

IN WAR TIME.

"Twas a terrible fight," the soldier said;
"Our colonel was one of the first to fall,
Shot dead on the field by a rifle-ball—
A braver heart than his never bled."

A group for the painter's art were they.
The soldier with scarred and sunburnt face,
A fair-haired girl, full of youth and grace,
And her aged mother, wrinkled and gray.

These three in porch, where the sunlight came
Through the tangled leaves of the jasmine-vine,
Spilling itself like a golden wine,
And flecking the doorway with ring's of flame.

The soldier had stopped to rest by the way,
For the air was sultry with summer-heat;
The road was like ashes under the feet,
And a weary distance before him lay.

"Yes, a terrible fight; our ensign was shot
As the order to charge was given the men,
When one from the rank's seized our colors, and then
He, too, fell dead on the self-same spot."

"A handsome boy was this last; his hair
Clustered in curls round his noble brow;
I can almost fancy I see him now,
With the scarlet stain on his face so fair."

"What was his name? have you never heard?
Where was he from, this youth who fell?
And your regiment, stranger, which was it tell?"
"Our regiment? It was the Twenty-third."

The color fled from the young girl's cheek.
Leaving it white as the face of the dead;
The mother lifted her eyes, and said:
"Pity my daughter—in mercy speak!"

"I never knew aught of this gallant youth."
The soldier answered; not even his name,
Or from what part of our State he came;
As God is above, I speak the truth!"

"But when we buried our dead that night,
I took from his breast this picture—see!
It is as like him as like can be:
Hold it this way, toward the light."

One glance, and a look, half-half, half-wild,
Passed over her face, which grew more pale,
Then a passionate, hopeless, heart-broken wail,
And the mother bent low o'er the prostrate child.

BATTLE OF KERNSTOWN.

HOW JACKSON WAS BEATEN.

J. H. Simpson, (late Second Lieutenant Company G, One Hundred and Twentieth Indiana Regiment,) in Philadelphia Times.

It was the privilege of most of us who participated in the battle of Kernstown to be engaged in battles of greater magnitude, but I will venture to say that none of those who bore the brunt of the Kernstown fight in the final decisive struggle in the evening were ever under a more deadly fire.

I had the honor to serve at that time in the ranks of the Fourteenth regiment Indiana infantry—a regiment which made a record on the fields of Antietam and Gettysburg, and in Virginia, from Cheat Mountain's summit, in 1861, to Cold Harbor, in June, 1864. The three years' service of this regiment expired June 6, 1864, while at Cold Harbor, and on that day, being much exposed in some advanced works, they were compelled to wait until dark before they could crawl back to be mustered out; and on that last evening of three years' arduous and bloody service, when home and rest and safety seemed now a certainty to the survivors, some of these veterans—boys in years, but old in war—received the death-bolt which had so often before passed them by. At Antietam (in Sumner's Corps) our brigade, commanded by our colonel, the brave Nathan Kimball, received the name of the "Gibraltar Brigade." The list of the dead and wounded of this regiment and brigade on that day speaks more eloquently than words of their work. At Fredericksburg, still commanded by the gallant Kimball (afterwards a general), the "Gibraltar Brigade" led the assault upon Marye's Heights. How far it went and what it cost is a matter of history. After the battle some of the Fourteenth Indiana dead were found at the foot of the confederate works on the heights. At Chancellorsville, commanded by Carroll ("Old Bricktop"), this same brigade, just after the route of the Eleventh Corps, charged and drove back a full half mile a large section of the enemy's main line. Through lack of support they were forced to fall back, but who can estimate the value of this check of the enemy at such a time? At Gettysburg it fell to the Fourteenth to retake one of our batteries. It was promptly done, but at the usual cost. In May, 1864, when General Grant crossed the Rapidan, the Fourteenth Indiana was in Hancock's Corps. At Spottsylvania, at that "Bloody Angle," on May 12, two-thirds of the little band were killed and wounded, and among the killed was Colonel Coons, formerly captain of our Company G. All the way down to Cold Harbor there are many spots made sacred by the blood of the Fourteenth's men.

To return to Kernstown, and March 23, 1862, the day Shields' Division fought Stonewall Jackson.

The day of the battle was as fair as a March day can sometimes be. The buds were swelling, the robins had returned, and winter had apparently given spring full sway. The sun shone clearly, while a delicate haze covered hill and valley and softened the distant mountains, until they seemed to our young eyes the golden and purple hills of delight. Around us upon the hillsides and in the valleys were fertile fields carpeted with the rich green of wheat, like well kept lawns between the park-like woodland pastures. No fairer spot in all our beautiful land did the sun smile down upon that lovely Sunday morning. This quiet, so fitting for the day, was soon to be broken by the roll of musketry and the thunder of cannon. The field and pastures were to be trampled into ruin and reddened with blood, and the lovely landscape was to be covered by the canopy of battle.

Jackson attacked us about ten or half-past ten in the morning. Our lines crossed the pike just in the edge of Kernstown, which lay in front of us. To the left of the pike our lines extended probably a quarter of a mile; to the right of the pike it stretched out for half a mile in a large field. Just to our right of the road was a high hill, sloping down to the front, the centre and key of our position. All along our front, excepting the village, and on our extreme right was an open field, more or less rolling, which was bounded nearly a half mile to our front by a large open woods occupied by the enemy. There was some sharp fighting in the village and out-lots,

artillery duels and skirmishing all along the line, and I remember seeing at "our end" of the town two of our brass guns firing up the street or town which forms the one main street of the village. All this was only preliminary to the real battle which was fought late in the day on our extreme right.

Our regiment first took position just on the left of the turnpike in a little field close up to the town. While there we witnessed some nice sharp-shooting at a clump of the enemy's officers by some men from a Massachusetts company of sharpshooters. To keep in line we fell back perhaps three hundred yards into a wood. About 1 p. m. we moved to the right of the road to support our battery upon the hill in the centre, which commanded the whole line. No apparent advantage had been gained by either side up to about 4 p. m., when Jackson attempted to turn our right. Our line was too extended for our little force, but owing to the position that could not be avoided. The pressure on our right soon told, and detachment after detachment of Union troops crossed the large field to strengthen our line, while through the open woods in front of us could be seen glimpses of gray lines of the enemy hastening in the same direction. The musketry on our right had become heavy and continuous, which, with the deep basso profundo of the cannon, was grandly awful and fitting music for the terrible drama then upon the stage. Our forces appeared to suffer greatly. Our lines wavered in places, and needed continued strengthening. The streams of wounded men who were able to walk to the rear soon reached across the large field. The contesting lines at that point were so close that it was impossible for either side to use artillery. An aid-de-camp dashed up the hill to us, and our regiment, apparently the last support of our battery, was ordered in. It was scarcely half a mile to the roaring maelstrom which seemed to swallow all who disappeared in the smoke. With just one thought of home and the shortest prayer, we left the battery and crossed the field at a double-quick, entered a narrow wood in a little valley, came to a front and advanced.

EXPULSION OF SENATOR J. D. BRIGHT.

The Ohio Statesman of February 7, 1862, thus chronicles an exciting incident in the history of the United States Senate:

"The scene at the close of the expulsion of Senator Bright was dramatic. There was desperate decisiveness in the No! with which Bayard answered to his name. When Carlisle, of Virginia, (West Virginia,) voted no, the flutter was significant and loud. He had been counted only among the doubtful. The Californian, McDougal, and Mr. Simmons, were at first absent, but not a moment too soon came in, and thirty-two votes decided the law that in the American Senate hereafter no traitor shall have a seat. When the result was announced, the gallery burst into applause, but was checked instantly. Bright then bundled up the portable property in his desk, turned his back upon the court which had tried him, went to Secretary Forney's room, drew pay to the last cent, and with a defiant stride passed into the Public Land Committee-room, where his wife awaited him. In her presence the actor's costume fell, the ruined politician sat down, and haggard and crushed, contemplated the wreck he had made of his fortunes."

[The principal charge against Bright was based upon the following letter written by him:

"WASHINGTON, March 1, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: Allow me to introduce to your acquaintance, my friend Thomas B. Lincoln, of Texas. He visits your capital mainly to dispose of what he regards a great improvement in fire-arms. I recommend him to your favorable consideration as a gentleman of the first respectability, and reliable in every respect.

"Very truly yours,

"JESSE D. BRIGHT.
"To His Excellency JEFFERSON DAVIS,
"President of the Confederate States."—ED.]

NOT TO BE OUTDONE.

Some old stories will bear repeating, and the one that follows, which found its way into print during the first year of the war, is good enough to be again placed before the public: One of the many zealous chaplains of the Army of the Potomac called on a colonel noted for his profanity, in order to talk about the religious interests of his men. He was politely received, and motioned to a seat on a chest.

"Colonel," said he, "you have one of the finest regiments in the army."

"I think so," replied the colonel.

"Do you think you pay sufficient attention to the religious instruction of your men?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the colonel.

"A lively interest has been awakened in the —— regiment; the Lord has blessed the labors of his servants, and ten men have been already baptized," said the preacher.

Now the organization mentioned by the good man happened to be a rival regiment, and the colonel, as soon as he heard the statement, turned to the chaplain, and in an earnest voice, asked, "Is that so, 'pon honor?"

The reply was in the affirmative. Immediately the colonel called out to an orderly, standing near, "Sergeant, have fifteen men detailed immediately to be baptized. I'll be d—d if I'll be outdone in any respect."

The chaplain, hearing this command, speedily withdrew.

It is said that in December, 1861, Mrs. Sarah Larrabee, then residing in Rockville, Mass., had four sons, seventeen grandsons, and one great-grandson in the Union army.

The Logan Guards of Lewistown, Pennsylvania, commanded by Captain John B. Selheimer, claim to have been the first organization responding to President Lincoln's first call for troops from that State.

They reported at Harrisburg 100 strong about six o'clock on the morning of April 17, 1861, and left for Washington on the morning of the 18th.

In 1862 a letter bearing the following superscription passed through the Louisville (Ky.) post-office:

"Feds and confeds, let this go free
Down to Nashville, Tennessee;
This three-cent stamp will pay the cost
Until you find Sophia Yost."

"Postmaster North, or even South,
May open it and find the truth;
I merely say my wife's got well,
And has a baby cross as— you know."

—Louisville Journal, December 24.

FOR THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

"IT HELD THE FLAG."

We had lain for four days and nights upon the battle field, almost side by side. He was a stranger to me although, from the letters upon his cap, I learned that he belonged to a regiment from my own State—New York. We were both severely wounded; his injuries consisting of a terribly mangled arm and a bullet in the chest, while mine resulted from a minie ball through the neck and the effects of a fragment of shell which had struck me on the hip. We were inside the enemy's lines, where our comrades had left us when forced to retreat, and upon every side lay others, scores upon scores of them, yes, hundreds dead, and more than a thousand wounded, who, like ourselves, had fallen in the mad attempt to achieve an impossibility—the capture of an impregnable position from the foe.

We were weak, and faint, and sore. To the intense physical pain, caused by our cruel hurts, were added the torments of hunger and thirst. For more than seventy-two hours we had been without food and water; and all the while, by day, the hot August sun had been glaring down upon us, and at night occasional showers had drenched and cooled us outwardly, but failed to quench the inward fever, which was consuming our vitals. There were nearly eighteen hundred dead and wounded men lying within the space of half a dozen acres, surrounded by a cordon of guards. We were prisoners of war.

On the fourth day we were taken a mile or so to where, in a large orchard, our surgeons, under flag of truce, had established a field hospital. There two or three small crackers, of about the circumference of a silver quarter, and a teaspoonful of brandy apiece (supplies were scanty and we could get no more) were given us. I sat upon the ground with my back against an apple tree, waiting for the end to come, while my friend lay in the shade, a few feet distant, his eyes closed and so motionless that I almost feared the removal had resulted in releasing him from all further suffering.

But my fears were groundless. In the course of an hour a surgeon bent over him, examined his injuries, and had him conveyed to the operating table, which had been improvised from a door torn from a mansion close by. As they began cutting away the sleeve of his blouse he aroused, and, looking in the surgeon's face, asked, "Doctor, must I lose my arm?"

On being answered in the affirmative he murmured "Oh, my poor arm!" and from my position I could see his jaws clench as he braced himself for what he knew was coming. I have seen many surgical operations performed, but never in all my life witnessed one borne with more fortitude than was that which followed. It was soon over. The stump was bandaged, a little stimulant was administered to the hero—for he was a hero of which the whole country might be proud—and then skillful hands began to lay bare the breast where an ugly wound appeared. "Doctor," said he, "let me see my hand, will you, please? It held the flag when I was shot." One of the assistants reached under the table and brought it out from among the fragments of limbs which had accumulated there. The poor fellow took it in his remaining palm and held it where he could see it. For several seconds his eyes were riveted upon it, and the mournful earnestness of his gaze I can never forget. It was like that we see fixed upon the faces of men or women bidding farewell forever to the object of their dearest love. Presently he spoke: "Good-bye, old fellow!" he said, as if addressing the shattered member, a gleam of honest pride lighting up his pale features; "Good-bye, you've been a faithful friend to me—and to the Flag. My good right hand! God knows you never did a wrong to any man! Good-bye!" And he placed the mangled, swollen, powder-stained and discolored part of himself to his lips and kissed it, and gave it back to the surgeon, whose eyes showed a strange moisture, for them, as he replaced it upon the earth.

Before I was removed from the field this unnamed martyr to the cause of right entered into his eternal rest, and with his life went out a brave, true spirit, worthy of Him who gave it, and of a Nation's remembrance and veneration. He was only a common soldier, but none the less a nobleman of earth.

Judged from my brief acquaintance, he was one of those of whom it might be truthfully said over his remains:

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This was a man!"

WHERE THEY COME FROM.

The Veteran Soldiers' Home Association of California has recently been inquiring into the States represented by resident ex-soldiers who participated in the late wars, and it appears that out of 1,455 men taken at random from among those now living who served the Union but 213 of them entered the service from California. New York has 207 representatives, Pennsylvania 91, Massachusetts 87, Maine 53, Missouri 95, Ohio 94, Connecticut 18, Indiana 59, Nevada 10, Maryland 26, New Jersey 18, Kentucky 10, Illinois 146, Michigan 66, Minnesota 26, New Hampshire 17, Washington Territory 5, Kansas 18, Iowa 73, Texas 8, Alabama 6, Oregon 10, Wisconsin 58, Virginia 14, Tennessee 13, Arkansas 10, Georgia 4, Vermont 8, Louisiana 8, New Mexico 1, Rhode Island 6, Colorado 4, Nebraska 1.

In view of such a showing Congress ought not to hesitate in making a generous appropriation to aid in carrying out the good work already so successfully inaugurated by the noble-hearted men of the Pacific coast; nor ought the several States having representatives from among their soldiers in California to remain uninterested lookers-on.

Each should contribute to the fund being raised, so that their sons, sharing in the benefits of the Home to be built, may feel that they are not altogether dependent upon the munificence of others for their support and the comforts by which they are surrounded.

According to report, J. M. Learned, of Oxford, New Hampshire, had three twins serving the United States during the rebellion, two of them twenty-three years old, in the Fourteenth Massachusetts, and the third, whose mate was a girl, nineteen years of age, in the Fifth New Hampshire volunteers.

THE GERMAN-FRANCO WAR.

The concluding volume of the work, "The Franco-German War of 1870-71, by the Staff of the German Army," has just been published. Nine years have passed since the appearance of the first volume. The new volume contains statistics from which it appears the German army lost during the war 6,247 officers and 133,453 men. Of this number 40,018 fell either before the enemy or died of their wounds or of illness; the rest were wounded. The whole forces of the German army during the war amounted to 44,420 officers and 1,451,944 men, of whom 33,101 officers and 1,143,254 men took part in the campaign. Within seven months 290,000 persons were nursed in the field hospitals, and 812,021 patients received in the reserve hospitals. The number of letters forwarded by the field post amounted to 101,267,500.

HER TONGUE DID IT.

The following incident is related of General Don Carlos Buell:

Shortly after his occupation of Nashville he was driving through one of the streets when an aristocratic female, living in a fine, large house, came to an open door or window, waved a rebel flag toward him and cried, "Hurrah for Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy!" The General reined in his horse, turned toward the woman, touched his hat with all the courtesy and suavity for which he is noted, and surveying the elegant mansion from top to bottom with an eye of a connoisseur, quietly remarked, "An excellent house for a hospital." In less than two hours every room was full of sick soldiers; and the woman of the dwelling was thus taught the old lesson concerning the improper use of that unruly member—the tongue.

SEWARD'S DIPLOMACY.

A prominent Republican Senator was speaking of Seward the other evening and his eminent fitness for the part he played during the late war.

"In 1869, while on his trip round the world," said the Senator, "Mr. Seward stopped for a week at San Francisco. The night previous to his departure it was my large privilege to be one of the invited guests at a dinner-party given in his honor. It was a felicitous occasion. To my mind, the champagne corks had never popped so merrily; reminiscences of army life were resurrected, *bon mots* were freely exchanged, and an air of genuine enthusiasm pervaded the entire scene.

"Finally Mr. Seward spoke: 'I'll tell you,' said he, 'a chapter of unwritten history that will show you how narrowly on one occasion we avoided complications with France and England.'

"It was at the most critical period of the civil war; our troops beaten and driven back at every point; the army of the Potomac rent with jealousies and disaffection; traitors in the rear furnishing encouragement and assistance to their friends in the field. A feeling of gloom seemed to have settled over the whole land. We at Washington were sending out messages of good cheer to the country, but it was with a heavy heart and an affection of confidence we were far from feeling.

"One day I received an autograph letter from Louis Napoleon. He began by stating his personal regard for me, and his kind remembrances of America. But, he went on to say, his mills and factories were standing idle. His peasants, the most thrifty in the world, were suffering for want of employment, owing to the blockade of the Southern ports. He concluded by saying, that if the war had not ceased, at least, practically, within nine days, he should consider it his duty to interfere, and recognize the belligerency of the South. This act, he contended, would be followed by a similar move on the part of England, and possibly Germany.

"I answered the letter at once. I spent no time in flattering the Emperor of France, or in finding excuses for the North. Plunging boldly into the subject, I told him that this was a family quarrel; that the good sense of the South was against secession, but that it had been overruled by unscrupulous leaders, backed by the hot blood of their young men and the pernicious influence of the doctrine of State rights.

"We of the North," I continued, "are somewhat divided as to