

## THE TWENTIETH MICHIGAN REUNION.

Fourteen Years After the War—Sentiments of the Veterans.

The Twentieth Michigan infantry, commanded at the close of the war by Col. C. A. Lounsbury, held its fourteenth annual reunion at Marshall, Michigan, on the 8th inst. Seventy-five of less than 500 survivors answered the roll call.

This was the first Michigan regiment to hold a reunion and the only one which has met regularly every year since the war. The regiment was in over thirty battles, and in the last campaign lost nineteen officers and reported 530 casualties, while its aggregate for duty at no time exceeded 425. Only one who went out as a commissioned officer returned with the regiment, and its commanding officer at the close of the war entered the regiment as a private soldier. It served in the army of the Potomac, beginning with Antietam; served in East Tennessee, taking an active part in the repulse of Longstreet at the siege of Knoxville; was at Vicksburg when that post surrendered, and its commanding officer received the surrender of Petersburg. It had two companies recruited largely from the university, at Ann Arbor; one largely from the normal school, at Ypsilanti; one from the clerks at the capitol at Lansing, and the other companies were clerks, farmers and mechanics from Calhoun, Eaton and Jackson counties.

At the reunion, Dr. S. S. French, the noblest veteran of them all, delivered the oration, which should be read by all who take pride in their country and who rejoiced when the rebellion ended. The address is as follows:

COMRADES: How much is expressed in that word comrades, can only be realized by those who have passed years together on the tented field, to whom it brings remembrances of long and weary marches—the dreary days of camp and siege—the wild storms of battle, where comrades fell to rise no more, the crowded hospital filled with victims of every form of wound and disease; companions in victory and defeat; in the trenches watching the vigilant foe, or in the darkness of midnight guarding a sleeping camp. These are a few of the remembrances the word comrades brings to us.

Actuated by the same emotions, and struggling for the maintenance of the same principles, we have learned to express by that word the affection which grew and strengthened in those years, when we stood shoulder to shoulder in resistance to those who sought to destroy the country we loved. The incidents which illustrate the strength and constancy of that affection are numberless; few will ever be recorded. The comrades will remember being awakened one dark November night, after completing, at Lenoir, Tennessee, the best quarters they ever had; the long march to Huff's Ferry; laying on their arms all night, guarding the retreat the next day, holding the road through the night; again guarding the retreat toward Knoxville. Then after three days and nights of marching, with less than half rations, being attacked at Turkey Creek by overwhelming numbers; gallantly holding their position until ordered to fall back. They will more distinctly remember the fall of their beloved commander, the battle at Campbell's Station which followed; the noble action of two comrades, who, finding that every means of transportation must be used to remove the sick and wounded, worn and exhausted as they were, carried by hand that dark night, over rough roads, sixteen miles, to Knoxville, the body of Col. Smith, rather than have his remains buried, even for a short time, where the foot of the foe might press over his head. They will also remember the massing of the Seventh corps in an open field near Bethesda church, Virginia, the 2d of June, 1864. The order for our division to protect the rear, the Michigan Twentieth being detailed as skirmishers; before being fully formed they were attacked by a largely superior force; the skillful manner in which the regiment was promptly reformed by the gallant Major Barnes; the successful resistance; the capture of several of their number, the wounding of others. The Comrade Bidwell lay suffering between the lines. We knew the least noise or movement would draw the enemy's fire. Then they will remember comrades Knights and Knowles, regardless of danger, determined to rescue him from his perilous position. They crawled upon the ground, with the utmost caution, to where the wounded comrade lay, rolled him up in a blanket, then crawling back an arm's length, they would draw him over to them. Again and again they repeated this movement, until they brought him within our lines. Bidwell, poor fellow, died from the wounds, but had the care and sympathy of his friends.

It is altogether proper that we should meet annually to renew old friendships, grasp each other by the hand and fight our battles over again. It is also very appropriate that on such occasions we should listen to an address delivered by one of our comrades. I have been detailed to the duty of addressing you—a duty for which neither my ability nor habits of life fit me; but military orders must be obeyed without excuse or question, so I am here at your command.

I can only talk to you as old friends, of the thoughts that come to me when I meet so many of my old comrades, and miss the faces of so many I knew in vigorous manhood, whose graves are scattered from the banks of the Mississippi to the shores of the Atlantic.

Years have passed since we laid down our arms and returned to our homes and peaceful industries. Nature has long since healed the scars made upon her bosom by the iron shot and bursting shell. The vines clamber over the old earth works. The grass soon grows green over

the soldier's grave. The animosities of war should as quickly be covered by the mantle of charity. I would do nothing to revive enmity between people of this country. There is no Union soldier but wishes to see the blessing of peace, liberty and good government extended and perpetuated all over the land, from the whispering pines of Michigan to the orange groves of Florida.

It seems to me, if the principles we struggled to maintain when we wore the blue, were just ones, we should not be ashamed, nor should it be inexpedient to enunciate them now. If the cause for which so much was sacrificed was worthy of the sacrifice, we should not hesitate in demanding that the results of our victory shall not be stolen from us. We have a right to demand that the treason we trampled upon shall not be nursed by aspiring politicians, or fed upon by government patronage, until it becomes strong enough to again threaten the life of the nation and the liberty of the people. We have a right to demand, in the name of our comrades who are sleeping on the southern hillsides, that seeds of disunion, hatred of the government and free institutions shall not be planted in the prolific southern soil, like dragon's teeth, to spring up armed men to wage war against our children.

The men who went to the rescue of an imperiled country were not hirelings, who made a trade of war for pay and plunder. They were not "seeking the bubble of reputation at the cannon's mouth;" they were not seeking to satisfy a spirit of revenge. They were men who loved peace more than war, their country more than peace. They believed they were springing to the rescue of the best government the world ever saw, and to the defence of principles as old as God, and worthy of any sacrifice.—When the war was over we thought the old flag you followed through the smoke of many battles once more floated over a nation united and free, free as it had never been before; that beneath its folds every man should enjoy full liberty of thought and speech—freedom to develop every faculty to its fullest extent. We thought the right, power and duty of the government to protect its own property and citizen within the limits of its own territory, had been established by the stern arguments of war and resistless logic of events.

There is much in the discussions of the hour, and the history of the day, which is a bitter sream on the bright hopes that elated us at the return of peace. The legitimate results of the war have not been made proper use of. Many of the lessons of experience are disregarded. In a large section of the country the name of liberty is but a mockery; violence and terror take the place of argument and persuasion. We are told that the strong arm or government may be stretched to the uttermost part of the earth to protect an American citizen, but that it has not the right to protect its citizens at their homes.

Protection and allegiance, from the beginning of history, have walked side by side. Allegiance was due only in return for protection. If we admit that it is only the State that can protect, that even when the State refuses or neglects to give such protection the general government cannot intervene, then we are compelled to admit that the people of the South were right in giving their first allegiance to the State. If the first proposition is admitted, the second must be. When the government called upon its loyal citizens to come to its rescue, it, by that act pledged itself to use, if necessary, its utmost power to protect its humblest citizens. The government that cannot protect is unworthy of allegiance. There was a story in the papers, whether founded in truth or not, it is equally effective as an illustration of this subject of protection and allegiance. It relates that during the war, a Union soldier stationed in Virginia, was placed upon guard over some rebel prisoners. One of the prisoners attempted to escape. While running away was ordered to halt several times. Not doing so, was shot and killed by the guard. The affair was investigated by a Court Martial, and the soldier was acquitted of all blame. After the war he returned to Virginia, was tried for killing the prisoner, convicted of murder and sent to prison for life—after remaining in prison for several years, the matter was brought to the President. The story went on to relate that a cabinet consultation had been held upon the subject, and grave doubts were expressed as to the possibility of securing the soldier's release unless the Governor of Virginia should be pleased to pardon him.

If this story were true the government should not hesitate in causing his release, even though it should take a million men and cost a hundred thousand lives; not only secure his release, but punish those who had caused his imprisonment.

All through the South were men, who, taking their lives in their hands, midst danger and persecution, remained steadfast in their loyalty to the Union cause. Since the war they have been subjected to every form of persecution, and many of them murdered because of this loyalty. If the government is not able to protect these men, political liberty is not to exist in a large section of this country, then we shall return to our homes, hold no more reunions, but seek to erase from our memories all recollections of those years of toil and death—those scenes of carnage and destruction, only justifiable where man is struggling for the dearest rights of man. Comrades, if I speak warmly, it is because I feel deeply.

The duties of the surgeon bring him more than any other face to face with the horrors of war. He stands behind the scenes when the curtain has fallen over the drama of battle. The pagantry of war is not for him—the gleam of flags, the enthusiasm of the wild charge, the elation of victory. But victory and defeat alike bring to him the wrecks of

war; the mutilated forms of those who, a short time before, were the very embodiment of vigorous and noble manhood. With firm, unflinching hand he must cut away the mangled and quivering flesh. In the midst of suffering he must coolly and accurately weigh the chances of saving a life or a limb. As the great organs of life are laid bare under his knife, he sees the very soul of the man. He sees patriotism unflinching, uncomplaining, and unquenchable even in the agonies of death. He sees fair young lives laid without a murmur upon their country's altar. These things he sees so often that the memory of most individual instances is lost in the great mass of unostentatious heroism.

One day our regiment was assigned to the duty of taking a certain earthwork. It was situated in an impregnable position. The waters of the North Anna flowed between us and the enemy. Many of the boys entrusted me with their valuables, and messages for their loved ones at home, whom they never expected to see again. Although believing that they were about to go to certain and useless death, there was not a murmur or regret expressed.

One poor fellow with eighteen bullet holes in his body was brought to me, after the battle of Fredericksburg. It was thought that he might recover. He was told that he would be sent to the rear, and as soon as strong enough sent home on a furlough. He realized that the Union cause had received a severe defeat, and expressed a wish that he might be sent to the front as soon as possible.

To the surgeon, as the years of peace pass by, come multitudes of comrades for help and advice, with unhealed wounds, afflicted with disease that will only end with life. He sees the wrecks of manhood which the world passes by without notice.

It has become quite customary to speak of the Union soldier as induced to enter the army from a love of excitement and adventure, a desire to escape from the drudgery and monotony of civil life, or at the best, moved by an unreflecting and momentary enthusiasm. It is a duty we owe our comrades, living and dead, that this false conception of their character and motives shall not be taught the generations to whom the war is but a matter of tradition and history. The great mass of the Union soldiers were thinking, reflecting men. There were few who could not read and write. There were ministers, college professors, lawyers, learned and scientific men, thousands of students, fresh from college halls. There was scarce a regiment in the field that could not supply men competent to fill every position in life—from instruction in the history and languages of classical antiquity, to the planning and building of complicated machinery, or works of engineering. These men were familiar with the history of events; they had watched the struggle between liberty and slavery. They recalled the attempt to make slave-catchers of the North; they remembered that a Northern man could not travel with safety in the South. They remembered that slavery was always opposed to freedom; that it degraded the working man; that Southern leaders had declared that capital should own all labor; that the rich man should own all men who were laborers, white or black. They remember and believe the words of Lincoln, that this country must be either all slave or all free. They believed that the attack upon the nation was without a shadow of excuse. They remembered the words of the writer of the Declaration of Independence, who, writing in view of the complexity of the South with slavery said: "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just, and that his justice cannot sleep forever. The Almighty has no attribute that can take sides with us in such a contest."

They remembered the words of Mr. Stephens, to the people of Georgia: "It is the best and freest government, the most equal in its right, the most just in its decisions, the most lenient in its measures, and the most inspiring in its principles to elevate the race of man the sun of heaven has ever shone upon. Now, for you to attempt to overthrow such a government, unassailed, is the height of madness." They remembered Mr. Stephens asked those who were plotting treason these questions: "What reasons can you give to the nations of the earth to justify it? They will be calm and deliberate judges in the case; and to what law, to what one overt act can you point to rest the plea of justification? What right has the North assailed? What interest of the South has been invaded? What justice has been denied, or what claim founded on justice or right has been withheld? Can you name one government act of wrong deliberately done by the government at Washington? I challenge the answer." There was no reply. These thinking men remembered that the same men who were advocating the doctrine of disunion, claiming for each State the right to withdraw from or remain in the Union, were, by force and murder, trying to take out of the Union the States of Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, against the wishes of a great majority of their people. They reflected that the oppressed of all nations were looking to America as their hopes of the future, the pioneer in the path of freedom. They did not forget their homes on the breezy hills, or in the sunny vales of the North; nor the sound of church bells, nor the laugh of children. But they felt the hour had come when they must do battle for the principles of justice and liberty, for law and order, in behalf of the people of the world.

A sort of sentimental glamour has of late years been thrown over the history of the "lost cause" and the character of Southern leaders. The rising generation are taught that the leaders of the rebel-

lion were high-minded men, whose mistaken notion of duty led them reluctantly to take up arms against the wonderful bravery of the Southern soldiers, but little of the Northern soldier. This or that Southern leader is referred to as the greatest military genius of the war. I wish to notice these things briefly. The Southern leaders were bold, bad men, who sought to erect upon the ruins of a free nation an aristocratic despotism, whose corner stone should be slavery. The Southern soldier was brave, but lacked the tenacious bravery of the boys in blue. The Southern cavalry, composed of the so called chivalry, was the pride of the South; but after our boys learned the use of the sabre they never withstood a charge.

The South had some great military advantages. The battles were fought on her territory—a territory peculiarly favorable to defensive warfare. She held the interior circles. The victories of the North had to be wrested from positions of great military strength, in a strange and hostile country. No Southern army ever set foot on Northern soil that did not meet sudden and ignominious defeat. Twice Lee attempted a Northern invasion, but was each time outgeneralled and outfought. The Vicksburg campaign, where the army under Grant advanced boldly into the heart of the enemy's country, defeating them in battles, holding one army at bay while capturing another, in a position stronger than the famous Gibraltar, is without superior for boldness of design or brilliancy of execution in the annals of history. The most brilliant raid of Stonewall Jackson is not worthy of comparison with Sherman's wonderful march.

I wish to say one word about reconciliation. The last gun of the rebellion had hardly ceased to reverberate before all animosity was swept from our hearts by the joyful thoughts of a redeemed nation. We earnestly hoped that all sectional strife and bitterness was forever at an end; that the people of the South would join with us in making this the most free, the most prosperous nation in the world. To those of us who lived the war, it was a terrible, earnest reality. It was no summer holiday, but its toils, inspiration, its horrors, its triumphs left their impress upon us that can never be effaced. But there is nothing of the spirit of hatred or revenge in this memory. We asked not one victim to vengeance. With a magnanimity without precedent in the past, and that probably will meet no parallel in the future, no one was punished for treason. The great leaders, within whose guilty knowledge thousands of comrades were starved to death, were allowed to go free. The leader who, in violation of a flag of truce, captured Fort Pillow, and allowed prisoners and defenceless children to be murdered with refinement of torture worthy of a Sioux Indian, not only was allowed to go unpunished, but has since been permitted to vilify the Union soldiers on the floors of Congress, and but a short time since appeared as a defender of the Chisholm murderers.

I think, in view of these things, all members of the old Army of the Republic should unite in demanding that there shall be no more political murders, either in Yazoo or San Francisco; that the shotgun shall no longer influence votes; that the national government shall guarantee protection to every voter, at least when voting for national officers. The nation can better express its appreciation of its soldiers by maintaining the principles for which they fought, by preserving the fruits of their victory, than by giving larger pensions to the living, or by erecting loftier monuments to the dead. The highest tribute we can pay our fallen heroes is to resolve that they shall not have died in vain. The great lesson of the war is but a reiteration of all history, that the rights of man cannot be trampled upon without, sooner or later, bringing its punishment. No people can stand across the pathway of the world, in its advance towards a higher civilization, without being either swept aside or crushed by the wheels of progress.

All signs of the times indicate that the nation is entering upon an era of greater prosperity than it has ever known. The wealth of the world is coming to our shores; but gold alone cannot make a nation great, prosperous, or happy. Intelligence is better than wealth, freedom better than gold, the school a greater necessity than the bank. Great wealth always brings great danger to free institutions; its tendency is to widen the distance between the different grades of society, and to make it more difficult to rise in life. If we would preserve this a nation of the people, we must with jealous care protect the liberty of the humblest citizen. We must preserve our free, unsectarian schools. They are great teachers of democracy; where they flourish the rights of man will be respected, labor will be honored, and the love of country and free institutions will abide in the hearts of the people. We must preserve the memory of the heroic deeds of our comrades, that they may be inspirers of patriotic devotion.

Each year our number becomes less; each year comrades receive promotion to a higher life. Soon we shall hold our last reunion on this side of the river of death. But to you will remain the proud consciousness that in a great historical epoch you acted well your part; that your deeds are a part of the history of civilization; that all future generations will be your debtors.

A college professor, while on his way to Mott Haven, by the Harlem railroad with his wife and another lady, was joined by a friend. Turning to the lady with him, the professor said: "What shall I do? I have only three tickets, and this gentleman makes our party four."

"Oh," said the lady, "give the three tickets to the conductor. Don't you know three of a kind will take two pairs?"

There are fewer black bonnets than usual, yet they are shown in both large and small shapes. For early fall they are of black point d'esprit lace with jet crowns.

Texas is thirty-five times as large as Massachusetts, or as large as Maine New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio, and Indiana combined.

## CATARRH

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