

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

At Memphis the 58th went into partnership with the 76th Ohio and ran the Granville Bank. In the 76th there was a company from Granville, Ohio, at which place at one time they determined to have a Bank, and accordingly got a lot of money printed, but, failing to provide the other thing necessary for a bank, the enterprise went no further. The Granville boys had a lot of this money sent to them at Memphis, and some one in the 76th did duty as President, while Co. K of the 58th furnished the Cashier. As it was very good looking money, there was no difficulty in passing it at a discount. The merchants of the city were rejoicing in a good trade, for they could sell their goods at almost any price, providing they could change a bill! The 76th put some of it off at the female boarding houses.

Then we went to Germantown where we killed the bloodhounds. We were accompanied by a cavalry regiment from Illinois commanded by Col., afterwards Brig. Gen. Grierson, who won fame by his raid through Mississippi. We spent the Fourth of July there, and I made a speech. That was a mighty good speech. Our company had a barrel of beer and after it was drunk the boys wanted a speech and I made an oration. It was very full of pith.

Back to Memphis where the Granville Bank had burst; then to Helena, Ark., to relieve Curtis' army, who, after having marched across the State, arrived there without bottoms to their shoes or soles to their pants. This was not "Saint" Helena, it was Helena, Ark., which, in giving passes, &c., we used to abbreviate, so as to read, "Corporal Kanode has permission to go Hel and back at 3 o'clock." Here we had a fight with the 1st Nebraska and got the best of it. We had six or eight men wounded and they had about the same wounded and a couple of ferals. I was in this fight that a little dutchman who could not step over a cob without rolling it, charged upon a big Nebraska sergeant with a rail. The Nebraska man emptied his revolver without making the dutchman bat an eye; then the rail came down and the Nebraska man looked like a water. For downright essential meanness the 1st Nebraska laid over anything I ever knew as far as fresh guano over a huckleberry. After this fight we were separated from the 1st Nebraska and transferred to Wood's brig de.

With this brigade, consisting of the 58th and 76th Ohio Infantry, a squadron of cavalry and two sections of a battery, in conjunction with a fleet of gunboats, we made a raid down the Mississippi river. At Milliken's Bend we jumped ashore at daylight one morning and captured the steamer "Fair Play," said to have had on board 35,000 stand of Enfield rifles and two pieces of field artillery, the camp of the 31st Louisiana Infantry, captured one of their regimental flags, took fifty odd of their men prisoners, run the rest nine miles, some in shirts and some in pants, burnt a railroad station, train of cars, destroyed a railroad bridge, and got back to the boats about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, having eaten watermelons all the way going and returning, and never fired a shot! That railroad station was Richmond, La., about 12 miles from Vicksburg.

That evening we saw Vicksburg for the first time, crowded with its beautiful court house and black with people looking at the Yanks. That was the goal of our regiment; to that all our efforts were bending, and its capture was the crown of all our desires. It was with lively emotions we gazed upon it as the soft light of sunset floated over its shady yards and sunny streets and frowning battlements; while a beautiful blue haze floated over it like a wreath for the victor. It was our promised bride and we were eager for the nuptials.

the gunboats made further explorations. It was here some of our boys taught the correspondent of the New York Herald how to steal a bee hive. If he had died from the effects of that expedition, they would have had to bury him in a sugar hogshead. Down the Yazoo and up the Mississippi! On the way up we landed and fought the rebels at Grand Lake, Arkansas, again at Greenville, Miss., and again at Bolivar, Miss., capturing horses and men. At Columbia, on our way up, one night we burned a very large wharf boat which we could not tow away. While it was burning, a detachment from Co. K and another from Co. B rowed silently up the river, each having a coffin with them. This was a celebrated rendezvous for guerrillas and the burial parties were strong and fully armed. The night was moonless and a thin haze rendered the star-light uncertain, as they landed at a secluded spot under the whispering boughs of a clump of trees, beside a suspicious looking field neglected and overgrown with bushes, on the other side of which was a dense dark woods. Not a living thing could be seen; but the dismal creak of the lonely frog and warty crake of the lonely frog seemed to warn us of a lurking foe. When a flash of the burning boat would suddenly reveal one of the pickets thrown out to protect those engaged in the burial, they seemed not onrs, but unquiet spirits emerging from the gloom beyond; and the dewy leaves, reflecting the red glare seemed to be dripping with blood, as in silence, darkness and danger we laid our comrades in the hostile earth. And there sleeps Abraham Leconer. I do not know the name of the man of Co. B. Having finished these solemn rites we started to return. The burning boat had swung out from shore and became an awful pyramid of flame, which, as it floated on the glowing river, seemed a newly alighted angel denouncing the judgments of heaven against the crimes of a nation.

Back again to our shady camp on the bluffs near Helena, where we had the Yellow fever, (it's down in the reports as typhoid,) when you speculated in watermelons, and where there were lice in the dust. Altogether the memories of this camp are the most unpleasant of any we ever had; even cool, beautiful, but poisonous springs where you shot the rattlesnake, which the Surgeon ate.

In the fall we went with Osterhaus, in whose division we were, and his Missouri Dutch, a first rate set of fellows, to St. Genevieve, Mo., where Fred. Stulter bought the go-se. That was a picnic, boys! It was in that glorious season when the air was laden with rich fragrance of Autumn; and the early frosts sparkle in the morning like the bead on spider; and the trees are clad in as brilliant colors as the ladies at a county fair. Will you ever forget our nice, clear, dry camp on the grassy commons beside the town where everybody talked French or German and was so kind, and honest, and obliging?—where everything was so plenty, and cheap, and good? Grapes by the bushel for almost nothing, apples as ripe and juicy as a bee's lips, grape cider ten cent a bucket full without regard to the size of the bucket, eggs, fresh meat, soft bread, good butter everything! Then there was cool, creamy, foaming beer, made for drinking and not for making brandy; smooth, oily, old peach brandy that gleamed at you from amber depths like the coaxing glance of a woman and wreathed in the glass like her tresses, and wine that twinkled like the shy glances of the pretty girls that told their beads in the beautiful church of St. Genevieve. So was the march through to Pilot Knob and Arcadia. At almost every farm house along the road the good natured people had fixed up their stands to supply our wants, and they gave us our money's worth and a God's blessing besides. Such nicely cooked chickens, rich milk, such corn-bread—it makes the mouth water to think of it! I never saw people that appeared to know so well what soldiers wanted, and all served by such clean, kind, motherly looking ladies, who seemed not to care for the pay in the pleasure of seeing us enjoy their food. Did not the rude soldiers insult them? No, there would have been a thousand stallwart arms raised to smite the insulters. Such ladies never lack defenders. Those ladies who do not have special missions to lead reforms, or vote, or manage political campaigns, but whose trustful hearts are filled with less ostentatious, but nobler duties of wisdom, motherhood and home, these are they, who win the true respect of men, and whose works endure to eternity. These are the mothers and wives, whose words and looks live in men's hearts pleading, encouraging or consoling in the riot of revelry, the terror of danger, or the pang of death. These are the unconscious angels of good to men; and when the deep, warm, womanly nature, which God gave them when He gave them the glory of

their hair for a covering, shines through their retiring modesty in simple unaffected kindness, the hearts of all true men bow to them in loyal devotion. Oh! you meek-eyed, gentle woman, who are faithful over a few things, you do not know that the great and mighty Lord of the universe has made you ruler over many! You little suspect the high and holy place you hold in the hearts of the men who fight the battles of the world!

As we marched into Arcadia we passed a little fort with nobody in it, but a tremendous big gun. Passing through the town the Division encamped in order of battle—the Missouri Dutch on the right and the Ohio Dutch on the left on a fine level plain. The company officers' tents extended in a wonderful straight line for nearly two miles while across the wide street in front of them the humming ranks of company quarters projected like the teeth of a huge comb. Here we had drill, good health, good food and good times. Here the Division was reviewed by Gen. Pleasonton of the Missouri State troops. After standing at attention and shoulder arms for four mortal hours momentarily expecting, he probably did not think that, that long line of rusty blouses as straight and firm and silent as a wall looked as well as the Home Guards in their new uniforms. I was the maddest man in Missouri for I had on a pair of tight boots. The purpose of our occupation of Missouri having been accomplished, Division returned to St. Genevieve recruited in health and spirits, and started again for Southern swamps and sow-belly.

Our next camp was Camp Steele in a cotton wood break opposite Helena, Ark. It is difficult for a person who had never seen a cotton wood break, to imagine how close those little cottonwood trees grow Saplings from two to four inches in diameter grew almost like grass from twelve to eighteen feet high, forming an impenetrable barrier through which the pioneers had to carve a road. Beyond this wall stretched an unbroken wilderness. I do not know how far. I do not remember that we ever met a sign of a human being outside of our own regiment, in all that region. Here we had easy times, the boys shot coons on picket at night and hunted squirrels by day.

At this time the army was preparing for the attack on Vicksburg and absent men were ordered to the regiments, and we also received some recruits. This was, at least to us, the great struggle of the war; for upon the fate of Vicksburg depended the fate of the Southern Confederacy perhaps more than that of any other place with the possible exception of Richmond. It was no child's play that we expected, and it was therefore with mingled and conflicting emotions that the troops embarked for the contest. There was satisfaction that at last the event was to be tried; eagerness, begotten of ambition and love for the glorious excitement of battle, and apprehension for the result, for we all knew the mighty difficulties, not an un-mixed with gloomy forebodings as to their own fate, which is human and honorable, when it is not hard-tardy, and many a brave eye grew dim and moist as the soldiers thought of the dear ones at home.

Boats, coats, coats filled and brimming over with soldiers rested on the air like a pall, and when you wanted a drink you had to knock a scum off of the water, as rich but not as nice as cream. The drinking water we had there just before the fleet started was a sort of compound Stomach Bitters and almost as fragrant as the waters of some medical springs. But finally we started and the long line of black smoke stretched like a black eyebrow over the horizon.

We belonged to the First Brigade of the First Division under Gen. Steele, (Frank Blair commanded our brigade,) and were consequently in the advance. In a magnificent bend of the river, broad and quiet as a lake, where you could have dipped out a river half a dozen times as large as the Hocking without disturbing a mussel shell, there was a review of the fleet of transports; at least, that is what I supposed it was. For some reason the boats, about one hundred in number, (a comrade says one hundred and five,) stopped in the bend and floated in a graceful curve nearly ten miles long every part of which was in view. A dense and tall cotton wood brake that extended all along the convex side of the bend formed a fitting background.

black dragon of night climbed up the eastern sky and spreading his dusky wings shut out the vision. After the review the officers of our regiment gathered in the cabin of the boat to spend the Christmas evening in a friendly, social party; for many of us. We were happy, joyful, hilarious, but with all and amid all rung a sweet and minor chord, which rose and trembled with tenderness when at last we all—Dister, Minser, Kaufman—you know them all—shook hands because we might never again pass so happy a night together. There was no mawkish sentimentality there, it was the true ring of brave and generous hearts. It sprang from a feeling planted by the unity of a noble purpose, watered by mutual dangers and strengthened by mutual hardships; a feeling such as soldiers have for comrades, such as we have for each other, which we cannot describe or name, but which the world cannot take away.

Next day we landed at Chickasaw Bayou, drove in the rebel pickets at night and lay down under our blankets in a drizzling rain; and both the hostile hosts sought rest for the deadly struggle of the morrow. Having brought you to the eve of the great battle I must stop. I have kept you too long already. The incidents I have chosen may not be interesting to others as to myself, and, I fear, have not been skillfully told. You will grant them one merit, they are true. If I have worried you I hope you will grant me this excuse, that the nature of my subject precluded brevity; and that you will believe that I did not seek this honor with any hope of distinguishing myself as an orator, but, being asked, have done what I could for the honor of the old regiment and for the entertain of those brave men whose blankets I have shared in other times, and in whose glory I have a part. To these engagements with our history I will say that the time passed over, in this sketch comprises the first year of the regiment's service. It stops at the eve of the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, and consequently does not take up any part of the most interesting portion of the history of its service. From the Chickasaw Bayou battle to the time the regiment landed in Vicksburg as Provost Guards, a period of more than six months the regiment was engaged in operations culminating in the surrender of Vicksburg. These must be deferred to another time.

The McGahan Press Committee met at New Lexington on last Monday evening, and fixed upon September 4th as the day of the funeral obsequies. The Press of the State are expected to attend in a body. Gen. Comly, a former Perry Countian and one of the most distinguished journalists of the country, will deliver the Press Memorial Oration.

Col. Taylor, Gath and Nashy, are also invited and expected to be present. The Grand Army of Perry and adjoining counties will also attend. Bishop Waterson of Columbus will preach the funeral sermon. The occasion promises to be the most notable demonstration known to the country.

Burr Robbins and His Show. Among American showmen there is none who occupy so high a place in the estimation of the public, especially the farmers, as Burr Robbins, of Janesville, Wis., he having kept faith with the people from the very commencement of his circus career, always advertising just what was to be seen in his show & always showing what he advertised. In this way he has built a reputation for honest, straightforward dealing which is now in these days of bombastic advertisements of great value to him. Other shows advertise everything on earth, and many things which never were on earth, such as a white elephant, and fail to show what they promise to, but he keeps on in good old fashioned style of telling the truth and sticking to it. When he says that his new consolidated shows, which travel by rail and require three special trains to draw them, present features to be seen in no other show, the people know it and turn out accordingly. When he says that his street parade is of great length, variety and attractive, and well worth a long journey to view, the people know that they can rely upon the statement. When he declares that he has the best collection of animals to be seen in any tenting exhibition in America, and that it contains the only White Nile Hippopotamus, the Behemoth of the Bible, and that his great dual circus has more celebrated artists, riders, gymnasts, acrobats, leapers, tumblers, etc., than ever before presented, the people know that they can rely upon the statement. Burr Robbins will be here with his big show next Saturday, 19th, giving the street pageant at 10 a. m., and exhibiting both of afternoon and evening.

It would be interesting at this time to know how Eli West stands on the Italian question. He has not yet defined his position on the post office. He might declare himself upon both subjects at once. If the Gazette refuses him a hearing, the Sentinel is open to him. The people want to know how he stands, and we want them to know.

The Sentinel.

LEWIS GREEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS PER YEAR, 2.00.

Thursday, July 17, 1884.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND,
OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
THOS. A. HENDRICKS,
OF INDIANA.

Democratic District Ticket.

For Common Pleas Judge,
JOHN S. FRIESNER.

Democratic County Ticket.

For Clerk of Court
Arthur McCourtney

For Probate Judge
William T. Acker

For County Treasurer
John Notestone

For County Commissioner
John T. Nutter

For County Surveyor
James W. Davis

For Infermary Director
Andrew Wright

Democratic State Ticket.

SECRETARY OF STATE,
JAMES W. NEWMAN,
OF Scioto County.

SUPREME JUDGE,
CHARLES D. MARTIN,
OF Fairfield County.

BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS,
J. H. BENFER,
OF Tuscarawas County.

The National Convention.

The first ballot for President was made Thursday night about midnight, which was as follows:

Whole number of vote, 820; necessary to a choice, 547.

Cleveland 392; Bayard 170; Randall 78; Thurman 88; McDonald 56; Carlisle 27; Hoody 3; Flower 4; Tilden 1; Hendricks 1.

The Ohio delegation first voted Thurman 24, Hoody 21, Cleveland 1. The delegates from this district, Thompson and Rose, voted for Thurman.

Before the ballot was announced the Hoody vote was changed to Cleveland.

The second ballot was taken at about 1 o'clock, Friday, resulting in the nomination of Cleveland. As follows:

Cleveland 683; Hendricks 45; Bayard 814; Thurman 4; McDonald 2; Randall 4.

Thurman, McDonald and Randall were withdrawn before the ballot was completed. The Ohio delegation voted solid for Cleveland.

Gov. Hendricks, of Indiana, was nominated for Vice President by acclamation, all other candidates withdrawing.

Grover Cleveland.

GROVER CLEVELAND is a native of New Jersey, born at Caldwell, Essex county, March 18, 1837.

Young Cleveland was sent to the Academy, Clinton, Oneida county, New York. Upon leaving the seat of learning, he went to New York City, where he filled for some time the position of clerk in an institution of charity. Visiting an uncle residing in Buffalo, he was induced to remain in that city as clerk in the store of his relative. He was eighteen years of age at that time. We soon find the youth a clerk in the office of a prominent law firm. He was admitted to the bar in 1859. His first political office was as Assistant District Attorney for the county of Erie, under C. C. Torrance. He held the position three years, until the end of his superior's term of office, when he was nominated for District Attorney by the Democratic ticket, but defeated. In 1870, five years after this failure, he was elected Sheriff of Erie county, and in November, 1881, was elected Mayor of Buffalo by a decisive majority. In 1882 he was elected Governor of New York by the unparalleled majority of 192,000.

As Governor of the Empire State he has shown his pledges of reform were not mere lip service. He has been steadfast and courageous and true to the principles on which he was elected. His election to the Presidency in November next is certain.

Saturday, JULY 19th WHY DO YOU WAIT

FOR GOOD TIMES

WE MAKE THINGS INTERESTING

AT LOGAN

AT OUR PLACE!!

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American Exhibitions

WE DON'T WANT TO GET RICH, BUT ARE

BOUND TO BE BUSY

AND TO ACCOMPLISH THAT

PRICES MUST BE LOW

We have a large Stock to Select from in all Lines of

SUMMER CLOTHING

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Fine Cassimere Suits and Pants.

Sweet, Orr & Co.

PANTS, OVERALLS & JACKETS

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Fur, Wool and Straw.

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Is in good shape and we still offer a fine selection of styles, notwithstanding our heavy seasons business.

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May 29, 1881-19.

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All calls promptly attended to Day or Night. Also Manufacturers of all kinds of

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Bed and Single Lounges

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And Dealer in all kinds of

Bed Springs, Mattresses and Parlor Stands.

I Guarantee my Work and Prices. Salesroom in Roller Building, three doors west of Opera House. [May 1-19]

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ARE NOW READY

TO RECEIVE WOOL

TO MANUFACTURE INTO

Doeskins, Jeans, Satins

FLANNELS, BLANKETS,

STOCKING YARN.

We would call special attention to our full line of new

Plain and Fancy Cassimeres,

Also ready to receive Wool to Card in Rolls or Card and Spin for Customers. Fulling and Dressing done in a workmanlike manner. A full stock of Goods suitable for Farmers, Merchants or men of any profession, which we will sell Cheap for Cash or Exchange for Wool. JACOB E. TRITSCH.

Logan, May 1, 1884-3m.

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