A FORGOTTEN ANTE-BELLUM CELEBRITY.

Peter Cartwright, the Belligerent Frontier Preacher, and His Remarkable Career.

By CAPT. HENRY A. CASTLE, Auditor for the Post Office Department.

In the last issue we brought the narrative of characteristic incidents in the career of Peter Cartwright, the famous Western Methodist preacher, down to the period just preceding his removal from Kentucky to Illinois. He was then 37 years old, and had been a regular itinerant "circuit rider," or missionary, for nearly 20 years. Much of our information is compiled from his autobiography, published in 1856, and now very rarely found, even in the largest libraries.

A BLOODLESS DUEL.

Cartwright gives a stirring account of an episode at a camp-meeting near Russellville, Ky., in 1812. It was an immense gathering, and among those in attendance were a party of "youngsters who called themselves gentlemen," some from the country and some from Russellville. These fellows would occupy the seats prepared for the ladies. The preacher announced from the stand that the men and women were to sit apart, and requested every gentleman to remove to the seats on the left, prepared for them.

There were some 20 who did not move. Said Cartwright: "We request every gentleman to retire from the ladies' seats, that I may see how many country clowns and town fops there are, for these will not move!" All then left but five, and he began to count them; they then left in a hurry, but were very angry.

Among them was a young lawyer, the son of Maj. L. He was very angry, and told his father, who happened not to be present. His father and Cartwright dined together that day at a friend's house. The Major brought up the subject, and said the preacher was wrong; that many young men did not know any better ;and that it was unkind to thus expose his son.

Said Cartwright: "Major, do you not believe if a company of Shawnee Indians were to come into one of our religious assemblies, and see all the women seated on one side and most of the men on the other side, they would have sense and manners enough to take their seats on the men's side?"

He answered abruptly: "No, I don't believe they would."

"Well, it is my opinion they would, and they have more manners than many of the pretended young gentlemen of the day."

The Major flew into a violent passion, and said if it were not for the presence of ladies, he would chastise Cartwright, who says: "I told him if he thought to abuse and frighten me from doing my duty in keeping order in the congregation, he was very much mistaken, and I would thank him to mind his own business, and I would most assuredly attend to mine." Here the subject dropped, and the preacher returned to the camp-ground. Presently the Major sent for him to talk the matter over. He told the messenger that he would not go, for the Major was very irritable, and only wanted to renew his insult and abuse, which he was not of a mind to endure. He did not go, but the mutual friend, returned, and said that the Major pledged his word and honor that he would not indulge in abuse, but only wanted to talk the matter over in a friendly way.

"I then consented, and went to him with Brother Cash, and we had passed but a few words when he commenced a tirade of abuse. Brother Cash tried to check him, but he would not be stopped. I then told him that he had forfeited his word and therefore was beneath my notice. He flew into a desperate rage, and said if he thought I would fight him a duel, he would challenge me.

"Major," said I, very calmly, "if you challenge me I will accept it."

"Well, sir," said he, "I do dare you to mortal combat."

"Very well, I'll fight you; and, sir, according to the laws of honor, I suppose it is my right to choose the weapons with which we are to fight?"

"Certainly, it is."

"Well," said I, "then we will step over here into this lot, and get a couple of cornstalks; I think I can finish you with one."

"But, O, what a rage he got into. He clenched his fists and looked vengeance. Said he: 'If I thought I could whip you, I would smite you in a minute.'

"'Yes, yes, Major,' said I; 'but, thank God, you can't whip me; but don't you attempt to strike me; for if you do, and the devil gets out of you into me, I shall give you the worst whipping you ever got in all your life,' and then walked off and left him."

Thus the stalwart preacher was delivered from the temptation to administer personal castigation, while covering his antagonist with ridicule by bringing the duel challenge to an absurd finish. That was indeed a bellicose day, when no man could rise to eminence and influence in any sphere, who could not justify his primacy by his muscularity. Few envy the multi-millionaire of to-day, with his smokeless cigars, his eatless dinners and his sleepless slumbers, yet all want to be multi-millionaires. That class was non-existent in the times of which we write, but strong arms, a stout heart and a good digestion were imperative perquisites to success.

A PRAISEWORTHY RECONCILIATION.

At this same camp-meeting a pleasant incident occurred, which Cartwright portrays as follows:

"There were two young men in this settlement of wealthy and respectable parentage, who were distantly related. They were both paying attention to a very wealthy young lady. Some jealousy about rivalship sprung up between them; they were mutually jealous of each other, and it spread like an eating cancer. They quarreled, and finally fought; both armed themselves, and each bound himself in a solemn oath to kill the other. Thus sworn, and armed with pistols and dirks, they attended camp-meeting. I was acquainted with them, and apprised of the circumstances of this disagreeable affair. On Sunday, when I was addressing a large congregation, and was trying to enforce the terrors of the violated law of God, a visible power more than human rested on the congregation. Many fell under the preaching of the word. In closing my discourse I called for mourners to come into the altar. Both these young men were in the congregation, and the Holy Spirit had convicted each of them; their murderous hearts quailed under the mighty power of God, and with dreadful feelings they made for the altar. One entered on the right, and the other on the left. Each was entirely ignorant of the other's presence.

"I went deliberately to both of them, and took their deadly weapons from their bosoms, and carried them into the preachers' tent, and then returned and labored faithfully with them and others, for the altar was full, nearly all the afternoon and night. These young men had a sore struggle; but the great deep of their hearts was broken up, and they cried for mercy, and while I was kneeling by the side of one of them, just before the break of day, the Lord spoke peace to his wounded soul. He rose in triumph, and gave some thrilling shouts. I hastened to the other young man, at the other side of the altar, and in less than 15 minutes God powerfully blessed his soul, and he rose and shouted victory. As these young men faced about they saw each other, and, starting simultaneously, met about midway, and instantly clasped each other in their arms.

"A glad shout went up to heaven from these young men, and almost the whole assembly present. There were many more converted that night, and, indeed, it was a night long to be remembered for the clear conversion of souls. One of these young men made an able itinerant preacher. He traveled a few years, had a brilliant career, and spread the holy fire wherever he went. He then fell sick, lingered a little while, and died triumphantly.

"There was a remarkable instance of the power of religion manifested in the change of these two young men. A few hours before they were sworn enemies, thirsting for each other's blood; but now all those murderous feelings were removed from them, and, behold! their hearts were filled with love. Old things were done away, and all things became new."

REMOVAL FROM KENTUCKY TO ILLINOIS.

In 1823, because of the baneful influences of slavery, Cartwright determined to leave Kentucky, assigning as his reasons therefor: "I would get entirely clear of the evil of slavery; could raise my children where work was not considered a degradation, and could better my temporal circumstances, and procure land for my children as they grew up, and could carry the Gospel to needy, destitute souls, deprived of the means of grace."

His wife, a native of Kentucky, to whom he had then been married for 16 years, and to whom he submitted all his plans, was in entire accord with his suggestions to change their habitation. So, in the Spring of 1823, with his brother-in-law, Mr. Gaines, and Rev. Charles Holliday, he set out on horseback to "explore Illinois," with the result of fixing on Sangamon County as his future home, to which locality he moved in the Fall of 1824. There he lived for more than a generation and a half, identified with the interests and history of his imperial State, an important factor in its growth and civilization. At that time Sangamon was the northernmost organized County in Illinois. All north of it was an Indian country, and though not occupied by hostile tribes, in the sense of those infesting Kentucky, they were degraded and shiftless, having adopted "civilization" only to the extent of accepting the "firewater" of their palefaced brethren. He immediately took work in the Conference, was assigned to a circuit, sparsely populated, and not unlike those he had known in his Southern experience.

"IF YOU DON'T ACKNOWLEDGE YOURSELF A LIAR, I WILL SWEEP THE STREETS WITH YOU!"

Reverting to the slavery question, the inducing cause of his removal from the South, and quoting from his "Autobiography," he says: "I will not attempt to enumerate the moral evils that have been produced by slavery; their name is legion. And now, notwithstanding these are my honest views of slavery, I have never seen a rabid abolitionist or free-soil society that I could join, because they resort to unjustifiable legislation, and the means they employ are generally unchristian."

His abhorrence of slavery was only equaled by his detestation of anti-slavery agitation and "underground railroads." It is not difficult to see how his views at that period should have proven unsatisfactory to both sides of this controversy. By some in the North he was considered in sympathy with the pro-slavery element, while by others in the South he was regarded as a confederate of the abolitionists. His views, in 1824, in effect simply anticipated the position of the Republican party at the time of its organization in 1856—"non-interference with slavery where it exists, and its restriction from free territory"—he believing, as did the fathers, its peaceable extinction would ultimately be accomplished. But, strange to say, he was always a pronounced and aggressive Democrat in politics. The conclusion of his memoirs, published a few years before the opening of the great civil war, records a pathetic testimony of his fears for the safety of the Union, destined, he foresaw, to be wrecked by the joint wrong-headedness of the abolitionist and the slaveholders. But he lived until 1872, witnessed the destruction of slavery, the triumph of the Union—and died a Democrat.

A SUCCESSFUL TAMING OF A SHREW.

After Cartwright assumed his work in Illinois, he frequently met adventures similar to those which illuminated his travels in the slave States. He narrates one episode, however, in which his antagonist was of the sex supposed to be the gentler one. Within the bounds of his district lived a local preacher, who was a small, good-natured, pleasant man. He was believed to be also a very pious man and a useful preacher. His wife was directly the reverse of almost everything that was amiable in temper and correct in language. She was overbearing, quarrelsome, and a violent opposer of religion. She would not mend her husband's clothes when he wanted to preach, and was unwilling that he should ask a blessing at the table, or pray in the family. And when he would attempt to pray, she would make all the noise and disturbance in her power. She would turn the chairs over while he was reading, singing or praying, and if she could not stop him any other way, she would catch the cat and throw it in his face. The poor husband was tormented almost to desperation. He had invited several preachers home with him to talk to her, and see if they could not moderate her; but all to no purpose; she would curse them to their face, and rage like a demon. He had insisted on Cartwright going home with him several times, but the invincible Peter frankly confessed that he was afraid to trust himself. He pitied the husband, and so did everybody else acquainted with his situation, but disliked to mingle in the family row. At length, however, he yielded to the importunities, and went home with the forlorn little man one evening, intending to stay all night.

We will let the unwelcome visitor tell, in his own way, what followed: "As soon as I arrived I saw that she was mad, and the devil was in her as large as an alligator: and I fixed my purpose, and determined on my course. After supper he said to her very kindly: 'Come, wife, stop your little affairs, and let us have prayer.' That moment she boiled over, and said: 'I will have none of your praying about me!' I spoke to her mildly, and expostulated with her, and tried to reason; but the further I went, the more wrathful she became, and she cursed me most bitterly. I then put on a stern countenance, and said to her: 'Madam, if you were a wife of mine, I would break you of your bad ways, or I would break your neck.'

"'The devil you would!' said she. 'Yes, you are a pretty Christian, ain't you?' And such a volley of curses as she poured on me was almost beyond human endurance.

"'Be still,' said I, 'we must and will have prayer.' But she declared we should not.

"'Now,' said I to her, 'if you do not be still, and behave yourself, I'll put you out of doors.' At this she clenched her fist, and swore she was one-half alligator, and the other half snapping turtle, and that it would take a better man than I was to put her out. It was a small cabin, and we were not far from the door, which was then standing open. I caught her by the arm, and swinging her round in a circle, brought her right up to the door, and shoved her out. She jumped up, tore her hair, foamed, and such swearing as she uttered was seldom equaled and never surpassed. The door was very strongly made, to keep out hostile Indians; I shut it tight, barred it, and went to prayer, and I prayed as best I could, but I have no language at my command to describe my feelings; at the same time, I was determined to conquer, or die in the attempt. While she was raging and foaming in the yard and around the cabin, I started a spiritual song, and sang aloud, to drown her voice as much as possible. The five or six little children ran and squatted about and crawled under the beds. Poor things, they were scared almost to death.

"I sang on, and she roared and thundered outside, till she became perfectly exhausted, and panted for breath. At length, when she had spent her force, she became calm and still, and then knocked at the door saying: 'Mr. Cartwright, please let me in.'

"'Will you behave yourself if I let you in?' said I.

"'O, yes,' said she, 'I will.' Throwing myself on my guard, and perfectly self-possessed, I opened the door, took her by the hand, led her in, and seated her near the fireplace. She had roared and foamed till she was in a high perspiration, and looked pale as death. After she took her seat, 'O!' said she, 'what a fool I am!'

"'Yes,' said I, 'about one of the biggest fools I ever saw in all my life. And now,' said I, 'you have to repent for all this, or you must go to the devil at last.' She was silent. Said I, 'Children, come out here; your mother won't hurt you now'; and turning to her husband, I said, 'Brother C., let us pray again.' We kneeled down, and both prayed. She was as quiet as a lamb.

"And now, gentle reader, although this was one of the hardest cases I ever saw on this earth, I must record it to the glory of Divine grace, I lived to see, in less than six months after this frolic with the devil, this woman soundly converted to God, and if there was ever a changed mortal for the better, it was this said woman. Her children, as they grew up, all, I believe, obtained religion, and the family became a religious, happy family, and she was as bold in the cause of God as she had been in the cause of the wicked one."

It will doubtless strike the reader as somewhat peculiar that Cartwright not only comes out victorious in every contest, but that as a rule all his antagonists are more or less "soundly converted" before he gets through with them. Well—it was the sole mission of this phenomenally successful, muscular Methodist, to convert sinners, but it is also possible that he realized the necessity of confining his narrations to cases where his victory was in every respect satisfactory and comfortable, lest his volume be swollen to undue proportions and its vividness of portrayal correspondingly diminished.

DOING GOOD UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

In 1828, Cartwright with two or three ministerial brethren embarked on a steamboat at St. Louis for a long trip via the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers to Pittsburg, to attend the General Conference of his denomination. Steamboats were a new thing, it was their first trip, and they were greatly scandalized by the drinking, gambling and profanity prevalent on board. How these were reduced he thus describes:

"Our boat was old and crazy, and we made but little speed; consequently, we were detained on the river over Sunday. Early on Sabbath morning the passengers formed themselves into a committee of the whole, and appointed a special committee to wait on me, and invite me to preach to them that day on the boat. Lieut. Barker, one of the Regular Army officers on board, was the committee. He came to me and presented the request. I said:

"'Lieutenant, I never traveled on a steamboat before, and it will be a very awkward affair for me to preach on the boat; besides, I don't know that the Captain would like such an arrangement; the passengers will drink, and perhaps gamble, and be disorderly; every man on a steamboat is a free man, and will do pretty much as he pleases; they will not like to be reproved.'

"Said the Lieutenant: 'I have consulted the Captain of the boat, and he is willing, and pledges himself to keep good order. And now, sir,' said he, 'we have annoyed you and your fellow-clergymen all the week, and I pledge you my word all shall be orderly, and you shall enjoy your religious privileges on Sunday undisturbed, and you must preach to us. We need it, and the company will not be satisfied if you don't comply.'

"I gave my consent, and we fixed on the following times for three sermons: One immediately after breakfast, one after dinner, and one after supper. I led the way, taking the morning hour. The cabin was seated in good order, the deck passengers were invited down. We had a very orderly, well-behaved congregation. Brother Dew preached in the afternoon, and Brother Thompson at night, and I rarely ever spent a more orderly Sabbath anywhere within the walls of a church. From this out we had no more drunkenness, profane swearing, or card-playing. What good was done, if any, the Judgment Day will alone declare."

PETER CARTWRIGHT AS A POLITICIAN.

There is no record that Cartwright took any prominent or even active part in politics during his residence in Kentucky, but in Illinois he soon became interested in public affairs, and was many times a candidate for office, usually with success. In 1828, 1829, 1832 and 1833 he represented Sangamon County in the Legislature, maintaining, each time, and on one or two occasions when he was defeated, a vigorous canvass for the election. The Representatives were elected on a general ticket for the County, and the preacher-aspirant usually stood fairly well up near the head of the poll. In 1832 there were 11 names on the ticket, four of whom were to be elected. Cartwright was fourth on the list, he receiving 815 votes, while Abraham Lincoln (this being his first run for political office) was one of the defeated, being eighth on the list, with 657 votes.

The lives of Lincoln and Cartwright touched at many points, though the latter was much the older man—he was 24 years old when Lincoln was born, and he lived seven years after Lincoln was slain. It was within the sphere of Cartwright's ministerial labors in Kentucky that his colleague, Jesse Head, performed the marriage ceremony between Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, the humble parents of immortal Abraham.

Abraham Lincoln and Peter Cartwright lived for 30 years or more only a few miles apart, in the same Illinois County. They encountered each other in many early political contests; they were pitted against each other for Congress in 1846, when Lincoln, the Whig candidate, was elected, receiving 6,340 votes and Cartwright, the Democratic candidate, was defeated, receiving 4,827 votes.

It is a curious fact that the autobiography, published two or three years before the debate with Douglas, and only five years before Lincoln's election to the Presidency, does not even mention that illustrious name. At the time of writing that book, Cartwright was unquestionably more generally known and frequently spoken of throughout the country than Lincoln. Neither the writer of the Memoirs nor any man living could then foresee that within the lifetime of thousands who knew both intimately, the fame of Cartwright would have practically perished, while that of Lincoln would glow with an augmenting luster—deathless as the stars.

A CHARACTERISTIC POLITICAL EPISODE.

In his experience as a candidate, Cartwright met with some adventures almost parallel to those he was accustomed to as a traveling preacher. He narrates, as follows, one of these, avowedly as an instance of what an honest man has to bear, if he mixes in "the muddy waters of political strife"; also of what powerful temptations are thrown in his way to do wrong, and thereby wound his tender conscience, if he has any:

"There was a man, whom I never knowingly saw, and he did not know me by sight, as I clearly proved. At a large gathering in Springfield, he stated that he had lived in my neighborhood in Kentucky, and that he saw and heard me offer to swear off a plain note of my indebtedness; and this statement was gaining and spreading like wildfire. Those opposed to my election were chuckling over it at a mighty rate; some of my friends came to me and told me of it, and said I must meet it and stop it, or it would defeat my election. Said I:

"'Gentlemen, if you will take me to and show me this man, I will give you clear demonstration that his statements are false.'

"So a crowd gathered around me, and I walked up to the public square, where this man was defaming me. I said to the company: 'Take me right up to the man, and I will show you that he never saw me, and never knew me.' They did so; and when we came to him, one said to me, 'This is Mr. G.'

"Looking him in the eye, said I: 'Well, sir, I want to know something about this lying report you have been circulating about me.' There was a large crowd gathered around.

"'Who are you, sir?' said he. 'I don't know you.'

"'Did you ever see me before?'

"'No, sir, not that I know of.'

"'Well, sir, my name is Peter Cartwright, about whom you have circulated the lying statement that I, in your presence, in Kentucky, offered to swear off a plain note of my indebtedness; and I have proved to this large and respectable company that you are a lying dirty scoundrel; and now, if you do not here acknowledge yourself a liar and a dirty fellow, I will sweep the streets with you to your heart's content; and do it instantly, or I will give you a chastisement that you will remember to your latest day.'

"The crowd shouted, 'Down him! down him! Cartwright; he ought to catch it.'

"'Well, gentlemen, I acknowledge that I have done Mr. Cartwright great injustice, and have, without any just cause, lied on him.' At this, the crowd gave three cheers for Cartwright.

"Now, you see, gentle reader, the muddy waters that a candidate for office in our free country has to wade through; and well may we pray, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.'"

LABORS AND DANGERS OF THE ITINERACY.

Aside from his conflicts with rude men, spiteful women, disreputable politicians and other human foes, Cartwright was obliged to wage a constant warfare with nature and the elements in prosecuting his sacred work. In 1829 the district of which he was "Presiding Elder" reached from Springfield to Galena. The northern portion was newly settled, and where it was settled at all, a few scattering cabins, with families in them, were all that could be expected in a vast region. When he came upon one of these tenanted cabins, in his long and lonesome trips, it would be a great treat. He says he felt as truly thankful to take shelter in one of these little shanties for a night's lodging, as he had been under other circumstances, when lodged in a fine house, with all the comforts of life around him. In one of his Northern trips he had a large, uninhabited prairie to cross; about midway 20 miles from any house, he came to a deep and turbid stream; 20 miles beyond was the point he was aiming to reach that day. The stream looked ugly and forbidding. He was mounted on a fine, large horse, and knew him to be an excellent swimmer. He hesitated for a moment; to retrace his steps he could not consent to, and if he advanced, a swim, on the horse, was to be performed, no timber being in sight. He got down, readjusted his saddle, girding it tight, tied his overcoat on behind, put watch and papers in his saddle-bags, and then tied them around his neck, letting the ends rest on his shoulders, and said to his horse: "Now Buck, carry me safe to the other bank." In they went; the horse swam over easily, and rose on the opposite bank safely. He readjusted his affairs, and went on his way rejoicing, being wet only a trifle. Three times that day he swam the horse across swollen streams, and reached the cabin he was aiming for. Here lived a kind Methodist family, who gave him a hearty welcome, set good meat and bread, and a strong cup of coffee before him, and he was much happier than many of the kings of the earth. He arrived safely at his quarterly meeting. All the surrounding settlers had turned out, 27 in number. He says: "We had five conversions; seven joined church; and we were nearly all happy together."

On other similar occasions he did not fare so well. The streams, swollen by rains or melted snows, became too wide and deep to cross. After repeated efforts he would be obliged to lie down unsheltered on their banks, cold, hungry and lonely, and try to sleep through dismal nights that brought only distant and uncertain relief on the discouraging to-morrow.

CARTWRIGHT ON EDUCATION.

Having little or no "schooling" himself, Cartwright was perhaps all the better equipped for dealing with the unschooled frontiersmen with whom his life was spent, and he could not avoid sarcastic references to some of the educated ministers of other denominations who came out from the East and made conspicuous failures in the same field. But he was not a foe to education. The times were peculiar, and made special demands in the "cure of souls." A Methodist preacher in those days, when he felt that he had been "called to preach," instead of going to a college or Biblical institute, hunted up a hardy pony and some traveling apparatus. Then with his library always at hand, namely, Bible, Hymn Book and Discipline, he started, and with a text that never wore out or grew pale, he cried, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world."

In this way he went through storms of wind, hail, snow and rain; climbed hills and mountains, traversed valleys; plunged through swamps; swam deep streams; lay out all night, wet, weary and hungry; held his horse by the bridle all night, or tied him to a limb; slept with his saddle-bags for his pillow, and his old big coat or blanket, if he had any, for a covering. Often he slept in dirty cabins, on earthen floors, before the fire; ate roasting ears for bread, drank buttermilk for coffee, or sage tea for imperial; took with a hearty zest venison, bear meat or wild turkey, for breakfast, dinner and supper, if he could get it. His text was always ready, and his sermons were emphatic. This was old-fashioned Methodist preacher fare and fortune, an equipment very different from that of our present 20th century graduate who goes forth with the love of souls in his heart, a complete set of theological exegetics in his head and a full line of Battle Creek cereals in his stomach.

Although he had no use for theological schools, in training preachers for his kind of work, Cartwright favored education in general and was the ardent friend of academies and colleges. He was often an official visitor to McKendree College, Illinois, the oldest institution of his denomination in the West, and once served as President of its Board of Trustees. He was an educated man—self-educated, like Lincoln and most of the other strong men of that region. But he gave to his own children, and advised for others all the school advantages the better, later days afforded.

SELF-SACRIFICING BUT THRIFTY.

That Cartwright should have left an estate valued at $40,000 will prove a surprising statement when set over against the fact that in but three instances of his long ministerial history was his annual salary, parsimoniously estimated, paid to fullness. In explanation of this apparent paradox we have furnished a side-light on the character of the man showing how effectually, from the beginning of his settled work, he provided against contingencies which might thwart the all-absorbing purpose of his soul. With his qualifications as preacher, evangelist and administrator, his church recognized his added efficiency as a financier. He constantly impressed upon his parishioners the importance and duty of meeting with punctuality the appointed apportionments for the various benevolences of the church, but never pressed his own claims in the matter of salary. He merely took what was given him by those charged with making the collections. His economical habits and the judicious investment of his small savings enabled him to thus make provision for his widow and family.

Cartwright was five feet nine inches in hight, weighing in his prime about 180 pounds. He was muscular and erect, with dark-brown hair, dark-gray eyes, well-poised head and firm-set lips, denoting great resolution.

As a preacher, his latest eulogist, Dr. M. H. Chamberlin, President of McKendree College, claims that he was "logical, forcible and convincing, his audiences being oft-times moved to tumultuous excitement. As a debater he had few equals, and on the floor of the General and Annual Conferences his intellectual strength was conceded by both colleague and competitor."

That Peter Cartwright, aside from the spiritual influences of his long missionary service, performed a most useful work in softening the rudeness of Western frontier life and preparing the way for the wonderfully advanced civilization which immediately succeeded it, no one familiar with the facts will venture to deny.

"TOLERATING" THE FLAG.

Strange Ruling of a Roman Catholic Bishop.

Considerable feeling has been aroused by the following edict issued by Rev. John A. Forest, a Frenchman, who is the Roman Catholic Bishop of San Antonio, Tex:

"San Antonio, Tex., May 13, 1903.

"First—The National flag may be tolerated in the church during the functions or ceremonies which concern the whole Nation or State, and held in the name of the whole Nation or State; viz.: On the occasion of a National triumph, thanksgiving, etc.

"Second—In the case of a funeral of a soldier, the National flag wrapped around the coffin may be tolerated in the church.

"Third—In this case it is also allowed to carry the flag to and from the church, but behind the bier or caisson.

"Fourth—It may be carried within the cemetery.

"Fifth—At a military burial, the custom of firing the "salute" and of sounding the "taps" is allowed.

"Sixth—The ritual of the Catholic Church alone is allowed. If the "Our Father" be said, it must be said by the priest and answered by those present, but no other service is allowed afterwards.

THE NATIONAL FLAG AND SOCIETIES.

"First—The National flag is not allowed in the church at the function of any society, whether funerals or other ceremonies, even in connection with Catholic societies.

"Second—It is not allowed to be wrapped around the coffin of the member of any society. If carried in procession at funerals it must follow the hearse, but not enter the cemetery.

"Third—Only banners and flags that are blessed are admitted into the church.

"JOHN A. FOREST,
"Bishop of San Antonio."

It is believed that this Bishop has not been in the country long enough to understand his Church's attitude on the Flag question, or could never have made this fulmination.

HE NEVER SPOKE AGAIN.

An Old but Good Story of Ventriloquism.

[Philadelphia Times.]

The following story is told of a ventriloquist, now famous, but at the time of this happening so hard up he used to walk between cities where he was to appear. On one of these tours he came to Philadelphia on foot, and on the road he picked up a miserable little dog "because it looked so much like he felt." The story will explain what became of the dog.

The first house he came to was a saloon, and, of course, he wanted a drink. He had no money, but went in anyway to see what he could do. The proprietor, a German, said:

"Well, what will you have?"

He said: "I'll take a little whisky," and then, turning to the dog, he asked:

"What will you have?"

"I'll take a ham sandwich."

The German was so surprised he almost fainted. He looked at the dog a moment, and then asked:

"What did you say?"

"I said a ham sandwich."

Hans thought it wonderful that a dog should be able to talk, and asked who had trained him, how long it had taken, etc., and wound up with:

"How much you take for him?"

"Oh," said Mr. Ventriloquist, "I wouldn't sell him at any price, but I am a little hard up now, and if you will lend me $50 I'll leave him with you till I bring the money."

"All right," said Hans. "I just want him for a little while, so I can show him to some smart people I know around here."

So everything was settled, the money paid, etc., and as the ventriloquist went out he turned and waved his hand to the dog and said:

"Well, good-bye, Jack. I'll come back soon."

"You mean son-of-a-gun, to sell me for $50 after all I've done for you! So help me, Moses, I'll never speak another word as long as I live!"

And he didn't.

Biggest Thing in the World.

The largest living thing on earth is the new-found redwood tree in California, which is about 350 feet high and 156 feet in circumference.

PICKET SHOTS

From Alert Comrades Along the Whole Line.

THINKS COMRADE QUICK SHOULD WRITE A NOVEL.

Isaiah P. Watts, Chaplain, Department of Indiana, Winchester, Ind., writes: "Comrade Reuben D. Quick, in his article that appeared April 30, 1903, says Gen. Polk was killed Aug. 27, 1864. Now, if the comrade would read a little history he would learn that our army was not in front of Pine Mountain at that time, but was far south of Atlanta. The comrade ought to write a novel. Gen. Polk was killed June 14, 1864, and the shot was fired from the 5th Ind. Battery. I was on the skirmish line, about half way between the battery and the top of the mountain, and saw the group of Confederate officers before the shot was fired. When the shell exploded among them they scattered, and that evening I learned that the shell killed Gen. Polk. I made an entry of the fact in my diary at the time, and have it before me now. Maj. Geo. Carter and Capt. J. S. Fisher, of the 84th Ind., both living, were standing near the gun when the shot was fired, and they will corroborate the statements I make. The Fourth Corps was lying north and west of the mountain, and the 5th Ind. Battery was on a hill commanding the summit of Pine Mountain."

INHARMONIOUS STORIES.

B. T. Martin, Co. K, 12th Wis., Ellendale, N. Dak., writes: "I am especially interested in Gen. Raum's story, and in Si and Shorty. The 'boys'' diversity of recollections and view points makes mighty interesting reading — harmlessly amusing. One writer says the 12th Wis. went to Natchez, thence up to Vicksburg; another that the 41st Ill. was the first to enter Vicksburg, and yet another is positive that the 71st N. Y. was the first to enter in. All one can do is to tell what he knows, and let it go at that. July 4, 1863, the 12th Wis. was in Vicksburg at noon, passing in review. I do not know what regiment was in front of us, nor do I know what regiment was in our rear. One comrade is certain that Gen. Polk was killed in August, while I claim to know that he met his fate in June. I was near the battery, and have no recollection of more than one shot being fired."

THREE YOUNG SOLDIERS AND A CENTENARIAN.

Capt. M. M. Murphy, Mt. Vernon, O., writes: "I see that S. S. Martin, born April 26, 1850, claims to be the youngest soldier. I am Commander of Joe Hooker Post, 21, Department of Ohio, and belonging to the Post is E. P. Webster, born Dec. 6, 1849, and enlisted Oct. 15, 1864. Two, John F. Stone and Wm. J. Dennis, were born in July, 1849. The former enlisted Feb. 18, 1864, and the latter May 2, 1864, and again, Feb. 22, 1865. I have one soldier who enlisted July 20, 1861, discharged Sept. 4, 1862, who claims to have been born in Ireland in 1795. I believe I have one of the best Posts in the world, 214 members, its numerical standing in Ohio being 13th or 14th. Many of us take The National Tribune. I have been taking it regularly about 25 years. The long-term men in my Post want a graded service pension act, while the short-term men—fully one-half of the Post—favor the straight $12 service bill."

PETERSBURG EXPRESS.

John F. Horsley, Co. E, 1st Conn. H. A., Sterling, Ill, writes: "The Petersburg Express was a 32-pound Rodman in Battery No. 5, or Fort McGalvy. We had one Rodman and two 32-pound Parrotts, four 8-inch mortars, and, for a time, two 10-pounders of some light battery. The 32-pound Rodman was trained on the city, and at the opening of the siege, it was fired at regular intervals; hence it was called the Petersburg Express. Later the firing on the city was discontinued, as it was thought unnecessary to batter down buildings and kill women and children. We were on the extreme right of the lines, Battery No. 5 being on the bank of Appomattox River. Gooseneck Battery was in our front, and Chesterfield to our right. These two batteries made it interesting, and sometimes hot for us. We had a very good view of the city."

THE CHARGE AT CHICKASAW BLUFFS.

A. J. Jacobs, Co. D, 22d Ky., Breckinridge, Ill., writes: "The division commanded by Gen. Geo. W. Morgan was disastrously defeated at Chickasaw Bluffs. The brigade to which I belonged was composed of the 16th Ohio, 22d Ky., 42d Ohio and 54th Ind. Col. J. F. De Courcey, of the 16th Ohio, commanding the brigade, noting the enemy's formidable position and superior numbers, protested against making the charge, predicting failure. However, he obeyed orders. Many were killed and wounded, myself among the latter. The wounded were sent to various hospitals up the Mississippi River, those of my regiment being sent to Memphis. Upon one occasion I awoke at midnight to find myself in the 'midst of death'—on the one side was a dead comrade and on the other side another was dying. Such is war."

THIS MOTHER'S ELEVEN SONS.

Mrs. Celena Smyth, Spokane, Wash., writes: "Mrs. H. B. Merchant, a widow, who resided at Rockford, Ill., had 11 sons in the army, as follows: G. W. Merchant, Co. C, 74th Ill.; A. L., Co. C, 15th Ill.; Enoch, Co. F, 156th Ill.; D. O., Co. C, 74th Ill.; S. B., Co. G., 44th Ill.; A. J., Co. G, 45th Ill; L. H., Co. G, 45th Ill.; Aaron, Co. G, 15th Wis.; N. M., U. S. Cav.; J. B., teamster, and one other whose name escapes me. One was killed at Atlanta, one at Island No. 10, and one died at home on sick furlough. Two were wounded. Seven are alive, living in the Northwest."

THE CRATER.

Peter P. Miller, Co. F, 51st Pa., Detroit, Mich., writes: "Three regiments, forming three battle lines, stood ready to advance when the mine was exploded, the 51st Pa. being the third line. When the debris had settled, the first two lines went over the works and into the crater, the 51st not moving out of its works. The colored troops then followed, their officers who came under my observation being drunk. I was one of the detail that carried ammunition into the crater. Not more than 6,000 men went into the fight. Grant and Meade were responsible for the blunder.

SIX BROTHERS.

Mrs. Celena Smyth, Spokane, Wash., writes: "Mr. Margaret Bryson, Jordan, Minn., was the mother of six sons, all of whom were in the army. David Bryson, 6th Conn.; Alexander, 15th Mass.; James T., 21st Mass.; Robert S., 4th Mass. Cav.; John, 34th Mass., and Charles T., 62d Mass. Excepting the latter, who served one year in the 62d Mass. and three years in the Regular Army, each of the brothers served three years. David died at Hilton Head, James at Annapolis, Md., John was taken prisoner at New Market, Va., imprisoned at Andersonville, from which time he was an invalid until his death, some years ago. The father of these brothers wanted to enlist, but was rejected."

THE IRON BRIGADE.

D. S. Chapin, Co. D, 22d N. Y., Greenwich, N. Y., writes: "Comrade Kinne, in his contention with Comrade Holbrook, as to the composition of the Iron Brigade, is wrong. I am able to corroborate all that Comrade Holbrook says. I belonged to the First Brigade, First Division, First Corps, and I know that the 2d U. S. S. S. were a part of the First Brigade, and that Gen. Augur was at one time its commander. I wore the red badge in my cap, plainly indicating to what organization I belonged."

LEFT A LEG AT COLD HARBOR.

Isaac L. Secor, Co. D, 28th Mass., Powell, Pa., writes: "I love The National Tribune, because it is the unfailing friend of the 'old boys' who fought to maintain the flag and all its stars. My only brother gave his life in The Wilderness, and I left a leg at Cold Harbor. Are none of the 28th Mass. living? Col. Dick Burns, who commanded The Irish Brigade at Cold Harbor, was a gallant soldier and favorite officer. I wonder what has become of him."

THE SERGEANT'S CALL.

Comrade J. L. Dunlap, 134th Pa., New Brighton, Pa., in an admirable article on the service pension, which we regret to say we cannot find space for entire, urges the comrades to obey the Orderly-Sergeant's call to fall in and form ranks for the $12 per month service pension. Forty years ago they fell in instantly when the Orderly-Sergeant spoke. Now let them do it again and everyone answer to his name. We can only succeed by unity of effort, and the thing to unite upon is the straight service pension.

NO SNOW AT STONE RIVER.

C. Zoll, First Sergeant, Co. B, 84th Ill., Vermont, Ill., writes: "Comrade Scott, 18th Ohio, writing of the battle of Stone River, is mainly correct, but he is 'off' as to the weather. I was on the left, confronting Breckinridge, my brigade, commanded by Col. Grose, being composed of the 6th and 24th Ohio, 23d Ky., 36th Ind. and 84th Ill. Positively, no snow fell from the time we left Nashville until after the battle. On the 31st my company lost 23 men, killed and wounded."

NICE WEATHER AT STONE RIVER.

J. T. Crook, Co. D, 49th Ohio, Toledo, O., writes: "I cannot imagine where Comrade Scott got his snowy weather at Stone River, unless, indeed, he mistook cotton balls for snowflakes. The weather was all right. My regiment, on the extreme right, was attacked at daybreak, Dec. 31, and driven back by an overwhelming force. We were not demoralized."

PENSION OFFICE DELAYS.

A. A. Benjamin, Sergeant, 29th Ohio, Greenville, Pa., points out that Capt. Carlin, 1st Ohio Battery, a man who had record enough to make three or four books, and as good a soldier as ever lived, applied for a pension, but was kept off for years, until he died, and then was allowed $50 per month, with his certificate coming in time to be laid on his coffin.

FIVE BROTHERS IN ONE COMPANY.

James Littleton, Co. E, 22d Ky., Fultz, Ky., writes: "Myself and four brothers served in Co. E, 22d Ky. William Littleton died at Louisville, 1862; John, at Cairo, 1863; George, at New Orleans, 1864, and Andrew, at home, 1902."

SIMONSON'S BATTERY DID IT.

Joseph Ford, Third Sergeant, Co. A, 93d Ohio, Holt, Mo., writes: "Gen. Polk was killed June 14, 1864. Simonson's 5th Ind. Battery fired the shot, Gen. Sherman being present."

SCATTERING.

Reuben D. Quick, 86 Benkard avenue, Newburgh, N. Y., inquires what regiment was known as the "Lost Children." Will some comrade kindly give him the State and number?

Frederick M. Laycraft, Highland Station, Kan., writes: "I was a member of the 124th Ill., Third Brigade, Third Division, Seventeenth Corps. The Third Brigade was composed of the 55th Ill., 31st Ill., 20th Ill., 23d Ind. and the 124th Ill. Comrade J. P. Jones, First Lieutenant Co. F, 45th Ill., is right in his statement that our brigade was the first to enter Vicksburg. Comrade Wellman is mistaken in his claims. Now, I want to say to the members of the 124th Ill., that they have not done their share of the writing for the columns of The National Tribune. Our record contains nothing of which we should be ashamed. Let us hear from some of the 124th Ill. boys."

Thos. J. Morrow, Co. I, 1st Ala. Cav., Trade, Ala., would like to hear from the Alabama boys, through the columns of The National Tribune.

L. W. Miller, Co. M, 1st Cal. Cav., Cuero, Texas, says that he will be at the G. A. R. Encampment in San Francisco in August, and will be pleased to meet every member of Co. M, 1st Cal. Cav.

Replying to an inquiry of Levy M. Poor, Co. D, 19th Me., Augusta, Me., regarding the history of Andersonville, Comrade H. B. Van Velsor, 4211 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., says that he has a book written by Warren Lee Goss, which he thinks is probably the work referred to by Comrade Poor, although the Maine comrade stated that the author was William Lee Goss.

D. V. Manchester, Tribeshill, N. Y., requests that some comrade send him the poem, "When the Angel Calls the Roll."

Comrade Henry N. Hand, Co. F, 83d Ind., and Co. E, 48th Ind., inquires whether any comrade remembers the railroad wreck near the Capitol Grounds June 1, 1865. The 48th Ind. was just leaving the city when a misplaced switch threw the train from the track, killing two or three members of the regiment.

A Historic War Picture.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: On June 11, 1865, the monument at the Henry House was dedicated "In memory of the patriots who fell July 21, 1861."

Directly after the imposing consecration a photograph of some of the distinguished participants was taken by Gardner. It has recently been reproduced and enlarged by a Chicago artist at the expense of Mr. H. A. Pearsons, a banker of that city, who was at the time one of the officers in charge of the ceremonies. This picture is destined ultimately to be placed in the Henry House for the use of visitors to that interesting locality. It will, however, be left for a few months at the office of The National Tribune for the purpose of identifying the characters represented.

There are 18 persons in the picture, standing directly in front of the monument. Those who are positively identified are: Lieut. McCallum, 16th Mass. Battery, the architect of the monument; Quartermaster-General Meigs, Maj.-Gen. Heintzelman, Maj.-Gen. Wilcox, Congressman Farnsworth, of Illinois; Brig.-Gen. Wm. Wells, Brig.-Gen. Wm. Gamble, Capt. C. G. Wickersham, Capt. F. C. Brown, Lieut. H. A. Pearsons, Lieut. Chas. F. Moore, Signal Officer A. N. Seip; Col. Gallup, of the 5th Pa. Art., and Chaplain McMurdy.

The following names have been suggested for the remaining figures: Maj.-Gen. Augur, Col. Taylor, Augur's Chief of Staff; Maj.-Gen. Wright, Brig.-Gen. Hall, Brig.-Gen. Benham, Surgeon A. Hand; Chaplain Spencer, of 8th Ill.; Judge Olin, of District of Columbia Supreme Court; Capt. Scott, of 16th Mass. Battery; Capt. H. C. Lawrence, Maj. L. C. Brackett, and Capt. Richards and Surgeon O'Connel, of Wilcox's staff.

Will any of your readers who were acquainted with the persons named who come to Washington call at The National Tribune Office and assist in positive identification?—GEORGE C. ROUND, Manassas, Va.

The 7th Ohio Memorial Association.

The 7th Ohio was one of the best regiments in the Union army and one of the 300 fighting regiments, having lost 184 killed in battle out of a total enrollment of 1,365, or 13.4 per cent. It belonged to Geary's famous Red Star Division of the Twelfth Corps, and was distinctly a Cleveland institution, most of its members being from that city. The sons of the former members have organized themselves into the 7th Ohio Memorial Association, and adopted a constitution, which declares the purpose is for keeping alive the spirit which animated their fathers and to preserve the name of the 7th Ohio and to care for and cherish its relics. The membership is divided into three classes—active, associate and honorary. The active members are limited to male descendants of members of the 7th Ohio, who shall be 19 years old. They are entitled to a voice and vote at all meetings. The associate members are all the survivors of the old regiment, who are not entitled to a vote, but possess all other privileges, without having any financial obligations. Honorary members can be elected by a three-fourths vote of those present, and shall consist of men who are deemed worthy of that privilege. The Association has been in existence about three months now, and has very bright prospects. It is desired that all former members of the regiment and their sons should take an earnest interest in the organization. The President is F. Bohn, and G. O. Claflin is Secretary, both of Cleveland, O.