

the saddle from a carcass. When Capt. Efficit suggested the removal of the dead horse from its close proximity to headquarters, the General said: "Let it alone, it gives a romantic appearance to the surroundings.

I had to go to the wagon train and get my old horse Jimmie, the old reliable, and as I rode back Gen. Genry jokingly remarked, "Here comes the man that straddled a cannon-shot." The artillery battle that had been raging for nearly two hours, during which I was treated to an experience that I will never forget, had now subsided, and the two armies had apparently settled down to take a rest and watch each other; but we found out later that Lee



was merely holding our attention while his wary Lieutenant was preparing a great surprise for us. Once during the day the Twelfth corps was advanced but finding the enemy strong in their intrenchments we fell back to cur works again. There was a lively attack on the extreme left flank of our -our right, but nothing of a decisive

about 5 o'clock, Jim Clifford, one of description of what I saw on the 3rd of get over, as I had important informascouting for Gen. Geary all winter. rode in on a horse white with foam. He reported to Geary that he had just come from the extreme right, far beyoud Howard's lines, and that he encountered a large force of the enemy advancing square on our left and rear. At the time this information reached Geary he only had with him of his official staff his Assistant Adjutant-General Capt. Elliott, whom he instructed to go to Gen. Hooker and apprise him of the situation.

Before going, however, he wrote an official message to Gen. Howard, which was handed to me to be delivered without delay; I was not to spare my horse in the least in getting this very important information delivered. Fully realizing the weighty responsibility resting upon me, I rode that poor horse nearly to his death; much of the way I rode through low, timbered ground, full of underbrush and every obstacle that the country, known as the Wilderness, afforded. If I can reach Gen. Howard in time to same his army I thought I will have accomplished much. I first struck Steinwehr's division, where I was instructed as to Howard's headquarters, and I hurried on to the Dowdal house.

"Can I see Gen. Howard?" I asked as I rode up. I was told to ride down a certain road or lane where I might exnect to find him. What a happy relief to me when I caught a glimpse of that one armed hero. There he sat on a gail running across from the two angles of an old style Virginia rail fence, by his side ant Gen. Carl Schurtz. I had passed Steinwehr's and a great portion of Schurtz's lines on my way, and there was the vissible evidence that these men knew nothing of the imminent danger that hung over them. Muskets in line of battle, yes, stacks of guns as far as the eye could see, but where were the men; they were scattered over the fields, roaming at will; some were bringing in wood and camp fires, ting their supper ready. I longed to tell each and every one of those men of their peril. Riding up to

where Gen. Howard was, I dismounted and handed him the dispatch, saying, "from Gen. John W. Geary." He opened it in a careless manner, continming his conversation all the while with Gen. Schurtz. When he had read it he waved his hand which held the dispatch, as if to say, go.

"You tell Gen. Geary not to worry himself about me." Had he slapped me with his sword, I could not have felt more humiliated. ! lingered around in hopes to hear a call to arms, but it only came when Jackson's hordes peared in upon Howard's rear and flank like a sweeping tornado. Geary wouldn't worry about you personally, thought I, when I saw Howard in a great state of excitement, trying to organize some sort of defense with a lot of unarmed men.

I had seen enough, and thought best enemies' death dealing batteries. to hurry back, but I could not move fast enough to get beyond the flying bullets and bursting shells, as they crashed through that terrified mass of mer, wagons and artillery. Any stampede is terrible enough if you are in it, but this had every feature of a eyclone; at army wrapped, twisted, already in possession of the enemy," Farmers' Voice. and harled into one great mass, and replied Gen. Geary.

blockaded by its own entanglement As I struck the Plank rend nearing Chancettorsville, I met Sickles' re- you support." Hooker's orders were history of this country when the peoseawe surging to the front in two solid obeyed, and strange to say, with much ple were sought to be deceived and columns, the first encouraging sign that this gigantic stampede would ever stop. I was now crowded out of the put their caps on their bayonets and rend into the woods, and as it was getthing dark my progress was slow and gratifying to ser those grey backs "git" seized upon by the people with difficult. When I reached headquar- from behind our works. The promised avidity, gulped down with joy and ad- have registered a solemn outh never to ters everything was excitement and I support never came, and being out of did not even get an opportunity to re- ammunition, Geary once more left the port. I found Gen. Genry in the field with his command, during which enddle, he having turned his command act he was knocked to the ground by ever to Gen. Kane temporary, and was a cannon shot gassing so close to his about starting to get an idea of the body as to paralyze his left arm and destimples. Seeing me there and al- prive him of his speech. ready mounted, he took it for granted | Chancellorsville was now in possesthat I was to accompany him, and he sion of the enemy, as were also our lege.

said to me come on. I felt that I was getting a little more than my share of duty that day, but before we returned I had been an eye-witness to one of the great historic events of the war; that of Pleasanton's defense of Hazel Grove, where we gathered to his support twenty-two pieces of artillery and planted them on that elevated field, supported by two regiments of cavalry only, with nothing in front of him but darkness and the exultant rebels, wild with success, who charged again and again into the mouths of Pleasanton's guns, only to receive their passports to "Kingdom Come." During all this onslaught I sat by Gen. Geary's side just behind those batteries, the streams of fire from twenty-two



in one red glare, adding terror to the upon me, I threw my hands aloft. scene. Returning to Fair View, which elevating my waterproof so abruptly is on the right of Hazel Grove, Gen. as to frighten my horse, who sprang Geary, with the asistance of Capt. backwards, pulling me over, with my Best, arranged a line of batteries of face on the ground. I was now thornot less than forty guns, which were oughly awake, and as soon as I could soon pouring their deadly missles into extricate myself I began to look the face of the advancing foe, who around. I was alone; there was our were now compelled to halt in their breastworks in front of me, a few mad career. By this time Jackson had debres of the bivouac the men had left received his death wound, and our new | behind, but nothing else could I see | the line strengthened by two divisions of but the grey morning. I mounted my the Third army corps, who had been horse without farther ceremony, and cut off for a while, but cut their way peering across the felled timber in through the rebei lines, and made a front of our works. I saw the first of a the heathery hills of Scotland, the grand stand on a line crossing the line of rebel skirmishers emerging Plank road at Fairview; the enemy from the woods beyond. made three distinct charges on our batteries during the night, with terrific loss, without gaining any advantage. Daring the whole night, Gen. Genry was hardly out of the saddle, and made no attempt to rest, neither was I reheved from attendance on him; from one end of the line to the other, the ax and shovel played a lively part in the carmy, and some skirmishing heard on preparations for to-morrow's consumption. The worst we could imagine tirely up, and the plank of the first

> May, 1863. Words never have, nor can they ever paint in natural living colors, the scenes which were presented around the Chancellor House on the ferenoon of that day, which terminated in the burning of the Chancellor House full of our wounded, and the sweening of the surrounding woods by fiery flames, which were strewn with our dead and dying that could not be

Hooker had now abandoned Hazel Grove and occupied the new line he had forfeited during the night by swinging Williams' division of the Twelfth corps around at right angles with Geary, and joining the two divisions of Whipple and Perry of the Third corps, whose line extended across and (beyond the Plank Road.

The abandonment of Hazel Hill which was on the line of our original position, gave the enemy just what he wanted. With more than thirty pieces of artillery planted there by Jeb. Stewart, (Jackson's successor), he raked Geary's lines in such a terrific manner. that it was next to impossible for the men to stand their ground. Gen. Doubleday in describing this particular event says: "Stewart did not delay in crowning Hazel Hill with more than thirty pieces of artillery, with which he began to play with fatal effect on Chancellorsville, and on the crest occupical by Slocum, which he enfaladed. and as McLaw's batteries enfalade-Slocum at the same time from the . p osite direction, it seems miraculous hat it was able to hold it at all."

Gen. Slocum had directed that divi sion and brigade commanders and the staff have all horses removed to the year, as there was no shelter for then; from the terriffic fire of the enemy, and Gen. Geary relieved all his attacheexcept myself, and I am quite certain that Lieut. Davis and I were the only mounted men on that line where a crow would have been stripped of his feath.

ers if he stood above the breastworks The battle raged on, our right wing was broken and hurled back; Gen. Berry was killed and Whipple wounded and their divisions completely routed after as stubborn a fight as ever mortal man made. Williams' division was the next to go, leaving Geary's division standing alone without support, except from a few of our batteries, and vet he maintained his position for fully an our, with the enemy on his front and flank, and all of the Hazel Hill guns enfalading him. Finally our battery, which occupied a position to the right and rear of the Chancellor House, and which had lost nearly every man, cilled or wounded, was now silenced, and the enemy were permitted to move forward and overlap Geary's right flank, with some of their batteries already planted at Fairview, this made it impossible for us to hold out longer. to the interests of the farmers, but and the old White Star division was what of that? You know he is lying.

We had hardly gotten past the range | do, vote for that man again, whoop it of the enemy's guns when Gen. Hooker up for nim during the next few ode up to Geary, and in a very ex- months and kick everybody who does cited manner he said: "Gen. Geary, I not think he ought to be elected? If

its old position." "It is impossible, my works are will never be saved by its citizens -- |

"You have my orders," said Hooker, and I expect obedience. I will send less difficulty than would be imagined. As was a custom with these men, they went forward with a cheer, and it was of fool policy it may spring will be reports, has found no successor for the things, what car, be expected of the

poor dead and dying soldiers, who lay in that awful crematory of the war. We had taken possession of our new line of defense, that was soon made strong by throwing up of breastworks and redouts. A cold rain had now set in, adding gloom to the extremely discouraging outlook. It was now well understood that we were to get back to the north side of the Rappahannock if we could, and our trains were moving lively in that direction. As soon as Gen. Geary got his instructions as to the retreat, he, by the advice of the surgeon, crossed over the river. About 10 o'clock that night I was sent to Gen. Kane with his instructions to cover the retreat, and I was to pilot him on the road he was to take at 4 o'clock in the morning. I found Kane nestled down under a little dog tent, doing his best to keep dry. "Now tell me all about it," he said, "and I would like you to draw a map of the road, so that I will have no difficulty when I come to move." His request I complied with to the extent of my ability, and then withdrew with my horse a rod or two away to a tree stump; tying the halter strap to my wrist, and spreading my poncho over my head, I settled down for a little sleep, which poor tired nature so much demanded, little dreaming that nothing short of Gabriel's trumpet would awaken me in the morning. Suddenly, as if some guardlighting up the heavens ian angel had laid a warning hand

It was impossible, I thought, for me to hold that line of works alone, and so I withdrew in good order, but in rapid time. When I came in sight of United States ford, I could see a considerable force on the opposite side of the river, but not a man on my side. The engineer corps was working very lively taking up the bridges, and when I reached the bank one bridge was enwas but a faint shadow of the reality. section had already been removed on My inclination is, not to attempt a the other. When I told them I must



PULLED ME OVER. tion to impart to Gen. Hooker, an officer came to the front and said: "We will lav a plank for you to cross on, but you will have to leave your horse behind." That I did not like to do, as old Jimmie had been a dear, devoted comrade to me; instead of one plank they laid two of about four or five inches each in width, so kin, "don't yer want to turn in?" when I started over I invited my horse to follow, and what was my surprise to see him, without the least hesitation, but with much caution, tread the narrow walk, and reach the main bridge

in asfety. "If that horse was mine, I wouldn't down. take a thousand dollars for, him," remarked a captain of engineers.

St. Louis, Jan. 230, 1892.

That Congressman. What has your congressman done for you, brother farmer? He has been in Washington one, two, three, perhaps a half dozen terms. But you have been finding fault with the condition of things all the time he has been there drawing five thousand dollars a year and riding on free passes, of course; and you have had good reason to complain. The interstate commerce law is not what it ought to be and there are grave doubts if the majority of congress-probably including your congressman-intend that it ever shall be. The Pacific railroad debt-a sum of money that belongs to the people-is not collected. and until there is a radical change in the personnel of congress there probably never will be. It may be safely assumed-whatever your personal nobe supposed that you have not beey # tisfied with the course pursued by congress, and perhaps by your representative.

But he is a candidate for re-election. He is asking your support. Of | ingly. course he is swearing eternal loyalty pleces by shell and grape, as they leeches and the trusts. His record is | in the till!" moved across that field, in front of the as familiar to you as the alphabet. Well, friend, what do you propose to want you to put your division back in you do, God save the American republic, for if there are many like you, it

Led by the Nose.

cal demagogery as at present. Wall street seems to believe that any kind

vocated with zeal. Nebraska City is troubled over whether to admit the colored pupils who have been prepared for the high school in the colored schools, into the | food and the symbol of it, so to high school with the plain, every day speak; for a waiter, when asking you white children. She might pattern whether you are going to take a meal after the State university, where sev. will ask whether you will have some

MUSIC'S CHARMS.

Tom Goskin, proprietor of the principal saloon in Red Dog, was not happy; he had bought a piano, but no one in the camp could be found to play it. ; But a few days before Christmas a ghostly-looking old tramp appeared at the door of the saloon and Tom gave him something to eat. The stranger was attracted by the sight of the piano. He said he thought he could play it some, and awe fell over the audience as he sat down.

The piano was frightfully out of tune, of course; but the audience was not disposed to be critical. Chords succeeded melodies, melodies chords; runs and trills and rapid passages chased each other over the keys, up hill, down hill.

BLE

Z

"Look how he chases the right hand with the left," whispered an old graybeard, nudging his neighbor, excitedly.

"And what fine sounds he digs out of the upper end," said another. "And down there it's growlin' like a grizzly," remarked a third.

"Hi, Goskin, the old grave-digger's kickin' the pianner to pieces with his feet; don't you stand it." The stranger was using the pedal.

The minutes ran swiftly on; the rude lights burned dim; the aged musician lost himself more and more in his playing. From those thin, old fingers knotted and gnarled with labor, fell the sweet, familiar strains of many a simple ballad instinct with the recollections of home. Songs of childhood crooned over the dying embers of a nursery fire; love ditties sung by ab. ont sweethearts; familiar medleys which were mighty to evoke the memories of past. They saw once more scenes of childhood; the green fields of New England, the acorn forests of Wisconsin, the happy valley of the Ohio. They saw chalk cliffs of old England. They heard the roar of those pitiless waves which had borne so many of them away from the loved land of their birth to the desolate region of gold. Then followed hymns, and psalms and chants, such as the men had been wont to sing in the days of their childhood, when their hearts were yet pure and soft, unscathed by sorrow, untouched by sin, unspotted by the world; until an atmosphere of brooding peace seemed to descend on the turbulent spirits of those rude miners. The silence became to the purchaser. Such a proposition

another arrow in his quiver, and that nothing produced by labor should be arrow was "Home, Sweet Home." As cheap Cheap products mean cheap he struck the opening measure of the days works, and cheap days works sweet old melody, the tears—unwonted mean hunger, nakedness and distress. moisture—sprang to the eyes of those That nothing is cheap to one producer rough, weather-beaten men. As the that is made cheap at the expense of refrain of that matchless song of songs another producer is an economic propstole on the air, plaintive, pathetic, osition which can not be refuted. utterable longing, a wave of uncon- make the people prosperous and happy audience, and finally the whole assem- work. They have been contending bly fell to sobbing like great, over- with a dear dollar and a cheap day's grown children-Tom Goskin among work until debt and financial destructhe loudest.

rose softly from their seats and slunk, look are going to have it. one by one, out of the room.

on the piano and fell asleep.

"I am tired," said the old man. "Perhaps yar'd be willing to keep me will buy as much of the necessaries of

here a day or two?" He staggered behind the counter, rolled himself in a couple of blankets sands who can not find the days labor which Goskin had given him, and lay to perform; and if found, it will only

"I feel very bad. I think I shall not live very much longer. The last few days have done for my poor, old bones. I have a brother in the canyon; his peting against the products of anothname is Driscoll. He doesn't know I'm here. Could you bring him to me before the day breaks? I would like to disasters. see his dear face before I die."

Goskin sprang up as he heard the name Driscoll. He knew him. "Driscoll your brother? I'l. have

him here before an hour." The musician pressed his hand gratefully and besought him to hasten. Goskin sprang like a panther along the precipitous path leading to the valley. * * It was very late when the two men returned. Driscoll was as pale as

"My God!" he said. "I hope he will know me. Twenty years ago I did being the biggest liars let lose. Here is him a foul wrong. Oh! if I had but his what the veteran journalist Noah

forgiveness. As they entered they noticed that ago (July Forum, 1888) and it is just the old man had drawn the covering as true of them to-day as it was then: tions on the tariff may be-that the over his head. The two men stood tariff has not been fixed just to youn still one moment, paralyzed at the daily newspaper of the present day liking. In short, it may reasonable | thought that he might be dead. Then are its inaccuracy and its partisan Tom Goskin stepped nearer and lifted the covering, which he dropped at once | magazine is at least tolerably exempt. in sudden amazement.

> There was no one there. "He is gone" cried Driscoll, despair-

"Yes, gone!" howled Goskin, suddenly struck by a horrible suspicion and tearing open the till. "Yes, gone, taken off the field; but it was a sorry You know that he belongs body and | with a thousand dollars of gold dust in sight to see those thin ranks torn to soul to the corporations, money a sack, besides all the uncounted money

TABLEAU.

turned out for a chase, Goskin storming | zine ever becomes a daily newspaper, like a bear with a sore head. But all let us hope that its first and last purmg to Pioche, and these were to distance all contemporaries,' the almost obliterated by the snow. daily metropolitan journals too often It was the same inveterate old gambler to the winds. Things have finally who had denied all acquaintance with | come to such a pass that none of these There has never been a time in the the science of "pians-hammering." white hair was discovered, and awak- other's news, denying the accuracy of misled by a thin clap trap and nonsen- ened recollections of the heavy locks each other's reports, and undervaluing of the virtuose. Tom Goskin, according to the same

look for one as long as he lives.

Bolled Blee. Boiled rice is the basis of Chinese equivalent of "How do you do?"

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absolute disuse, it is the wor . . cheap. Just now the whole world is searching for something 'cheap." Cheap men, cheap women and cheap children are sought for on the one hand. and cheap food, cheap clothing and cheap shelter on the other. No matter how much sorrow, suffering or stiller and more breathless, broken only by an occasional sign or uneasy man, and means poverty and want to But the merciless player had still ditions among the people demand that breathing of infinite sorrow and un- What is most needed at present to tion is seen on every hand. Now they As the last note died away the men ask for a clauge, and from the out-

Perhaps some will say they can buy The festivities were at an end, for more with a dollar now than ever every one felt an unwonted desire to before; this is no doubt true, and weep his heart out, and to write to the herein lies the difficulty. There are old folks at home-a duty which has hundreds of thousands of good citibeen but too long neglected. No sooner | zens eager for an opportunity to earn' had the last man taken his departure the dollar, but can find no employthan the virtuoso laid his weary head ment. Besides what will the dollar purchase more of? Absolutely noth-"Say, stranger," spoke out Tom Gos- ing but the fruits of some other man's

labor. Others will say that a days work life now as ever before; grant that this may be true, yet there are thoubuy the products of some other days labor as cheaply. This idea of cheapness, as now understood, means the product of one set of laborers comer set of laborers, while money is feasting and enriching itsel, on their

The true test for this great question purchase, or how much interest or principal will its products buy? if t will purchase less dollars to-day than one year ago, or if its products will pay less interest or debt principal, then labor has decreased in value or money has increased. This test never fails. Try it.

Mendacions Liars.

The People's Party papers are not alone in accusing the great dailies with Brooks, said about them a few years

.The most obvious faults of the

unfairness. From these failings the The daily newspaper has become so untrustworthy with its looseness of statement, its disregard of truth, and its often willful perversion of facts that fair-minded men sometimes say that they find more satisfaction in reading the journals of the party to they have ever before known. which they are opposed than in those of their own political faith. No man truth anywhere in the newspapers until it has been affirmed by a majority That same day the entire community of them all. If the monthly maga-One man was missed from the camp. throw decency and discretion will believe the others. They are all Later on, a wig of long, venerable busy in the discrediting of each the enterprise c. every one but onetheir own jou nat. In such a state of plano-player, and he is further said to general public, looking on at the jealous contention from the outside? Is not the impartial observer tempted to We are almost daily in receipt of letters from some of them ordering sacks say, as he often does: Gentlemen, you for this seasons shipment, and thanking us for the way we have handled their tell the truth about each er?"

> It Couldn't Be. Winks-I hear that De chapple fel in a fit on Broadway to-day. Minks-Impossible. He had on a suit of English-made clothes.-New York Weekly.

OUR BOOK LIST

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