

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

The National Tribune

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NATIONAL TRIBUNE HEADQUARTERS AT SARATOGA. In accordance with its usual custom The National Tribune has secured headquarters at Saratoga near to National Headquarters for the convenience of its subscribers and friends.

San Francisco can have worse grafters and seek it to "em harder than any city in the country.

Admiral Dewey says that we can whip anybody on the Pacific, and Dewey is an expert on whipping.

A bird in hand may be easier eaten than with a knife and fork, but not so neatly.

King Edward VII has become a croquet fiend. How can so fat a man as he see the ball when it is anywhere near his feet?

The German grape growers make the same complaint as the French. The wine manufacturers double or triple the output of wine by fermenting the pomace of skins, pulp and seeds with a weak strip made from common sugar.

The Nichi-Nichi and other Japanese yellow papers which are preaching war because their countrymen are not more freely admitted do not reflect that none at all would get in in the event of war. The British tried that twice. All they got in were killed or captured.

The great and noble guild of Makers of Pie-Fillers has triumphed. The Secretary of Agriculture has decided to allow the use of benzoate of soda as a preservative for a time at least. The multitudinous army of pie-bitters must now look to their digestion themselves, and hunt up some drug to counteract the dyspeptic tendencies of the benzoate.

A Georgia paper offers a reward of 49 cents for the first seven Democrats found who can understand the initiative and referendum. The first trouble would be to have them successfully pass examination as Democrats. Has Georgia been able to decide what constitutes a Democrat? Our recollection is that at the last election there were seven or eight varieties, each one fiercely denouncing all the others as spurious.

Gen. Castillo kindly warns us against staying in Cuba too long. The high-spirited Cubans may lose their self-control and do something to us that we will not like. That has a far-away memory of the kind of talk indulged in by people down South. It is true that we did not exactly like the things that did because we would not go back, but they did not like the things we did in return a little bit, and they finally decided to let us stay until we were ready to go. Gen. Castillo will find the history of 1895-1900 both entertaining and instructive.

Senator Tillman talks of a duel with Senator Dooliver. There will be no duel. Senator Dooliver is a man with the most quarrels and the fewest fights of any in the country. Tillman has been paying the ground and snorting battle for about 20 years, and if he has had a single fight it has escaped our memory. We have long ceased our tremors lest some over-irritated man should kill him, or still worse, that he should kill some really good man. Life insurance men think him a good risk.

What's this about women never learning anything—never discovering anything? The ladies of the Army lanch the thundering truth upon an insect-tortured world that market news bite through anything white, while black and colors attract them. They—that is the ladies—learned this in the Philippines, and therefore in the market season they never wear any but white gloves, white stockings and white elsewhere accessible to the vicious little monsters. If this be true, it is worth what the Philippines are cost us. But why did not those exceedingly wise scientists who have been making a study of the musketo for years find this out?

A DIPLOMATIC ROW.

The dullness of the Summer months is being enlivened by a first-class row in the very exclusive State Department and in no less a place than our principal Embassy, that is to say, London.

These ructions would be tiresome if there were anything more serious to think about, and when they come at a busy season people pay little attention to them. Our whole ambassadorial system is a farce and innumerable with moldy and musty traditions inherited from the time when Embassadors were persons of real importance.

It was an outrage, however, when the whisky-crazed ex-Judge Loving was acquitted for having shot down the young man for an alleged mistreatment of his daughter. The Judge, following the iniquitous precedent in the Thaw case, would not allow the young woman's story, told to justify and save her father, to be subjected to cross-examination and sifting.

Gov. Vardaman, of Mississippi, has some wrong on an "unwritten law" case. For motives of her own Mrs. Ann Birdsong murdered Dr. Thos. H. Butler, and then alleged the unwritten law in justification. The court sentenced her to five years in the penitentiary, and the Supreme Court affirmed the sentence, but Gov. Vardaman announces that he is not to be swayed from his "determination that the unwritten law is for women as well as for men, and I will never permit Mrs. Birdsong to go to prison."

This is in spite of petitions signed by great numbers of the people of Mrs. Birdsong's home, who are familiar with her life and character and the circumstances of her crime. They are strongly opposed to any clemency for her. The women signers were born and reared in the same community with Mrs. Birdsong, and many of them were her schoolmates. They say: "By no stretch of the imagination can the unwritten law be applied in Mrs. Birdsong's case," and continue: "The unwritten law of Monticello and Lawrence County regret exceedingly the misguided public sympathy exhibited for Mrs. Birdsong outside of this town and County, brought about by prejudiced reports sent to the metropolitan press, and also because the true condition of affairs was not brought out at the trial."

Over in Maryland, however, a case in progress, in which the unwritten law came as near being justified as it ever can be. A young man betrayed a girl under promise of marriage, and when her brother and her poor old mother begged him to save her from disgrace, he scornfully refused, and they shot him.

The girl, with her new-born babe, is present at the trial, and the old mother testified: "She first pleaded with Posey to repair the wrong she alleged he had done her daughter, even offering to pay all the expenses, her son adding that if he wanted to leave his sister afterward he could get a divorce, but that he must marry her." They even offered to support him, and keep his lunch paid filled.

These are humble people,—common laborers, with no social station to give sensational interest, and no money to hire high-priced lawyers, but their family honor is as dear to them as if they belonged to the Four Hundred.

We have little use for that female virtue that has to be protected at the point of the pistol. Every woman must be the guardian of her own virtue. This can not be too strongly impressed upon her. "Injured husbands" are aggravating frauds, and they who kill or plain, ordinary murderers. In 99 cases out of 100 it is their own brutality or other misconduct that has driven their wives to the arms of other men. Their crimes are not prompted by love for the woman, as sickly gushing sentimentalists make believe, but by their wounded selfish vanity, and their base hunger for revenge because their wives have preferred other men.

There is never any justification for the unwritten law, but the nearest thing to it comes when a man has ruined a loving, trusting girl, and we therefore hope that the Maryland jury will be merciful to Mrs. Bowie and her son.

Later—The Maryland jury has acquitted Mrs. Bowie and her son. Iowa does not take kindly to Jacob Riis's suggestion that she seek for labor for her fields in the congested tenement districts of New York. The Iowans seem to think that they have already as many as they can handle of men and women in various stages of inebriation whom they are laboring to work up into American citizens. They fear that establishing a line to the New York slums may contaminate the Hawkeye body politic with germs for which they have no specific. There is basis for this fear. Immigrants may be taken to the fair land of Iowa who will be as detrimental as the importation of the gipsy moth or the sparrows. Yet experience shows that if the immigrants are scattered thru the country, where our churches, schools and social systems get a good chance at them, some very undesirable men and women can be worked over into fairly good citizens.

THE DANGEROUS UNWRITTEN LAW.

The "unwritten law" has been much before the people lately, and greatly to its detriment. Sensible, law-abiding people have become much more scornfully impatient since the Loving and Thaw trials of its being invoked to save rick-handed murderers. The limit of petting-fund impudence was reached when Thaw, a vicious degenerate, who had married his mistress, appealed to it to save him from the proper penalty for murdering one of her former lovers.

There was some approval of it when the Strothers brothers killed the man who had betrayed and brutally treated their sister, and then tried to desert her on the day of the wedding so as to invalidate the forced marriage.

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THE OKLAHOMA CONSTITUTION.

The Constitution tinkerers of Oklahoma are taking their second guess. They have communicated with the President, who very properly told them that their Constitution was a matter for themselves alone, and that he would not presume to dictate or even suggest. They would have to present their work when completed to their people, and if adopted by them it would then have to undergo the scrutiny of Congress.

The Constitutional Convention has re-assembled, and last week made many tinkering changes. The courts were given power to punish when a contempt case is committed in the court's presence. The section was eliminated giving the Legislature additional power to restrict suffrage qualifications. The initiative and referendum was enunciated of the provision for carrying it into effect in case the Legislature shall refuse to do so.

A provision was inserted permitting a merger by legislative enactment of corporations chartered within the State, but foreign corporations cannot merge. The Legislature was given power to limit conditions under which foreign corporations may operate within the State. The provision was eliminated which prevented foreign corporations from removing any court proceedings from State to Federal Courts.

An amendment prevents Federal officeholders and anybody holding a position of profit in another State from holding any State office. The habeas corpus writ provision was amended so as not to interfere with Federal jurisdiction. The State Senators will be increased to 44 and Representatives to 103.

These look to be aggravating rather than remedial, and their effect will be to add to the hopeless confusion and confusion of the inordinately long document. The supreme fault of the Constitution is that it is too flagrantly long, too crude, too clumsily constructed. It tries to tie up the State forever to a lot of half ideas and shallow theories that in five years may be as dead and forgotten as the Greenback craze or Free Silver.

Instead, therefore, of these little puttering changes, which only add to the growing confusion, the whole complicated mass should be swept away, and all these matters left where they properly belong—with the Legislature, as is the case in other States.

A Constitution one page long would be amply sufficient and a thousand-fold better than the present mass of turbid and incoherent 64 pages long. The Department of Oklahoma, G. A. R., has formally protested against the following features of the Constitution: 1. The habeas corpus provision. 2. The form of the franchise provision, which will shield every swindler and every violator of virtue under promise of marriage. 3. The contempt of court provision. 4. The iniquitous apportionment. 5. The creation of a multitude of unnecessary offices, with high salaries, for which members of the convention are candidates. 6. The monstrous gerrymanders. 7. Initiative and referendum. 8. Counties and Countyseats made without regard to the wishes and needs of the people. 9. Grossly inadequate provisions for common schools. 10. Burdensome and unjust tax provisions.

As for ourselves, we rather want to see the initiative and referendum tried, and are therefore not averse to the experiment in Oklahoma. Initiative and referendum is a humbug, and will quickly demonstrate this when actually tried.

A remarkable step has been taken by the Iowa Legislature passing an enabling act permitting the larger cities, those of not less than 25,000 inhabitants, to reorganize on the Galveston model, and Des Moines, the Capital, has already availed itself of this permission. There is a movement in the same direction in Kansas and South Dakota, and in Texas Houston, Fort Worth, Dallas, El Paso and Austin are trying the new plan. Des Moines, with its 75,000 inhabitants, is the largest city so far outside of Galveston to venture upon the experiment. The Galveston idea is a business corporation with a President and Board of Directors, all salaried officers, who devote their entire time to the affairs of the corporation. Galveston is ruled by a Commission consisting of a Mayor and four Commissioners, who are to all intents the same as a President and Board of Directors of a railroad or a bank. This Commission took hold of Galveston just after the flood, and has had remarkable success so far. Houston, which had a very inefficient Government and was suffering severely from neglect, waste and dishonesty, has tried the same experiment with gratifying results. The Commission has retired the debt, paved the streets, built schools and improved the water supply and in the meanwhile reduced the tax rate. The Houston Post says that the system is no longer an experiment, but a demonstrated success, which is worth its weight in gold.

THE JUDGE AS A CENSOR.

Mayor Schmitz angrily resented Judge Dunne's "lecturing" him. Schmitz showed his usual coarse ignorance of public decencies. It is a Judge's prime duty to expound public morality, and the responsibility of officials. He is our official censor. While our newspapers, ministers and orators preach morality and honesty officially, it is the place of a Judge to expound the public conscience in the weighty name of the law. The other teachers may say what people ought to do, it is the Judge's function to say what they must do, how to active business men in the Mountaineers' Bank, Ohio has some 20 or more bankers—not including Cassie Chadwick—in her stone-walled Capital of Silence, Simple Life and Hard Labor at Columbus. The penitentiaries of other States are similarly well-populated. A Judge at Toledo, O., has sentenced 23 rich lumber dealers and two bridge builders to six months in the workhouse, and let off nine brick manufacturers with a fine of \$1,000 each. "Bein' a fule is inkonvenient," Josh Billings would say, "but bein' 2 smart is mitey dangerous."

CATASTROPHE ON THE GEORGIA.

Another distressing accident on our warships comes to sadden our people. It is another turret explosion, this time on the battleship Georgia, which was at target practice off Provincetown, Mass. By it eight men were killed outright and 13 injured, of whom three are on the dangerous list. Among those killed was Lieut. Caspar Goodrich, of Brooklyn, N. Y., son of Rear Admiral Goodrich. In some manner not yet known two bags of powder containing 200 pounds became ignited, filling the turret with flames and explosions. Lieut. Goodrich and Seaman Malek were crazed by the smoke, flame and acid gas, clambered up to the top of the turret and threw themselves into the sea. There are two theories as to the cause, one being a spark floating back from the muzzle of the guns such as caused previous explosions, and another a spark coming down from the smokestack. There have been four previous explosions of this kind: One Jan. 18, 1903, on the Massachusetts, killed nine men; one April 9, 1903, on the Iowa, killed three men and wounded four others; one April 12, 1904, on the Missouri, killed five officers and 26 enlisted men; and one April 13, 1905, on the Kearsarge, severely wounding three men.

The Georgia is one of the newest battleships, having been accepted only last week. She is a magnificent fighting machine of 14,500 tons and a speed of 18 knots. She carries 24 guns of four inches and over, and 24 smaller guns. It was supposed that sufficient precautions had been taken after the previous explosions to prevent such terrible accidents in the future. This hope appears not to be justified. The smokeless powder which is used in these guns does not explode in the open like ordinary powder, but when it is ignited gives off a dense and poisonous gas which explodes with great violence.

The Wolf came upon the Lamb drinking from the stream, and the conversation by Esop followed. The Wolf was about to spring upon the Lamb and devour him, when he suddenly bethot himself. "Goodness, what would Dr. Wiley say if he heard of my eating unlabeled meat?" he said, and trotted away congratulating himself that he was still hungry he had escaped deadly ptomaines.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going a-milking, sir," she said. "Can I go with you, my pretty maid?" "No; you're not sterilized, sir," she said.

Visitors returning from the Jamestown Exposition report it more Jesse James' than ever.

THE PETERSBURG MINE.

The Second Division of the Tenth Corps Took a Large Share in the Memorable Event.

Editor National Tribune: As I have never seen any account of what our division of the Tenth Corps did at the Battle of the Mine, I thought I would write my recollections of that miserable affair, as Grant justly called it. I was up to the eyes in mud in those trenches that did the work on the mine, July 29, in the afternoon. I had been there before when sharpshooting along the line, and was there when I inquired how they were getting along. One Sergeant that I knew told me they had powder enough under that fort on the hill to blow it to kingdom come. He said he had some tons there, but I have forgotten now. He said they had run galleries all around under the wall of the fort, so when the train was fired it would lift the fort up bodily. He also told me that Grant was going to send a division of the Tenth Corps to make the assault after the creek had dried out. The mine was the object of attack being a crest of the bank about 400 yards in the rear of the fort. The idea being that if we could get up the hill, the rebels would command Petersburg. The Sergeant was very sure of success, as he figured the rebels would run out of the works on both sides of the fort when the explosion came, and our men could slip into the works and make every thing safe before the rebels got their scare. A splendid scheme, I told him, but I was not to be deceived. I was sent from the Tenth Corps I knew it would be ours, as I knew what Gen. Grant thought of it. I would go back to the creek, and when I was there I belonged on our line of works the boys thought we were going to Deep Bottom again. But after we had got down over the creek, out of the hands of the rebels, we were halted, got our supper and lay down. Several brigades passed us, all going to the right, as every one supposed for Deep Bottom. After dark we were ordered out, but I noticed at once we were going the other way, to the left. We went well back in the rear, out of sight and sound of the fort.

About 2 o'clock in the morning we marched down into the lines directly in front of the mine. The boys were lost, as they saw that that wasn't Deep Bottom at all, and they were back where I belonged. He had been there before when sharpshooting along the line. I also told them about the mine and that we had been ordered out, but I noticed at once we were going the other way, to the left. We went well back in the rear, out of sight and sound of the fort.

About 2 o'clock we marched down a little hill into the works in front of the Ninth Corps. The boys saw that it wasn't Deep Bottom. I told them where we were to go, and they were ordered out, but I noticed at once we were going the other way, to the left. We went well back in the rear, out of sight and sound of the fort.

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When about half of our brigade were in the line, the ball opened. There was no preamble, no preliminary. Curtis just swung his sword and started for the rebels. We went with him. We bumped and jostled, and the whole line was following a crooked, narrow, wavy line down to the one we had just crossed, but about 500 yards below there was a gap in the line. The idea appeared to be to strike us in flank while the rebels in front made an attack directly in our front. Curtis sent us to the right, and banners were flying, the rebels in the rear were just getting into the line, but that did not help them any. They could not use any more of their men than what were in front of our men. The space and time were just a minute, within four or five yards of them. Then our boys opened on that mass of rebels packed in our front. The space and time were just a minute, within four or five yards of them. Then our boys opened on that mass of rebels packed in our front. The space and time were just a minute, within four or five yards of them. Then our boys opened on that mass of rebels packed in our front.

The rebels stopped at the breastworks, and some more of their men came to their assistance from their rear. They started at our boys with their guns and thrust at our boys with their bayonets and called us all sorts of bad names, and ordered us to go back. Our boys kept right where they were, and crowding up onto the works. Soon the rebels had to either throw down their guns and give up or run back to their own line of works, and the boys who were in our front when we started were uncovered, and our artillery opened on them, for which we were truly thankful.

I looked to the right, and saw the colors of the 45th N. Y. so over the works. Evidently they had got into the line to halt that we had just received. I saw a boy carrying the flag. He was running as fast as he could go, a little in advance of the boys who were standing and looking at him. The flag was streaming back over his shoulders. He was bareheaded, his light-colored hair curled about his face, and he had the bravest picture I had ever seen. I shall never forget it. He went four or five yards, when all at once the flag fluttered and dropped to the ground, and he was caught in it. He took two or three steps towards where I was standing, staggered and fell. I gave my rifle to Bob Warner, and he picked him up. He was so slender and light I carried him easily. Some of our boys helped me over the works with him. I sat down next him in the trench. He had his head upon my shoulder, with his face against mine like a little tired child and said: "You won't let the rebels get me, will you?" "That was all he said. I told him, 'No.' That ever-present horror, the crucifix that was always ready to lead to our boys when prisoners by the rebel Government, was evidently the last thing on his mind.

I was looking at the rebels and did not look at him. Just then my Captain, Dunham, came along and said to me, "You may as well lay that boy down. He is dead."

Gen. Curtis Appears.

He had died without a struggle, and I did not notice it. I looked at him then; he was shot in the breast; the ball had gone clear thru him. He was very handsome, with fine, delicate features, and a good deal of hair. He had been big, black and strong like the rest of us it would not have seemed so sad. I got up with him in my arms, and carried him to the top of the bank. Some of our boys were rushing in to take our places, when some one jostled me, almost knocking me onto him as I was laying him down. I saw a man in some things, when I heard Gen. Grant say in that smooth, even tone of voice he always used, "Excuse me. I could not help it. I stepped on your feet," meaning the men that were crowding against the works. Just then an officer of the 76th Pa.—Major, if I remember right, a tall, thin man, was running down his cheeks, and began to swear and storm at the mismanagement that had caused the loss of so many brave men. He was shouting down to some one that Grant was to blame. Grant told him that he sent our division over to make the assault, but Burnside, as he commanded that front, did not let our boys get into the works. He had his own men, so he did not insist upon it. Just then the rebels having all gotten off the ground between the lines, opened up a heavy fire of rifles and shot their breastworks. A ball from their first volley struck the Major in the head, and he fell right at Grant's feet. The Major's fall was a great calamity. I took hold of him and straightened him around by the side of the other. He was a fine-looking man. As I straightened him up, he looked at me and was looking at the boys lying at his feet. I never saw a man's face express sorrow any plainer than his did. Up to that time I thought I had never seen a man's face so expressive of grief as he had. He had heard nothing for the death of his men if he only won out. After that glimpse of feeling I changed my mind. We were soon relieved and ordered out. We went thru the little ravine that was covered with dead and wounded so thick we could not step without stepping on some of them. We were then ordered to take our rifles and officers had left their horses when we marched down to the works the night before, stopped and had roll call, and the list of names was taken. A roll was made up—the saddest part of all battles. An old soldier had been left to look after the negroes and horses. He was killed by a stray bullet. A rebel gun a mile away, and fell right among the boys who had been under fire all day. Such are the chances of war. We were then ordered to take our rifles and officers had left their horses when we marched down to the works the night before, stopped and had roll call, and the list of names was taken. A roll was made up—the saddest part of all battles. An old soldier had been left to look after the negroes and horses. He was killed by a stray bullet. A rebel gun a mile away, and fell right among the boys who had been under fire all day. Such are the chances of war.

Gen. Curtis Leads On.

Gen. Curtis led on, as mentioned with his sword to the rest of the boys further down the creek, and started to climb the bank, which was covered with brush and reeds. He was in a desperate hurry to get up on top of the bank before the rebels could get there. We went up anywhere, any way we could, as there were as many pieces of our regiment as there were men in it. After we got loose from the blacks I climbed the bank just to the right of Gen. Curtis, and I noticed with considerable satisfaction, although he was six feet six inches high and weighed almost 200 pounds, I could climb up a bank on my hands and knees just about as fast as I could get up the bank. I was on top of the bank a little squad of us, about 20, I should think—our Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel, a Captain or two and an aw of the boys. We were apparently afraid of overshooting us, but he overdid the matter. When they fired the guns the charge struck the boys in the face, and they were hurled over our feet and throwing us in all directions. As soon as I could see anything I saw Lieut.-Col. Ludwick down on his knees, covering his eyes with his hands. He had dropped his sword and lost his hat. He picked up his sword, but did not get up to get his hat. He let that go, and jumped up, and headed, but ready as ever. I picked up my rifle and crawled out of the hole I was in. Whether Curtis went down or not, I do not know. I was there when I got up. That was the last shot from the rebel artillery, as the rebel infantry had gotten between their gun and us, and we were off the crest of the hill. Just then an officer came up the bank. Gen. Curtis asked him how the 112th N. Y. was. He said they were all right, and he was completely demoralized. Gen. Curtis said: "I know better. They may be all broken to pieces, but you cannot demoralize the 112th N. Y. They are a brave body of men."

Veterans in the City.

John G. Bowers, 9th Pa. Cav. North Manchester, Ind. Comrade Bowers, who is a far from young man, has received five wounds in one of the last engagements of the war at Rockingham, N. C. He was one of a party of foragers when they ran into an overwhelming force of the rebel cavalry, two of them were killed, two severely wounded and two taken prisoners out of the 13th Comrade Bowers is a farmer. Col. William Howard, 18th Mo. Broolyn, N. Y. Comrade Hemstreet was the Judge-Advocate of Gen. Joseph Mower's Division all thru its experiences, and the round-up of its history by the march to the front. He was educated as a lawyer, but became a law stenographer, which occupation he followed until recently, when pen-palsy compelled him to give up the law. John I. McKenny, 23d Mich. Saginaw, Mich. Comrade McKenny, who has been a successful farmer in several States, including Maryland and Virginia, now finds his time in the public schools, and is as bright, alert and capable as he was when he carried a musket in his splendid old regiment.

194th Pa.

Editor National Tribune: Please give a short history of the 194th Pa.—E. M. Fairchild, White Haven. The 194th Pa. was organized at Harrisburg from July 17, 1864, to serve 100 days and mustered out Nov. 5, 1864. The regiment was James Nagle, and the Colonel was John T. Third Separate Brigade, 18th Corps, and the Major was Gen. H. H. Lockwood.—Editor National Tribune.