



SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1900



HE WANTED TO FIGHT.

Union Soldier Deserted His Post to Join a Regiment at the Front.

"A good many soldiers," said the doctor, according to the Chicago Inter Ocean, "deserted to keep out of a fight. I never knew but one man who deserted to get into a fight, and his story is worth telling. Peter Mayville enlisted in the Ninth Vermont regiment, which, with 12,000 other union soldiers, surrendered to the confederates under Jackson, September 15, 1862, at Harper's Ferry. Under the terms of the surrender all the enlisted men were at once paroled, and



ONE DARK NIGHT HE SLIPPED OUT OF CAMP.

The Ninth Vermont was sent to Camp Douglas, Chicago, to guard Confederate prisoners, until exchanged. "This was a great disappointment to Peter Mayville, and, as exchange was delayed, the Vermonters became restive, and then rebellious. One dark night he slipped out of camp and never returned. He was reported a deserter, and was so regarded by the men who knew him best. Mayville made his way to Pennsylvania, and enlisted, under the name of Peter Barry, in a regiment on its way to the front. He saw hard service at once, and at Gettysburg lost both arms, and received other wounds. Not believing that he could recover, he told his story to the surgeon, and in the end was sent home to Vermont, in as good condition as was possible under the circumstances.

Mayville had been something of a character in his home neighborhood, and was very generally known as Peter Newcome. This name was given him because his young Canadian wife, in the year they came from Quebec to Vermont, was constantly complaining to the neighbors when her husband was off carousing: "Pete no come." Pete was so persistent an offender that the neighbors came to call him Pete Newcome, or Newcome, and this being to him after he reformed, and he was better known as Peter Newcome than as Peter Mayville. So when he returned, and, as Peter Barry, was given a pension of \$72 a month, there was less comment than there would have been under other circumstances.

Barry did not deny that he had deserted from the Ninth Vermont, but he made it clear that he deserted because, with fighting going on in front, he could not bear the thought of idling away his time at Camp Douglas. As he could not be exchanged, and as he could not get into a fight as Peter Mayville, because Mayville was a paroled prisoner, he took the bull by the horns, and deserted into a fight with the regiment. The pension officials contended that Mayville's notions as to oaths and parole were a little loose, but there was no doubt about the success of his plan to get into a fight. I saw him only a few years ago, a well-preserved, prosperous Vermont farmer, an armless hero to a people, who did not care under what name he drew a pension."

Nine Pairs of Brothers.

About brothers in companies? In company I, Third Ohio, were nine pairs of brothers: George and Charlie Merrill, Curly and John Vanbrimer, John and Charles Hiskett, John and Charles Benedict, Milo and Simon Welch, Jasper and M. Mann, Joseph and S. K. Moore, Edward and L. Reed. Lieut. Moore was left in hospital at Tipton Valley, Va., in October '61. George and Charlie Merrill lost their lives at the battle of Perryville, Ky.; Curly Vanbrimer lost his arm at that battle; John died in hospital. John Benedict was wounded at the battle of Stone river, and died in hospital. Lieut. Reed was captured on the Straight road, near Rome, Ga., and was sent to Charleston, S. C., with other officers, to be placed under fire of the union batteries during the bombardment of the city. He escaped and was hid away by an old negro, but was taken down with the yellow fever and died. Three pairs of those brothers (of which the writer is one) are still living. We went through all the battles and marches of the regiment from start to finish. We were in the Straight road, and were captured by Forrest near Rome, Ga., were paroled and exchanged, and sent to

Camp Chase, O.—John A. Duncan, in National Tribune.

She Must Talk. "What is 'unspeakable joy,' pa?" "Happiness that a woman never knows, my son."—N. Y. Times.

THE SERGEANT'S RETREAT.

Record-Breaking Run of a Union Soldier Under a Rain of Bullets.

I have been reading about the siege of Port Hudson as viewed by a confederate, and the remainder moves me to call up some recollections of my own, writes J. P. Lloyd, in the National Tribune. I remember when the first shell exploded over us—how my feet felt like pulling my body out of danger! How, just then, we were ordered into line of battle and moved up through the woods till we came in sight of the enemy's frightful big guns and their savage infantry with terrible rifles. We were ordered to retire then to the woods, where the confederates shelled us for all they were worth, cutting off great big limbs from the trees, and the limbs fell on us! We couldn't stand it long, and were moved forward into the open ground. There we lay down, and they got a cross-fire on us and let us have shells that exploded among us and solid shot that tore up the whole face of the landscape, and us with it. Then they got a position from which they could rake our line from end to end, and they added grape and canister to our dose, and it was so hot there that we couldn't lie still, and we got up without orders—and we were just as ready to go forward out of that storm, as to go back to escape it. Gen. Dudley rode up and said we were the regiment for him. Well, we drove the rebels in and we kept them there for 40 days.

I do not doubt that some of our boys will remember one day when we were sent out as alleged sharpshooters. We were to change from one hedge to another several rods nearer the enemy. We started too late, and it was light when we reached the first fence. I thought that we must obey the order to get to the second fence, light or dark, though the order was to get there in the dark. Therefore I said: "Now, boys, we have to get over that open ground mighty rapid, or there won't many of us get there!" and I gave the order to "forward, double-quick!" and ran ahead as I gave the order. By the time I got half way I found the confederate fire was so heavy, and the bullets so thick that I wanted cover the worst way; and I was almost sure that all of my comrades were dead or wounded by those bullets. I threw myself flat behind a small bunch of bushes, thankful for that much to protect me; but the bullets cut all of those bushes down almost as soon and as clear as a farmer could have done it with his brush-hook. I do not doubt that the rebels were sure that I was shot to pieces, for they let up on me. But I fooled them a plenty! I got up like a jack-in-the-box and retreated at a speed that I'm sure has never been beaten by civilized man afoot! Then they scared me worse than ever, for they opened their rifles on me again. I don't greatly doubt that every rifle in that fort was a repeater, and that the entire confederate army was in that fort, just then, every man with a rifle, and that every rifle was fired at me with a rapidity that broke its rec-

ord. If I don't think so now, I felt then that that was about the situation. I'd have been willing to sell those zip-zippers, for a cent a thousand, for they would have set me up for life, a millionaire! However, I reached cover, and found all of the detail there! Confound them, not one had obeyed my order to "forward, double-quick." They searched me for bullets and found that the only wound I had suffered was where a bullet made a long cross-cut slit in the side of my blouse!



A SPEED THAT HAS NEVER BEEN BEATEN.

A Famous Flag. The war department has received from William Clausen, of New York city, the old flag of the First New York fire zouaves. This was the flag carried by the command in the civil war, and is the emblem which the gallant Col. Ellsworth replaced on the staff of the mansion house at Alexandria, Va., when he removed the confederate flag, for which he sacrificed his life. Mr. Clausen says he came into possession of the flag as a gift from Andrew Goven, who was treasurer of Ellsworth post, G. A. R., and the custodian of the flag. Mr. Clausen has the documents to prove that the flag is an authentic relic, and he has sent it to the war department with the understanding that it shall be added to the war collection in Cullum memorial hall at West Point.—Washington Post.

Her Part in It.

"He says his wife is largely responsible for his business success." "Well, she has certainly made it absolutely necessary for him to earn more money."—Philadelphia Press.

His Hope. The politician faces fate With feelings very strong. He says he's not a candidate And hopes you'll say he's wrong.—Washington Star.

SAVED BY A PARROT.

Polly Gave Alarm When Would-Be Suicide Fell Heavily to Employers' Parlor Floor.

Amanda Rasp, a domestic employed at the home of Matthew C. Llewellyn, at 736 Prospect avenue, Buffalo, N. Y., and who now is at the emergency hospital suffering from the effects of carbolic acid self-administered, probably owes her life to a large green parrot owned by her employer.

The girl had steadily refused to say the took the caustic with suicidal intent, though she admits having bought it at a near-by drug store shortly before. The Llewellyn family had retired when the girl returned from a visit to some friends. So far as can be learned she went directly to her room and there took the poison from her dresser. Then, fully dressed, she went to the front parlor downstairs and there swallowed the acid. Semiconscious and suffering terribly, she fell to the floor. The sound of the fall, it appears, did not arouse the Llewellyns, and there is little doubt the girl



SWALLOWED THE ACID.

would have died had not a large Mexican parrot in an adjoining room given the alarm.

The bird apparently surmised something had gone wrong, for it set up such a screeching as to awaken Mr. Llewellyn, whose room is on the second floor.

WIFE HOLDS UP HUSBY.

Comic Results of a Saturday Shave Afford Amusement to the People of Marion, Ind.

A correspondent, writing from Marion, Ind., to the Indianapolis Sentinel, says that George Sullivan, a merchant, who has been wearing a full beard for a long time, had it shaved off one Saturday night before going home. When he entered the house his wife thought he was a burglar, seized a revolver and commanded him to hold up his hands. Sullivan declared he was not a burglar, but the head of the house. Mrs. Sullivan was excited and determined. Sullivan, fearing he would be shot, extended his hands. His wife com-



"HOLD UP YOUR HANDS!"

manded him to stand in that position and not to move or she would shoot. Mrs. Sullivan told her daughter to telephone to police headquarters, which she did. The husband attempted to reason with his wife, but she warned him that she would shoot if he spoke another word or moved. The police station is ten squares from the Sullivan home, and the unfortunate man was compelled to stand with his hands extended above his head for nearly a half hour before the police arrived. Sullivan told the police who he was, but his wife refused to believe him until she discovered he wore a necktie which she had given him.

Clog Making in Wales.

The manufacture of wooden shoes or clogs is quite a picturesque industry of Wales. There is a large demand for these shoes, for they are the popular footwear, not only for the Welsh country-folk, but for hundreds of men, women and children who work in the factories.

New Acid with Big Name.

Dr. William Foster, of the department of chemistry at Princeton university, has discovered a new acid, hereafter to be labeled with the interesting name trisulphoxyarsenic acid.

Natural Resentment.

She—How much do you honestly love me? He—Do you mean to insinuate that I am ever dishonest in money matters?—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

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Love's Young Dream. Jones—A penny for your thoughts, my dear. Bride—Please don't disturb me, darling. I am working at such a problem. It makes my head ache. "At least tell me what it is about." "I was wondering how we could spell our name if we got rich."—N. Y. Weekly.

Careful. "You say he won't express an opinion on the war is the east?" "No; he's running for councilman in his ward, you know."

"What has that to do with it?" "Well, there's one Japanese and one Russian vote in the ward and he wants to catch 'em both."—Philadelphia Press.

Trapped on Wreck Foot. "Dear me," said the chiropodist, at the good bishop put his foot upon the hassock, "that's a very bad toe you have. Looks as if it had been mashed."

"I guess it has. I took dinner with Brother and Sister Goodman yesterday, and the lady seems to have thought my foot belonged to her husband."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Scheme. "Dear," said the politician's wife, "there's a handsome big policeman whose beat embraces Mrs. Swellman's house. Can't you get him transferred to 'this neighborhood?'"

"What for?" demanded her husband. "Mrs. Swellman has an excellent cook and I want her."—Philadelphia Press.