

GEN. SHERMAN IN BRONZE

Heroic Statue of the Famous Commander to Be Unveiled in New York City.

CHIEF EVENT OF MEMORIAL DAY

Characteristics of Sherman in Camp and Field as Observed and Related by a Corps Commander.

The feature of the Memorial day observance in New York City will be the unveiling of the General Sherman statue at the Plaza, Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street.

The actual unveiling of the statue will be performed by the 3-year-old son of Dr. Paul Thorneick of Boston, a grandson of General Sherman.

Major General O. O. Howard, who served under Sherman, has written for the New York Herald the following regarding his old chief:

"General Sherman and myself each commanded a brigade in the first battle of Bull Run. I had heard much about Captain Sherman, formerly of the artillery in the regular service, but I had with him only a passing acquaintance while we were in the field.

"The expression he used at the calling out of only 75,000 three months' men was circulated among us in McDowell's provisional force. 'Why,' he cried, 'you might as well undertake to extinguish the flames at a burning building with a squirt gun as to put down this rebellion with three months' troops.'

"In the next my first meeting with Sherman was at Chattanooga, in a large upper room of a private house, where, before his coming, General Grant had brought together a bevy of western generals, among them Thomas, Palmer, Gordon, Grainger and myself.

"His tall, sinewy figure, never for a moment still, his high head and handsome brow with a few wrinkles at the corners of his eyes and across his forehead, his keen, bright, searching look and his deep, melodious voice, presented a man once seen never to be forgotten.

"After Grant went east to command the armies of the United States, Sherman, having the three armies of the west called to military division of the Mississippi, which embraced all the troops from Cincinnati to Mobile, was always moving forward with ceaseless activity.

"Our spring campaign of 1864, by these movements, under the untiring, indefatigable general, was continued for 125 days, during which we were under fire of artillery or musketry every day except three. These three were occasioned by General Joe Johnston, the confederate commander, passing suddenly and unexpectedly below the Etowah river.

"The first was when some one invited Sherman and his commanders to go to a large dining tent for luncheon with drinking refreshments. For some reason I asked to be excused.

"The other instance was this: The next day being Sunday, Sherman was at Kingston, in a room at the railroad station, very busily engaged in writing orders and dispatches. General Corse was at that time his chief of staff and near at hand. General Sherman heard the bell ringing from the belfry of a little chapel opposite the station and was annoyed by it, and said to Corse: 'Send a guard over there and arrest the man who is ringing that bell.'

"My special friend, Rev. E. P. Smith, then of the Christian commission, was taking advantage of the rest interval for the army and was calling the soldiers to the church. He himself was ringing the bell, when suddenly the long rope caught the bottom of his trousers near his foot and, taking a sudden leap toward the second story of the belfry, ripped his garment from bottom to top, putting him in a most unrepresentable predicament. Just then the sergeant, with four men, arrived and said to my friend:

"By the work we know the workman" - De La Fontaine. The old French fabulist's aphorism applies with peculiar force to the productions of the GORHAM Co. Silvermiths.

One has only to glance at them to know that the workmen responsible for their graceful lines and refined ornamentation must be something more than mere human machines. The spirit of the old artist-craftsmen informs everything that is produced in the Gorham workshops, and yet the cost is in every case exceedingly moderate.



'Fall in.' He demurred and laughingly said that he wasn't in fit condition to go with the guard. The sergeant said: 'Them's not the orders. Fall in!'

"He answered 'Yes.' 'Why?' asked Corse. 'Because it is Sunday and time for service,' said Smith. Corse then led him near to Sherman, and when he looked up Corse said: 'Here's Mr. Smith. It is Sunday and he was ringing the bell for service.'

"Didn't know it was Sunday." "Sherman scarcely stopped the swift movement of his pen, but said: 'Sunday, Sunday; didn't know it was Sunday. Let him go.'

"So Mr. Smith was immediately released and fixed himself up the best he could to lead a service of praise and worship in the chapel.

"The night before Sherman entered Atlanta in person he was near my headquarters in the vicinity of Jonesboro, Ga. He was too restless to sleep. About midnight he heard from the north 'sounds of shells exploding and other sounds like that of artillery.' He walked over to a farm house and called the farmer out to listen to the reverberations which came from Atlanta. The distance was twenty miles.

"Sherman asked the farmer if he had lived there for any length of time. He answered that he had and that these sounds were like those of a battle. After these reverberations there was quiet till about dawn, when Sherman heard again a renewal of the explosions. He could not determine in his mind whether or not there was a real battle.

"Not long after sunrise rumors came in that Hood had abandoned his position and was in retreat. At last as the day wore on a dispatch came from General Sherman stating that Hood had gone and that the Twentieth corps had marched into the city. As soon as this news was in his hand Sherman mounted his horse and rode back to Atlanta.

"Then he sent that memorable telegram: 'Atlanta is ours and fairly won.' 'To the administration at Washington and to the people at large Sherman had really burst from the clouds. 'Atlanta won't be taken. A bow of promise set in the southern sky—a bow of promise to America and to the world that right and justice would soon prevail, and that the American union would be restored.'

"Again on December 21, 1864, Sherman, who had been in the harbor visiting the admiral of the navy there in charge, came back and joined General Sherman and myself, who had entered Savannah a day before, the next morning after Hardee's evacuation of the city.

"Sherman was delighted that we were not obliged either to make a siege or attempt to carry Savannah by assault. A siege would have taken much time, and an assault, owing to the few approaches, would have been a very costly one to our troops. He had hardly spoken to me before he turned away to prepare a dispatch for the president. Here is the message he sent: 'I beg to present to you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah, with 150 heavy guns and plenty of ammunition, and also about 2,500 bales of cotton.'

"The next morning Sherman had a very refreshing rest for a few days. On January 1, 1865, when I was paying my respects to General Frank Blair at Blair's headquarters, Sherman came in in his usual brisk style, and, sitting down beside me with some memoranda in his hand, he said: 'How do you want to transport your army of the Tennessee by water over to Beaufort, S. C., march northward, cross to the main land and be at Pocatello by the 15th of this month. Can you do it?'

"I did not take time to make more than a rough calculation, but said: 'The time is rather short, but we will be there if it can be done.' 'He added that Slocum would march up the Savannah, cross at Sisters Ferry and be at Robertsville about the same time that I should be at Pocatello. I may remark that six divisions of the Army of the Tennessee were at Pocatello at the required time. The other division went with General Slocum, who was very much delayed by the high water at Sisters Ferry, so that we had to wait several days for the memorable march through the Carolinas. After that difficult march, with all its skirmishing, accidents and battles, Sherman sent us a congratulatory order which covered the whole field of operations. It seems now a little boastful, but it expressed the simple truth: 'So complete a success in military operations, extending over half a continent, is an achievement that entitles it to a place in the military history of the world.'

"My estimate of General Sherman is high. His intellect furnished a mine rich in pearls, sparkling with diamonds, yet completed after nature's own order. He was ever at home in science or commerce or art, and never failed to interest a votary in his own field of research. His perception was like a flash of light. Stand him upon a hilltop and instantly he took in the topography of the country. As the hills and valleys and roads of Georgia demonstrated, where in youth he had once mentally grasped the situation, the map always remained photographed upon the tablet of his memory.

"His memory was phenomenal; he had acquired knowledge with intense rapidity from observation and from books, from childhood to age, and surely, by a thousand tests, he showed that he had forgotten nothing that he had once learned. He led his quartermasters to their plans and estimates for his army. He was quicker than his chief commissary in figuring the rations for a month's supply.

"Gentle Woman and Her Ways. A house without a closet is conceivable, but a house without a mirror, never! It is difficult to imagine what some men would make with the large sums of money they make were it not for some gentle, loving, faithful little woman who earnestly helps them to spend the coin.

"A bird in a milliner's show window is worth about 200 in the bush. There is a justifiable inference that the man who vilifies womankind must have been unfortunate in the selection of a mother.

"The church without women is situated on the bank of a river without water. Nothing is more beautiful than maidens' blush—and everybody admits, too, that it is cheap at 25 cents a box. Tell a blind man how high stand him lifts her skirts on the street and he can form a fairly safe estimate whether she has on her prettiest hose or one of the other pairs. To be sure, Eve did give Adam a bite of the apple, but who dares to doubt that he was hanging around and looking wistfully at it?—New York Times.

Remedy for the Drink Habit. A novel remedy for the "drink habit," or, rather, for enabling those who have "sworn off" to remain "on the water cart," consists of ice water drunk through a raw potato. Take a bowl of ice water and a potato. Peel the potato and cut down one end of it until it can be easily inserted in the mouth. Dip the potato in the ice water and suck it every time a craving for strong drink comes on. It is claimed that this treatment will effect an absolute cure. The why and the wherefore are not stated, but the process is such a simple one that there can be no harm in trying it if anyone is afflicted with a thirst which really and truly desire to lose.—New York Press.

Dupont of Battery Q

A Decoration Day Short Story

It is the 30th day of April in the year of grace, 1867. On a wooden causeway crossing the North Fork of Bayou Pierre and leaning over the adjacent swamp, three figures are grouped near the low railing. One is a peculiarly deformed old negro who is busily engaged winding the lines upon two fishing rods, and at the same time listening attentively, with an occasional duck of the head, almost comic in its air of submission, to the speech of his handsome young master, who leans easily against the parapet of the bridge.

He managed to conjure into our hearts the tall, tender, dignified, devout invalid, his mother, and his handsome stripling against the prince of the household and the king of the quarters, with cotton-wooled old Washington for his prime minister, and all the pickaninies on the place for his grinning, screeching escort.

Then there was Tom's father with his books and his cares, his nooses and his coils, his checks and his notes, and above all his unwavering loyalty—and alas! the blank that had separated them for years.

Then Tom scintillated from grave to gay, and with Brown to egg him on sallied into the choppy sea of their college pranks—empurpling the boys' eyes and reddening the girls' cheeks, and hinting the sleepy day with the vermilion hues that materialize midway between sunset and sunrise.

The fire went out and the moon climbed high above the trees and Tom's talk flowed on like a certain brook and nobody thought of his checks and his notes, and above all his unwavering loyalty—and alas! the blank that had separated them for years.

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Suddenly there is a cry of agony from the players, and one of their number falls lifeless over the log. Every man secures his gun and such cover as he can reach. Tom Dupont's quick eye detects a puff of smoke hanging in the top of a tree just outside the skirt of the opposite wood. In a moment there is another puff and another ball splinters the top rail of the fence. Half a dozen men run forward, rifle in hand, and take cover behind separate stumps which are conveniently scattered over the field.

Each discharges from the trestop. The sharpshooters advance, but Tom Dupont is far in the lead of the others; and now he detects a gray form among the leaves. Thrusting his loaded rifle through a hole in the dry earth clinging to the roots of an overturned pine, he covers his enemy, coolly adjusts the distance sights, and fires. There is a commotion in the trestop, a gun comes plunging to the ground, followed by a few fluttering leaves, but the desperate soldier, having fallen a few feet, remains swinging from the overhanging limb, clinging desperately for life.

The attack of the others is directed to the gray-coated soldiers who are swarming out of the wood, but before his rifle is loaded again a regiment bursts from the left, charging under the tree and sweeping the enemy back into the woods.

The wounded soldier is still clinging to the overhanging limb. He is directed to the gray-coated soldiers who are swarming out of the wood, but before his rifle is loaded again a regiment bursts from the left, charging under the tree and sweeping the enemy back into the woods.

With the sympathy which even a soldier feels in the presence of death, our hero looks sadly down upon the mangled body, still but for the occasional twitching of the muscles, and hopes in his heart the gallant youth is not dead.

It is a slender form; one helpless hand had broken at the wrist, with taper fingers as delicate as a girl's, lies out upon the wet grass—the impetuous Tom springs forward, and with a gasp has clutched the thorny stalk of a dry thistle as if he had again to the swaying limb. The coarse gray uniform is clean but ill-fitting; between the torn collar and the cropped hair a crimson stain shows against the fair neck.

Tom kneels by the motionless figure and turns it gently up to the morning light. It is a handsome, beardless youth, a kind of grass lies diagonally across the half-parted lips, held by a few crumbling grains of yellow earth under a clotted flake of crimson. With deft fingers the living soldier plucks away the disfiguring stains.

The lips move feebly to shape the one word—"Mother." Then the closed eyes open, eyes as blue as the heaven above them. A gleam of recognition lights the dying face, the poor arms struggle to rise—the quivering lips speak again: "Oh, Tom!" W. H. SHELTON.

A NOVEL BRITISH PROJECT

Municipal Insurance Launched to Escape Exactions of Private Companies.

The subject of municipal insurance has been under consideration in the cities of England for some time, but only recently were steps taken to definitely extend the scheme to a sufficient number of cities to form a wide basis for the successful carrying out of the project.

Representatives from twenty-seven boroughs and metropolitan district of London formed what was known as the Shoreditch conference on municipal insurance and agreed to join as the "Municipal Insurance Board, Ltd." and regularly enter on the business of insuring their own property against loss.

The large rates exacted by the private insurance companies have been the cause of this undertaking, which was first attempted in 1900. The private companies defeated any attempt to pass a bill through Parliament granting permission to the London County Council to insure local authorities in London, paying any losses out of the taxes, and so the matter was dropped.

Nottingham and Glasgow in 1888 had formed fire insurance funds and the London School Board also formed such a fund in 1878, and this fund, in the spring of 1900, amounted to \$100,000, while the charges on losses were only \$12,000. In 1888, as the fund had reached the sum of \$100,000, which, with the interest, was able to meet all normal risks, no further payments were paid into the fund except the interest.

Inasmuch as the property of a local authority would not afford a sufficiently wide base for an insurance fund, it was determined to form a combination of other municipal corporations and so make the field a broad one. Those joining the scheme must continue to be, for five years and any losses beyond the yearly premiums are to be met by increasing the premiums for subsequent years and this will fall upon the taxpayers in proportion to amount of property represented by the parties in the scheme.

Some of the Swiss cantons compel cantonal insurance against fire. In Zurich in 1886 the rate for insurance was about 10 cents on the \$100, and, on account of the large surplus accumulated, the next year the rates were reduced to 6 cents on the \$100. It is to be noted that the London municipal authorities pay an average (1900) of \$73.25 yearly on \$50,000.55, the average loss being \$12,000, less than one-sixth of the premiums. In Germany municipal insurance is general, each year the rate being fixed according to the needs. In 1886 the figures are given as, sum assured, \$98,000,000; premiums, \$26,540; losses paid, \$18,940; expenses, \$38,530; contribution to fire department, \$164,915. In England in 1880, 277 municipalities paid \$18,745 premiums on \$116,750,700 of insurance. The average losses paid for twenty years were \$25,202, including a loss in one fire of \$700,000. The premiums paid during that period averaged \$111.44 yearly, leaving an average excess of premiums of \$86.24. The London fire insurance companies contribute but from 2 to 4 per cent of their premiums toward the fire department—Municipal Journal.

UNCLE SAM'S NEW ARMY RIFLE

Old Krag Now Obsolete, Being Put Away to Make Room for the New Springfield.

The work of replacing the old black powder Springfield rifle in the National Guard with the Krag-Jorgensen is only now fairly under way, and already the Krag is obsolete, and is to be superseded by a new Springfield. This weapon, which is now undergoing its service tests, is officially described in the current number of the Journal of the Military Service Institution. It is a magazine rifle, centrally fed by clips.

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