

GENERAL PHIL SHERIDAN.

Incidents of the Life and Battles of the Dead Hero.

HOW HE WENT TO WEST POINT.

An Experience as a Lieutenant—The Mission Ridge Charge—How Sheridan's Ride Came About—His Bravery in Battle.

How He Went to West Point.

Chicago Tribune: "Stories or reminiscences about William Phil Sheridan... I can tell you a story about Phil's father that is pretty good. I remember telling this story to a crowd at a meeting of the Loyal Legion one night. General Sheridan was one of the party and enjoyed the story very much. He said he had never denied the truth of the story, and I'll give it to you for what it's worth. Phil Sheridan's father, John Sheridan, was a good old Irishman back in York state. He was something of a politician in those days, always voting the straight democratic ticket. The congressional district was largely democratic. One day an old friend of his—of the same nationality and of the same jolly old class—came to old man Sheridan and says: "John, I've got a great mind to run for congress. There's a damned sight bigger fish than myself in Washington. If you'll back me, old man, I'll give 'em a whirl just for the fun of the thing." Sheridan promised his hearty co-operation, and his friend secured the nomination and was elected by a routing majority. He had met the usual shoals of strugglers, several miles in the rear, drifting back toward Winchester, and from their number, rather than the exaggerated stories which they told, he knew that a great misfortune had befallen his army. Giving rein and spur to his trusty charger, he galloped to the front, found General Wright ready for action, received a hurried account of what had happened, rode the lines rapidly, and gave orders to the soldiers in his own English that Early must be beaten before night, no matter at what cost. Right gallantly did officers and men respond to the inspiring call that he made upon them. Infantry vied with cavalry in spirit and enthusiasm, and nothing could check or withstand their gallant onset. In almost as short a time as they had lost them they recaptured their guns and camps, and drove the enemy in disorder from the field. The victory was signal and complete, and it was followed up with relentless and untiring energy, until the valley of Virginia was again left in possession of the union forces, never again to be relinquished. Even the rebel government was finally convinced that it was hopelessly lost, and that the first stampede had taken place was the legitimate result of the federal victory.

"John, I have found out that I have the appointment of a cadet—I think that's the name—to a government school at West Point. I have decided to send one of your sons. Now which one shall I name, Mike or Phil?"

"The old man thought a while and asked: "What kind of a school did you say it was, Pat?"

"Faith, I don't know just what kind of a school it is, but from what I can learn it's a place where they make soldiers." "Soldiers," meditated the old gentleman, glancing at the two boys, who were most attentive listeners. "I'll tell you what, you'd better send the one that kind of a place this government school is. If it's a school where they teach book-learning I'll send Mike, but if it's a school where they beat the powers I'll send Phil, who can lick any boy in the district!"

After the necessary investigation had been made, continued Colonel Sexton, "the old man selected Phil, and that was how he came to go to West Point. His subsequent career demonstrates that neither his father nor congressional friend made any mistake."

An Experience as a Lieutenant.

When Sheridan was last in Chicago he told some friends of the incident of his career as a second lieutenant, Fourth infantry, in 1854. It was in connection with escort duty to a paymaster, U. S. A., and the safekeeping of about \$20,000. The disbursing officer had provided himself with two trunks, all in gold pieces, in a canvas sack, intending to use the money to pay off certain troops after the party reached the proper destination. Meantime the responsibility for the custody of the money was vested in Lieutenant Sheridan, who found himself incumbered with a troublesome yellow elephant. The general said that one night he didn't feel well, so he left the camp, and taking the money with him, went to sleep in a rough log house near by. The lower part of the house was filled with the usual western rough characters, and the lieutenant knew that if he didn't keep one eye open he'd stand a good chance of losing the gold. Said he, in telling the story: "During the night I became weary for my slumber, and I lay down and visited the guard on something. Of course I had to carry the money with me. Then I had to lug it up-stairs again to my room. Not many minutes later I had to do the same thing over again, and I can't say I was particularly heavy to carry. There I was, hindered and burdened by a pile of metal, afraid to go to sleep lest I be robbed; unable to leave it for the same reason; sweating and anxious. My arms ached a good deal, and I was getting very tired and out, as my necessities compelled, and I've been a convert to paper money ever since."

The Mission Ridge Charge.

Chicago Tribune: "The first time I saw General Sheridan," said a member of the Nineteenth Illinois infantry, "was at the battle of Mission Ridge. We had formed in line of battle in the timber facing the ridge, not knowing what was coming. We were ordered forward and emerged from the timber in full view of the rebels. There was a small creek in our front and many of our boys were trying to keep their feet dry by crossing on a log, but a command from one of our officers brought the boys into line again and the creek was waded. Then we started across the clear space between the timber and the foot of the ridge, in one of the prettiest lines I ever saw. The line of battle was long and it looked like a grand review. The rebels in the first line of breastworks were making their way to the top of the ridge, and we soon occupied their places in the works they had left behind. A large number of our men were killed, and the rest of the day was a succession of hand-to-hand fighting. We were ordered to advance and pick off the sharpshooters in front who were annoying us. At this moment, to my surprise, a man in a common blouse, riding a black horse, came picking his way up the ridge right in our ranks. I said to some of the boys around: "Why is that foolhardy man who is courting death?" That is General Sheridan, said one of the boys, and then a cheer went up as he continued on his way. Occasionally he would stop to give advice or directions and encouragement to the boys, but never dismounting. We lost in that advance four color-bearers and a large number of men, but the little general rode his horse unharmed to the top of the ridge. I saw him again as we had almost reached the crest, picking his way among the brush, logs, and stone. He evidently knew no fear."

How Sheridan's Ride Came About.

New York Sun: "The battle of the Opequan was fought with the precision of a clock work, and that was the first one of the war in which cavalry, artillery and infantry were all used concurrently and to the best possible advantage, each according to his own nature and traditions. The overthrow of the enemy was absolute. The cavalry, the artillery was electrified, and the shadow of gloom which had hung over it was dispelled as if by magic. Gold took such a tumble as it had not received since the outbreak of the rebellion, and thence-

forth no man of sense doubted the ultimate triumph of our arms or the re-establishment of the union.

The astonished Early was defeated again in a few days, and then driven rapidly out of the valley, but the rebel authorities at Richmond could not realize the magnitude of his disaster. They had become so accustomed to triumph in that chosen region, to gather in its abundant crops, and to equip their men with arms, clothing, and military munitions captured there from their antagonists, that they accused Early of having been stampeded, and sent him back with reinforcements to try the issue over again. This time it so happened that Sheridan had been called to Washington for consultation, and during his absence Early, who was an able and a shifty commander, and a sought and persistent fighter, fell upon the army at Cedar creek and came near destroying it entirely. It was temporarily in command of H. G. Wright, an able and successful general; but his flank was turned under cover of darkness, and this gave Early such a favorable chance that it was comparatively easy work to drive back the whole federal line and capture most of its artillery and camps. Wright and his generals did their best, and, thanks to the attractions of the federal camps to the hungry and ragged rebels, they were enabled to rally their surprised and discomfited battalions and reform their ranks on advantageous ground in ample time to fight another battle and retrieve the fortunes of the day. Charged and astonished at what had happened, both officers and men were in excellent frame of mind to assume the offensive, when Sheridan, who had finished his business at Washington and was hurrying back, rode on the field in a whirlwind of rage and fiery determination. He had met the usual shoals of strugglers, several miles in the rear, drifting back toward Winchester, and from their number, rather than the exaggerated stories which they told, he knew that a great misfortune had befallen his army. Giving rein and spur to his trusty charger, he galloped to the front, found General Wright ready for action, received a hurried account of what had happened, rode the lines rapidly, and gave orders to the soldiers in his own English that Early must be beaten before night, no matter at what cost. Right gallantly did officers and men respond to the inspiring call that he made upon them. Infantry vied with cavalry in spirit and enthusiasm, and nothing could check or withstand their gallant onset. In almost as short a time as they had lost them they recaptured their guns and camps, and drove the enemy in disorder from the field. The victory was signal and complete, and it was followed up with relentless and untiring energy, until the valley of Virginia was again left in possession of the union forces, never again to be relinquished. Even the rebel government was finally convinced that it was hopelessly lost, and that the first stampede had taken place was the legitimate result of the federal victory.

Outwitted a Stern Parent.

A Chicago special gives an interesting account of a little episode of William H. Lincoln, who started in life as an office boy in the office of the general manager of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road, and in course of time worked his way up to the position of assistant chief clerk in the office, though he is now only in his twenty-second year. Except for the fact that he came out to Seward, Neb., on a bridal tour, Lincoln married Miss Mamie Lucas, daughter of Captain Lucas, a wealthy banker of Columbus, Ind. The young lady has a large fortune in her own right, and will inherit \$1,000,000 from her, provided "the old gentleman" will give in, which he undoubtedly will.

Captain and Mrs. Lucas, accompanied by their daughter and a retinue of servants, summoned at Cedar Beach, a fashionable watering place in Indiana. They have been visitors there for the past four years. Young Lincoln met Miss Lucas during the first visit of the Lucases to the beach, and they soon became ardent lovers. The stern old gentleman and his wife did not approve of the match. The lovers made three attempts to elope, but were each time surprised and separated by the girl's family.

On last Saturday Miss Lucas and Lincoln met at the beach and received to make another attempt to escape the vigilance of the venerable Captain, who had an unpleasant way of prowling about when the lover was in town. That night Miss Lucas escaped out of a window of the hotel, and with her boots in one hand and her hat in the other, she slowly let herself down a rope, which was held by Lincoln, who was concealed in a thicket. A few moments later they were aboard a train, and on Monday they were married.

Jay Gould.

A report gave some evidence that Jay Gould was to sell out his Western Union holdings in much the same way in which W. K. Vanderbilt disposed of a large stock of New York Central. Of course there was no mention of the subject and there is no telling which is right, but it can be said in behalf of the rumor's correctness that Gould is uneasy about his health and is anxious to relieve himself of some of his crushing load of care. One of the "old boys" he might drop into business altogether, but they are showing such a capacity that naturally he is tempted to keep the business in the family. Gould's less aggressive mood of late is illustrated by his surrender in the whole rate war. Wall street men say that this was the first time that Gould ever came to the enemy's terms in a match of endurance and resources, and that he has now done so is referred to as a proof that he is either losing his grip, or doesn't care so much for victory as he used to.

Delinquent Jurors.

Philadelphia Ledger: Among the citizens of New York who failed to respond to duty when drafted as jurors, according to the list published by the World from the books of the commissioner of jurors, covering a period since January 1, are William Astor, C. P. Huntington, Henry Claws, Chester W. Chapin and Charles M. Clegg. The names of Mr. Chapin and Mr. Clegg, who has reduced from \$100 to \$50, and then paid it. Mr. Huntington was remitted, and there is no return as to Mr. Astor. Rich men with large interests requiring their attention are naturally averse to serving as jurors, though in certain cases they might be the very best judges as to the facts. The astonishing thing about the records of the commissioner, however, is the fact that though there are many delinquent jurymen, who are regularly fined by the courts, yet with few exceptions, the fines are remitted. This is a state of affairs that requires explanation.

Terra cotta and black, and terra cotta and dark green are two favorite combinations for street dresses.

DRAWING THE COLOR LINE.

The True Inwardness of the Cry, Negro Supremacy.

SOUTHERN ELECTION METHODS.

Forceful and Fraudulent Suppression of the Colored Republican Vote—How the "Solid South" is Held for Democracy.

The Same Old Game.

CHITTENDEN, Ark., August 8.—[Special Correspondence THE BEE.]—As a report was circulated that a "race war" was expected at any moment in Crittenden county, Arkansas, and desiring to ascertain the truth of the same your correspondent came here, and found the facts to be as follows: As the republican party was made up entirely of negroes, for fear's sake they entered into an agreement with the whites (democrats) to divide the offices. It is commonly known as the "fusion agreement." For some cause unknown to the negroes the whites found it necessary to break the agreement by taking one of the offices held by a negro, so at the late election the negroes went to work and nominated a full-fledged republican ticket which was elected, thereby beating them badly at their own game. The "White Leagues" organized and set up, on the old dog, "negro supremacy," which means strictly drawing the "color line" in politics to enlist the sympathy of those of the whites who believe it a sin for a negro republican to hold an office, it matters not how unimportant. Telegrams were sent to neighboring states for help, which came willingly, eager to kill the first poor negro that dare show himself. Hundreds of volunteers filled the county, ready for any emergency. A flag of truce was sent, with a proposition that all the negroes resign their offices and leave the country at once or abide the consequences. Not having committed any crime, they replied that the only thing they would accept was "restoration to their offices, with all former liberties." Somehow, the negroes had not been idle, and were well equipped with arms of the most improved pattern. So serious trouble is expected at any moment. Notwithstanding it is a crime to be a republican, yet the south clamors for emigration! The life of a white republican here is as insecure as that of the black republican. With these outrages exposed what northern man would foot enough to come here? Who would invest money where the pistol and shotgun is the supreme law? If you doubt what has been written come down and see for yourselves. I have stated the situation mildly. Now, we shall notice Mississippi. In the "shoe-string" district, which polls the largest republican vote of any district in the state, the democratic journals have begun to warn the republicans not even to try to carry the district, which means that they will practice the old methods of fraud, violence and a criminal suppression of the negro vote. Louisiana, for instance, as frankly said by ex-Governor McEnery, is carried "by the falsification of the civil rights guaranteed the blacks by the constitution of the United States." As with Louisiana, so unquestionably with Mississippi, and again with South Carolina. In these three states the colored voters are largely in the majority. The majority vote is forced and fraudulently suppressed. It amounts to the forcible and fraudulent subversion of the constitution. The electoral votes in these three particular states are thus boldly and outrageously stolen. These stolen votes made Grover Cleveland president. Georgia makes return of ten representatives in congress, upon a sum total of 27,520 votes. That is an average of but 2,752 votes to each representative. Oregon gets but one representative upon a vote of 63,000. The one white voter in the north is equal to twenty-two white voters in Oregon. That makes the pinch in the Oregon shoe. The southern colored voter still counts in the basis of representation. The southern bourbon leaders suppress, yet steal the colored vote, and hold a solid south, make returns of 153 electoral votes, so elect Cleveland, so hold the majority in the lower house of congress, and so dictate to the nation, through the nullification of the constitution of the nation. "With our hands tied behind our backs, we must do the best we can." The southern bourbon leaders have acted with much the same madness as displayed before the war. They have shown much the same shortsightedness in their estimate of the stamina of the northern voters, and it would seem, producing the much similar results. Everything points to the election of Benjamin Harrison. The outlook is that his election will be on the much similar footing as was the election in 1860 of Abraham Lincoln. Benjamin Harrison if he signs of the times mistake not, will, like Lincoln, receive every electoral vote north of the Ohio. The "solid south" will be offset by a "solid north." The issue that overshadows all is suffrage in the south. The southern blacks are citizens or "chattel-bred." They are citizens if the constitution is to be enforced. They are chattels if the constitution is to be nullified. If the one they are to be insured their rights as voters. If the other, the southern bourbons must be denied representation. It can easily be seen from these facts that the serpent of democracy is winding around the vitals of the nation, through fraud, violence, nullification of the constitution and criminal suppression of suffrage. Sit idle and the ponderous coil of rebellion will crush the life out of the republican institutions and set at naught the fruits of the union army. Once in complete control of the government and all is over.

HEAT FROM ELECTRICITY.

A Cleveland invention which is expected to take the place of fuel. Cleveland Press: On a small street in this city lives an inventive mechanic who for years has spent his spare time in a little shop back of his house. He has recently received a patent, and the owner has worked out the triumph of many hours of study. Models of almost every electrical apparatus known he has made for himself. In front hangs a powerful carbon light, while every corner is illuminated with soft, mellow incandescent bulbs, all made by himself and run by his own dynamo and engine. Miniature buzz saws running so fast as to be almost invisible, electrical cars, phonographs, telephones, batteries and motors of all kinds, everything operated by electricity, turn this curiosity shop into a place where one feels the very influence of that subtle fluid on his body, and even in his brain. All these machines and toys are mere play to the great discovery of generating heat from electricity, on which

he has been spending his lifetime.

Under a cloth stood his invention, small yet perfect and capable of generating enough heat to turn the shop room into a regular Turkish bath. The inventor uncovered the machine and explained its workings, but the most important parts are still secret. "For years," he said, "I studied and experimented in vain. My first work was on the role that from the result the cause could be produced. Following this theory I commenced on the electrolytic battery, reasoning that if heat generated the electricity, by working backward heat could be made by electricity. For a long time I clung to this, but had finally to abandon it as practically impossible. Various other theories were tried and I should have been resting from my day's work. "Some of my experiments produced heat, but not in sufficient quantities to be of any benefit. Finally I started off on another tack and began a new line of reasoning. Heat is simply an accelerated motion to the molecules of a body, which crowd out a larger space for themselves in their faster movements and consequently cause the expansion noticed in a heated object. This heat is diffused by radiation, that is imparting its motion to the adjoining molecules. This is the case either in a solid body or in fluid. Following up this

theory I began experimenting with electricity as a means for causing an increased motion to the molecules of a body. The first thing necessary was to form a substance on which the electricity could act. Here it is."

An irregular shaped piece of composition that looked like a lump of coke or carbon was disclosed to view. Wires were connected at opposite ends of it and that was all. The inventor pressed a button and in an instant the mass gave forth a heat not dry like a furnace nor yet damp, but that pleasant warmth felt on a spring day when the sun shines brightly and fairly invigorates a person after the cold days of winter. In the further corners of the room the heat evenly penetrated, and except when the mass did the sound could not be noticed. The mass did not change color or present any different appearance when the current was shut off.

"The composition of that is the first secret," said the electrician as he broke the current, "and will be so as long as I can keep it. As you can see, it is principally carbon to conduct the electrically. By adding certain acids it can be melted and moulded in any form desirable; in masses to put in grates, shaped registers or whatever way wanted. I call it by a new name, carbodium. But here is the most important part of the whole thing: the machinery which

gives motion to the molecules and generates heat in the carbodium. It consists of a device for making and breaking a strong current of electricity as is done in an electric door bell. This, however, is made on an entirely different plan, and cost me two years of study. As it is not patented yet, I don't wish the principle to become known, but it acts so fast that it is possible to connect two wires which run an electric light circuit, and does not require the current to start the accelerated action of the molecules, which is then taken up by the electricity, coming in broken currents faster than the motion of the molecules themselves, and soon causes an intense heat. From this simple outline and the test you see my invention is a success. It can be attached to the same wires which run an electric light circuit, and does not require nearly as much power as a single light. Owing to the equal diffusion of the heat one carbodium will warm half a dozen rooms. The apparatus itself costs very little. Of course, a severe shock would be received if the carbodium were touched, but with the care given a car-

bon lamp no accident need result. I am engaged now in perfecting a new kind of insulation which will not wear off and which is entirely different from the coverings used for wires at present. By dipping the metal in a peculiar kind of solution permanent insulation is secured, which will stand whatever heat is applied, and which is going up "Battle-snake Grade." But we find this affection sadly broken by the new rules of "first in, first out." The engines are sent out in the order they came in, and the engineer takes whatever one falls to his lot. So romance departs from the exactness of business habits and routine.

Globe-Democrat: Every one who knows a railroad engineer and has watched him about his engine knows the affection and even tenderness with which he handles it and speaks of it. There is no pet like one of these iron dogs. It is the man's protector. It has the speed of his horse, and more. It has to his ear, a voice—a glad, welcoming voice. He likes above all the cry of that engine, and its shout of defiance to his rival on the other road. "Jack never tires of telling what his engine did when she was going up "Battle-snake Grade." But we find this affection sadly broken by the new rules of "first in, first out." The engines are sent out in the order they came in, and the engineer takes whatever one falls to his lot. So romance departs from the exactness of business habits and routine.

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