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FIELD, FORT AND FLEET.

The Mission of Field Artillery.

"Bring up the guns!"

Let the order be heard by a regiment of infantry crowding to the rear in a panic and it will halt the men in their tracks and make fighters of them again. There is something in the companionship of a field battery that makes a foot soldier braver than when his regiment fights alone. The guns may be wasting ammunition as they roar and crash, but it seems to the regiment on flank or in rear that every discharge is driving great gaps through the enemy's lines. So long as the battery remains the supports will remain. Even when the order is given to double-shot the guns and the infantry can see that half the horses have been shot down he still carries the feeling that grape and canister will win the victory. The loss of horses, wagons and small arms is lightly mentioned in official reports and the losers feel no degredation, but let a brigade lose a single gun from one of its batteries, and every soldier feels the shame. It is next to losing the flag presented to a regiment as it marched from home.

AT MECHANICSVILLE.

When McClellan, in his change of base, took position at Mechanicsville, his left rested near Ellison's mill. For three hundred yards in front the ground was open, a part of it being a plowed field. Two hundred feet in front of the Federal lines ran the mill race, which then had perpendicular banks and contained four feet of water. Thirty feet back from the race the Federals had made an abattis of rails, tree-tops, limbs and sharpened stakes. Then came more than thirty field-pieces in line, and behind them on the slopes were infantry supports three lines deep.

Pender's brigade, of D. H. Hill's command, advanced alone to assault this position, intending it as a flank movement to turn the Federal left. They had no sooner moved out into the open field than the artillery had a full sweep at them. Grape, canister and short-fused shell were hurled at them almost by the ton, and in five minutes the four regiments which had left cover in beautiful order were little better than a mob. However, instead of retreating in a panic, the men dropped to the ground, and began a sharp musketry fire. This was answered by volleys from beyond the mill-race, which literally plowed the ground.

Pender hung until the assault became a butchery, then the order was given to retire. Pender's brigade numbered less than 3,000 men, and yet in twenty-five minutes its loss was one-sixth of its strength. It was an exception to find a man who could not show bullet holes through his clothing, and some of the wounded were hit three and four times. Those who buried the dead said that of the 200 or more killed by the artillery fire at least 175 were so torn and mutilated as to be little better than a bloody mass.

As Pender was driven back he met Ripley's brigade, of the same command coming to his support. Lee knew the position but he must carry it to turn the Federal left. This second brigade had less than two thousand men, and, united with Pender, the whole strength was not over five thousand. Four times that number would not have made an impression upon that position.

When Pender had rallied his men, the two brigades advanced in columns of assault, breaking cover with a cheer and on the double quick. The Federal guns were worked with terrible energy, but under cover of the smoke, and by crawling upon hands and knees, the Confederates reached the mill-race. Indeed several hundred of them crossed it. Then, for forty minutes, there was a terrible struggle. So fierce was the Federal infantry fire over and through the abattis that it was gradually whittled away. Limbs as large as a man's arm were barked, chipped and splintered as if lightning had played over them, and the surface of the mill-race was covered with splinters, twigs and leaves.

Pender and Ripley could not advance beyond the canal in force. They could not maintain their lines where they were. The fire from the Federals searched every foot of ground, and every minute their lines were melting away. When the order was given to fall back, the artilery raked them again as they crossed the open ground, and when the men finally reached cover, the loss of each regiment had become amazing. For instance, the Fourty-fourth Georgia, which numbered only about 700 men, lost 338 officers and men. Every field officer was killed and of the ten captains and twenty lieutenants, only twelve remained. It was the same with the Third North Carolina and other regiments.

AT FRAZIER'S FARM.

At Frazier's Farm during this memorable eventful week, Randall's battery of six pieces was on McClellan's right, and supported by the Fourth Pennsylvania. The front was an old field devoid of shelter, and the battery was playing in the woods half a mile beyond. This battery so annoyed the Confederates that brigade was ordered to charge it. The Eleventh Alabama had the lead, and was to be closely supported by the other three regiments. Through some blunder the Alabamians, numbering about seven hundred and fifty, were permitted to advance alone.

They were seen as soon as they broke cover, and more than one hundred of them were killed by the artillery as they advanced across the field. The men were thrown into disorder one moment to be rallied the next, and finally, with muskets at a trail and caps swinging in the air, they made a rush straight upon the guns. As they came near the Pensylvanians rose up and delivered two or three volleys right into them. These were returned, and then the final rush was made. In a minute a wild mob was swirling 'round and 'round the guns—bayonets drinking blood—clubbed muskets felling men—the wounded staggering up to clutch an enemy and pull him down.

The guns were won. The Fourth was pushed slowly back, but as the cheers of the Alabamians drowned the noise of the battle of the right and left, the Seventh Pennsylvania came to the support of the Fourth. The fight which now took place was witnessed by at least two generals and half a dozen colonels, outside of the hundreds in the ranks. It was two regiments to one, but the Alabamians had won the guns and were determined to hold them. Not a single company formed in line—not an officer had a command. Two thousand mad and infuriated men rushed at each other with murder in their hearts. No one asked for quarter—no one gave it.

At the end of twenty minutes the Pennsylvanians gave way, not overpowered by numbers but pressed back by such dare-devil fighting as nobody had ever witnessed before. The guns had been taken but there were no horses to draw them away. The captors were making arrangements to draw them away when there was a rally on the part of the Federals. The smallness of the Confederate force suddenly became plain as the smoke lifted, and before a gun could be moved hot fire was opened from a whole brigade, followed by a charge. The Alabamians were picked up and hurled back in a broken mass, and the last of them had not reached the woods before the guns were again playing upon them. The loss of the Confederate regiment was over 150 men, 100 of whom, including eight company commanders, died around the battery.

THE REPULSE AT KENNESAW.

The day after the repulse of the Fifteenth Corps at Kennesaw mountain the Fortieth and Fifty-seventh Indiana, Ninety-seventh and Twenty-sixth Ohio, Twenty eighth Kentucky, and One-hundredth Illinois regiments, each numbering about 800 men, were selected to make an assault on a ridge 300 yards in their front. The lines were formed in regimental divisions, and while the front was only the width of two companies the depth was thirty lines of men in open order. It was in fact a giant wedge of flesh and blood and steel which was to drive itself through the Confederate lines.

As the men stood in line their officers explained to them in low and earnest tones what was planned and what was hoped for. It was a forlorn hope indeed. Every man must have realized that there would be a terrible loss of life even before the salient was reached, but each one seemed to nerve himself for what was to come. During the twenty minutes' interval between forming and the order to advance there was almost dead silence in the ranks. The men leaned upon their muskets and peered through the forest in their front which hid the Confederate position, and the supports on the ranks moved up and into position as if fearing that their footsteps would disturb the dead of the day before.

It was not positively known to the Federals that the salient was defended by cannon. The hope that it was not gave the men more spirit, as the lay of the ground—forest, thicket and ridge—furnished fair shelter from musketry fire.

Soon after 8 o'clock a single low spoken order brought every man to a front face. The moment had come. As the column had formed under cover it was hoped to take the defenders of the salient by surprise. The lines were dressed, and in a moment more were moving through the woods. From the valleys at the base of the Kennesaw, Lost or Pine mountains to their crests there is scarcely a level spot. The sides are covered with forests and thicket, and the ground is almost a succession of rocky terraces. Over this difficult ground the great blue wedge forced its way at a rapid pace, but no cheer was heard—no shouts were given. "Crack! crack! crack!"

It is the alarm from the Confederate skirmishers, who have crept down almost to the base of the mountain. They are posted behind great rocks and hidden behind ledges. They cannot retreat; they must surrender or fight it out. They choose the latter course. Nine out of every ten hold their positions until the point of the blue wedge reaches them and brings a savage death with it.

All along the sides of the grim mountain the skirmishers bar the way, seeking to detain the wedge and alarm the defenders of the salient. Here and there a Federal throws up his hands and falls back, but the column makes no halt. Up up up, and now an officer in front waves his sword as the slopes of the parapet come into sight. Here the cover suddenly ends. From the bushes to the salient, a distance of 200 feet, the ground has been swept bare of tree and bush, and rocks have been rolled aside.

At the foot of the parapet is a palisade—outside of that abattis. Behind the works are a thousand muskets—a thousand Confederates with fingers on triggers. At regular intervals along this line—250 feet front—are six field pieces, each one loaded with grape and canister. The men within are waiting. Not an order is given nor a head appears in sight until the first line of blue is out of cover.

Now, as if one finger had pressed the thousand triggers, a great sheet of flame leaps forth and scorches and blisters and shrivels the advance. The second line crowds up over the dead and dying, the third and fourth cheer as they come. Now, with a crash as if a volcano was breaking through the crest of the mountain, the six guns belch their contents into that mass of men sixty deep.

The effort was horrible. What were men a moment ago are now bloody shreds blown against the rocks and scattered far over the ground. Some of the gory fragments fall upon the lines yet half way up the slope.

The advance halts in confusion—the rear lines crowd up. There is another bloody feast ready as soon as the cannon can be charged. Then comes the order to break lines and divide to the right and left to get out of range of the artillery. The men rush forward to the abattis—some lie flat down—others take cover behind rocks.

For fifteen minutes heroic carnage holds them before the salient. The Confederates have them at their mercy. Men take deliberate aim and send a bullet through the heads of the living targets. When the burial party comes to do its work it will find that seven out of every ten Federals lying before that abattis has been killed stone dead by a single bullet.

The fire of musketry might have checked the assault, but aided by artilery the assault became a butchery. Grape and cannister searched out spots secure from bullets, and men in the very front ranks, who did not even catch sight of the abattis were struck down by the iron missiles. No assault could have brought out more nerve and heroism, but it was as the wave dashing against a rocky cliff.

When the men had fallen back to their original positions the roll of dead and wounded was a shock to those who had escaped. No one had blundered. Johnston's lines were there, and they must be carried by assault. Sherman was looking for a weak spot to drive a wedge into. The salient was one of the strongest points in the Confederate line.

M. QUAD.

Dead Subscribers.

It is sad at all times to have to chronicle the death of friends, but it is especially so amid scenes of gayety and festivity. It is with feelings of this nature, during the Christmas holidays, that we bring ourselves to the discharge of the painful duty of mentioning the decease of several of our subscribers who have recently gone to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns"—at least we are left to infer that such have been their fate for they promised faithfully, if their lives were spared, to settle their indebtedness by Christmas, and we have not heard from them, and regarded them as honest and truthful men we can reach no other conclusion than that they have gone over to the great majority. How sad!

— "I'm going to plant my foot down," said the landlord of the house in wrathful tones. "What yer going to raise, corns?" interrogated the man of the house from behind his paper.

BILL ARP.

His Good Breakfast—Helping his Wife to Clean Up.

Southern Cultivator and Dixie Farmer.

Mrs. Arp had an uncommon good breakfast this morning. There was a dish of baked eggs at my plate, which she knows I am fond of. While the house was being cleaned up I noticed that the beds were not touched, and so I told her I would help but she said no she wanted them taken out on the piazzo to sun, and so I took 'em out, and then she asked me to take out the bedsteads and the bureau and the chairs and the sewing machine and all, as she wanted to clean up a little. Cleaning up a little is the old, old story at my house. When I got through I sat down on the front piazzo with my pipe to ruminate a little and rest from my arduous labors. Pretty soon she brought me a broom and a rake and a twine string, and asked me to tie the broom-handle onto the rake for she wanted to sweep down the cob-webs from the walls. I understood all that, and so I tied it on and swept 'em all down myself and retired to the piazzo as usual. About the time I had my feet stuck on the banisters, she brought out a hammer and a paper of carpet tacks and laid 'em down on the table beside me and snailed. These movements reminded me of the carpet that she had been threatening to put down in the big family room for a month, and if there is any household work that I do despise to do it is putting down a carpet. I can't double up and twist around like I used to. I gave an involuntary groan and a grunt or two and went to work. A little darkey had already brought up a passel of hay from the barn, and so we picked it all over and got out all the little weeds and coarser pieces and spread it nicely upon the floor, and then I unrolled the carpet from the middle each way and went to work on one side nailing it. It had to be stretched and fitted all around and the edge on the hearth was the hardest of all, for Mrs. Arp watched every tack and if it was a fraction of an inch out of line she saw it and I had to keep pulling and turning under the edges, and when I was on it I couldn't pull it and I couldn't get off it for the wall, and so it was get up and get down, and work sideways and crossways, and all sorts of ways, and I mashed my fingers and cramped my knees and twisted off my suspender buttons, but finally the work was done to her satisfaction sorter, and I managed to get up and stand up and be thankful to the Lord for his mercies. By the time we got all the furniture set back again and the beds made up the day was half gone and the children came home from school and forgot to wipe their feet at the door and the dogs followed them into the house and they all began to track around with their muddy feet, but they didn't track long. They are in the cautious state right now and so am I—I think I will get some old bagging and put it down over the carpet so as to save consequences. I wish that we men were as neat and careful as the women—no I don't either, for then we wouldn't be much account out of doors and would degenerate into dudes as they call 'em, but I wish we had more regard for neatness than we have. Mrs. Arp says she don't believe that I would wash the window glass until I couldn't see out for the dust and fly specks, and the dogs would sleep under the beds and the spiders and lizzards would live in the closet. But she don't mean that I know, and is just talking after the manner of nice respectable women. But I don't see any use in cleaning up so much—why it takes an hour every morning to clean up the family room for she will take everything off of the mantel-piece and the books off of the shelves, and wipe off all the little clean dust that has settled around, and the ashes must be taken up every morning and the hearth has to have a fresh coat of Spanish brown about twice a week and the water buckets must be scoured, and every few days I have to take down the pictures so that she can wipe off the frames, and the leaves have to be swept out of the yards as fast as they fall. She had her little flower garden all raked and swept mighty nice yesterday, and I come running in to her room excited and told her another leaf had blown down, and I just did have time to dodge the scissors she throwd'd at me. I told her one day that the Scriptures said man was made out of dirt, and she said that she reckoned he was but that woman wasn't. I wish I was rich—I wish I was rich for her sake. I would build her a marble palace and fence out every bug and spider and fly, and have the walks laid with marble and the ground all covered with grass and flowers and evergreens. She would get tired of it I know in a month, and then I would sell out and come back to the good old dirty home. Folks were not made to enjoy fine things all the time—our best pleasures come from contrast. We wouldn't enjoy new things if they didn't get old and faded.

There is a power of comfort in having some new thing occasionally—new curtains, a new carpet, a new lamp, new clothes, new chairs, a new sewing machine, or a new stove to cook on—it won't do for things to last too long. We get tired of seeing the furniture in the same places in a room and it is a relief to move the bureau to the other side. Even the land we cultivate wants a change of crops and the stock wants a change of diet. The birds and the beasts change their haunts, churches change their preachers and people change their rulers, and some folks would change their wives if they could. I don't believe in living in a house too fine for comfort, or having furniture so fine the children are afraid to touch it. The Scriptures say that even the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath, and so a house ought to be made for man, too, and not man for the house. But a woman deserves a nicer house and nicer things than a man, for she has more refined tastes and she has to live and stay in the house more, and can't get away from it—it is her abiding place and ought not to be her prison—it ought to be made as pleasant and inviting to her as possible. Beautiful pictures ought to adorn the walls and handsome curtains the windows, and the clock ought to strike with a silver tone, for she has to hear it all the day long. The front yard ought to have a welcome shade and plenty of flowers and evergreens, and the piazzo ought to be adorned with jessamines and a good husband will provide all these if he can—that is my creed and my ambition, and Mrs. Arp says she reckins I do the best I can considering.

BILL ARP.

— Very few men are so stingy that they will not share a kiss with a pretty girl.

— Canada has the largest national debt of any country in proportion to its people.

— Cain was the original friend of the newspaper man, for it was he who first raised a "club."

— Fate is the friend of the good, the guide of the wise, the tyrant of the foolish, the envy of the bad.

PIKE COUNTY FOLKS.

A Singular Character who Lives in the Pennsylvania Mountains.

A Pike County, Pa., correspondent of the New York *Times* gives the following incident in the life of Jerry Greening, one of the family charged with shooting a man in Dingman Township. He says:

The Greenings live by hunting, fishing, acting as guides to visiting sportsmen, and by the sale of railroad ties, hoop-poles, cord-wood, tan-bark, ship-knees, and other products of the woods, which they have ransacked and stripped for miles around, irrespective of ownership or title. Some member of the family—and frequently two or three of them at once—has been defendant in a criminal suit of some kind, generally assault and battery, at nearly every term of the Pike County courts for 25 years. They are vindictive and unforgiving, and any neighbor of theirs, or any other resident of the county, who has given them either real or imaginary cause for a "grudge" against him, knows that sooner or later he will be made to feel their vengeance in one way or another. Old Jerry, although as hale, hearty, tough and active at 75 as he was at 40, has been comparatively quiet and non-aggressive for 15 years past. Previous to that his appearance in Milford, or any other village, was sufficient to excite general uneasiness, for it was well understood that before he started for home there had to be a fight, and that it would have but one result—the unmerciful licking of some unfortunate townsman at old Jerry's hands. It was his boast that he had never yet met a man that was "enough" for him. One day in 1867 he entered the Pike County House in Milford, and was looking for a fight. He was noisy and abusive as usual, and terrorized all who were present. The landlord was a strong young man, but peaceable and non-combatant. He endeavored to quiet old Jerry and induce him to start for home. Jerry then turned his attention to the landlord, and declared that he would whip him. He proceeded to carry out his intention, but the landlord got in one blow between Jerry's eyes that felled him like an ox. The aid of a physician had to be called in to restore him to consciousness. When he recovered he walked out of the hotel without a word, got into his wagon, and went home. From that day he quit drinking, and has never been known to seek a fight since.

In old Jerry Greening's younger days he was the terror of the whole region. There was one man in the township, however, that he was afraid to "tackle." One Fall, a backwoods preacher, known as the "Mountain Ranger," opened a protracted meeting in the school-house, three or . miles from Greening's. One Sunday, as Greening was hunting deer in the woods, he met a neighbor who was also a noted fighter. This neighbor told Greening that if he wanted to see some fun to come along with him, as he was going over to the school-house to "bust up" the meeting, because his wife had got religion and spent too much time at the school-house. Greening went along to see the fun. When they reached the meeting the services were at their height. The two men stalked in. The aggrieved neighbor walked straight up to the preacher, who was a tall, wiry, big-fisted man, and boldly announced that he had come there to "lam" him and "bust up" the meeting. The preacher paused in his sermon, and, stepping up to the intruder, caught him by the collar and flung him bodily out of the window. He did not come back. The preacher knew that the man was held in almost as much terror in the community as Jerry Greening, and that probably no one else in the township would dare to fight him, and so the preacher thought to make a strong point with his congregation, and, walking back to his post behind his desk, solemnly declared that it was entirely owing to the power of religion that he had been able to so quickly vanquish his assailant, and asserted that any one in the audience could have done the same thing if they had faith in religion.

The effect on Jerry Greening of the preacher's summary disposition of the doughty disturber of the meeting was wonderful. If religion could do such wonders as that, he thought—as he says himself in relating the story—it was just what he wanted to help him out in a fight with the one man in the township that he was afraid to "tackle." So that same night he "went forward" and joined "the mourners." The news that Jerry Greening was getting religion spread all over the country, and added greatly to the success of the revival. Jerry the second night after he went forward announced that the next Sunday he would tell his "experience." One of Jerry's hunting companions was on his way to the woods that day after deer, but when he heard that Jerry was to tell his experience he stopped in at the school-house to hear him, setting his gun down by the door. While Jerry was giving his experience the baying of a hound was heard off on the ridge. Jerry kept on talking, but began to prick up his ears and crane his neck around to look out of the window in the direction from which the hound's cry came. He knew the dog was bringing a deer straight toward the school-house and that it would crop the creek at a well-known run-way only a few yards distant. The hound came nearer and nearer, and presently Jerry saw through the window a big five-pronged buck tearing down the hill. This was more than he could stand.

"There's a great big five-prong buck," he shouted, "and my gun ain't within four mile o' here!"

He rushed from the school-house, and seeing the gun the hunter had left at the door he grabbed it and made for the creek. Before he reached the run-way he heard a shot and knew that some one had shot the deer. It was his dog that had driven the deer in, and he made up his mind to go and claim at least part of the deer. When he got to the spot there the deer lay dead, and standing over it was the one man in the township whom he was afraid he could not "lick." He laid claim to the deer though, and the man said that if he got that deer he would have to whip him first. Jerry then thought of the "power," and saying to himself, "I kin lick him, for I've got religion," pitched in. In less than three minutes Jerry was the worst whipped man that ever lived in Pike county. He went home and told his wife that "if there wa'n't no more good in religion than that they might go to thunder with it." He never went to meeting afterward.

— An Indianapolis man muzzled his wife with a base-ball mask. She couldn't bite, but her tongue could, as he soon found out to his sorrow.

— A New York paper asks: "Who are the fools?" and it has received notes from over 1,000 married men asking if it means to insult them.

— "Don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider," said a dentist to his patient. "I intend to stand outside when I draw your tooth."

THE EVERGLADES OF FLORIDA.

An Irreclaimable Region, Useless for any Purpose.

NEW ORLEANS, January 6.—The *Times-Democrat* prints a detailed account of its Florida everglades expedition. The report is written by Major A. P. Williams, who commanded the expedition. It fills ten columns. The exploring party consisted of twelve persons—six white and six colored. They took with them six Racine canoes. They went by steamer, on October 17 last, from Cedar Keys to Punta Rassa, Fla., where they took to their canoes and proceeded up to the Caloosahatchie River to Lake Okeechobee, a distance of about ninety miles, arriving there on the 1st of November. Skirting the Western and Southern shores of the Okeechobee, they discovered eight large streams flowing into the dense saw grass swamp that borders on the Everglades. Entering one of these streams, which was named the "*Times-Democrat*," the expedition proceeded to its head, some three miles, on the 10th of November, and began the tedious work of cutting its way through the swamp to the saw grass. The denseness of this swamp may be imagined from the fact that the party traveled on an average only about one-quarter of a mile a day. Myriads of huge alligators, snakes, leeches and poisonous bugs were encountered. The leeches were especially troublesome, covering the legs of the men, and demanding special attention. Emerging from the swamp, they entered the saw grass, which grows from ten to twelve feet high, and which is very dense, with sharp edges that cut one way and saw the other. This grass the party fired and pushed forward over the stuble. The stubles grew in water about three inches deep, the mud beneath being seemingly without bottom. The labor of pushing the canoes over this character of the country was inconceivably great.

After traveling due South some ten miles the party struck an innumerable number of small lakes or ponds, most of which were twenty feet deep, filled with alligators and the finest fish. About thirty miles from Okeechobee the party entered the grass waters of the everglades and encamped on an island—the first dry land encountered after leaving the lake. The only trees on this island were the custard, apple and wild fig. The progress of the expedition from that time was more rapid. They passed through thousands of small islands, some of which were slightly submerged, and all of which were covered with large trees and luxuriant foliage. They camped on the night of December 1 on Cabbage Island. In the Southern glades there was an abundance of wild fowl, deer and fish. No Indians were encountered by the party, although smoke from their fires was seen, and they seemed to hover about in the distance. Near the head of Shark's River, in the extreme Southern glades, the progress of the expedition was greatly retarded by limestone boulders, which cropped out everywhere above the surface of the water, and over which it was necessary to carry the canoes. The head of Shark's River was reached on December 5, and the expedition, sailing down, debouched into Whitewater Bay, on the gulf coast, about thirty miles from Cape Sable. The distance traveled from Lake Okeechobee to the gulf was about 140 miles. The whole distance traveled in canoes was nearly 300 miles. There is no special current in the waters of the everglades, but an almost imperceptible flow of water toward the South. But few flowers were discovered, and these were of simple varieties, such as water lilies and other flowers found in the marshes all over Florida. The only snakes seen were moccasins. The mosquitoes were only troublesome at night. The expedition has established the fact that the everglades, from Okeechobee to Cape Sable, are worthless for any purpose of cultivation; that they contain no large tracts of land above water; that they cannot be successfully drained, and that the establishment and maintenance of a telegraph line along the route traversed would be impossible. The everglades, and especially the Northern glades, are a vast swamp, irreclaimable and useless for any purpose. The only cultivatable portions of the Southern peninsula lie on the Atlantic and gulf coasts, with this vast morass between them.

Consistency.

Consistency is a jewel, the world over; and like all other jewels it has its counterfeits and imitations. Here as elsewhere, the imitation is so nice that we often take the counterfeit for the original virtue.

The man who formerly pursued a particular line of acton, or advocated a certain policy which he has now abandoned, is not necessarily inconsistent. John C. Calhoun exposed himself to the charge of inconsistency—a very grave charge when brought home to a statesman—by changing his well-known views on questions of public moment. He turned a complete somersault on the tariff question. Once a protectionist, he became a free-trader of the straitest of the sect of Nullifiers. But he was not on this account necessarily inconsistent.

At the recent session of the General Assembly certain members who had advocated the establishment of the railroad commission, advocated the bill which sought to deprive the commission of the power to fix rates, thereby, in great measure, emasculating it. Those members were promptly charged with inconsistency. One of them has met the charge with the declaration that he changed his line of action because it was right to do so, and he "would rather be right than consistent" in the mistaken sense. He is right.

Important questions often demand legislation in our country, which are so hard to understand in all their relations, that what one is disposed to call his conviction is not undisturbed by doubt. And the man who has advocated any measure or policy should not adhere to it after he is convinced that it is wrong, merely to escape the charge of inconsistency. Those who study legislation as statesmen are bound to do, are likely to change their views on certain questions—and they should not be too timid to act according to the change when the public good demands it. And the false pride, or stubbornness, or wantonness which teaches otherwise should be condemned.

A well known living philosopher says, "The man who can't change his mind is a fool; but the man who won't change his mind is a much greater fool." This sentiment is correct; no one will convince the public that he is endowed with all the cardinal virtues, by doggedly adhering to his expressed convictions.

The man who votes for protection while he believes free-trade to be right, is inconsistent. The man who applauds virtue but practices vice, is inconsistent. The man who approves the right, but follows the wrong, is inconsistent. But the man who finds that he has been following the wrong, and at once changes for the right, is honest and manly.—*Newberry Herald.*

Risen From the Dead.

Just twenty years ago to-day the Thirty-seventh Virginia Regiment, under Col. Bob. Claiborne, now Prosecuting Attorney of the St. Louis Court of Criminal Correction, sallied forth from Moorhead, Va., to meet that holy terror of all Confederates, the celebrated "Stoneman Brigade." Gen. Stoneman was on his famous raid, the object of which was to assail Lee's army in the rear, while the army of the Potomac attacked him in front. He had already met and whipped half-a-dozen bands of rebels, and Col. Claiborne's regiment was the most formidable antagonist he had yet ecountered. The engagement was not an important one, and Purvis' "Record of the Rebellion" is the only history of the war which mentions it. But it was remarkable for the daring bravery of two men, who proved themselves the only true soldiers out of a whole company. In the early part of the day Col. Claiborne's regiment was, with the exception of one company, bearing the whole brunt of Stoneman's terrific onslaughts. By 3 o'clock in the afternoon the fine body of men which that morning formed the Thirty-seventh regiment had been reduced to a mere handful. They had been decimated again and again. One more attack and not a soul would have been left. With the best of their men either killed or wounded, and the balance ready to succumb with fatigue and wounds, there seemed no possibility of escape for any one. But suddenly the missing company appeared on the field, and though even with the re-enforcements, the fight was hopeless, a shout of relief went up from the wearied and bleeding survivors. There was only one chance for them, and their commander was quick to see it. In a flash he had leaped from his horse, and, calling on the new arrivals, he shouted: "Every man dismount and follow me!"

But at that moment the blue coats of Stoneman's brigade appeared over the crest of the hill in front, and the cheers of the Union soldiers were ringing in the ears of the Confederates. In vain did their Colonel try to rally them and urge them on. The solid line of steel in front was too appalling, and almost to a man they broke and fled. A second later and Col. Claiborne found himself deserted by all his men but one. That man was a rough back-woodsman from North Carolina, whom he had, but a short time before, taken from the ranks and promoted to a Captaincy for brave and daring conduct on the battle field. His name was Roberts, and as he pressed close beside his commanding officer he shouted: "I'll stay by you, Colonel, if I lose every drop of blood in my body." The words were hardly out of his mouth before he fell full length on the ground with a rifle ball through his chest.

The next moment Col. Claiborne was surrounded by the boys in blue and captured. He afterward reported to the Confederate Government the death of Capt. Roberts, and from that day until yesterday, exactly twenty years, he has heard nothing of the man who aided him in his charge on Stoneman's brigade.

Yesterday morning Col. Claiborne, while looking over his letters, came to one with the postmark "Raleigh, N. C.," addressed in lead pencil to Maj. G. R. Claiborne, St. Louis. On opening it the first thing he saw was the name Capt. T. B. Roberts. Jumping to his feet he exclaimed to a bystander: "My God, I have got a letter from the dead. I saw this man shot and killed with my own eyes at the battle of Morehead, Dec., 31, 1863, and here he is writing to me."

The letter, however, explained how Capt. Rober's escaped, and as all the circumstances are so remarkable, it is produced here verbatim:

RALEIGA, N. C., Dec. 26.—*Maj. Claibourne:* I have been trying to find out your address ever since the war; have asked hundreds of people about it, and have only just succeeded. I believe I would rather see you and talk to you than any other man on God Almighty's earth. Do you remember when you rode up to me and made me a Captain at the battle of Orange Court-house? I was only a tarheel soldier before that, but when you done what you did I would have died for you. Then do you remember the fight at Morehead, when you and I started alone to charge Stoneman's Brigade? I tell you that fellow Stoneman was the worst cuss in the whole Yankee army for us fellows to tackle. But that d—— company of mine. Wan't the meanest, most cowardly —— of —— you ever saw? I tell you they were the worst God Almighty ever had a hand in making. No decent man would have run off and left you in the lurch the way they did. If they had felt like me they would have died, every d—n mother's son of them, first.

You thought I was dead, didn't you? Well, I'm the healthiest dead man in North Carolina. I got an ugly wound in that scrimmage at Morehead, and never did know how it all turned out, but long after you had all gone I came to and found a hoss there and managed to get on to him and ride until I found some friends who took care of me and brought me out O. K.

Now, Major, I want you to write me a long letter, and tell me all about yourself and what you are doing. Your true friend, CAPT. T. B. ROBERTS.

Overseer at the State Prison, Raleigh, N. C.

Capt. Roberts speaks of Col. Claiborne as Major, because he first knew him before he was made a Colonel. The latter said to a *Globe-Democrat* reporter yesterday that he should spend most of his time to-day writing to his old comrade.

Poor John Carlisle.

Much might be written of Carlisle. Only forty-eight years old, he is a self-made man in a double sense, for he has remade himself within the last twelve years. At that time it seemed as if his life had been lived out and that the coils of drink would never be loosened from about him until he rested with Menifee and Marshall, and the host of other bright Kentuckians who have graves in the island where the Circe lives. Frankfort is about as demoralizing to young fellows as the Sonora Mountains to the Arizona Indian, and he had already served two terms in the Legislature and was then, at thirty-six, Lieutenant-Governor. There were few who did not think that this would be the end of it. There was no Cassandra to hear the whisperings of the gods about him. It was "Poor John Carlisle."

Suddenly he shattered his cups and placed a seal upon desire and became, as ever since he has remained, a devout churchman and an exemplar of the strictest temperance. There was surprise in the town when more and more it came to be seen that the change was not the freak of a headache, but gravely made and meant to last a lifetime. But so it was. He shrank from all fanaticism and was as blithe as ever, but the club rooms missed his epigrams and his books grew thumbed with use. The comrade had become a student.—*Louisville Letter in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

How a Station Agent Prevented a Disastrous Collision.

"A one-armed man for emergencies every time," exclaimed an old railroad official, in the heat of an argument on the prevention of collisions and other accidents. I never knew one to fail in time of danger. The loss of an arm seems to increase their wits, and I can name several instances of their display of nerve and invention when other men were of no use. Do you remember Ross Marchman? No? Well, I'll tell you the kind of fellow he was when he worked under me on the Piedmont Air Line Road. There is, not far from the South Carolina line, a small town called Sewanee. It is several hours' ride from Atlanta, Ga., and contains about 500 people. The telegraph operator at the depot is station agent, express agent, ticket agent, truckman and porter. In fact, he runs the whole business, and his is a responsible position. He often works all day and all night, and it is a terrible strain to keep up with the work in the busy season. Ross Marchman was telegraph operator and so-forth at Sewanee. He was about twenty-two years old, and had lost his right arm. How in the world he ever managed to perform his multiplicity of duties is a mystery, but was never found wanting in any of the qualifications necessary to a successful accomplishment of every task.

We all had confidence in Marchman. One night in November, 1882, he was sitting half asleep over his key, worn out with fatigue, when he was aroused by hearing himself called by the train dispatcher. He answered and the following order came over the wires: "Side-track No. 12, North-bound. Sewanee, 1 a. m. Hold for extra No. 3, South-bound, 1.04 a. m." There was nothing unusual in the order. Marchman "O K'd" it and made the necessary preparations for flagging down No. 12, which, being a through freight, did not stop at way stations unless signalled to do so. The night was dark and stormy, and the wind blew in gusts, driving the rain into every crack and crevice. The track from the North past the station had a heavy down grade, and it was the custom for engineers to blow a long blast on the whistle when their trains crossed the summit, some half a mile away. No. 12 was on time, and when Marchman heard the blast he took his lantern and went out on the track. The headlight rose over the summit like a full moon climbing the hills, and flashed down the rails. The rain came down in torrents, the wind whistled past the corners of the station with an ominous sound, the train came thundering on. Marchman raised his lantern and swung it across the track, but before the signal could be given a fitful gust of wind put out the light. The train was not 200 yards off, and had not slackened its speed. There was no time to get another lamp. It was a moment of horror to the poor operator. No. 3, with its freight of passengers, was coming just beyond the town—the two trains would meet—collision—destruction—death—all passed before his mind like a flash of lightning. He felt the quivering of the ties beneath his feet as he stood in the full glare of the light, now fearfully close. Suddenly his hand sought his pocket; there was a flash, a sharp report of a pistol, and a bullet went crashing through the headlight. The lamp was extinguished, and as the engine passed him, Marchman threw the pistol into the cab window.

Well, the train was stopped, and the conductor, coming forward to see what was wrong, reached Marchman just in time to receive his orders, when the latter, overcome from the terrible strain, fell to the ground. The train was run into the siding, and No. 3 dashed by at about forty miles an hour. Not a passenger dreamed of what had happened. Of course we remembered Marchman in a substantial way. That one arm, though, was the making of him.—*New York Tribune.*

A Senator's Curious Faculty.

"Talking about peculiarities of men's minds, I heard United States Senator Beck, of Kentucky, tell a queer story," said a gentleman to some friends, the other night. "We were all discussing the same subject that is up now, when Senator Beck remarked that he thought a peculiarity of his brain had done him a great deal of harm in his life. 'I first noticed it,' said the Senator, 'when I was a boy going to school in Scotland. I had a strict old teacher for a tutor, and, with a number of other boys, went to the parsonage to be educated. One night I was very sleepy, and still had a long Latin lesson to get off. I tried hard to learn it; but almost before I was aware I would be dozing. At length I read the exercise through in a half-dreaming condition, and with the Latin all in a jumble in my head, I went to sleep. I awoke the next morning with my brain thoroughly clear, and, strange to say, all the ambiguities of my difficult lesson were made plain, and I read the Latin without a balk. The same thing happened a second time, and I again found that when I went to sleep with a confused idea of my lesson, learning it while half dozing, I awoke with all the knotted points unraveled. It became my custom after that to read my task over just before going to bed, and I never failed to have them in the morning. My strict old tutor saw that I never studied, and thought one of the other boys was helping me. At length he gave me a page of Livy to translate, and told me if I did not have it for him the next morning he would flog me. Then he forbid any of the boys to come near me and watched my actions. I read the lines as usual before going to sleep, and sure enough the next day I had them pat as you please. He never troubled me after that. Well, the year passed by, and I began to put too much faith in it, and depended almost entirely upon my mysterious helper. Some time ago a phrenologist came to examine my family's heads, and they went wild over him. I paid no attention to their talk, though my wife urged me to give the man a trial. One day, however, he met me, and was so persistent that at length I sat down to him. He said that he would examine my head for $3 and give me a chart for $5. I told him $3 was all I would throw away, and he began to name my characteristics. At length he said: "You have one faculty that is fully developed. It is spirituality. You have that faculty developed to a marked degree. You would have made a fine medium. Your mind is capable of working separate from your body—that is, it can perform mental labor while the body is at rest and knows nothing of it. You sometimes solve difficult problems while you are asleep, and wake up in the morning without knowing that you have been at work." "Here is five dollars," said I; "a man who knows as much as you do deserves it." "My strange faculty," continued Senator Beck, "whether it is spirituality or not, is growing weaker. I can hardly explain the action of my mind during these abnormal spells. I see the lines and words before my mind's eye, and, without knowing the process, or indeed, being aware of any process, I work on the problem."—*Courier Journal.*

Corsets and Age.

Why have women persisted for generations, asks a correspondent, in wearing an instrument of torture (theoretically) condemned by the wisdom of ages? To listen to male and female sages one might suppose that some hundreds of years ago woman had suddenly been seized with a desire to emulate the wasp in form, and had since more or less successfully been, by the aid of ligatures, endeavoring to merely cut herself in two.

With all due deference to the rational and hygienic in dress, I would suggest that there is more method in the madness of the tight-lacing women than this. If anybody will take the trouble to examine the corset of a fashionable stay-maker, such as are sold in first rate houses for the modest sum of $5, the inquirer will find that, saving, perhaps, a somewhat exaggerated slender waist, this article of dress follows pretty closely the beautifully rounded form of a young woman of from twenty to twenty-five.

Now it very frequently happens that at the time when a fashionable girl is expected to make her debute in society nature has for various reasons denied her the various items necessary to make up that indispensable requisite for ball-room success—a pretty figure. The fashionable corset is, therefore, had recourse to, and with this useful foundation to build upon an artistic dressmaker can do wonders to supplement nature.

Later on, when the delicate girl has developed into the faded matron, with flaccid muscles and a decided tendency to indistinctness of outline, what so useful as the well-made corset into which the somewhat dilapidated fig