SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

The True Story of the Great Turning of Defeat Into Glorious Victory.

By J. D. MULLIHAN, Co. F, 19th Pa. Cav., Webb City, Mo.

In The National Tribune of June 27 Comrade J. H. Barney wants to know "where Sheridan was from dawn to day Oct. 16 until 10 a. m., also stating that he was seen by Comrade Lanchon, 49th Pa., two miles south of Winchester at daybreak, and that he was then only eight miles from his army."

Now, as I was one of Gen. Sheridan's escort on that memorable day I will say that Comrade Lanchon must have been laboring under an optical delusion, for Sheridan was at Col. Edwards's headquarters in Winchester at that time. History gives the distance from Winchester to the battlefield of Cedar Creek as 20 miles, but the writers overlooked the fact that our army had been driven back two miles, which would make it about 18 miles to the extreme front or the skirmish. So had Gen. Sheridan been really seen at the point designated by Comrade Lanchon he would then have been 16 miles from the field instead of eight, as stated by Comrade Barney. But to settle the matter I will reproduce an article written by Maj. W. H. Spera, of the 17th Pa. Cav. (now living at Council Bluffs, Iowa, 735 Madison avenue), who commanded escort that day. Maj. Spera was one of our very best officers; he always saw the bright and also the comical side of everything. I used to envy him his sunny disposition.

Maj. Spera's Narrative.

Gen. Sheridan was relieved from command of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac on Aug. 1, 1864, and ordered to the command of the Middle Military Department, which included the Shenandoah Valley. The First and Third of Cavalry Divisions and the Sixth Corps of infantry of the Army of the Potomac were sent to reinforce Sheridan. The cavalry was almost daily engaged with the enemy, who at 3 o'clock on the morning of Sept. 19 was attacked across Opequan Creek and driven thru Winchester, when Sheridan sent the famous "We have sent the enemy whirling up the Valley." This is known as the battle of the Opequan. After this Sheridan held the line of Cedar Creek, and a question arose as to an advance on Gordonsville, as suggested in the following dispatch:

"Washington, D. C., Oct. 2, 1864; 12 m.

"Maj.-Gen. Sheridan: Lieut.-Gen. Grant wishes a position taken far enough south to serve as a base for further operations upon Gordonsville and Charlottesville. It must be strongly fortified and provisioned.

"H. W. Halleck, Major-General."

Gen. Sheridan being acquainted with the nature of the country, would not indorse this plan, but in order to settle it definitely he was called to Washington by the following telegram:

"Washington, October, 1864.

"Gen. Sheridan: If you can come here a consultation on several important points is extremely desirable. I propose to visit Gen. Grant, and would like to see you first.

"Edwin M. Stanton,
"Secretary of War."

A Dispatch From Gen. Wright.

Gen. Sheridan determined to go to Washington by the way of Manassas Gap to Piedmont, and from thence by rail to Washington. On the night of the 16th he arrived with the cavalry at Front Royal. Here he received a dispatch from Gen. Wright, who was in command of the army in Sheridan's absence:

"Headquarters Middle Military Division, Oct. 16, 1864.

"General: I inclose you dispatch which explains itself. If the enemy should be strongly reinforced in cavalry he might, by turning our right, give us a great deal of trouble. I shall hold here until the enemy's movements are developed, and shall only fear an attack on our right, which I shall make every preparation for guarding against and resisting.

"Very respectfully, your obendient servant,

"H. G. Wright, Major-General Commanding."

"Maj.-Gen. P. H. Sheridan."

(Inclosure.)

"To Lieut.-Gen. Early:

"Be ready to move as soon as my forces join you and we will crush Sheridan.

"Longstreet, Lieutenant-General."

This message was secured by our Signal Corps from the rebel signal flag on Tree Top Mountain. Sheridan had planned a raid for the cavalry thru Chester Gap to the Virginia Central Railroad at Charlottesville, but on the receipt of the above dispatch he abandoned the raid and ordered the cavalry back to Gen. Wright, and sent the following:

"Headquarters Middle Military Division, Front Royal, Oct. 16, 1864.

"General: The cavalry is all ordered back to you. Make your position strong. If Longstreet's dispatch is true he is under the impression that we have largely detached. I will go over to Augur and get additional news. Close in Col. Powell, who will be at that point. If the enemy should make an advance I know you will defeat him. Look well to your ground and be prepared. Get up everything that can be spared. I will bring up all I can, and will be up on Tuesday if not sooner.

"P. H. Sheridan, Major-General.

"Maj.-Gen. Wright, commanding Sixth Corps."

The Army Surprised.

Sheridan arrived at Washington on the morning of the 17th, leaving Washington at 12 o'clock noon, returning by special train to Martinsburg.

During Sheridan's absence the enemy had gathered all his available strength. On the night of the 18th and before daylight of the 19th he moved from Fisher's Hill thru the village of Strasburg, across the Shenandoah, on the Strasburg and Front Royal road, recrossing the river at Bowman's Ford, striking the left of our line held by Gen. Crook in flank and rear. A heavy fog hung over the Valley, completely concealing the enemy from view. The attack was made so unexpectedly and vigorously that outposts were driven in, the camps invaded, men bayoneted in their tents and the position turned. The result was that our army was driven back at all points, retiring in confusion to about a mile north of Middletown, a large portion of the infantry not even preserving a company organization. One division of the Sixth Corps and the cavalry alone formed line against the enemy. This was the condition in which Sheridan found the army.

The Ride.

On the evening of Oct. 16, 1864, I was ordered to proceed from the front (which was then on Cedar Creek, at the crossing of the Valley pike) to Martinsburg, Va., with 200 men of my regiment, the 17th Pa. Cav. I arrived at Martinsburg after midnight, reporting to Gen. Seward, going into camp near town. Early in the morning of the 18th I reported to Gen. Sheridan for escort duty, the General having arrived from Washington, D. C., during the night, and desired to proceed to the front at once.

The party consisted of Gen. Sheridan, Cols. Thom and Alexander, of the Engineer Corps; Lieut.-Col. James W. Forsyth, Chief of Staff; Maj. George A. Forsyth and Capt. Jos. O'Keefe, Aids. The General was riding his black horse, "Rienzi." My command was reinforced by 500 remounts commanded by a Lieutenant.

The column left Martinsburg about 9 a. m. Strong advance and rear guards and flanks were thrown out at Bunker Hill, 11 miles from Martinsburg. The horses of the command were watered from a brook running across the pike, arriving at Winchester, 22 miles, at 3 o'clock p. m. The column moved slowly, Col. Alexander being a very heavy man and Col. Thom being directly the opposite, a regular featherweight, neither of them being accustomed to mounted service. A sharp lookout was kept for roving bands of Mosby's guerrillas, who claimed this section of the country as their field of operations.

The General and his staff remained for the night at post headquarters at Winchester, Va., Col. Edwards, of the 37th Mass., being in command of the post. The escort was ordered into bivouac at Mill Creek or Milltown, a mile south of Winchester, with orders to be in readiness to march at 5 a. m. next morning. At 4:30 on the morning of the 19th "Boots and Saddles" was sounded for the escort. Shortly afterwards firing was heard in the direction of the front, which was attributed to a reconnoissance that had been ordered for that morning, tho we could plainly hear that the firing was coming our way, and if it was due to a reconnoissance our troops were certainly getting the worst of it.

Sheridan Comes Up.

About 9 a. m. Sheridan came riding leisurely along. He inquired of us about the firing. We replied that we first heard it between 4 and 5 o'clock. The escort moved out with a strong advance and rear guard and flankers. About a mile south of Milltown the head of a train was encountered whipping to the rear; also a number of men from the front, giving a different interpretation to the firing of the morning. All trains coming from and going to the front were ordered into park at Milltown. My command was ordered to form to right of road. Here an officer from the front was met, Col. Wood, Sheridan's Chief Commissary, giving the startling intelligence that the enemy attacked early in the morning, driving our troops at every point, our left being first attacked and driven in confusion, everything captured and the Generals' headquarters gone, and troops dispersing in all directions. It was plainly to be seen that the lion in the General was fully aroused; his every action gave evidence of quick, determined action.

I was ordered to take 20 of my best men and horses and follow the General, as he intended to "move to the front lively." I ordered out three sets of fours from the right, Maj. Geo. A. Forsyth and Capt. Jos. O'Keefe accompanying the General. The remainder of the escort was ordered to Col. James W. Forsyth, who, with Cols. Thom and Alexander, were left behind to form a cordon across the country to stop the fugitives.

The General struck out at a brisk pace towards the scene of action. At times the pike was so much crowded with troops and wagons that the General and escort was obliged to take to the fields over stone walls and ditches. After the greater part of the wagons had been passed he again took the road, along which crowds of men were moving. They did not seem panic-stricken, seeming scarcely to know why they were going to the rear. Groups were halted, preparing rations or getting coffee, the General occasionally speaking to them, tho never stopping, telling them, "Face the other way, boys. If I had been there this morning this would not have happened, but you shall all be in your old camps before night."

Men in groups halted and cheered the General as he passed, and seeing the great haste with which he was going immediately retraced their steps. We passed a group who were busy getting coffee. When they saw the General they gave "three cheers for Sheridan," applied a vigorous kick to their coffee cups, shouldered their guns and "faced the other way."

The First Halt.

The first halt was made near Newtown, where a Chaplain mounted on a mule was met. The General hailed him, asking him how things looked at the front. The Chaplain expressed himself in a very hopeful manner, "Oh, everything is lost and gone, but it will be all right when you get there," at the same time pressing the rowels of his spurs into the flanks of his mule, endeavoring to get to the rear as rapidly as possible, notwithstanding his confidence in Sheridan. Newtown was so crowded with fugitives that the General was unable to keep the road, but passed to the left of the village. As the General passed officers who were near the road waved their hats, informing their men that Sheridan was going to the front. A short distance beyond Newtown Maj. McKinley (since President of the United States) carried the news of Sheridan's arrival. The race was headlong, the horses being put to their full speed, and never did General and escort go over 18 miles in less time. Shortly after leaving Newtown a body of troops west of the pike had halted—Ricketts's and Wheaton's Divisions of the Sixth Corps. A short distance west and in the rear of those was the Nineteenth Corps. The General did not stop, evidently desiring to get to the front as soon as possible. About midway between Newtown and Middletown he came upon the rear of Getty's Division of the Sixth Corps west of the pike. The cavalry and this division were the only troops in position opposing the enemy, more as a rear guard than a line of battle.

Gen. Torbert.

The first officer Sheridan met was Gen. Torbert, Chief of Cavalry, who said: "My God, General, I'm glad you've come." Getty's troops, now commanded by Gen. Louis A. Grant, of the Vermont Brigade, Getty commanding the Sixth Corps, were some distance, nearly a mile, north of Middletown, on a rise of ground, posted behind a rail fence barricade.

Skirmishing was going on with the enemy's pickets. The General jumped his horse over the barricade, taking off his cap and waving it. Cheer after cheer went up from the men, who exclaimed, "Sheridan has come! Sheridan has come!" Sheridan replied, "Boys, we'll get the tightest twist on them they ever saw; we'll get all those camps and cannon back." The men were wild with enthusiasm as he rode along the lines. Never before did so much seemingly depend on one man. All were confident of success as soon as they heard of Sheridan's arrival, and, indeed, with him alone rested the safety of thousands of lives and the preservation of his army.

A Line of Colors.

A short distance in the rear of Getty's line were a number of regimental colors. They were the color bearers of Crook's regiment, who had gone to the rear in the morning, the color bearers remaining on the field, forming in the rear of Getty's troops. It was a line of color bearers and officers, Col. R. B. Hayes (late President of the United States), then commanding a brigade, being among them.

Shortly after this Sheridan established his headquarters on a rise of ground a short distance north of Getty's line. Here several of his staff joined him, one of them remarking to the General:

"I fear the battle is going against us. I suppose Jubal Early intends driving you out of the Valley."

"What?" Sheridan exclaimed. "Three corps of infantry and all of my cavalry! Jubal Early drive me out of the Valley? I'll lick him like blazes before night. I'll give him the worst licking he ever had."

Reforming His Lines.

After establishing his headquarters he began reforming his lines. The Nineteenth Corps and the two divisions of the Sixth Corps, which were about two miles in the rear, were ordered to the front as soon as possible. Custer's Cavalry was transferred from the left to the right, Merill's Cavalry remaining on the left. The infantry was re-established on Getty's line. Staff officers were sent to hurry up the two divisions of the Sixth Corps and the Nineteenth Corps. Finally the General went back himself to urge them on, as he feared an attack before his troops would be in readiness or his line formed.

About this time Gen. Wright, who had been in command during Sheridan's absence, came up, giving an account of the battle in the morning. He had been struck in the chin, which was bleeding considerably; his cape, which was torn, was bespattered with blood. Wright now took command of his corps, the Sixth, and Getty returned to his division. By this time a formidable body of men stood ready to dispute the advance of the victory-flushed foe. For over two hours there was a lull in the battle. Stragglers were rapidly returning to their commands. Troops were going into position as rapidly as circumstances would permit. They felt that they were acting under a master hand. Sheridan went east of the pike to observe the movements of the enemy, where he saw them preparing for the attack. He (Sheridan) rode along the entire front of the infantry line of battle, hat in hand, and from the cheering the enemy must have thought that our army had been heavily reinforced.

The Battle Renewed.

Soon after the enemy could be seen moving to the attack from a point on Sheridan's left. Corps commanders were at once notified of the movement. The assault was principally on that part of the line occupied by the Nineteenth Corps. It being not now taken by surprise, it gallantly repulsed the enemy.

"Thank God for that," said Sheridan. "Tell Gen. Emory if they attack him again to go after them and follow them. We'll get a good twist on them; the tightest one they ever saw."

Sheridan delayed the general attack for a time until the greater part of the men who had gone to the rear in the morning had returned. About this time a report came in that Longstreet was coming to the support of Early, marching on the left of Sheridan, on the Front Royal pike, getting to the rear of our army.

This caused some uneasiness, and gave color to the dispatch, "Be ready to move as soon as my force reaches you, and we will crush Sheridan."

About 4 p. m. the order went out, "The whole line will advance. The Nineteenth Corps will move in connection with the Sixth; the right of the Nineteenth will swing toward the left."

The attack was gallantly made. The enemy sought protection behind stone fences and rail breastworks, making a very determined resistance, but Gen. Sheridan had formed a compact mass of men across the pike; Custer on the extreme right to harass and worry the enemy until Sheridan should create a panic with the remainder of the line. This plan, so simple in its conception, worked like a charm, was successful beyond all expectation. The enemy's left overlapped Sheridan's right, and taking advantage of this turned the overlapping on the flank, causing a slight confusion in Sheridan's line. This was, however, quickly righted by a countercharge of Gen. McMillan's Brigade into the angle thus formed, and the flanking party of the enemy was cut off with both flanks in the air. Custer coming up from Middle Marsh Brook, formed for the charge. While his lines were forming he rode up to Sheridan, throwing his arms around his neck while riding at furious speed. His gallant troopers drawing saber, hurled the entire "red necktie" division on the rebel left, sabering without mercy and trampling them under foot.

The "boy General with golden locks" even out-Custered Custer. At the same time the whole line was going forward in fine style, driving everything before it. The enemy on some parts of the line was strongly posted behind stone fences and trees, but proving of little avail. The Sixth Corps sprang forward as if shot from the cannon's mouth, the other corps vieing in impetuosity. By this time Crook's command had been reorganized, and they went forward with a hearty good will, fully proving that the reverses of the morning were no fault of theirs. It seemed scarcely credible that the men who were beaten in the morning were the same who charged so splendidly in the afternoon.

The Enemy Fights Hard.

The enemy was not idle. They opened upon the charging column with 50 pieces of artillery, and shells were hurled with terrible precision into the solid mass of advancing infantry. The Federal batteries were nobly doing their duty. Over the hills and up the pike the blue closely pressed the gray. Sheridan seeing a battery favorably posted, turned to one of his Aids, saying: "Ride down to Capt. ——, and tell him to fire faster." The message was delivered, and the detonations were without interval. Once and only once did our men falter, and that was when subjected to a murderous fire from behind a stone fence. A hearty cheer from the line, and the Johnnies were on the run, tho not all of them—the ground was covered with dead and dying. The enemy now became a miserable rabble, throwing away their arms and everything to get away from their pursuers.

Custer crossed Cedar Creek at a ford west of the pike and Devin east of the pike, just before dark, pressed the routed mass of the enemy into their strong position at Fisher's Hill. The cavalry were busy all night in securing the trophies of the battle. The road from Cedar Creek to Fisher's Hill, a distance of about three miles, was a perfect jam of ambulances, artillery caissons and wagons. An officer of the Second Brigade, First Cavalry Division, rode up to Sheridan's headquarters, when the following dialog ensued:

Officer—"General, I have come to ask for a brigade of infantry to hold the captured artillery, of which I believe we have at least 20 pieces."

Sheridan—"I don't believe it. Who are you?"

Officer—"I am Capt. L. B. Britton, of the 1st N. Y. Dragoons, Second Brigade, First Division. D—n if I don't believe we have over 40 pieces."

Sheridan—"Captain, you shall have two brigades. Can any of my staff give this officer anything to drink?"

Officer—"Well, General, that would suit me bully."

Custer coming up reported his great success. Sheridan caught him in his arms, and both danced around for joy. Other general officers came in, each in turn reporting his successes, showing that the victory was complete, and what in the morning looked so dark was now turned into splendid victory. Rations were short and supply trains 20 miles in the rear, but who cared for rations? We were not hungry. Doubtless had we been defeated we should have been afflicted with a voracious appetite.

The Next Day.

Daylight showed that the enemy's transportation and artillery was in our hands. They left everything behind in their flight, their dead unburied and their wounded uncared for. This battle ended campaigning in the Shenandoah Valley. The Confederate Government had lost all confidence in Early, Gen. Lee's "bad old man." Artillery from Richmond was sent to this department labeled, "To Gen. Phil. Sheridan via Jubal Early." From May 5, 1864, to April 9, 1865, the day on which the Army of Northern Virginia surrendered, Sheridan's command captured 205 battle flags, all in open field fighting, nearly as many as all of the armie sof the United States combined sent to the War Department during the rebellion. The number of field pieces captured in the same period was 170, all in open field fighting. In the Valley 13,000 prisoners were captured.

Joy to the Country.

When the news of the victory at Cedar Creek was received in Washington the President at once thanked the army in an autograph letter:

"Executive Mansion,
"Washington, Oct. 22, 1864.

"Maj.-Gen. Sheridan: With pleasure I tender you and your brave army the thanks of the Nation and my own personal admiration and gratitude for the month's operations in the Shenandoah Valley, and especially for the splendid work of Oct. 19, 1864.

"Your obedient servant,
"Abraham Lincoln."

Several weeks after this Sheridan received a special letter from the Secretary of War stating "That for the personal gallantry, military skill, just confidence in the courage and patriotism of your troops displayed by you on the 19th day of October, at Cedar Run, whereby under the blessing of Providence your routed army was reorganized, and a great National disaster averted and a brilliant victory achieved over the rebels for the third time in pitched battle within 30 days, Philip H. Sheridan is appointed a Major-General in the United States Army."

On receipt of the news at City Point, Amry Headquarters, of Sheridan's victory, Gen. Grant ordered a salute of 100 guns to be fired.

The News Reaches Gen. Grant.

Gen. Horace Porter in his campaigning with Grant says: "At 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Oct. 20, 1864, Gen. Grant was sitting at his table in his tent writing letters. Several members of his staff who were at headquarters at the time were seated in front of the tent discussing some anticipated movement. The telegraph operator came across the camp ground, hurriedly stepped into the General's quarters and handed him a dispatch. He read it over, and then came to the front of the tent, put on a very grave look, and said to the members of the staff, "I'll read you what I just received from Sheridan." We were all eager to hear the news, for we felt that the telegram was of importance. The General began to read the dispatch in a very solemn tone. It was dated 10 p. m. the night before:

"I have the honor to report that my army at Cedar Creek was attacked this morning before daylight, and my left driven in confusion; in fact, most of my line was turned and driven in confusion with the loss of 20 pieces of artillery. I hastened from Winchester, where I was on my way from Washington, and joined the army between Middletown and Newtown, having been driven back about four miles." "That's pretty bad, isn't it?"

A melancholy chorus replied, "It's too bad, too bad!"

"Now just wait until I read you the rest of it," added the General, with a perceptible twinkle in his eye. He then went on reading more rapidly: "I here took the affair in hand, and quickly united the corps, formed a compact line of battle just in time to repulse an attack of the enemy, which was handsomely done, at about 2 p. m. At 4 p. m., after some changes of the cavalry from the left to the right flank, I attacked with great vigor, driving and routing the enemy, capturing, according to last reports, 43 pieces of artillery and very many prisoners. I do not know the number of casualties or the losses of the enemy. Wagon trains, ambulances and caissons in large numbers are in our possession. They also burned some of their train. * * * Affairs at times looked bad, but by the gallantry of our brave officers and men disaster has been converted into a splendid victory. Darkness again intervened to shut off greater results. By this time our men had rallied from their dejection, and were beside themselves with delight."

Gen. Sherman said: "We have heard of Gen. Sheridan's great victory at Cedar Creek. We can't afford to burn powder, but our men can make it up in yelling, which is just as good."

During the day of the battle dispatches were received in the town where Gen. Sheridan's mother lived. A neighbor of the old lady informed her of the news that the General's army was attacked, driven back and completely routed. Such was the confidence in her son that she steadfastly refused to believe it, but dispatch after dispatch was received confirming the report. At last she was forced to believe the unwelcome news. "Well, if the army is defeated and driven back I am sure Philip wasn't there."

A VETERAN'S MEMORIES.

Visions of Mighty Men and Things of the Past That Sweep Before His Eyes.

The veteran of '61 to '65 finds it no hard task to bridge over the more than 40 years since he was part of the great host in that mighty contest.

What a medley of contrasted scenes flash before him; storm and calm, times of danger and fatigue, hard roads and hard fare, offset by good, roads and sunshine, or jolly times around the blazing camp fire.

And how easily we bring in review the heroic Commanders.

"Little Mac," one of the most graceful riders in the Army, and don't you remember, my boy, how carefully he returned your salute as he rode over the corduroy road thru Chickahominy Swamp?

Red shirt, leather belt and the famous Burnside Cut. Brave, frank, unfortunate Burnside, meeting his most notable defeat, not because of shrieking shells or whistling bullets, but simply mud; and how it did rain!

Just from a band-box, sash, white gloves, not a speck on his natty uniform, but brave withal, the saver of "Little Round Top"—Warren.

Broad shoulders, cheery smile, caring as little for "fuss and feathers" as the "Old Man" himself, you cannot forget "Johnny Sedgwick."

Tall, straight as an arrow, every inch a soldier and a scholar as well, the idol of his men and dearly beloved by his Chief, we hardly need write the name of James B. McPherson.

They marshal themselves as the ancient worthies did before the writer of Hebrews and, "Time would fail us" were we to sketch in the briefest way "Pap Thomas," "Uncle Billy" and many more that clamor for recognition. Most of these have passed on, but we cannot help greeting this gray-bearded veteran who still remains and, whose empty sleeve bears mute witness to his valor, O. O. Howard.

From the rest of the throng two stand out clearly, not because they were "separate from their brethren" but from qualities that marked them as leaders, very unlike, very much alike.

Look at this tall, angular figure looming above the crowd and at this other of medium hight, but with a compact frame, and sturdy bearing that savor more of John Bull than Brother Jonathan.

Again, in their attitude toward general literature the contrast is fully as marked.

From Lincoln's early surroundings it seems a far cry to a master of English or to one inclined toward poetry or art, and yet his common speech is so clear cut that it is hardly possible to misunderstand him and his inaugural addresses show rare poetic instinct.

Everett, the ripe scholar and polished orator, came to Gettysburg bringing his oration. Pitted against him was the Rail Splitter from Illinois, but the latter won out.

To Grant all this was utterly foreign; a clear writer, as his dispatches prove beyond question, but caring as little for general literature as for music.

In regard to music an amusing story is told, in substance, that the leader of headquarters band, in the midst of a difficult number received word from headquarters that the Chief "wanted it quiet!" Small wonder that the music-loving German retired from the stand muttering "Vot a man!"

Lincoln was a ready talker; Grant the most reticent of men.

In the case of Grant the Simpson blood was strongly in evidence. Behind those set lips his plans of campaign were as secure from friend or foe as if they were at the bottom of the sea.

Unlike surely; but looking a little deeper you find they had much in common.

In pretty close touch in their early surroundings, but both could swing an axe and both had more or less of pioneer experience.

Plain men—Lincoln was open to the humblest, having no desire for the trappings of royalty, and any one looking for Grant in the field would be almost sure to pass that little wall tent and go to the great one just beyond, but they would fail in their quest, for that plainly dressed officer in the small tent was the Great Captain.

Honest to the core—you smile at the story of Lincoln's keeping the balance due the Government from his little P. O. in the old stocking, yet it was a good index of the man; and while Grant suffered from the dishonesty of others his own character was above suspicion.

The time called for courage and neither was found wanting.

Lincoln presenting his Emancipation Proclamation to his Cabinet, simply saying that he was not asking for consent to issue, only for advice as to details, is an heroic figure; and Grant's action in dropping down between two great armies and cutting loose from his base, or keeping his poise in the terrible Wilderness, has in it the same essential quality.

But in that time of stress no spasmodic energy would avail; it must have in it the element of "hold fast" and while showing itself in different guise, grim tenacity was a dominant trait in each.

Lincoln listened patiently to those who differed with him, but when his mind was made up he held his course thru storm and calm.

So with Grant. "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all Summer." As the lightning flash reveals the landscape, in that incisive dispatch the old man wrote his biography in a sentence.

Again we find the closest agreement in their entire devotion to the Union.

It is no meaningless phrase to say that it was "A time that tried men's souls."

Not all stood the test. Some went over to the enemy, others tried the oft-repeated, but never successful, experiment of "serving two masters."

Still again, there were those who gave lukewarm service, but these gave themselves without stint.

Others might "fail and be discouraged," but they never turned their back to the foe, meeting the perplexing problems that came with each new day with unfailing patience and unswerving loyalty.

The story of the great struggle is almost ancient history to our children, and will become less distinct as the years go by; but as the historian of the future looks over the records of that time, while he may give scant attention to the records of many a heroic soul, he cannot fail to note these two figures moving in the thick of the conflict, brave, strong and true.

The contending forces sway back and forth. It is no child's play; but however great or prolonged the hardship, from these two there is but one note and that so clear and incisive that many a timid one almost ready to fall out, hearing, rallies and goes on.

Before both President Lincoln and Gen. Grant, a realized fact to their abounding faith, was the vision of a Nation across whose flag slavery could never more be written, and in their heart of hearts they could take up the noble stanza of George Eliot:

"'Tis an assured good to seek the noblest,
'Tis your only good, since you have seen it,
For that higher vision poisons all meaner choice forevermore."

—Wm. Gray, U. S. Engineers, Boston, Mass.

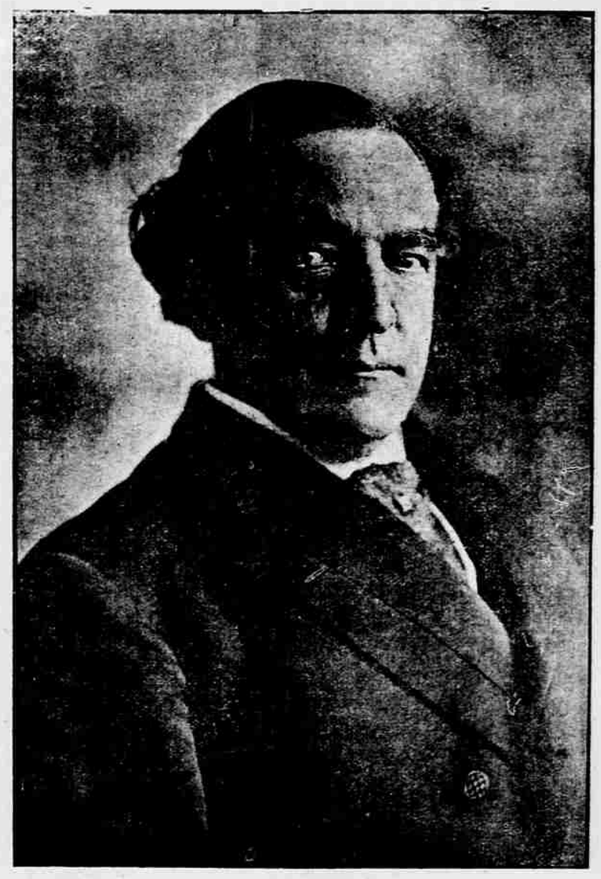
Lost Discharge.

David C. Marshall, who served under the name of Charles W. Sanders, had his discharge lost or stolen in Boston in August, 1865. He served in Co. H, 3d N. H., and would like if anyone has knowledge of such that they will communicate with him at Ethel, Ark.

SENATOR JOHN W. DANIEL.

One of the Possible Nominees by the Coming Democratic National Convention.

There is an unmistakable trend among Democrats of "light and leading" in favor of the selection of Senator John W. Daniel, of Virginia, for the party standard-bearer next year. Looked at from the ground of availability no man so far mentioned has more attractiveness as a candidate. His nomination would be to return to the old safe and sane practices of the Democracy, by which it attained success and made creditable history for the country. There has been the development of a strong feeling in the South that it was time that the steady and unfailing devotion of that section to the Democracy were rewarded by a nomination and the justice of this claim is recognized by the Northern Democratic leaders. The South has not had a candidate of the Democratic Party for the Presidency since Polk was nominated in 1844, or 63 years ago. It is true that in 1860 Breckinridge ran, but this was on a factional ticket and he was not the nominee of the Democratic Party as a whole.



SENATOR JOHN W. DANIEL.

In the first place, Senator Daniel is a Virginian and has represented his great State in the Senate of the United States for 23 years. He is one of the few Senators North and South of whom everybody has heard and knows what State he hails from. The ordinarily well-informed man would not be able to name probably one-half of the Senators nor say what States they represented, but every man knows as well that Virginia is represented by John W. Daniel as he knows that Ohio is represented by Foraker, South Carolina by Tillman and Illinois by Cullom. Undeniable ability, unquestioned integrity and absolute fidelity to his duties have won his place in that brilliant but small circle of Senators who are held to be Senators in fact.

John Warwick Daniel was born in Lynchburg, Va., Sept. 5, 1842, and was in college when Virginia decided to secede. He immediately entered the Confederate Army in the Stonewall Brigade as a Second Lieutenant and was wounded at the first Bull Run. He was next Adjutant of the 11th Va. and was wounded at Boonsboro, Md. Gen. Jubal A. Early took a great fancy to him and made him his Chief of Staff with the rank of Major, in which capacity he served until terribly wounded in the battle of the Wilderness, from the effects of which he still suffers, his life being one of constant pain and a crutch necessary at all times for him to go about. After the war he entered the practice of the law, attracted attention by his talents and his writings on legal subjects; was sent to the Legislature; became the Democratic nominee for Governor, but was defeated by the Readjuster candidate, and entered the House of Representatives of the 49th Congress. Three years later he was elected to the Senate to succeed William Mahone, and has been kept constantly in the upper House ever since. His term will expire March 3, 1911. Senator Daniel represents the best traditions of the old Democracy, and in that way would be highly acceptable to the Conservative Democrats of the North. He opposed as dishonest the Readjuster campaign in Virginia, and this firm stand on the side of absolute honesty, good faith and square dealing has characterized every act of his life. He was against Free Silver. As an orator of high rank, a man of warm, genial temperament, who attracts all that come near him, as a representative of the best traditions of the Southern Democracy, he would make a candidate that the Democratic National Convention could not improve upon, seek where they would thru the whole country.

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The Brooklyn Navy Yard.

The veterans employed in the Brooklyn Navy Yard represent that as the appropriation for this year is running low there has been a suspension of work, and in this there is no attention paid to the preference given by Congress to the employment of veterans. They are dropt before the others. Nor is there any attention paid to another act giving all employes 15 days vacation.

An Epitaph for Wirz.

Wm. Pond, 84 Prospect Court, Waukesha, Wis., believes that there should be a monument erected to Wirz, and suggests that it be painted black, with the following epitaph in bronze:

Here lies beneath this clod
An enemy to the laws of God,
Who enjoyed the sufferings of others so well,
That he was sent to the lowest hell.

The Lincoln Farm.

Chapin Post, Buffalo, N. Y., has appointed a committee, with Commander Chas. A. Orr as Chairman, to take action with regard to purchasing the farm in Kentucky on which Lincoln was born. It is intended to convert the property into a park.

The 1st Md.

Levi Montgomery, Baltimore, Md., says that he belonged to the 1st Md., and he would like to hear from any or all of his old comrades of that regiment and the Army of the James. He is very lonesome, and hopes the boys will write soon.

TWO GRAND NEW SONGS

"Daybreak at Appomattox."
Words by Thomas Calver.
Music by George H. Lillibridge.

"We Have Drank from the Same Canteen."
Words by Chas. G. Halpine.
Music by George H. Lillibridge.

Every soldier, every soldier's descendant, and every patriot should have a copy of these songs. Price, 25 cents each. Address
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Women hate baldheaded men; any one can have magnificent hair. Will you pay for hair guaranteed? Send age; see what you get free. LAWRENCE, hair expert, 2013 Wallace, Philadelphia.

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Catarrh and Deafness. Sure Cure. Ayers Catarrh Jelly. Write for 25c. tube on approval. If benefited, send the money. Ayers Chemical Co., Sidney, O.

BEATTY PIANO $285. D. F. BEATTY, WASHINGTON, N.J.

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The Life of William McKinley.

The National Tribune has some copies remaining of a book of exceptional interest, beauty and value, which in a few years may become an almost priceless memento. It is the **Life of William McKinley**, gotten up with unusual promptness by a prominent New York publishing house. It is a thin book of extra quarto size, printed on extra-heavy plated paper and embellished with a very great number of pictures executed in the most artistic manner. The frontispiece is a three-color process portrait of the late President, so well done that it has almost the value of an oil painting. There are other full-page, color pictures through the book and a great number of half-tone portraits of McKinley at various ages, in the army and in civil life, of his father and mother and other relatives, members of the Cabinet, and snap-shots of the President in his great meetings, receptions and other distinguished occasions of his Presidential career. The series of pictures concludes with a number of photographs of the funeral scenes, beginning with a picture of the house in Buffalo in which he died; the arrival of the remains at Washington; the imposing ceremonies in the National Capitol, and the final interment at his home in Canton. There are nearly 200 of these superb photographs, with four full pages in color. The letter-press includes a life of the President, extracts from his speeches, messages to Congress, proclamations and other State papers. All this is printed in large, clear type, upon the finest quality of paper, and so handsomely bound as to make a fitting ornament for a center table or library. It will hardly be long until this book is in great demand by collectors of rare and valuable contributions to American history.

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