cry rang through the woods on the flank of his column. The flash of a volley lit the scene for an instant and the youthful leader fell dead from his saddle to the road, pierced by four bullets fired from the distance of a few paces and from flank and rear.

A few only of his men escaped in the pitch darkness from the fatal ambush; the rest were killed, wounded, or captured.

The pockets of the slain leader were at once rifled and his watch, together with a pocket-wallet, were taken by a young home-guard named Littlepage, who handed them to his Lieutenant. Among the contents were a few cigars and some papers. The Lieutenant returned the cigars to the boy, but kept the papers.

It was yet very dark, but the identity of Dahlgren was revealed by the lad's mention of the fact in the presence of a Confederate officer (just recaptured from the Federals, with whom he had been a prisoner all day) that the dead man had an artificial leg, whereupon the Confederate officer just retaken exclaimed:

"BY THUNDER! YOU HAVE KILLED COL. DAHLGREN!"

The false limb was rudely wrenched from the body, and a finger on which the leader wore a plain gold ring, the memorial of a beloved and dead sister, was brutally hacked off for its prize.

This savagery was continued when the mutilated body of the dead, and dreaded he was stripped of nearly all its clothing, carted to Richmond, and for several days lay in the open part of the York River Railroad Depot, exposed to the vulgar and brutal jibes of an idle mob crowded from the street corners and brothels to behold.

What has the spectale had been enjoyed by the [illegible] rabble the mangled remains were [illegible] night [illegible] a lonely spot and the [illegible] by a chosen party.

While these events were happening the wallet and papers found on Dahlgren's body were elsewhere playing an important part in this drama. Its contents were borne to Richmond by a Lieut. Pollard, and by him placed in the hands of a Richmond editor. Through what hands other than those whose papers passed [illegible] far remained a impenetrable secret among the actors.

But the one certain and certain thing is, that a true history of their mutations embraces a bold forgery that was designed should [illegible] the brand of a wounded assassin on the [illegible] and voiceless Dahlgren, and show some colored justification for the shameful outrage that followed.

SOLD TO THE FEMAL

the inhuman treatment of the commissioned officers and men, and most of all for the meditated crowning infamy of blowing up Libby Prison, then packed with Union officers, prisoners of war!

The tidings of the approach of two such leaders as Kilpatrick and Dahlgren with a column of picked men, and at a time when Richmond was stripped of its veteran troops, and defended mostly by Home Guards, caused the utmost dismay, and Mr. Davis, his Cabinet, and the city authorities were suddenly seized with an epidemic of fright bordering on convulsions. But fortuitous circumstances, already narrated, defeated the daring and noble purpose of the expedition.

Dahlgren was now dead, and the match was not applied to the Libby powder-mine. Some cries of "shame!" arose from the honorable Confederates and citizens at the brutal spectacle already witnessed in the city. Yet they did not know all that had taken place.

The danger passed, and with the return of cooler reasoning power that the soothing sense of safety restored to Mr. Davis and his coadjutors, some sense of responsibility for the iniquitous steps that had been taken in the haste and fierce resentment that linked itself with their fears, began to dawn upon them all, and was quickened in no small measure by the

LOW BUT SIGNIFICANT MUTTERINGS

that fell upon their ears from the honorable and self-respecting people of the Southern Capital, and the few disgusted veterans of Lee then in town.

A rational survey of the situation made it clear to even the hottest heads of the Richmond cabal that it would now be necessary, in order to prepare for a contingency of the future, to set up something like a justification for the atrocities committed already and the greater ones meditated. This invention must be of a character that would satisfy the truly chivalrous people of the South when the storm was over; and, what was of vital importance at that particular period, the justification must be in presentable form for use by the industrious ambassadors of the South then hopefully—nay, confidently—seeking the recognition of the Confederacy in England and France.

There was slender hope that the truth regarding the savagery decided upon in those hours of rage and fright could be long suppressed. The necessity was extreme, a hint from the masters was sufficient, and a tool was found.

In Dahlgren's wallet were found some unused sheets of paper bearing the printed letter-heading of the Union Cavalry Corps—a custom with commanders—and enough written memoranda in other unimportant papers to show the general characteristics of his handwriting.

On one of these sheets the confidential penman produced a bogus "order," purporting to be addressed by Dahlgren to his command and announcing the objects of the expedition. One of these was to "release the prisoners at Libby and Belle Isle, to burn the hateful city, and to see that Davis and his traitorous crew does not escape."

By this, of course, it was to be understood that Mr. Davis and his Cabinet were to be killed or carried off as prisoners, and Richmond given over to pillage and all that was

DIRE AND DREADFUL.

To this production Dahlgren's name was signed, and the forgery was speedily on its mission of "justification" through the newspapers and to the country.

Efforts desperate and cunning were now made to hush up the truth as to the mining of Libby, and to spread the impression that the whole thing was an innocent and bloodless stratagem of war designed to intimidate the prisoners. Not until the fall of Richmond, more than a year afterward, and the capture of the Confederate archives, was the official acknowledgment of the Confederate Congressional Committee known to anyone outside of Mr. Davis and the cabal with him in the powder plot.

"Your committee," concludes this remarkable document, "does not hesitate to make known the facts" (the intended blowing up of 1,200 Union officers) "feeling assured that the conscience of an enlightened world and the law of self-preservation will justify our country and her officers in all that has been done."

The committee did not, it appears, feel sufficiently assured of justification to take the "enlightened world" into its confidence until the light was turned on by Union hands when Richmond fell! Nor is it probable that the enlightened world would ever have been any the wiser regarding this inner history, or that the atrocity would have been regarded more seriously than as an unauthenticated war rumor, had it not been for the memorable dispatch of Lee from Petersburg announcing that Grant had forced his line there, and which message was

HANDED MR. DAVIS IN CHURCH

that Sunday morning, April 2, 1865, and "which drew his attention with such rude abruptness from his devotions to his baggage," an episode described in Pollard's "Lost Cause" with graphic force and stinging sarcasm.

"Care was taken" (concludes the Justifying Committee) "to inform the prisoners that any attempt on their part" (to accept their liberation) "to escape would be effectually defeated. Dahlgren was killed, his command captured or scattered; the prisoners in Libby were awed and kept down."

As one of the Federal officers who slept over the mine that night, or, to be more exact, lay awake over it, I can personally testify that I do not remember positively from whom we received the first warning of the intended springing of the mine should Dahlgren's troopers penetrate into the streets that night, for we got the warning both from Dick Turner and the old darky. We all now knew that Dahlgren was approaching, and that Dick Turner was presiding over the fuse. But whichever it was that we had the news from first about this raid and the prepared mine, it is certain that the report of the darky, who declared that he had assisted in charging the mine with a quantity of powder, that his lurid fancy had increased to tons, was the story that carried conviction to our minds; and thus in one lonesome instance in the war the much-derided "intelligent contraband" was vindicated.

As to the committee's significant remark that the prisoners were

"AWED AND KEPT DOWN"

that night, my comrades can believe or not, as their individual consciences dictate. As for myself, I can solemnly corroborate the committee; and now while I am at it I may as well make a clean breast of it, and so let the present peaceful generation of our neighbors know just how a man feels who lays a night over a powder-mine with more than a thousand fellow-prisoners listening for the sound of rattling carbines outside; the signal that was to give glory to our would-be rescuers, but a horrible death to us!

I can declare with unreserved candor that as I lay on the floor of Libby that night of the 24 of March, 1864, just over the mine, and with the slave's fresh and ghastly message mixed up with the Lord's prayer, which I now remembered with uncommon clearness, I certainly experienced an "*awe*" which THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is authorized to express in italics.

A flood of thoughts and an irresistible longing to be home, or at least farther north, came over me as I lay on the hard floor, looking upward in the gloom, and waited for the signal.

My illumined imagination pictured with a power fearfully graphic the ghastly pyrotechnics in which I was to take a part—probably a great number of parts.

As I now saw in my vivid fancy the mangled remains of myself and fellow-captives ascending skyward in a volcano of timber, brick, iron and mortar, and thought of Dahlgren at that moment but a few miles away, and then thought of the man at the fuse only a few yards away, I frankly own, now that I am 27 years older and somewhat cooler, that I was "awed."

My chief agony of mind arose from the harrowing uncertainty as to how much longer (to use the committee's expression) I could be "kept down."

I would have listened with respect, if not with favor, to any proposition by the Confederates for a compromise; such a one as would not necessarily

IMPERIL ME OF MY HONOR OR MY LIMBS.

I could not deny that I had taken part in a number of affairs in which some Confederates had been hurt, but that there was no real proof that any of my shots hit anybody, for I was always a poor marksman, even when I was cool. Besides, if the Confederates were bent on making a fearful example of their prisoners, what earthly use was there in blowing up the whole 1,200 of us? Surely one-half of my comrades could serve as an example sufficiently frightful for practical purposes.

I could easily show in my emaciated person that my maintenance was not a serious burden upon the Confederacy.

Perhaps a truce for a period of 10 days, even, might be effected, as has already been done a short time before in desperate cases of our two colored comrades, Capts. Sawyer and Flynn, got through the potent influence of Bishop Lynch, of South Carolina, primarily, and the bold stroke of Gen. Ben Butler afterward.

Now, I had been baptised a Catholic. There were, in fact, many Catholics then in Libby. Bishop Lynch would have been amazed at the large percentage of Catholics had he called at Libby that night.

I wondered, in my agony, if the good Bishop was in town. He had great influence with *President* Davis, and had secured that precious respite of 10 days that had saved Sawyer and Flynn; and Sawyer was only a Protestant!

I was but human, and now I thought bitterly of that fatal hour's delay in the tunnel passage caused by that fat Dutchman, but three short weeks ago, and but for which I would have reached the Union cavalry posts (for I was in sight of them when retaken), and now that

FAVORED FAT FOREIGNER

was probably at this solemn moment sipping wine with his friends in New York, with a new uniform on his back and a long furlough in his pocket.

I hoped that the stray shots so frequently heard about the Richmond streets at night might not be mistaken for the carbines of Dahlgren, and that they would at least humanely wait for the proper signal; and I did fervently hope that Dick Turner, who had charge of the fuse, was sober. I was but 19 years old, but I longed for daylight and a mirror, to see if my hair was still black.

But all things have an end. The dreadful term, which I can never realize, was one night passed, and, with feelings of religious gratitude and surprise, I arose with the dawn; I fully expected to rise earlier.

The captives at Libby arose that morning ignorant of the fact that within the distance of a gunshot the heroic young Pennsylvanian, who sought to be their deliverer, lay pierced by four bullets and mangled by ghouls, in the hands of his relentless foes. Oh, yes, gentle reader, that was a night of awe.

The statement repeatedly made at Richmond that the "order" said to have been found on Dahlgren's body had been sent into the Union lines and there pronounced genuine, is false.

The only color of truth in this is that photographic copies of the alleged order were shown to a few persons within our lines, not one of whom was competent by familiarity with the dead soldier's handwriting to judge of its genuineness. But truly says the Scotch bard: "The best laid schemes o' men and mice gang aft aglee."

The forger blundered, fatally blundered! In signing the spurious "order" he misspelled Dahlgren's name. He wrote it *U. Dahlgren*, placing the letters "h" and "l" wrong, the proper spelling being "Dahlgren."

ITS BOGUS CHARACTER

is further shown by the use of the initial "U" instead of the full name, "Ulric," which it was Dahlgren's unvarying custom to use in signing.

In a most careful examination of scores of his letters written to his home from the field, not one was found where this rule had been departed from, even to the last letter written to his father from Stevensburg four days previous to his death.

To suppose that order genuine, we must first believe that Ulric Dahlgren, an intelligent and educated young man, but a short time out of school, did not know how to spell his own name, but wrote it wrong in the most supremely important document he was ever to pen. Again, if he wrote that order, where was it promulgated and when? Where are its duplicates, and where the officers and men of his command who ever saw or heard of it? None were ever found. But on the contrary, Lieut. Bartley, his signal officer, and all other officers and men of his command, declared that no such order was issued to them or heard of by them. Gen. Kilpatrick, the chief of the expedition, denies that such a paper was ever penned by Dahlgren, and pronounced the paper displayed by the Confederates a stupid forgery.

To apply the name of an assassin to this young soldier, then in his 22d year, who had already lost a leg in battle, and who was obliged to mount his horse on crutches, and with his wound unhealed; who had been reared and beloved in an educated and Christian home, and who in nature was gentle and the personification of chivalrous young manhood, is as monstrous as the vile insult to his dead body was

COWARDLY AND DESPICABLE.

The sufferings of the Union prisoners had touched the deepest soundings of his noble nature, and to compass their deliverance became the most ardent ambition in his brave heart.

Inexorable fate denied him the prize, but fame, more kind, has placed his effort and name beside the greatest victories and far beyond the reach of defamers; for, as Conkling said of Grant, "like a torch in the night, the more that name is shaken the brighter it burns."

As long as our history lasts, and the tragic story of the Union prisoners is still read, the name of Ulric Dahlgren will be cherished with pride and veneration by his country and by the captive soldiers for whose rescue he gave his noble young life.

A single circumstance, aside from all others, proves beyond cavil that the employment of the forged order, as a means of justification for the meditated slaughter at Libby and the savagery over his remains, was an afterthought by the Richmond cabal.

Many hours before Dahlgren was ambushed and killed, and therefore before it was even claimed by the conspirators that such an order had been seen or that its existence was known, the mine under Libby was prepared; and that the atrocious plot would have been consummated had the entrance to the city been made on the night of March 2, 1864, is as certain as human evidence ever foreshadowed the execution of a crime. And that crime would have been committed, whether the column of rescue was commanded by Dahlgren or Sheridan, and whether they had announced their intentions in order or not.

The eulogists and biographers of Mr. Davis will be more than fortunate if, in the light of established facts I have here presented, they can persuade

"AN ENLIGHTENED WORLD"

to believe that the wholesale massacre at Libby was never really intended, but was a bloodless strategem of war, like the threat to send our colored soldiers back into slavery and to torture and to hang their white officers and was merely to be regarded in the light of what Judge Ould, the Confederate Commissioner of Exchange, afterwards described, in fine Latin, as "legislation inter-jorum!"

Unless I greatly mistake, in my present survey of the situation, with the array of evidence from personal experience and authentic official sources here submitted, the group consisting of Mr. Libby, Guard Crane, the "bogus powder-keg," and "Uncle Harry," should be relieved from further service as necessary factors in the history of Libby Prison.

It is not claimed for this record that it is "the only true and complete story of the escape," but it can be said for my fragment of the annals of the famous Bastile of the Confederacy that so far as it goes it has told the simple truth.

"Dick" Turner, whom the *American's* late correspondent by a strange blunder mistook for the Military Commandant (Thomas P. Turner), has been incidentally mentioned by me in the present paper, and I feel that I cannot so abruptly part from him who played so heavy a part at Libby.

Cruelty was this man's pastime, and probably his greatest life disappointment was that when the killing of Col. Dahlgren that March night in 1864 deprived him of the crowning joy of his life—to explode the powder mine under Libby and blow up the swarming hive of Yankees. "The minute Dahlgren got into this yher town," said this disciple of Winder and Wirz, speaking of the affair afterward, "I would have

BLOWN EVERY YANKEE IN LIBBY TO HELL."

There was one lonesome trait about this man that softens in some measure the remembrance of his offenses. There was no vacancy in his nature for hypocracy. His daily deeds of brutality were done with open and scrupulous honesty and the long record of his infamies was an open book to which he pointed with swelling pride. "He knew what he was there for," and he never staid away from his duty simply because he was drunk; if he had his face would never have become so familiar around Libby. He loved whisky, it is true, but he would not desert the prisoners.

He never embroidered his villainies with the stately phrases and fine rhetoric of his Richmond masters. His blows were brutal, but his was not the hand of steel under the glove of velvet. He was a civilian, and, to his credit be it said, he scorned the devices of the Winders, and of his namesake (Thomas) to mask his real trade under the uniform of a soldier. When he locked me up in the cold dungeon without light, fire or food, among 33 other comrades recaptured in the tunnel escape, and squeezed us within a space of 10 feet square, and when he was told by an officer one night at the cell door that I would die that night, "Dick" answered the appeal of my comrade to take me up in the light and air, with the most unaffected candor: "Well, damn him, let him die; that's what we brought him back for!" But I was young, and stubbornly lived to make four more escapes from prison, although caught each time. But I saw the hour arrive when "Dick" himself was an inmate of that cell, and when Davis was a fugitive. By the irony of fate the famous Bastile itself has traveled from the banks of the James where its tragic scenes were witnessed, and now, after the lapse of a generation, it attracts the tourist and patriotic pilgrim on the shores of Lake Michigan!

Verily, the whirligig of time brings strange revenges. And, now, where are all my prison comrades who slept with me on the floors of Libby? I drink deep to them wherever they are.

(*The end.*)

A Case of Alliteration.

[*New York Times.*]

"Speaking of alliterations," said a New York lawyer the other day, "I am reminded of what I heard in a down East grocery store last Summer:

"'Gut eny good m'lasses, George?' asked a farmer's wife of the grocer.

"'Good's I ever had in the store, Mrs. Littlefield,' answered the grocer.

"'Waall, put me up two gall'ns, George.'

"A week or so later Deacon Littlefield called the grocer to account for selling his wife a poorer quality of molasses than she had been accustomed to.

"'It's good 'nough in Injine puddin',' he said, 'an' braown bread, but, George, I gin ye my word as a dekin it's terrible teejis in tea.'"

Our Bewildering Language.

[*Drake's Magazine.*]

The Count (whispering)—Ah, mademoselle, you 'ave sooch a beautiful hide.

Two New Children.

[*Puck.*]

"Did you like to go to Sunday-school?" asked Uncle George of little Tommy.

"Yes; an' dey sang about two funny little children."

"Who were they?"

"Cherry Bim and Sary Fimm."

Mr. S. G. Derry,

Of Providence, R. I.

Widely known as proprietor of Derry's Waterproof Harness Oil, tells of his terrible sufferings from Eczema and his cure by

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

"Gentlemen: Fifteen years ago I had an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which was followed by Eczema or

Salt Rheum

breaking out on my right leg. The humor spread all over my legs, back and arms, a foul mass of sores, swollen and itching terribly, causing intense pain if the skin was broken by scratching, and discharging constantly. It is impossible to describe my 13 years of agony and torture. I spent

Thousands of Dollars

in futile efforts to get well, and was discouraged and ready to die. At this time I was unable to lie down in bed, had to sit up all the time, and was unable to walk without crutches. I had to hold my arms away from my body, and had to have my arms, back and legs bandaged by my faithful wife twice a day.

"Finally a friend urged me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I began taking it my

Stomach Was All Out of Order

But the medicine soon corrected this, and in six weeks I could see a change in the condition of the humor which nearly covered my body. It was driven to the surface by the Sarsaparilla, the sores soon healed, and the scales fell off. I was soon able to give up bandages and crutches, and a happy man I was. I had been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for seven months, and since that time, 2 years, I have worn no bandages whatever, and my legs and arms are sound and well.

The Delight

of myself and wife at my recovery it is impossible to tell. To all my business friends in Boston and over the country, I recommend

Hood's Sarsaparilla

from personal experience." S. G. DERRY, 45 Bradford Street, Providence, R. I.

If you are Bilious take Hood's Pills.

Written for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

HEALTH HINTS

For Old and Young.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD, M. D.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

NIGHT WORK.

"Can our constitution adapt itself to the habit of working at night?" is a question which a prominent modern physiologist answers as follows:

"Man, like the plurality of his fellow-creatures, has adapted himself to the rule of sleeping away the dark hours and rising with the sun. By reversing that rule we have to struggle against the current of inherited tendencies and take the risk of the consequences."

Still, it remains true that night work is one of the unavoidable contingencies of our complex civilization, and for many city-dwellers the only question is how to obviate the worst risk of a necessary evil.

Those, for instance, who can devote at least a portion of every night to sleep may often hesitate between the alternative of late and early hours. Shall they work before or after midnight?

Soldiers on guard duty have often the choice of what the officers of the United States Army call the "number of the relief." Every private soldier on guard is assigned to one of three reliefs or watches, and in Summer, when the nights are short, may have his choice between mounting post in the late evening, at midnight, or early in the morning. In some European armies and on board of most merchant vessels the choice is more limited, and turns only on the question of keeping awake before or after midnight 8 to 12 p. m., or midnight to 4 in the morning. A considerable plurality of men would prefer the former alternative. "A fellow doesn't like to be aroused out of his best sleep; better get done with all bother and have the rest of the night to one's self."

But where night vigils involve the necessity of brain work the preference should generally be reversed. At the end of a busy day the brain naturally resists the attempt to rouse its energies, and but few can resist the temptation to solve that difficulty by the use of stimulants. Lord Byron did most of his writing at midnight. He would sit down at 10 or 11 p. m. to prepare his notes and "incubate his mind," as he called it. After an hour of those preliminaries he went to work in earnest and wrote on till the tide of his thoughts began to ebb, when he would resort to his specific of seltzer and gin, write himself into a sort of fever, and retire at 3 in the morning "to dream more than to sleep." At 11 he was generally up again, and began his day's work with a dose ("breakfast" would hardly be the right word) of very strong, black tea, without sugar or milk, to straighten out his hag-ridden feeling; then mounted his horse, passed a good deal of the afternoon in the saddle, and dined at seven. His extreme frugality in the choice of his solid food counteracted the evil consequences of those habits to some degree, but he always remained subject to fever, brought on by any kind of over-exertion as often as by climatic influences, and owed his premature death to a few weeks' residence in a country fringed with coast-swamps, but not malarious enough to affect the health of his traveling-companions.

The German poet, Schiller, literally worked himself to death by his habit of locking himself up at 10 p. m., with a supply of writing-material and strong, black coffee, to emerge, wan and exhausted, in the small hours of the morning.

Thomas Carlyle contracted his dyspepsia in the same way, but changed his habits in time to avoid more serious consequences, and after the completion of his fortieth year made it a rule to finish the more laborious part of his daily task in the afternoon. The arrival of such visitors as Emerson or Lord Jeffrey tempted him to change his usual bed-hours, and "stormy sessions," as he called them, were often protracted till long after midnight; but vigils of that sort, somehow or other, rather stimulated him than otherwise, and he could get up at 10 the next morning as if nothing had happened. Night-work, in the more liberal sense, on the other hand, preyed on his vitality in a way which he knew would have soon overcome the resistance of his tought country-Scotch constitution.

A number of inquiries addressed to prominent writers by the editor of a literary journal have, however, elicited the fact that many city-bred men and women manage to reconcile the enjoyment of fairly good health with the practice of retiring early and rising soon after midnight to improve the "silent hours" for brain-work. In many of our large commercial cities the racket of street traffic continues till 11 p. m., but abates after midnight, and between 1 a. m. and the arrival of the first market-wagons a lover of peace may rely on three or four comparatively quiet hours. There are individuals to whom that advantage alone would compensate the loss of a few hours of sleep. "If I am listening to the shrieking of engine-whistles and the yelping of omnipresent curs," says the philosopher Schopenhauer, "I cannot help suspecting that gardening and carpentering, rather than metaphysics, is the natural occupation of bipeds of our species. If we had really been created for abstract speculation nature would have had the kindness to provide us with ear-flaps, as well as with eye-lids."

The plan of utilizing the early morning hours saves thinkers of that type the necessity of taking refuge in the country (where, by the way, their hopes may be disappointed by the serenades of "omnipresent curs"), and, moreover, a few hours of sleep in the evening gives the brain a chance to prepare itself, in more than one way, for the coming task. The experience that our thoughts will arrange themselves by "unconscious cerebration" at night is expressed in the phrase "sleeping a problem over," and the knowledge of that fact has saved many people from unnecessary worry. A sensible business man of Liverpool, England, was informed that during his temporary absence his assistant had summoned a detective to inquire into the mysterious loss of a bank-vault key, which one of the clerks had mislaid, but, to save his life, could not have remembered how or where. After a few minutes' interview with the young man, the manager-in-chief was satisfied that the services of the police could be dispensed with. "I am sure that no one in this bank knows anything about this lost key," he told the defendant, "and you may have put it away somewhere yourself; but you have been worrying yourself so much about it that you have forgotten where. Don't fret about it any more now, but go to bed to-night, with the assurance that it will be all right; get a good night's sleep, and in the morning you will most likely remember where you have put that key." The reporter of that incident adds that the prediction was actually fulfilled: the key "was found the next morning in some extraordinary secure place, which the clerk had not previously thought of, but in which he then felt sure he must himself have put it."

The aid of "cerebration in sleep" can be applied to problems of the judgment as well as of the memory. "It way his habit," says the biographer of a famous inventor, "whenever a difficulty, arose to carefully consider the exact result he required, and having satisfied himself upon that point, he would direct his attention to the simplest mode in which the end could be attained. With that view he would during the day bring together in his mind all the facts and principles relating to the case, and the solution of the problem would usually occur to him in the early morning after sleep."

Persons who have any similar task in store, such as the answering of a letter requiring a prompt reply to decide questions of importance, will find it out and out the best plan to give themselves the benefit of a few hours' sleep, and tackle the problem in the early hours of the next morning. The habit of early rising may imply a risk, which can in many cases be avoided by an afternoon nap. There is, indeed, no valid reason why a man should not divide his daily allowance of sleep as well as of food. The ancients for centuries managed to get along with a single meal a day; we plead the requirements of an enfeebled constitution for satisfying the cravings of the stomach three or even four times a day, and might use the same argument in defense of the siesta custom. Our Spanish-American neighbors grant that privilege even to their day-laborers and military prisoners, and devote a good many moonlight hours to out-door recreations, and it could do no harm to follow their example at least in Summer time, when nine out of ten of our instinct-guided fellow-creatures become semi-nocturnal, like deer, passing the warm afternoon in shady thickets and half the night on solitary mountain meadows.

[*To be Continued.*]

VANQUISHING VICKSBURG

(Continued from first page.)

men crawling up to the rifle-pits to get a pop at his fellow-man, just as I used to do in hunting quail. Some of the boys make it their business to take a breakfast spell—shoot a dozen times or so, and then come down with a good appetite. I went up to shoot my gun off yesterday. Got up and looked over. Saw the yellow clay-made breastworks, saw nor hat nor man above the line. Not choosing to wait longer, and taking the direction of the courthouse, I held my gun considerably elevated and fired. I think that the artillery and I together did the building considerable damage. So much for my part in taking Vicksburg."

May 31.—Grant directs Hurlbut at Memphis to hurry up reinforcements. No boat to go North from that city till transportation is secured for troops. He "has ascertained that Johnston has collected a force some 25,000 strong at Jackson or Canton. Expects him to attack Haines's Bluff. Requests Porter to send the Marine Brigade with its fleet there, and hold it till relieved by other forces."

On this day, also, hears from Banks, who urges the necessity of concentration, and wants 10,000 men. Replies "that Vicksburg (and Johnston) demands the concentration."

June 1.—Our knapsacks are now on hand. Left them to go into the fight of Champion's Hill.

June 3.—Blair returned, and Mower, with a brigade of troops and 1,200 cavalry, was sent up the Yazoo to Mechanicsburg, to watch the Big Black Crossing and Johnston. One division of Hurlbut's troops came, and was dispatched to Mower under Gen. Kimball.

June 5.—By this time much of the artillery of the rebels was dismounted or withdrawn; and I was writing in my diary: "In the rifle-pits close to Vicksburg. Have been in some two or three hours. Just received a hard kick on the lips from my

OUTRAGEOUS OLD MUSKET."

Which recalls the fact that I had shot the old thing so much that my shoulder was so sore that I didn't like to put the gun against it. So I held the weapon of warfare at arm's length, with the left hand grasping the stock, the gun being in the porthole, and taking aim, I pulled the trigger with my right hand or finger. But I didn't grip the butt of the gun hard enough, and it simply jumped out of my hand and landed on my lips—especially the lower one. This was badly cut, and it swelled to a great size. I think I appreciated the fact that it was hot in the trenches that day.

June 6.—Diary again: "The firing of cannon has begun and will last for 20 minutes. Don't feel very well. The sky is cloudy. * * Gloom shades every face when there is talk of another charge."

June 7.—Diary: "On this pleasant Sunday I can hear the sharpshooter's rifle and the roar of cannon. We are in our little cove still. It grows dusty.. Very warm, too. Hark! There goes a shell. It bursts close over the heads of the rebs in the rifle-pits. Birds are singing and the men are talking and laughing. One will get used to this after all."

On this day our forces were having it hot at Milliken's Bend. A part of the 23d Iowa—160—was in the battle, and the white and colored troops together were only a little more than 1,000 strong. The negroes had never been in a fight. The enemy, under Gen. Henry McCulloch, numbering nearly 3,000, came up on the evening of the 6th, driving in the outposts, and expecting to capture the place the next morning. But Gen. Dennis, in command, sent word by a passing steamer to Porter, and he dispatched the gunboats Choctaw and Lexington to Dennis's assistance. The Choctaw arrived just as the rebels charged at 3 in the morning.

But I talked with a slender boy of 18 from the 23d Iowa after.

HIS STORY WAS STIRRING.

They were out toward the woods, beyond the levee, to meet the enemy, his little regiment and the colored men. It was a volley or two and then a charge. The rebels were too many, and they could not stand the onset. But they fought till the rebels were right upon them. This lad locked bayonets with a man who weighed, he thought, at least 180 pounds. I asked him what he did.

"I just tried to keep his bayonet so he couldn't get it loose," he said. "I was too light for him. He kept pushing me back and back all the time."

"Well," I asked, "what did you think about the result?"

"It was a mighty slim chance for me," he replied, with a laugh; "but as I knew his gun was empty, I was safe as long as I could keep him at a distance. Finally a comrade, seeing my dilemma, shot the man—blew his head all to pieces. I tell you I was glad, and got back to that levee quicker than I ever went before."

The way he told of the volleys poured into the rebels by the gunboats showed that he appreciated their coming. The rebels were glad to keep to their side of the levee, and were finally beaten off. Greeley, referring to correspondents' reports, says that the colored troops pursued, and were themselves cut down by our ironclads. But my informant didn't have anything to say of that. At any rate, I was greatly interested in the boy's story. He was a slender lad, and

NO FIT ANTAGONIST FOR A GROWN AND VIGOROUS MAN.

Mower, who seems to have been a great favorite with Grant, was dispatched here, and instructed, with his brigade and Dennis's troops, to push the enemy back beyond Richmond. He did his work thoroughly. I put in the account of this engagement because it was fought by a part of our army, and Milliken's Bend commanded our "cracker line." And it will show how Grant had to keep busy in every direction. On this day, also, the naval battery of heavy guns began its work on the rebel defenses north of Vicksburg.

June 8.—A full division of Hurlbut's troops, under Gen. W. Sooy Smith, arrived, and was sent up to Haines's Bluff. Gen. C. C. Washburn was put in command there. Grant himself went as far as Sartartia.

A woman in Vicksburg is writing in her diary, 7th and 8th: "The weather has been dry a long time, and we hear of others dipping the water from ditches and mudholes. The soldiers have nothing but spoiled greasy bacon and bread made of musty pea flour. The sick ones can't bolt it. In the streets the roar seems so much more confusing, I feel sure I shall run right in the way of a shell. They seem to have five different sounds, from the second of throwing them to the hollow echo wandering among the hills, and that sounds the most blood-curdling of all."

And these days I was writing in my diary such words as these:

"I see by the Northern papers that the people up there are just beginning to find out that the charge on the 22d of May was not so light a matter after all. But Vicksburg must and will be ours; and I think—and decidedly hope—

WITH BUT LITTLE MORE BLOODSHED.

"I was out on picket last night, and saw better how our mining and other operations advance."

June 10.—Haines's Bluff was fortified with capacity to hold 40,000 troops, and so arranged that 10,000 could defend it. This day Pemberton was sending word to Johnston: "I shall endeavor to hold out as long as we have anything to eat. Can you not send me a verbal message by carrier, crossing the river above or below Vicksburg, and swimming across again opposite Vicksburg? The enemy bombard day and night from seven mortars. He also keeps up a constant fire on our lines with artillery and musketry."

June 11.—Grant told Sherman that reinforcements were expected, and if Haines's Bluff were besieged he (Sherman) would be detailed to take command of it. Believes that large reinforcements have come from Bragg with the intention of helping Johnston raise the siege of Vicksburg. McPherson and Sherman were to hold a part of their corps in readiness to move to Haines's Bluff. Particular instruction was given McClernand about his course if the Vicksburg garrison attempted to break out, expecting a relieving army. And on this day Herron, with his big division of troops, came to complete our line of investment. He took his position on our left, next the river, Lauman closed up on Hovey, and from river's edge below to river's edge above the Vicksburg garrison was hemmed in. It could not break its prison wall.

Three days afterward Gen. Parke arrived with two divisions of Burnside's Corps, and was dispatched to Haines's Bluff. The army now numbered from 70,000 to 75,000 men. It was strong enough to do all the work before it. This brings us to a good stopping place—when the invesment of Vicksburg was complete and the army against Johnston had received its necessary reinforcements.

(*To be continued.*)

All Danger Avoided.

[*Street & Smith's Good News.*]

Old Gentleman—What do you hope to be when you grow up?

Small Boy—I want ter be a circus actor.

"Well, I declare! Why do you want to be a circus actor?"

"So I won't have to crawl under the tent."

Lots Left Over, Too.

[*Puck.*]

Sunday-School Teacher—Man was made from dust.

Dicky Boy—Well, I suppose that's why there are so many people in New York.

The Insolent Gardener.

[*New York Weekly.*]

Mrs. Suburb—No more milk? What's the matter?

Gardener—The cow has stopped givin' milk, mum.

"Goodness me! Why?"

"Because she's dry, mum."

"Then why in the world don't you give her a drink?"

It All Depends.

[*Chicago Times.*]

Pedagog—How many quarts make a peck, Johnny?

Johnny—That depends. One quart can make a peck of trouble, if it's a quart of whisky, while it takes thousands of tons of quartz to make a peck of gold.

Quoting the Doctors.

[*Street & Smith's Good News.*]

Mother—You haven't cleaned your teeth this morning.

Small boy—Doctor Pullem says the time to clean teeth is at night.

Mother—But you never clean them at night?

Small boy—No'm; Doctor Fillem says the best time is in the morning.

Indefinite.

[*New York Weekly.*]

Friend—Hello, Jinks, how is your cold?

Jinks (hoarsely)—Which one?

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