WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

The Week's Doings at the National Capital.

EQUALIZING NEW JERSEY'S STATUES IN MARBLE HALL AT THE CAPITOL.

The Old Hall of the House of Representatives has been for some years appropriated to the use of art and history combined by being set apart as a Statuary Hall, where each State may place two statues of her illustrious dead, usually one representing her earlier history and one in the more immediate past.

Last Tuesday, the 21st inst., New Jersey contributed her share toward enriching our Capitol that is fast growing in beauty and interest, and the statues of Richard Stockton, of Revolutionary fame, and matchless Phil Kearny, of our own time, were unveiled with appropriate honors.

The records now extant of the career of Mr. Stockton are very meager, indeed. We learn, however, that his great-grandfather came from England in 1670, first settling in Long Island, but afterward removing to New Jersey, where he purchased a large tract of land, almost in the center of which now lies the beautiful city of Princeton. His father, who was Chief Judge of the County Courts, inherited this family seat, and here Richard Stockton was born on the 1st day of October, 1730; was educated in the New Jersey College at Newark, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1754, in which he soon attained great reputation. In 1766 he went to London for the sole purpose of working for the interest of the American Colonies, and specially exerted himself to educate the people of the old country to a knowledge of their true merit.

Step by step Mr. Stockton became first a member of the Executive Council of the Province, and then a Judge on the Supreme Bench of his State.

He tried first to effect a reconciliation between the Colonies and the Mother Country, and on the 12th of December, 1774, sent to Lord Dartmouth an expedient for the settlement of the American disputes, in which he proposed a plan for a Colonial Government. But when it became apparent that no such idea would be entertained by the Mother Country, he became an active factor in the opposition, and on the 21st of June, 1776, was chosen by the Provincial Congress a member of the Continental Congress. During the heated discussion of this session he sat silent and weighed the words of his colleagues, and at its close expressed his concurrence in the final vote in an energetic address, and signed his name with the rest to the document that was to make every name attached thereto immortal—the Declaration of Independence.

He was re-elected to Congress, where he was an active member; was a candidate for Governor, but was defeated by his opponent, although the vote was a tie on the first ballot. Mr. Stockton was then chosen Chief Justice by a unanimous vote, but declined. His next step upward was his last. He was appointed on a committee to inspect the Northern Army, was captured by a party of loyalists, thrown into prison, and there treated with such severity because of his having signed the Declaration of Independence, that his constitution was shattered, and when he was finally exchanged, and went home to find himself a beggar, his estate ruined by the British, and his fortune melted away like snow by the depreciation of the Continental money, he became despondent and faded away himself, and died on Feb. 28, 1781, when only 51 years of age.

Many of his descendants, however, have distinguished themselves, contrary to the rule usually accepted, his son Richard serving his State in both Houses of Congress; his grandson, Robert Field Stockton, well known to history for his long and brilliant career as a naval officer, and also in the Senate of the United States; then his great-grandson, John Potter Stockton, also a United States Senator, and afterwards representing our Government in foreign lands.

As to gallant Phil Kearny we are better informed. Everybody knows about him, and it only seems necessary to write of him, that his record may be brighter a hundred years hence than that of his illustrious predecessor with whom he now brings the two centuries together.

When the first of the Kearnys came from Ireland they settled in New Jersey, in the year 1716. Philip was born, however, in New York City, June 2, 1815, was educated in the best academies of his native city, ending with a four years' course in Columbia College.

In obedience to his mother's wish he commenced his career by studying law; but as he was born a soldier, the dry details of the law could not subdue the spirit of military adventure that ruled his ardent nature, so he joined, when a mere lad, the United States First Dragoons, commanded by his uncle, Stephen Watts Kearny. The proudest day of his life was when he received his first commission as Second Lieutenant of his company. This was about the year 1837, when he was ordered West; and among the officers of that troop was Jefferson Davis as Captain of a company.

In this campaign he showed such extraordinary aptitude for the study of war that he was chosen by the Government one of three officers to be sent to Europe to study cavalry tactics, and as permission had been obtained for these officers to enter the celebrated military school at Saumur, availed himself of this great privilege, and became one of the closest students there. After mastering his profession he went with the French to Africa, joining the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and made several campaigns with them in Algeria, where he displayed so much bravery that he won the highest praise and distinction.

He came home in 1841, and was ordered on the staff of Gen. Winfield Scott, in which position he remained until the outbreak of the Mexican war, having been commissioned in the meantime Captain of U. S. Dragoons, and being permitted to raise his own company, he went West, where he recruited a superior body of men and horse, adding from his own ample means an additional bounty to that offered by the Government. He was thus able to pick his men, and the superiority of his troops was so apparent to Gen. Scott that he selected them as his bodyguard when he reached Mexico.

It was during this campaign that Kearny lost his left arm at Churubusco, but his undiminished courage made his right do duty for both; thus he soon earned among his own troops the name of "Fighting Kearny," and received from the enemy the flattering soubriquet of the "One-armed Devil."

After the close of this war he was ordered to the Pacific Coast, and in 1852 he resigned and went to Europe to travel, but while there was induced to serve as an Aid-de-Camp on the staff of Marshall Meurice, was present at the battle of Solferino, and received for his bravery from Napoleon III the cross of the Legion of Honor.

When the rebellion broke out he hastened home and offered himself, as it turned out, a sacrifice on the altar of his country. His term of service was short and brilliant. He was commissioned by the Governor of New Jersey Brigadier-General of volunteers, and he made the First Brigade of New Jersey the flower of the troops of that State. He was always in the hottest of the fight, and absolutely knew no fear.

He was in the battles of Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, White Oak Swamp and Malvern Hill. He was promoted to Major-General, but at the close of the battle of Chantilly soon after he was killed.

Gen. McClellan is said to have wept when he heard of his death, and to have said, "Who can replace Phil Kearny?"

As a commander, Kearny was remarkable for his intuition, his power over his men, his rapidity of execution, promptness of resolve, unflinching will, and thorough knowledge of human nature.

Socially he always delighted in the society of brave men like himself, and as his hospitality was unbounded, his home in Paris was the rendezvous of American officers passing through. Beauregard, Lee, the Johnstons, Stonewall Jackson, Magruder and others who were on the side opposed to him afterward, were often in those days partakers of his salt.

At the novelling ceremonies there were speeches made in the Senate by the two Senators from New Jersey; and in the House, by Hons. Wm. Walter Phelps, Jas. Buchanan, Herman Lehlbach, of New Jersey; Wm. W. Morrow, of California, and S. S. Cox, of New York. The latter stated in the course of his speech that "The Star Spangled Banner," which was said to have been sung by Members of Congress on the streets of Philadelphia, was written by one of his own blood. After the addresses the Senators and Members from New Jersey, with an informal crowd of ladies and gentlemen, repaired to Statuary Hall, where the statues were.

These statues were modeled by H. K. Browne, the artist, who modeled and executed the statue of Gen. Green in Statuary Hall, and also the equestrian statue of Gen. Green in the park at the intersection of Maryland avenue and C street, Capitol Hill. They were executed after the death of the artist by his nephew, H. Bush Browne.

The statue of Richard Stockton is of pure white marble. He stands with his right hand resting on his hip and his left foot extended, dressed in the picturesque costume of the period, looking a very patrician, with the soft ruffles at his wrist and his cocked hat carelessly held against his left side under his arm.

At the base is the simple inscription: "Richard Stockton. Oct. 1, 1730. Feb. 28, 1781." The dates of his birth and his death.

The statue of Maj.-Gen. Philip Kearny, as though to indicate the stern necessities of a soldier's life, is made of bronze. He is represented in uniform, of course, standing, bare-headed, almost squarely on his feet, though the left is slightly advanced, with the empty left sleeve of his fur coat hanging at his side, and his right hand resting on his sword, which he holds like a walking-cane, in advance of himself.

At the base is the legend: "Gen. Philip Kearny, U. S. V. A. Born June 2, 1815, (which, by the way, is not according to the printed records, as they give the date one day earlier.) Fell in battle Sept. 1, 1862, at Chantilly, Va." At the upper right hand corner is this quotation: "*Decus et gloria est pro patria mori.*"

Not the least interesting part of the ceremony was the fact that these two beautiful statues were undraped by Richard Stockton, the great-grandson of the signer of the Declaration, and J. Watts Kearny, the son of the General.

ONE OF THE IRONCLAD FIGHTERS.

One of the most distinguished veterans of the Navy colony here is Rear-Admiral Thomas H. Stevens, of the retired list, who is quietly enjoying his declining years in an elegant home on Connecticut avenue.

Admiral Stevens was born in Connecticut May 27, 1818, and entered the service as Midshipman in December, 1836, from that State. During the Mexican war he was a Passed Midshipman, and was a Lieutenant from 1849 until 1862, when he was promoted to Commander. In 1866 he was promoted to Captain; to Commodore in November, 1872; to Rear-Admiral in October, 1879, and was retired for age in May, 1881.

It is doubtful whether any other Navy officer was more actively engaged during the rebellion than he, and most of his military history was distinctively part of that of the ironclads.

His first service in the rebellion was in command of the gunboat Ottawa, which he fought at Port Royal in November, 1861, with great distinction. His next fight was the successful one on New Year's Day, 1862, at Port Royal Ferry, and in the following Spring he fought the rebel Commodore Tatnall's fleet in the Savannah River, and followed up his success over that much-vaunted commander by attacking and closing up every seaport along the Georgia and Florida coast of the Atlantic that the rebels tried to hold.

Thence he went to the James River and commanded the original "Monitor," which he fought at Malvern Hill, and assisted in covering the retreat of McClellan at Harrison's Landing. In the Fall of the same year, he, for a time, commanded the cruiser Sonoma, and captured five valuable blockade-runners, besides chasing a number of others into West Indian ports, where they ran for escape.

From the Sonoma he was transferred early in 1863 to command the new monitor Patapsco off Charleston, where he took a very prominent part in the numerous battles there with the land batteries of the rebels. His most important work while on that station was in commanding the desperate and gallant, though fruitless, boat-assault on Fort Sumter one night in the Fall of 1863.

His gallantry and persistency, as displayed in fighting his vessel, attracted the attention of the great Admiral Farragut, and that Commander had him given the command of another monitor, the Winnebago, and sent to the Gulf Squadron under him. At the historical and splendid battle in Mobile Bay, Stevens was placed so well up in the leading line that, when the ill-fated monitor Tecumseh struck a torpedo and went down with the gallant Capt. Craven, he picked up a number of the few men that escaped from the sinking vessel.

His last cruise was as Rear-Admiral in command of the Pacific Fleet, and ended with his retirement in May, 1881. During that cruise there was considerable disturbance among the Central American States over the question of consolidating those States into a confederacy similar to the United States. Admiral Stevens watched the course of events semi-diplomatically, and succeeded in bringing about a more settled state of affairs that prevented a then impending war. While engaged in this matter he met the late President Barrios at the only Guatemalan seaport on the Pacific, and succeeded in making a close friend of that doughty warrior and ambitious, restless ruler. President Barrios invited Admiral Stevens and his officers to visit the city of Guatemala, the Capital of the Republic, and received him in such state as is not always accorded to ruling sovereigns.

When President Barrios visited here in the Summer of 1883, one of the half dozen personal visits made by him was a call upon Admiral Stevens.

The veteran is tall and slight of figure, but is now a little stooped with age. He wears his still dark beard of mustache and side whiskers in the style of the Navy regulation of 40 years ago, which forbade officers or men to wear beard below the mouth. In obedience to that regulation it was the fashion of officers then, as it is with Admiral Stevens now, to shave all the lower part of the face in a straight line across from the lower part of each ear, the line intersecting the corners of the mouth.

He told me very recently that his health has been feeble for some time past, and that was the reason he was unable to attend the service at the funeral of his friend, Gen. Sheridan.

A VERITABLE VETERAN.

Judge Chambers McKibbin, of the old Pennsylvania Borough of Chambersburg, which was founded by an ancestor of his, has been at the Riggs House here for the past week, and has been almost daily closeted with the President. A man well known to National fame and Democratic in politics, hinted to me the other day that the Judge came here on the personal invitation of Mr. Cleveland.

Judge McKibbin is so old that he knew when this century was born, and in his 90 years of life has witnessed or participated in five different wars that have been waged under the Stars and Stripes.

As a boy he was with his father among the troops that fought in our last war with England; a man grown, he watched the first Seminole war in Georgia and Florida; in his middle age he took part in the Mexican war, where a son was also engaged, and when the rebellion came, Buchanan Democrat as he was, he ranged himself sturdily on the side of the Union and sent four sons out to draw their swords for its perpetuity.

The eldest son, Col. Joseph C. McKibbin, was one of the first Aids-de-Camp appointed upon Gen. McClellan's staff when that meteoric warrior came to the command of the Army in place of Gen. Scott, and distinguished himself by his superb coolness in times of action.

Gen. David B. McKibbin, another son, was appointed in the Regular Army in 1861, and commanded the 14th U. S. Inf. at the second battle of Bull Run. He is now on the retired list for disability.

Capt. Chambers McKibbin, the baby of the family, is now Captain in the 15th U. S. Inf., and serving away up near the British boundary line in Dakota.

"Bill" McKibbin, who was next in age to Gen. David B., died during the war.

Judge McKibbin is such a giant in frame that one can readily understand that his stalwart sons duly inherited their tall stature, and the girth that has grown with his advancing years does not yet disfigure him.

Many years ago Judge McKibbin was a famous hotel-keeper, and as the head of the old-time famous Girard House in Philadelphia was as well-known throughout the United States as was Col. Coleman (the father of Col. Fred W. Coleman of Gettysburg Springs) of the Astor House in New York. Col. Joe McKibbin was trained by his father in the hotel business, and was associated with him at the Girard, and William, who was also trained to the same business, for a long time was proprietor of the old United States Hotel here in Washington, a hostelry that ranked 30 years ago as does the Riggs and Ebbitt now.

CONGRESSMAN GOFF FOR GOVERNOR.

The nomination of Congressman Goff, of West Virginia, for Governor of his State attracts considerable attention at the Capitol. It means, it is understood, a hot battle on the subject of protection or free trade in the Mountain State this Fall. The elections of late years have been very evenly balanced. In the last contest for Representatives in the present Congress Mr. Goff had but 627 plurality. The other three Congressmen elected were Democrats. Mr. Wilson had but 90 plurality; Snyder, 895 plurality, and Hogg 747 plurality. There were Prohibition voters enough in each district to have changed the result.

Mr. Goff has been a conspicuous man in Congress for some years. He became known in Washington first as Mr. Hayes's Secretary of the Navy toward the close of his administration, when Uncle Dick Thompson resigned to take the American Presidency of the Panama Canal Company.

Ex-Senator Barnum, of Seven Mule fame, has been this week actively consulting the Southern politicians, and it is understood that his eye is on Goff and West Virginia.

GEN. SIMPSON'S RETIREMENT.

Brevet Maj.-Gen. Marcus D. L. Simpson, Colonel and Assistant Commissary General, was placed on the Army retired list Tuesday last, Aug. 28, on reaching 64 years of age. He graduated into the 2d Art. in 1846, and served with that regiment until 1855, when he was promoted to Captain and Commissary. When the war of the rebellion ended he was a Lieutenant-Colonel, and became a Colonel in 1874. He received two brevets during the Mexican war for gallantry at Contreras, Churubusco and Chapultepec, but his brevets for the rebellion were of the great batch of staff brevets of March 13, 1865. His retirement promotes Gen. Amos Beckwith to Colonel, Gen. Michael R. Morgan to Lieutenant-Colonel, and Maj. Samuel T. Cushing to Major. In May, 1863, after the Senate refused to confirm Dr. Albert J. Myer as Major and Chief Signal Officer of the Army, Cushing was offered the appointment, but declined it, as he had just been appointed Captain and Commissary. Now, after more than 25 years' service as Captain, he is promoted to the grade he refused in 1863.

FRAUDULENT CLAIM FOR PENSION.

The Commissioner of Pensions has been advised that Joseph Carno was arrested on the 21st inst. and brought before United States Commissioner F. S. Bentley, Elmira, N. Y., upon the charge of having made a false claim for pension and for perjury. He was held to bail in the sum of $1,000 for examination on the 3d of September. One of the witnesses in this case, Horace H. Peters, was arrested at the same time on the charge of perjury and held to bail in the sum of $700.

MR. RANDALL CONVALESCENT.

Mr. Randall's physician, Dr. Mallen, says that he receives frequent letters from the distinguished patient, written by his own hand. He says the convalescence of Mr. Randall will be slow, but sure. He believes that he will return to the Fall meeting of Congress. It seems that the story started by a sensational New York paper, and so persistently maintained, to the effect that he had cancer of the stomach, had no foundation in fact.

OUR LAWMAKERS.

Another soldier has been nominated for Congress in the Fifth Ohio District in the person of Capt. Wilson J. Vance, of Findlay. The nominee is well and favorably known in Washington, where he was for years one of the leading correspondents on "Newspaper Row." Subsequently he was clerk of Senator Miller's Committee on Foreign Relations, and is therefore as well versed in the business of Congress as though he had been a Member. He entered the service as a private in the 21st Ohio, and for good conduct was promoted to be Second Lieutenant and then First Lieutenant of his company. He is the author of a novel entitled "Prince's Favors," which deals with certain phases of Washington life. He has been one of the most active men in the recent development of the natural gas interests of Findlay.

The Hon. N. P. Haugen has been renominated for Congress in the Eighth Wisconsin District by acclamation. Mr. Haugen is a native of Norway, but has lived in this country from childhood, and is a very bright Member of the House. His speech in opposition to the Mills bill last Spring made him quite a lion, and it is being largely circulated in both the English and Norwegian languages. He was a graduate of the law department of Michigan University in the class of 1874, and in 1879 and 1880 was in the Wisconsin Legislature. From 1882 to 1887 he was State Railroad Commissioner. His district is one of those where the Prohibitionists help the Democrats by running a candidate for Congress to draw Republican votes. If the soldier-hating, ex-rebel cabal now in control of Congress is to be overturned, it must be by the return of such Members as Mr. Haugen, and the Union veteran who throws away his vote in the Eighth Wisconsin District on a side issue is blind to his own interest.

Maj. Edwin H. Conger, of the Seventh Iowa District, has been renominated for Congress. Maj. Conger lives at Des Moines. He was born in Knox County, Ill., and graduated at Lombard University at Galesburg, in that State, in 1862. He at once enlisted as a private in Co. I, 102d Ill., in which he served to the end of the war, being promoted to the rank of Captain and being brevetted Major by the President for "gallant and meritorious conduct in the field." After the war he studied law and began practice at Galesburg, Ill., but in 1866 moved to Iowa and engaged in farming, stock growing and banking. He was elected Treasurer of Dallas County in 1877, and again in 1879. He was promoted by the people of Iowa to be State Treasurer in 1880, and re-elected in 1882. He was elected to the 49th and 50th Congresses as a Republican. He is sound on the soldier question, and his comrades of the Grand Army can depend on him.

The Hon. Joseph B. Cheadle, of the Ninth Indiana District, has received the renomination for Congress at the hands of his constituents. He is a native of Indiana, and 46 years old this month. He is a Union veteran. He enlisted as a private in Co. K, 71st Ind., and served through till the close of the war. After the war he studied law, graduating from the Indianapolis Law College in 1867. Of late years he has been an editor. He is serving his first term in Congress, and is a very useful man. He is true to the bronze button of the Grand Army which he wears, and is the kind of man the veterans need in Congress.

VETERANS IN THE CITY.

Maj. Merritt Barber, Assistant Adjutant-General, U. S. A., is in the city on leave for two months from Los Angeles, Cal., where he is stationed on the staff of Gen. Nelson A. Miles, and is located at the Hamilton House. He entered the volunteer service in June, 1862, as private in the 10th Vt., and left the regiment as Captain and Brevet Major in December, 1864, to become Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General of volunteers. After his muster out of service he was appointed a Lieutenant in the 16th U. S. Inf., in which he served (becoming a Captain in 1879) until appointed Major in June, 1882, through the recommendation of the late Gen. Hancock, on whose staff he was serving. His brevet of Major of volunteers bears date of Oct. 19, 1864, and is for "Having borne himself with distinguished gallantry in every engagement since May 5, and particularly in the engagement at Cedar Creek, Va." A recommendation for a brevet reading that way from Gen. Phil Sheridan meant something in those days.

Sheridan Memorial Services Abroad.

A meeting was held at the residence of Col. Gouraud, London, Eng., Aug. 25, of old soldiers and sailors to take action upon the death of Gen. Philip Henry Sheridan. The Stars and Stripes were placed at half mast at the entrance to the house, and a portrait of Gen. Sheridan, surrounded by trophies and arms used in the civil war, was exhibited in the room where the meeting was held. Col. Gouraud presided, and among those present were Gen. McClurg, Cols. Vollum, Graham, Goddard, Reynolds and McNary, Maj. Hawkins and Capt. Monfort. Col. Gouraud in opening the meeting paid a tribute to the dead General and read a cablegram of condolence which he had sent to Mrs. Sheridan. Letters of regret at their absence were read from United States Minister Phelps, Mr. White, Secretary of Legation; Consul Gen. Waller and many others, including Lord Wolseley, who wrote:

Gen. Sheridan was a grand fellow all 'round. I feel as proud of his achievements as if he had been commissioned by the Queen instead of by the President.

Commander Chadwick, Naval Attache of the United States Legation, moved the following resolution of sympathy, which was adopted:

America is called upon to mourn the loss of one of her ablest Generals, whose great services will always be held among the dearest memories of the Nation. We tender to the wife and family our respectful condolence and sympathy in the death of a good husband and a loving father.

J. B. Coomer, Huron, Dak., says he would be glad to see Congress pass "The National Tribune" Pension Bill, as he thinks it would do more good to the old soldiers than any other measure yet proposed.

SALISBURY PRISON.

The Personal Experience of an Ohio Cavalryman.

BY JOHN G. WEAVER, 2D OHIO CAV.

II.

WE traveled but a mile or two, when we came to the wooded hill referred to by our black friend, and in its seclusion found a safe and comfortable resting-place, where we remained all the following day, awakening late in the afternoon.

After arousing ourselves we quietly speculated upon the chances of ever reaching our lines, and trying to lay out a direct line in that direction, as it was evident to us that we were tramping a good many miles, but had not put much distance between us and Salisbury. I suggested that we use the stars as a compass and travel by them, which we did, and as darkness commenced to spread its mantle over the earth we selected three of the largest stars in a line pointing directly west with the setting sun; and all that night, with our eyes continually raised to our celestial guides, we traveled over hills, through swamps and forests.

While we were thus putting the prison-pen behind us and covering the distance step by step, their came to our ears in the stillness of the night the rumbling sound of railway cars, which sounded as if a great way off, and which had a musical and pleasant note, as it was evidence that we were at last approaching a country selected by man for travel and commerce. We had not gone far before we could distinctly hear the rear of falling water, and shortly struck a road, along which we traveled, as it lay in a direct line with our twinkling compass. Along this road we kept at a fair gait. Upon reaching a slight elevation we were apprised that we were approaching some kind of building, for from our position we could faintly distinguish its dark outlines in the hollow below, and the sound of escaping steam could plainly be heard. The road we were on ran directly in front of the building, and we hesitated whether to take the risk and continue on. We listened for a long time, and at last mustered up courage to make the attempt. Glancing up at our starry guides, whose twinkling brightness seemed to assure us that they would see us through in safety, down the road we went, keeping directly in the middle, and as we came opposite the mill (for such it seemed to be) we could plainly see the dying embers of the fire under the boiler. There were no other signs of life, and not even a dog interfered with our passage. With quite a relief from fear, we continued on until daybreak. We found ourselves in a cultivated country, and we watched from a concealed place a house that we could plainly see, and which was situated on the opposite side of an extensive lawn or cleared place. While thus watching we saw a man leave the house and walk along a path that led directly through the lawn. We waited until he had gotten a sufficient distance from the house and within hearing distance of us, when we called to him, and the sound of our voices caused him to stop. He was a colored man, bent with age. While he was looking around we left our place of concealment and went toward him. As we approached he appeared to have a troubled look, and when we told him who we were he turned and looked toward the house in a frightened manner, and said it would not do for "de folks" to see or know it, and cautioned us to keep out of sight. We told him that we were hungry and wanted him to get us something to eat, which he said he would do if he could. He also asked how far the Yankee armies were from there, and wanted to know if they would ever set his race free. We told him that they were gradually hemming in the rebels, and that it would not be a great while until they would capture their armies and restore peace. Then there would be no more slavery. He shook his head and said:

"I've heard that for a great many years, and I hardly believe it will ever come to pass. It doesn't look possible for the Yankees to ever overcome the Southern people."

He then asked if the prisoners at Salisbury were fed and treated well, and when we told him of the starvation and suffering and how they were dying every day he looked surprised, and said that his master had told all the black folks that the Southern soldiers had captured so many Yankee soldiers that it was taking all the flour and cattle in the country to feed them. He also said it was not safe for us where we were, and advised us to get away from there as soon as possible, which advice we took, and left him without waiting to see if he would return with anything to eat.

FRIGHTENED BY A FORKER.

We struck into the woods, and after going quite a distance sought a place for rest, which was alongside an old fallen tree, where we scraped the fallen leaves together and lay down, covered ourselves over and slept until I was awakened by the rustling of the leaves, as if some one was walking and stirring them about. The sound appeared to come nearer and nearer, but very slowly, and I was sure as I lay there and listened that it was some one searching through the leaves for something, and I could imagine that we were the object of the search. At last it came so near that I could stand it no longer, and with one quick motion of my arm tossed the dry and rustling leaves in the air and sat bolt-upright, and was more frightened at the grunt that came from an old North Carolina hog searching for mast,

FRIGHTENED.

than I ever was before or since. But the fright she gave us was nothing compared to what she sustained, as she faced directly toward us, with her long, lean jaws snapping together and her eyes fairly emitting sparks of fire, while along the ridge of her saw-teeth back stood stiff and erect a row of bristles as stiff and pointed as wire. Every rib in her could plainly be seen and counted. We finally drove her off, although she showed a disposition to fight. That disturbance drove sleep from our eyes, so we concluded to move along, although it was yet early in the day. Not far from there I heard the voice of a child and a woman talking, which sounded to my ears as the sweetest music, and brought to my mind my own home, my wife and child, whom I had left to fight the battles of my country. I could look down from where we were and see, close by a creek, a house and the woman and child whom I had heard. With a sigh we passed on, not daring to make our presence known. We directed our steps towards the sound of the falling water, not knowing what it was, but surmising that it was a river. We were traveling along a thickly-wooded ridge, from which elevation we could occasionally get glimpses of houses and fields, and from which we kept at a respectful and safe distance, for fear of being recaptured.

MUSICAL NEGROES.

While thus traveling we heard the sounds of human voices singing and warbling, such as the Swiss and Tyroleans musically echo through their mountains. From our point of observation we could see a number of negro field-hands, both children and man. First the men would commence the warble, and then in turn each one would continue it until all would sing their part, when they would all join together, making the woods ring with melody. The music was in the most perfect harmony, and echoed from hill to hill in a weird way, and made quite an impression on me, as in the whole tune not a word seemed to be sung or pronounced. Little did they know that they had such a select and attentive audience, and one who appreciated their efforts as we did. We still kept on until some time near the middle of the day, when we came out of the woods into a cornfield, and while passing through it we suddenly came in view of a river, which we afterward learned was the Catawba, and it was the falls that we heard and which caused us to direct our footsteps toward the sound. While walking through the field we luckily came upon a deserted log cabin, which appeared to have been built for some woodman, or perhaps for the field-hands. There was some straw in it, but we could look through the chinking of the logs, or anywhere through the roof, which was of old clap-boards, curled up and warped by the weather; but nevertheless it afforded us a resting-place, of which we thankfully availed ourselves and where we soon fell asleep in the straw. We slept until nearly dark. When we again started on our journey we could distinguish our guiding stars, which pointed directly across the river. So we came to the conclusion that we would have to construct a raft, and with that intention we each took a clap-board from the roof for a paddle, and commenced to look for the material—anything that would float.

As we were thus searching and moving up along the river bank looking for a suitable place to make our crossing, something in the dim distance attracted our attention, which for a while puzzled us considerably. It appeared from the distance to stretch directly across the stream, and we resolved to find out what it was before we made any further preparation to cross. Noiselessly and stealthily we approached the mysterious object, until we came near enough to make out that it was a covered railroad bridge. Here, then, was a chance to get across the river without the trouble of constructing a raft; that is if, as we thought, the bridge was not guarded, and everything seemed to indicate that it was not. We carefully examined the approaches, but could see no signs of guards or life. We clambered up the steep river and railroad bank and found ourselves upon the track. There was a single plank as a footway to walk upon. After assuring ourselves that it was safe to make the crossing, and glancing once more upon our stars, we boldly started, with some misgivings, as it was impossible, on account of the darkness and the length of the

ATTEMPT AT ESCAPE.

bridge, to define clearly any objects at the opposite end, but the extreme stillness was evidence that we could safely venture and cross in safety. We were progressing finely, I being in the lead, and had noiselessly crossed about one-third of the distance, when Wiggins, who was close behind, caught his foot in one of the iron braces between the rails and fell upon the sheet-iron roof with his whole weight. The noise caused by the fall sounding in the stillness of the night like a loud clap of thunder. This caused us to suddenly halt, as we surely knew that if there was anybody or guard about the bridge that the noise must have attracted their attention.

After waiting a reasonable length of time, and there being no signs of life at the end of the bridge, we again started and were congratulating ourselves upon our good fortune, and thinking how careless the rebels were to leave so large and important a bridge unguarded, and how easy it would be for us to fire and destroy it after we had crossed.

RECAPTURED.

We had, while thus walking and speculating, almost reached the coveted shore. When within about 10 feet of the end, we were suddenly fetched to a standstill by the command "Halt!" which came from one of about eight rebel bridge guards, who were drawn up in line immediately across the track and at the end of the bridge; and there we were, completely at their mercy, with no possible chance of escape. While we were standing as halted, the unmistakable tone of a Southern voice said: "Come on yah! What you standing tha' fo'?"

As there was nothing else to do, especially in the presence of the muzzles of eight rebel muskets, which completely covered us, I obeyed the command and walked up to the person in command. He asked who we were, and what we wanted in that part of the country?

INSPECTED BY THE NATIVE WOMEN.

I at first thought I could deceive them, and answered that we were sent along the road to see if it was properly guarded, and if those who were detailed for that service were attending to their duty. The guard proved to be an old man and what was then called by the rebel authorities the "Senior Reserve Corps," which was composed of old men who were not able to stand the fatigue of the field, but who could perform such duties as guarding prisoners of war, bridges, and other light duties.

When I answered him as I did I could see that he knew I was not telling the truth, and when he again asked who it was that sent us down the road, and to what command we belonged, I answered: "I guess it's no use trying to deceive you. We are escaped prisoners from Salisbury."

He said, "I thought as much; not only from your talk but from your uniform, which I know is that of a Yankee soldier. Well, I guess we'll have to take you and send you back again; although, if it had not been for that noise you made while crossing on the bridge, and which woke us up, as we were all asleep in our cabin below, and when we were awakened we could look up at the bridge and see you against the sky. Seeing you coming toward our end of the bridge, we prepared to receive you. But," said he to me, in an undertone, "I would just as leave not have seen you; because we hear some horrible stories about Salisbury Prison, and I don't think it's right to pen men up and starve them; but there are too many of us guards who know of your capture, so we will have to send you back."

He put us in charge of two of the guards and ordered us to be taken to their cabin directly below the grade of the road, where we were ushered into a small 12-foot-square cabin, the door of which was near the right-hand corner going in. On the opposite side was one of those large fireplaces common to log cabins. There was a long wooden bench near the front of the fireplace, while in the left-hand corner from the door was some loose straw, which was used for a bed. I took in the situation, and mutely said, "No wonder we could not see any signs of life;" for so completely was this little hut hid by the railroad embankment that nothing short of broad daylight could have revealed it to our view.

As soon as we entered the cabin Wiggins requested one of the guards to take him out, and left me in the cabin, with one guard sitting on the bench, while in the straw lay another.

AN ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.

The guard who was on the bench was sitting facing and talking to me, with his back toward the fire and his gun resting against the wall to his left and behind him. I kept busily talking to him, and seeing what I thought a chance to again escape by securing his gun, I kept drawing nearer and nearer to him, and then when within reaching distance I suddenly reached over and behind him, seized his gun, and leaped back and presented the muzzle to his head, and said in a hissing whisper: "If you dare to move or make an alarm, off goes your head."

The guard quick as a flash with his right hand grasped the barrel of the gun, and I, seeing my peril and fearing that the guard asleep in the straw would awaken, and perhaps that the one who went out with Wiggins might also return, relinquished my hold, with the remark:

"You'll do. I was just trying to see what kind of stuff you were made of."

"Yah," he said (for he was German, and spoke in broken English), "it's putty dangerous to fule mit de guard's gun; and dare vas a feller what got kilt for dot foolishness; und I don't like it, nother."

I was assuring him that no harm was meant when the guard with Wiggins came into the cabin, and Wiggins immediately commenced to pull off his shoes, complaining that his feet were sore. I could say nothing to him, not even in a whisper, but I nudged him with my elbow for him to keep his shoes on; but he didn't understand me, and he took them off and laid down in the straw alongside the rebel guard and went sound asleep. I was firmly impressed that I could make my escape, but when I saw Wiggins take off his shoes and lay down, I gave the idea up, and after talking with my German guard for a while, I also lay down and was soon sleeping soundly. I was awakened next morning by hearing female voices in conversation with the men, and lay quiet for a while in order to listen. The voice of the woman sounded like others of the sex that I had before heard in the South, as she said: "Why, they uns look just like we uns, don't they?" and was wondering how we came to be "away out here," as they expressed it. Not caring to thus be listening to their conversation, I arose and found that two of the guards who lived close by had brought over some of their women-folks to see a real live Yankee. I bade them good-morning and made excuse for our untidy appearance, and said I hoped they would not let our condition predjudice their minds against the Yankee soldiers; which they answered bashfully and in so low a tone that I failed to catch their answer. They did not seem inclined to use their conversational powers, but were apparently content to stand and gaze at us, and occasionally whisper aside to each other. After about an hour their curiosity seemed satisfied and they took their departure. All the time we had been out we had kept no accurate account of the day of the week, and we were informed by one of the guards that it was Sunday, and that the news of our capture had been spread for quite a distance, and he thought that we would likely be visited by a great many more who were anxious to see a Yankee soldier. He was correct, for there were a number of country women with sun-bonnets on, who had walked a long distance to see and stare at us, but none of them ventured to enter into conversation; but they were loud in their praise of the bravery of the valiant guards who captured us. The guards, all of them, proved themselves true to the teachings of morality and Christianity, and expressed their sorrow in the most humane and feeling manner for our situation and condition, and proved the sincerity of their words by offering to furnish us with all the rations we could carry, which offer we thankfully accepted. They took us over to a cornfield and told us to gather all the corn we could carry, and with their assistance Wiggins and I were soon loaded down.

[To be continued.]

Hon. C. Edwards Lester,

Late U. S. Consul to Italy, author of "The Glory and Shame of England," "America's Advancement," etc., etc., etc., writes as follows:—

New York, August 1, 1886.
122 E. 27th st.

DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.,

Gentlemen:—A sense of gratitude and the desire to render a service to the public impel me to make the following statements:

My college career, at New Haven, was interrupted by a severe cold which so enfeebled me that, for ten years, I had a hard struggle for life. Hemorrhage from the bronchial passages was the result of almost every fresh exposure. For years I was under treatment of the ablest practitioners without avail. At last I learned of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

which I used (moderately and in small doses) at the first recurrence of a cold or any chest difficulty, and from which I invariably found relief. This was over 25 years ago. With all sorts of exposure, in all sorts of climates, I have never, to this day, had any cold nor any affection of the throat or lungs which did not yield to AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL within 24 hours.

Of course I have never allowed myself to be without this remedy in all my voyages and travels. Under my own observation, it has given relief to vast numbers of persons; while in acute cases of pulmonary inflammation, such as croup and diphtheria in children, life has been preserved through its effects. I recommend its use in light but frequent doses. Properly administered, in accordance with your directions, it is

A Priceless Blessing

in any house. I speak earnestly because I feel earnestly. I have known many cases of apparently confirmed bronchitis and cough, with loss of voice, particularly among clergymen and other public speakers, perfectly cured by this medicine. Faithfully yours,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

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[*Rochester Post-Express.*]

An exchange says that "the simplest pocket rule is the silver a person can find within his purse. A quarter-dollar piece measures nearly an inch, a half-dollar about one inch and a quarter, and a dollar one inch and a half." The paper gives no rule, however, for obtaining the $1.75, which, perhaps, is not so simple as the rest of the recipe.

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*"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery