saw the "big boys" of the village school I was then attending put on their gray round-

Spry at Eighty-Two.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir.—I have been reading with a great deal of interest the letters from the "old boys" published in The Times-Dispatch in the friendly contest for the jeweled crosses to go to the youngest and oldest Confederate soldiers.

I am eighty-one years old, and if I live to see the 11th day of next June I will be eighty-two, having been born June 11, 1825. I served in the Confederate Army from the 7th of June, 1861, until the surrender of General Lee, on the 9th of April, 1865.

Very truly yours,
ALLEN J. CARTER,
Mt. Carmel Postoffice, Halifax county,
Va., October 2, 1906.

abouts and march out with the flag that was made by the women, damp with their tears, and presented by the old Presbyterian pastor, to be bathed in blood on many a field. Then, later, were of the First Brigade, which was first in the heart of its great commander. No better troops ever marched or fought or fell on any field than those who went from old Augusta, and the village boys, with no slaves to fight for, with only the inspiration of their heredity and the courage of their convictions, proved themselves on the field of battle the peers of the bravest of the brave.

Their teacher and mine went with them as their lieutenant, and later, as captain, commanded to the end with conspicuous courage and phenomenal luck, only to be hurled to his death in a railroad accident twenty-five years later.

There were two men in that company who went away from the village school-house, who became conspicuous for their courage, above even their courageous fellows, each about eighteen years of age, one as sergeant-major of his regiment, and the other as its color-bearer; each

gave his life to the cause for which they fought, the one sleeps in an unmarked grave, the other within the "River of Fire," in the Wilderness. Their names should be carved on the monument to be builded by the county of Augusta to her distinguished Confederate soldiers. None are more worthy than those who died on the field of battle and no less worthy of this honor was their Northern school-teacher captain, loyal to his adopted home. These will not apply for the jeweled Cross of Honor, nor yet the bronzed cross of the camp, for they died on the field of honor,

"Leaving in battle no blot on their name,
Looking proudly to heaven, from the deathbed of fame."



THE COLLEY FAMILY OF WASHINGTON COUNTY.
C. M. Colley (sitting), Thomas W. Colley (to the right, standing), W. L. Colley (standing against tree), Fitzhugh Lee Colley (standing to left), Robert Lee Colley (the baby).

Young, But Steady Fighter.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir.—I feel that I can with all impunity enter my name in the contest for the cross of honor that you so kindly offer for the youngest Confederate soldier.

I served as a regular enlisted soldier from start to finish, actively.

I was born September 3, 1847, near Davis Mills, Va. Enlisted April 27, 1861, at Chestnut Fork, Bedford county, Va., in "Patty Layne Grays," afterwards Company G, Twenty-eighth Virginia Regiment, under Captain A. L. Minter. I served in Hunton's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

My first engagement was the first battle of Bull Run. I continued on through the successes and defeats until I was captured at Gettysburg during Pickett's charge. I was then in prison twelve months. I escaped, however, and was back with my old command August 13, 1864, where I served until the end. I surrendered at Sailor's Creek April 6, 1865; was then in prison two months.

Can any one show a more constant youthful record?

Very truly,
T. G. HUBBARD,
Bedford City, Va.

Among those who might write interestingly was a fourth lieutenant of a Rockingham Company, Tenth Virginia Regiment, Colonel Simeon Gibbons commanding, who entered Harper's Ferry as such on the day that he was sixteen years old, April 16, 1861. The exception in his case was that he was a commissioned officer at sixteen years of age. It is true that the reorganization threw him into the ranks, where he continued in service for a year, until discharged because of serious illness. He later became attached to one of the companies of General R. E. Lee's bodyguard, couriers, etc., and was in it to the finish. An Augusta county boy, who being now introduced, might now make his little speech.

The names of the soldiers referred to above are John J. Sibert, sergeant-major; John Stitzer, color-bearer; Edwin L. Curtis, captain, Company I, Fifth Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade.

The commissioned officer of Tenth Virginia Regiment, "Bridgewater Grays," is Marshall H. Brown, retired conductor B. & O. R. R., now living at Grafton, West Virginia.

E. F. S.
Roanoke, Va., October, 1906.



THE FIRST BATTLE OF MANASSAS

THE SOUTHERN SHRINE IN THE TEMPLE OF FREEDOM.

Dedicated to the United Daughters of the Confederacy in convention assembled at Manassas, Va., Oct. 14, 15, 16, 1908.

DEDICATION.

Advance! we ask no countersign
Our tents unguarded stand
Your passport is the cause you serve
Our best is less than you deserve
Fair "Daughters" of our land.

The martyr soul of civil rights,
Which your fond zeal enshrines,
Revives at sight of hearts so true
And makes it fitting that to you
We should devote these lines.

The soil baptized in patriot blood
Becomes a patriot shrine
The purging tide of war's red strife
The sacrificial flow of life
Is kin to the divine.

Our national escutcheon gleams
Like Aaron's breastplate now;
The tribes are one,
And freedom's lamp
Shines on a reunited camp
While peace renews her vow.

For mark it well that freedom's cause
Is served by free intent,
That titles lost and battles won
Are not the last criterion
Of noble sentiment.

And they who freely give their all
For cherished ideal's sake
May see their banners fouled for aye,
Their veteran armies melt away
With sob of hearts that break.

But freedom's hope will not be lost,
Its light can never wane,
The blood and tears
The long dark years
Shall not have been in vain.

The cause that calls to its defense
The might of faith filled men
That cause tho humbled in the dust
By virtue of its nature must
Transformed live again.

THOS. D. D. CLARK.
MANASSAS, VA.

RICHMOND IN WAR.

A REMINISCENT LETTER FROM THE PEN OF C. W. TAYLEURE.

The Early Stage in Richmond—The Elder Booth and Others—War-Times Incidents.

LONG BRANCH, May 28, 1890.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:
Talking of Richmond with my daughter, who was born in that city, and of heart-softening "old times" passed among its hills, I have become retrospective in mood. May I gratify myself by recording a few of my recollections in your columns?
In 1850 "Tom" Findley, an adventurous young New Yorker, and myself visited Richmond, minded to "go on the stage" if we saw a favorable chance of doing so. "Tom" abandoned the idea when he reached there, and pushing on to our original destination—San Francisco—

achieved the surprising good fortune of escaping a hanging at the hands of the vigilance committee.

I, having friends in Richmond, was mistakenly encouraged to adhere to my purpose. I trust I stand forgiven by those yet alive who suffered from my early efforts. My *debut* was made Monday evening, October 21st, 1850. The playbill ran thus:

MARSHALL THEATRE.

Manager.....Mr. John S. Potter.
Stage Manager.....Mr. J. B. Gilbert.
Machinist.....Mr. Richard Muddie.
Costumer.....Mrs. Horne.
Treasurer.....Mr. R. P. New.
Leaders of Orchestra.
Professor Loebman and Herr Schmidt.

Monday Evening, October 21st,
J. Sheridan Knowles's Beautiful Play,
THE HUSCHBACK.

Master Walter.....Mr. Charles Kemble Mason.
Sir Thomas Clifford.....Charles H. Moorehouse.
Master Wilford.....C. W. Taylor.
(His first appearance on any stage.)
Master Gaylove.....Mr. J. McAtion.
Fathom.....Mr. John Sloan.
Thomas.....Mr. Granville Perkins.
Stephen.....Mr. Reuben Marshall.
Julia.....Mrs. Melinda Jones.
Helen.....Mrs. John Sloan.

Other members of the company not in this cast, or who arrived subsequently, were: Charles Walcott, Thomas Duff (son of the great actress Mary Duff, of whose sister Poet Thomas Moore was enamored and followed to this country), J. H. Allen (who a season or two later married a Richmond girl), Ollier J. Josephs, and W. H. Evans, now known as Bartholomew, a noted pantomimist in Boston. Granville Perkins retired from the stage even earlier than myself, and is now a distinguished landscape painter in Philadelphia.

At the old Marshall Theatre I first met Adelina Patti, then a pretty little black-eyed girl of about ten years, travelling with her mother, Mme. Barilla, and that lady's second husband, Maurice Shakosch. There also I first heard Jenny Lind, and there I first saw the great tragedian, Junius Brutus Booth.

Booth was then a little old man of about fifty. His eyes were large, dark, and dull. The nose thick and unnaturally flat (the result of a blow from a poker), his voice husky, and he was bow-legged. I was excessively disappointed upon learning that the ill-formed and unprepossessing little man in blue swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons, whom I met at a rehearsal, was Edward Kean's rival, the great Booth. By his side stood his son, Edwin Booth, a pale, slender, quiet young man of about twenty, with eyes even then of marvellous power.

I accompanied the elder Booth to Rocketts, where he pointed out a little brick house which he told me was the first American house he had entered after landing at Richmond direct from England. It was at that time an inn, or, as he termed it, "a tavern." 'Twas by reason of this stroll that I knew the manager told an untruth when at night he explained to a crowded audience that the suspicious limp of the famous tragedian was due to his having been hit on the knee by a hawser at Rocketts.

In the course of this memorable season I first met Sir William Don, who made his bow to a Richmond audience as Cousin Joe in "The Rough Diamond." I have forgotten how tall the noble comedian was—six feet seven, or seven feet six—but I remember that making his exit through a centre door he forgot to bend his head and made a "hit" by striking his forehead against the lintel.

Sir William was accompanied by a valet who prepared the ice-cold baths which the former took every morning in his apartments at the Exchange Hotel. The deferential manners of the valet—the first white servant I had ever encountered—impressed me painfully.

When several years later I met the Baronet at Detroit, Mich., where he was then playing a star engagement, I was greatly surprised to see the same valet hobnobbing with his master upon terms of equality. It seems he had meant time become a player, and, resigning his menial position, was now "supporting" his former master.

When Sumter was fired upon I had long retired from actual connection with the stage, and was serving the Baltimore *American* as special correspondent and as congressional reporter. One week after the adjournment of Congress—in August some time—I had crossed the Potomac and reached Richmond.

The atmosphere was surcharged with death. Within a week I had seen two men killed; had learned to look with indifference upon men found slain in the streets. One of these, a comrade of mine, Charles F. Dohn, of Baltimore, was stabbed on the steps of the old theatre and died in an opposite alley on Eighth street a few minutes later.

One November day, at the invitation of Major S. C. Gibbs and Dr. E. G. Higginbotham, I witnessed at Libby the drawing from among the Federal officers imprisoned there thirteen hostages for the same number of Confederate privateers—men held as prisoners in the North. I was then on the staff of the *Richmond Enquirer*.

The lot fell upon Colonel W. R. Lee, Twentieth Massachusetts, captured at Ball's Bluff; Colonel O. B. Wilcox, First Michigan; Colonel M. Cogswell, Forty-second New York; Colonel W. E. Woodruff, Second Kentucky; Lieutenant-Colonel S. Bowman, Lieutenant-Colonel G. W. Neff, Second Kentucky; Majors J. D. Potter, Thirty-eighth New York; Paul J. Reter, Twentieth Massachusetts; Voydes, Captains G. W. Rockwood and H. Bowman, Fifteenth Massachusetts; F. J. Keffer, First California.

Captain J. B. Rickett, of Rickett battery, captured at Bull Run, and Captain H. W. McQuade, of the Thirty-eighth New York, were at first also selected, but both had been badly wounded and were accordingly exempted, and Captains Bowman and Keffer drawn instead. Happily the condemned privates were treated as prisoners of war *de facto*, and the hostages were accordingly relegated to their previous status.

Saturday, February 22, 1862, was the first formal inauguration-day of the Confederacy. I remember it also as one of the dreariest days I have ever known. 'Twas what is called in England "cut-throat weather." And really, what with the falling sleet and snow and the dispiriting news from Forts Henry and Donelson, and from Roanoke Island, where O. Jennings Wise was killed, suicide was a not unfamiliar idea to many.

At the request of President Jefferson Davis—as was understood in the office of the *Enquirer*—I had been detailed to report the inauguration. 'Twas my third experience in that line—Buchanan in 1857, Lincoln in 1861, Jefferson Davis in 1862.

The ceremonies took place in the Capitol Square near the base of the most beautiful equestrian statue I have seen anywhere in all my travels through Europe.

How proud the birthright of those who are countrymen of the noble Virginians there represented in effigy—Washington, Patrick Henry, George Mason, John Marshall, Daniel Morgan, Thomas Jefferson, and John Lewis. In all the world where can there be found, sons of one political mother, a group of contemporaries nobler in aspiration or in achievement?

History repeats itself when in 1857 Crawford's statue of Washington (after Crawford's death J. Randolph Rogers completed the monument) arrived from Italy it was drawn through the streets to its present site by citizens, just as Lee's statue was lately drawn. With this exception, however, the ladies took no hand in the popular demonstration.

Mr. Davis's address was, of course, a masterly effort. He possessed marked intellectual power, high scholastic culture, and surpassing oratorical ability. And he had his theme.

I remember well the revivifying effect of his eloquence. 'Twas like opening a window through which light streamed out upon enveloping darkness.

A year or two ago I wrote for a northern paper an extended account of the inauguration, and mailed a copy to Mr. Davis. Here is his reply:

BEAUVOIR, MISS., June 13, 1868.

C. W. Taylor, Esq.:

My Dear Sir.—Please accept my sincere thanks for your kind letter of the 5th inst. with the enclosed reminiscent article.

I am very glad to be so kindly remembered by you, and with the assurance that it is entirely reciprocated, I am with best wishes for you and yours, respectfully and truly,
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

THE DEATH OF WM. WIRT HENRY

Distinguished Lawyer and
Author.

FUNERAL 3 P. M. TO-MORROW

Long and Useful Career Closed in
the Midst of His Labors—Sketch
of His Honored Life.

William Wirt Henry died this morning at 4 o'clock at his residence in this city, 415 east Franklin street.

Mr. Henry was in the sixty-ninth year of his age, and for several months his health had not been good. Last summer he spent some time at the

White Sulphur Springs but he did not regain his former strength. He, however, kept up his work until within the past few weeks.

His vigorous mind was perfectly clear to the time of his death, and yesterday afternoon he talked with E. Randolph Williams, his law partner, upon business affairs, and asked as to the action of the Board of Aldermen on the Traction Company's petition. During the night he began to sink and he passed away at 4 o'clock into his final rest.

He is survived by his widow and four children—Mrs. James Lyons, Mrs. Matthew Bland Harrison, William Wirt Henry, Jr., and Marshall Henry. These all live here, except William Wirt Henry, Jr., whose home is in Charlotte county.

Mr. Henry was the senior member of the law firm of Henry & Williams, and represented a large number of corporations and business interests.

He was a member of the Second Presbyterian church and was an intimate friend of the late Dr. Moses D. Hoge.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Hon. William Wirt Henry was born February 14, 1831, at "Red Hill," Charlotte county, Va., the home and burial place of Patrick Henry. He inherited rare mental and moral endowments from a distinguished ancestry. He was a grandson of Patrick Henry, and his second wife, Dorothea Spotswood Dandridge, was the granddaughter of Colonial Governor Alexander Spotswood, and his mother was the granddaughter of the revolutionary patriot, Colonel William Cabell, of Union Hill. Mr. Henry was educated at the University of Virginia, where he took the degree of M. A. in 1850. He came to the bar at Charlotte Courthouse in 1853, and was for a number of years Commonwealth's Attorney of that county. In politics he was an old line Whig, and was opposed to secession, but upon the outbreak of hostilities he promptly volunteered as a private soldier in an artillery company commanded by Captain Charles Bruce. He removed to Richmond in the year

1862, and filled these positions with such ability that his friends were convinced he could have acquired a commanding position had he determined to adopt a political career. He was for many years vice-president of the Virginia Historical Society, being advanced to the presidency upon the death of the Hon. A. H. H. Stuart. He has also been president of the American Historical Association, president of the Richmond City Bar Association, president of the Virginia State Bar Association, vice-president of the American Bar Association, president of the Virginia Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, president of the Scotch-Irish Society of Virginia, vice-president of the American Sunday-School Union, chairman of the Advisory Board of the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, commissioner from Virginia and member of the Board of Trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund, and member of the Board of Trustees of Hampden-Sydney College, member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Long Island Historical Society, the American Antiquarian Society, the Southern Historical Society, the Bible Society of Virginia, and the Scotch-Irish Society of America.

Mr. Henry delivered the oration in Philadelphia upon the Centennial of the nation for independence in the Continental Congress, and was also commissioner from Virginia at the Centennial celebration of the formation of the United States Constitution. On September 18, 1893, he delivered the oration on the centennial of the laying of the corner-stone of the Capitol at Washington. In 1898 he attended the Congress of History at the Hague, as the representative of the American Historical Association, and was received with distinguished consideration. Both Washington and Lee University and the William and Mary College have conferred upon Mr. Henry the honorary degree of LL. D. A short time ago he was made an honorary member of the Virginia Historical Society. Dr. Alexander Brown, the distinguished historian, and Mr. Henry being the only Virginians who have received this distinction.

HIS LITERARY WORKS.

Mr. Henry's published works are numerous and relate largely to historical and religious subjects, and his thorough command of strong Anglo-Saxon English is splendidly portrayed in these monuments to his literary at-

tainments. The most important of these is his splendid tribute to his grandfather, Patrick Henry, which was published a few years ago in three large volumes, entitled "The Letters and Life of Patrick Henry," and which elicited great praise from the journals of both the North and South.

Of less pretensions, but of great value (CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.)

from an historical standpoint, are his numerous addresses on public occasions, and historical papers. Among these are the addresses in Philadelphia on "The Centennial of the Nation for Independence in the Continental Congress"; addresses in Washington on the centennial of the laying of the corner-stone of the Capitol; an address before the Virginia Historical Society on the early history of Virginia; address before the American Historical Association on the part taken by Patrick Henry on the "Establishment of Religious Liberty in the United States"; another before the same association on "The Causes Producing the Virginia of the Revolution"; before the same on "The First Representative Body in America"; address before the Virginia State Bar Association on "The Trial of Aaron Burr," and many others.

He also wrote a number of valuable historical papers, among them "The Truth About George Rogers Clark"; a chapter furnished for the narrative and descriptive history of the United States on Sir Walter Raleigh; a chapter on the history of Virginia, published in "Representative Men of the District of Columbia of Virginia," and a number of valuable papers relating to the Presbyterian Church and religious liberty in Virginia.

COMPLETE ROLL OF FAMOUS COMPANY

Company A, Seventh Virginia
Cavalry, Army of Northern
Virginia.

BUT FEW SURVIVORS NOW

Men Who Fought Under All of
South's Great Cavalry
Leaders.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I enclose a correct roll of Company "A," Seventh Regiment, Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's brigade, which I hope to see published in your Confederate column.

Ashby, Turner (Capt.), killed near Harrisonburg, June 6th, 1862.
Ashby, Richard, was killed, or rather wounded, at Kelley's Island in 1861, and died of his wounds soon after at the house of Mr. Washington.
Ashby, Vernon, dead.
Ashby, Luther R. (third lieutenant), still living.
Athey, W. Scott (was Baptist preacher), dead.
Anderson, Edward, died since the war.
Barnes, Jacob S., living in Baltimore, Md.
Blackmore, Robert, died since the war.
Burns, Milton, living in Fairfax county.
Brent, Warren, killed at Upperville, June 27th, 1863.
Brent, Wm., wounded at Buckton in 1862; died October 3d, 1904.
Brent, Hugh, wounded at Buckton in 1863 through his neck; living in Baltimore, Md.
Brace, Charles, killed at Sappony Church in 1863, Wilson's Raid.
Buckner, Dick, living near Delaplane, Va.
Cochran, T. B., died since the war.
Cornwell, Silas, died 1862, typhoid fever.
Carter, George, died since the war.
Carter, Pitman, killed in the Wilderness in 1864 (Friday).
Clem, A. W., blacksmith, dead.
Chancellor, George, still living in Fauquier, near Delaplane.
Diffendaffer, George, lost sight of.
Donnelley, John B., died since the war in Washington, D. C.
Dean, Thomas, was drowned in Missouri after the war.
Darnell, J. T., living at Waynesboro, Va. in Baltimore, Md.

Cavalry, P. A. C. S. As General Ashby passed on the road, Fletcher said to him, "General, here is a man who refuses to surrender to any one but an officer." Ashby's reply, without stopping, was "Shoot him, Josh." Wyndham was then brought in the woods, where I was, about two hundred yards from there, and sent to Major Wheat's quarters, with the understanding that he was to report the next morning to General Ashby. Ashby was killed, unfortunately, at that time, and Wyndham reported to General Jackson. Fletcher had Wyndham in charge when brought into the woods.

Leesburg, Va., 1906.

N. G. WEST.

Ashby, of Appomattox.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Noting in to-day's paper (Confederate Column) Major Daniel's inquiry about a dead cavalryman named Ashby, buried at Appomattox, I suggest you send the clipping to the county clerk of Stafford, where a roll is on record of Company A, Ninth Virginia Regiment of Cavalry, and some survivor can perhaps tell you of this Ashby. Several of that name belonged to that company.

Respectfully,

READER.

Richmond, Va.

in prison (Point Lookout).
Payne, Richard, living near Orleans, Fauquier county, Va.
Payne, Robert, living near Orleans, Fauquier county, Va.
Payne, Robert (B. B.), living near Orleans, Fauquier county, Va.
Payne, Wallace, living near Orleans, Fauquier county, Va.
Payne, Edward, killed in the Wilderness at Parker's Store.
Payne, Willson, killed at Haws's Shop.
Payne, Lafayette, living at Orleans, Va.
Payne, John T., killed at Beverly, W. Va.
Payne, Upton, living at Orleans.
Payne, Mason, living at Orleans.
Payne, Rice, living at Orleans.
Peyton, Robert E., living near the Plains.
Pendleton, David, captured at Reams's Station and lost sight of.
Phillips, Evan, living in Fairfax county, Va.
Phillips, Chas., lost sight of.
Phillips, John E., lost sight of.
Packard, Wm., died since the war.
Reed, Joseph H., died since the war at Luray, Va.
Rector, Wm. F., dead.
Rector, Howard, died since the war.
Rector, Abner, living near Rectortown, Va.
Rector, Columbus, living near Plains, Va.
Rector, Asa, living near Rectortown, Va.
Rust, H. Clay, died since the war.
Rust, John R., living near Ninevah, Va.
Robinson (Bear), lost sight of him; wounded at Brandy Station, 1863.
Rogers, Wm. (Wagoner), died in time of the war.
Scanlon, Dade, lost sight of him.
Skinner, Wm. Jeff., died in 1901.
Skinner, Charles, was dreadfully wounded at Buckton; is still living at Rectortown, Va.
Stewart, John W., living in Iowa.
Sutton, James, died since the war.
Silcott, Landon, died since the war.
Selix, Tom, killed at Stevensburg in 1863.
Smith, Golden H., died since the war.
Smith, Sledon, living in Baltimore.
Smith, Horace, living near Rectortown, Va.
Smith, O'Connell, died during the war.
Smith, Granville, killed on the cattle raid (First Lieut.)
Smith, Sullivan (Second Lieut.), died since the war.
Settle, Dr. T. L., Paris, Va.
Smith, Thomas, lost sight of him.
Taylor, Rufus, living near Rectortown, Va.
Templeman, James, living near Markham, Va.
Triplett, Leonidas, lives at Mt. Jackson, Va.
Templeman, Robert, lives at Orleans, Va.
Templeman, Dr. James, died in Baltimore since the war.
Turner, Wm. F. (Capt.), died since the war.
Turner, Thomas, died in time of the war.
Turner, Hezekiah, died since the war.
Tibbets, Albert, killed in the year 1864.
Utz, J. J., wounded at Orange Court-house.
Violet, Elizah, killed at Reams' Station in 1863.
Wigfield, Wm., living.
Wigfield, James, living.
Wigginton, Isaac, living.
Welsh, F. R. (Third Sergt.), living at Plains.
Welsh, Bogue, living at King George county, Va.
Wigginton, James, lost sight of him.
Wilson, William, lost sight of him.
Wigginton, Isaac, lost sight of him.
One hundred and fifty-nine on this roll.
JOSHUA C. FLETCHER.

Bluemont, Va.
(Parties above designated both as "living" and "dead" probably died in the time intervening between the making out of this roll and the placing of it in hands of editor.)

Grand Army Sentinel.

ISSUED SEMI-MONTHLY.]

THE SOLDIER PAPER OF THE SOUTH.

[PRICE \$1.00 PER YEAR.

SENTINEL CO. PUBLISHERS.]

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL 20, 1886.

[VOLUME II., NUMBER 20.

BROTHERS AND FATHERS AND SONS SHOULD TO SHOULDER—BEAT THIS WHO CAN.

JAMESTOWN, EAST TENNESSEE, March 30, 1886.

To the Nashville G. A. R. Sentinel:

I notice in the Sentinel of March 20th a piece of history in relation to Company C, Second Tennessee Infantry, United States Volunteers, in which is set forth the number of brothers and fathers who stood shoulder to shoulder as soldiers of that company in the late war.

Now, I have a case in mind which I think equals Company C of said regiment, or any other in the service.

I now proceed to give you the names of the brothers and fathers in Company D, Second Tennessee Infantry, United States Volunteers:

John Boles and two sons, Robert Boles and John Boles, Jr.; Sylvester Robbins, James Robbins, and Isaac N. Robbins, brothers; Henry A. Clark, Reuban Clark, and Marion Clark, brothers; Marion Garrett and A. J. Garrett, brothers; Solomon Ringley and W. Henderson Ringley, brothers; Nathaniel Holbert and John Holbert, brothers; William Sells and Samuel Sells, brothers; A. A. Gooding and James Gooding, brothers; William R. Beaty, John G. Beaty, James M. Beaty (Captain), and David C. Beaty, brothers; William J. Wright and Jesse L. Wright, brothers; William Brannon, Benjamin N. Brannon, and Joseph J. Brannon, brothers (Ben and Joe were twin brothers); Phillip Connatser and George W. Connatser, brothers; Sampson Stephens and Thomas Stephens, brothers; Emberson Looper and John Looper, brothers; James M. Dorton and Azariah Dorton, brothers; Robert Swan and John R. Swan, brothers; Armstrong Martin and William H. Martin, brothers; John Brewer and Benjamin Brewer, brothers; Wesley Renfroe and Mark Renfroe, brothers; O. H. P. Seals and John Seals, brothers; Ashel Vanboy and Joshua Vanboy, brothers; James Davis and Merida Davis, brothers; Stephen Stone and Lafayette Stone, brothers; Tollett Barger and three sons, Samuel Barger, Alfred Barger, and John Barger; David H. Walker (Sergeant) and three sons, Samuel Walker, John Walker, and George Walker; Samuel C. Honeycutt (Captain) and David Honeycutt, brothers; John Burk and Pleasant M. Burk, brothers.

They were all members of Company D, Second Tennessee Infantry, United States Volunteers, from first to last, and there may have been others, but I do not remember any more. Can any company beat that for fathers and brothers?

A. A. GOODING.

[Twenty-seven families gave 64 members to one company of the Army of the Union. East Tennessee surpassed the whole country in this line of patriotic family devotion. On referring to Adjutant-General Jim Brownlow's report to Gov. Johnson we find, in addition, John K. Brient and Wm. E. Brient, George W. Jones and Silas Jones, John Ragon and Wm. Ragon, Marion Hix, John Y. Hix, and Jesse Hix; Peter Weaver, John Weaver,

and Pleasant Weaver. The Second Regiment was organized at Camp Dick Robinson, Ky., being recruited from the indomitable Union refugees from East Tennessee, who fled across the mountains from the rebel conscription, sleeping by day and traveling by night through the mountain by-paths. It was mustered into service to date from Sept. 23, 1861. It was in the battle of Mill Springs. It afterward, at Big Creek Gap, routed and captured a rebel cavalry force under Lieutenant Colonel J. F. White. It participated in the retreat from Cumberland Gap under General George W. Morgan. It was engaged in the battle of Stone River or Murfreesboro. It helped to capture the rebel Morgan, the horse lifter, at Salineville, and engaged in many battles in Burnside's campaign. The regiment was nearly all captured at Rogersville, East Tennessee, by the rebels under General Jones. It participated in the battle of Franklin. When mustered out of service at Knoxville, on the 6th of October, 1864, only 106 of the original number were on hand to be discharged. James P. Carter was its first Colonel and the gallant James M. Melton its second Colonel.]

STILL ANOTHER COUNTY HEARD FROM.

JACKSBORO, CAMPBELL CO., TENN., March 31, 1886.

To the Nashville G. A. R. Sentinel:

Noticing the letter of Comrade Scruggs in the last number of the Sentinel, taken from the Knoxville Daily Chronicle, headed, "Shoulder to Shoulder," showing that Company C, Second Tennessee Infantry, U. S. A., excelled the Connecticut company that boasted of its twelve pairs of brothers, and three instances in which father and son stood together

The Connecticut comrade thought this case was without a parallel, but Comrade Scruggs established that Company C, Second Tennessee Infantry, contained twenty-eight pairs or sets of brothers, and in one instance four brothers, and in two others three, and that two members of the company had each two sons by their side, and two others had one each.

He then asks, What company can beat that for brothers—fifty-six brothers in all? and I answer that Company A, First Tennessee Infantry, beats it. In Company A I have counted twenty-eight sets of brothers, to wit: one set of seven brothers, one set of four, five sets of three, and twenty-one pairs of brothers; three comrades had two sons each, and six comrades had one son each—sixty-six brothers.

I expect I could think of more if I had time, but as this is ahead of any thing I have seen I will quit and give you the names of the brothers, to-wit:

Lewis, Prior P., Andrew, and Zebedee Baird; Joseph A., Mathew L., Sylvester, Wm. P., and Ephraim Cooper; John H. and Wm. W. Richardson; Noah, John, and Ell Dougherty; John and Jerry Dougherty; Reuben and Thos. Marlow; Wm. and James Owens; James and John Lay; Simeon and A. F. Richardson; Sim and Mark Woods; John and Ben Dabney;

James and Henry Cooper; Frank and Pleasant Sharp; E. F., M. D., and J. F. Wheeler; James and John Gaylor; Anthony, Reuben, and John Hutson; James and Wm Hutson; John and James Hunley; John, Thos., and James Hatmaker; Charles T. and Wm. Dunkin; Caswell, Wm., and James Rains; Frank and Andrew Wilhite; Sam. and Wm. Robbins; Wm. and James Orrick; James and Wm. Cox; and Thos., John, and Duncan Hatmaker; and John Dougherty, with one son; Ell Dougherty and one son; Reason West and one son; Eli Sharp and two sons; Sam. Berge and one son; Thos. Marlow and two sons; Anthony Hutson and two sons; Lewis Adkins and one son; Eph. Cooper and one son.

All standing "shoulder to shoulder" as comrades of Company A, First Tennessee Infantry, U. S. A. Twenty eight sets of brothers, making sixty-six men, and nine fathers, with their sons, in the same company.

I do not make this statement boastfully, because I believe there are other East Tennessee companies that will compare with this, and some that perhaps may excel. Yours in F., C. & L.,

WM. ALLEN, Post Commander No. 27.

CAN IT BE THAT NO NEGRO NEED APPLY?

The present Commissioner of Pensions seems to be imbued with an undue hatred of the colored race. The following decision of his seems to be in point:

DEPARTMENT OF INTERIOR, PENSION OFFICE, }
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 7, 1886. }

Southern Division, C. W. C. Examiner. No. 299,889, mother of Arnold Shaw, Company H, Seventeenth Regiment United States Colored Troops.

SIRS: This claim for pension has been rejected on the ground that, as the claimant was a *slave* at the date of the soldier's death, she was not dependent upon him for support at that time. Very respectfully, JOHN C. BLACK, Commissioner.

To Joel R. Griffin & Co., Nashville, Tenn

The colored soldier enlisted in August, 1863. At that period of time there were no "slaves" in the United States, unless Commissioner Black proposes to override the emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln, just as he has presumed to overrule the Supreme Court of the United States on another point. If she was held in durance under pretended laws that were abrogated, she was technically dependent on her "slave" son, a soldier of the Union, who was simply obstructed by force of the rebel arms in her vicinity from relieving her from her dependence for hog, hominy, and shanty on an alleged rebel master. We exhort Mr. Black to rise above partisanship, and allow a human being, although "a nigger," to have fair play, especially as the poor black son was shot to death in defending the old flag, and all which that implies. The old "slave" woman had four sons in the Union army. She deserves better treatment than this from the Government of the Union. She has received her son's bounty—\$108. If the evidence was sufficient to give her that, why not enough to give her the widow's pension of \$12 per month? It's a queer world we live in, and Mr. Black is a "queer-er," seemingly.

"LIKE GETTING NEWS FROM HOME."

GLASFORD, ILL., March 30, 1886.

To the Nashville G. A. R. Sentinel:

Please find \$1 to pay for the Sentinel one year. I like your paper very much. It seems like getting news from home, as my regiment was quartered in 1862 near Fort Negley, and we guarded the city until our march to Chattanooga, where we took an active part in the battle of Chickamauga. Ours was the Eighty-sixth Illinois Volunteer Infantry. Yours truly,

ALLEN L. FAHNESTOCK.

[Can't you get others of the old Eighty-sixth to send on a dollar and "get news from home?"]

"THE BLUE AND THE GRAY VETERANS OF AMERICA."

Until we received the following letter we were not aware of the existence of such an organization as that above entitled. It struck us queerly at first. But why not? In the "South" particularly such an institution would tend to promote Fraternity, certainly. If they did fight each other once, they now enjoy a common citizenship in this great country, and should be brotherly toward each other, charitable to brothers' failings, and loyal to the whole country. We have had two wars with England and one with France; but do we therefore cherish hateful grudges against adopted citizens of English or French birth?

The California Department Officers of this combined order of war veterans are given as follows:

DEPARTMENT OFFICERS.

Commander, A. W. Sefton, Sacramento; Ass't Adjutant-General, H. F. Dillman, Sacramento; Assistant Quartermaster-General, I. S. Moore, Sacramento; Surgeon, Dr. St. Geo. Hopkins, Fresno City; Judge-Advocate and Inspector-General, P. J. McQuiddy, Visalia; Chaplain, Rev. D. O. Kelly, Fresno City; Assistant Inspector, N. O. S. Babcock, Hanford; Aid, Thos. J. Berkey, Fresno City.

The following is the letter:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF CALIFORNIA, }
BLUE AND GRAY VETERANS OF AMERICA, }
SACRAMENTO, CAL., April 3, 1886. }

To the Nashville G. A. R. Sentinel:

To day I received two copies of the Sentinel, and I take it for granted they come from your office.

I have not had time to any more than glance over them this evening, but I like them very much.

You will see by the heading of this that some of us in the Far West are in line with the Blue and Grey of the East and South, and most heartily indorse the sentiments of our noble Order.

I wore the Blue, but in our Camp we have some of the noblest and bravest men who wore the Grey.

The Sentinel is something that every Blue and Grey should subscribe for and read, for its sketches are good, and by what I have seen, it is unprejudiced and impartial.

I shall assume the responsibility at our next camp-meeting to solicit for subscriptions to the Sentinel, and forward as good a list as I can, a postal order to accompany each name.

If I had received them yesterday, probably I could have forwarded some to day, for our Camp met last night.

There are a large number of those who wore the Grey in this city, and we have about 300 who wore the Blue who belong to the G. A. R.

A Camp of sixty Confederates marched in Gen. Miller's funeral procession in San Francisco last week.

We are going to have a big whoop-up when the "boys" come out here in August. Yours in F., C. & L., I. S. MOORE,

Assistant Quartermaster-General of Blue and Grey Veterans.

George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia Ledger, the personal friend of General Grant, is one of the contributors to the Alexander H. Stephens Monument Fund. [Exchange.]

Is "slavery the corner-stone" of the monument? According to Stephens, *that* was to be the "corner-stone" of the Confederate Empire—why not of his own monument? Put a darkey under each corner, and what a terrible monument it would be! Juggernaut would be nowhere.

The bill granting a pension of \$2,000 a year to the widow of General W. S. Hancock has become a law.

THE CAUSE OF THE REBELLION AS AVOWED BY ITS GREAT GEORGIA LEADER.

We find in the Sunny South, of Atlanta, a report of the remarks of Hon. Henry W. Hilliard, of Alabama, in the Supreme Court-room of Georgia, on the occasion of a Memorial Service, March 9, 1886, in regard to Robert Toombs, deceased, who died an unreconstructed and unrepentent rebel and foe of the Federal Government of his country. We take an extract or two from Mr. Hilliard's remarks. Speaking of the cause of the rebellion, the refusal of the North to permit the "extension of slavery" into the free territories, as Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota, etc., is mentioned by Mr. Hilliard as the main or sole cause:

"The system of domestic servitude in the Southern States, co-eval with the Government, and protected by the Constitution, was imperiled.

"Not that any authority was claimed for Congress to interfere with slavery in any State.

"But it was asserted that it possessed the rightful power to exclude the institution from the Territories, thus placing it under the ban of the Government, and prohibiting its extension in any direction."

A speech of Toombs in the Thirty-first Congress is then quoted from as follows:

"Mr. Toombs thought that the reason why the House had not been organized was that it was ruled by sectional feelings. The gentleman from New York (Mr. Duer) had said that he would vote for a Democrat, a Whig, or a Free soiler, but he would not vote for a disunionist.

"Now, sir, I am not afraid to declare, in the presence of the House, in the presence of the country, and in the presence of my God [!], that if the views and sentiments entertained by that gentleman in relation to slavery be carried into effect by the House, then disunion is at hand.

"He would ask the men of the South what they wanted with the organization [of the Union] if they were not permitted to carry slaves into the Territories. If this state of things continued he would declare, without hesitation, that he would be in favor of disunion. Let the South alone. Give to the South their portion of the territories. Until all this was done, he trusted discord would reign forever."

That is to say, unless territories upon which as yet the curse of slavery had never been inflicted were left open to its invasions, discord, war, and disunion should "reign forever." There is none of the absurd pretense here that is sometimes put forward that the Confederates were "fighting for their country;" none of any interference with slavery within the States where it already existed; but it is boldly stated that "the men of the South did not want the "organization" of the Union if they were not permitted to carry slaves into the Territories."

Again Orator Hilliard remarks:

"The election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency in 1860 was recognized by a large number of the political leaders of the Southern people as a signal for the dissolution of the union of the States.

"Mr. Toombs despaired of the Republic. In the front rank of the Southern leaders he took his stand, and with all the ardor of his nature, and in the plenitude of his splendid abilities, he urged Georgia to secede from the Union."

It was not, therefore, any overt act done by Mr. Lincoln and his party against slavery in the States, but even his constitutional election to the Presidency was regarded by Toombs and other Southern leaders "as the signal for the dissolution of the Union."

Hilliard continues:

"I do not hesitate to say that but for the appeals of Mr. Toombs Georgia would have adhered to the Union, and would have exerted her powerful influence to bring about a reconciliation between the States which had already displayed the banner of revolution and the General Government."

Whether posterity will regard this work of "the vast man," as the speaker terms Toombs in the next sentence, as being meri-

torious or honorable, making him, as it does, so largely responsible for all the misery and bloodshed that ensued in a needless and unprovoked war, is more than doubtful.

One point the extracts help to establish is that the only avowed pretext for the slave-holders' rebellion was the antagonism of a majority of the people of the Nation to the "Extension of Slavery" into free land, thereby threatening to restrict the "market" of the breeders of human cattle.

Such was scarcely a cause sufficiently noble to induce brave men to put their lives in jeopardy; scarcely a sufficient cause why they should destroy the best government in the universe. Was it?

But the slave-holders were drunken with long power; arrogant, presumptuous, overbearing; and in the madness of their hour they tried, like Samson, to pull down the temple of the Union and still save themselves. But the temple stands erect—the mock Samsons perished, or their institution did, thank God!

Orator Hilliard for himself says:

"Though a contemporary and an actor in the same scenes, I did not believe that the safety of the South was imperiled within the Union, or that its interests could be protected by the organization of a government outside of the sheltering ægis of its powerful wings.

"I held and declared in my place in Congress, as a representative of a great Southern State, that the institution of slavery was far safer within the Union than it could be outside of it when the sentiment of the whole civilized world was against it."

And yet, with these views, Mr. Hilliard could become the eulogist of Toombs! the mad pro slavery fanatic, who helped to bring war and desolation upon his country.

Will S. Hays declared that he was the original author of "Dixie." "The words I wrote as a Confederate war-ballad during the early part of the war. The music I fitted to them was a variation or adaptation of a song that was current in my youth, beginning, 'If I had a donkey that wouldn't go.' I was working then in a printing-office, and the music I engraved myself in the fourth floor of the building where the New York Store now stands. The city was then in the hands of the Federals, and the plates and words had to be surreptitiously smuggled through the lines into the Confederacy. The song became immediately popular in the army, and hence its widespread notoriety."

[Louisville Post.

[If Will Hays declared that, he had little regard for the truth. The song and tune originated long before the war, with Dan Emmett, of Ohio, the burnt-cork minstrel, a man of capacity and good family, whose brother, Lafayette Emmett, we knew as the first Chief-Justice of the State of Minnesota. The idea underneath the song was simply the preference of actors for wintering in the South, and it had nothing to do with politics or sectionalism. Its after adoption as a peculiarly Southern song was due to the rebellion and its war. The truth is incontestable that a Northern man was the author of both words and tune.—ED. OF SENTINEL]

SULTANA SURVIVORS' ASSOCIATION.

To the Nashville G. A. R. Sentinel:

A meeting of the Sultana Survivors' Association will be held at Toledo, Ohio, April 27th, 1886. All survivors are requested to be present.

WILLIAM FIES,

Secretary Sultana Survivors' Association, Marion, O.

A Pennsylvania mother raised a family of fourteen boys. Thirteen were in the Union Army and one in the Confederate. Eleven out of the thirteen were killed on the field of battle, and the one in the Confederate Army has not been heard from. Two out of the thirteen returned home, and one of them has applied for a pension.

INCIDENTS OF ANTIETAM.—“LET'S TRY THE BAYONET, BOYS.”

Concord (N. H.) Veteran's Advocate.

The most savagely contested part of the struggle at Antietam was in and around the Sunken Lane of Roulet's farm, where Jackson's Corps for hours held the ground, from which Hooker and Mansfield had been successively repulsed early in the morning.

In their yellowish butternut suits, the Confederates were scarcely distinguishable from the road-bed of the ditch where they lay, or from the ripe stalks of the corn-field behind, through which their re-enforcing brigades were constantly descending.

Not more than fifty yards off, lying or kneeling in the green pasture field, without any shelter, the Union men—Kimball's, Caldwell's, and the Irish brigades—poured so deadly a fire into that lane that after the battle six hundred Confederate dead were found there.

Repeated efforts were made by the Union troops to charge. Perhaps the first was in conformity to a General's orders; the others certainly were not.

The Confederate fire was so terrible, however, that every one realized the need either of driving the Confederates from the lane and the rising ground behind, or else of retiring to avoid annihilation.

Such expressions as, “We must charge,” “Let's try the bayonet, boys,” were constantly repeated along the line, and bayonets would be fixed without any order whatever, so far as known, from the General or field officers.

But, on making the effort to charge and finding the enemy's fire irresistible, the Union line, with heads bent as if against a rain-storm, would back up to its former position, and, kneeling or lying down again, resume its fire.

Finally a clamor of desperation broke out. There were no troops in sight behind, no promise of reserve or support, and the situation was galling. The whole heavens were splitting with the detonations of battle, and the rest of the army was probably fighting for its own life.

The men on their knees fixed bayonets again for the tenth time perhaps, and, with a murderous howl of rage, the three brigades rushed forward, and in a minute were in the lane, and their banners were ascending through the corn-field toward the peach-orchard, where Jackson himself is said to have been through all these hours.

This charge, which broke Jackson's right for a time, and required all his genius to prevent proving a supreme disaster to his army, would not have been made when it was made if the initiative had depended on a commander's orders.

THE SUNKEN OR BLOODY LANE.

[The editor of the Sentinel submitted the above for criticism to Colonel E. S. Jones, our publisher, formerly Lieutenant Colonel of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, who was in the Antietam battle as Captain of its Company C. The “try the bayonet, boys,” incident was not under his observation, nor does he recollect about it distinctly, though he is impressed faintly that something of the kind occurred in manner and form as stated. About the Sunken Lane struggle he has a more vivid memory. During a lull of the battle in the afternoon, a Sergeant Brandon (now dead) and a corporal of Company C asked permission to take horses, scout around, and make a general reconnoissance. They ascertained that Jackson was massing his troops in columns of attack, and immediately making their report to Captain Jones were sent by him to convey the news to General Hooker. At once the General took in the imminence of the danger. There was a hurrying to and fro to gather up every available battalion. Reserves were brought up, and artillery rushed into position. The Sunken Lane, or Bloody Lane since, ten feet deep, was made the line of defense. On one side of this lane, facing toward the Rebel position on the west, a stone-wall fence extended. On the other side of the lane, in the line of the Rebel march to the attack, was a simple rail-fence. The sunken part of the lane reached 400 yards perhaps. Behind this stone wall of the lane the Union forces massed. On either flank the artillery took positions. Our line was drawn up in three ranks. The first rank lay down; the second knelt on one knee; the third stood. The Rebel columns came rushing on steadily and grandly. Colonel Jones says that in every thing but numbers it rivaled

Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, and he was there too. The wooden fence went down; the Rebel columns sprang forward to cross the lane and charge our “Stonewall.” The order was, “Hold your fire till you see the whites of their eyes.” Our cannon thundered in cross fire. Our three lines volleyed. The Rebel lines wavered—rallied—wavered again—and finally fled from that hell of fire. On the edge of the lane, and in the lane, they left 1,400 or 1,500 dead, and we buried them in a trench on the bank of the lane where the rail fence had been.]

EDUCATION IN WAR HISTORY, NORTH AND SOUTH.

Kansas Knight and Soldier.

The mission of the Grand Army of the Republic is not to keep up the animosities engendered by the strife and discord which culminated in the great civil war.

On the contrary, its Fraternity is as broad as the continent, its Charity extends to all, its Loyalty takes all true lovers of the Republic by the hand and pledges it to stand by the Union—not by the North, but by the whole country.

Just now our thoughts are directed by reading a little book before us entitled “A Youth's History of the Great Civil War.” It was published by Van Evrie, Horton & Co., New York, in 1866, and by that firm copyrighted, but the author's name is not given.

The book was given us by a gentleman from Kentucky, of known standing and integrity in the community where he resides; and lest some one may be foolish enough to think there is some politics in this article, we will say that our friend is a life long Democrat, and was a firm believer in the right of secession. This book has 384 pages in it. Our friend says it is used in the schools in the South.

We can give only a few lines from it. Speaking of the trial and execution of Lincoln's assassins, this language occurs:

“Their execution was in law murder. But the abolitionists were so raving crazy at the time that nothing else would satisfy them.”

Again:

“There was no coroner's inquest held on Mr. Lincoln's body, no legal evidence taken as to the manner of his death, nor was a single person accused of connection with it ever brought into court of law nor is there to this day any legal testimony whatever as to the manner of his death, the cause of it, or who killed him.”

The closing paragraph is as follows:

“Let every young man, then, register a solemn vow in heaven that, if God spares his life, he will devote it to the sacred duty of rolling back this abolition monarchical revolution—to spreading the truth in relation to it, and thus educating a generation to hate it.”

Such is education in the South. Instead of teaching the rising generation that there is but “one country and one flag,” and accepting the results of the war as they should, our great and good Lincoln is portrayed as a tyrant, the soldiers of the Union hirelings, the murderers of Lincoln as worthy of the admiration and love of the children of the land—but we refrain from further comment. How is it in the North? Our children are told the stories of the war; that it resulted in giving them one common country; that there is no East, no West, no North, no South; that the sacrifices of their fathers should never be forgotten, but that they should remember that the ones who wore the grey are now governed by the same law, enjoy the same privileges, and are protected by the folds of the same flag; that in view of the grand results of the war it was a blessing, notwithstanding the great loss of blood, suffering, and treasure in accomplishing these results. Is this not right? If not, why not?

[We do not think that such a history of the war as the Kentucky book of 1866 obtains any general use even in the South. At that early period, after the struggle was over, much bitter feeling survived, and several attempts at school-book history to pervert the youthful mind of the South were published; but they were, for the most part, still-born abortions—they obtained no general circulation or use. At the last session of our Tennessee Legislature an attempt was made to get a law passed to authorize, or render obligatory on the schools, a Southern History of the State, written from a Confederate standpoint. But the good sense of the legislators, of both parties, refused to sanction the proposition. It were better that the rising generation should forget the war history of Tennessee entirely than that a version of the facts calculated to lessen their love of country were palmed upon their plastic minds.—ED. SENTINEL.]

THE BEAN BANQUET, "AND SO-FORTH," AT CHATTANOOGA.

INTERESTING MEETING OF THE MISSION RIDGE POST—STEPS TO ORGANIZE A WOMAN RELIEF CORPS.

We find in the Chattanooga Daily Times of the 17th the following article:

"The Mission Ridge Post, of the Grand Army of the Republic, gave a splendid bean banquet at their headquarters in Clipping's Hall last night. A large number of the members were present, accompanied by their families. An interesting meeting of the Post was held early in the evening, and adjourned at 9 o'clock. A few minutes later all sat down to the bean banquet, which was supplemented by a splendid collation of substantial and delicacies. The evening was highly enjoyed by all present.

Colonel Edward S. Jones, Department Commander, was present and added much to the pleasure of the occasion.

"Among some of the prominent citizens present as invited guests were Mayor Sharp, ex-Mayor Whiteside, H. M. Wiltse, and others.

"Steps were taken to organize a Women's Relief Corps (auxiliary to the G. A. R.), with the following ladies as charter members: Mesdames C. W. Norwood, H. C. Oldroyd, Chris Bathman, G. A. Wood, A. F. Hulse, John Trindle, Patrick Garvin, G. W. Thompson, Fred B. Hartman, C. H. Meyers, Kate D. McIntyre, and Miss Anna Hartman."

Commander Jones informs us that the above report gives an inadequate idea of a most interesting occasion—a delightful occasion—the finest that he has witnessed in any Post of the G. A. R. in the Department of Tennessee and Georgia.

Mission Ridge Post is a New Post, No. 45 amongst the 49 Posts contained in the Departmental organization. But judging from the style of procedure in the Post-room, the accurate discipline observed, the proficiency of all the officers in Post work, the enthusiasm and good feeling of the whole membership, it should rank amongst the first, if not the first.

Comrade Norwood, who is Post Commander, and Comrade Oldroyd, who is Officer of the Day (besides being the Department Inspector-General), are really perfect in their knowledge of the ritual, which they have by heart; and both of them being bright men the Post is conducted in complete soldierly style. Several visiting Comrades were reported at the "outpost," and no jot or tittle of proper ceremonial was abated in their admission and introduction into the Post-room—there was no slouchy or slovenly work, but strictness and orderliness, as though it were a camp in war times in front of the enemy.

After an hour spent in Post-session with closed doors, the Camp Fire proceedings commenced.

In another room a banquet was spread by the "women-kind" of the Post membership.

Baked beans loomed up largely in the foreground as the *piece de resistance* of the feast, but the "and-so-forths" were numerous and toothsome. Cornucopias of tropical fruits, sandwiches, boiled tongue, cake till you couldn't rest, coffee, and so on, were items of the bill of fare—all prepared by home-folks.

The ladies mingled with the Comrades in happy *camradie*, and helped by their sweet voices to sugar the occasion. Mrs. Oldroyd acted as precentor to the Post in singing and chorusing the old army songs, and "Marching Through Georgia" sounded in the combination like the beat of the sea on Pascagoula's beach. There was an organ in the room, and the Post Adjutant tuned the singing with an accord that equaled the tramp of "the boys a-marching."

The Department Commander, the Post Commander, and H. M. Wiltse made speeches; the first named expressing his admiration of the model workings of Mission Ridge Post, but secondly and mainly he bent his efforts to stimulate the forming of a Woman's Relief Corps; and finally, with the earnest assistance of Post Commander Norwood, he succeeded in having the

initial steps taken to organize this beneficial and highly *social* institution, of which all the female relatives of the old soldiers, and *their friends* also, may become members.

In this connection we copy some happy remarks about "women" in the war, which we find contained in the address of welcome delivered by Captain J. S. Lothrop, in Sioux City, to the Department Encampment of Iowa when it met there on the 7th of April. The speaker said:

"In the name of our patriot women, I bid you welcome.

"Though debarred from the experience of those rough physical shocks to which men became familiar, they yet suffered a martyrdom for country to which their brothers were absolute strangers.

"From the hour when treason's cannon at Charleston awoke the Nation to a desperate grapple with death; through all the rapidly shifting scenes of that red struggle; woman revealed the hitherto unknown energies of her soul, and from every city, village, and hamlet, from plain and mountain-side, her *blood* poured a priceless libation upon the altar of country.

"The mother who conceals her grief
As to her breast her boy she presses,
Then speaks the few short words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
She's *holy blood* as e'er the sod
Receives on freedom's field of honor.

"God bless the women of our land, and we again, in their name, bid you welcome."

The ball of the Woman's Relief Corps is now started in the Department of Tennessee and Georgia. Can't this ball be kept rolling?

A VETERAN'S ASSAULT ON A BARREL OF WHISKY.

J. F. Galway.

General French, who commanded the Third Division of the Second Corps in the Antietam campaign and in the bloody assault on Marye's Heights at Fredericksburg, and afterward held a command in the Sixth Corps, was a favorite with his men. He was stout, but soldierly in his bearing, with a very red face, and on account of a habit he had of snapping his eyes was generally called "Blinky."

Just after Antietam, while the Second Corps was encamped near Harper's Ferry, General French marched with the Third Division toward Leesburg on a reconnoissance. The march was a rapid one and made in light order, the only tent in the whole division being the General's own marquee.

Somewhere in the course of the movement on the return, the headquarters picked up a barrel of whisky, an article then very scarce in camp.

When the division went into bivouac that night the barrel was placed in the General's tent for safety, but, as it was set close to one of the sides, the canvas bulged out in a shape which quickly attracted the keen eyes of the Second Corps veterans.

The sentinels of General French's body-guard were also fascinated by the protuberance. After dark one of the faithful guards found an auger and bored two holes through the tent into the barrel, one above for a vent, and one below for the spout, and pushed a long straw into each.

A shadowy procession was formed and moved slowly and noiselessly along in single file past those straws, like the line at a theater ticket office. There was good order, and not boisterousness enough to awake those asleep in the tent; for though a pull at the lower straw was free to all comers, each was permitted only one pull, and means, it was said, were taken to prevent any unfairness, such as that of a lucky man returning into the procession to soon.

How many of the division were in line will never be known, but in the morning General French and his staff found an empty barrel to take back to Harper's Ferry, and, it was said, were quite indignant that their intention of increasing the "hospital stores" there was thus defeated.

The wives of the members of Ash Post, G. A. R., of Alden, are piecing a quilt, each member having a block, with his name, company, and regiment thereon. At some future day it is to be voted to the handsomest lady in the village.

[Albert Lea (Minn.) Enterprise.]

THE ALABAMA PIRATE AND THE KEARSARGE
PATRIOT.

SEMME'S APPEALS TO THE ENGLISHMEN AGAINST HIS
COUNTRYMEN.

From an article of "Life on the Alabama" [the Confederate war pirate], by one of her sailors, in the *Century*, we quote the following:

"We got everything ship-shape and left Cherbourg for our last cruise on a bright Sunday morning, June 19th. We were escorted by a French armored vessel, and when we got outside we could see the Kearsarge awaiting us, about four miles away.

Capt. Semmes made us a short speech, which was well received, though it seemed odd to me that an American should appeal to an Englishman's love of glory to animate him to fight the speaker's own countrymen.

But we cheered, and the French ship leaving us, we steamed straight for the Kearsarge. There is no doubt that Semmes was flurried and commenced firing too soon. We were, I should say, nearly a mile away, and I don't think a single shot told.

The enemy circled around us and did not return our fire until within seven or eight hundred yards, and then she let us have it.

The first shot that struck us made the ship reel and shake all over. I was serving on one of the thirty-two pounders, and my sponger was an old man-o'-war's man, who remarked, after a look out of the port, "We might as well fire batter puddens as these pop-guns; a few more biffs like that last, and we may turn turtle." He had scarcely spoken when a shell burst under our pivot-gun, tilting it out of range and killing five of the crew.

"What is wrong with the rifle-gun?" was asked. "We don't seem to be doing the enemy any harm," while with slow precision came the crash of the heavy shell of the Yankee.

One missile that seemed as big as a hay-stack whizzed over our heads, taking a section of the bulwarks away, fortunately missing a man that was handling shot. He only remarked that he believed the Yankees were firing "steam-b'ilers" at us.

Another shell struck us amidships, causing the ship to list to port so that our gun raced in, pinning one poor fellow against the port-sill. He died before we could get him clear.

This was the missile that sunk the *Alabama*. "She's going down" was the cry, and all was confusion.

Another shell struck about the water line, and the vessel reeled like a drunken man.

The dead and wounded were lying about the deck, which was red with blood. Our officers did their duty, and the men at once began to get up the wounded. The cutter and launch were in the water, and the officers were trying to keep the men back until the wounded were all in; but certainly many of them were left, for I saw several on the berth-deck when I went below, and the boats were then full and pushing off.

When it was certain that the ship was sinking, all order was at an end. I had £10 and a watch in a locker between decks, and I ran below, but they were gone. "All hands on deck—ship's going down!" was called, and I had just got on the upper step of the forward companion-way when the water, entering berth-deck ports, forced the air up and almost carried me off my legs.

I cast my eyes around for a moment. Old Gill, with his head crushed under the carriage of an eight-inch gun, was lying there, his brawny hands clinching the breast of his jumper. Just as the water came over the stern I went over the port bulwarks. I was a good swimmer, and had not been in the water five minutes when a French pilot-boat came running past, and a brawny fellow in petticoats and top-boots dragged me out of the water.

OUR BRAVE NAVAL HEROES.

How it stirs the patriotic heart to read of Commodore Morris and his gallant crew of the Cumberland man-of-war in their fight with the Rebel ram Merrimac, in Hampton Roads Bay, sinking rather than surrender, going down with the old flag still flying at the mast-head, when hull and brave souls were buried in the ocean's brine. Brave and patriotic as the men of the army undoubtedly were, the navy men, it has always seemed to us, embodied in their hearts more heroism to the square inch than was

concentrated in any other quarter. The correspondent of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* tells this tale of self-sacrificing naval heroism:

"AFTER YOU, PILOT," SAID THE BRAVE CRAVEN.

Farragut had been blockading Mobile with his squadron ever since the beginning of the year, but had been unwilling to make an attack upon the forts because he had nothing but wooden vessels.

In the latter part of July four monitors were sent to him, the *Tecumseh*, *Winnebago*, *Manhattan*, and *Chickasaw*, and immediate preparations were made to attempt the entry of the bay.

Early on the morning of August 5th the American fleet, headed by the *Tecumseh*, moved up the bay.

At about seven o'clock, when the head of the column came abreast of the rebel fort, it opened fire and the action soon became general.

The *Tecumseh* had fired two guns, and was loaded and about to fire again, when a sneaking torpedo of large dimensions exploded under her, blowing an enormous hole in her bottom, just under the turrets. She lurched from side to side, careened violently over, and went down headforemost.

An incident is told of her brave commander, Captain Craven, that should always be linked with his name, as is that of Sydney, the dying English officer, with the cup of cold water to the dying private soldier.

At the instant of the explosion the pilot and Craven instinctively made for the narrow opening leading to the turret below.

The Captain drew back and said, "After you, Pilot."

There was no afterword for him; the pilot was saved, but the commander went down with his ship.

Captain Jouett, of the *Metacomet*, seeing the *Tecumseh* sink, immediately sent a boat to the rescue of her crew, in charge of Ensign Fields, of the volunteer navy. This boat succeeded in saving the pilot and nine of the ship's company.

Two officers and five men had also escaped in one of the *Tecumseh's* boats, which was towing alongside, and four swam to the Rebel fort where they were made prisoners. Thus of over one hundred men on the wrecked ship only twenty-one were saved.

"After you, pilot," said the brave Craven,
Hero and Knight, if ever was one;
Saved was the pilot, but death was his haven—
America's Sidney is Chivalry's son!

[Here is another instance of naval grit, pluck, determination, self-sacrifice, which George H. Boker, Philadelphia's poet, has celebrated in heroic lines of eulogy on the man-of-war "Varuna." This was one of Farragut's fleet in forcing the passage of the Mississippi River Forts St. Philip and Jackson. She was sunk by the rebel gunboat "Governor Moore." The heroism displayed on both vessels has few parallels in the history of naval warfare, as out of 93 men on the *Moore* 74 men were killed or wounded, the ship disabled, and afterward blown up to prevent its capture by the patriotic naval forces. Of the 259 men on the *Varuna* nearly all not killed by the enemy were drowned when she sank:]

THE MAN-OF-WAR "VARUNA," SUNK APRIL 24, 1862.

Who has not heard of the dauntless Varuna?
Who has not heard of the deeds she has done?
Who shall not hear while the brown Mississippi
Rushes along from the snow to the sun?

Crippled and leaking she entered the battle,
Sinking and burning she fought through the fray,
Crushed were her sides and the waves ran across her,
Ere, like a death-wounded lion at bay,
Sternly she closed in the last fatal grapple,
Then in her triumph moved grandly away.

Five of the rebels, like satellites, round her
Burned in her orbit of splendor and fear;
One, like the pleiad of mystical story,
Shot, terror-stricken, beyond her dread sphere.

We who are waiting with crowns for the victors,
Though we should offer the wealth of our store,
Load the Varuna from deck down to keelson,
Still would be niggard, such tribute to pour
On courage so boundless. It beggars possession—
It knocks for just payment at heaven's bright door.

Cherish the heroes who fought the Varuna;
Treat them as kings if they honor your way;
Success and comfort the sick and the wounded,
O for the dead let us all kneel and pray!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—THE GREATEST "COMMANDER."

AN OLD DECORATION-DAY LYRIC, BY "GATH."

Civil soldiers, reassembled by the river of your fame!
Ye who saved the virgin city clothed in Washington's dear name!
Which of all your past commanders doth this day your memory haunt?
Scott, McDowell, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, McClellan, Halleck, Grant?

There is one too little mentioned, when your proud reunions come,
And your prideful love of country throbs each beat of sounding drum;
Let me call him in your muster! Let me wake him in your grief!
Captain of the Constitution, Abraham Lincoln was your Chief.

Ever nearest to his heart of hearts, ye were his defense and shield;
He alone of your commanders died upon the battle-field;
All your Generals were his children, leaning on him, childish-willed,
And they all were filial mourners 'round the mighty tomb he filled.

Tender as the harp of David his soft answers now become,
When, amid the cares of State, arose an' fell some Absalom;
And his humor gilds his memory like a light within a tent,
Or the sunken sun that lingers on the lofty monument.

Like the slave that saw the sunrise with his face toward the West,
As it flashed, while yet 'twas hidden, on a slender steeple's crest,
So while victory turned her from him, ere the dawn in welcome came,
On his pen Emancipation glittered like an altar flame.

Feeling for the doomed deserter, feeling for the drafted sire,
For the empty Northern hearthstone and the Southern home afire,
Mercy kept him grim as Moloch, all dark future babes to free,
And eternal peace to garner for white millions yet to be.

Not a soldier of the classics, he could see through learned pretense;
Master of the greatest science, military common sense;
As he watched your marches, Comrades, wayward through the years,
On his map the road we followed, you can trace them by his tears.

In the rear the people clamored, in the front the Generals missed,
And his inner councils harbored the critic antagonist;
But he ruled them by an instinct like the queen's among the bees,
With a healthful soul alike Publicans and Pharisees.

Faint of faith, we looked behind us for a chief of higher tone,
Though the voice that drowned the trumpets was the echo of our own;
Ever thus, my old companions, gen'us takes us by the hand,
Walking on the tempest waves, every crisis to command.

Like the bugle blown at evening by some homesick son of art,
Lincoln's words unearthly quiver in the universal heart;
Not an echo left of malice, scarce of triumph in the strain,
As when summer thunder murmurs in pathetic showers of rain.

How his call for men went ringing 'round the world, a mighty bell!
And the races of creation came the proud revolt to quell!
Standing on the last reaction, on the rock of human rights,
Worn and mournful grew his features in the flash of battle lights.

Once, like Moses upon the mountain, looked he on the realms just won,
When the slaves in burning Richmond knelt and thought him Washington.
Alas, an envious bravo snatched him from the theater of things,
To become a saint of nature in the pantheon of kings.

Faded are the golden chevrons, vanished the pride of war;
But Lincoln's moral glory lingers like the morning star,
And the freedman's zone of cotton his white spirit seems to be;
While the insects of peace harvests beat his army's reveille.

Stand around your great Commander! Lay aside your little fears!
Abram Lincoln carried freedom's car along a thousand years;
When next the call for soldiers rolls along the continental belt,
Look and see still mightier columns rise and march, prevail and melt!

A TRAP SET FOR A MAJOR-GENERAL.

REBEL LADIES ABOUT MURFREESBORO DIG A PIT AND FALL INTO IT THEMSELVES.

The following interesting narrative appears in the Chicago Ledger. We would have felt more confident of its truth had the writer given his name, and army rank, and position:

"The Army of the Cumberland was in camp at Murfreesboro. Major-General —, was a brave division commander, noted for his caution and prudence, as well as for his gallantry. He was a great lady's man, and his susceptibility to crinoline for once got away with his caution.

"His engineer officer was an old man. While making a survey of the country between the Federal and Confederate lines he formed the acquaintance of a couple of young and accomplished ladies, daughters of a widow living just outside our lines. The young ladies were very intensely Rebel. On the strength of their acquaintance with his engineer they called one day on the General, introducing themselves as strong Union women, and friends of his engineer. The General was captivated, and gave them passes (they lived on his front) in and through the lines at will until farther orders.

"The engineer was absent at the time, but on his return he informed the General that he was sold, as they were "secesh," and no mistake.

"They frequently called on the General, as they passed to and from town, and finally they invited him and his staff to a euchre party and supper to be given at their house the following night, supper to be at 11 P.M. The General accepted the invitation for himself and staff. He knew them to be fascinating, and still believed them to be loyal.

"The engineer was absent on that day, but on his return he remonstrated against going in the strongest terms, believing it to be a trap. The General and his staff would not believe it, however, and were determined to attend the party.

"The following day, as the last resort, the engineer called on Major General George H. Thomas, who commanded the corps, told him the story, and asked him to order the General to report to him in person at 9 P.M., the hour the General and staff were to attend the party, on a pretext of desiring to consult with him on important matters.

"General Thomas complied with the request, and promised not to give away the engineer. About an hour before the time of starting for the party the General received the order. Of course the order had to be obeyed, much to the disappointment of the General and his staff.

"The staff officers being very anxious to attend, the General concluded to let them go, provided his engineer would go with them. The engineer consented to go with them on condition that the staff and the commanding officer of the General's escort (fifty mounted men), with his men, be ordered to report for duty to the engineer. This would give him command. The order was given, and they reported. The General reported to General Thomas, and the staff and escort attended the party. The Federal lines were in the timber, a short distance from the cleared fields of the plantation.

"A skirt of the timber passed near and to the rear of the house. The escort were stationed in that timber skirt, of course unknown to the occupants of the house.

"The commanding officer of the escort attended the party, leaving in command a veteran sergeant, who, after receiving instructions from the engineer, secreted himself in an arbor near a window on the back side of the dining room, where he could hear a signal from the engineer. The young ladies gave the staff a warm reception, requesting them to leave their side-arms in the hall with their hats, and escorted them into the parlor, where there were a half-score of pretty feminine Rebels, glad, of course, to see them.

"Cards and small-talk pleasantly killed the time until supper. At eleven sharp supper was announced. The engineer selected a seat at the table near a back window so as to be in close proximity to the sergeant of the escort. When all were seated there were two vacant plates at the table.

"In a few minutes the hall-door opened, and in came two Rebel officers, a captain and a lieutenant, followed by a file of armed men. The captain politely informed the staff that they could consider themselves prisoners of war. This, of course, was conceded, the engineer asking permission for the party to finish their supper, and the two officers were invited to occupy the two vacant seats. In a little while the engineer officer gave the signal, the house was surrounded by the escort, and the sergeant with a file of men entered the dining room.

"Supper was resumed and finished, cards were again the order, and all (except the Rebs and their lady friends) had a pleasant time until about three o'clock in the morning, when the staff returned to headquarters, bringing with them as prisoners the two officers and their soldiers, as well as the two lady friends.

"All of the prisoners were turned over to the Provost marshal General of the army, and at the suggestion of the engineer the two young ladies were searched, and on their persons were found plans of the town and surrounding country, showing location of troops, batteries, etc., etc., for the use of General Bragg.

"The young ladies then admitted that the job was put up for the benefit of the two officers, to whom they were engaged; that in case of success the officers would be promoted, and they were to be married the next night at General Bragg's headquarters. It was well planned, and would have proved a success if the General had attended the party, as he would not have been on his guard. The young ladies went North as spies, to remain during the war; the other prisoners were sent to City Point for exchange; and in the future the General declined all invitations from pretty women to attend parties outside the lines."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE — BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "Horsford's" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.

A STORY FROM "JOHNNY" ABOUT YANKEE SHARPSHOOTING.

"The narrowest escape I ever had," said a well known lieutenant of police in Baltimore, "was in front of Petersburg."

"My regiment was in Pickett's division of Longstreet's corps," he continued, "and another fellow and I were in a trench together. We were at the front of the line. The other fellow went by his first name—Dick. The trench was about six feet deep, and there was a groove cut in the top of the front, through which we did our shooting at the Yankees. When we wanted to pop away we'd lay the gun-barrel along that groove, get quick sight on the enemy, pull the trigger, and then jump down. Dick was a pig-headed sort of a chap. I told him a dozen times he didn't have sense enough to hold his head on his shoulders.

"There was a lot of Yankee sharpshooters in front of us, and I cautioned Dick to look out how he exposed himself. I tell you it was dangerous for even so much as a man's ear to get in sight of those fellows. I heard the bullets whistling lively over our trench, and I knew by the sound that they were forced balls. A forced ball, you know, is a bullet from a breech loader. It is a little bigger than the diameter of the gun-barrel, and consequently it goes out with greater force than the ball from a muzzle-loader. The way we could distinguish between the two kinds of guns was, that if it was a breech-loader the bullet got to you before the report; but if it was a muzzle-loader the report got to you before the ball. Most all of the Yanks used the breech-loaders, and you can just bet your boots we were mighty careful how we got in their way.

"As I was saying the bullets were whistling pretty lively over our trench. I was loaded, and was about to put my gun in the groove and pick off a blue-coat. Dick was standing in front of the groove putting in a charge. He had his eye at the breech of his gun examining it, and the side of his head was turned toward the groove. While he was standing there—it was not more than half a minute altogether—one of the 'forced' balls came singing through the groove and bored a hole clear through his head as big as a walnut. He fell dead. I stepped across to him, and in doing so passed in front of the groove. Just as I got on the other side of the trench another bullet passed through the groove and buried itself in the rear wall of the trench. Two other balls followed it and buried themselves in the identical hole made by the first bullet. The sharpshooter who did that neat job was a half-mile away.

"Pretty good shooting," suggested one of the listeners. "I should say so," said the lieutenant, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders. "Some of those Yankee sharpshooters were marvelous. They had little telescopes on their rifles that would fetch a man up close until he seemed to be about only 100 yards away from the muzzle. I've seen them pick a man off who was a mile away. They could hit so far you couldn't hear the report of the gun. You wouldn't have any idea anybody was in sight of you, and all of a sudden, with everything as silent as the grave and not a sound of a gun, here would come skipping along one of those 'forced' balls and cut a hole clear through you."

"How we used to lay for these sharpshooters, though," he said, chuckling at the remembrance. "We'd keep a look-out for every little puff of smoke. The sharpshooters, you know, mostly climbed trees and hid themselves in the branches. So, every time they'd shoot there'd be a tell-tale puff of smoke come out of the tree. Just as soon as we'd see one of those little puffs of smoke the entire battery would rain shot and shell into that tree, and we'd make it so hot for the sharpshooter, that he'd either tumble or crawl out, dead or alive. The best shooters were in the Union army. Most of them came from the West, and many of them had been scouts in the Indian country. They rarely missed a man at the distance of a mile. Indeed they could hit any object as big as a pie plate that far away."

A CONFEDERATE AND CHICKENS IN A DUTCH OVEN.

On the retreat of the Confederate army from Gettysburg, and while camped near Hagerstown, Maryland, a member of Company A, Cutts's artillery, who was nicknamed Ransy Snaffles, went into that city and called at the house of a Pennsylvania Dutchwoman for something to eat. She pretended she did not understand him, only saying "Nein." Ransy replied, saying: "O, d—n your nine, one will do me now," and walked into the back-yard.

Peering into a large brick Dutch oven, he found that the old

woman had run all of her chickens into it to prevent the soldiers from stealing them. He went into the oven, and was catching the chickens when the old lady slipped to the oven door and closed it on him.

He tried hard to get out, begged, threatened, and tried to bribe the old woman, but she had captured a live rebel and intended to hold her prize.

Ransy was furious, but the Dutchwoman was as smiling as a May morning.

After an hour or two another Confederate dropped into the back-yard, heard the racket about the Dutch oven, and released Ransy; and the two carried off the chickens while the old lady was relating her achievement in the front of her house.

[Americus (Ga.) Republican.]

SHERMAN AND A CORNER GROCERY.

General Sherman was not always irritable over newspaper criticism. When starting on his march to the sea papers sympathetic with the Confederate cause printed attacks on him based on various pretexts. One allegation annoyed the feminine members of the Sherman family considerably. Women are always more ready to resent a charge of low antecedents than men. In this instance the charge made was that General Sherman had once kept a corner grocery. A relative wrote to him that she thought he ought to take some notice of the charge.

The General replied with the utmost good nature that he didn't think it worth while.

As for himself, and he believed he would be sustained by the rest of mankind, he thought a corner was a mighty good place to keep a grocery.

Thos. L. Cropley has been appointed by the President United States Collector at Georgetown, D. C.

The Grand Army Comrades are kicking against this confirmation, charging that at a stag party given some time since, after Mr. Cropley had indulged in champagne enough to make him hilarious and frank, he proposed a toast to John Wilkes Booth in these expressive words:

"Here's to the man who pulled the trigger that killed the man who freed the nigger."

Cropley's nomination is being held up by the Senate to give the G. A. R. folks a chance to make good their charge.

APPEARANCE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Jeff. Davis is described by the latest visitor to Beauvoir as standing erect and showing no signs of senility or decay. He dresses in black, wears a planter's broad brimmed hat, and carries a cane, more from habit than necessity. His hair and a full beard are white and flowing. [Chicago Herald.]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN IMPAIRED NERVE FUNCTION.

Dr. C. A. Fernald, Boston, Mass., says: "I have used it in cases of impaired nerve function with beneficial results, especially in cases where the system is affected by the toxic action of tobacco."

Department Commander Comrade Wm. Thomas, of Minneapolis, Minn., in General Order, No. 1, appoints a committee of fifteen—one from each district—in accordance with a resolution passed at the last encampment, to draft and present to the Legislature of Minnesota, at its next session, a bill to establish a home for disabled indigent veterans, and providing for suitable relief to such comrades of this class as may not desire to reside therein.

There was an interesting relic on exhibition at the Grand Army fair held at Perry, Iowa, last month, in the shape of a Testament and another small book, the two being pinned together by a minie ball. The relic was sent by John Bish, of Rippey, who was in Company H of the Tenth Iowa Volunteers. The ball was received while on duty in line of battle at Champion Hill, May 16, 1863.

Grand Army Sentinel.

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NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, - - - APRIL 20, 1886.

EXAMINE YOUR WRAPPER.—If you find this mark **O** in Green, it means that your Subscription expires with that issue and is a mute appeal for you to renew.

Communications from soldiers wanted. War reminences. Perilous adventures. Funny scenes. Jokes. Repartees. Battle incidents. Charges. Retreats. Prison memories. Every thing that will contribute to the end of making the Sentinel the most interesting Soldier's Paper South or North. Writers' names must accompany all communications, and it were better if for publication with their writings. We do not insist on this latter clause. But we must have the names, if only as a guarantee of the reliability of the facts set forth. When specially requested, we will save rejected communications, and return them, if postage stamps are sent us for that purpose. Ex-Confederates are also invited to give their "experience." The war is over. We are all citizens of a common country. The love-feast is in order.

TO THOSE IN TENNESSEE INTENDING TO VISIT THE NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT AT SAN FRANCISCO.

The Department Commander requests us to give notice that he has opened in his office a book in which to record the names of all Tennesseans who propose crossing the continent to attend the National Encampment at San Francisco on the 3d of August. It is proposed to go together, over the same route, in a special car, with banners and probably music; and going in this manner, under the lead of the Department Commander, some advantages and pleasures will be enjoyed that individuals straggling along by themselves would not have the pleasure of. Come forward and record your names in the Commander's San Francisco book.

TO THE COMRADES IN EAST TENNESSEE.

The widow of Stephen Sayers, Sergeant of Company C, Tenth Tennessee Cavalry, desires us to ask Comrades who were associated with the Sergeant in the service for information as to where and when he was wounded? This information is necessary in her application for a pension. She has heard that he was hurt in the battle of Stone River, while away from the company on detached service, but has no certain information. Any officer of that regiment who knows the facts will help greatly the widow and her children by writing to Col. E. S. Jones, the Department Commander.

Hand the Sentinel over to your neighbor when you have read it, and ask him, if he likes it, to down with his dollar in subscription for it. A little considerate attention of this kind will aid us greatly.

SPECIAL ORDER BY THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, G. A. R.

WHEN DECORATION DAY IS TO BE OBSERVED THIS YEAR.

We take great pleasure in copying into the columns of the Sentinel the following happily-worded order of Commander-in-Chief Burdett. It seemed to be required to settle the minds of Comrades as to which day should be observed as Memorial or Decoration Day—the 30th of May occurring on Sunday this year:

HEADQUARTERS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 9, 1886. }
General Orders, No. 16.

MEMORIAL DAY.

The season is approaching when inclination and duty call the Grand Army of the Republic to prepare for the due observance of Memorial Day. By our Rules and Regulations the 30th day of May is fixed as the time for these observances, but by the same Regulation it is provided that "When such a day occurs on Sunday, the succeeding day shall be observed, except where, by legal enactment, the preceding day is made a legal holiday, when such day shall be observed."

Since the 30th day of May next falls on Sunday it will be the duty of Department Commanders to ascertain whether, within their several jurisdictions, the preceding day has by legal enactment been made a holiday, and if such is found to be the fact to advise their Comrades accordingly; where no such law has been enacted, Monday, the 31st day of May, is the time appointed by our law.

The Grand Army of the Republic was born of the desire to do honor to the dead who fell in the service of their country's flag, and of the purpose of the strong in heart and hand themselves to become the servants of their less fortunate Comrades, and of the widows and orphans of the departed. At first our Memorial Service had in view those only that fell during the period of actual war, but the fraternity engendered by our association, and the growing consciousness of the importance for our country of the work done by the humblest of our Comrades has led us to add to our roll of honor the name of each as he passes along. Memorial Day is the fit occasion for the renewal of our most sacred pledges, and for the refreshment of our noblest aims.

In this the noonday of the prosperity of the Grand Army as an organization, and whilst there yet remains to us as individuals strength of body and of purpose, let the Memorial Ceremonies of the year be observed with greater unanimity and heartiness than ever before. There are more than three hundred thousand Comrades now properly borne on our rolls; let their search begin for the graves of our dead that none may be omitted in the ministrations of the appointed day.

Great and manifold are the blessings that have come to us as a Nation and as a people because of the sacrifices of these our Comrades. It has been our custom to gather in the churches of the land on the Sunday preceding Memorial Day for such reverent worship and instruction as befits the occasion. We shall honor ourselves by a continuance of this custom, and, inasmuch as the Sabbath is this year the bringer in of our own chosen day, it will be appropriate for Posts and Comrades to invite all who worship God and love their country as well to lend their services to the inculcation of lessons of patriotism.

No duty is laid upon the Commander-in-Chief to direct or advise as to the manner in which the observances imposed by our Rules and Regulations shall be performed. He ventures, however, the suggestion that the distinguishing characteristic of the Grand Army of the Republic is that it knows no distinction based on former rank, but makes faithful service and honorable discharge the sole badge of merit; that its only name of honor is that of Comrade, and that there is therefore no place in the observances of Memorial Day for the bestowal of special honors—the miniature flag and the simple garland is the tribute due and the crown fit for all.

By command of

S. S. BURDETT, *Commander-in-Chief.*
JOHN CAMERON, *Adjutant-General.*

ACTION OF NINETEENTH ANNUAL ENCAMPMENT.

"Memorial Day is the choicest in the calendar of the Grand Army—a day of sweet remembrances dear to every loyal heart, and any violation of its sacredness by making it the occasion for frivolity and amusement, such as characterize the Fourth of July, should be treated as an indignity to the Comrades who died that this country might live."

"THE OCCIDENTAL."

Now, don't make a mistake—we don't mean incidental, nor accidental—look on our advertising page, and you will at once comprehend what is meant. The "Sunset Hotel" is the interpretation of "Occidental Hotel." This is the great caravansary of the sunset city of San Francisco. It proposes, notwithstanding its splendor, to make things easy and comfortable for "the boys." It will be a capital place to stop at during the Encampment. Think of doing that very thing ourselves. Cheap and good. Good and cheap. Who wants better?

1887.

The Department of Tennessee and Georgia will present to the National Encampment at San Francisco, next August, the name of Nashville for the next annual gathering.

We ask the suffrages of the Comrades in the interest of the country we fought to save, and in the interest of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Eighty-two thousand dead Comrades lie in the National Cemeteries of our Department. Come and visit them. The official statistics of the dead in the National Cemeteries of the South are as follows: Nashville, 16,526; Chattanooga, 12,962; Memphis, 13,977; Knoxville, 3,136; Fort Donelson, 669; Stone River, 6,145; Hazen's Brigade, 55; Pittsburg Landing, 3,590; Marietta, Ga., 10,183; Andersonville, Ga., 13,714; Mobile, Ala.,

The "South" skirmish-line needs your support. Come and help us. Your visit to Nashville will result in such a blessing to our country and all her people, such a perfect cementing of the ties of brotherhood throughout the land, as has never been known, and the Grand Army will perform a work second only to that of twenty years ago.

If the National Encampment is instituted for the benefit of the Order, and if the "crowning principle of our Order is Loyalty," then is the time indeed ripe for that body to assemble in the heart of the one-time Confederacy—not two years hence, or five years hence, but the very next time. For twenty years we, the outpost guard, have held this "section" you fought to win. We have worked against obstacles and obloquy until we have overcome both. Until to-day the People we dwell among, the former "Boys in Grey," will strive in rivalry with us, your Comrades, in extending to you a hearty welcome.

Together the old battle-fields will be revisited, and the old veterans of both sides will swap stories instead of coffee and tobacco.

The central position of Nashville, the cheap rates of travel that will be given, the desire of Comrades to revisit the old scenes, of fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, and brothers to visit the graves of *their dead*, will make such a gathering of the American People, will produce a mingling of those from every quarter of this wide republic, the like of which has never been known and probably never will be again in our day.

Comrades of the Grand Army! Officers and delegates to the Twentieth National Encampment! We, the Department of Tennessee and Georgia, call upon you, when this question comes up, to "vote as you shot"—for the good of the country and the flag.

THE DEPARTMENTS OF IOWA AND DAKOTA FOR NASHVILLE.

The subjoined telegram is from Captain Ed. E. Winters, our Department Adjutant-General, who was in attendance at Sioux City upon the Encampment of the Iowa Department, which met there on Wednesday, April 7. Comrade Winters says:

"The Iowa Department Encampment adopted a resolution unanimously, by a rising vote, favoring Nashville for the next National Encampment. The Department Commander for Dakota is here, and informs me that the subject was brought up at their Encampment, and finding the Department unanimous for Nashville, they did not consider it worth while to pass a resolution."

Comrade Winters was likewise in Michigan, where he plowed the ground, and left immediately for the New York Encampment. The following telegram from him speaks volumes:

NEW YORK, April 22.—The New York delegation will be divided. A majority, however, favor Nashville. The following will show how Michigan stands: JACKSON, MICH., April 22.—E. E. Winters, Hoffman House, New York: Delegates instructed for Nashville. Hip, hip, hurrah! D. BENNETT.

It looks very much like it. Like what? Why, as if the next National Encampment of 1887 would most certainly be held in Nashville.

There is a concurrence of sentiment and events which seem

pointing as unerringly in this direction as the magnet does to the pole.

The "boys" evidently want it.

The great body of the Grand Army membership lies in the vast Valley of the Mississippi, and that mass of veteran feeling tends overwhelmingly toward holding their next National Reunion at a point they can easily and cheaply reach (at a cent a mile of short railroad travel), which is also the point from whence they, as members of the Armies of the Cumberland and the Tennessee, diverged, after concentration, to the different battle-fields of the South.

It is a cherished wish of tens upon tens of thousands of those battle-scarred and battle-worn soldiers to see once more before they die the fields on which the Nation was born again midst the smoke of battle and through the blood and indomitable pluck of brave men.

The survivors of those battle fields are getting old. Though they wore the Blue, they are beginning to don the grey. Every year ten thousand of their number get passes to the grave, "whence no traveler returns." The survivors have reached that stage in human existence whence the past is dwelt upon by them more than the future. Memory preponderates more than expectation. What they have been, what they have done, looms up in their minds with more vividness, and to their greater happiness of enjoyment, than any thing time-to-come has in store for them. Hence, the victors of Fort Donelson and Shiloh, of Nashville and Stone River, Lookout Mountain and Knoxville, Chickamauga and Atlanta, dwell fondly on the idea of revisiting those scenes of glory before they die. To revive their recollection of localities; to trace the earthworks they spaded up and fought behind; to wonder if over there were the rifle-pits they sheltered in from shot and shell, and from whence they sped the minnie on its stinging or deadly mission to the foe; to recall the woods and rocks of their skirmish-line, the places where they stood picket, the old camp-grounds where they reposed on their pallets of straw and caught that "blasted rheumatism," which, though it makes life miserable, cannot be pensioned; to go on a battle-field and endeavor to reconcile old conceptions of the panorama of the fight with the present peaceful aspect of the scene; to say to accompanying Comrades, "That's the ford we defended; that's the rocky ledge we clambered up; there is where that Johnny shot me: our Captain fell on that spot; about here is where Pap Thomas rallied us, and saved the day." And a world of other reminiscences, which will crowd the minds of the veterans when they revisit the scenes of their glory and their sufferings and their brains get to working actively under the stimulus of actual presence on the ground where the drama of active army-life was enacted, and the tragedy of battle was played to the bitter death.

There are also Great Cities of the Dead down here, where there are tears to be shed by visiting Comrades over the carefully-tended graves of old comrades gone before, who may have fallen by their side, and even sprinkled them with their life blood as they fell.

And it will be something well worth seeing, moreover, the changes which peace hath wrought in the South since war ceased its horrid din. Not only is the face of the country greatly changed by the ax and the plow and the spade, but the change in the people is immense and gratifying. The iniquitous institution having disappeared which was the foundation cause of the war, which warped a naturally good sort of people into a demoniac rage, into unpatriotism, into virulent and deadly enmity, and time having made all things even, and smoothed over the roughness and asperities left by the war; time having brought reflection and reason into sway instead of passion and prejudice, our visiting Comrades will now find nine-tenths of the resident population to be Americans more than "Southerners."

thankful that their madness of the hour did not disunite their country, some of them freely acknowledging that they were "everlastingly wrong," and that we were "eternally right" in the savage struggle.

The "boys," when they come, will find no need of picket guards nor skirmish lines to ward off an enemy, but will rather be put to the stumps of all their politeness to decline what may turn out to be an almost oppressive hospitality. They may be shot at, but it will be in the neck; they may be cannonaded, but it will be by cheers and flowers. They will march under triumphal arches, festooned with the Nation's colors; they will dine in halls, with the star-spangled banner waving over them; they will be cordially welcomed by representative men of their former enemy; and even the Southern women will greet them with thanks for having saved to their sons, born or raised since the war, a country that is a country to be proud of by its citizens and feared by its foes, not a mere segment of a country, the scorn of foreigners for its institutions and the object of their contempt for its weakness.

Come, "boys," come. Your cheerful and hospitable welcome is assured. It is your last chance of translation into the glory of your past before you die. Come and be glorified!

We said above that at this time nine-tenths of our resident population were "American rather than Southerners." Methinks we hear an inquiry as to the condition of mind of the fragmentary one tenth of those people down here not yet accounted for? "Many men have many minds." Some have big minds, and some little minds—sometimes very little. Here and there is a dullard, who don't know yet that the war is over; who never did know what it was all about; has an impression it was because "the Yankees wanted to set our niggers free;" "hates a Yankee, anyhow." He "don't want 'em to come down" neither as settlers nor visitors. This kind of creature has his parallel in a few people in the North, some of whom were soldiers. These don't want to visit in the South. "Hates a Rebel, anyhow." Can't think there is any good in Nazareth. Wouldn't go down to be convinced to the contrary. Don't want to be convinced." Why? Because his mind is not big enough to entertain sentiments of charity and brotherhood, or of progress. A big, broad idea, if it could get in, would not have room to turn in such confined quarters.

Besides this kind of very ordinary-run people, there is found occasionally, South and North, a collection of types, ink, and paper, with some one behind it who thinks he is an editor, and deems ministering to prejudices more popular than wider views of life, and who therefore is opposed to "Yankees" being invited to visit "the South;" or, on the other hand, deprecates the soldiers of the North revisiting the battle-grounds of the South for fear they may be "unpleasantly received."

In all of the South we know of but one paper that is inimical to the National Encampment of the Grand Army coming South next year. It is a little non influential weekly, of Talladega, Alabama, which seeks to ape the old "Caucasian" of Memphis in reviving obsolete sectional antipathies.

But the "Caucasian" met its quietus from the very people to whose supposed prejudices it sought to pander, and the Talladega feeble imitation is but the laughing-stock of even the neighborhood where it slimly circulates.

The only way it can do harm is by being quoted at a distance—in the far North or East, for instance, where the little worth of of its utterances around its own home is not understood.

There is another slight element of opposition to the National Encampment being held "South," for the present at least. This element breathes the elemental air in cities ambitious of

having the Encampment within their own corporate limits; that is, after awhile, when they are better ready for it. Meanwhile the cue is, to prevent Nashville being selected now, that the fair "turn" of the South for the Encampment may be the more easily "turned" to the benefit of their own particular Southern city—"turned," say, two years hence. Two letters to this end, written by one Herbert Sidney De Lacey (magnificent name), of Atlanta, appeared recently in the Soldiers' Record, of Boston, with quotations from the Talladega Fire-Eater. There is an unworthy animus and untruthfulness manifested throughout these two letters, which the Comrades of even his own locality deprecate, particularly the attempt to re-excite prejudices in distant "Bosting" against the Southern people on account of the inane utterances of a little country paper, with no prestige of brains, and without representative character.

But let him pass.

HE WOULDN'T EXCHANGE THE SENTINEL FOR ANY OF THEM.

Dr. J. H. VanDeman, who was a Medical Director in the Union army, and who is now the Medical Director of this Department of the G. A. R., and is besides one of the delegates to San Francisco, writes to us as follows:

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., March 30, 1886.

To the Nashville G. A. R. Sentinel:

Inclosed find one dollar to pay my subscription for the Sentinel another year. I take sixty dollars' worth of dailies, weeklies, and monthlies per year, and I would not exchange my old army friend, the Sentinel, for any of them. It takes me back to the times when men's souls as well as bodies were tried, and I read with pleasure of the deeds enacted in the days gone by. Long may she wave, her banner unfurled and columns marching on to aid and comfort the old defenders of the best country the Almighty ever allowed to exist in this mundane sphere. Send her along for another year, and I'll try and give you some army items during that time. Yours fraternally,

J. H. VANDEMAN, G. A. R. Post No. 2.

WHAT THE NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT DOES.

The report of California for March 31, 1885, shows 58 Posts in the Department. Their present roster exhibits 106 Posts in the Department—a gain of 48 Posts in the year. That is what the bringing of the National Encampment to San Francisco has done, and the good influence will continue. Let it once be settled that the National Encampment is coming to Nashville, and we, having greater material to draw from than California, would very nearly, if not quite, treble its membership in the year.

In view of the probable passage of the bill to pension veterans of the Mexican war, all such should communicate with Comrade J. C. DePutron, attorney-at-law, 472 Louisiana Avenue, Washington, D. C. He was for three years in charge of Mexican War Pension Claims in the United States Pension Office, and is more familiar with the records and files by which such claims are to be established than any other attorney or claim-agent in practice. Mention the Sentinel.

A time comes to every man when desires fail, hopes vanish, hates perish, and the soul leaves the body. At such an hour all that has been of hate leaves also; and it were so much better did hate never enter one's being at all. Life is too short for bitterness and hatred.

United States Senator Howell E. Jackson, of Tennessee, has been appointed by the President United States Circuit Judge, to succeed Judge Baxter, deceased.

The State of New Jersey has appropriated \$60,000 to erect a soldiers' home at Newark, N. J.

BETWEEN ATLANTA AND CHATTANOOGA,
"FIFTY THOUSAND DEAD."

In attending the late Encampment of the Department of Tennessee and Georgia, in The Burnt City of Atlanta, the Comrades were strangely impressed with the sight of that rebuilt and beautiful place, the more beautiful evidently than it would have been had not the war's devastating hand been laid heavily upon it. Constructed originally on a comparatively meagre style, to meet the exigencies of slim slavery's business pursuits, the fire of war that made clean work of its building sites left the ground free for the better structures required by freedom's larger demands, and to-day The Burnt City ("Gate City" is a misnomer) is a marvel of beautiful growth and solid prosperity. The Kimball House is really an architectural poem.

Having gone down at night to the city, we stopped at the Markham House, near the depot, which house we merely mention to give opportunity for our speaking well of its table, its beds, its accommodations, equal to any, and of its prices, lower than most, especially to the Comrades of the Grand Army. When the editor of the Sentinel called for his bill on the morning of his departure, and had paid it to a minor clerk, the book-keeper, glancing around, noticed our G. A. R. button, when immediately part of the money that we had already paid was returned to us with the remark that "they did not charge the old soldiers full price."

On our way toward Chattanooga, over the Western and Atlantic Railroad, we were kept constantly on the alert noticing the numerous historic battle-points along the way. Rocky Face had an especial interest for us, as there our youngest son was laid out for awhile, stunned by a Rebel shot, which struck a rail in the slight breastwork in front of him, hurling it like a catapult against the boy; who, however, eventually recovered. All along the line were fields of glory. It is estimated that on both sides fifty thousand yielded up their lives, a sacrifice in a needless war.

The poetic lines, which Comrade A. E. Sholes penned in the cars while traveling over this same railroad, published in an early number of the Grand Army Sentinel, occurred to us, and we here republish them, modified a little, to suit our own ideas of the "fitness of things."

FIFTY THOUSAND DEAD.

"Fifty dreadful battles,
And fifty thousand dead,
Along the line of the W. & A.,"
These were the words I read.

Take off thy shoes, O pilgrim!
'Tis holy ground you tread;
One hundred and forty miles of rail,
Yet fifty thousand dead.

Mount Lookout's battle-clouds,
Chickamauga's field of red,
Helped to swell the awful list
Of fifty thousand dead.

And all along this fateful line
No hill but has its story,
Of men who fought and men who died
Upon these fields of glory.

Honor for those who wore the Blue,
Our kindly thoughts for the Grey;
The dead bespeak a homage due,
Whate'er their cause of 'fray.

Though hushed are war's alarms,
And smiles of peace are shed
O'er all the land, yet mourn we still
Those fifty thousand dead.

Chatfield Post, No. 11, St. Augustine, Fla., was recently organized, and starts off well. The Post expects to secure for a meeting-room a casemate in the old Spanish fort, which is in

charge of Sergeant George U. Brown, the Adjutant of the Post. It has been named after young Chatfield, who was formerly the Adjutant of the Seventeenth Connecticut Volunteers, who was killed in a skirmish near St. Augustine in 1864.

THE DEAD MARCH—IN HOG.

CLEVELAND, TENN., April 10, 1886.

To the Nashville G. A. R. Sentinel.

Who has not heard the tune of the "Dead March in Saul," meaning the sacred opera styled "Saul," the unfortunate first king of Israel? The tune in itself is a very mournful one, and the circumstances generally connected with its performance make it more so to most minds. It is to this tune that we, as Comrades, bury and lay away our Brethren in their final resting-places. But how often it is that even sacred things are diverted to light uses! Your correspondent well remembers an incident of this kind while on duty in the month of April, 1864, at Mulldraugh's Hill, Ky., on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, where Company E, Second Ohio Heavy Artillery were stationed. The boys had gotten out of meat, and felt badly about it. One morning, however, awhile after roll call, they experienced a surprise. About a dozen of their comrades were seen coming up the hill into camp, marching in single file. The first six had poles on their shoulders, a man at each end of a pole, and a good-sized dead shoat with its legs tied to the middle of each pole. The other six men, who brought up the rear, marched with reversed arms—all whistling the tune of "The Dead March—in Hog." Longing inexpressibly for meat, they had found these hogs running at large, and made pork of them.

The meat was left with the cooks, but the butchers were punished for disobeying orders. The pigs were eaten, nevertheless.

East Tennessee has been having some heavy rains—so much that work and travel were stopped, and our sister city, Chattanooga, damaged badly. But she is like the bantam rooster—he would crow if he was whipped. Chattanooga was as mad as a wet hen, but for all that she was saucy, and "didn't need outside help."

While the waters were going down the valleys, your writer went up on our Fort Hill, and to my surprise I picked up several minnie balls and pieces of shoulder-scales that only a few regiments were so highly favored as to have, but which were very disagreeable to those that had to wear them. As I was so fortunate the first time, I made a second search near what is known as the Big Spring, where a few sharp skirmishes had taken place. Looking over the ground for an hour, I found eleven balls, all in good condition, which I will keep for the boys when they come to the National Encampment at Nashville in 1887.

Respectfully, in F., C., & L.,

JOHN TRUNK.

The selection of Jeff. Davis to deliver the dedicatory speech at the Confederate Monument, at Atlanta, Ga., recalls to the Atlanta Constitution Davis's speech made at that place just as the war was commencing, when he began thus:

"Fellow-citizens:—If there is to be war, let it come. We can be ready in ten days. In another ten days we will take Washington. Philadelphia will be ours ten days later. In ten days more New York will fall into our hands. Boston we don't want, because we don't care for baked beans."

It was the poet Burns, we think, who wrote:

"The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft a-glee."

Jeff. lived to see the time when baked beans would have been an acceptable dish—about the period when his "ten days" boastings failed to pan out—when he was a fugitive and his unholy cause was lost indeed.

"My motto is, Live and let live," said the cowardly soldier, as he turned his back to the enemy and fled from the battle-field.

ATLANTA, GA., April 15, 1886.

To the Nashville G. A. R. Sentinel:

I find by dire experience that to be an old soldier is to be a collection of old aches and pains, from "camping on the cold, cold ground," I suppose. My old enemy, rheumatism, always attacks me when I least wish it. This, Thursday night, the 15th inst., was the regular gathering of our O. M. Mitchell Post. It was an occasion of some importance; each member was especially notified by a card from the Adjutant to be on hand peremptorily, and my intention was to obey the summons—when, lo and behold, I was attacked in my right leg, and it became so painful in a short time that I had difficulty in walking home. Such a "result of the war," added to locomotor ataxia, being plainly not an improvement of a man's walking capacity, you may imagine what an excellent and pleasant trip I had. How many thousands of the boys suffer from that unpensionable wound of flesh and nerve and periosteum styled rheumatism—a legitimate result of the hardships of war! A general-service pension would not cure the rheumatism engendered by the war, but it would be some alleviation. A monthly blister of \$8 in greenbacks would soothe our pains just a little.

Our Post seems to flourish as well as can be expected by a lot of old vets. in a strange land, making the best of what has been termed rather flippantly "a fool's errand." Commander and Dr. Wilson has lately returned from a trip North and West, with blood in his veins, manly kindness in his heart, and healing in his touch. He did not neglect in his trip the interests of the G. A. R. When in Cincinnati he conferred with General Hydenkoper in reference to the holding of the next reunion of the Army of Tennessee in Atlanta. The invitation will almost certainly be accepted, and great preparations will be made in our city by both the Blue and the Grey to entertain them fraternally and loyally.

Everything now looks favorable for the next National Encampment coming "South." A little hard work by our Southern and Middle States Posts will certainly secure it. We could and would make it a pleasant occasion for the old soldiers. Their experiences in, and recollections of, the "South" date back to the war period, when brother was against brother, and the passions of men were so aroused that reason was dethroned and the demon part of human nature (and the patriotic, too, to some extent) was in the ascendant. A visit now, when all such passions are allayed; when sensible men have ceased to be Rebels, and are glad they didn't succeed; when also the old flag represents their country, too, and the old rag excites no feeling but contempt; when the angel of humanity has replaced that old slavery war-demon I spoke of; when kind words and cordial welcomes to Northern men have taken the place of hate and bitterness—all this will be to them a perfect paradise of pleasant contrast. They will see the fields which were scenes of death and carnage blossoming with the growing grain; in a few months more they would be able to see them white with the opening cotton. Peace now spreads her white wings here literally. Again we are a band of brothers "marching through the land" in the cause of progress and plenty, instead of powder and plunder; with one flag—the same old striped and starry bunting, and one country—the same old lake-to-gulf arrangement; and one destiny—the same old liberty-loving, world defying, prosperous destiny. The present condition of the Southern States will be such a splendidly favorable contrast to the old veterans' recollections of it in war times that our Comrades cannot help being pleased with the change; pleased, likewise, with the indomitable energy and pluck of a people who rose from the ashes of ruin with no whining resolution, and who have accomplished such splendid results in the twenty years of that peace

which the Union armies conquered for both North and "South." The first of May has been fixed upon as the day for unveiling in Atlanta the statue of Senator Benjamin H. Hill. A great crowd is expected to be present here on that occasion. Jefferson Davis, the ex-Chief of the late pretentious "Southern Confederacy," will be present by invitation and speak his piece—perhaps not for absolute peace. He is supposed to have been a great friend and admirer of the deceased Senator, and will therefore be the guest of Mr. Hill's widow while in our city. No doubt, curiosity, if not respect, will draw thousands to see Davis, the man of whom so much has been said and written. The sons of the sires who gave their lives for the happily Lost Cause will no doubt want to behold the man who swayed the destiny of the South for good or ill, principally ill, during that eventful struggle. The Daily Constitution recalls the last previous speech which Davis made in Atlanta just as the war was being started by him and others on a career of alleged Confederate victory, going on conquering and to conquer. In ten days, he said, the Rebels would be ready to march; in ten days they would have Washington; in another ten days Philadelphia would fall into their hands; in ten days more New York would be occupied by their irresistible cohorts. In "ten days!" They never made the "ten-strike," did they? Poor Jeff! But I must hasten to present my usual war anecdote. Here it is:

THEY FOUND OUT WHERE THE REBEL BATTERIES WERE.

In the winter of 1864-65, when General Ben Butler tried to give a short-cut to the current of James River by digging the Dutch Gap Canal through that historic "bend," two Confederate batteries planted on the heights on the opposite side of the river, some distance back, had succeeded in getting the exact range of the cut; and they exploded a good many shells immediately over it, killing and wounding these engaged in the work. During the winter a number of civilians—relations of the soldiers—came to the front to visit them, and almost the first thing they inquired about was the celebrated canal. The next thing in order was a visit to it. One day a party came over to see the works. After looking around, they went up on the highest point they could see, and inquired of an officer near them, "Where are those Rebel batteries we have heard so much about?" The answer was, "Stand there a few minutes, and you will find out." Soon a puff of smoke was seen over the river toward the Rebel lines, an explosion was heard immediately over the heads of the party, and as the pieces of shell began to fall all around them they did not stand on the order of their going, but went in a hurry. Prettier running never was seen, until they had gotten half way down the bluff on the lower side of the river. The boys were dreadfully tickled. You never heard such hurrahs and shouts of laughter as the soldiers got off as the civilians made rapid tracks for a safe place, just after they had found out exactly "where the Rebel batteries were they had heard so much talk about."

ALLEN F. HALL.

THE FLAG OF BEAUTY AND GLORY.

S. S. Cox ("Sunset Cox"), our Minister to Turkey, is enjoying a leave of absence by touring in Egypt. He writes, among other things:

"I brought one of our regulation American flags along, and it is the cynosure among Swedish, German, Austrian, and Russian colors. The native women drop their amphora jars to gaze at us in rapture, and every ragged fellah stops pumping and plowing to see what the matter is."

Chillicothe was once the capital of Ohio, and is now called the "ancient metropolis." The Indian name—Chillicothe—signifies "The town-on-the-leaning-bank."

THE LOYAL LADIES' LEAGUE.

This institution, or organization, recently started in Pennsylvania as an Auxiliary to the G. A. R. of that Department. The following letter explains the differences between the various soldier and auxiliary associations:

HEADQUARTERS LOYAL LADIES' LEAGUE,
AUXILIARY TO THE G. A. R. DEPT OF PA.,
ALLEGHENY, PA., April 6, 1886.

To the Nashville G. A. Sentinel:

At a recent Department Encampment of the G. A. R. of Pennsylvania, held in Scranton, the Loyal Ladies' League and the Woman's Relief Corps were unanimously recognized.

Much trouble has been caused in ladies' auxiliaries through not understanding the difference between the organizations.

Their objects are exactly the same.

But the L. L. L. is composed of mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters, and no others.

While the Woman's Relief Corps admits every one, whether connected with soldiers or not.

The G. A. R. is composed of soldiers, and no others. The Sons of Veterans of sons, and no others. The L. L. L. of wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters of veterans, and no others; thus embracing one family with one aim and object.

For particulars in regard to the L. L. L., address
LILLIE B. DAVIS,
Dept. Sec., 31st Ward, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PENSION OFFICE ORDERS, RULINGS, ETC.

[Furnished Expressly for the Nashville Grand Army Sentinel, by J. C. DePutron, Washington City.]

THE PENSION MEASURES BEFORE CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 10, 1886.

To the Nashville G. A. R. Sentinel:

The Congressional calendar has been flooded this session with pension bills covering every conceivable form of demand that had any, even the least plausible, pretext for placing the proposed beneficiaries on the pension-roll.

Of these, the bill granting an increase of pensions to widows and dependents has become a law.

When this bill came up in the Senate there was an effort to increase the monthly allowance of minors from \$2 to \$4, and extend the limit of pensionable age from 16 to 18 years, and continue it for life in case of invalid or demented children.

This amendment was withdrawn by request, in order that the original bill might go through unhampered.

These amendments have been introduced into the Senate as an independent bill by Senator VanWyck, omitting the life feature to invalids and imbeciles, and will probably become a law, as there seems to be a disposition to treat these minors in a more liberal spirit.

A bill has also been reported favorably by the Invalid Pension Committee to extend the benefits of the law to parents who, though not actually dependent on the soldier for support at the date of his death, have by age, misfortune, etc., become so reduced in circumstances and incapacitated by age and infirmity as to need assistance at this time.

The equity of this bill rests upon the theory that, though not dependent and not requiring the aid and assistance of the soldier during his life or at the date of his death, it is only fair to presume that, had the soldier lived, he would have recognized those filial obligations common to our race, and would have been to his parents, in days of age and poverty, their staff and shield, supporting and protecting them in their time of adversity.

Numerous cases of this character have come to Congress for relief, and generally been granted by special act; but as there is no justice in discriminating between those with Congressional influence enough to secure this relief and those without such influence, the proposition to provide for them all by general legislation is just, and will relieve Congress of much special legislation.

The bill to pension prisoners of war, which was submitted by Mr. Holmes, has been reported favorably, changing the period of confinement so as to include all who were for sixty days or more in Confederate prisons and are disabled, varying the rate of pension according to the degree of disability, provided the disabili-

ty is of a character naturally the result of such prison life, and is not due to intemperate or vicious habits of the soldier.

In reference to the provision granting money compensation for rations (or lack of rations during such confinement), the Committee report favorably upon the payment to each of such prisoners one dollar a day for each day so confined.

The allowance for commutation of rations while prisoners of war has been 25 cents per day under existing legislation. If this bill becomes a law, it will give to each prisoner of war 75 cents a day additional for the time he was confined as a prisoner.

The House has passed the bill to give a pension of \$8 per month, for life, to the surviving veterans of the Mexican war, and the widows of those deceased.

The justice of this measure is so freely admitted by all, that, if it can be kept free from entanglement with any other propositions, there is little doubt of its becoming a law at this session.

The first session of Congress is always a good time to press legislation in favor of the soldier element. The body is mercenary to a certain extent, but it is governed by the *animus* that controls the world, and many members of Congress, who in their inmost souls have no special affection for the soldier wards of the Nation, dare not, in view of the approaching Congressional elections, combat the soldier element in their districts, for fear of relegation to private life instead of being re-elected to Congress. This much has been brought about by the consolidation of the old soldier element into the G. A. R., and by the publication of distinctly soldier papers. It has made them a recognized power, capable of commanding a respectful hearing. They were a long time getting down to it as a matter of business, but having accomplished it, they only need to preserve a fair degree of unanimity among themselves to secure them their rights in the fullest degree. Let them recognize that their first principle is Loyalty—Loyalty to themselves, which is also Loyalty to the country—and they are safe.

J. C. DEPUTRON.

In the claim No. 271,171. of the minors of George T. Richards, Company G, Fourteenth West Virginia Volunteers, the pension office rejected it on the ground that the soldier's fatal disease was not contracted in line of duty.

The facts shown by the record and testimony were that the soldier was enrolled August 17, 1862, and died in Andersonville prison June 14, 1864, where he was incarcerated, having been captured February 23, 1864.

James W. Shroyer, late First Lieutenant, afterward Captain, of the company, testified that he was in command of the company February 17, 1864, and on that date gave to the soldier a military pass to go outside of the picket-line for the purpose of having his shoes mended by a shoemaker who worked near the picket-line. Richards did not return, and by his order was, on the 18th, reported as absent without leave. As he did not return to the company, he was marked a deserter on the company rolls until muster out in 1865. The regiment was encamped near Burlington, W. Va., on the 17th day of February, 1864; that he has since learned that soldier was captured and died in a Confederate prison.

John Price, a comrade, testifies that he knew Richards long before they went into the service; that while they lay near Burlington, W. Va., one morning George T. Richards and a comrade named Wilson told affiant that they had a pass to go to Ridgeville, between Burlington and New Creek, to have their shoes mended, and that they left camp together, which was the last affiant ever saw of them. Shortly afterward the report came to the camp that they had been captured by the rebels.

On appeal to the Secretary of the Interior, he says in deciding the case:

"The only question to be decided in this case is, whether the soldier was in the line of duty when captured. Captain Shroyer says that he gave a military pass to the soldier on the 17th of February, 1864, to go just beyond the lines to have his shoes mended, while the Adjutant-General's report shows he was captured February 23, 1864. The command to which soldier belonged was in the extreme northern part of West Virginia. After his capture he was taken to Richmond, Va., about 170 miles from the place of capture, crossing the mountains and streams in the month of February. The roads are not generally in the best condition at that season of the year. It is reasonable to suppose—in fact, it is more than probable—that the six days intervening between the 17th, the day the pass was given, and the 23d, the date of the reported capture, the soldier was on his way to Richmond, and that the record of capture given is the date the soldier reached Richmond. Small bands of rebel guerrillas, or bushwhackers, scouting in the mountains of West Virginia, picking up what few Union men they could get hold of, it is reasonable to presume, neither had the education nor the

inclination to, or did, keep dates of capture, so that the difference between the dates of the pass and the reported capture is very easily harmonized. The evidence, the circumstances, and the presumptions favor the conclusion that the soldier was captured on the day the pass was given. A resident of West Virginia of this soldier's age, with death, or Andersonville and death, staring him in the face, would not be likely to be laying around loose or on pleasure outside of the Union lines for six days. Having reached the conclusion that the soldier was captured on the day the pass was given, we have but little trouble under decisions of this Department, and a liberal construction of the pension laws in finding that the soldier was in line of duty when captured.

"Where a soldier was captured by the enemy while 'outside the pickets and camp-guards,' and during his subsequent imprisonment contracted a disability for which he claimed pension, it has been held that, inasmuch as it is not shown that the soldier had any intention to desert, the penalty of desertion should not be inflicted upon him. He should be regarded as having been in the line of duty when his disability was contracted, and his claim should be allowed—\$1,152 33.

"The evidence is undisputed that a military pass was given the soldier for the purpose of going a short distance beyond the lines to have his shoes mended. It is very evident that his shoes needed mending or his commanding officer would not have given him a pass to go outside the lines for that purpose, and it is evident that the Government or soldier's commanding officer did not furnish soldier with necessary shoes, or he would not have wanted or needed to have gone outside the picket line to get his shoes mended. Captain Shroyer says the shoemaker worked near the picket-line. How natural, and how necessary, especially at that season of the year, if soldiers' shoes needed mending, that they should go to this shoemaker to have the work done; and as the shoemaker was near the Union picket line, no great danger of capture was apprehended.

"Where the testimony shows that a soldier is outside of the picket-line by permission of the commanding officer, on business connected with the service, he is in the line of duty.

"You will please adjudicate this claim in accordance with the above views."

CIRCULAR IN REGARD TO THE INCREASED PENSIONS TO WIDOWS.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, PENSION OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 27, 1886.

SIR: The act of Congress, approved March 19, 1886, increases the monthly rate of pension in all cases of widows, minor children, and dependent relatives now on the pension-roll or hereafter placed thereon, in which the present monthly payment is less than that amount from said date. It is the intention of the Commissioner that no new certificates shall be issued under this act to pensioners now on the rolls, and that the amount due each pensioner to June 4, 1886, and thereafter, shall be paid by the United States pension agents without specific instructions in any case.

Upon the receipt of the executed voucher for the June, 1886, payment in any case in which the rate is increased by said act, you are instructed to include in the payment the additional amount due, calculated from March 19, 1886, to June 3, 1886, inclusive.

You will make the proper corrections in the duplicate receipts attached to the voucher, and you will cause to be stamped across the face of the voucher the words, "Increased to \$12 per month from March 19, 1886, pursuant to act of that date." This course has been determined upon after consultation with the accounting officers of the Treasury Department, who will interpose no objection to the settlement of the accounts of your payments made pursuant to these instructions. To secure uniformity in the manner of stamping vouchers, you are instructed to purchase a rubber stamp, with the words "Increased to \$12 per month from March 19, 1886, pursuant to act of that date," in plain letters, the stamp to be three inches by one inch wide, and you will submit the account for the purchase thereof in the usual manner. You will understand that the act includes all widows of the war of 1812, and of dependent fathers, and that it excludes survivors of the war of 1812; and further that the increase does not affect the additional two dollars per month provided on account of minor children.

It is the intention of the Commissioner that as soon as practicable there shall be furnished to you a sufficient number of the circulars proposed to be printed (embodying the terms of the said act) and signed by the Secretary of the Interior and himself. Upon their receipt you will promptly forward a copy to the last known address of each pensioner whose rate is increased

by said act, with printed instructions, which will also be forwarded to you, to have said circular securely attached to the pension certificate, a part of which it will become.

I transmit herewith a copy of the act referred to.
Very respectfully,
JOHN C. BLACK, Commissioner.

WAS ANDY JOHNSON'S ACQUITTAL PURCHASED?

The somewhat famous and now venerable Washington correspondent, Ben. Perley Poore, is writing quite remarkable "Reminiscences" of public men and incidents which have transpired at the National capital. In the following he declares that Andrew Johnson's acquittal on his impeachment trial "was purchased," and though we would fain believe that he was mistaken, his honesty of purpose cannot be impeached nor his means of information be disputed:

ANDREW JOHNSON'S TRIAL.

Chief Justice Chase presided over the Senate sitting as a court of impeachment with great dignity, and with an evident determination to be impartial, so much so that he almost leaned in favor of the President at times. General Butler was the master spirit of the prosecution; forcible, logical, and legal, he stood among his brother managers as Saul did among the prophets, and his long training in criminal courts made him master of the situation. In vain did witnesses endeavor to evade his questions or to conceal the truth; and when there were attempts to introduce irrelevant testimony he appealed to the Senate with eloquent ability, and the Senate sustained him. His fellow-managers, or rather prosecutors, were the clear headed Bingham, the forcible Boutelle, the gallant Logan, the learned Williams, and that erratic old champion of freedom, Thad. Stevens.

The President was well defended by able lawyers. Stanbery had a logical intellect, Evarts was an eloquent rhetorician, Curtis was ponderous and Webster like, Groesbeck was a student, and Judge Nelson possessed legal ability. But they had a bad case, and they appeared to feel it. The hand-writing of public opinion on the wall was ever before their eyes, and they saw that neither their legal lore nor their special pleading could save their client. Fortunately for them, two or three Republican Senators could not conscientiously, by voting "guilty," make Ben. Wade President; and large contributions, extorted from the "whisky ring," finished the business in his favor. He was found "not guilty," and that verdict was purchased.

PRICES IN CONFEDERATE MONEY IN 1864.

An example of the seemingly high prices charged, in consequence of the depreciation of Confederate treasury notes, is given by the following copy of a bill for a dinner for three persons in a restaurant of Richmond, in 1864:

Soup	\$ 13 50
Steak	31 50
Fried potatoes	9 00
Five birds	24 00
Baked potatoes	9 00
Celery	13 50
Bread and butter	14 00
Coffee	18 00
Apples	12 00

Total

Total	\$144 50
For the dessert was served:	
Jelly	\$ 20 00
Cake	20 00
Two bottles of Madeira	250 00
Claret	120 00
One wine cocktail	65 00
Half dozen cigars	12 00

Total for whole dinner

Yet these rates scarcely approximated to the prices reached before the end, when flour was held at \$1,500 a barrel, beef at \$20 a pound, and other things in proportion.

HOW A DYING MAN FEELS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO, BY THE
AUTHOR OF CO. "AYTCH."

Sunny South.

On Christmas Day, 1862, Bragg's army at Murfreesboro was hovering over smoky fires, having recently come out of Kentucky, after the battle of Perryville, the raggedest, dirtiest, loudest set of soldiers that ever carried a musket or knapsack. Wood was scarce and sobby, and mud and slush were everywhere. While standing around our camp fires discussing the situation and defending old Bragg's bad generalship, the assembly suddenly sounded, and we were double quickened to Lavergne, about ten miles from Murfreesboro, toward Nashville, as Rosecrans, the fox, was advancing.

After skirmishing for two days we were driven in and found our army in line of battle on the bank of Stone's River, on the 28th of December, which was Sunday. The battle was fought on Wednesday, the 31st.

I was a skirmisher that day for the First Tennessee Regiment. Our brigade made a half wheel, thus throwing us upon the enemy's flank, when the cry was raised, "You are firing on your own men!" "You are firing on your own men! Cease firing! Cease firing!" The most terrible confusion that I ever beheld on any battle-field then occurred. Every man was halloing at the top of his voice, "You are firing on your own men! Cease firing! Cease firing!" I halloed; in fact the whole skirmish line kept on yelling to "shoot! shoot! d—n it shoot, they are Yankees! shoot!" General Frank Cheatham sent forward several members of his staff, and they were all killed. We were not twenty yards off from the main Yankee line, and they were pouring the hot shot and shells right into our ranks, and every man yelling at the top of his voice, "Cease firing! You are firing on your own men!"

The crest held by the Yankees was belching loud with fire and smoke, and the rebels were falling like leaves of autumn in a hurricane. They continued to load and shoot. The leaden hail-storm swept them off the field. They fell back and reformed, General Cheatham came up, and advancing right upon the enemy's ranks, begged his men to follow. I advanced in their very midst; when a quick, sharp pang like lightning seemed to shoot from temple to temple, furrowing through the brain; but on I pressed up to the very cannon's mouth, when another ball struck me on the arm and seemed to jerk it out of its very socket. I saw the blood running down my arm and felt it trickling over my face in perfect spurts, and just as we reached the battery that we had been charging, and the Yankees had given way, I fainted and fell from the loss of blood. This is the last thing of the battle of Murfreesboro that I can remember.

I remember trying to cheer, when all at once I lost consciousness and fell like a corpse in the midst of corpses.

I knew that both armies were in their death grapple, that they had met, for I seemed to hear the fierce rebel yell, the clash of steel and the continued roar of musketry; the wild, shrill cry of neighing steeds, and the quick wheel and tramp of heavy battalions, while the shouts of the warrior men seemed to fairly ring through my ears. And now and then my hot blood seemed to stagnate and freeze, and the dead seemed to be piled on me in heaps.

How long I had lain there I know not; but when I came to myself it was night and everything was as silent as death, and I was—O so cold! Clouds were flying across the cold, grey sky, and I saw the upturned faces of the dead lying all around me. I could not move, and my arm seemed as if it weighed ten tons. I tried to move, and shrieked out with intense pain. I felt that some awful power had brought a mountain ten thousand feet high and placed it on my head. I tried to call someone, but my voice was nothing but a groan. I fell back on my face and seemed to go off in a kind of dream. All my life seemed to pass before me in the most beautiful colors. It seemed that all the colors of the rainbow were blended together, yet every now and then alternating in each separate shade. I remember that I thought, if this be death, it is O so beautiful. I remembered how good and kind my parents had been to me. I remembered all the boys and girls that I had ever played with in my youth. I remembered the church and Sunday-school. I remembered my little dead sister; I could see the dimple in her cheeks, her curly hair falling all over her shoulders, her bright and happy smile, while a halo of light seemed to cover the scene as if entranced. I thought, Is this death? I knew it was death, for when we are dying we see every thing and hear every thing, for it is our last. I felt that the good God would hear my prayer, for

Jesus' sake; in fact, I knew that I heard the harps of the redeemed ones on the other shore. The pattering rain that was falling seemed like the sweetest music, and I said, "This is nothing but the dark waters of the Jordan of death I am crossing, and I will soon enter heaven on the other shore." After this I had only a faint recollection of being carried off on a litter and being put into a wagon on some straw, and being jolted over a rough road. All the time my temples were throbbing and bleeding with great pain, and my tongue was cracked and blistered for water. What happened for days, weeks, and months afterward I know but little. But I remember that a great many of my old comrades came to look at me, and would turn off and say, "Poor fellow, his days are numbered."

A JUG FULL OF WAR RELICS.

Knoxville Daily Journal, March 31.

Recently while workmen were engaged in excavating in the basement of the Church Street Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to put in a furnace, they dug up and shoveled up a loaded shell, weighing perhaps six pounds. The shell is still loaded, and when found had about an inch of fuse protruding from it.

Yesterday afternoon, as two colored workmen were digging up the pavement alongside the new library building, they struck an old jug about two feet below the surface of the ground and broke it, and found the vessel to be full of minnie and old-fashioned musket-balls of various sizes and shapes, and weighing nearly fifty pounds. Men and boys seized them as war relics. Some of the balls seemed to have been eaten off by an acid, but none of them appeared to have been used. The supposition is that they have been there for a great number of years, as the shapes of the balls were not the kind used in the last war. One thoughtful old colored man gathered up a cigar box full of the balls, and said: "Golly! I's goin' to speculatin'; gwine to sell these at fifty cents apiece. Have 'em come from Fort Saunders, you know."

Mr. Morrill, of Kansas, from the Committee on Invalid Pensions, has reported to the House of Congress a bill extending until July 1, 1888, the time within which applications for arrears of pensions may be filed, extending the provisions of the Arrears act to special pensioners, and providing that in applications for pensions the persons on whose account the pension is claimed shall be presumed *prima facie* to have been sound and free from disease at the date of entering the service.

The last sale of a slave in Virginia took place in the spring of 1865. The facts were the following: The Confederacy was on its very last legs, and the owner of a negro woman in Augusta, knowing that slavery would be ended in a few days, sold her for what he could get. As there was no circulating medium of any sort then—for no one would take Confederate money at any value—the woman's master bartered her off for 100 cabbage plants.

Department Encampments in April: Arkansas at Fort Smith, Wednesday and Thursday, 14th and 15th; New York at New York City, commencing Wednesday 21st, to continue for three days; Michigan at Flint, Wednesday, 21st; Ohio at Cleveland, commencing Wednesday, 28th, 29th, and 30th; the Department of the Gulf on Friday and Saturday, 24th and 25th; the Department of Utah at Ogden, Thursday and Friday, 22d and 23d.

It is said of an old comrade in Lowell, Mass., who is always inventing excuses for going on a spree, that he got glorious on St. Patrick's Day, the 17th of March, and met a friend, who said: "Now, look here, Jake, you have no excuse to-day. You are not an Irishman." "Well," responded the veteran with dignity, "I guess I'm part Irish, anyway. I've got a Cork leg."

Tramp.—Are you a Grand Army man? Gentleman.—Yes. Tramp.—Could you help a poor fellow who lost his leg during the war? Gentleman (giving him ten cents).—What regiment did you belong to? Tramp.—Not any, sir. I was ran down by a beer-wagon a day or two after the battle of Fair Oaks. Those were gloomy days, sir.

What enactments for the benefit of the old soldiers could be procured in the future, or what would have been the fate of the pension bills of the past, had there been no G. A. R.?