PENSION POINTERS.

Inquiries Answered and Suggestions Made.

S. E. C., Kingston, N. H.—The widow having died before the accrued pension due the soldier at his death was actually paid to her, no payment of the same will be made unless there is a surviving child of the soldier under the age of 16.

P. L. B., Marion, Ind.—If Congress should by special enactment direct that the War Department record of the alleged existence of your disability before enlistment be corrected in accordance with the evidence you have submitted, the Interior Department and the Pension Bureau will doubtless be constrained to take cognizance of the amended record. Doubtless the authorities of the Soldiers' Home, D. C., would also be governed by the amended record.

M. C., Traverse City, Mich.—It is difficult to say how soon a pension claim should be heard from after it has been called up in the Pension Bureau by a Member of Congress. Usually such inquiries receive extra prompt attention, but under the present administration of the Pension Bureau it seems a little uncertain whether they receive attention at all in many instances.

F. P. D., Bellefonte, Pa.—When a pension claim has been rejected in the Pension Bureau on the ground of no record or medical evidence of the alleged disability in the service or at discharge, it is almost impossible to secure a further consideration of the case there unless record or medical evidence is discovered and supplied. Any evidence that is filed bearing upon the existence of the disability in the service or at discharge is considered, but is not usually regarded as of any weight. The case should be heard from within a month or so after the additional evidence is filed, but usually the time is much longer, and sometimes the evidence is not heard from at all. It is not the present policy of the Pension Bureau to reopen and allow any cases once rejected. If a rejected case has been well established, the best plan is to take an appeal to the Secretary of the Interior.

W. L. R., Greenville, O.—The act of March 6, 1896, providing that invalid pensions granted under the act of June 27, 1890, should be made to commence from the date of filing of the "first application," contained a proviso, in effect, that there should be evidence on file that the disability existed in a pensionable degree at the date of filing of the said "first application." This proviso has made it possible for the Pension Bureau to render the act of 1896 practically inoperative in the great majority of cases, by holding that the evidence on file does not, in the opinion of the Pension Bureau, show that the disability existed in a pensionable degree at the time of filing the "first application."

R. E. T., Rutherfordton, N. C.—Honorably-discharged volunteer soldiers of the Spanish war can obtain admission to any of the branches of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, upon evidence satisfactory to the Home authorities that they are physically incapacitated for earning a living. The soldiers' homestead laws are also extended to the soldiers of the Spanish war. For full information address the "Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C." A rejected pension claim can be reopened if additional and satisfactory evidence can be presented. Another disability may be added to the claim at any time.

T. G., Crosker, Va.—It is not apparent from your statement why the restoration of your invalid pension under the act of June 27, 1890, did not commence at least from the date of the filing of your application. Your attorney should be able to inform you.

I. F., Upland, Neb.—If the widow was married to the soldier before March 3, 1899, it would not matter if they had not lived together continuously until his death. Her pension would not be denied because of his having gone to a Soldiers' Home to live. A decision was rendered by the Interior Department in 1897, that an applicant for invalid pension under the act of June 27, 1890, over 65 years of age, should be regarded as entitled to at least $6 per month, unless it appeared that he was unusually robust for his age. It is impossible to say what, if any, general pension legislation is likely to be enacted at the present session of Congress. Pension and increase of pension under the act of 1890 (or act of 1900), are allowed without showing that the disabilities were incurred in the service. Unless you are trying to establish your disabilities under the general law so as to obtain the higher rate that the general law would doubtless allow you, it is not apparent why you should have been required to furnish evidence that the disabilities originated in the service.

Ladies of the G.A.R.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: It is time we were hearing from Kansas (says some one). Well, yes, so it is, and the first thing will be to say how happy and honored we are in having as a member of our Circle No. 75, Lawrence, Kansas, Ladies of G. A. R., our noble and efficient National President of the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic, Mrs. Emma S. Wall. With a cheerful and willing heart she is always ready with a helping hand to promote harmony and the upbuilding of our Order.

A most enjoyable reception was given recently by Washington Post, 12, Lawrence, Kan., to Circle 75 and to Corps 9. The hall was beautifully decorated with flags, but the most pleasing thing to see was the happy faces of our dear old veterans, Sister Emma S. Wall responding to "The Ladies of the Grand Army" in a very happy and pleasing manner; Mrs. Bradford to "The Woman's Relief Corps," and Past Department Commander Coulter, of Topeka, Kan., to "The Grand Army."

It was laughingly remarked, "it was no wonder that Washington Post was so successful when they had two such fine organizations to help them." In unity is strength, and that is our aim, the aim of the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be a strength and helping hand to our brave and noble veterans. We have a good wideawake Circle; our membership number up in the hundred. A very excellent Department President is our Mrs. Annette Lundy, a good, earnest, conscientious worker and respected and trusted by all who know her.—SARAH J. ENGLE, National Corresponding Secretary, Lawrence, Kan.

Deaths in a New Hampshire Post.

Louis Bell Post, of Manchester, N. H., during the year 1901, lost by death 12 comrades, as follows:

Clark Waters, 64; native of Boston; served in 39th Mass. and the 1st N. H. Cav.; died Jan. 15, 1901. Eugene M. Hawes, 55; native of Williston, Vt.; served in the 4th Vt. and 11th Mass; died Feb. 11, 1901. Frederick Arnold, 54; born in England; served in the 11th Me. 4th Cav., 19th Inf. and 6th Inf.; serving altogether 27 years; died April 2, 1901. Dr. John Ferguson, 66; native of Ireland; served in the 10th N. H.; died April 6, 1901. Nathaniel F. Kidder, 59; born in this city; served in the N. H. battalion of the 1st R. I. Cav.; died May 17, 1901. Person C. Cheney, 72; born in Holderness, N. H.; served in the 15th N. H.; died June 20, 1901. Charles M. Whiting, 66; born in Lyndeboro, N. H.; served in the 4th N. H.; died July 1, 1901. Charles E. Watson, 59; born in Candia, N. H.; served in the 11th N. H.; died July 23, 1901. Frank W. Elliott, 58; a native of Vermont; served in the 1st N. H. Cav.; died Sept. 24, 1901. Nathan M. Smith, 72; native of Peru, Me.; served in the 13th Me.; died Oct. 31, 1901. Samuel M. Worthley, 80; born in Bradford, Vt.; served in the 18th N. H.; died Nov. 1, 1901. George Noyes, 82; born in Atkinson, N. H.; served in the 16th N. H.; died Dec. 22, 1901.

Ladies' Aid Installation.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 29, at a regular meeting of Ladies' Aid Society, No. 4, Auxiliary to Wm. B. Cushing Camp, No. 59, Maryland Division, Sons of Veterans, U. S. A., of Washington, the installation of officers for the ensuing year took place, after which lunch was served to those present.

The installed officers were: Pres., Mrs. Nellie V. Sness; V. P., Mrs. Emma E. Sayles; Trustees, Mrs. L. J. Allen, Mrs. Ida E. Stant and Miss Almira V. Brown; Chap., Mrs. Stella Harbour; Treas., Mrs. Elizabeth H. R. Davis; Guide, Mrs. Estelle Van Norsdall; Ass't Guide, Miss L. Louise Reaney; Inside Guard, Mrs. M. B. Parsons; Outside Guard, Mrs. Kate Mallett; Sec., Miss Annie L. Collette, Judge-Advocate, C. S. Davis.

The installation ceremonies were conducted by Col. Clay G. Collette, Assistant Adjutant-General, Sons of Veterans.

A MUSICIAN'S STORY.

Why Only One Shot Was Required in the Attack on a Rebel Outpost.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: At the time Sumter was fired on I was an indentured apprentice and had about 14 months to serve. My boss, who by the way was a Quaker, charged me $50 for the balance of my time. I paid it, and on April 28, 1861, I enrolled in Co. A, 3d N. J. I was at the battle of Bull Run and at Lee's surrender, April 9, 1865, so I think I am entitled to a seat in the band wagon.

After the first battle of Bull Run the Army of the Potomac fell back in defense of Washington and formed a line of works from below Alexandria to above Chain Bridge.

The 3d N. J. had to do picket duty on the Fairfax road above Cloud's Mill. Our reserve was at Blacksmith's shop. The Johnnies occupied Munson's Hill, about a mile from our reserve; our outposts were about 200 yards apart.

One fine morning Co. A was detailed for picket duty, and as I was drummer of the company I had to go along. We generally were out about three days at a time. The next morning, after the outpost had been relieved, our Captain came up and wanted 10 good men to surprise the rebel outpost. I asked if I could go as one, and he said I could if I would get a gun and equipments, so I was soon in line with the rest of the squad. We then marched up to our outpost, which was on the road to Munson's Hill, halted and received orders from the Captain, then proceeded on in single file up to the angle of the road, about midway between our outpost and the Johnnies. There is a sharp angle in the road, so that anyone could get up to the angle before they could see down the road. The comrade selected to take the right of the line knew just the spot where the rebel outpost was located. I was the second man in line. We marched up to the angle very quietly, and the man on the right stepped out in the middle of the road and put up his gun, but it missed fire; then I stepped out, and saw three rebels in the act of firing. They were in line across the road. I put up my gun and fired at the center man, and got my shot in first. He was armed with a Belgian rifle, with saber bayonet. My ball struck the point of his bayonet, split it in half, killing the right-hand man and the other half the left-hand man, and the shock was so great to the center man that it knocked him down.

Now, comrades, don't rise up, all of you, and say that this is a fabrication, as we are all getting old, and it may be that my memory is not quite as good as it was in those days. At any rate, that was my first and only shot.—B. F. MAULL, Principal Musician, 3d and 15th N. J., also of the 2d Veterans, Bridgeton, N. J.

Mrs. Turchin.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Your appeal in behalf of Mrs. Turchin is timely and most commendable. A more loyal or deserving woman does not exist, and it seems passing strange that she should now, in her old age, be neglected by the Government her late husband struggled so hard to sustain. Vale, in his history of "Minty and the Cavalry," on page 196, says: "Gen. Turchin as a division commander of infantry proved a first-class officer, and especially distinguished himself at Chickamauga, where he was dangerously wounded. Mrs. Turchin, the wife of the General, was with him at the front during the advance on Chattanooga and subsequent battles. When the General was wounded and taken from the field this heroic woman rode out to the line of battle amid the storm of the fight, and passing along the division said: 'Boys, the General cannot come back to you today, but I think he will get well again. I want you to remember today that he has been shot.' The boys answered with cheers, and Turchin's Division was not broken in that battle. This incident gave rise to the report, widely circulated in the army, that Mrs. Turchin took command of his division after he was shot at Chickamauga.—SURVIVOR, Minty's Saber Brigade.

Wm. McKinley Corps.

Mrs. Edith B. Crawford, Secretary, of Sullivan, Mo., reports that Wm. McKinley Corps, 153, was organized Oct. 12, 1901, with 39 members. It now has 41 in good standing, with other applications on hand. Before the Corps received its charter and supplies, the members gave a supper, netting $30. Meetings are held at the homes of members. Mrs. Crawford believes that the Post to which the Corps is Auxiliary was the first to adopt the name of Wm. McKinley; the name was adopted by the Post the day that President McKinley died.

FOREIGN SINGERS AND SPEAKERS.

The New Remedy for Catarrh is Very Valuable.

A Grand Rapids gentleman who represents a prominent manufacturing concern and travels through central and southern Michigan relates the following regarding the new catarrh cure. He says:

"After suffering from catarrh of the head, throat and stomach for several

years, I heard of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets quite accidentally and like everything else I immediately bought a package and was decidedly surprised at the immediate relief it afforded me and s ill more to find a complete cure after several weeks' use.

"I have a little son who sings in a boys' choir in one of our prominent churches, and he is greatly troubled with hoarseness and throat weakness, and on my return home from a trip I gave him a few of the tablets one Sunday morning when he had complained of hoarseness. He was delighted with their effect, removing all huskiness in a few minutes and making the voice clear and strong.

"As the tablets are very pleasant to the taste, I had no difficulty in persuading him to use them regularly.

"Our family physician told us they were an antiseptic preparation of undoubted merit, and that he himself had no hesitation in using and recommending Stuart's Catarrh Tablets for any form of catarrh.

"I have since met many public speakers and professional singers who used them constantly. A prominent Detroit lawyer told me that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets kept his throat in fine shape during the most trying weather, and that he had long since discarded the use of cheap lozenges and troches on the advice of his physician that they contained so much tolu, potash and opium as to render their use a danger to health."

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are large, pleasant tasting lozenges, composed of catarrhal antiseptics, like Red Gum, Blood Root, etc., and sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents for full treatment.

They act upon the blood and mucous membrane, and their composition and remarkable success have won the approval of physicians, as well as thousands of sufferers from nasal catarrh, throat troubles and catarrh of stomach.

A little book on treatment of catarrh mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

WHO GOES THERE?

(Continued from first page.)

man lay behind the best tree he could get; the trees had become more plentiful. We fired lying, kneeling, standing, sometimes running; but the line held. If we had had but the smallest breastwork!—but we had none.

In the afternoon the Federals tried more than once to throw a force around our left—through the open field; but each time they were driven back by our oblique fire, helped by a battery which we could not see, somewhere in our rear. I now suppose that before this time Longstreet had formed on Jackson's right; the sounds of great fighting came from the east and southeast.

We had resisted long enough. Our cartridges were gone, although our boxes had more than once been replenished, and we had used up the cartridges of our wounded and dead.

Just before the sun went down the woods suddenly became alive with Yankees. A deafening volley was poured upon our weakened ranks—no longer ranks, but mere clusters of men—but the shots went high; before the smoke lifted the blue men were upon us; they had not waited to reload.

Many of our men had not a cartridge, but the enemy were so near that every shot told.

Their line is thinned; they come still, but in disconnected groups; they are almost in our midst; straight toward me comes a towering man—his sleeves show the stripes of a Sergeant. His great form and his long red hair are not more conspicuous than the vigor of his bearing. He makes no pause. He strikes right and left. Men fall away from him. Our group is scattering, some to gain time to load, others in flight. The great Sergeant rushes toward me; his gun rises again in his mighty hands, and the blow descends. I slip aside; the force of the blow almost carries him to the ground, but he recovers; he comes again; again he swings his gun back over his shoulder, his eyes fixed upon my head where he will strike. I raise my gun above my head—at the parry. Suddenly his expression yields—a look as it of astonishment succeeds to fixed determination—and at the same instant his countenance passes through an indescribable change as the blood spouts from his forehead and he falls lifeless at my feet, slain by a shot from my rear.*

Confusion is everywhere. Ones, twos, groups, are beginning to flee from either side. Here and there a small body of men yet hold fast and fight. The shouting is more than the firing. At my right I see our flag, and near it a flag of the Federals.

In a moment comes a new line of the enemy; our ranks—what is left of them—must yield. We begin to run. I hear Dominic Spellman—color-bearer of the 1st—cry out, "Jones, for God's sake, stop!" I turn. A few have rallied and are bringing out the flag. Our line is gone—broken—and Jackson's left is crumbling away. Defeat is here—in a handbreadth of us—and Pope's star will shine the brightest over America; but now from our rear a Confederate yell rises high and shrill through the bullet-scarred forest, and a fresh brigade advances to the charge, relieves the vanquished troops of Gregg, and rolls far back the Federal tide of war. It was none too soon.

On the morning of Aug. 29 31 men had answered roll-call in Co. H. On the morning of the 30th but 13 responded; we had lost none as prisoners.

The 30th was Saturday. The division was to have remained in reserve. We were yet lying in the woods, some hundreds of yards in the rear of our position of the 29th, and details were burying our dead, when we were ordered to form. We marched some distance to the left. A low grass-covered meadow was in our front, with a rail fence at the woods about 300 yards from us. Bullets came among us from the fence at the woods, toward which we were marching in columns of fours, right in front. I heard the order from Maj. McCrady—"Battalion—by companies!" and Haskell repeated—"Co. H!"—then McCrady—"On the right—by file—into line—March!" This manuver brought the regiment into column of companies still marching in its former direction, Co. H being the rear of all.

Again I heard McCrady—"Battalion—by companies!" and Haskell again—"Co. H!" — then McCrady — "Left — half wheel!" and Haskell—"Left wheel!"—then McCrady—"Forward into line," and both voices—"Double-quick—March!"

It was a beautiful manuver, performed as it was under a close fire and by men battle-sick and void of vanity. The respective companies executed simultaneously their work, and as their graduated distances demanded, rushed forward, with a speed constantly increasing toward the left company, Co. H, which wheeled and ran to place, forming at the fence from which the enemy fled. We lost Maj. McCrady, who fell severely wounded.

For the remainder of that bloody day the 1st was not engaged. We heard the great battle between Lee and Pope, but took no further part.

On Sept. 1, as night was falling, we were lying under fire, in a storm of rain, in the battle of Ox Hill, or Chantilly, as the Yankees call it. The regiment did not become engaged.

The campaign of eight days was over.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CAPT. HASKELL.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God Who is our home."
—Wordsworth.

I believe I have already said that in the battle of Manassas Joe Bellot was severely wounded. My companion was gone. I messed and slept alone.

For a day or two we rested, or moved but short distances. On one of these days, the company being on picket, the Captain ordered me to accompany him in a round of the videts. While this duty was being done, he spoke not a word except to the sentinels, whom he ordered in clear-cut speech to maintain strict vigilance. When the duty had ended, he turned to me and said, "Let us go to that tree yonder."

The point he thus designated was just in rear of our left—that is, the left of Co. H's videts—and overlooked both videts and pickets, so far as they could be seen for the irregularities of ground. Arriving at the tree, the Captain threw off all official reserve.

"Friday was hard on Co. H," he said; "and the whole company did its full duty, if I may say so without immodesty."

"Captain," I replied, "I thought it was all over with us when the Yankees made that last charge."

"As you rightly suggest, sir, we should have been relieved earlier," said he; "I am informed that in the railroad cut, a little to the right of our position, the men fought the enemy with stones for lack of cartridges."

"Yes, sir; I have heard that. Can you predict our next movement?"

"I know too little of strategy to do that," he said; "but I am convinced that we cannot remain where we are."

"Why?" I asked.

"I venture the opinion that we are too far from our supplies. I am told that we cannot maintain the railroad back to Gordonsville. The bridges are burnt; I doubt that any steps will be taken to rebuild them, as they would be constantly in danger from the enemy's cavalry. I am informed that McClellan's whole army, as well as Burnside's Corps from North Carolina, has joined Pope; Gen. McClellan is said to be in command, If Pope's army, which we have just fought, was larger than ours, then McClellan's combined forces must be more than twice as great as Gen. Lee's."

"Yet some of the men think we shall advance on Washington," said I.

"The men discuss everything naturally," he replied; "I speculate also. It seems to me that every mile of a farther advance would but take from our strength and add to that of our enemy's. If we could seize Washington by a sudden advance—but we cannot do that, I think, and as far as a siege, I suppose nobody thinks of it. Even to sit down here could do us no good, I imagine; our communications would be always interrupted."

"Then we shall retreat after having gained a great victory?" I asked.

"It would give me great pleasure to be able to tell you. I am puzzled," he replied. "The victory may be regarded as an opportunity to gain time for the South to recuperate, if we make prudent demonstrations; but an actual advance does not appear possible. Gen. Lee may make a show of advancing; I dare say we could gain time by a pretense of strength. Does not such manuver meet your view? But we are fearfully weak, and our enemies know it or should know it."

I understood well enough that the Captain's question was but an instance of his unfailing habit of courtesy.

"Then what is there for us to do? If we ought not to stay here, and ought not to advance on Washington, and ought not to retreat, what other course is possible?"

"There seems but one, sir. I hear that the best opinion leans to the belief that Gen. Lee will cross the Potomac in order to take Harper's Ferry and to test the sentiment of the Maryland people."

"What is at Harper's Ferry, Captain?"

"I am informed that there is a great quantity of supplies and a considerable garrison."

"But could such an effort succeed in the face of an army like McClellan's?"

"If the Federals abandon the place, as they ought to do at once, I should think that there would be no good reason for this army crossing the river. But military success is said to be obtained, in the majority of cases, from the mistakes of the losers. It might be that we could take Harper's Ferry at very little cost; and even if we should fail, we should be prolonging the campaign upon ground that we cannot hope to occupy permanently, and living, in a sense, upon the enemy. What I fear, however, is that the movement would bring on another general engagement; and I think you will agree with me in believing that we are not prepared for that."

"Harper's Ferry is the place John Brown took," said I.

"You are right, sir; do you remember that?"

"That is the last thing that I remember reading about—the last experience I can remember at all; but in the fight last Friday there happened something which gives me a turn whenever I think of it."

"May I ask what it was?"

"I saw a spot which I am sure—almost sure—I had seen before."

"Some resemblance, I dare say. I often pass scenes that are typical. Near my father's home I know one spot which I have seen in 20 other places."

"Yes, sir; I know," said I. "But it was not merely the physical features of the place that awoke recognition."

"Oblige me by telling me all about it," he said kindly.

"You remember the position to which the four companies advanced as skirmishers?"

"Distinctly. We did very well to get away from it," said the Captain.

"And you remember the order to fall back?"

"Certainly, since I took the initiative."

"Well, I did not hear the order. I suppose that I fired at the very moment, and that the noise of my gun prevented my hearing it. At any rate, a few moments afterward I saw that I was alone, and retreated as skilfully as I knew how. The company was out of sight. I saw some signs of water, and soon found a branch, at a place which impressed me so strongly that for a moment I forgot even that the battle was going on. I am almost certain that I had quenched my thirst at that spot once before. Besides, there was an extraordinary"——

"Jones," interrupted the Captain, "you may have been in the first battle of Manassas. Why not? But if you saw the place in last year's battle, you came upon it from the east or the south. The positions of the armies the other day were almost opposite their positions last year. In '61 the Federals had almost our position of last Friday. It will be well to find out what South Carolina troops were in the first battle. By the way, Gen. Bee, who was killed there, was from South Carolina; I will ask Aleck to tell us what regiments were in Bee's Brigade."

"Captain," said I, "when I saw that spot I felt as though I had been there in some former life."

"Yes? I have had such feelings. More than once I have had a thought or have seen a face or a landscape that impressed me with such an idea."

"Do you believe in a succession of lives?"

"I cannot say that I do," he replied; "but your question surprises me, sir. May I ask if you remember reading of such subjects?"

"No, I do not, Captain; but I know that the thought must have once been familiar to me."

"I dare say you have read some romance," said he, "or, there is no telling, you may have known someone who believed the doctrine; you may have believed it yourself. And I doubt that mere reading would have influenced your mind to attach itself so strongly to thoughtful subjects. I find you greatly interested in philosophy. I think it quite probable, sir, without flattery, that at college your professor had an apt student."

"But you do not believe the doctrine?"

"I believe in Christ and His holy apostles, sir; I believe that we live after death."

"And that I shall be I again and again?"

"Pardon me for not following you entirely. I believe that you will be you again; but my opinion is not fixed as to more than one death."

"Do you believe that when you live again you will remember your former experience?"

"I lean to that belief, sir; yet I consider it unimportant; I might go so far as to say that it makes no difference."

"But how can I be I if I do not remember? What will connect the past me with the present me? I have a strange, elusive thought there, Captain. It sometimes seems to me that I am two—one before, and another now—and that really I have lived this present time, or these present times, in two bodies and with two minds."

"Allow me to ask if it is not possible that your strange thought as to your imagined doubleness is caused by your believing that memory is necessary to identity?"

"And that is error?" I asked.

"You say truly, sir; it is error. Your own experience disproves it. If memory is necessary, you have lost your personality; but you have a personality—permit me to say a strong one—and whose have you taken?"

"I do remember some things," said I.

"Then do you not agree with me that your very memory is proof that you are not double? But, if you please, take the case of anyone. Everyone has been an infant, yet he cannot remember what happened when he was in swaddling clothes, though he is the same person now that he was then, which proves that although a person loses his memory, he does not on that account, sir, lose his identity."

"Then what is the test of identity, Captain?"

"It needs none, sir; consciousness of self is involuntary."

"I have consciousness of self; yet I do not know who I am, except that I am I."

"Every man night say the same words, sir," said he, smiling.

"And I am distinct? independent?"

"Jones, my dear fellow, there are many intelligent people in the world who, I dare say, would think us demented if they should know that we are seriously considering such a question."

This did not seem very much of an answer to my mind, which in some inscrutible way seemed to be at this moment groping among fragments of thoughts that had come unbidden from the forgotten past. I felt helpless in the presence of the Captain; I could not presume to press his good-nature. Perhaps he saw my thought, for he added: "A man is distinct from other men, but not from himself. He constantly changes, and constantly remains the same."

"That is hard to understand, Captain."

"Everything, sir, is hard to understand, because everything means every other thing. If we could fully comprehend one thing, even the least—if there be a least—we should necessarily comprehend all things," said the Captain.

Then he talked at large of the relations that bind everything—and of matter, force, spirit, which he called a trinity.

"Then matter is of the same nature with God?" I asked; "and God has the properties of matter?"

"By no means, sir. God has none of the properties of matter. Even our minds, sir, which are more nearly like unto God than is anything else we conceive, have no properties like matter. Yet are we bound to matter, and our thoughts are limited."

"How can the mind contemplate God at all?"

"By pure reason only, sir. The imagination betrays. We try to image force, because we think that we succeed in imaging matter. We try to image spirit. I suppose that most people have a notion as to how God looks. Anything that has not extension is as nothing to our imagination. Yet we know that our minds are real, though we cannot attribute extension to mind. Divisibility is of matter; if the infinite mind has parts, then infinity is divisible—which is a contradiction."

"Then God has no properties?"

"Not in the sense that matter has, sir. If God has one of them, He has all of them. If we attribute extension to Him, we must attribute elasticity also, and all of them. But try to think of an elastic universal."

"Captain, you said a while ago that everything is matter, force and spirit. Do you place force as something intermediate between God and matter?"

"Certainly, sir; force is above matter, and mind is above force."

"I have heard that force is similar to matter in that nothing of it is lost," said I.

"When and where did you hear that?" asked the Captain, looking at me fixedly, almost sternly.

The question almost brought me to my feet. When and where had I heard it? My attention had been so fastened on the Captain's philosophy that it now seemed to me that I had become unguarded, and that from outside of me a thought had been sent into my mind by some unknown power; I could not know whence the thought had come. I had suddenly felt that I had heard the theory in question. I knew that, the moment before, I could not have said what I did. But I had spoken naturally, and without feeling that I was undergoing an experience. I stared back at Capt. Haskell. Then I became aware of the fact that at the moment when I had spoken I had known consciously when it was and where it was that I had heard the theory, and I felt almost sure that if I had spoken differently, if I had only said, "From Mr. Such-a-one, or at such a place or time, I had heard the theory," I should now have a clew to something. But the flash had vanished.

"It is lost," I said.

"I am sorry," said he.

"It is like the J. B. on the broken gun," said I.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I did not finish telling you of my experience at that spot where I got water last Friday. Right in that spot was a broken gun with J. B. on the stock."

"Are you sure, Jones?"

"I picked up both pieces of the gun and looked at them closely."

"Perhaps your seeing J. B. on the gun gave rise to your other reflections."

"Not at all; the gun came last, not first."

"What you are telling me is very remarkable," said the Captain; "you almost make me believe that you are right in saying that your name is Jones Berwick. However, J. B. is no uncommon combination of initials. Suppose Lieut. Barnwell had found the gun."

"If he had found J. G. B. on it, he would have wondered," said I.

"True; but do you know that J. G. B. is many times more difficult than J. B.?"

"No, Captain; I hardly think so; these are the days of three initials."

"Yes, you are right in that," he said.

"And I know I am right about my name," said I.

"Still, the whole affair may be a compound of coincidences. We have three—or did have three—other men in the company whose initials were J. B.—Bail, Box and Butler. Of course, you could not recognize your own work in the lettering?"

"No, sir; anybody might have cut those letters, just as anybody might imitate print. And I think, Captain, that there is not another J. B. in Lee's army who would have supposed for an instant that he had any connection with that gun."

"Suppose, then, that I call you Berwick hereafter?"

"No, I thank you, Captain. I'd rather be to you Jones than Berwick. Besides, if you should change now, it would cause remark."

"I think I shall ask my brother Aleck to find out what South Carolina regiments were in the first battle of Manassas," said he. "You may go with me to see him tonight if you will."

* * * * *

That night Capt. A. C. Haskell, the Assistant Adjutant-General, was able to inform me that Bee's Brigade had not been composed of troops from South Carolina, although Gen. Bee himself was from that State. After hearing my description of the place which I thought I had revisited, he expressed the opinion that no Confederate troops at all had reached the spot in the battle of '61. The place, he said, was more than a mile from the position of the Confederate army in the battle; still, he admitted, many scattered Federals retreated over the ground which interested me so greatly, and it was possible that some Confederates had been over it to seek plunder or for other purposes; but as for pursuit, there had been none. I asked if it could have been possible for me to be a prisoner on that day and to be led away to the rear of the Federals. "If so," he replied, "you would not have been allowed to keep or to break your gun. Moreover, the whole army lost in missing too few men to base such a theory on; the loss was just a baker's dozen in both Beauregard's and Johnston's forces. For my part, I think it more likely that, if you were there at all, you were there as a scout, or as a videt. Gen. Evans—Old Shanks, the boys call him—began the battle with the 4th S. C. He was at Stone Bridge, and found out before 9 o'clock that McDowell had turned our left and was marching down from Sudley. You might have been sent out to watch the enemy; yet I am confident that Evans would have used his cavalry for that purpose, for he had a company of cavalry in his command. A more plausible guess might be that you were foraging that morning and got cut off. I will look up the 4th S. C. for you, and try to learn something. Yet the whole thing is very vague, and I should not advise you to hope for anything from it. I am now convinced that you did not originally belong to this brigade. You would have been recognized long ago. By the way, I have had a thought in connection with your case. You ought to write to the hotel in Aiken and find out who you are."

"I wonder why I never thought of that!" I exclaimed. "I suppose that a letter addressed to the manager would answer."

"Certainly."

"But"—I began.

"But what?"

"If I write, what can I say? Can I sign a letter asking an unknown man to tell me who I am?"

"Write it and sign it Berwick Jones," said Capt. Haskell, who by this speech seemed to give full belief that my name was reversed on the roll of his company.

As we walked back to our bivouac that night I asked the Captain whether, in the improbable event of our finding that I had belonged to the 4th, I could not still serve Co. H. He was pleased, evidently, by this question, and said that he should certainly try to hold me if I wished to remain with him, and should hope to be able to do so, as transfers were frequently granted, and as an application from me would come with peculiar force when the circumstances should be made known at headquarters. Of course, there would be no difficulty unless the application should be disapproved by my company commander, that is, the commander of my original company.

* * * * *

I wrote a letter, addressed "Manager of Hotel, Aiken, S. C.," inquiring if a man named Jones Berwick had been a guest at his house about Oct. 17, 1859, and if so, whether it was possible to learn from the hotel register, or from any other known source, the home of said Berwick.

To anticipate, it may be said here that no answer ever came.

(To be continued.)

Commander G. W. Shanafelt, of E. D. Duncan Post, 253, Colfax, Iowa, is among the very young Post Commanders. He was born Nov. 24, 1849, and served in Co. E, 1st Mich. Cav.

*The attack at sunset described by Mr. Berwick was made by Grover's Brigade, of Hooker's Division, and succeeded in driving back Gregg's worn-out men, who were at once relieved by Early's Brigade of Ewell's Division.—Ed.

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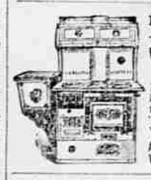

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