# AULD LANG SYNE.

## Three Lives Bettered Through a Vision in the Coals.

BY CONDIT CRANE.

I.

MR. NUBBINS smiled complacently, and his reflection from the mirror on his dresser smiled complacently in return. Through eyes perverted by self-esteem he gazed, and the squat, corpulent figure seemed slender and graceful, the grizzled, blotchy cheeks blushed ingenuously, and the sparse locks that concealed his poll as a netting does the daylight, still curled ambrosially.

The room indicated a batchelor's comfort, matrimonially chastened, not vanquished—that ideal comfort that rewards a widower for proper preliminary training. There was neatness, not precision; order, not rigidity; harmony, not severity.

Bituminous coal sputtered within the cavernous hearth. It wooed assiduously the great easy chair before it; it swayed the dark gray hangings with the somnolent pulse of its heat; it cast dashes of light and of shade up and over a portrait that hung above the mantel, now causing it to speak and then again to sleep. But Mr. Nubbins noticed no variance from that slumber, which had lasted over 20 years.

And yet that sweet, gentle face, with those deep, violet eyes, which, if they could speak, would surely speak words of comfort and sympathy, had once been for Mr. Nubbins a lode-star of pure domestic happiness. Ah, well; memory may be eternal, but ofttimes, like Arachne, it withers as it ages.

Without the gale raised havoc with bough and branch and chimney-pot, whirling the snow that fell fast and furiously into ghostly vitality. Yet these specters appalled not hearty, boisterous, jovial humanity that pressed forward, laden with mysterious bundles, guided by the compass of love toward the haven of home. The storm king might rage and marshal his shadowy allies; hearty, boisterous, jovial humanity laughed at his shrieks and wished him the compliments of the season.

It was the eve of the New Year, when hope calls the past and points with confidence toward the future; when even time pauses for a moment and forms resolutions of an era of peace and good will. Ah! mountains are more tedious than the plain, yet from their peaks glorious vistas can be seen!

Mr. Nubbins lingered before the mirror as if reluctant to abandon such pleasurable proofs of his perfection. He admired even the inevitable bulge of his shirt-front—that penalty of obesity—and the broad red wrinkles with which age had fretted his neck. "A man of my position and bearing," he proudly murmured, as he pinned down his waistcoat; and then he assured himself, hilariously if not harmoniously, that he was just as young as he used to be.

At last vanity became gorged if not satiated. With a heroism that shamed Narcissus, Mr. Nubbins turned away. He waddled to a desk in the alcove, and sprung open a secret drawer. He took therefrom a velvet case; he unclasped it, and gloated over the sparkling contents with protruding eyes. "Brilliants to the brilliant!" he exclaimed. "Ah, how her bright eyes will dance, how her delicious blush will throb when I give these to her!"

He enwrapped himself in his greatcoat by a series of unheavals that mottled his face with purple; he placed the case in his pocket and started to leave the room. As he did so, he caught the sweet gaze of the portrait in a flash from the grate. He paused, involuntarily, and shrugged his shoulders as if touched by the hand of a beggar. "Tom shall have it," he muttered. "He is old enough to prize his mother's portrait. He shall have it when this happens."

II.

A few blocks distant lived Mrs. Eliot, relict of Ralph Eliot, who for many years had satisfactorily performed the important duties of Company in the great firm of Nubbins & Co., and then had rested from the labor of quarterly collecting an opulent dividend on his investment. With that confidence in his partner which had been the characteristic of his commercial career, he had appointed Mr. Nubbins executor of his will and guardian of his only child, Ruth.

Very comfortably had the widow and her daughter passed the years that had led the latter into charming maidenhood, and Mr. Nubbins had discovered increasing delights in the assidious performance of his duties. Sundry gossips had predicted from time to time that the widow and the widower, thus forced by circumstances into intimacy, would conclude to mingle their mutual tears and assuage their mutual griefs by renewing the old partnership for life. Perhaps, though the surmise is ungallant, the possibility of so desirable an arrangement again and anon tempered the wind of bereavement for the shorn ewe lamb. Certain it is that whenever Mr. Nubbins's step was heard the widow's heart fluttered a tinge of girlish color into her pale cheeks, and whenever Mr. Nubbins approached his step was surely heard.

But no such suspicion had ever shocked Mr. Nubbins's mind. The widow seemed so very mature to him that he was far more apt to seek her blessing than her hand. He quite looked up to her with reverence, assuming in her presence a deferential air which would properly become a young lawyer in addressing a wealthy and aged client.

The parlors of the Eliot mansion spoke invitingly on this particular New Year's evening. It was not alone the dark, rich hues of the low studded walls and ceiling, the coziness of the antique furniture, the green and crimson of the myrtle and holly, or the crackling of the huge hickory logs, but these details combined into an assurance of "Welcome! Be at home!" to the guest.

The rooms did not stretch in unbroken expanse from front to rear, as if the architect had favored his indolence. They were broken by nooks and corners, and their normal length was curtailed by the curtains that separated the library from them. It was in this rear-room, sitting as closely together as the old settle by its dimensions suggested, that Ruth Eliot and Tom, the only son and heir of the juvenile Mr. Nubbins, were absorbed in earnest conversation.

Like Milton's nymph, Ruth Eliot was attended by

"Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles."

She had been born in the Spring, and had absorbed the essence of innocent gayety from her foster mother.

Tom's nature was a negative pole to hers. It was essentially earnest and intense. This was shown by his firm, straight gaze, and by the tense lines of his lips, which indicated a determination closely allied to obstinacy. He was a great, manly fellow in the sight of everybody except his father, who insisted upon regarding his broad shoulders and mighty chest through reversed lenses. Possibly this air of sternness arose from this perversity, for in the evanescent little wrinkles that diverged from the corners of his eyes and the deep dimple that contradicted his chin, one might read a sweetness of disposition almost feminine.

Certainly Ruth showed no fear, although he was speaking as one with authority. The saucy curls nestled just as tightly about her brow, the hazel eyes danced just as mischievously. Possibly, she realized that the real scepter was within her grasp. Ah, white, plump little hand! One touch, and brawn and muscle tremble and grow chill. It was from the foam of the sea that Aphrodite sprang omnipotent.

"I shan't stand it any longer," Tom was saying. "I am no child, and I will not be treated like one. There is no rhyme or reason in such concealment. Come, let us confide in your mother, and then I will go and tackle father. At word, I am able to support us both."

"Why, he was a great big, strong man; yes he was!" cried Ruth, opening wide her eyes in mock admiration.

"Don't, Ruth! You must be as serious as I am. Why do you insist on keeping our engagement secret? Surely, you are not ashamed of it. Is it because my father makes me so ridiculous? He would not dare to offer his absurd ideas about my youth in actual opposition; people would deem him crazy. Why, I am 25!"

"My!"

"Ruth, you cannot love as I do and be so frivolous, so taunting. My heart is filled with trouble over our unsettled future, and you comfort me with a gibe. Why are you so sure that my father will forbid our union?"

"Pray don't speak of me, Tom, as if I were an independent State. Your father, you know full well, has consigned you to perpetual servitude in roundabouts; he has issued an embargo against your beard. Ask him for gum mastic or lollipops, and he would prove the most indulgent of parents. But marriage at your age! Oh, no. As he grows younger, so must you; in a few years, you will reach the kindergarten. Besides"——

"Besides! Besides what? I know there's a reason lurking like a postscript behind such a farrago."

"He doesn't object to our intimacy. Oh, no; he approves of it, only you and he differ slightly as to its quality. It's a mere question of genealogy, that's all."

"I don't like riddles."

"Why, most children do. Now, don't frown so ominously; you might consume me by your majesty, as Jove did Semele, you know. Well, to pierce stupidity with acuteness, you honor me by wishing me to be your wife; your father honors me by wishing me to be your mother. It's all in the family."

"What! The old"——

"Hush! He is not so very old, either. Why, it was but the other day that I remarked to mother how dashing, yet distinguished, was his bearing, so different from the swagger of the boys of to-day; and then, he would be so gallant, so devoted! I don't know"——

Tom sprang to his feet crimson with wrath, bursting almost to explosion with invectives against the frailty of woman. But that potent little hand touched him—oh, so lightly! on the arm; those deep, hazel eyes looked up into his without a gleam of mischief in their brilliancy. So thus they stood for a moment in silence, when the heavy portiers were thrust away on either side, and Mr. Nubbins advanced as if to the strains of "See, the Conquering Hero Comes!" Yet candor must admit that he puffed a little.

"Charmingly admitted and charmingly caught, you little rogue!" he blurted, with a caper of elephantine playfulness. "I heard it all, I heard it all! Ha, ha! Well, well, I felt it must be so. We've understood each other all along, haven't we, dear? And to think you would confide it to my son when I was about to beseech it on my knees! Well, well, a young maid must tell her love, and to whom better than a child! But run along, now, Toamy. Remember, early to bed. Dream of your new mamma, and perhaps Santa Claus will bring you a New Year's gift. And that reminds me, my darling"——

And here Mr. Nubbins painfully reached his coat-tail pocket and drew out the velvet case.

But "Tommy" did not run along. He stood erect, with folded arms, pale, indignant, determined. And Ruth shrank from the eager grasp of the glowing Mr. Nubbins and clung to Tom, patting his brawny arm, oh, so reassuringly! with that potent white hand. Could one so mirthful, so wilful as she be dignified, be stern? She could, and she was.

"You are deceived, Mr. Nubbins," she began with a clear-cut distinctness that halted his adipose advance into unmoving awkwardness; "you are deceived by a few poor jesting words of mine. I have never thought of you except as a very kind guardian and friend. I have loved Tom since he and I were little children together. I am his promised wife. Think how natural it is that this should be so. Forget what you have said, and we will forget. I will be your devoted daughter, and we shall be oh, so happy! together."

Mr. Nubbins no longer puffed; he snorted.

"Tom! The young jackanapes! Absurd, preposterous! He deserves the birch, and shall get it, too. Ruth, don't throw away your chance in life. Think what I offer—wealth, position, jewels, the control of my household, the companionship of a man like me!"

But Ruth shook her curly head, and then rested it contentedly on Tom's mighty chest.

Mr. Nubbins's countenance rivaled in vermilion the impossible rose upon which he stood. His waistcoat creaked from agitation. He actually shook his fist at the devoted pair.

"Boy, leave the room this instant, or I'll chastise you! I—I—disinherit you! My home is yours no longer. Go forth, and starve in the byways and hedges! And as for you, my lady, have a care! I am your guardian, mind you, armed with the power of the law. You can't coquet with a man of my standing. You have encouraged me, you know you have. Come, now, be sensible, and I'll overlook your folly. I'll give you another chance!"

Over Ruth's face swept successive waves of amusement, scorn, and contempt, all blending as he finished into a look of gentle raillery.

"I love Tom," she softly replied, "as I have said. Besides"—and here the sparkle amid the hazel foretold mischief—"you would be entirely out of the question under any circumstances."

"Why, Miss?" thundered Mr. Nubbins.

"You are too old and—and—too—too fat," Ruth faltered. And then she laughed, and so did Tom, as the heavy curtains swung back over the hasty retreat of one who had entered so triumphantly.

III.

Through the streets rushed and rolled Mr. Nubbins, heedless of the whirling snow, the biting gale, the joyous wayfarers, the happy sounds that issued from many a house. Speechless with wrath, choked with resentment, burning with anger, he was intent on reaching the room which he had left so complacently, but now sought as a refuge where he might be alone with his shame.

His love was dead, killed by the taunt of the girl. He grieved not over his disappointment; he was absorbed by the insult to his personality, as a high priest might be by a sacrilege to his shrine. But beyond this, his heart was rigidly set against his son. Whenever he could catch his breath sufficiently he muttered, "I'll fix him! I'll show him! A man like me!" And then onward the faster he plunged.

As he entered his house he summoned John, the butler, an old family retainer, who had served him since the long-forgotten day of his wedding.

"John," he sternly commanded, "wait here until Mr. Thomas Nubbins returns, and then tell him for me that I shall have need of his room before to-morrow morning. Before to-morrow morning, mind!"

"But, sir," faltered the man, "I don't understand. My young master, your son?"

"Not one word! Do what I say. He is your young master and my son no longer." And, waving his hand with the air of a Roman, Mr. Nubbins tottered up the broad stairway to his room and bolted himself within its comfortable portals.

How weary he felt! It seemed as though a thousand years had elapsed since he had strutted away so arrogantly on his mission. He realized with amazement how vigorously he had breasted the storm as he had sought her home rejoicing in his strength, like the strong man that he was; and now, why his knees shook beneath him as he reeled to the chair before the hearth; and he noticed, when he had with difficulty outstretched himself, that his hand trembled where it rested.

He appreciated that his pride had been grievously wounded. Had this been a stimulant that had unnaturally sustained him? Had this, rather, been a cloak that had concealed a nakedness that was hideous?

From a neighboring steeple a chime of silver-toned bells rung out the exultant strain of "Adeste Fideles." For a moment Mr. Nubbins was bewildered. Why were the bells clanging so disagreeably, so discordantly? Ah, he remembered. It was the eve of a New Year. A pest on the fool who rang and the fools who listened! What could the New Year mean for him save age and decay? And yet but a few hours ago he had planned a future as hopeful, as glorious, as ever seduced young Benedict. But a few hours ago he had stood before the mirror in this very room, and had admired his own reflection. Could it have been his own? He had seen, or at least so he had believed, the trim, straight figure, the clear complexion, the flashing blue eye, which had always appertained to his conception of himself since he had had a conception. Had he indeed changed and not perceived it? Had his selfish pride prevented him from realizing—what had she said?—that he was old and fat?

Through a whimsical freak of memory, unaccountable, inconsequent, there thrummed through his mind a verse of a round that 40 years before—could it possibly be forty?—he had been wont to sing at college:

"There's old Sam Simons
And young Sam Simons,
Old Sam Simons's son;
And young Sam Simons
Shall be Sam Simons
When old Sam Simons is gone."

Yes, this must be it; he was old Sam Simons, a senile dolt; and Tom, whom he had deemed to be a mere stripling, was in reality the splendid specimen of vigorous manhood that he had thought himself to be. It must be so, but ah! the bitterness of the conviction! And oh! how he hated the son, who, it seemed, had robbed him of his birthright!

Mr. Nubbins turned the lights at full hight; he staggered to the mirror and again studied the reflection. For the first time in years he now saw himself as he was, not as he fondly imagined himself to be. Fat? Certainly; only look at the swelling waist! Old? Aye, aged. Just scan the bald pate, the lusterless eye, the crows' feet, the shrunken jaw!

He lowered the lights, he crept back to his chair, and rubbed his aching head with his tremulous hand. He thought, and he groaned as he thought. Without, the storm still beat; the gale shrieked a coronach. His hopes were dead. The old year was dying; why should he not also die—a poor, lonely old man, facing a loveless future?

The moments dragged in dismal succession. Again the chimes from the neighboring steeple rang out. Again Mr. Nubbins started at their voice, but no longer did he deem it a disagreeable, discordant clanger. Almost involuntarily he stretched himself into a more comfortable attitude, his hand fell by his side, his head wagged from side to side in measure with the melody, and then rested back at ease. As the tones of "Auld Lang Syne" stole soothingly over his soul, Mr. Nubbins smiled and slept.

IV.

How quiet it was in the room! The chimes ceased. The gale grew weary, the snow no longer beat against the panes. Quiet and dark. Yet once and again a tiny flame would creep timorously from a crevice in the coal, as if fearing, yet challenging the gloom, would gain strength and courage from progress, until crack! it would dash all restraint apart and burst into a great flash of light. And then the portrait over the mantel would seem to gain life, the deep violet eyes would beam with tenderness, the lips, molded by kisses of purity, would smile with pity upon the slumbering man.

Once and again Mr. Nubbins felt this beneficent influence; for it seemed as if a voice, long silent, whose accents had once been a delight to his ears, thrilled him with these words:

"Look and learn that the past gives compensation for the future."

Then, once and again, he gazed into the heart of the coals.

Through a quaint old garden, whose paths were so familiar, so fraught with cherished recollections, he saw a maiden strolling, one whom the sun loved to kiss, she was so beautiful; one whom the flowers sought to caress, she was so innocent. By her side, with one hand lightly resting about her neck, a young man walked, who looked like Tom, but who he knew to be himself. And he heard this young man say:

"Oh, my love, I dread old age. When those evil days come I shall be bent and decrepit and ugly. Can you care for me then as you now do? Or perhaps you may be dead and I alone. How can I bear the dark close of life without your presence to sustain me?"

Then he heard the maiden reply in those tones that had addressed him from the portrait:

"Ah, my dear, have no misgivings. Love is eternal, but, like the year, it hath its seedtime and harvest. The more we love each other now, the tenderer will be our affection then. Even if I should leave you, you would have my memory. Believe me, those days cannot be evil while the light of love lingers."

The coals smoldered, the gloom deepened. A heavier sleep came upon Mr. Nubbins.

Quiet and darkness again, and then the little flame burst into life and light. Once more Mr. Nubbins gazed into the heart of the fire.

It was a room hallowed by the holiest associations that he recognized. Propped upon pillows, he saw that same dear form; yet about the lips there clung an expression of ineffable tenderness which that maiden had never known. Clasped to her bosom—ah! so assiduously sheltered!—was a tiny object. He saw himself, still in the first flush of manhood, yet weighted by an air of responsibility that Tom had never borne, standing anxiously by the bedside.

"See!" that thrilling voice, feeble, yet joyous, exclaimed; "see our first-born, our son! Ah! I could die of joy, but I must live for you, for him! His name shall be Thomas, after you, my dear; and when he is grown you will renew your youth in him, and in his happiness find again its joys."

Once more the quiet and the darkness; once more the bursting spark.

Mr. Nubbins moaned as he recalled the scene now depicted on the hearth. Ah! was agony ever more poignant than he then endured? And yet, had he forgotten? It was the same room, the same dear form, but, oh! how wasted, how changed! There by her side he himself knelt, worn by anxiety, buffeted by despair, hiding his grief in her lap.

"Good-by, dearest love!" the thrilling tones so feebly resounded. "We have lived, we have loved. Blessed be the name of the Lord! Never despair; I shall watch over you and be ever near you. Be good to our boy, he binds you to me. Death is but a passing dream, and the waking is our happiness. So be patient and remember!"

V.

There was a joyous clash of chimes from steeples far and near, as if each individual bell was zealous to herald glad tidings. Mr Nubbins woke with a start into full consciousness. What did those blithesome peals announce? Why, the New Year was born, of course, and a whole world was celebrating its birth. No doubt of it, for the tall clock, from its post in the corner, was even then striking the hour of 12, as if its vigor of 50 years agone had been renewed. Should he alone sulk and despair?

He turned the lights to their utmost brightness; he touched his withered cheeks with his tremulous hands; they were moist, but he regretted not the tears as he brushed them away. He gazed once more upon the portrait, and the deep violet eyes and tender lips said: "My blessing is peace."

"O, my only love and life!" he murmured, "forgive me. I have been unmindful, but I have not forgot."

Like a devotee before a shrine he stood for awhile with bowed head; then he marched resolutely to his mirror.

"Ah, my codger, he exclaimed, "you are old and coarse and fat and ugly enough, to be sure; but we may be happy yet. Come, we'll see."

Mr. Nubbins hastened up the stairs to the room on the upper floor, which his son Tom occupied. The door was ajar, the gas was lighted. There stood Tom, savagely thrusting a few of his personal belongings into a sachel.

"Happy New Year, my son, and God bless you!" shouted Mr. Nubbins.

Tom started as if from one dream into another.

"It shall be a happy New Year for me, sir, if I can make it so," he replied, sternly and resolutely.

"If I can make it so, you mean. Tom, forgive me. I've been mad. Unpack your things. This is your home. Let me stay with you until I die. There is but one who will be more loved, more welcome here than you, and that will be my daughter, your wife."

"But, father, faltered Tom, "you will be unhappy."

"Ah! I have resources hitherto ignored, that will solace me. Listen, Tom!"

And from the neighboring steeple again the clear-toned bells rang out the strains of "Auld Lang Syne."

### The Loss of the Monitor.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: What became of the original Monitor? Give a history of her after the battle with the Merrimac.—ENOCH ALLEN, Odell, Ill.

[After remaining all the Summer of 1862 in the James River, the original Monitor was sent to Washington for repairs in September, and two months later returned to Hampton Roads. On the evening of Dec. 29 she set out for Beaufort, N. C., in tow of the Rhode Island, and a number of vessels accompanied her. The weather was heavy and the wind increased as she passed Hatteras to a heavy gale. The sea broke over the pilot-house and the waves struck under her over-hang, which was the defect of the vessel, and wrenched her terribly. At 10 o'clock in the evening it became evident that she was about to sink, and the Rhode Island went to her assistance. Several of her crew were washed overboard, and some others were so dazed that they could not be made to leave the turret in which they had taken refuge. Her Commander, Bankhead, was the last man to leave, and shortly after they reached the deck of the Rhode Island the Monitor sank forever.—EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

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## A SHERMAN MEMORIAL.

**A Proposal to Buy "Uncle Billy's" Headquarters in Savannah for an Orphans' Home.**

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

THE Charles Green residence and grounds on Bull street, Savannah, Ga., is for sale, cheap. The property cost $111,000. It was Gen. Sherman's headquarters after the surrender of Savannah. It is now in the hands of a receiver, and can be bought for less than half its original cost—for $50,000. The grounds are 60 by 180 feet, and are on the finest street in the city, or in any other city. The boys of the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Seventeenth, and Twentieth Corps remember the property and street.

It has been suggested that the surviving members of these corps chip in 25 cents each, and buy this property as a lasting tribute to our great and loved commander, Gen. W. T. Sherman, and dedicate it as a home for the orphans of all Union soldiers in the South. Hancock Post, G.A.R., of Savannah, will take charge and care of it. The State and City will exempt it from taxation, and the expenses of maintaining it will be very light. It is suggested to ask the boys of the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Seventeenth, and Twentieth Corps to take the active part in this, as they were the ones to whom Savannah surrendered, and who garrisoned the city during their stay there. Also call on the 75th, 153d, 173d, and 175th N. Y. and 9th Mass., as they were in charge of the city until mustered out. Every soldier that feels disposed to contribute to this object is appealed to, regardless of the army he served in; but the above corps and regiments are more directly interested. Would be pleased to hear from comrades, with any suggestions they may please to make. Might be a good plan to select some comrade or person the comrades have confidence in, to receive the contributions, and when the amount necessary to purchase the property is secured, the contributors could direct the purchase of the property, name and elect Trustees, etc.—JOHN F. MCGUIRE, 153d N. Y., Clinton, Iowa.

### 9th Pa. Cav.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Please give me a history of the 9th Pa. Cav.—A. S. BESSLER, Canton, O.

[The 9th Pa. Cav. was organized at Harrisburg in the Fall of 1861, to serve three years. After the ranks had been filled it was sent to Louisville, Ky., and went into camp at Jeffersonville, Ind. On May 4, 1862, it met and defeated the rebel Gen. Morgan at Lebanon, capturing 293 of his men, including Lieut.-Col. Wood, Morgan's second in command. The regiment was victorious at Moore's Hill. In August of the same year it was employed in keeping Kentucky clear of Morgan and his bands and in watching the advance of Kirby Smith. At Thompson Station, March 4, 1863, when the entire infantry of the Federals was captured, the 9th fought its way out and succeeded in bringing with it the entire artillery and baggage-train of the army and all the wounded that the ambulances could hold. At Cowan the regiment captured 200 of Bragg's rear-guard. During the Winter of 1863 it was active in East Tennessee. While in Winter quarters the regiment re-enlisted, and in May, 1864, successfully defended Frankfort against Morgan. It badly defeated Dibrell's Brigade, of Wheeler's command, near Readyville, Sept. 5. The regiment joined Gen. Sherman at Marietta, Ga., in November, and on the first day out from Atlanta it had a fight with Wheeler, and succeeded in capturing over 300 of his men and all his artillery. During the march from Macon to Raleigh the 9th was constantly harassed by Wheeler, but in every case succeeded in defeating him. It had a hard struggle with the rebels at Averysboro, but was victorious. It was at Bentonville, and while trying to get in Johnston's rear at Smithfield met the head of his retreating columns, and after a fierce conflict he was forced to march by the flank. After Johnston's surrender the regiment moved to Lexington, where it was mustered out July 18, 1865.—EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

### Patriotism the Herald Praises.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Last Fall the New York *Herald* offered a prize of $200 for the one that would guess the nearest to the majority that the Governor-elect would receive in New York State. A man by the name of Michael Moss won the prize. In the Sunday *Herald* of Dec. 6, there was about two columns giving a full history of the guesses, etc., including Mr. Moss's history.

Among other things the *Herald* said was that Michael Moss served with credit during the war in the 5th N. J., "but, as he assured me, is neither a G.A.R. man nor a candidate for a pension."

The last part struck me as very singular. So I looked up his record. Here it is: "Michael Moss enlisted Aug. 25, '63, Co. C, 5th N. J.; mustered and transferred to Co. G, Aug. 27, '63; deserted January, 1864, en route to regiment from U. S. General Hospital, Newark, N. J."

I sent the above to the *Herald*, but they have failed to mention it. I suppose the *Herald* thinks it was more honorable to desert than to fight, as it is always howling against the old soldiers and the pension laws. I think it is a shame that a man who deserted inside of six months after enlisting should be praised through the public press as having served his country with credit.—J. WESLIE JACKSON, 186 Market St., Newark, N. J.

### Loss of the Irish Brigade.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Please state the loss of officers and men in Meagher's Brigade, of the First Division, Second Corps, during the war.—JOHN D. MALLOY, Co. A, 69th N. Y., Little Falls, N. Y.

[Meagher's Brigade was more widely known as the Irish Brigade. This brigade lost over 4,000 men in killed and wounded, being more than ever belonged to the brigade at any one time. The regiments which properly belonged to the Irish Brigade were the 63d, 69th, and 88th N. Y., the 28th Mass., and the 116th Pa. These regiments lost 961 men during the war, who were killed or died of wounds. This is according to Fox's Regimental Losses, but does not include a great number who died of disease and in rebel prisons. The 63d N. Y. lost in killed and by death in rebel prisons, disease, accidents, etc., 16 officers and 231 men; the 69th lost from the same causes 13 officers and 338 men; the 88th lost 18 officers and 205 men; the 28th Mass. 16 officers and 371 men, and the 116th Pa. nine officers and 225 men.—EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

### Gen. Garfield Commanded the Brigade.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In your sketch of the 65th Ohio in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of the Dec. 14 you fail to state that the brigade was commanded for a portion of the time by Brig.-Gen. James A. Garfield. I do not know who commanded the brigade before Garfield, but I do know that he commanded it during the months of April, May, June, and July, 1862. At that time the brigade consisted of the 64th and 65th Ohio, the 51st Ind. (Col. A. D. Streight, of Libby Prison tunnel fame), and the 13th Mich., with the 6th Ohio ind'p't battery. The brigade was then known as Garfield's Brigade, Wood's Division. My memory is that Gen. Harker took command about the 1st of August, 1862. I had charge of the detail that pitched and struck Gen. Garfield's tents on the march from Nashville to Pittsburg Landing and during the siege of Corinth, and am not guessing at who commanded the brigade—D. W. P. O'NEAL, Co. A, 13th Mich., Rich Hill, Mo.

### Helena, Ark.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: How many troops were engaged and killed on each side at the engagement at Helena, Ark.; how many were captured, and who were the commanders?—J. W. HOWARD, Lucerne, Mo.

[In his report to Gen. Hurlbut, Gen. Prentiss, who commanded the Union forces at Helena when attacked by the rebel Gens. Holmes and Price, estimated the number of rebels as being between 15,000 and 18,000. Gen. Hurlbut was of the opinion that 9,000 would have covered their strength. The effective men under Gen. Prentiss numbered about 4,000. The rebels succeeded in capturing 36 prisoners, while the number taken by Federals was nearly 1,200. Of the killed 500 were rebels and 36 were Union soldiers.—EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

### Drainesville.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Please give me the date of the first battle of Drainesville; what regiments were engaged?—SAMUEL KINGSTON, Co. K, 1st Pa., San Jose, Cal.

[The 1st Pa. Cav. fought the first battle of Drainesville on Nov. 26, 1861. The 1st, 6th, 9th, 10th, and 12th regiments of the Pa. Reserve Corps, the 1st Pa. Art., and the 1st Pa. Cav. fought the second battle of Drainesville, Dec. 20, 1861. The third battle was fought on Feb. 22, 1864, and the fighting was done by a detachment of the 2d Mass. Cav.—EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

## GEN. WM. P. CARLIN.

**His Claims for Promotion as Brigadier-General, U. S. Army.**

Col. Wm. P. Carlin, 4th U. S. Inf., Brevet Major-General, U. S. Army, is making an effort to be appointed to the Brigadier-General's commission in the Regular Army which will be made vacant by the retirement of Gen. August V. Kautz Jan. 5, 1892, when that officer will reach the age limit, 64 years.

Gen. Carlin was appointed to the Military Academy by Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, from the Fifth Illinois District, in July, 1846, and was appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant of Infantry July 1, 1850. He served during the years 1850 to 1854 in Minnesota, and was promoted Second Lieutenant 6th U. S. Inf. in April, 1851. He was promoted First Lieutenant in 1855, and was with the Utah expedition and march to California in 1858. He was promoted Captain March 2, 1861, when he applied for and was granted leave of absence to enter the volunteer service. He was tendered a commission as Colonel of the 38th Ill. by Gov. Yates; also the command of a New York cavalry regiment, as well as the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of an Iowa regiment.

Gen. Carlin took command of the 38th Ill. Aug. 15, 1861, and made a brilliant record. He was in the operations in Missouri and Arkansas from September, 1861, to May, 1862, being engaged in the action at Fredericktown, Mo., Oct. 21, 1861; in the pursuit of rebels under Gen. Jeff Thompson, November, 1861, and in command of the District of Southeast Missouri during the same month, and up to March, 1862, and on an expedition into Arkansas March to May, 1862, where he was engaged in several skirmishes, and the capture of Pocahontas and Jacksonport. He was in the operations in North Mississippi from May to August, 1862, including the siege of Corinth and the pursuit of the rebel army to Booneville. He was on the march to Murfreesboro, Tenn., during the month of August, 1862; thence with the Army of the Ohio to Louisville, Ky., and in the advance into Kentucky, being engaged at Perryville, Oct. 8, 1862. In his report of that battle, Gen. D. C. Buell says of Gen. Carlin: "Sheridan was reinforced by Carlin's Brigade, which charged the enemy with intrepidity and drove him through the town to his position beyond."

Of this same action Gen. C. C. Griffin says: "With gallant Carlin in the lead, drove them beyond Perryville, and occupied the town with his skirmishers. Col. Carlin is spoken of in terms of highest praise, which I can safely indorse."

Gen. Robert Mitchell adds his testimony in the following language: "I have already spoken of the gallant conduct and skillful management of Col. Carlin, commanding the Thirty-first Brigade, but cannot refrain from again calling your attention to the eminent services and brave actions of this modest and efficient officer in this engagement. By his courage and skill the enemy's center, a strong position, was broken, and the rebels thrown into confusion."

He was promoted Brigadier-General Nov. 29, 1862, and was on the march to the relief of Nashville, being engaged in the skirmish at Knob Gap, Dec. 26, and the battle of Stone River, Dec. 30, 1862. In the latter action he was complimented by Gen. Jeff C. Davis, who says: "Carlin advanced in excellent order, driving everything before him, until ordered to halt, having dislodged the enemy from his position entirely."

Gen. Rosecrans says: "In such brigade commanders as Carlin the Government may well confide. They are the men from whom our troops should at once be supplied with Brigadier-Generals."

Gen. Carlin was in the battle of Liberty Gap, June 24, 1863; advance on Tullahoma, June 24 to July 4, 1863; battle of Chickamauga, Sept. 19 and 20, 1863; in the operations about Chattanooga, October to December, 1863, being engaged in the action at Lookout Mountain, Nov. 24, 1863.

Gen. Hooker says: "My thanks are due to Gen. Carlin and his brigade for services on the night of Nov. 24, at Lookout Mountain. They were posted in an exposed position, and when attacked repelled it with great spirit and success."

He was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel in the Regular Army for his service at the battle of Missionary Ridge, Nov. 25. He was in the pursuit of the enemy and battle at Ringgold, Nov. 27, of which action Gen. R. W. Johnson says: "Carlin moved forward to support Harrison. This duty, like all duty required of Gen. Carlin, was performed promptly, and with his usual good judgment."

Gen. Carlin was promoted Major, 16th Inf., Feb. 8, 1864, and went on the Atlanta campaign in command of his brigade, being engaged at Buzzard's Roost, May 9; Resaca, May 14 and 15; pursuit of the enemy with daily fighting to Kenesaw Mountain, where he went on sick leave, returning July 30, and remaining until Atlanta was captured.

Gen. Carlin was brevetted Colonel in the Regular Army for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Jonesboro, Sept. 1, 1864, and was highly complimented by Gen. R. W. Johnson, commanding First Division, Fourteenth Corps, and also by the Corps commander, Gen. Jeff C. Davis. He was brevetted Major-General of Volunteers March 14, 1865.

Gen. Carlin was on the march to the sea and the invasion of the Carolinas, participating in several skirmishes and the battle of Bentonville, N. C., March 20, 1865. He was brevetted Brigadier-General in the Regular Army for gallant services in this battle, and Major-General for gallant and meritorious services in the field during the rebellion.

After the war he performed service in various capacities, commanding a division in the District of Clarksburg, W. Va.; was President of a Military Commission and Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau for the State of Tennessee. He was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel 17th Inf., Jan. 1, 1872, and Colonel 4th Inf., April 11, 1882. He was a gallant soldier, and is well qualified to fill the position he seeks.

### Reading Aloud.

[*Harper's Bazar.*]

As a source of pleasure few employments equal that of reading with some congenial companion. When she lends "the beauty of her voice" to high poetic thoughts or to the instructive volume, or with gay accents brings out the flavor of the humorous and quaint conceits of others, how intensely we enjoy, how thoroughly we appreciate! With little pauses for criticism and exchange of opinion, we go on page after page, bringing fresh pleasure to our literary *tete-a-tete*. And ever after the story or poem has for us an added charm. Years may elapse, yet when we see again the book our memories recall the scene of its first perusal—the vine-shaded piazza, with the Summer sounds and scents; or the snowy day, when a "tumultuous privacy of storm" inclosed us as in a sanctuary; or the long Winter evening, when the lamp's glowing radiance and the bright fire enhanced our comfort, and mind and body were equally soothed and delighted.

Some women neither know nor care for this delightful pastime. They fancy that a special training by a teacher of elocution is essential to fit them for the proper rendering of the thoughts of others, and that it is not worth while to attempt to gain the accomplishment, as they have no special aptness for it, ignoring the fact that reading aloud is one of the talents to be secured by a judicious investment of the great talent of time. Clear and distinct enunciation, a well-trained eye, and ready comprehension of the author's meaning are essentials easily acquired, and the practice of this delightful accomplishment gives so much pleasure that it is recommended as an important contributor to that happiness which every loving heart would fain bring into the lives of others. To read to the dear ones who are weak and ill, to the sufferers in hospitals, and to aid those whose eyes are failing as the long shadows of life's afternoon cloud their brightness—these are blessings which we can easily bestow, and by which we are ourselves enriched.

### A Monster Radish.

[*St. Nicholas.*]

With the people, the houses, the tea-pots, the chickens, and so many things on so small a scale in Japan, there is all the greater surprise when one finds anything there which has attained an unusual or gigantic size. The coarse white radish, daikon, from six to 10 feet in length, strikes one as a vegetable joke in that land of Lilliput. The giant in one fairy story uses a daikon for a club, and the street-peddlers lean their daikons up against the side of a house as if they were whips or fish-poles. One might very naturally inquire the price of daikon by the yard, when he goes to market.

FRANK FORD & SON, Ravenna, Ohio, issue a concise, neatly-arranged, readable catalogue of seeds, fruit trees and plants, which is mailed free, and should be in the hands of all before placing orders for such goods. See their advertisement in this issue.

## ROLL OF HONOR.

**The Purpose for Which It was Established in the Army of the Cumberland.**

Gen. Rosecrans has had many inquiries concerning the establishment of the "Roll of Honor" in the Army of the Cumberland, and he has furnished us a copy of the order made by him just after the battle of Stone River.—which is the only copy on file in the War Department,—that every reader of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE may know the purposes for which the "Roll of Honor" was created:

HEADQ'R'S DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND, MURFREESBORO, TENN., Feb. 14, 1863.

General Orders, No. 19.

To establish a method of pointing out to this army and the Nation those officers and soldiers of this command who shall distinguish themselves by bravery in battle, by courage, enterprise, and soldierly conduct; and also to promote the efficiency of the service:

It is Ordered, that in every company in this army, infantry, artillery, and cavalry included, there shall be kept a Roll of Honor, on which shall be entered the names of five privates most distinguished for bravery in battle, enterprise, endurance, soldierly conduct, and skill in the use of arms. The soldiers entitled to this distinction will be selected by the non-commissioned officers and privates in each company, by ballot, approved by the company commander.

In every regiment there shall be kept a Regimental Roll of Honor, in which shall be entered the company rolls, and in addition thereto the names of 10 Corpor