"OLD GLORY."

What the Pansy Proposes in Connection with It.

BY ALBERT C. HOPKINS.*

SHOULD it be presumed that this subject is too familiar to attract or justly deserve any considerable attention and interest, it needs only to be said in answer that not one person in a hundred in the United States can give an intelligent description or make a fairly-correct drawing of the United States flag. If this is true, and the writer has repeatedly proved it for himself, it will be granted at once that the subject is not only deserving of, but justly requires, large attention.

Beyond doubt the flag should not only be in every school room of the Republic, but should be made a subject of study and instruction.

How many people know that the blue field with the stars is the "union," and that the balance of the flag is the "fly"? that there are seven red and six white stripes? that the "union" occupies a space perpendicularly covering the seven upper stripes, and, horizontally, about one-tenth more? that the present, although not much observed, arrangement of the stars is in six horizontal lines—the upper and lower lines having eight each and the other lines seven each? that the parade or marching flag is nearly square, and for liberty poles or elevated positions as much longer in proportion as will unfurl and float gracefully in a moderate breeze? and that the stars should all point upward? These are the things that everyone may see, but that very few people do see.

This is all superficial, easy to teach and learn and remember, but not less proper and even important to the most meager knowledge of the flag.

Beyond and above this is the meaning of it all and its history, which is the history of the Republic. There is quite a prevalent impression that the present flag is "the old flag," and that "the old flag" is as old as the Union. This mistaken conception is not so far wrong as to be of a seriously erroneous character, nor is it so easy to correct as might appear, simply because the people of the United States are a busy people, and it takes time to get public attention to any subject not thought to be pressing.

There have been numerous and quite material changes in the flag since the half-historical, half-traditional flag of Bunker Hill, with its blue fly and white upper canton with red cross and evergreen tree; and I note as briefly as possible the more marked changes to date.

Our naval flags of 1775, '76, presented the design of a rattlesnake, either coiled in the center or undulating across the flag. Commodore Hopkins's flag of the earliest period was a yellow flag with the snake coiled, and the motto, "Don't tread on me!" a most appropriate design and motto for the time and the service.

A later design was the 13 alternate red and white stripes, with the snake undulating across them.

Our army flag unfurled a little later by Gen. Washington at Cambridge, had the 13 stripes with the "union" of the British flag of that time, which was the union crosses of St. George and St. Andrew.

The flag of 1777 had the same 13 stripes, and, in place of the British "union," 13 stars set in a circle. This is the oldest Stars and Stripes.

The flag of 1785 had 15 stripes and 15 stars, set in three horizontal lines of five each.

In 1818 there were 13 stripes again and 20 stars set in the form of a large star, except in the Navy, which, by order of the President, set their stars in four horizontal lines of five each.

In 1817 there were in the navy five lines of six each, and now, by order of Secretary Tracy, there are six lines, as noted.

Here are seven notable changes since Bunker Hill, and in the regular order of change and progress, we may look for other changes, and, indeed, it is with a view to a proposed change that this article is written.

It is the spirit of conservatism that says, "Let well enough alone." It is the spirit of America and of all progress that says, "Nothing is well enough that can be made better."

It is to this spirit of conservatism, this consciously tender and patriotic sentiment that clings to the precious things it has, and fears all change as possible loss, that the writer directly appeals.

It is not proposed to subtract the least touch of glory from "Old Glory," but rather to renew the old glory that has been lost, and, at the same time, add a newer glory, making it doubly glorious.

It is proposed by the Pansy Society of America, and most fittingly, that the United States shall adopt a National floral emblem in time to make it a feature of our World's Columbian Exposition.

The children's candidate for this National flower is the pansy, with the motto, "Union, culture, and peace."

The argument for the pansy, and the motto, have been repeatedly shown in print.

LIBERTY CAP OF THE PANSY SOCIETY.

In connection with the adoption of the pansy, it is proposed to make it an outline setting for the stars in the flag, the center representing the Capital or Central Government, and the pencillings of the flower representing "light, order, and law."

No one can look with seeing eyes into the face of a pansy, and not see the design of law and order, in the universe, made visibly manifest.

It is respectfully submitted that this design admits the addition, without other change, of from one to six stars, and without in the least marring the beauty or symmetry of the flowers, the pencilings being either longer or shorter at will, making an elastic center that no other field has ever had; that it measurably renews in its circular form and in its five leaves both the old star circle of the Revolution and the five-pointed great star of 1818, making a beautiful and harmonious compromise between the two; that it vividly renews and almost reproduces the center of Pulaski's immortal banner, with its circle of stars and its triangle at center, with the all-seeing eye and a wide "glory" around it like the sun; that nothing is so beautiful a symbol of harmonious union as the leaves and colors of a pansy; that, in short and in fact, it adds much to the material as well as the ideal beauty of the flag, while it renews all the beauty and symbolism of the old flags, and makes our star-spangled and star-pansy banner the most speakingly beautiful flag on earth.

And since "Heaven makes advent to the earth in flowers," why may not earth, most fittingly, make advent back to heaven in flowers, and blossom in the blue sky of the flag and thence into the open sky of day, a new sign of the Master's peace on earth, good will to men?

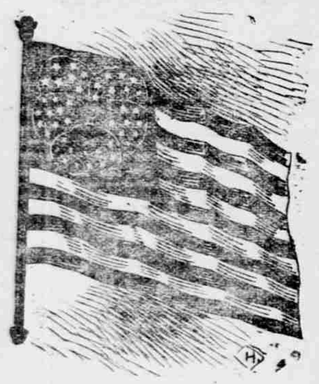
If you will attentively study the pansies of a pansy-bed you will discover that the lower or heart-shaped leaf, which probably gives it its name of Heartsease, is always (except it be a freak) in front; that the two side leaves are next in front, and that the two upper leaves alternate, each being in front about as often as the other.

This only makes plainer the beautiful and apparently almost divinely ordered fitness of the flower for the flag. Most cheap flags are printed or dyed, the design showing through, so that, in the pansy, the lower leaf would still remain in front, the two side leaves would remain next in front, and the upper leaves would change, one being in front on one side and the other in front on the reverse side.

Pansy means thought, and the same "process of the sun's" that goes on broadening and brightening the thoughts of men, broadens and brightens garden pansies, too, till now they are large and bright enough to represent the brightest human thought, and still gentle and modest enough to truly represent the tenderest thought, and wholly fit to teach to all the world the lesson of their own growth and development in beauty, which is simply loving fellowship and adaptation.

The United States flag is simply an emblem. An emblem, to be successful, must have a clearly-defined meaning, and the larger and better its meaning, the more complete and successful the emblem.

We may still further add to the beauty and meaning of the flag, by making that rattlesnake of the Revolution, that threatening emblem of war for defense, an emblem of peace and wisdom, a sleeping snake, supporting, as a



THE NEW FLAG.

staff, the white peace pansy with the Stars and Stripes. And now, if we put in place of his rattles a white pansy bud, new birth, emblem of immortality, and in place of his head and poisoned fangs an acorn, emblem of greatness in littleness, of strength in weakness, of life in death, our rattlesnake becomes a wise warrior sleeping, who chooses peace, but being tread upon and roused, the peace pansy at his tail will rattle the long-roll to arms, the acorn at his head sprout poisoned fangs, the snake will coil again and strike.

Now, if you will conceive our eagle perched, as usual, upon the top of our staff, our banner says to every one who sees, "The United States of America are as harmoniously united as the leaves and colors of a flower; they are as peaceful as a white pansy; they mean to be as cultured as the most cultured flower of the floral world; they are as aspiring as an eagle; they hope in their spirit and purpose to be immortal; and they are as able and willing to defend themselves as an American rattlesnake. Take due notice, and govern yourselves accordingly."

That is the plain language of this banner that, from the tip of its "fly" to the foot of its staff, is ripe with meanings, and meanings the best.

Thus do we keep fast hold of all the beauty and symbolism that we have, while we renew all the glory of the old flags, that has been temporarily lost, and add a new and beautiful emblem, in which every citizen of the Republic, of whatever section, race, sex, or color, may secure and realize an equal interest; thus may we create and recreate a flag under which the Grandest Army of the Republic, which includes both the old armies and that grand new army, the Children of the Republic, may march on future Memorial Days, and cover with beautiful flowers, and with equal love and reverence, the graves of all our heroic dead, while above their cherished dust floats gently and fair and free, this flower of the truest Union, the broadest Culture, and the gentlest Peace.

Thus may we replace the present awkward, formless and unmeaning setting of our stars, that as an emblem of Union and Peace, is as good as and not better than six whiplashes of unequal length, on one stalk—a cat-o'-nine-tails, less the three tails lost—with this beautiful and all-embracing flower, this white peace pansy with the red and tender heart and the steadfast blue eyes of our first teacher of peace. Thus may we sing in happy chorus, and to airs of Bethlehem, a new

Peace Anthem of America.

Peace be to thee, America,
Land of the ever-shining sun;
Fair star of the world's better day,
Thou hast his promised victory won.

His reign of peace is on thy hills;
Thy happy vales sleep soft and wake
To morning's welcome voice, that fills
With love the hearts no wars may break.

Home of the lowly and the great,
At last and truly thou art free;
Nor War, nor Slavery, nor Hate
May find a champion in thee.

Thy swords are swords of peace, thy guns
Thunder but welcomes from the shore;
Thy maidens sing of peace, thy sons
Plow their broad fields and war no more.

Fair flood of years that shine and pass,
Flow on and light our truer way;
No more our days shall say "Alas!"
Peace is with thee, America.

*"A large number of people are working energetically to institute the Pansy as the emblematic flower of America. They call themselves the "Pansy Society," with Albert C. Hopkins, Henry W. Dodge Post, 132, G.A.R., Nashua, Iowa, at their head, as President, and Maud Russell, of Canton, S. D., as Secretary, and they show cause why the Pansy should be the flower for America.

Blinding a Shark.

[*Frank Leslie's Magazine.*]

A successful diver must possess great courage and nerves of steel. Such a man, connected with a large wrecking company, was visiting the pearl fisheries in the Gulf of California. On one of his trips in quest of the pearl oyster he had a narrow escape from a fearful death.

He had been instructed never to stir from the bottom until he had looked up and around. Fortunately he heeded the advice. Having filled his bag, he glanced quickly about and caught sight of a huge shovel-nosed shark watching him.

In an emergency men think fast. Near the diver was a large rock. He moved quickly to the other side of the rock, hoping to dodge the ferocious monster. But the manuver did not work; the shark watched every movement, changing his position by a slight motion of his powerful tail.

Time was precious, and the diver conceived the idea of blinding the shark by stirring up the mud. Under cover of that he might escape. He worked for dear life, and had the water thick with mud in less than half a minute.

Slipping around the rock again he rose to the surface, having barely strength enough to reach the side of the boat, and was hauled on board just as the voracious man-eater made a rush for him.

Cut Out.

A very distressing surgical operation was performed on the face of a lady. She had suffered so long and so acutely with neuralgic pains in the cheek that she readily consented to have the nerve destroyed by the surgeon's knife. She could not eat, smile or talk without agony. Internal remedies, in their slow process of reaching a pain-spot, may fail to relieve, whereas St. Jacobs Oil outwardly applied, by a little rubbing, penetrates at once, and cures promptly and permanently.

A Slight Difference in Ages.

[*Truth.*]

He—And so you were named after your mother?

She—O, yes; of course, mamma doesn't like it referred to, but it was a little while afterward.

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OUR RURAL TOPICS.

Some Practical Suggestions for Our Agricultural Readers.

FIREWOOD.

In spite of the cheapness and convenience of coal where a continuous fire is needed in cold weather there are still many farmers who rely chiefly upon a good supply of hard wood for their fires; and there is also a large and increasing class of well-to-do people in our cities who keep open fires for the sake of the cheerful radiance of the open fireplace. Indeed, there are not a few wealthy people who appreciate the comfort, and hearty cheer, and good ventilation of an open fire as well as the farmers.

To the thrifty farmer, or other lover of a wood fire, we need hardly say that dry wood will give nearly double the heat that can be had from green wood, and that in quickness and convenience for kindling there is no comparison at all between the green and dry wood; it is true that a skillful woodsman can start a fire with a few dry leaves and dead-pine boughs, or green hickory split fine; but for a convenient fuel for cooking a breakfast quickly there is nothing to compare with good dry wood that has been housed. It is needful to have the wood nearly a year old in order to be well seasoned, and the best time for cutting and preparing a stock of it is in the early part of the Winter before the snow falls deeply. If the wood is cut and corded now before the snow falls, it can easily be hauled out of the woods on the snow.

Pine and gray birch make excellent kindling, but hickory and oak are the best for a hot and enduring fire. The kinds of wood that throw many sparks, such as hemlock, spruce, chestnut, and pine, are useful for kindling coal fires but will not give satisfaction for open fires for these hickory, oak, beech, and birch are the best.

Those who keep wood fires should not forget to save the ashes in a dry shed, or spread them at once upon the orchard and garden, where their effect will be seen for several years. For fruits of all kinds wood ashes are an excellent fertilizer.

STORING APPLES IN PITS.

Mr. J. Jenkins, in a recent address before the Ohio State Horticultural Society, described his method of storing apples in large quantities in pits.

The pit is dug upon a hillside, the length of the pit running up and down the hill; the pit is made with sloping sides, eight feet wide at top, with a trench one foot wide and deep in the middle, in which is placed a wooden air-box with close sides, but covered on top with slats one inch apart, on which the apples rest. This box extends through the earth wall of the pit at the lower end to the open air, where it is provided with a sliding door for regulating the draught of air. At the upper end the box is carried up perpendicularly several feet into the air to give draught of air; a drain tile is laid under the box with open outlet. The sides of the pit are covered with a few inches of straw, the apples are piled in upon the straw so as to make a heap rounding on top; this is covered with straw first, and then with earth six inches thick; when this covering of earth has frozen through, the whole is covered with a foot of leaves or other litter to prevent thawing often.

The ventilating slide in the air-box is allowed to remain open in cool weather, not below 12 or 15 degrees, so as to admit circulation of air to the bottom of the pile of apples; when colder it is closed, for fear of freezing the fruit. When the weather is above the freezing point, also, the slide is closed so as to keep the fruit cold.

It is said that this kind of a pit will keep apples till late in the Spring better than they can be kept in barrels in an ordinary cellar.

SOME POINTS IN WINTERING BEES.

The same advice for wintering bees does not apply in all sections of the country. The instructions for keeping in the cellar may not apply in localities where the Winters are reasonably mild, and where the bees do equally well on the stand. A writer in the *National Stockman* says: "I know that it is a matter a little uncertain, for in the same latitude, and apparently the same climate, some succeed perfectly by leaving the bees outdoors, while others find it necessary to put them in the cellars. To all such my advice would be, 'Don't be in a hurry about making a change. If you have succeeded well in wintering bees outdoors and some one thinks you might do better by putting them in the cellar, don't put all in the cellar this Winter, but try just a few. Then, if you succeed with those it may be safe to try more another Winter.' There's a good deal in being used to a thing, and the plan you've been used to may suit you best, while another right by you may do better by another plan, just because he has the hang of it. If you live where your Winter is at all worthy of the name, I think you will find it worth while to give your bees some protection. Even if they have lived through Winters without it, they may do better with it. Many have succeeded admirably with what is called the chaff hives, but if you haven't them in use now, it's no use talking about your getting them this Fall. Whether you have chaff hives or not it is desirable to have your bees sheltered from sweeping winds.

"On a cold, windy day you will see cattle seeking shelter behind a straw stack, in the edge of a grove, behind a building, etc. Whatever serves as a shelter for cattle might do to shelter the bees. Anything to keep them from the cold blasts. A high fence is good. If there is no natural shelter, no building, or anything of that kind, pile some cornstalks about them, making sure that you do not close up the entrances. Some kind of covering over the top other than that which they have had all Summer will do good. Just now there is some discussion as to whether it is best to have everything sealed up tight on top, or to leave a chance for upward ventilation by means of some porous substance, and there are able advocates on both sides.

"But both sides are agreed that a covering is good, whether it be of chaff, leaves, dry sawdust, old carpets, or whatever. The only question between them is as to whether it is best to have everything sealed tight over the bees so that no moisture or air can get up through, or to have something like a burlap under the packing-material, so that the moisture can pass upwards slowly. If you have sealed covers, as a thin board or oilcloth, it is well to have quite a good-sized entrance, the whole width of the hive, and at least three-eighths of an inch deep. If upward ventilation is allowed, then so large an entrance is not necessary. In either case I'll tell you one thing that is useful, and that is to have plenty of room between the bottom of the combs and the bottom board of the hive.

"Often is it found in Winter that the entrance to a hive is entirely clogged up by dead bees, nearly or quite ruining the colony thereby. So it is an excellent plan to have a rim under the hive, so that in Winter the hive shall be raised two inches or so above the bottom board. If you have nothing of the kind it is very easy to make one—just a shallow box without top or bottom between the hive and the bottom board. Allow an entrance half an inch high at the lower part. There is then not so much danger of clogging, and if the entrance should become clogged it is more easily cleaned out, and will not require cleaning out so often. Of course, if your bottom boards are fast to the hive you cannot do this. Look out for mice. A mouse can do a lot of mischief in a hive if allowed to stay all Winter. The bees are in a stupid condition, and can do nothing to defend themselves or their hive, and the mouse gnaws holes in the combs and eats bees. It is easier to keep mice out than to get them out after they are in. One good way to keep them out is to barricade the entrance, before the bees stop flying, with heavy wirecloth, having about three meshes to the inch. Where bees are kept in the open air, if a colony is strong and has abundance of good stores, unless the Winter is very severe, there is little need for anxiety. The oftener a warm spell comes the better. Then the bees can take a flight and get ready for another spell of confinement. But the weather is not a matter within the control of the bee-keeper."

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

(Continued from first page.)

checked by our guns, and the rebels withdrew. Several guns and caissons were recovered from the woods where they fought us."

Capt. Martin, who commanded the 6th N. Y battery under Pleasonton, reports as follows: "The scene before me was one of indescribable confusion. The Eleventh Corps was panic-stricken, and the pack trains, ambulances, artillery carriages, etc., belonging thereto were rushing to and fro, many of the carriages

WITHOUT DRIVERS OR TEAMSTERS.

Not more than 250 yards from the battery there ran a line of fence, and behind this appeared a line of infantry. The fire of the enemy was very vigorous and well maintained. I trust that of my battery was equally so."

Gen. Sickles reports of these events thus: "Time was everything. The fugitives of the Eleventh Corps swarmed from the woods, and swept frantically over the cleared fields in which my artillery was parked. The exulting enemy at their heels mingled yells with their volleys, and in the confusion which followed it seemed as if cannon and caissons, dragoons, cannoneers, and infantry could never be disentangled from the mass in which they were suddenly thrown. Fortunately there was only one obvious outlet for those panic-stricken hordes after rushing over and between our guns, and this was through a ravine crossed in two or three places by the headwaters of Scott's Run. This was soon made impassable by the reckless crowd chocking up the way. A few minutes was enough to restore comparative order and get our artillery in position.

"The enemy showing himself on the plain, Pleasonton met the shock at short range with the well-directed fire of 22 pieces double-shotted with canister. The heads of the columns were swept away to the woods, from which they opened a furious but ineffectual fire of musketry. Twice they attempted a flank movement, but the first was checked by our guns and the second, the most formidable, was baffled by the advance of Whipple and Birney, who were coming up rapidly, but in perfect order, and forming in lines of brigades in rear of the artillery and on the flanks. My position was now secure in the adequate infantry support which had arrived; the loud cheers of our men as twilight closed the combat vainly challenged the enemy to renew the encounter."

Pleasonton, in his entertaining article published in the *Century* in 1888, a quarter of a century after the event, reiterates the statements of his early report, and enlarges them. He states that Lieut. Crosby, with his battery of the 4th U. S., was placed on the right of Martin's battery. Not a gun of this battery nor of the Eleventh Corps was at Hazel Grove, but

WERE AT THIS TIME AT FAIRVIEW, A MILE AWAY.

He estimates the attacking force of the infantry to be 5,000 muskets, and that his artillery fire was effective because he applied to it that principle of dynamics in which the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection. The discharge fairly swept Jackson's men from the earth. He poured in the canister for about 20 minutes, "and the affair was over." He also enlarges upon the stampede at Hazel Grove of the Eleventh Corps, and says that "beef cattle, ambulances, mules, artillery-wagons and horses became stuck in the mud, and others coming on crushed them down so that when the fight was over the pile of debris in that marsh was many feet high." This statement is utterly untrue and extremely unjust. None of the debris was formed by the Eleventh Corps, for their line of retreat was a mile or more directly north.

Pleasonton also says the Eleventh Corps was encamped in the woods 300 yards distant, whereas the nearest of the left flank of the Eleventh Corps was fully 1,000 yards, and the right, under Von Gilsa, was more than 3,000 yards distant by the nearest paths.

Lieut. Thompson, the Aid whom Pleasonton sent to the front to reconnoiter, in 1866 wrote that one man fired at him as he peered into the darkness to find out who were in front of him; and how he turned, leading the rebel charge, and how he dodged the discharges of the Federal artillery, form a very entertaining note in the Scribner series. He also states that "the enemy were mowed down in heaps, that the roar of the artillery was continuous and the execution terrific," etc.

Doubleday, in his work on Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, one of the Scribner series of "Campaigns of the Civil War," published 20 years after, and regarded as semi-official, relates the story of Keenan and his charge as follows: He states that when Pleasonton arrived at Hazel Grove, he found "all hurrying furiously to the rear." "There was but one way to delay Jackson, some force must be sacrificed, and Pleasonton ordered Maj. Peter Keenan, commanding the 8th Pa. Cav., to charge the 10,000 men in front with his 400. Keenan saw in a moment that if he threw his little force into that seething mass of infantry,

HORSES AND MEN WOULD GO DOWN ON ALL SIDES,

and few would be left to tell the tale. A sad smile lit up his noble countenance as he said, 'General, I will do it.' Thus, at 34 years of age, he laid down his life, literally impaled on the bayonets of the enemy, saving the army from capture, and his country from the unutterable degradation of slaveholding rule in the Northern States. The service rendered on that occasion is worthy to be recorded in history with the sacrifice of Arnold Winckelried, in Switzerland, and the Chevalier d'Assas, in France."

Doubleday also states that "Pleasonton was enabled to clear a space in front of him, and 22 guns, loaded with double canister, were brought to bear upon the enemy. They came bursting over the parapet they had just taken with loud and continuous yells, and formed line-of-battle within 300 yards. All his guns fired into their masses at once. The discharge seemed fairly to blow them back over the works from which they had just emerged." Doubleday also alludes to two charges in succession, which reached almost to the muzzles of Pleasonton's guns. He also refers to the severe enfilading fire of Archer's Brigade, which, in spite of Keenan's charge, had gained the woods and the Plank road.

It is singular that Doubleday, with all the reports at his command, did not know 20 years after the event that Archer was at this time six miles or more away on the Brock road, and did not reach Hazel Grove until after daylight Sunday morning.

Furthermore, Gen. Tidball, in his recent excellent articles on the Artillery Service, relates how the fugitives of the Eleventh Corps, rushing through another battery of Birney's Division, then at the front, threw them into such confusion as to cause them to fall into the hands of the enemy. This battery I am unable to trace. (Neither Gen. Birney nor his Chief of Artillery mention it.) Tidball also describes the confusion at Hazel Grove, the heavy fire of musketry from the enemy, and how the batteries, entirely alone and unsupported, held the enemy in check,

"COMPLETELY AND THOROUGHLY CHECKED BY THESE BATTERIES."

Furthermore, he says: "Had it not been for the timely and gallant resistance offered by Huntington's 22 guns at Hazel Grove, which held the enemy in check until the Twelfth changed position, this corps, too, would have been taken in flank and rear, and would probably have shared the same fate as the Eleventh. It is difficult to estimate the value of the services of the guns at Hazel Grove."

The Compte de Paris, in his interesting work on the Civil War, copies Pleasonton's descriptions of his laudable work, and also Keenan's cavalry charge; that Pleasonton stops the enemy advancing in good order and in successive lines; that he dismounts the two guns brought up in the attack and wounds Crutchfield, of the Confederate artillery. (Neither Crutchfield nor any of his guns were near Hazel Grove that night.)

Maj. Stein, in his late work on the Army of the Potomac, almost 30 years after the event, repeats the romantic story of Keenan's charge, and indorses all of Pleasonton's exploits, and states that the carnage that followed the discharge of the double-shotted guns would have blanched the cheek of "the Lionhearted."

Maj. Watts de Peyster, a brilliant writer of the episodes of the war, lends his aid to immortalize the thrilling scenes, and writes in this manner: "The intrepid Pleasonton, with comprehensive, lightning-like glance, and a decision as instantaneous as the electric flash, gathered up his cavalry, hurled them upon the foe, until he could range his own rapidly-collected guns upon a ridge, and then drove them back and saved the army. That this fearful disaster was averted is due to a feat of generalship and an exhibition of heroism, to both of which the world can be challenged to produce superiors."

Pleasonton was asked by the Committee of Congress what produced the panic in the Eleventh Corps, and replied: "The combined effect upon their imagination of the sound of musketry and the increasing yells of the rebels and their increasing artillery fire.

IT WAS A THEATRICAL EFFECT,

that Stonewall Jackson could produce better than any other man I have ever seen on the field of battle."

Pleasonton also informed the committee that he ordered the guns not to fire until he gave the word, as he wanted the effect of an immense shock. "There was an immense body of men, and I wanted the whole weight of the metal to check them." When he gave the order "the fire actually swept the men away. It seemed to blow those men in front clear over the parapet."

He also stated how he cleared behind him in a marsh the debris of the Eleventh Corps, piled up in great confusion. For this literary entertainment Pleasonton was highly complimented, and the report reads: "Although a cavalry officer, he handled the artillery with exceeding great judgment and effectiveness. His skill, energy, daring and promptness upon this occasion contributed greatly to arrest the disaster which for a time threatened the whole army. His conduct upon this and many other occasions marks him as one of the ablest Generals in our service, and as deserving of far higher consideration than from some cause he appears to have received."

These glowing accounts of military exploits performed at Hazel Grove, as narrated, when compared with the facts, or what appear to be the facts, seem at variance, and far more worthy of a place among the tales of the late Baron Munchausen than the serious and truthful pages of the history of the Armies of the Potomac and Northern Virginia.

None of the sterling men of either army can approve, or will approve, of such misrepresentations as these. The attempt to conceal errors and magnify trivial acts for self-laudation is too apparent to stand the test of inquiry; and the intent to cast blame where it does not belong is too manifest to escape observation.

It is too late for the author of these false reports to make amends to the men of the Eleventh Corps, for the most of them are dead; but it is not too late to correct the inscriptions in history wherein every deserving soldier receives his just reward, no matter whether he carried a musket with tattered uniform or rode at the head of a column adorned with sword and stars. The history of to-day should cover both with equal fairness, and it should also

RESPECT THE VALOR OF THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

I think it may be safely affirmed that none of the fugitives breaking out of the forest with guns, caissons, ambulances and horses, crowding upon the artillery of Pleasonton, were soldiers from the defeated Eleventh Corps. There may have been, sometime during the evening, a few of the pickets of the 75th Pa. escaping from the forest south of the Dowdal farm seen crossing the southern border of Hazel Grove with guns on their shoulders.

But in the disorderly torrent bursting out of the wood from the northwest, to the astonishment of Pleasonton, there was neither man nor beast, neither gun, caisson nor material of any description belonging to the abused Eleventh Corps. Furthermore, it may be asserted that no organization of Jackson's army approached Hazel Grove that night, or until daylight on Sunday morning; and that no Confederates attacked Pleasonton, except a handful of foragers, numbering from 150 to 200, who took to their heels as soon as the artillery fire permitted them to rise from cover. The survivors to-day declare that not one of the party was injured by the pyrotechnic display, and examination of the terraine and the cover it afforded strengthens the statement.

Nearly all of Jackson's Corps, at this hour and at this moment, was halted near the Wilderness Church and about the Dowdal farm.

All had been ordered to halt there, and none went forward except the groups of disordered troops who slowly drifted up the road in search of adventure or plunder, as far as the log works built by Williams's Division, of the Twelfth Corps, or to the western border of Hazel Grove.

It may also be stated that the story told by Pleasonton concerning the charge of the 8th Pa. Cav., in order to give him time to place his artillery in position,

IS A FABRICATION OF HIS VANITY.

Col. Pennock Huey was the commander of the regiment, and did not receive any order to charge. Furthermore, the regiment had disappeared in the woods on its way, before Pleasonton reached Hazel Grove.

The facts appear to be as follows: As the regiment entered the forest, which extends for about a mile before the Plank road is reached, it saw halting by the roadside, caissons, guns, carriages and other material belonging to the troops who had gone down to the Furnace. A vista about 200 yards in length and 25 yards in width was cleared beside the road, and afforded sufficient territory for the parking of this material, with men and animals.

As the cavalry passed this assemblage of troops and camp followers, none of them seemed to be aware that a conflict had taken place in the vicinity, or that the least danger was impending. Not a straggler from the line of battle had even then reached this secluded spot to give the alarm.

And so Huey and his men marched gaily along, with their swords in their scabbards and their pistols in their holsters. About a third of a mile from the Plank road a path turns off at the left hand and enters the Plank road to the westward near the Dowdal Tavern. As Col. Huey reached this narrow road or path, he noticed some men in gray uniform moving about in the twilight some distance from him, but he took them to be some of our own scouts dressed in Confederate gray, and passed on. Not a straggler nor a wounded soldier from the routed Eleventh Corps had as yet appeared or crossed the path the cavalry were marching on, and this fact affords, or seems to afford, positive proof that the fugitives described by Pleasonton could not have come from the Eleventh Corps.

The 8th Pa. Cav. marched completely across the line of retreat of the beaten troops, and did not meet one of them. They had passed up the Plank road a few moments before, and Dilger and his gun, with his rear-guard, were probably at this moment passing Berry's line of defense. Col. Huey did not hear any shots fired at this time, and the reason is this: Capt. Dilger, after entering the woods with his gun and supports, stopped firing. The enemy followed slowly at a respectful distance, and neither the

PURSUED NOR THE PURSUERS EXCHANGED SHOTS.

The 8th Pa. Cav., in columns of twos, passed on quietly until near the Plank road, and then Col. Huey saw, to his astonishment, groups of Confederates moving past him across the road toward the Chancellorsville House, while others were approaching his left flank in the woods. Huey saw that it was too late to retreat, and his best chance was to break through the crowd in the road, gain the Plank road, turn to the right, and fight his way to the Chancellor House. He instantly ordered his men to draw sabers and follow him at a gallop.

When Huey struck the Plank road he saw to his dismay a crowd of Confederates blocking the way to the right, while there were but few in the road to the left, towards Dowdal Tavern. Huey led the column to the left, hoping to find some outlet of escape, but after he had passed about 100 yards down the road he was met with a murderous volley from concealed troops in the woods. Maj. Keenan fell by his side, and Capt. Arrowsmith, Capt. Haddock, and about 30 others were struck down in the melee.

Huey then turned the staggered column to the right of the road in the woods, and passed along to the eastward until he had flanked the Confederates in the road. He then turned to the Plank road, and led the men who followed him to the batteries in the road, where he met Capt. Best, in charge of the artillery, and requested him not to fire his guns down the road, as many of his men were still in the woods trying to work their way out. The rear of the 8th Pa. Cav., hearing the attack on the head of the column, turned from the Hazel Grove road to the right and made their way through the woods and over the log works of the Twelfth Corps to the Fairview plateau, where they joined the rest of the regiment, supported the artillery, and acted as Provost Guard.

Such is the history of the charge of the 8th Pa. Cav. Col. Huey, who was in command of the regiment,

RECEIVED NO ORDER FROM PLEASONTON TO CHARGE,

and gave none until he was enveloped by the enemy, a mile distant from Hazel Grove. The regiment was of excellent personnel and was ably officered.

Who were the men who attacked Hazel Grove and its 22 cannon so fiercely on Saturday evening, imperiling the safety of the Union army? There was an attack, for one man was killed and five wounded, on the Union side, while engaged in this desperate combat at short range. The narratives mention immense masses of men in successive lines of battle, but the slaughter on the Union side does not indicate that the Confederates were well armed, if they were present in great force. After long inquiry among the survivors, and search among the archives of both armies, I can find but one report relating directly to Hazel Grove, and that is the one made by Lieut.-Col. Winn, of the 4th Ga., written six days after the fight.

Winn states that when Dole's Brigade had halted at the edge of the woods beyond Dowdal's, "I ordered the battalion forward, and with the colors and left wing advanced through this thicket to a field, compelling the abandonment of one gun and two caissons, etc., en route. The right wing of the regiment, taking direction from other regiments of the brigade, was halted on reaching the woods last mentioned. When I reached the field," (which was the field in which the attack on the enemy was begun May 3), "I found two regiments of the enemy, with artillery, posted about 300 yards obliquely to the left of the entrance of the road into the field. Here I ascertained that as senior officer present I had with me about 200 men of various commands.

"I formed line behind a slight rail barricade formed by throwing down the fence. Just as the line was formed, the officer commanding the Federal troops, which were standing in line, exhibiting no purpose to attack, rode toward me.

"THOUGH I ORDERED THE MEN NOT TO FIRE,

when he got to within 100 yards of me, two of the men excitedly fired at him, whereupon he rode rapidly back to his command, and immediately a terrible artillery and infantry fire was opened upon us. The men under my command gallantly returned the fire, until their small supply of ammunition was exhausted.

"Shortly after the cessation of our firing the enemy ceased fire, and my little force retired by right and left flank to rejoin their respective commands."

Col. Winn furthermore briefly states that "after rejoining our brigade we bivouacked on the field until 7 a. m., May 3." No other Confederate troops approached Hazel Grove that night, unless it was a small party under Col. Mercer, of the 21st Ga., of the same brigade.

Col. Mercer says in his report, written three days after the event: "The brigade was ordered to halt and form line in the edge of the field (Dowdal's). This command not having been heard, the colors and a portion of the 21st Ga. entered the thick pine woods in front and advanced to within 300 yards of a battery, which opened fire and caused them to halt and protect themselves by lying down, until a favorable opportunity was presented for retiring."

The survivors of the attacking party declare that they received no support; that Col. Mercer and his small party were not in sight or in support. Col. Mercer and his party probably advanced to the pine woods, 200 or 300 yards to the right rear of where Col. Winn was, but as they were not in sight of Winn and his party, and took no part in the attack, their whereabouts is not of much consequence.

The Adjutant-General of Stuart states in his book that Col. Mercer supported the left of Col. Winn, but this officer was not present at the time, having gone with Stuart to Ely Ford, and did not return until midnight. A staff officer of Dole's thinks this remark applies to the attack of May 3 and not to that of May 2.

THE MEN IN GRAY WHOM COL. HUEY SAW

in the by-path on the left of the Hazel Grove road were probably Col. Winn and his foragers approaching the vista where the cannon, caissons, etc., were at rest.

Bursting upon the men guarding this material, with fierce yells and desultory firing, they stampeded them without difficulty. It was this crowd, routed by Winn, that burst out in disorder upon Hazel Grove, and for which the Eleventh Corps have been given undue credit, as none of them took part in it. Winn's force was so feeble or so demoralized by its situation, that it did not attempt to carry off the cannon nor any of the material which it had captured in the vista, fairly won, and could have easily removed. As to the numbers forming the attack, I believe Winn's estimate should be accepted, although some of the survivors think there was not over 150 men engaged or present.

The incident recalls the remark Gen. Pichegru, made to his trembling followers, "Courage—cowards look big in the dark," and so a hundred resolute men dancing among the trees in the dusk of evening, firing at random and yelling lustily, might readily give rise to the belief that a large force was present. Braddock and his British Regulars in the woods at Fort Duquesne, thought that the woods were filled with Indians, whereas there were but few present.

As to the number of colors exhibited, there is no evidence given, except in Winn's report saying the colors of the regiment went with the left wing.

Pleasonton saw a dozen, which, if correct, would represent six to 12 regiments present. The Confederate regiments were not at this time rich in banners. Those which had more than one were considered favored or fortunate. One flag designated the regiment; any more lessened the number of its marksmen and its efficiency.

The artillery at Hazel Grove comprised four batteries, one of which (Martin's) was under the direction of Pleasonton. The other three batteries belonged to the Third Corps, and were under the command of a cool, resolute officer, Maj. J. F. Huntington, whose capacity and firmness had been tested the year before in the desperate fight of Port Republic. At the first sign of a disturbance Huntington placed his batteries in position, and ordered them to fire into the woods after he was attacked. He received no orders from Pleasonton or anyone else, but managed his own affairs without interference, save the annoyance caused by the cavalry riding in disorder among his guns, and by the firing into his rear by the 110th Pa. The casualties of these four batteries of 22 guns, fired into in front by the enemy, and in rear by the supporting infantry, amounted to one man killed and five wounded.

IF THE CONTEST LASTED ABOUT AN HOUR,

as Pleasonton states, this report of casualties would indicate that the Confederates were very poor marksmen, or they were very few in number, or were destroyed without a return fire. Certainly some credit ought to be given to the infantry of the 110th Pa., who poured a volley directly into the rear of these batteries.

After the withdrawal of Winn and the other groups of Rodes's and Colston's men on the Plank road, Hill's Division was ordered forward to protect these disordered troops while in the act of forming.

These acts, and the events following, including the wounding of Jackson and the midnight attack of Sickles, will be made the theme of another article.

The Hazel Grove episodes have been described in thrilling lines of both poetry and prose, and the fancied scene illustrated in magnificent style. They have been printed in encyclopedias, in mushroom military works, in official and semi-official volumes, both in this country and in Europe. But they have served only to please the shallow braggart, to deceive our youth, and awaken the honest and just contempt of the Confederate soldier.

The glorious Army of the Potomac does not require any such artificial descriptions of prowess to embellish the stern pages of its history. The plain, unadorned recital of its devotion, its fortitude, its patience, and its sufferings will be sufficient to command the admiration and the respect of mankind.

The survivors of both armies to-day