The Weekly Kansas Chief.

SOL. MILLER, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. } DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF DONIPHAN COUNTY. Our Motto: "Talk for Home, Fight for Home, Patronize Home." { SUBSCRIPTION, $2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXVI.—NUMBER 51. } TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1883. { WHOLE NUMBER, 1,351.

Choice Poetry.

THE CAMP-FIRES LONG AGO.

BY MRS. SARAH D. HOBART.

[Read at the annual encampment of the Department of Wisconsin, G. A. R., at Portage City, Wisconsin, January 23, 1883.]

We meet in joy and gladness,
Beside the camp-fire's light,
And kindly greetings temper
The chilling Winter's night,
Amid the song and laughter,
The comfort, warmth and glow,
Our hearts recall the pictures
Of camp-fires long ago.

"Come!" rang from Freedom's watch-towers,
And answering to the call,
You want our manliest, bravest,
Our light, our joy, our all.
While mothers to their bosoms
Their stripling first born pressed,
And whispered through their sobbing:
"Dear lad, we give our best!"

O'er woodland, glen and valley,
Peeled forth the bugles shrill,
And fanned brave battle banners
On mountain, plain and hill.
Across our rolling prairies
We saw their splendor shine,
And prayed: "God save the Nation!"
While boys fell into line.

Ere long, by broad savannas
And rivers murmuring low,
The green of Southern hillsides
Grew bright with tents of snow.
The joy of camp and bivouac,
The laughter, song and glee,
Made war a merry pastime
Set to sweet minstrelsy.

Beneath the Southern star-beams,
By camp-fire blazing bright,
You told the tales of skirmish,
Of pickets, march and fight.
The songs that cheered the moments,
Ring down the aisles of time;
No songs so thrill the soldier
As their wild, pulsing rhyme.

"Glory, Hallelujah!"
Pealed through the startled trees.
"We rally round the flag, boys!"
Came floating on the breeze.
With "Marching on to Richmond!"
The canvas walls resound,
And the echoes chorus "Tenting
To-night on the old camp-ground."

"We're coming, Father Abraham!"
Rings to the hills away.
"Our flag shall float forever!"
"Our own brave boys are they!"
When this cruel war is over,
No longer will we roam.
"Tramp, tramp, the boys are marching!"
And the song of "The girls at home!"

Soon came the rude awak ning;
Startled—but undismayed—
You heard through widening circles
The furious fusillade.
O'er wounded, dead and dying,
Amid the cannons' roar,
Unwavering and unswerving,
Fair Freedom's flag you bore.

Oh, valiant, true and steadfast,
Through tempest, heat and cold,
Our country crowned you heroes,
In those grand days of old.
Though homesick, heartsick, weary,
Daring the battery's breath,
Your brave hearts never faltered,
Bold face to face with death.

Then, back from hell and prison,
A band of crippled men,
The wreck of battle surges,
We welcomed you again.
We saw your thin ranks falter,
And wails of anguish save
Went up from home and heartstone
For those who came no more.

For, wearied with their marching,
Some fell beside the way,
And some their young lives offered
In thickest of the fray.
Some sank with deadly fevers
Mid swamps of Tennessee,
And some stacked arms and rested
On the heights of St. Marye.

From out war's fiery trial
No bitter hate we bring.
No threat of wild revenges,
No cruel taunts we fling.
But let us not prove faithless
To the gallant blood they shed;
Our foes may be forgiven
But ne'er forgot our dead!

Still through the rolling years
Shall brightly glow their fame;
Still on our country's annals
Their deeds of valor blame.
And bands of patriot children,
In Springtime's sunny hours
Shall ever join place and flowers
Fair wreaths of spotless flowers.

Oh, boys that fell at Shiloh,
At Richmond and Bull Run,
The work your brave hands finished,
Shall never be undone.
Sleep sweetly through the ages,
O, dear and honored dust;
The men who guard your victories,
Stand faithful to their trust!

Select Story.

THE DEVIL'S REVENGE.

It was toward the end of November; the Imperial Garden of Vienna was dressed; a sun where was whirling the saffron colored leaves, shrunk up by the early cold; the rose-bushes, tormented and broken by the wind, let their branches drag in the mud. Still, the grand alley, thanks to its covering of sand, was dry and passable. Although devastated by the approach of winter, the Imperial Garden was not without a certain melancholy charm. The long alley prolonged far away its reddening arcades; beyond, the view stretched over the Prater and Danube; it was such a promenade as a poet would have desired.

A young man was striding up and down this alley with visible signs of impatience; his costume, somewhat fantastic, attracted the eyes; consisted of a frock-coat of black velvet, with gold facings and bordered with fur, gray woolen pantaloons, top boots, with tassels, coming half way up his legs. He might have been twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age; his pale, regular features were full of finesse, and irony rankled in the corners of his eyes and the corners of his mouth. At the university, which he appeared to have quitted recently—for he still wore the student's cap with oak leaves—he must have plagued the Philistines, and shone in the front ranks of the burschen and the foxes.

The narrow limits within which he circumscribed his walk showed that he was waiting for some one—probably a lady, for the Imperial Garden of Vienna in the month of November is hardly propitious to business rendezvous. Soon a young girl appeared at the end of the avenue. A turban of black silk covered her rich blonde hair, which the pale moon slightly uncurled by the dampness of the evening; her complexion, ordinarily of waxen whiteness, had taken a rosy tint from the bite of the cold. Grouped and wrapped she was in a mantle trimmed with marten skin; a little terrier accompanied her—a convenient chaperon, on whose fidelity discretion and discretion you could count.

"Imagine, Heinrich," said the pretty Viennese, taking the young man's arm, "I have been dressed and been ready to go out for more than an hour, and my aunt kept on with her sermons on the dangers of waltzing, on recipes for Christmas cakes and carp with blue sauce. I went out on the pretext of buying some gray boots of which I have no need whatever. It is for your, Heinrich, that I tell these little lies which I am constantly regretting, and which I am constantly beginning over again. What an idea it was of yours to take to the stage! What was the good of studying theology so long at Heidelberg? My parents liked you, and we might have been married to-day but for that. Instead of meeting on the sly under the bare trees of the Imperial Garden, we should be seated side by side before a fine porcelain stove in a nice warm room, talking of the future of our children. Would not that be a happy lot, Heinrich?"

"Yes, Katy, very happy," replied the young man, as he pressed, through the satin and fur, the dimpled arm of the pretty Viennese; "but I cannot help it. The theatre attracts me invincibly; I dream of it by day, think of it by night; I feel the desire to live in the creation of the poets; I seem to have twenty existences. Every role that I play makes me a new life; all those passions that I express I feel. I am Hamlet, Othello, Charles Moore. When one is all that, be can with difficulty resign himself to the humble condition of a village pastor."

"That is very noble. But you know that my parents will never have an actor for a son-in-law?"

"No, certainly, not an obscure actor; a poor, ambulant artist, the puppet of managers and the public; but a great actor, covered with glory and applause, who earns more money than a minister, they will not refuse, however scrupulous they may be. When I shall come to ask your hand, in a handsome yellow coach, the varnish of which will be able to serve as a looking-glass for the astonished neighbors, and a tall lackey covered with gold lace will let down the steps for me, do you think they will refuse me?"

"I do not think they will. But who says, Heinrich, that you will ever come to that? You have talent; but talent is not sufficient; you must have much good luck besides. By the time that you shall have become the grand actor of whom you speak, the best time of your youth will have passed, and then will you be ready to marry Kate, grown old, when you have at your disposal the loves of all those princesses of the theatre, who are so joyous and so gayly decked?"

"That future," replied Heinrich, "is nearer than you think. I have an advantageous engagement at the theatre of the Corinthian Gate, and the manager is so satisfied with the manner in which I played my last role that he has made me a present of two thousand thalers."

"Yes," replied the young girl with a serious air, "that role of a demon in the piece. I confess to you, Heinrich, that I do not like to see a Christian assume the mask of the enemy of the human race, and pronounce words of blasphemy. The other day I went to see you at the Corinthian Theatre, and at every moment I was afraid that a veritable hell fire would issue from one of the traps where you were swallowed up in flames of spirits of wine. I returned home all confused, and I dreamed horrible dreams."

"My good Katy, that is all imagination; tomorrow, too, will take place the last performance, and I shall no longer put on the black and red costume which so much displeases you."

"So much the better; for my mind is a prey to a vague feeling of alarm, and I fear that the role which has been so profitable to your glory, will not be so profitable to your salvation. I am afraid, too, that you will contract bad habits in the company of those horrible comedians. I am sure that you no longer say your prayers, and I dare wager that you have lost the little cross I gave you."

Heinrich justified himself by showing the little cross, which was still shining on his breast.

While they were talking thus, the two lovers had arrived at the Thabor Strasse, in the Leopoldstadt, in front of the shoemaker who was famous for the perfection of his gray boots. After chatting some time at the door, Katy entered, followed by her terrier, but not without having abandoned her pretty, slender fingers to the pressure of Heinrich's hand.

Heinrich tried once more to get a glimpse of his mistress between the dainty boots and shoes that were symmetrically arranged on the brass rods in the window; but the fog had silvered the glass with its moist breath, and he could only distinguish a confused silhouette; then, taking a heroic resolution, he turned on his heel and went with deliberate step to the inn of the Two-headed Eagle.

* * * * *

That night there was a numerous company at the Two-Headed Eagle; the guests were of the most mixed description.

The Two-Headed Eagle was one of those blessed cellars celebrated by Hoffman, with steps so worn away, so slippery, that you cannot put your foot upon the first one without at once finding yourself at the bottom, with your elbows on the table, a pipe in your mouth, between a pot of beer and a measure of new wine.

Through the thick cloud of smoke that almost choked and blinded you at first, all sorts of strange figures appeared after a few minutes. There were Wallachians with their cafetan and Astrakhan cap; Servians, Hungarians with long black mustaches, caparisoned with dolmans and embroidery; Bohemians with coppery complexions, narrow foreheads and arched noses; honest Germans with laced coats; Tartars with eyes turned up like those of the Chinese; all imaginable populations. The east was represented by a fat Turk coiled up in a corner and peacefully smoking a pipe of Moldavian cherry wood, with a bowl of red clay, and a mouthpiece of yellow amber.

Everybody was eating and drinking; the drink consisted of strong beer and a mixture of new red wine with old white wine; the food, of slices of cold veal, ham or pastry.

Round the tables turned unceasingly one of those long waltzes which produce upon the northern imaginations the same effect as hashish and opium on the Orientals; the couples passed and repassed rapidly; the women, almost fainting with pleasure, sank into the arms of their cavaliers, to the sounds of a waltz, swept away with their skirts the clouds of smoke, and refreshed the faces of the drinkers. At the counter some Morlacean improvisators, accompanied by a player upon the guzla, were reciting a sort of dramatic complaint, which seemed strangely to divert a dozen strange figures, clothed in sheepskin, and coifed with tarbooshes.

Heinrich went to the end of the cellar and sat at a table where were already seated three or four personages of joyous mein and merry humor.

"Ah, Heinrich!" cried the oldest of the band; "mind yourselves, my friends; fenum habet in cornu. You know you had a truly diabolical look, the other night; you almost frightened me. Who would think that Heinrich, who drinks beer as we do, and who does not draw back before a slice of cold ham, could put on such venomous, wicked and sardonic airs, and act with a single gesture he can make a whole theatre shudder?"

"Eh! why that is the reason why Heinrich is a great artist, a sublime comedian. There is no glory in playing a role that is in your character; the triumph for a coquette, is to excel in playing ingenues."

Heinrich sat down modestly, called for a large glass of mixed wine, and the conversation continued on the same subject. On all sides it was admiration and compliments.

"Ah! if the great Wolfgang Goethe had seen you!" said one.

"Show us your feet," said another; "I am sure you have a forked hoof."

The other drinkers, attracted by these exclamations, looked at Heinrich seriously, all happy to have the opportunity of examining closely so remarkable a man. The young men who had formerly known Heinrich at the University, and whose names he hardly knew, came up to him and took him cordially by the hand, as if they had been his intimate friends. The prettiest valseuses, as they passed, shot at him the tenderest glances of their blue and velvety eyes.

One man only, seated at a neighboring table, seemed to take no part in the general enthusiasm; his head was thrown backward, he was thumbing distractedly with his fingers on the crown of his hat a military march, and from time to time he uttered a sort of humph, singularly dubious.

The aspect of this man was of the strangest, although he was dressed like an honest burgher of Vienna, enjoying in a sitting position, his gray eyes were shaded with green tints, and shot out phosphoric lights like the eyes of a cat. When his pale, flat lips parted, they showed two rows of teeth very white, very sharp, and very wide apart, of the most cannibal and ferocious aspect; his long nails, shining and curved, took a vague appearance of claws; but that physiognomy appeared badly by rapid flashes; to the eye that watched him fixedly, his face rapidly assuming the bourgeois and debonair appearance of a retired Viennese merchant, and you felt astonished that you could have suspected of villainy and devilitry a face so vulgar and trivial.

Internally, Heinrich was shocked at the indifference of the man. The disdainful silence took away their value from the panegyrics which his noisy companions lavished upon him. It was the silence of an old and experienced connoisseur, who does not allow himself to be deceived by appearances.

Amongst the youngest of the company, the warmest admirer of Heinrich, could not endure this coldness, and addressing the strange man, as if taking him to bear witness to an assertion that he advanced, he said:

"Is it not so, sir? no actor has ever played the role of Mephistopheles better than my comrade here?"

"Humph!" said the stranger, flashing his green eyes and cracking his sharp teeth. "Mr. Heinrich is a young man of talent, whom I esteem very highly; but he is wanting in many things necessary to play the role of the devil."

And suddenly drawing himself up: "Have you ever seen the devil, Mr. Heinrich?"

He put this question in such a strange and mocking tone, that all the company felt a shudder run down their backs.

"That, however, would be necessary for the truthfulness of your play. The other evening I was at the theatre of the Corinthian Gate, and I was not satisfied with your laugh; it was, at the utmost, a sly laugh. My dear Mr. Heinrich, this is the way you ought to laugh."

And thereupon, as if to give him the example, he burst into a laugh so sharp, so sardonic, that the orchestra and the dancers stopped at that very instant, and the glass in the windows trembled. The stranger continued this pitiless and convulsive laugh for several minutes, and Heinrich and his companions, in spite of their terror, could not help imitating it.

When Heinrich had recovered himself, the vaults of the tavern were repeating, like a feeble echo, the last notes of that broken and terrible laugh, and the stranger was no longer there.

* * * * *

Some days after this strange incident, which he had almost forgotten, or which he remembered only as a particularly comical burgher, Heinrich was playing his part of the demon in the new piece. On the first row of seats in the orchestra was seated the stranger of the tavern, and at every word pronounced he shook his head, winked his eyes, smacked his tongue against his palate, and showed signs of the liveliest impatience.

"Bad, bad!" he murmured to himself.

His neighbors, astonished and shocked at his manners, applauded, and thought to themselves that the gentleman was very hard to please.

At the end of the first act, the stranger arose as if he had taken a sudden resolution, strode over the big drum, the cymbals and trombone, and disappeared through the little door that leads from the orchestra to the stage. Heinrich, waiting until the curtain rose, was walking up and down in the wings, and when he came to the end of his short promenade, what was his terror to see as he turned, standing in the middle of the dark corridor, a mysterious personage clothed exactly as he was, and who looked at him with eyes whose greenish transparency had a strange profundity in the darkness; the white, sharp, wide-set teeth gave something ferocious to the sardonic smile.

Heinrich could not fail to recognize the stranger whom he had seen at the Two-Headed Eagle, or rather the devil in person, for it was he.

"Ah, ah, my young friend! you wish to play the devil? You were very middling in the first act, and you would decidedly give a poor idea of me to the good citizens of Vienna. You will allow me to replace you this evening; and, as you might interfere with me, I will send you to the cellar below the stage."

Heinrich recognized the Prince of Darkness, and felt himself lost. Putting his hand mechanically to the little cross that Katy had given him, he tried to call for help, and to murmur his formula of exorcism; but terror clipped him; he could only utter a feeble rattle. The devil seized Heinrich with his hooked hands by the shoulders and pushed him by main force through the floor; then he entered upon the scene, when his cue came, like a perfect actor.

His incisive, biting, venomous and truly diabolical acting at first surprised the spectators. What especially produced a great effect was that sharp titter like the grating of a saw, that laugh of the damned blaspheming the joys of paradise. Never had an actor attained such power of sarcasm, such a depth of villainy; the audience laughed, but they trembled. All the audience was panting with emotion; phosphoric sparks glinted from the fingers of the terrible actor; trains of sparkling flame ran from his feet; the light of the lustres grew pale, the footlights shot out reddish and greenish flashes; a sort of sulphurous smell reigned in the theatre; the spectators were, as it were, delirious, and thunders of frantic applause greeted each phrase of the marvelous Mephistopheles, who often substituted verses of his own invention for the verses of the poet, and the substitution was always happy and accepted with transports.

Katy, who was in the theatre, was in a state of extraordinary alarm; she did not recognize her dear Heinrich; she presaged some misfortune with that spirit of divination which love gives.

The performance ended amidst indescribable enthusiasm. When the curtain fell, the public called for Mephistopheles with loud cries. He was sought for in vain; but at last a scene shifter came and told the manager that Heinrich had been found in the cellar, where he had probably fallen through a trap.

The hapless actor was taken up. His clothing was burned in places, and on his shoulders were deep scratches. They spoke to him, but he did not answer.

Heinrich Falkenstein was dead.

Miscellaneous.

KILLED AT THE FORD.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

He is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honor, the tongue of truth—
He, the light and life of us all,
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle call,
Whom all eyes followed with one consent,
The choice of whose laugh, and the tone pleasant word,
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along
Down the dark of the mountain gap,
To visit the picket-guard at the ford,
Little thought of any mishap.
He was humming the words of some old song:
"Two red roses he had on his cap,
And another he bore at the point of his sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
Came out of the wood, and the voice was still.
Something I heard in the darkness fall.
And for a moment my blood grew chill;
I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks
In a room where some one is lying dead;
But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up on his saddle again,
And through the mire and the mist and the rain,
Carried him back to the silent camp,
And laid him as if asleep on his bed;
And I saw, by the light of the surgeon's lamp,
Two white roses upon his cheeks,
And one just over his heart blood red!

And I saw in a vision how far and deep
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,
Till it reached a town in the distant North
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat,
Without a murmur, or even a cry;
And a bell was tolled in that far-off town,
For one who had passed from cross to crown—
And the people wondered that she should die.

THE OLD CALIFORNIA MISSIONS.

No 2.—San Gabriel.

[From the New York Observer.]

Some days after our very sucessful visit to the Los Angeles mission, we determined to visit the older and more famous one at San Gabriel, which is the second oldest on the coast. It reads almost like a romance—the story of those Franciscan monks, who, fired with a missionary zeal, started on an exploring expedition into California, from their Mexican home. How they established twenty-one mission stations on the coast, and finding the country fertile and beautiful, the climate delightful, the Indians a mild race and easily converted, they asked and received immense grants of land from the Spanish Government, and building houses and churches, reigned over them like the feudal dukes of the Middle Ages than like monks vowed to poverty and humility.

This delightful state of things continued until the middle of the present century, when the trouble in Mexico and the annexation of California to the United States gave the final blow to the temporal prosperity of the order. Some of the churches have fallen into ruin, while others have been kept in repair and used for parish churches.

It is to the latter class that San Gabriel belongs, and it was to visit this old church that our party left Los Angeles, on one of the most charming days that even Southern California can boast. We had soon left the town behind us, and were driving past fields which the heavy late rains had "dressed in living green," and decorated with thousands of the most brilliant of field flowers. The San Gabriel valley is indeed almost perfection, such lovely green and golden orange groves, such long avenues of the graceful pepper tree, such a balmy and clear air! We gaze with delight on every side, and decide that here we will buy our ranches and settle down.

But the driver hurries up his horses, and we are soon passing through the one long street of San Gabriel village, with its rows of low adobe houses on either side, and see very plainly the massive walls of the church. It is much larger and more imposing in its architecture than the one at Los Angeles, and has a quaint stone staircase on the outside of the church. Finding the great iron-studded door barred against us, we invaded the priest's house, near by, but found only a quaint old Mexican woman, who in reply to our eager questions, only answered, "si senorita," with a smile and shrug. She understands sufficiently, however, to know that we want admission to the church, and so she opens the heavy doors, and we go in out of the glare of the noonday sun, for it is "unusually warm, indeed, for this time of year," she tells us. As we become accustomed to the darkness, we discover that the thick adobe walls are pierced high up with narrow windows, and that the interior is exceeding plain. There is a gallery across the end of the church, to which admission is only had from the outside by the great staircase already mentioned. On the walls hang pictures of the twelve apostles, painted in Spain, and brought over for this church. The altar is more modern, and not at all attractive, either for art or age. In the sacristy, however, we found two queer old paintings, so begrimed with dust and dingy with age, that it was almost impossible to decipher their meaning. We finally concluded that one was intended to represent the Trinity, and the other Purgatory. The latter was an appalling representation, and probably was the means of keeping the Indians well in order, and willing to pay any prices to keep their souls from staying long in such a place! Back of the sacristy we found another small room, and in it the foot of a ladder, the other end of which extended into unknown regions above. Scaling these heights, we found ourselves on the roof of the church, and just under the bell-tower, where hung the bells that, in the "good old days," were heard far and wide over the valley, and even down to the little town of Los Angeles.

But now the bustle and noise of the city, and the screaming of steam whistles, and noise of engines and cars, so fills the air, that the sound of the San Gabriel chimes is only heard in their own lovely valley. There are inscriptions upon them in such quaint characters that they defy all our attempts at translations. But how we did wonder, as we stood trembling on the roof, one daring hand did give a little pull to the rope of the big one, which instantly responded with such a deep rumble as effectually stopped all further experiments, without the warning from the chaperone.

And oh! the lovely scene that lay at our feet, and greeted our eyes from that belfry tower! We felt as if we were on the Delectable mountains, looking down on the Land of Beulah! Around us lay the extensive plains where, in 1834, roamed so many cattle belonging to the Franciscans, that they employed twenty-seven hundred Indians as herdsmen; and fields that in the same year gave a harvest of twenty thousand bushels of grain to their store-houses! Surrounding this enchanting valley, like grim sentinels, stood the snow mountains; their white summits contrasting strangely with the smiling valley below.

The priests who saw this fair possession passing out of their hands must have felt like crying, "Woe is me, San Gabriel," for a fairer country, and more absolute authority than had these missionaries, would be hard to find.

But the hours are flying, and we must get back to the city of the angels before dark. So with a lingering look at the lovely landscape, we file down the ladder, shake off the dust of the belfry, and drive home over the level, smooth road, that makes driving a delight; through charming, picturesque Pasadena, the "crown of the valley;" past field after field, gay with the gorgeous eschscholtzia, (as charming to look at as its name is hard to spell;) and drive into the city just as the cool breezes of twilight are beginning to warn us that the nights in Southern California are invariably cold, and that a good supper and a glowing wood fire await us.

C. M. A.

LOS ANGELES.

SYRIAN beggars, from Mt. Lebanon, are now a feature of street life in New York.

EVERY smoker should try "Little Joker."

BATTLE SCENES.

War as the Soldiers Saw it—Stripped of Its Glory—Scenes in the Hell Which Visits Earth for a Time.

There is an embarrassment of riches in quoting from this book. We have only space for a few extracts, which serve to show the excellence of the author's style. Of the battle scenes one of the best is the following, which describes the effect of musketry at Chancellorsville:

"Neither the Major nor myself could distinguish the troops at work, for the ground was covered by a dense white smoke, the line of breastworks being marked only by a fierce and angry light playing through the sulphurous vapor. It was the constant flash from thousands of muskets, and so continuous was the fusillade that the flame never entirely died away. As we looked a brighter, blinding light appeared for an instant in the field, and I knew that one of the ammunition wagons had been set on fire by a Confederate shell. The air was a moment after filled with a perfect cascade of fragments. The body of a man rose among the flame and smoke enveloping the vehicle, and then came tumbling headlong to the ground. The horses attached to an empty wagon near us took fright, dashing wildly into the woods, their progress only being stopped by the trees, while the illfated driver was hurled from his seat and killed. Still there was no slackening in the murderous musketry, the struggle increasing in fury until the woods in which the opposing lines were fighting actually caught fire. A blinding smoke soon covered the whole field and penetrated the entire forest. Among the trees beyond where the wagons had been wrecked two or three dozen coatless surgeons were at work, their arms bare to the shoulder, all busy at their horrid task of amputation. Rude tables had been erected in irregular rows, and on each lay a mutilated soldier, losing a part of his shattered and bleeding body. Groans and piteous cries resounded in these forest shambles. It seemed as if hell itself had come on earth for a time."

The finest chapters of the book are given to Gettysburg and the Wilderness. The great battle in Pennsylvania, which turned the tide of the rebellion, is described in detail, and one of the superb passages which stir the blood is this, depicting the famous charge of Longstreet, on which hung the last hopes of a Confederate victory:

"As yet no Federal musketry had broken out, our veterans knowing too well the value of every bullet in a crisis like this. Still the assaulting lines continued to march on, until it seemed, from where I was standing, that the leading one touched the breastworks along our centre. Then, and not before, a vivid flash sprang from the earth, followed by a sharp rattle as the Federal skirmish line opened fire. The volley had no apparent effect on the Confederates, who continued to advance steadily, sweeping the skirmishers before them like chaff in the wind. A minute later a deafening crash of musketry broke upon the ear, and we knew the main line had opened fire. Despite the sunlight, the flame from our men's muskets could be distinguished as it played to and fro along Cemetery ridge. Then for the first time the Confederate line seemed to waver; but only for an instant, for it soon rallied, and as if by one common impulse, dashed itself like a mighty wave against the wall of steel before it. The Federal artillery on the higher ground behind our infantry tore the enemy's ranks with a storm of iron balls until it seemed that none could stand before them and live. But the troops under Longstreet had gained an impetus which carried them clear up to and at intervals into our lines. For twenty minutes the terrible battle hand to hand struggle continued, and I saw by the sudden movement of Hancok's corps that his line had been pierced and broken. It was, however, soon reformed; and, although the second line of Confederates joined and strengthened the first, our defense was too fierce and stubborn to be overcome. Finally the attacking force quivered, and a moment later the entire body was in full retreat."

In another vein is this sombre picture of a night of wandering over the field of the Wilderness, lost among the dead.

"Once, during my wanderings over the field in the darkness, I tumbled at full length over two bodies. My horror increased at finding my face close to the swollen and bloody features of the dead man who lay uppermost. The corpses seemed to be everywhere, for at times I could not put my foot to the ground without feeling some portion of a man's body beneath it. Turn where I would, I found myself surrounded by these revolting evidences of man's hatred and strife. My head grew dizzy, and a feeling of sickness crept over me as I staggered over the ground, carpeted as it was with the slain of both armies. Here were confused heaps of dead men, Federal and Confederate, lying mingled as they fell fighting one another. Feeling my way among them, I found three or four lying close together, side by side, at their feet another body, at their heads two more. One poor fellow had evidently struggled a moment for life after receiving his mortal wound, then pillowing his head on the breast of a dead comrade, lay passive as death swept his dark wings over the plain. Judging from the position of some other bodies I stumbled over a few paces beyond, a fearful shower of grape and canister must have swept the ranks of a regiment into shreds; for fifty or sixty men lay here in a row, some on their faces, others on their backs, while the attitudes of a few betrayed the agony endured before death ended their sufferings. Though these bodies could be but dimly seen in the darkness, I fancied the glazed eyes of the dead were looking at me. Leaving the sleeping battallion, I came across the corpse of a little drummer boy, who lay with his arms still clasped around his drum, his head shattered by a shell. Brave boy! he had beaten his last reta plan. Now the scabbard of a sword jingled as my uncertain foot struck it, the wearer lying in a sitting posture, his legs shattered by a round shot."

"The dark side of war also is seen in the stories of the living wounded, and one of the many stories of this character is the following group of Union men in an old barn, among whom the author was thrust after his capture on the field of the Wilderness:

"We were a rather grewsome lot of fellows; for there was not a sound man among us, and our wounds were becoming stiff and sore. Opposite me sat a tall sergeant, the chevrons on his right sleeve being half ripped off by the bullet which had shattered his arm. Beside him sat a stunted youth, whose groans and piteous moans heard spread all over his face, as if nature had sought to make him some recompense for his abreviated stature; but though the beard ordinarily hid his face to the eyes, it was now parted on one cheek by a gleaming cicatrice, like the mark of a tornado I had once seen on the mountain side. One man had had his temples bound up with a dirty handkerchief, which did not prevent the blood trickling down his face to the corner of his mouth, from which he wiped it with his cuff the better to masticate his food. Another poor fellow had been wounded in both arms, and it was painful to see him try to get a cracker to his mouth, only succeeding when a companion, noticing his plight, held it up for him to bite."—*George F. Williams' "Battle and Shell."*

Poor Jim Manners.

What volumes might be written of the pathetic incidents of the war. Here is one of the most touching. While our troops were on the way to Gettysburg, they were marching by night through a village over whose gateways hung lighted lanterns, while young girls shed tears as they watched the brothers of other women march on to possible death. A scene of the march is thus described by the author of "Bullet and Shell":

"Stopping for a moment at the gate of a dwelling, I noticed a young mother leaning over it, with a chubby child in her arms. Above the woman's head swung a couple of stable lanterns, their light falling upon her face. The child was crowing with delight at the strange pageant as it watched the armed host pass on. 'I beg your pardon ma'am,' said Jim Manners, one of my men, as he dropped the butt of his musket on the ground and peered wistfully into the faces of mother and child, 'I beg your pardon, but may I kiss that baby of yours? I've got one just like him at home, at least he was when I last saw him, two year ago.' The mother, a sympathetic tear rolling down her blooming cheek, silently held out the child. Jim pressed his unshaven face to its innocent, smiling lips for a moment, and then walked on, saying: 'God bless you, ma'am, for that!' Poor Jim Manners! He never saw his boy again in life. A bullet laid him low next day, as we made our first charge."

A Remarkable Recovery.

We have heard much lately about Justice Haight, of Pennsylvania, living many days after a bullet had been fired into his brain. A more peculiar case is now a resident of this County. George Sissel, of Newfane, was a private in the Eighth New York Heavy Artillery. At the charge on the rebel works at Petersburg, on the 16th day of June, 1864, a minie ball struck him in the head, breaking the skull. The ball divided, part going outside, and part going under the skull. For three days he lay on the field, and was reported dead. At this time he wandered into a hospital and was treated, the physicians taking out a number of the bones from his head. He was then sent to St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester. While there he was under the care of Dr. Moore, and on the 23d day of October following Dr. Bradley, the assistant surgeon, took from the unhealed wound a piece of rebel lead, which had lain there for over four months. Now Mr. Sissel is as well apparently as ever, though he has a depression in his skull large enough to hide a walnut, and over which there is no skull bone. This case was a wonder to the surgeons at the time it occurred, and a great wonder to the man himself that he should be alive.—*Lockport (N. Y.) Journal.*

THERE has been a great deal said about a man marrying his deceased wife's sister, but the lady in question has not yet been consulted in regard to the matter. As a rule, she is too well acquainted with her brother-in-law to want to marry him.

THE SOLDIER'S LOT.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

A pauper's grave on the hillside
Was all he got, I know;
They called him vagabond, and yet
His heart was white as snow.
He never harmed a living thing,
And it was sad to see
The veteran marching to his grave
Beside the hawthorn tree.

I used to like to hear him tell
How, when the foemen came
Across the sea to trail in dust
The Flag we love to name,
He took his rifle from the wall—
Ah! he was useful then—
And marched to meet the scarlet coats,
With other gallant men.

And when he laid aside his pipe,
For me to fill again,
I knew that I would hear the tale
Of deathless Lundy's Lane.
And as I listened, all entranced,
A boy upon his knee,
I saw the charging hosts, and heard
The shouts of victory.

But ne'er again his tales of war
Will thrill the youthful soul;
The march of life is over now,
For death has beat the roll.
No more adown the village street,
With feeble steps and slow,
Comes one who, tho' a County charge,
It did me good to know.

Though in a pauper's grave doth sleep
The veteran of the line,
I know that on the brighter shore
He gave the countersign.
What if the haughty shun the spot
Where over him grasses wave?
The sweetest flowers that ever blush
To grow upon his grave.

Why, in the tree above his grave,
A wren hath built her nest,
And every morn a linnet sings
Above the Soldier's breast.
I love to seek, on Summer days,
An oft neglected spot;
'Tis where the brave old hero sleeps
In his pauper's grave forgot.

SONGS OF THE SOLDIERS.

Reminiscent Rhymes of the War of the Rebellion—The Music with which the Boys in Blue Kept Step, and the Songs the Lads in Gray Sang.

The war proved a very fruitful theme for the poetaster, and many a fledgling bard delivered himself of more or less of patriotic jingle which it would be quite unbecoming to rate under the name of poetry. Many war songs—and some of them are very good, too—were written for special purposes; to chronicle some particular event, or in praise of some individual regiment, and on this account they became popular. But such songs as "Battle Cry of Freedom," "Kingdom Coming," "Marching Through Georgia," "John Brown's Body," etc., achieved a universality that made them known from one end of the land to the other. The song of the soldier never sounds as well as when sung on the field of battle. There it reaches to a height of sublimity obtainable nowhere else, and perhaps no finer volume of sound could be heard than Cromwell's round-heads chanting the "Old Hundred" after the battle of Marston Moor, a legion of Frenchmen singing "The Marseillaise," or one of our own army corps pouring forth in unison, "John Brown's Body."

It is safe to say that, notwithstanding the great number of songs which the war of the rebellion was the means of bringing out, not one first-class lyric, not one single poem fit to be ranked with Thomas Campbell's immortal "Ye Mariners of England" was the result. Perhaps Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is the most sublime of all the songs that were written during the rebellion, but this falls far short of Campbell's song. By the way, who is responsible for the air, "Glory, Hallelujah?" Has it a father, or did it grow, like Topsy? The air is original with the words "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the dust," but where it sprang from, who can tell? It followed hard upon another John Brown ditty, which we heard a crowd of boys and half-grown men singing while parading through the streets one night, after the close of a meeting which was held in Faneuil Hall, to lament over the execution of John Brown. That ditty, like the song of "The Black Snake," consisted of 100 verses, and this was its burden:

Tell John Andrew,
Tell John Andrew,
Tell John Andrew,
John Brown's dead.

From this sprang the now famous song which is perhaps the most popular of all the army songs, and of the many versions that have been made, the best is from the pen of Dr. W. J. Wetmore:

See them come, see them come, from the mountain and the plain,
A noble band of patriots, the Union to maintain.
And they never will return till the country stands again
Free, free, free, free, free,
Glory, hallelujah, etc.

Henry Clay Work, a Western bard, wrote and composed the music of several of the best songs, among which may be named, "Marching Through Georgia," and that very capital and favorite song with the soldiers, "Kingdom Coming," which has an additional charm from being in the negro dialect:

Say, darkies, hab you seen de massa,
Wid de muffstash on his face,
Go 'long de road some time dis mornin',
Like he gwine to a funeral pace?
He seen de smoke way up de chimbe,
Where de Lincoln gunboats lay;
He took his hat and he lef de plabe,
And I 'spose he's runned away!
De massa run, ha, ha!
De darkies stay, ho! ho!
It must be now de Kingdom comin',
An' de yar ob jubilo.

The air which accompanies these words is a very inspiring one, and it makes a capital quickstep.

George F. Root, who was some time a music teacher in this city, is the author and composer of "Tramp, tramp, tramp,"

In the prison cell I sit,
Thinking, mother dear, of you,
And the happy time I spent with you
And the tears they fill my eyes.
Spite of all that I can do.
Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay,
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching, etc.

Root is also the author of "The Battle Cry of Freedom."

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!
We will rally from the hillside,
We'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

There is an adaptability to the air of this song which makes it available to many words. The soldiers were fond of setting the words of "Mary Had a Little Lamb" to it, with ludicrous effect; as, for instance:

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!
And every place that Mary went,
That lamb was sure to go,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

And so on. During the terrible fighting in the Wilderness, on the 6th of May, 1864, a brigade of the Ninth Corps, having broken the enemy's line by an assault, became exposed to a flank attack, and was driven back in disorder with heavy loss. They retreated but a few hundred yards, however, reformed, and again confronted the enemy. Just then, some gallant fellows in the ranks of the 45th Pennsylvania began to sing:

We'll rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

The refrain was caught up instantly by the entire regiment, and by the 36th Massachusetts, next in line, and by the grim veterans stood at bay in the deadly thicket. The air was filled with the crackle and smoke of burning underbrush, the pitiful cries of the wounded, the rattle of musketry, and the shouts of command; but, above all, answering the exultant yells of the enemy, rose the inspiring chorus:

The Union forever! hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor and up with the star!
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

One of the army songs, which has become as popular in England as it is in this country, is published as having been written and composed by Louis Lambert. This is a *nom de plume* for P. S. Gilmore. To be sure, the words do not amount to much, and there is something disagreeable to a well-regulated temperance mind like our own, in being obliged to melodiously inform the public that

We'll drink some home blind,
When Johnny comes marching home,

but the tune is of that rollicking, devil-may-care order that is very catching. The fact is, Gilmore built up his words to suit his air, on the same principle that in Virginia they build the chimney first, and then erect the house against it. The air was an inspiration, but the words might be classified as rhym