"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."


# The National Tribune.

(ESTABLISHED 1877.)

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR,
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES—FLAT.
Guaranteed Weekly Circulation 100,000.
25c. per agate line for display.
20c. per agate line for Classified Columns.
50c. per line for reading notices.
Medical ads. admitted to Classified Columns only.
Special position, when granted, 20 per cent. additional.
Advertising can be canceled at any time five days before date of issue.
No discounts for time or space.
Columns 2¼ inches wide; 21½ inches long; seven columns to the page.
Sample copies mailed free on request.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE CO. (Incorporated), Proprietors.

ENTERED AT WASHINGTON POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., AUG. 18, 1904.

Office: 339 Pennsylvania Avenue N.W.


## PEACE IN GEORGIA.

The glad news comes that the perturbation which threatened to wreck the peace of the country and overshadow even the beef strike and the Colorado civil war has been calmed by news from Washington. Somebody started the report that in the manuvers which will come off next month on the plains of Manassas, the Georgia troops would be brigaded with the colored troops. Just why this should have aroused the indignation of the Empire State of the South to its center as nothing has since Sherman's March is not plain to an everyday man. White troops and colored troops have in the past got along amicably in adjoining camps, and during the rebellion the camps of both sides were pretty full of negroes.

A well-disciplined regiment, white or black, keeps pretty closely to itself, and has little to do with the regiment on either flank, and a man who attends to the duties of his own company has little time to bother with the many things of another company.

All the same, Georgia was very indignant, and the Booker Washington dinner was dusted off and brought out as a horrible bogie. All this hardly-worked-up indignation was killed off before the rest of the country was aware of it by the reception of news from the War Department that there was no intention to brigade colored troops with the Southern troops, and certainly not with those highly-sensitive Goober-Grabbers. The colored troops will be brigaded with the Regulars and the Connecticut Militia, who are so sure of themselves that they have no fear of being lowered by accidental contact with men of darker skin.

## COST OF LIVING AND WAGES.

The Bureau of Labor has completed an extensive investigation into the cost of living of the average family, and the wages of skilled workmen and other employees of about the same rank. It now presents the results in a tabulation of the cost of living in 1901 of 2,567 families, in various parts of the country, and therefore representative of the whole number. The family averaged 5.31 persons, or .7 above the average of private families in the whole country, as shown by the census of 1900. The head of none of these families earned over $1,200 a year, and the average income from all sources was $827.19. The following table shows the kinds, quantity and cost of the food consumed by the average family:

AVERAGE QUANTITY AND COST PER FAMILY OF THE VARIOUS KINDS OF FOOD CONSUMED.

| Article and Quantity. | Cost. |
|---|---|
| Fresh beef, 349.7 pounds | $50.05 |
| Salt beef, 48.6 pounds | 5.26 |
| Fresh hog products, 114.2 pounds | 14.02 |
| Other meat, 77.7 pounds | 9.78 |
| Poultry, 67.7 pounds | 9.49 |
| Fish, 79.9 pounds | 8.01 |
| Eggs, 85.2 dozen | 16.79 |
| Milk, 354.5 quarts | 21.32 |
| Butter, 117.1 pounds | 28.76 |
| Cheese, 16.0 pounds | 2.62 |
| Lard, 84.4 pounds | 9.35 |
| Tea, 10.6 pounds | 5.50 |
| Coffee, 46.8 pounds | 10.74 |
| Sugar, 268.5 pounds | 15.76 |
| Molasses, 3.6 gallons | 1.69 |
| Flour and meal, 680.8 pounds | 16.76 |
| Bread, 252.7 loaves | 12.44 |
| Rice, 25.1 pounds | 2.05 |
| Potatoes, 14.7 bushels | 12.93 |
| Other vegetables | 18.85 |
| Fruit | 16.52 |
| Vinegar, pickles, and condiments | 4.12 |
| Other food | 20.40 |
| Total food | $326.90 |

This made the expenditures for food per family $326.90, or 42.54 per cent. of the average expenditures for all purposes.

The prices of these articles fell somewhat during a few years, and reached their lowest point in 1896, when they were about .95 per cent. of the prices in 1901. They began to rise then, and reached their highest point in 1902, when they were 110.09 per cent. of the average prices 10 years previous. The cost of the food fell from $318.20 in 1890 to $296.76 in 1896, and then steadily rose until 1902, when it reached $344.61. In 1903 it began to fall slightly, going to $342.75. The whole family expenditures by per cent. were as follows:

| | Per Ct. |
|---|---|
| Food | 42.54 |
| Clothing | 14.04 |
| Fuel and light | 5.25 |
| Furniture, etc. | 3.42 |
| Tobacco | 1.42 |
| Taxes, insurance (principal and interest), society fees, religion, charity, books, newspapers, liquor, amusements, sickness, and death | 14.51 |
| Rent, etc. | 12.95 |
| Miscellaneous—unreported | 5.87 |

The bulletin then goes into a very extensive presentation of the wages received and arrives at the conclusion that the weekly earnings for 1903 were 42.9 per cent. more than the wages for the 10 previous years. They were 48.1 per cent. more than in 1890, and had increased five per cent. more than in 1902. This shows an increase in wages steady but continuing, far exceeding any increase in the cost of living.

Hon. Mark H. Dunnell, for many years Representative from the 8th Minnesota District, died at Owatonna, Minn., Aug. 8, of heart disease, at the age of 81. He was born in Buckston, Me., in 1823; educated as a lawyer; became a member of the Maine Legislature, and when the war began raised the 5th Me., of which he became Colonel, and took part in the battle of Bull Run. President Lincoln appointed him Consul at Vera Cruz, and at the conclusion of this service he migrated to Minnesota, where he entered politics and was very successful. At the time of the election of Gen. Keifer as Speaker, Mr. Dunnell was a leading competitor.

## COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF BLACK.

It has been the rare good fortune of the Grand Army of the Republic to have had a succession of Commanders-in-Chief of high character and abilities. The list of those who have presided over its destinies in the more than a third of a century of its glorious existence is a very brilliant one. It has never, however, been more fortunate in its selection of an official head than in Gen. John C. Black. His soldierly career, his long and gallant service, his repeated wounds received in the forefront of battle, has strongly commended him to the favor of his comrades and the public, and his civil career and character and unusual abilities have powerfully strengthened this favorable impression. As an orator he has few equals and no superiors in the country. His long experience in public affairs has been entirely creditable. During the year of incumbence of his great office he has devoted himself with zeal and heartfelt affection for his comrades everywhere throughout the land. Wherever he has gone it has been to the manifest advantage of the Grand Army. Not only has he by his own personal interest and magnetism aroused the deepest interest in the veterans, inside and outside the Order, and in that way strengthened and built up the Order, but he has most favorably impressed the great public with a strong feeling of friendship and approval for it. There has been a marked increase in the popular favor and affection for the Grand Army of the Republic in all sections of the country. Undoubtedly a large part of this is due to Gen. Black's personality and to the words of wisdom and patriotism which he has spoken on all proper occasions.

At Boston Commander-in-Chief Black will go into retirement followed by the affectionate admiration of every veteran in the land, the unanimous verdict that he has done his work exceedingly well, and a Nation-wide appreciation of him and the Order by the people of the whole United States.

## THE RULE OF THE SEA.

The raid of the Russian warships upon merchant vessels carrying cargoes to the East has had many surprising developments. We had been told that there had been great advance made in international law in the last few years in the way of preventing interference by belligerents with the ships of neutral nations. On the other hand, Russia has taken a position fully as dangerous to commerce as anything in the bad old Napoleonic Wars. According to the Russian claims, almost everything is contraband if consigned to an hostile port, and therefore a ship carrying it is liable to seizure upon the high seas. At the time of our war with Spain the President in a proclamation announced a very limited number of articles which would be contraband, but Russia goes so far as to put cotton, steel rails, and manufactures of iron and steel upon the forbidden list. A commercial ship of to-day differs from those of an earlier age in having an immensely greater variety of articles in her cargo, so that any one of them is certain to have on her things that will render her liable to capture by Russian ships. Consequently, several important trans-Pacific lines have called their ships off, and others will not receive anything consigned to a Japanese port.

The British Government has protested against this wholesale business by the Russians, but not so energetically as was expected. The British merchants are suffering a severe loss of trade in consequence. It is said that this makes greatly for the benefit of the Germans, who have probably entered into a secret agreement with Russia, which protects their ships from interference. It is true that the Russians report having sunk one German ship and searched several, but this would seem to be merely for the sake of appearances, as the Germans have shown no excitement about it. It remains doubtful whether the German ship Thea was actually sunk as reported, or not. The Germans are sharp competitors of the British for the Oriental trade, and they are up to as many sharp tricks to get it as the English have been. They are probably working their friendship for Russia for all that it is worth, to get ahead of Great Britain in the present crisis.

Secretary Hay has issued a long circular of instructions to the American Embassadors, in which he discusses the matter of contraband of war and arrives at the following conclusion:

"The recognition in principle of the treatment of coal and other fuel and raw cotton as absolutely contraband of war might ultimately lead to a total inhibition of the sale by neutrals to the people of belligerent states of all articles which could be finally converted to military uses. Such an extension of the principle by treating coal and other fuel and raw cotton as absolutely contraband of war simply because they are shipped by a neutral to a non-blockaded port of a belligerent would not appear to be in accord with the reasonable and lawful rights of a neutral commerce."

He points out that in 1884 Russia vigorously resisted the inclusion of coal among contraband articles of war, and announced that she would not sign any treaty which did.

Secretary Hay's position is strongly supported by the British Government. In his answer in the House of Commons to questions upon the subject, Premier Balfour said that there was no adequate justification for the sinking of the British ship Knight Commander by the Russians, and that this had been represented to the Russian Government. On the other hand, the Russians had given up the Malacca and withdrawn their volunteer fleet from the Mediteranean and Red Seas.

COMRADE Charles A. Partridge concludes a year of service as Adjutant-General of the Grand Army of the Republic in which every day has been of high credit to him. Comrade Partridge entered the office unusually well equipped, having had years of experience as Assistant Adjutant-General of the Department of Illionis. He had shown such competence in this, that it required only a little broadening out to cover the whole United States. While there have been many good Adjutant-Generals of the Grand Army, there has been none better than he. The records of the Order have been kept in excellent shape, correspondence has been promptly attended to, and all business connected with Headquarters has been transacted with promptness, exactness and unfailing courtesy.

# Si Klegg, Shorty and their Comrades in the days "When Johnny Came Marching Home."

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### Review of Sherman's Army on May 24—End of the Pageant and the Army.

As the Army of the Potomac was passing in review Gen. Sherman's Army was moving up to be in readiness for a prompt start the next day. In the afternoon the Fifteenth Corps marched across Long Bridge, and went into bivouac on Capitol Hill, on the grounds from which the Army of the Potomac had marched. The Seventeenth Corps followed, and during the night the Twentieth Corps crossed the Potomac, while the Fourteenth Corps closed down around the Virginia end of the Long Bridge, and went into bivouac, ready to begin crossing early in the morning.

Si and Shorty were to stay at the boarding house, but rise early, and meet the regiment as it left the bridge at the foot of Fourteenth street.

The spick-and-span neatness of every man in the Army of the Potomac had fired the girls with an emulation for the Western boys, particularly their own husbands, and tired as they were they spent the hours after supper in brushing the cloth and polishing the buttons of the uniforms which the boys had labored to bring to the perfection of neatness. They were up betimes in the morning, to make a final inspection of the linen the boys were to wear, and to give the last touches to their raiment, see that they did not get any spots upon their immaculate clothes at breakfast, and send them forth, polished guns in their white-gloved hands, as irreproachably groomed as woman's loving care could secure.

Shorty had heretofore been one of the dandies among the enlisted men of the regiment, but Maria led him to hights that he had not before attained. This was only one of the thousand ways in which that young woman, with whom he was getting more wildly in love every day, was influencing and molding him.

The two boys hurried through the crowds, greater even than they were the day before, to meet the regiment, while their wives got ready to resume their seats of the previous day.

If anything, the weather of Wednesday, May 24, 1865, was even more perfect than that of Tuesday, May 23, the crowd was larger and more enthusiastic, the flags brighter, the flowers more abundant and beautiful.

Everybody was in place and expectant by 9 o'clock.

The President and his Cabinet, the Governors of States, the dignified Justices of the Supreme Court, the gaily-uniformed members of the Diplomatic Corps, the crowds of high-rank Generals, Admirals and Commodores, were all in their places.

The marvelous pageant of the day before had whetted their appetite for more. They wanted to contrast the army which had fought so desperately at Gettysburg and in the Wilderness with that which had taken Vicksburg, and Chattanooga, and Atlanta, and stamped the life out of the rebellion in eight of the 13 States of the Confederacy. There was an intense curiosity to see what manner of men were these wide-ranging "Bummers," these long-legged marchers, these swarming, harrying, indomitable, irresistible, indefatigable hordes, for whom no mountains were too difficult, no swamps too impenetrable, no river-barrier too broad and swift, no journey too long to keep them from reaching their enemies and whipping them; men who had marched farther than Napoleon's corps d'armee, Cesar's legions, or Alexander's phalanxes, and conquered wherever they had marched.

After the girls had taken their seats their attention was attracted to a conversation between a policeman and a man on crutches, who wore an officer's coat, from which the shoulder-straps and gilt buttons had been removed. One of his legs was off at the knees, and his pallor indicated that he had recently come from the hospital.

"No, Cap," said the officer, kindly but firmly, "unless you have a ticket you can't go up there. That stand is reserved for those who have yellow tickets, with the number of the seats on them. Go down there to the general stand. Maybe they'll find a place for you."

"I am not able to walk much farther," said the man, weakly. "And I'd give anything to see this review. I belonged to this army. Served in it for four years, from Belmont on."

"Awful sorry," said the officer. "But orders are strict."

Maria's sympathies were at once aroused. The man's refined, strong face, as well as his injuries, appealed to her. She leaned over the rail and said:

"Say, Mr. Officer, let the gentleman come up here. We have two vacant seats. Here are our tickets for them."

"Say, Cap, you're playing in great luck," said the officer, after examining the tickets. "Go up there, and sit with the ladies."

And he good-naturedly helped the veteran up the steps, handing his crutches up after him.

"A thousand thanks to you, ladies," said the veteran, after he settled himself into his seat. "I wouldn't have missed this review for anything. I had to take French leave from the hospital to get here, for the doctors forbade my coming. But I know that it will do me more good than all their medicine to see the old boys march up before the President. My name is Phelps. I was Major of my regiment, when I was wounded at Averasboro. They issued an order discharging all the officers in hospital who were not likely to be fit for duty inside of 30 days, and it made me so angry that I cut off my straps and buttons. The Government shouldn't be so eager to save money on those who were broken down in its service. It certainly ought to keep us on its pay-roll until we have a fair chance to get well. They say it was because so many officers have been playing off in the hospitals. Surely they could make a distinction between men who had gunshot wounds and those who were playing off imiginary diseases. I went out in the Fall of 1861, and was with my regiment in every fight, from Belmont to Averasboro. That ought to count for something."

Maria saw that the man was a little petulant from his long confinement and weakness, and soothed him with a few words of sympathy and interest.

The Major calmed down, and began to talk with growing enthusiasm of the approaching army, whose bands could now be heard, mingled with the cheers of the spectators, far down the avenue.

"Seems to me I know every man in that army," he said, "and a grander lot of men never marched under any flag. I've seen them under all sorts of circumstances and conditions—when the short line that was left of us by 5 o'clock on that awful Sunday afternoon at Shiloh, straightened out on the bluff in front of Webster's guns, for a last fight; in the Yazoo swamps, after the repulse at Chickasaw Bayou; at Kenesaw; in front of Atlanta, July 22, when McPherson was killed; on the March to the Sea; in the Carolina mud and the storms, and everywhere they were way-up men; men that you were proud you could assiciate with.

"Hello, there comes Old Uncle Billy himself," he exclaimed, as a tall, gaunt, auburn-haired man, with a rugged face, came riding around the corner, all alone, with a sense of predominance, of mastery, of strength in his isolation from his followers. The man was riding a powerful, high-stepping, rather bony horse, as seemingly independent and wilful as his master. Horse and master were now partially hidden by wreaths and bouquets, which admirers had pressed upon the General, but which seemed as little suited as if clambering over a granite rock.

"Well, if that isn't Wm. Tecumseh Sherman all over," said Maj. Phelps with kindling eyes. "I first saw him at Shiloh. He seemed disgusted and mad, at the way the rebels came pouring out of the woods, worlds without end, and driving us back, in spite of all that we could do. Though he was wounded he kept riding around as if he despised the bullets and shells, and swore in his Ohio-Yankee way at the rebels and at everybody who flinched in the least bit. 'Shades of Julius Cesar, but he's a soldier. Hurrah for Billy Sherman. Three cheers and tiger for Old Tecumseh.'"

He cheered until Maria feared he would burst a blood vessel, and the crowd followed his example.

"That's Gen. O. O. Howard, with Gen. Sherman," explained Maj. Phelps. "That man with one sleeve pinned to his breast. He's the old Commander of the Army of the Tennessee. He's been appointed Chief of the Bureau of Freedmen and Abandoned Lands. Gen. Logan commands the Army of the Tennessee. Though Gen. Howard is a fine soldier, and a good man in every way, we didn't like it a little bit that he was appointed to command the Army of the Tennessee after Gen. McPherson was killed. We felt that Gen. Logan deserved it, because he had been with the army ever since it was formed, had grown up with it, and commanded it very successfully through the battles of the 22d and 28th. But Logan was a volunteer, while Howard is a West Pointer, and therefore Sherman preferred him. Sherman's got his prejudices, like the rest of us, and one of them is for Regular officers."

Gen. Sherman rode on past the President's stand, formally saluted, jumped from his horse in his nervous, impetuous way, threw the reins to an orderly and strode up on the President's stand as if he was ascending his own throne, and was immediately surrounded by the distinguished men shaking his hand.

"Hello! Hello! What's that? What's that?" exclaimed the Major, noticing a perturbation on the stand opposite. "Something up between old Billy and the Secretary of War. See them standing off looking at one another!"

"Why! Why! Gen. Sherman refused to shake hands with the Secretary of War," gasped Maria. "My gracious!"

"Serves him right, the old bullyragger," said Maj. Phelps, vindictively. "The way he's treated him about that Johnston surrender's just shameful. I wouldn't blame Sherman for knocking him down. That's Sherman's staff there. Ain't they dandies, every one of them? That one in front is Adjt.-Gen. Dayton, the Chief of Staff, and his right-hand man. Next to him is Andy Hickenlooper, Chief of Artillery. Next to him is Ward Nichols, an Aid. That one just behind is Charley Ewing, Inspector-General, and with him Chief Quartermaster Easton, and Chief Commissary Beckwith. Behind them come Chief Engineer Poe and Chief of Ordnance Baylor. The last ones are McCoy and Audenried, Aids."

There was certainly a very marked difference between the headquarter people of the two armies. The men of Gen. Meade's staff were all middle-aged, matured, sedate men, who sat their sober-moving, strong horses like men who found life very serious business; Sherman's staff were all handsome, janty, light-footed, light-hearted youngsters, riding horses as full of life and mettle as themselves, and which caracoled and curvetted whenever reined in.

The cheering rolling up the Avenue was now almost as swelling as when Gen. Sherman had passed, and there presently came around the corner of the Treasury a man a little above medium hight, with long, coal-black hair, straight as an Indian's, a long, intensely-black mustach, and piercing black eyes, who sat his spirited black horse like he was part of the animal.

"Hello, there's Black Jack now," shouted Maj. Phelps excitedly, and mingling his voice with the cheering. "There's the best fighting man in the whole Army of the Tennessee. There's the man who licked Hood after McPherson fell. Three cheers and a tiger for Gen. John A. Logan."

Logan rode on past the stand, saluted, dismounted, and joined those on the stand, where he was warmly greeted.

The next to appear was a banner bearing a cartridge-box inscribed, "40 rounds."

"Now you'll see soldiers," cried Maj. Phelps. "Now you'll see the first class and prize scholars in fighting. Now you'll see the fellows who took their first lessons at Belmont, passed through the primary grades at Shiloh, and graduated at Vicksburg. Here comes the red-ribbon outfit of the whole army—the Fifteenth Corps."

Behind the flag rode a solid, very military-looking young Major-General with a French cut to his mustache and imperial.

"That's Gen. Hazen," explained Maj. Phelps. "He got his second star for capturing Fort McAllister. He's really an Army of the Cumberland man, but Sherman fancied him, because he was a Regular and an Ohio man, and pushed him into command of the Fifteenth Corps, after Logan was promoted. That man commanding the First Division is Maj.-Gen. Chas. R. Woods, an Ohio man and a West Pointer, but an old Army of the Tennessee man, who got all his promotions for good fighting right under Sherman's eyes. The man commanding the Second Division is Brig.-Gen. John M. Oliver, a Michigan man, who's been lately promoted, and I don't know much about him. The next division is commanded by Gen. J. M. Corse, the hero of Allatoona—there, you see him now. Corse was at West Point awhile, but he didn't suit those old pedagogs of the Academy, and they wouldn't graduate him. But down there at Allatoona Pass he whipped out a full baker's dozen of the fellows who had graduated from West Point with honors."

To the astonishment of the military critics, the Western men were marching better and keeping better lines than the Army of the Potomac. Reviews and parades were an old story with the Army of the Potomac, and had lost something of their impressiveness. The Western men, though, had the idea that they must keep rigidly straight lines and move like clockwork, or be forever disgraced in the eyes of their comrades of the East.

They had sufficient non-regulation additions to redeem this ultra stiffness. They carried on their shoulders, beside their bright guns, the pets, mascots and treasures of their long marches—violins, banjoes, accordions, raccoons, squirrels, fighting cocks, mocking birds, even young alligators, in cages they had whittled out.

Behind each regiment, each brigade, each division, each corps came jackasses, mules, horses, cows and steers, led by negroes, in all sorts of finery, and laden with company, regimental and brigade rations and property blankets, canteens, haversacks, camp-kettles, etc., etc. Negro mothers were riding and carrying their children. Bright young negroes, arrayed in fantastic uniforms, marched, proudly imitating the pomposity of the Drum-Majors, or turning handsprings and dancing double shuffles at the halts. There was a variety and interest which the long, close array of the Army of the Potomac did not have.

Behind the Fifteenth Corps appeared a headquarters banner bearing an arrow.

"There comes the Seventeenth Corps—McPherson's old Corps," said Maj. Phelps. "And there's its commander, Maj.-Gen. Frank P. Blair, the man who, with Gen. Lyon, saved Missouri. There's another great man for you. If every State in the South had had a man as brave and loyal as Missouri had in Frank P. Blair there would have been no rebellion. He would have out-bluffed the whole push of fire-eaters, just as Frank Blair did Claib Jackson, Sterling Price, D. M. Frost and their fellow-conspirators."

They looked and saw a tall, slender man with reddish hair and a high-cheeked angular countenance, in which could be read measureless courage and determination.

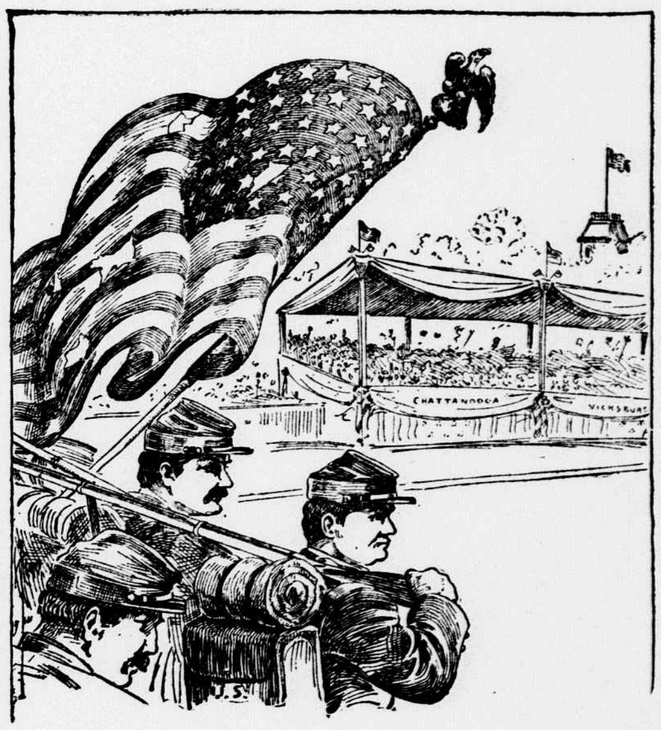
"That Major-General commanding the First Division," said Maj. Phelps, "is M. F. Force, son of old Peter Force, who used to be the Librarian of Congress. He is a very scholarly, studious man, and a fine writer, but a great soldier. He was shot through the face on the 22d of July. You can see the awful scar from here.

"That man commanding the next division is Maj.-Gen. M. D. Leggett, a fine lawyer and a good soldier. We named one of the hills in front of Atlanta 'Leggett's Hill,' because his division took it in fine style from the rebels. The commander of the next division is Maj.-Gen. Giles A. Smith, an old Army of the Tennessee man. He went out as Captain in the 8th Mo., the toughest regiment in the whole army—made up largely of river men—and the only tough regiment that I ever heard of that would really fight. They would fight, I tell you. I saw them at Chickasaw Bayou. They went there farther than any of us, and had to dig through a bank to get out."

Behind the corps came another contingent of negroes, men, women and pickaninnies, leading and riding on horses, mules, jackasses, and anything that had hoofs.

"My Gracious, why don't Will and Si come along?" exclaimed Maria. "My eyes are tired looking for them. There seems an awful sight of men in the army besides them. I never dreamed there were so many. I thought that them and the 200th Ind. were doing about all there was being done to put down the rebellion."

"We were all liable to think that way," said Maj. Phelps. "We all had a mighty tough job, and each fellow was likely to think that he had the butt end of the log, and was doing all the lifting. It took a heap of us to put down the rebellion."




THE LAST MARCH.

"I should say so," responded Maria. "I never began to realize it before."

A headquarters banner with a single star appeared.

"There comes the Twentieth Corps," said Maj. Phelps. "Now you'll see some Westernized Easterners, and first-class soldiers, too. That was the old Eleventh and Twelfth Corps of the Army of the Potomac. They came to us at Chattanooga. We didn't take kindly to one another at first. We thought they were dress-parade soldiers, and they thought we were little better than guerrillas. But the first fight we got into knocked out all that. They saw that they had to start mighty quick, and go very fast to keep up with us, and we saw that, in spite of their paper collars and white gloves, they were reliable stayers wherever they were put. There was a great deal that we could learn to advantage from each other, and before the Atlanta Campaign had gone very far they were taken into full fellowship.

"That Corps Commander," continued Maj. Phelps, "is 'Fighting Joe Mower, and an old Army of the Tennessee man. He went into the Regular Army during the Mexican War as a private soldier, and is now a Major-General. He won every step, too, by hard fighting. That's a record that not many men can show.

"The commander of the First Division is Maj. A. S. Williams. He commanded a Michigan regiment in the Mexican War, was a Member of Congress, and was appointed a Brigadier-General at the beginning of the war. The boys call him 'Pap' Williams, and swear by him."

"I see he wears a wig," commented Maria.

"They call his division the Red Star Division, and its men are mighty proud of it, as they have reason to be. They are the fellows who destroyed the rebel Johnston's Division at Gettysburg.

"The Second Division is commanded by Maj.-Gen. John W. Geary, of Pennsylvania—there he is—who has had the most astonishing career of any man in the army. He commanded a Pennsylvania regiment in the Mexican War, and distinguished himself so that Gen. Scott appointed him Governor of the City of Mexico, when he captured it. Then he joined in the rush to the California gold mines, and was Alcalde, Postmaster and Mayor of San Francisco. Then he came back to Pennsylvania and President Buchanan appointed him Governor of Kansas. He broke the back of Missouri Border Ruffianism in the Territory and helped enormously to make it Free Soil. This put the Administration and the Pro-Slavery Bosses down on him, and he was fired. At the beginning of the war he raised the 28th Pa., and his division licked Longstreet at Wauhatchie, and helped win the Battle Above the Clouds. At Savannah his division had worked in nearest the city when Hardee evacuated, and Geary was appointed Military Governor of Savannah, making the third city he had ruled—one on the Pacific Coast, one on the Atlantic, and one in Mexico. How is that for an experience?"

"Quite wonderful," said Maria. But I've seen enough other corps and Generals. I wish Will and Si's would come along. My eyes ache and my throat's tired with these others."

"They're coming now," said Maj. Phelps. "There's the headquarters flag of the Fourteenth Corps just turning the corner."

A magnificent banner wreathed with flowers, but all carefully arranged so as not to obscure any part of the Great Acorn with which it was emblazoned, heralded the men who had stood with glorious old Pap Thomas at Stone River and Chickamauga, and had swept Bragg's Army off the hights of Mission Ridge.

It would have been thought that in all these hours the spectators would have exhausted themselves on the miles of splendid soldiers and famous commanders in the three corps which had already passed. But the enthusiastic outburst that greeted the representatives of the Army of the Cumberland and rolled along with them as they filled Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol to the Treasury with their magnificent tide was as fresh, as spontaneous, as overpowering as 100,000 intensely excited loyal human beings could make it.

"I don't see why Gen. Thomas wasn't invited to come here, and ride at the head of the corps that he made famous, and that made him famous. Of course, he is an Army Commander now, and probably strict military etiquet bars him, but he will never be a greater man than he was that Sunday afternoon, when he stood on Snodgrass Hill, at Chickamauga, with the Fourteenth Corps, and what he could gather up of the rest of the army, and beat back all that Longstreet and Bragg could pile up against him."

"Our husbands were there with him, from first till the very last, when they were severely wounded," said Maria with mantling pride. "They helped beat back every charge that Longstreet made."

"No honor can be too great for them," said Maj. Phelps. "They gave Longstreet's men the worst punishment they ever received. It was worse than that on Pickett's charge. They never fought again as they did there. But here comes the Commander of the Fourteenth Corps—Maj.-Gen. Jefferson C. Davis, another man who fought his way up from a private soldier's musket to a Major-General's sword. Davis is a fine soldier, and generally respected, but not popular. He's a grim, lone devil, who seems to think of and care for nothing but soldiering and fighting. Some say that the killing of Gen. Nelson preys on his mind, and he tries to forget it in ceaseless action. Others say that a liver disease is slowly but surely killing him."

Gen. Davis—a dark-faced, solemn-visaged man—rode stiffly by, paying no attention whatever to the plaudits of the crowd, and, following the example of the other Generals, dismounted and ascended the President's stand, to watch his corps march by. He was greeted with profound respect by all, and responded with cold, unyielding dignity.

"That man commanding the First Division—Gen. Carlin's old division—is Maj.-Gen. Walcott, an Ohio man, and an old Army of the Tennessee man. I wasn't far from him when he got his first wound, at Shiloh. He was made a Major-General for his brilliant little battle at Griswoldville, where he was wounded, and this is his first duty since."

"Yes; yes;" said Maria, a little petulantly, for she was getting weary of the praises of other men, when all her soul and her eyes were yearning for her husband. But where are Will and Si? Where's the 200th Indiana Infantry Volunteers? Where's Maj. Bowersox, and Gen. McGillicuddy?"

"Yes, where in the world are Si and Will?" plaintively inquired Annabel, her eyes filled with tears. "It seems to me that I've watched a million men, hoping to see Si. I've looked at a thousand flags, trying to see Indiana on them, but when I could read them at all, for stains and tatters, they've been Ohio, or Illinois, or Iowa, or Wisconsin, or Pennsylvania, or some of those other out-of-the-way places. A Kentucky flag was the nearest home I've seen. I'm afraid the boys are lost in this wilderness of men, and we'll never see them again. I just know they're lost."

"There, there, Annabel; don't be afraid," said Maria. "They can't lose the boarding-house They'll show up there when they get hungry, I know that. The crowd haven't carried off the streets, so the boys'll know their way back."

"But something must've happened to them, or we'd've seen them long before this."

"No, nothing's happened to them. But I do wish, myself, that they'd show up, or we'd see something that looked familiar."

"Hullo, Mis' Maria; mornin' Miss Annabel," called out a familiar voice. They looked in the direction of the parade, and saw a large negress attired as a Goddess of Liberty. She had a liberty cap, with red and white stripes, and stars on a blue field, on her head, her ample bosom was covered with a blue field with white stars, and her skirts had alternate red and white stripes. In her right hand she carried a gilded spear, and in her left a pair of broken fetters. She had been stalking along with all the dignity of an Ethiopian Queen, but when she recognized the girls on the benches she smiled so unreservedly that her face became all eyes and teeth, and the girls did not know who she was. They replied civilly, but vaguely:"

"Good afternoon. We can't tell who you are."

The answer was a loud, hearty, joyous guffaw, and,

"Why, I's Aunt Minervy Ann, honeys. Don't y' know yo'ole Auntie, when she's dressed up?"

"Good gracious, Aunty, are you that Goddess of Liberty?"

"Suttin I is," she answered proudly. "Who do it better'n me? De boys say my figger jes' perfect."

"Of course, of course," Maria hastened to say. "A better one couldn't be found. Where are the rest?"

"Uncle Eph, he back dar, leadin' a he-jackass, wid a slather ob tukkeys, chickens, hams an' pigs slung ober him."

"Yes; yes. But where's the regiment? Where are the boys?" Maria asked impatiently.

"Why, right back dar. Can't yo' see dem," answered Aunt Minerva Ann, pointing over her shoulder with her spear. Then she looked back herself, and exclaimed:

"Laws-a-massy," I's done loss my distance agin, an' de boys'll jes' rave."

She halted and began such a ludicrous attempt with her big feet at marking time, that the crowd went wild with laughter.

She looked over her shoulder presently, to see if the regiment were nearing, and said:

"Dar comes Gen. McGillicuddy, an' dar's de Adjutant wid him."

Gen. McGillicuddy, wearing with modest pride his new honors, rode quietly on, to salute the President. In that whole myriad upon myriad of brightly-uniformed men there was no more resplendent sight than the Adjutant, who wore in its brightest and shiniest everything that the regulations would allow a First Lieutenant and brevet Major to don on occasions of ceremony. And the horse he rode never had more than two feet on the ground at once, nor these on the same side.

As the Adjutant passed Aunt Minerva Ann he said in his usual low, but distinct and penetrating tones:

"What's the matter with you? What are you getting so far ahead for? You mustn't make believe that you outrank even the Division Commander. Fall back to the front of the first company, so that they can see you belong to the regiment."

As he came abreast the girls Maria said:

"My Gracious, Adjutant, is you? We didn't know you at first."

His eyes were straight to t front, he was holding his sword at a salute, while his horse danced all over a square rood of pavement, as he answered without turning his head:

"Yes; I warned you to get a piece of smoked glass ready by the time I came up."

Behind him rode Maj. Bowersox, calm, self-possessed, and unostentatious as ever, and between them, borne by men who had been maimed for life under its shadow, but had never allowed its sacred folds to touch the ground, was the Flag of the 200th Ind.

Maria had been present when the bright, new silken banner had been presented to the regiment by Gov. Morton, but the words spoken by giver and receiver had at the time made little impression upon her bubbling girlishness. Now she remembered what had been enjoined and what promised. The scarred staff, smitten by bullets from Perryville to Averasboro, the faded tatters of the once-bright-hued ensign, rent and torn by the shells and canister of Stone River, Chickamauga, Kenesaw, Jonesboro, and scores of minor conflicts, dimmed and faded by the sun and the storms of Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia and the Carolinas, the armless sleeves of the color guards, the shrunken ranks of those who had marched away with the Flag, the hundreds of faces that would be seen no more, all told a thousandfold more eloquently than any words how well the injunctions then given had been observed, and at what cost the regiment had fulfilled the brave promises made by the Colonel on receiving the Flag.

And there was Co. Q, by special order, forming the head of the remimental column, with Serg't Josiah Klegg, superb in his youthful manhood, perfect in equipment and soldierly bearing, marching on the right, and Serg't Wm. Elliott, an ideal veteran, towering on the left of a company front so correctly aligned that the most captious Regular could not have picked a flaw. Neither their wives on the right, nor the President with his galaxy of the Nation's most famous on their left, turned the boys' eyes a hair's breadth, as the company swept by in quick time.

And Co Q—Maria recalled the time when it seemed to her to stretch clear across the village. Now, narrow as Pennsylvania Avenue is at that point, it did not reach from one curb to the other.

The most of Co. Q had been summoned to the eternal review Above.

So many of the missing had been Maria's schoolmates and playfellows that the memories blinded her eyes with a sudden gush of tears.

"Come, Annabel, let's get out, and go home. I don't want to see any more."

When the boys came in that evening, unutterably tired, but still more unutterably proud and happy, they said, as they kissed their wives:

"We've got some great news. The regiment went out north of town to camp, and before dismissing them the Major said the regiment was ordered to Louisville for muster-out, and would start in a few days, as soon as the cars could be furnished. He told us that we should be given furloughs to-morrow, and could start home as soon as we pleased, to report to the regiment when we should get notice to be on hand for muster-out."

[THE END.]

## GETTYSBURG AFTER THE BATTLE.

### Awful Sights in Once Peaceful Fields and Farm Yards.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I did not enter the service as a volunteer, but was drafted. I lived near Lewisburg, York County, Pa., about 35 miles from Gettysburg. For some days prior to the Gettysburg battle people had been passing from Adams and Franklin counties, with their best stock, to Dauphin and Lancaster Counties, and we therefore had warning of dangers to come. Most of us sent our best stock away, too. A good many belonged to a secret society that favored the rebels, and these did not send their stock away, being sure they were immune. An uncle of mine—who had two sons and five grandsons in the Union army—was a member, and he lost some valuable stock! We had a blind mare, with a colt, in a field. The rebels would not believe the mare was blind, and had her brought to the road. Then the colt kicked a rebel soldier severely and his comrades made fun of him for being "wounded by a Lincoln critter."

We first heard sounds of battle on June 29—at Hanover, 20 miles south. The cannon were heard distinctly. That was the fight with Stuart's cavalry. July 2, in the evening, I was hoeing in the garden, and when I would stoop with my head near the ground, in pulling weeds, and like work, I could hear heavy cannonading. When I placed my ear to the ground I could discern the guns clearly and perceive the vibrations of the earth; and I went into the house and told the folks that a heavy battle was in progress. I had a brother-in-law living near Gettysburg, and we became anxious about them. In a short time some of us went to Gettysburg and over the battlefields. The Union dead were mostly buried, but some only superficially. Rebel dead unburied were numerous; I saw rebel dead on rocks near the Devil's Den, with no earth near them; but brush was thrown over them.

Now the field is full of monuments. Then we saw it torn, trampled, strewn with dead, scarred with burial trenches, rifle pits and barricades and littered with wreckage of war—gun carriages, etc. At Sherfy's everything was torn up. At the Trostles everything was demolished. About there was the whirlpool of the battle! There we saw dead men, dead horses, broken artillery. Southeast a board marked the spot where the rebel Barksdale was mortally wounded. The Wheatfield was fearful to all. The crop was trodden into the moist earth, and the field looked like a cattle pen. A board marked where Zook was killed. A board marked on the face of Little Round Top the spot where Col. Taylor was killed. Near by I picked up a belt with a box full of cartridges and a gun barrel bent to the shape of a