LETTERS from the FIELD

Contemporaneous Accounts of Events in the History of the 98th Ohio.

BY THE LATE J. M. BRANUM.

Lieut. Branum's letters to his family in Bridgeport, O., narrate his almost daily experience with the 98th, from its departure from Camp Mingo, O., in August, 1862, to March 19, 1865, when he fell at Bentonville, N. C., in the last battle in which Sherman's army was engaged. The letters are printed by special arrangement.

CAMP AT COOSA STATION, NEAR RINGGOLD, GA., May 5, 1864.

I take occasion to write you a few lines to let you know how "we'uns" are doing. We are now encamped on the southern border of the United States, as it is as present, and in full view of the Confederacy, including in the view its chivalrous defenders in the shape of "Gray-back" cavalry. Pickets are in sight, and we have somewhat of an interesting "posish." Before going into particulars of the present, I will go back and recall affairs since last Sunday.

Sunday, May 1, was spent in getting ready to move, completing muster and pay rolls, and closing up business generally.

We moved off Monday morning for Ringgold, leaving our old camp near Rossville, in which we had spent four months of peaceful soldiering, with rather sad feelings. When we first came to the spot, it was a dense wilderness, but we soon changed it into a little city of 6,000 inhabitants, and became attached to it as a home. Although we sent back for storage all our best camp equipage, there was an immense amount left when we marched out. Wagon-loads of axes, spades, camp-kettles, mess-pans, etc., were left, as we could not take them along. These will all be taken by the inhabitants, who crowd around such places when troops leave, and they may get enough to repay what they have lost. Our march to Ringgold was devoid of interest, beyond what we could take in observing the beauties of the woods and fields, clothed as they were in their fresh Spring verdure. Flowers were abundant all around. It rained some, however, which dampened the ardor of the boys somewhat, and when you remember they have to carry their "little all" there is not as much pleasure as seen at picnic excursions.

We travel now with only one wagon for a regiment, something never attempted before by any army. We have usually had from five to 14 wagons to a regiment, and have at times gone on short expeditions with one wagon, but to depend on one wagon for a whole Summer's campaign is rather a new style of soldiering. It is one of Sherman's late orders. The "Old Man" is up to business, and the way we are fixed, we are at home wherever our feet rest. Both officers and soldiers carry their shelter-tents, blanket, cooking utensils, and rations. You may think for a soldier to carry his knapsack, gum and wool blanket, shelter-tent, gun, cartridge-box, and 60 rounds of ammunition is rather making a mule of him, but it is done without grumbling.

A STEADY ADVANCE.

Well, our division arrived at Ringgold in the evening, and was distributed through a wooded piece of land, Gen. Davis making his headquarters at the Mansion House. The next day (Tuesday) was spent in this location, doing nothing in particular, and on Wednesday we received orders to march before breakfast; we were to report to Gen. Palmer for something, and appeared before his quarters at 8 o'clock. We were sent up on White Rock Ridge to patrol duty.

The mountain at Ringgold is divided by Hooker's Gap, through which runs Chickamauga Creek and the railroad. We went up the mountain in single file, the object being to patrol the ridge and be of service to the cavalry posts. From there we could enjoy the splendid scenery all around. We could see Lookout Mountain 22 miles to the west, Buzzard's Roost, and Tunnel Hill to the east, with beautiful and fertile valleys between.

At night we made shelter of pine boughs, and spreading our blankets on these, we went in for rest. As we lay there talking over the events of the day, and listening to the drums and bugles down in camp, the thought would come up, "Who wouldn't be a soldier" such times as these?

It is useless for me to attempt to tell you of the beautiful scenery from a mountain ridge on a clear May morning. The valleys are beautiful; wheat fields, orchards, and farm-houses are plenty, and the works of war are few where we now are. A great body of smoke arises from the woods below us, which indicates a large body of troops, and we are told Hooker's Corps moved in during the night. Away at Tunnel Hill the smoke of rebel campfires is seen.

At daylight we were relieved, and getting down into town found our division moving out to the front. With others, I went up to the signal station to see the advance of our division. Gen. Thomas went out and had things directed according to his orders. Our lines were advanced three miles, and Mr. Reb had to back out in true crawfish style.

The rebs were very saucy at first, and thought we were only trying their lines, but soon found out we were too many for them, and fell steadily back, firing at our skirmishers. Soon our troops reached a little knoll, and the Signal Officer sent back some message. The fellows at the station where we were waiged their flags and sent the news on to the telegraph office, where it will be sent to Sherman, I suppose.

After the new lines were established, Gen. Thomas and staff came back, and affairs assumed a standstill. The ground taken included three railroad bridges which had been burned, and no sooner were our troops in possession than a construction train moved up, and several hundred bridge builders unloaded their tools and commenced work. The rebels will begin to think we mean business, as we seem to be building bridges as though we intended to use them.

In the afternoon our regiment took a position here with our brigade in a clover field, and are already at home. The Fourth Corps is on our left; a half-dozen bands are playing, and all goes merrily so far. Sherman and Joe Johnston are playing a big game now, and you can look for something interesting before long.

TUNNEL HILL, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 8, 1864.

I am lying here on my gum blanket musing in the morning sunshine, and until our regiment receives orders to move I will try and put down some of my thoughts for your information. It is a beautiful Sunday morning, and I can't help but think in what different ways you and I will spend it. You are all doubtless getting ready for church, where can be spent a peaceful hour; we are among scenes of war, and may before night see some of its terrible results. While church bells are sounding in your ears the bugles of the vast army are sounding the calls for the advance.

When I last wrote we were a few miles from Ringgold, where we lay all day Friday resting and visiting friends in the 15th Ohio and other regiments that had come down from Knoxville, Tenn. In the evening orders came for our advance on this place, and we went to sleep that night not knowing what events the morning would bring forth. We knew we had a large army, and Tunnel Hill could be flanked, yet some few regiments might have bloody work. We moved off in the morning, leaving wagons behind.

Our regiment was the advance of the brigade, and the brigade the advance of the division, and our corps being the center of the whole army, we had an interesting position. Gen. Davis and Gen. Palmer were near us, and we had a good opportunity to know what was going on from hearing orders they would send off.

A mile from camp our skirmishers began popping at the rebel pickets and drove them steadily back. As we neared Tunnel Hill the army was strung out in one long line of battle—our corps reaching more than two miles; on our left the Fourth Corps extended in like manner over hills and ridges; on their left the Twenty-third Corps reached beyond; on our right was Hooker's (Twentieth) Corps, to his right the Fifteenth and part of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps.

This is an immense army, and the most effective that ever moved west of the Allegheny Mountains; it is thought there are fully 100,000 muskets carried, and the whole line about 13 miles long.

A HARD MARCH.

Our advance was necessarily slow, having to march in line through fields and thick woods, and when we came to a ridge would have to halt until the troops on the flanks had passed around. The weather was hot, and it was hard on the men; hundreds threw away their knapsacks, and there were enough coats and blankets left on the fences and bushes to fit out another army.

Many a poor boy, overheated and discouraged, threw down his knapsack that contained his little all. The drummer-boys would crowd around to see what it contained. One takes off his blanket and appropriates the one on the knapsack, as it is better than his own; another unbuckles a new hatchet that is carried to cut firewood, etc., and cuts the straps and open comes the knapsack. Each one seizes for something; one gets a new gingham shirt, another a pair of socks, another a handkerchief, all sent by some good mother to her boy.

It is a pity the boy hadn't more courage, and only thrown away a part. It will be a long time before he will get new clothing, and many a damp and cold night will have to be endured before he will get a new blanket. Yet the march was so fatiguing that many of the stoutest threw away all they had.

The houses along the road from Ringgold to this place are deserted, and many of them burned or torn down, and their sites are a picture of desolation, and one can not but pity the poor people, and the only consolation soldiers can give is that it is the fortune of war.

About 12 o'clock we came in sight of Tunnel Hill, and found it covered with rebels; they threw shells at us briskly for some time, but no harm was done. The shells fell very near the 98th, and gave us the old uneasy feeling their presence inspires. Indeed, we all thought we would be compelled to march straight up in the face of their batteries, but waited half an hour, and the enemy soon cleared out, the Fourth Corps having lapped around, and was endangering their safety.

I had with me Col. Pearce's glass, and with it had a fine view of their movements. After the rebs left, our division moved up here, and are now among their deserted camps. Just across in front of us is a mountain, in which there is a gap, and through this runs the railroad and a creek; this gap is called Buzzard's Roost. We can see the rebels on the ridge, and watch them at their signal station; they are also at the foot of the ridge, and are said to be planting a battery. Have now brought my story up to the present. The rebels have just sent a shell from their battery over the way, and the Fourth Corps are skirmishing the slope of the mountain. We note their progress by their shots, and those of the rebel sharpshooters.

Monday morning, May 9. I take the opportunity to record proceedings since yesterday. About noon Gen. Sherman and staff came along to where we were, and stopped to hold communication with the different corps by signal. It was an interesting sight to see him there sending his dispatches, and I will never forget the appearance of the man, as he stood there with care-worn countenance, puffing at a cigar impatiently, and intently watching in the direction of Hooker's Corps.

In Sherman we recognize one of the ablest Generals in the country, and one about whom the enemy regard as the most daring and brainy they have to contend against. In a short time Sherman directed Palmer to occupy a cluster of hills that lay near the gap, and after a few words, moved off to a high hill. Palmer ordered Davis to take one brigade and move "so and so," and he would order a brigade from Johnson's division to help.

Our brigade was selected and we were soon on the move toward the hill indicated, which as occupied by rebel sharpshooters. It was a mile distant, and by the time we got to it we were greatly overheated. Skirmishers were now advanced, and we gallantly moved up the base of the hill. The bullets were hissing wickedly, but passed too high. Our skirmishers bravely advanced, and firing from a charge-bayonet position of their guns. The hill was covered with heavy timber, and we zig-zagged from tree to tree as fast as we could. Our skirmishers soon gave a cheer, and told us the rebs were leaving, and in five minutes more we were in their line of rifle-pits and sank down, about "gone up." One reb jumped out from behind a tree and running toward us said: "For God's sake, don't shoot." He was a deserter, and wanted to be taken to the rear and out of rebel hands. He stated that the force we drove out were the 1st Miss. S. S.

A SHARP FIGHT.

We lost three men wounded and one killed. I saw the poor fellow when he was shot, his regiment (the 113th) being next our right. The ball passed clear through him. Having gained the ridge, we passed down the top and to help take another ridge the rebels occupied, and were firing at us constantly, rendering it so dangerous we had to drop down out of range.

The next hill was carried nicely. Our regiment skirmished up the front, while two others went to the left, ours and another passing to the right. The rebels stuck to it to the last, and did not leave until they had to. One of our batteries aided greatly, and sent their shells crashing into the cedars among them.

Another hill and we would accomplish what was wanted. It was a little round sugar-loaf at the right of the railroad track and occupied by sharpshooters. Our regiment and another were started for it, and advanced, pouring in a shower of bullets.

The rebels lay on the ground behind rocks, and fired wickedly. We rushed forward, and gained the cover of the railroad bank, and then proceeded to dislodge them. It was soon too hot for them, and they "lit out," and I am now writing this from a stump from which they fired at us.

We now held a strong position in front of the fortified line of the enemy; they have things admirably arranged for defense, and 25 men in such work as they have are a match for a regiment of ours to attack. Gens. Hooker, Howard, Sickles, Stanley, and Davis stopped near our regiment about sunset, and we took position for the night.

Tuesday morning, May 10.—We are still in the position we held yesterday, on a little knoll by the railroad in front of the gap. There was hard fighting all day yesterday, but we were not ordered out of our place, as we could not advance until the mountain on each side of the gap was taken by our troops. The one on our left is Rocky Face, and seems to baffle all attempts to take it.

The Fourth Corps and one brigade of our division fought all day and got stalled. It was a greater contest than that of Lookout Mountain. Rocky Face is about 1,500 feet high, steep, and rocky, and along the top is a perpendicular ledge 60 feet high, which can not be surmounted. All along this ledge the rebels are as thick as blackbirds, and keep a continual volley of shooting at our troops.

We did gain the top about five miles back, and some of the boys came down the ridge of the mountain, driving the rebels from rock to rock. The comb of the ridge is narrow in places, and rises in sugar-loaf knobs. The force on the ridge got within a mile of the point and got stalled. It was found impossible to surmount the obstacles that nature and the enemy had placed there.

The fighting on the other mountain to our right raged fearfully all the afternoon. We saw Gen. Johnson's Division start in fully 10,000 strong in six lines. They entered the woods amidst the chattering of the enemy's musketry. Our batteries opened out and sent shells crashing into the woods where the enemy were, who in turn sent their shells at us from the top of the mountain, and we had the same old game of Lookout played over again. By evening our troops were half way up and the fighting ceased.

It don't seem possible for our troops to ever reach the top, on account of the high ledge of rocks at the summit. We could have taken three Mission Ridges while our troops have been at work here. Gen. Sherman and many other officers were near our position a greater part of the day. Sherman was near us when he received Halleck's dispatch, announcing Grant's victory in the Wilderness in Virginia. He sent a dispatch to Halleck, announcing that he was fighting for Rocky Face, and that McPherson's Corps had just occupied Snake Creek Gap, away off to our right.

Many of us have had narrow escapes to-day, and one of the men of Co. C was mortally wounded. The rebel batteries have been shelling us savagely all the while, and ours replying. One little Captain in a battery near us attracted our attention. He was a "gay and festive" fellow, dressed in buckskin breeches. He would send his shells plump into the rebel fort every time. I learned he had been an officer in the German army, had received a furlough for three years, and came out to learn our style of warfare.

Gens. Sherman and Thomas are now out on the railroad before me, and are giving directions for positions of batteries. Little Johnny Clem is stepping around as large as life. He carries a revolver and talks about sharpshooting. The rebels have flooded the bottom by damming up a culvert in the railroad in the gap in our front, and the only way of advance is along the track, which is swept by batteries from a fort in front.

We hear that McPherson, with the Fifteenth Corps, has gone towards Resaca, through Snake Creek Gap, which movement may compel the enemy to leave the position in front. It rained all last night, and having no tents, we sat up all night on logs, and feel rough for want of sleep.

(To be continued.)

Women in Persia.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

But life is sad in Persia, especially the woman's life. The law of Islam allows each man to have four wives, and as many concubines and slave girls as his hand can hold. His wives, also, he may divorce at will. Our word "bosh" is the Turkish word by which a Moslem divorces his wife. It doesn't count if he says it only once or twice, but if said the third time the woman must go, and there is no recourse. Down along the Caspian the men often marry their wives in the Spring, so as to have the benefit of their labor in the rice fields, and divorce them in the Fall so, as to escape supporting them during the Winter.

At Meshed, where the pilgrims come, is a large population of temporary wives who are married to the pilgrims, far from home and families, for as long a time as the pilgrims remain at the shrine—a day, or a month. The Mohometan Priests draw up the contracts for these temporary alliances. Lord Curzon, who has been there, says Meshed, though the holiest city in Persia, is the wickedest in Asia. There are no words for wife and home in Persian. There are no homes and few wives.

It is curious to hear a handsome woman say: "I have told my husband if he marries another wife I shall poison him, and I intend to do it." Or to ask a woman about her home life, and get the answer, "Love my husband? Oh, yes, I love him. I love him as much as a sieve holds water."

In the cities the Moslem women—and all but about 60,000 or so of the 4,000,000 women of the land are Moslems—never appear in public save dressed in black and heavily vailed, the eyes looking out through a small meshed space of the vail. Custom, fear of men, and not modesty, impose this dress. The poorer women or the women in the villages wear no vails, or throw the vails back and leave their faces uncovered, unless now and then in a coquettish way they draw a fold of the dress across the mouth. The Jewish women often dress for the street as the Moslem women do. The Armenian, Nestorian and Fire-worshiper city women give somewhat less heed to concealment, and the village women are quite free.

All of these in the country, and the city ladies in their houses, dress in bright colors, red and green and yellow; and the village streets and highways get their little brightness from them, or from the equally gay dress of the men. The Jewesh girls are adorned also with trinkets and jewelry, especially with the little silver cases containing portions of the Old Testament law.

The Fire Worshippers, or Guebres, are but few in Persia now, though it is the land of their origin; but their women can be picked out at once in Tiheran, or in the few cities where they are found, by their dress. Outside of Teheran is the Tower of Silence, where, believing neither in cremation nor in burial, the Fire Worshipers expose their dead. From the hillside it looks out in solemn stillness over the broad, dead plain, even as the dead of this dying peoplelook up in solemn stillness from their ghastly burial place to the unanswering sky.

A Proverb Calendar for 1900.

Each year when we receive the Hood's Sarsaparilla Calendar we wonder how it is possible to originate such clever designs. The "Proverb Calendar" itself is suspended in front of two little tots, one robed in delicate pink and the other in blue. On the reverse side there are the usual astronomical calculations and other facts. The Calendar is made to stand alone on desk or table, or it may be suspended on the wall. You should be sure to get one of these Calendars from your druggist, or one will be mailed to you by sending 6 cents in stamps to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

An Excellent Timepiece.

SOUTH GREENSBURG, PA., Dec. 24, 1899.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I received my watch and it is very nice. It is an excellent timepiece. I thank you very much. I will work for you in the future.

MYRTLE GILLESPIE.

GOITRE

Remarkable Discovery That Cures This Dangerous and Disfiguring Disease Without Pain, Operation or Inconvenience.

A Trial Package Sent Free to All—A Home Remedy That Has Never Failed to Cure Goitre Permanently.

Dr. John B. Haight, a well-known Cincinnati physician, has had marvelous success with a remedy that cures Goitre or Thick Neck. And owing to the fact that most sufferers believe Goitre is incurable Dr. Haight sends free a trial package of his discovery so that patients may try and know positively that Goitre can be cured at home and without pain, danger, operation or any inconvenience. Send your name and address to Dr. John B. Haight, 59 Glenn Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, and he will forward the thirty-day treatment postage prepaid. Do not fail to get this wonderful remedy. Mrs. Chas. W. Harry, 920 York St., Newport, Ky., was cured in ten days after she had been given up to die. Mrs. John M. Hatton, Lebanon, Ohio, was nearly strangled before she tried Dr. Haight's remedy and was cured in two weeks. In Bombay, India, 60,000 patients in that infected district were cured with this same remedy, and wherever used its success has been marvelous.

Write at once, send name and address to-day, and Dr. Haight will be glad to send you a trial package of the remedy free. Do not delay.

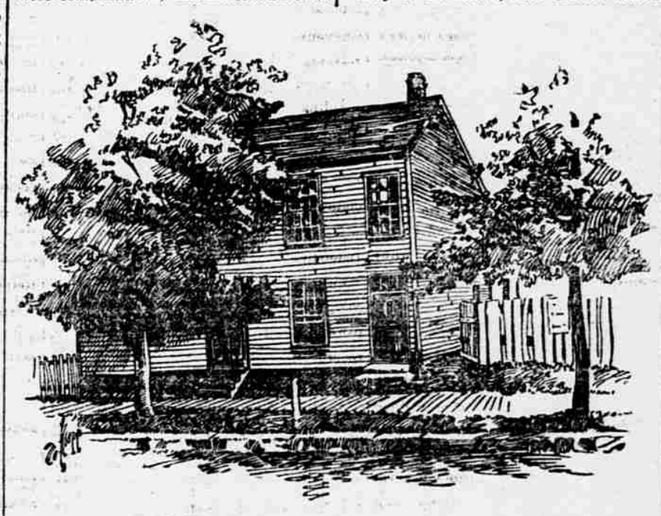
EVERYDAY LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(Continued from first page.)

'The one that has the best chance of being President.' She decided in favor of Lincoln, and, in the opinion of some of her husband's friends, added to no small extent in the fulfillment of the prophecy which the bestowal of her hand implied." Mrs. Edwards, Miss Todd's sister, relates that "Mr. Lincoln was charmed with Mary's wit, and fascinated with her quick sagacity, her will, her nature, and culture. I have happened in the room," she says, "where they were sitting, often and often, and Mary led the conversation. Lincoln would listen, and gaze on her as if drawn by some superior power—irresistibly so; he listened, but seldom said a word."

A PAINFUL EPISODE.

Preparations were made for the marriage between Mr. Lincoln and Miss Todd; but they were interrupted by a painful occurrence—a sudden breaking out of a fit of melancholy, or temporary insanity, such as had afflicted Mr. Lincoln on a former occasion. This event has been made the subject of no little gossip, into which it is not now necessary or desirable to go, further than to mention that at about this time Mr. Lincoln seems to have formed a strong attachment for Miss Matilda Edwards, a sister of Ninian W. Edwards; and that the engagement with Miss Todd was for a time broken off. In consequence of these complications, Mr. Lincoln's health was seriously affected. He suffered from melancholy, which was so profound "his friends were alarmed for his life." His intimate companion, Mr. Speed, endeavored to rescue him from the terrible depression, urging that he would die unless he rallied. Lincoln replied: "I am not afraid to die, and would be more than willing. But I have an irrepressible desire to live till I can be assured that the world is a little better for my having been in it."



GLOBE TAVERN, SPRINGFIELD, WHERE LINCOLN LIVED AFTER HIS MARRIAGE.

Mr. Herndon gives as his opinion Mr. Lincoln's insanity grew out of a most extraordinary complication of feelings—aversion to the marriage proposed, a counter attachment to Miss Edwards, and a revival of his tenderness for the memory of Anne Rutledge. At all events, his derangement was nearly, if not quite, complete. "We had to remove razors from his room," says Mr. Speed, "take away all knives, and other dangerous things. It was terrible." Mr. Speed determined to do for him what Bowlin Greene had done on a similar occasion at New Salem. Having sold out his store on the 1st of January, 1841, he took Mr. Lincoln with him to his home in Kentucky, and kept him there during most of the Summer and Fall, or until he seemed sufficiently restored to be given his liberty again, when he was brought back to Springfield. His health was soon regained, and on the 4th of November, 1842, the marriage between him and Miss Todd was celebrated.

DESCRIPTION OF THE WEDDING BY ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

A highly interesting account of the affair is furnished by Judge J. H. Matheny, of Springfield, an intimate friend of Mr. Lincoln, who, at his request, was present, at the ceremony: "Marriages in Springfield," says Judge Matheny, "up to the time of Mr. Lincoln's wedding, had been rather commonplace affairs. His was about the first, if not the very first, ever performed with all the requirements of the Episcopal ceremony. A large number of his friends had gathered, and among them was Thos. C. Browne, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court. Judge Browne was in truth an old timer. He had been on the bench from the very beginning—was a quaint, rough, curious character. He was standing close beside Mr. Lincoln. Old Parson Dressar, with canonical robes on, in an exceedingly solemn and impressive manner was performing the beautiful Episcopal ceremony. He handed the ring to Mr. Lincoln, who placed it upon the bride's finger, repeating the formula, 'With this ring I thee endow, with all my goods and chattel lands and tenements.' This struck the old Judge as nonsense, and he cried out loud enough to be heard by everybody: 'Good gracious, Lincoln, the statute fixes all that!' The unexpected interruption, and its utter absurdity, completely upset the old parson, who had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and it was some minutes before he could proceed."

After the marriage Mr. Lincoln secured pleasant rooms for himself and wife at the "Globe Tavern," at a cost of $4 a week. In 1844 he purchased of the Rev. Nathan Dressar the plain dwelling which was his home for the ensuing 17 years, and which he left to enter the White House in 1861.

LINCOLN AS A DUELLIST—THE AFFAIR WITH GEN. SHIELDS.

A serio-comic incident occurred in Mr. Lincoln's career in 1842. Mr. Arnold says of it: "About his time there was living at Springfield, James Shields (afterwards a distinguished General and United States Senator), a gallant, hot-headed bachelor, from Tyrone County, Ireland. Like most of his countrymen, he was an ardent Democrat, and he was also a great beau in society. He had been so fortunate as to be elected Auditor of the State. Miss Todd, full of spirit, very gay, and a little wild and mischievous, published in the Sangamon *Journal*, under the name of 'Aunt Rebecca; or, The Lost Townships,' some amusing satirical papers, ridiculing the susceptible and sensitive Irishman. Indeed, Shields was so sensitive he could not bear ridicule, and would much rather die than be laughed at. On seeing the papers he went at once to Mr. Francis, the editor, and furiously demanded the name of the author, declaring that unless the name of the writer was given he would hold the editor personally responsible. Francis was a large, broad man, and Shields was very thin and slim, and the editor realized that with his great bulk it would be very unsafe for him to stand in front of Shields's pistol. He had plenty of stomach, but none for such a fight. He was a warm personal and political friend of Lincoln, and knowing the relations between him and Miss Todd, in this dilemma disclosed the facts to Lincoln, and asked his advice and counsel. He was not willing to expose the lady's name, and yet was extremely reluctant himself to meet the fiery Irishman on the field. Lincoln at once told Francis to tell Shields to regard him as the author. The Tazewell Circuit Court, at which he had several cases of importance to try, being in session, Lincoln departed for Tremont, the County-seat. As soon as Francis had notified Shields that Lincoln was the author of the papers, Shields and his second, Gen. Whitesides, started in hot pursuit of Lincoln. Hearing of this, Dr. Merryman and Lincoln's old friend Butler started also for Tremont 'to prevent,' as Merryman said, 'any advantage being taken of Lincoln, either as to his honor or his life.' They passed the belligerent Shields and Whitesides in the night, and arrived at Tremont in advance. They told Lincoln what was coming, and he replied that he was altogether opposed to duelling, and would do anything to avoid it that would not degrade him in the estimation of himself and of his friends; but if a fight were the only alternative of such degradation, he would fight." Mr. Lincoln's second, Merryman, advised him to select broadswords as the weapons, and Merryman, being a splendid swordsman, trained Lincoln himself, so that it was almost certain that Shields would get the worst of it. They decided on a neck of land near the confluence of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers at Alton, Ill., as the duelling grounds. They had arrived at Alton, and the preparations were all made, when, says, Gen. Linder, "John J. Hardin, hearing of the contemplated duel, determined to prevent it, and hastened to Alton with all imaginable celerity, where he fell in with the belligerent parties, and, aided by some other friends of both Lincoln and Shields, succeeded in effecting a reconciliation. After this affair between Lincoln and Shields, I met Lincoln at the Danville Court, and in a walk we took together, seeing him make passes with a stick, such as are made in the broadsword exercise, I was induced to ask him why he had selected that weapon with which to fight Shields. He promptly answered, in that sharp, ear-splitting voice of his: 'To tell you the truth, Linder, I did not want to kill Shields, and felt sure I could disarm him, having had about a month to learn the broadsword exercise; and, furthermore, I didn't want the darned fellow to kill me, which I rather think he would have done if we had selected pistols.'"

AN EYE-WITNESS'S ACCOUNT OF LINCOLN'S DUEL.

Maj. J. M. Lucas, late United States Consul at Tunstall, England, and a pioneer citizen of Illinois, was perfectly familiar with all the circumstances of the Lincoln-Shields "unpleasantness," and, in fact, was an eye-witness of the duel which took place—or rather, which did not take place—at Alton, across the Mississippi River, in 1842. The details of that now almost-forgotten "affair of honor" are still present to his mind. The idea of Abraham Lincoln going to the field armed with a broadsword, to fight a duel, seems to those who knew him in his later days so inconsistent with his pacific character that many have doubted the authenticity of the story. But it verily did occur, says Maj. Lucas, who rode down to the spot, and was there when the affair was amicably adjusted. The challenge of Shields arose out of a quizzical newspaper article which was writen by Miss Mary Todd, afterwards Mrs. Lincoln. This gave such offense to Gen. Shields that he went to the editor and demanded to know who the writer was. The editor of the paper was in a quandary, and meeting Lincoln on the street asked him what he had better do. "O," said Lincoln, "just tell Shields that it was me." The editor did so, and Shields sent a challenge to Lincoln, who had just gone to Tazewell County to attent a law suit. Lincoln accepted the challenge, and the weapons selected were broadswords, which "Uncle Abe" knew well how to handle, having been thoroughly drilled in their use by Maj. Duncan, a brother-in-law of Maj. Lucas. The field selected for the combat was near Alton, and thither the combatants proceeded. But the affair got wind and reached the ears of Gen. Hardin, who immediately started after the party, reaching the scene just as the preliminaries were being arranged. He interposed, saying, "This is all nonsense," and succeeded in putting a stop to the whole proceeding. Maj. Lucas says he saddled a horse and got to the field about the same time Lincoln did. He had no doubt Lincoln meant to fight. Said the Major, "Lincoln was no coward, and he would unquestionably have held his own against his antagonist, for he was a powerful man in those days, and was quite well skilled in the use of the broadsword. He said to me after the affair was all over: 'I could have split him in two.'"

(To be continued.)

Engineering Evolution.

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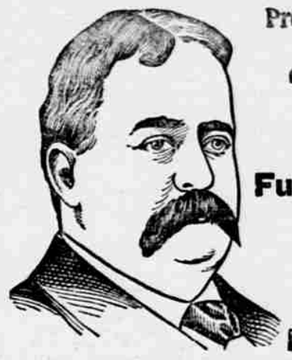

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