LAFAYETTE'S MEMORY

SCHOOL CHILDREN ARE TO ERECT A MONUMENT OVER HIS GRAVE.

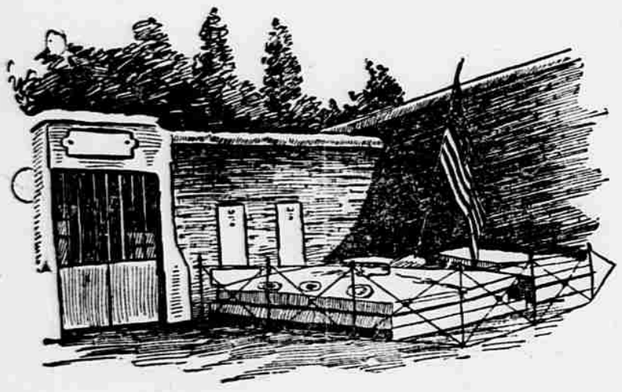
His Burial Place in the Cemetery of Picpus, Paris, Has Long Been Neglected—Rest Among Victims of Guillotine.

In a deserted corner of the cemetery of the convent of Little Picpus, in Paris, lie the remains of the Frenchman who was America's best friend in the time of her sorest need—Lafayette. His grave is decorated only by a plain slab, and seems as deserted as was Victor Hugo's immortal hero, Jean Valjean, when he fled into these grounds with his little Cosette in his arms, to escape the persecutions of Inspector Javert.

A movement is now on foot to erect a fitting monument to this brave Frenchman who sacrificed his all for us. It is purposed that it shall be paid for by the school children of the United States, in contributions of small amounts, and that it shall be unveiled as the great event of United States day in the Paris exposition in 1900.

Cemetery of Picpus.

Most American tourists who go to Paris visit the great cemeteries of Pere-Lachaise and Montmartre and wander among the tombs of the illustrious dead of France; few, however, go to the little cemetery of Picpus, to the grave of Lafayette, the name of all Frenchmen dearest to patriotic Americans. Picpus is one of the few burial grounds within the interior of Paris where the iconoclastic hand of modern improvement has not dug up the bones and dumped in one confused mass into the catacombs. Situated within the beautiful garden of the Sacred Heart convent, in the neighborhood made famous by Victor Hugo in "Les Miserables" as the site of the Bernardines-Benedictines convent of perpetual adoration, and containing besides the grave of Lafayette, those of representatives of some of the oldest houses of France, the cemetery is well worth a visit.



GRAVE OF LAFAYETTE, CEMETERY OF LITTLE PICPUS, PARIS.
(From Sketch by Mr. A. C. Fauley, Paris.)

Within the Walls.

The entrance is at No. 25 Rue Picpus, through a gate in a long stretch of white wall that begins at the Avenue St. Mande and is lost in the crook of the narrow street out towards the Bois de Vincennes. You are admitted into a stone-paved courtyard, a bronze statue of the virgin in the center, the two sides formed by the convent buildings and the end opposite the entrance by the white facade and the glittering cross of the convent chapel. A gate beside the chapel opens into the garden. Your path leads the length of the garden and close against an ivy-covered wall upon the opposite side and beyond the beds of flowers and vegetables can be seen the sisters of the convent in their white robes. If the day be pleasant you will see them seated upon benches, walking beneath the shade of tall lindens, whose branches, meeting overhead, form an arbor above the broad gravel walk. The sun, sifting through this mass of foliage, falls upon the red heart embroidered on the breast of their garment and gives it the brilliancy of ruby. There is a pretty little summer-house at the end of the garden path and a sister may be seen kneeling within. A famous French painter not long ago put this scene upon canvas, and the picture was one of the successes of the salon that year.

The Burial Ground.

Further on into the grounds is another high wall. A gate is unlocked and you enter the cemetery of Picpus. It is a gravel-covered enclosure, not more than 150 feet long by 100 wide. There is not a living thing of green to be seen within its gray, barren walls. Only the representatives of those noble families whose ancestors perished by the guillotine have been laid here. In long lines across the cemetery extend the tombs of the De La Rochefoucaulds, De Rocheforts, De Talleyrands, De Clements, De Noailles. Lafayette's wife was a De Noailles. Some of the graves are marked by plain white stones or iron crosses; others by chapels with colored glass windows and emblazoned with names and titles of the dead. A coat of arms is, with few exceptions, engraven upon all the stones. Through a grated iron door can be seen a second little cemetery, very rich in the verdure of tall grass and drooping cypress trees.

Victims of the Guillotine.

Here is buried the German prince Salma-Ky-Burge, the last victim of the guillotine in the Reign of Terror. The ground around his grave is planted close with the victims of the guillotine—the flower of the French aristocracy. The door is always locked and no foot except that of the gardener ever disturbs the grass above their last resting place. A marble tablet over the gate has this inscription in French:

> Sepulcher of the house of Salm-Ky
> Burge and of 1,306 persons who
> perished at the Barriere De Trone
> from the 29 Prairial, 2nd year, to
> the 9 Thermidor following.

Besides this gate and in the northeast corner of the cemetery are the graves of Lafayette, his wife and some of their descendants. Within the iron fence that marks the enclosure of the lot are five tombs and three marble tablets fixed in the wall. The same tomb covers the grave of Lafayette and his wife; it is of brown stone, unpolished, the two tablets upon the top sloping from a ridge in the center. The inscriptions are as follows:

> M. T. P. R. Y. G. D.
> LAFAYETTE,
> Lieutenant General, Member
> De La Chambre Des Deputes,
> Ne a Chaomal, Haute Loire,
> Le VI. Sept. MDCCLVII.,
> Mari le XI. Avril MDCCLXXIV., a
> M. A. F. de Noailles,
> Decede a Paris le XX. Mai.,
> MDCCCXXXIV.
> Requiescat in Pace.

> M. A. R.
> DE NOAILLES,
> Nee a Paris le XI. Nov.
> MDCCLIX.
> Marie le XI. Avril
> MDCCLXIV., a
> M. T. R. Lafayette,
> Decede a Paris le
> XXIV. December,
> MDCCCVII.
> Requiescat in Pace.

When first built the tomb was two or three feet above the ground, now the foundation stones have crumbled and the top has fallen almost to the earth. Rain and time have dealt cruelly with it. The two tablets have fallen apart and an ugly rent runs along the center, the tablets are chipping and the inscription is in some parts scarcely legible.

Sometimes an American places over the grave the stars and stripes to show that he who lies buried beneath has not been forgotten by the generations that came after him.

Perhaps it is a feeling which is the outgrowth of the last few months of warlike sentiments that is responsible for the fact that America is now awaking to a realization that this neglected grave is a perpetual reproach to the country and has led to the movement to erect over the grave a monument.

President McKinley has consented to be the honorary chairman of the commission in charge of the raising of the funds, the construction of the monument, and its transportation and erection in Paris, and himself assisted to draw the resolution which has already unanimously passed the senate of the United States providing for an honorary commission and an acting commission to take charge of the work.

This resolution is now about to be presented to the house of representatives. It is as follows:

"Whereas, It is proposed to signalize the celebration of United States day at the Paris exposition of 1900 by the erection and dedication on that day of a monument from the people of America to General Lafayette; therefore,

"Resolved, by the senate and the house of representatives of the United States of America, in congress assembled, That, in furtherance of the purpose of this act, an honorary commission is hereby formed, consisting of the president of the United States as ex officio president of said commission, and the governors of the various states and territories as ex officio vice presidents of said commission;

"That the president be, and he is hereby authorized to appoint an acting commission of five members, consisting of a president, secretary, superintendent, treasurer, and two others, who shall arrange plans and personally direct the collection and expenditures of all moneys, the selection of a site and plans of said monument, the building of a monument, the dedication and unveiling of the same, and the preparation of an historical report upon the work when completed, the expense of such work to be borne out of the moneys raised therefor."

Ferdinand W. Peck, of Chicago, who has been one of the prime movers in the scheme for this monument, in response to an invitation of Chauncey M. Depew, president of the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, delivered an address in response to the toast, "The Lafayette Monument," at the sixth annual dinner of that society in New York. The Sons of the Revolution received the project with the greatest enthusiasm, and will lend their influence, if needed, to the success of the scheme. In closing his remarks, Mr. Peck said:

"It is proposed that the president shall request the governors of our states to urge that a 'Lafayette Day' be set apart in every school district throughout the land when our children will be told the story of our struggle for liberty, and they may then contribute their millions of pennies in memory of their nation's defender.

"It will make conspicuously resplendent our United States day at the Paris exposition of 1900, on July 4, our Independence day, which inaugurated the American Revolution, when the immortal Lafayette was only less prominent in history than our Washington.

"No other country will find such a basis for the celebration of its national day in Paris; but all the nations of the earth will unite with this republic in the dedication of our beautiful, though insufficient, memorial to the service of our Knight of Liberty which we shall bestow upon France—a tribute which shall forever mark the grave of her Lafayette and our Lafayette, whose memory is consecrated in the hearts of men, because he stood for the great principles of your Revolutionary fathers, and of your Pilgrim sires—the love of liberty protected by law." S.

BABES ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

Remarkable Discoveries That Have Not Been Uncommon—Some Interesting Cases.

After the great French victory of Austerlitz, Napoleon's troop found, while pursuing the enemy, a boy of 2 or 3 years old, lost or deserted by his parents. The child was brought before Marshal Bernadotte, who ordered that diligent search should be made among the neighboring villages and farmhouses for some trace of its parents.

No relations coming forward to claim the waif of war, however, Bernadotte placed him in charge of one of his vivandieres, and soon the little fellow became the pet of the army. Napoleon, resting for the first time in days, at the castle of Baron Von Kauntiz, heard of the boy and commanded that he should be brought before him. The result was that the great emperor practically adopted Johann—for the child was just able to lisp that his name was Johann, without casting any further light on his identity.

Napoleon conferred upon him the full name of Jean de Laguerre or "John of the War," and Jean was sent to Paris to be educated. When the emperor was exiled to Melba, General Bernadotte, who had in the meantime been elected king of Sweden, brought Jean de Laguerre to Stockholm and gave him a commission in the army. He eventually became Swedish minister to Germany and a count of Sweden. The family which he founded is still well known in Scandinavia, but Jean de Laguerre never succeeded in discovering who his parents were or how he came to be left behind on the field of Austerlitz.

Such discoveries of babies amid the scenes of war and death are by no means uncommon. During the American civil war, a notable instance occurred. A baby, beautifully dressed, was found by the Confederate troops in the debatable region along the Potomac, during the heart of the strife. There was nothing to identify the infant, or to tell the side to which its parents had belonged. Eventually a Confederate soldier obtained leave to adopt the girl—for a girl it happened to be—and at the earliest opportunity she was sent by means of a mule transport corps to his wife's home in Georgia.

After the war advertisements were inserted in the Northern and Southern newspapers regarding the child, but nobody came forward to claim her. She grew up into a handsome and clever woman, and, a few years ago, married Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, who was the Populist candidate for the vice presidency in the last election. Mrs. Watson believes that her parents were Southern sympathizers and that they perished during the war.

In the Revolution a somewhat similar incident occurred. A baby was found by the British under Colonel Tarleton, nor could its identity be discovered. It was brought up by a family named Gibbs, and rose to fame as Lieutenant Colonel Penwick.

A baby was found on the battlefield of Waterloo, but in this case the child's father and mother were known. The mother had died a few days before in Brussels, while the father, a soldier of the Eighty-seventh Cameron Highlanders, fell in the great fight. Little Donald Cameron managed to escape from the transport wagon, where he had been stowed, and had strayed into serious danger before he was noticed and caught by an officer in an Irish regiment. Whether the terrors of Waterloo made an evil impression upon little Donald or not, he steadfastly refused to enlist, although his ancestors for generations had been soldiers. Instead, he became a "guard" on the London & Northwestern railroad, and died a member of the Peace Society in Birmingham last summer.

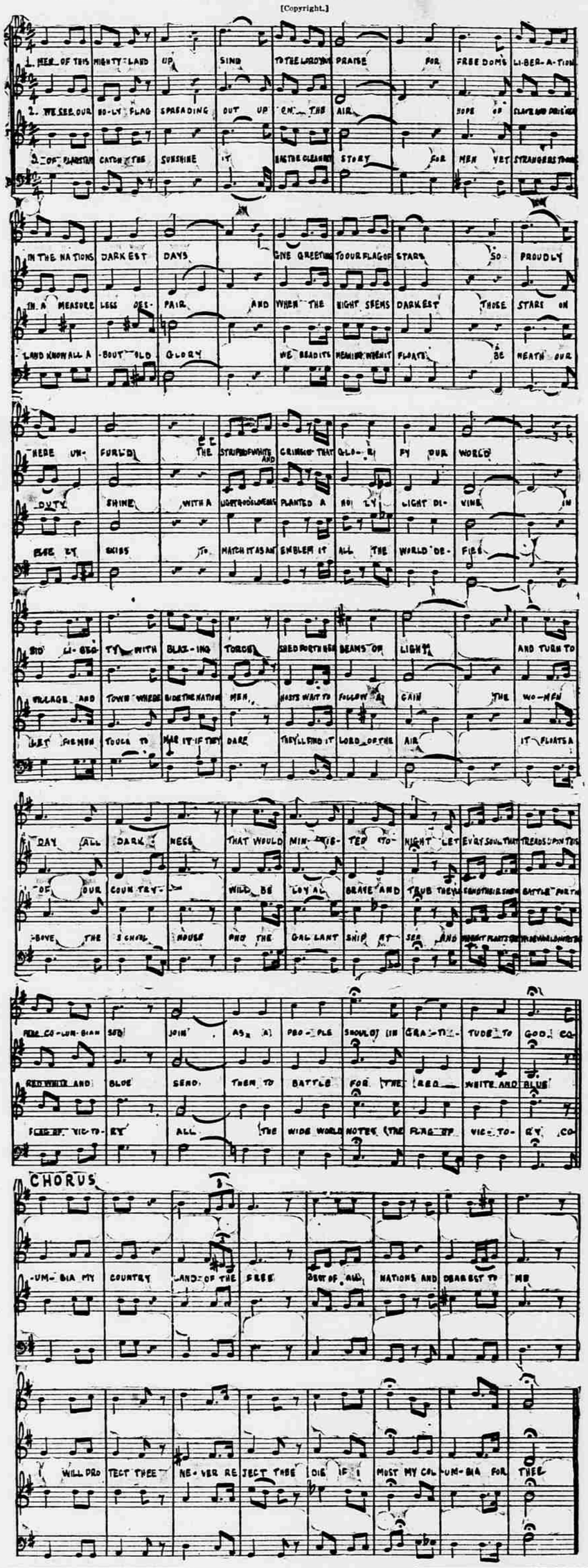
Two years ago a Russian officer of good family was married in St. Petersburg to a young lady whose parents nobody knew, but who had no less than 900 foster fathers. Her foster fathers were the soldiers of a regiment which had found her as a baby lying abandoned by her relatives on the road from Plevna to Constantinople. The soldiers put together a handsome purse for the young lady's dowry.

To come down to our own time, a little Afridi baby was found by the British troops in Northern India, after a skirmish with the hill tribes about one month ago. The British did not wish to leave the little fellow on the field of battle, and took him with them on the march. Later on, when returning, they left it on the exact spot where it had been originally found.

COLUMBIA, MY COUNTRY!

National Anthem, dedicated to the American Nation. Poem by B. B. Ussher. Music by Robert Wizlarde.

[Copyright.]



ORIGIN OF "JOHN BULL."

Interesting to Know Now, on Account of Our Friendly Interchange of Compliments.

Dr. John Arbuthnot, one of the many royal physicians to whom the Scotch city of Aberdeen has given birth, was the author of John Bull's being. Almost forgotten now by all but the erudite, who remember him as the intimate of Pope and Swift. Arbuthnot christened the British nation in bulk as John Bull in the political strife incidental to the dismissal of the Whig ministry of 1710, when the able and avaricious Marlborough saw the beginning of the decline of his brilliant fortunes.

"The History of John Bull" was a satire on the political events preceding the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, written by Arbuthnot. In 1704 he had been created physician extraordinary to the queen in recognition of his services in saving the life of Anne's husband, Prince George, of Denmark. He had become the queen's confidential medical attendant, a position of no mean importance at a time when so much depended on the succession to the crown, and he was closely in touch with court life.

"For the better understanding the following history, the reader ought to know that Bull, in the main, was an honest, plain dealing fellow, choleric, bold and of a very inconstant temper. He dreaded not old Lewis, either at backsword, single falchion or cudgel play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him; if you flattered him you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much upon the air; his spirits rose and fell with the weather glass.

"John was quick and understood his business very well; but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accounts or more cheated by partners."

Lost Ideals.

Dear fanciful guests at a child's lone feast,
Must I lose you at last in life's mystical East,
Where the dreams of my childhood disappear
Like stars that fade as the day draws near?
Or again, when the evening of Life comes on
Shall I find, like the stars, I but fancied you gone?
—Florence Radcliffe, in May Lippincott's.

"COLUMBIA, MY COUNTRY!"

Men of this mighty land, up—sing to the Lord your praise
For freedom's liberation in the nation's darkest days.
Give greeting to our flag of stars, so proudly here unfurled,
The stripes of white and crimson, that glorify our world.
Bid Liberty, with blazing torch, shed forth her beams of light
And turn to day all darkness that would minister to night.
Let every soul that treads upon this free Columbian sod,
Join, as a people should, in gratitude to God.

REFRAIN.

Columbia, my country, land of the free,
Best of all nations, and dearest to me.
I will protect thee, never reject thee,
Die if I must, my Columbia, for thee.

We see our holy flag spreading out upon the air,
The hope of slave and prisoner in a measureless despair,
And when the night seems darkest, those stars on duty shine
With a light God's love has kindled, a holy light divine;
In village and town, where abide the nation's men,
A million wait to follow when it leads them forth again.
The women of our country will be loyal, brave and true;
They'll send their sons to battle for the Red, White and Blue.
REFRAIN.

Of flags that catch the sunshine, it has the clearest story,
For men yet strangers to our land know all about "Old Glory."
We read its meaning when it floats beneath our fleecy skies,
To match it as a beauteous flag, it all the world defies.
Let hostile monarchs touch a thread, to mar it if they dare,
They'll find it always flutters as the monarch of the air.
It floats above the school house and the gallant ship at sea,
And where it floats, the wide world notes, the flag of victory.
REFRAIN.

—Poem Copyright by Author.

WOUNDED BY BOUQUETS.

German Empress Obliged to Protest Against the Throwing of Flowers.

The empress of Germany has found that admiring enthusiasm may become painful to the object of admiration. The popular wife of the kaiser has been forced to protest against too open demonstrations from her subjects in public. Women who have been in the habit of throwing her bouquets of flowers as she drove by have sometimes inflicted uncomfortable wounds, the wires about the flowers scratching her face. There were only two things to be done—either the enthusiasm of the women must be suppressed or their skill in throwing flowers cultivated. Schools for polite throwing of flowers might have been established. There are schools for almost everything else, from dancing, speaking, breathing to thinking; from making proper approaches and salutations to beating proper retreats. A child is even taught how to kiss properly, so as not to bump against the face or to be awkward or uncomfortably ardent in its demonstration. But an accurate and sure aim, so that dangerous results might be avoided, and proper enthusiasm expressed, was recognized, no doubt, as lying beyond the possibilities of the average woman with missiles of good will in her hands. At any rate the empress decided it was better to suppress rather than to cultivate her.

Local Option in Connecticut.

From the New York Tribune.

In Connecticut the statute allows towns to settle the question of license or no license by local ballot, with the result that of 168 towns in the state, eighty-five are "no license" and eighty-three "license." Included in the latter are all the eighteen urban towns and all of the twenty-two borough towns, except one—Stonington. There are but seven "no license" towns in the state of more than 3,000 inhabitants, namely, Stonington, Glastonbury, Griswold, Groton, Salisbury, Plainfield and Thompson. In the election of last October seventy-four towns voted on the question, showing that a considerable difference of opinion exists upon it in Connecticut, as elsewhere, and shows some signs of continuance.

FRENCH ARTILLERY.

Rapid Firing Field Pieces—France Said to Be Ahead of Germany in the Artillery Race.

From the Temps.

In regard to our new field pieces, the severest secrecy has been observed, and when one thinks of the number of persons connected with the study and with the solution of the problem, he can only feel grateful to our artillerymen for their prudence, which does them no less honor than the powerful engine which they have invented. The recent visit of the war minister and of the chief of the general staff at Chalons relieves nobody from the obligation of silence. It simply proves that the question that has been so carefully studied is now finally settled. Let us see how this question was presented during the past years and examine the general plan upon which that study was conducted.

The invention of smokeless powder produced an immediate effect upon the rifle. It increased the range and permitted a diminution of the caliber, which brought out that modern type that is called the magazine gun. But in the case of artillery enormous expense was necessary in the change from one system to another, in order to bring the smokeless powder for field pieces into general use. It was used simply in our field pieces of '90, made to resist the pressure of the old black powder, and its only advantage was the absence of smoke, which of course was favorable for observation and the range of fire. Nevertheless, the theoretic studies were advancing. The artillerymen, distanced for a time in this duel, which for fifty years has been going on between the bullet and the shell, were preparing a field piece to beat the rifle. To the new conditions produced by smokeless powder was added the necessity of reducing the caliber, and consequently lightening the engine. This effort to get the lighter cannon, and consequently a more movable one, is always noticed after the periods of long peace. That is the idea to which we owe the invention of rapid-firing guns. It was the result of the recent progress realized in naval artillery. Everybody knows that the guns on board warships must be fired rapidly, because the objects travel at greater speed. On the other hand, the work of these rapid-firing guns is simplified by the fixed base furnished by the deck of the vessel. The recoil may be completely checked and the piece automatically put in battery by means of intermediary springs supported upon this fixed base.

It will, of course, always be an immense advantage for field artillery to be able to produce its destructive effects in a small space of time; in other words, to become rapid-firing artillery. But, inasmuch as it "fires upon wheels," it is without the support that renders the problem easy for naval artillery. To fire rapidly it is necessary that the pointing of the gun must be preserved from one shot to the other. The gun carried backward by the recoil, must of itself return precisely to the place which it occupied before the detonation. Such a result could only be obtained by a specially arranged carriage.

Two different systems of gun carriages have been tried. One consists in immediately absorbing the force of the recoil by a support in the ground like a sort of spade. The first invention was the one which the Germans adopted, unfortunately for them, in the construction of their new field artillery. The second system consists in the employment of a carriage running upon a long track. Upon this track there are intermediary springs, which diminish the force of the recoil and finally bring the gun back to its original position.

Such, in substance, appears to be the type of the carriage upon which this new rapid-firing French field gun is operated. The details of its construction, of course, are strictly secret, and it is only by comparison that one can get an approximate idea of it.

This delicate piece of machinery belonging to the gun carriage is only one of a hundred improvements which distinguish the new gun. The entire progress realized makes it a ballistic affair as much superior to the rifled cannon as the latter was to the old smooth-bore. A new field, therefore, is opened for artillery, and nobody can foresee the effects of this change upon tactics and upon the methods of firing. It should be observed that no matter how perfect a weapon may be, it remains, according to Cicero, simply a prolongation of the limbs of the soldier. The mechanical qualities of the engine mean but little in themselves. In order to complete them they must be blended, as it were, with the human qualities of the personnel. This apprenticeship of the gunner commences to-day, when the work of the scientific man is finished. Our artillerymen will require new and long training. It is only upon that point that we will be able to maintain the advantage which we have in artillery over the rest of Europe.

WHAT SAVED HIS LIFE.

Soiled Sammy's Narrow Escape From an Awful Fate After Eating Quail.

From the New York Journal.

"I'll never cuss winter again," argumentatively remarked Soiled Sammy, burrowing a little bit deeper in the hay.

"Wot's eatin' yer now?" growled Thirsty Thornton, painfully extricating a cockle burr from his nether garments and then lying down back up.

"Oh, jes' a lettle adwencher I had down ther road a few days ago. Some scab marked 'easy graft' on a house where dey had t'ree dogs an' er Ammayzon. Lor' but thet Ammayzon wuz suthin' fierce. She knocked me down seven or eight times, an' when I bawled out dat I had a wooden leg she tried to wrench it off ter beat me wid. Den she got me in a chanc'ry an' pounded my face 'roun' till I cud see der back uv me neck. I managed ter break away at las', an' dusted for de woods, where I hides meself in a holler log. Ev'ryt'ing wud a been all right ef I hadn't eat quail fer breakfast dat mornin'. De cussed setter dog pointed me out, an' wunst again wuz I in de clutches uv de Ammayzon. Her blood wuz up fer fair by den, an' off she drags me ter de hoss pond.

"'I'll duck yer,' she says fiendish-like. 'I'll gin yer a wash!'

"Parraylized wid fear, I couldn't do a t'ing an' in a minit or two I wuz face ter face wid my horrid fate. But here's where de goodness uv winter comes in. De pon' wuz froze, an' so I wuz saved from a awful death. She tried to break der ice wid me head fer quite a while, but had heart trouble, an' couldn't take much exercise. She let me go den an' cussed me 'cross red field wid de dogs, but I let 'em bite me an' got rid uv 'em dat way. Oh, I tell yer, Thirsty, winter ain't so bad. I shudder ter t'ink uv whatud happened ef it ud been summer."

"THE BOY BRIGADIER"

GENERAL MERRITT'S SERVICE IN WAR OF REBELLION.

He Had Sheridan's Favor—Later He Added to His Renown as a Warrior by Battling With Indians of the Platte.

In the civil war times they used to term Wesley Merritt, now a major general in the regular army and commanding the department of the East, a "boy brigadier." This was because of his youth, of course, and the title was never applied with a sneer, for Merritt was understood to be brave and capable from the day he was graduated at West Point.

There were three others in the Union army who were also called "boy brigadiers"—Custer, McKenzie and Upton—and they were often referred to as the "youthful quartet." All won special fame in the war's two last years, and though the renown of the two last named has not survived like Merritt's or Custer's, each one of the four deserved every good thing that was said of him. There was an analogous boys' quartet in the army of Northern Virginia, and it was composed of Generals Stuart, Fitzhugh Lee, Rosser and Young. The reader need not be reminded that while the member of the Union quartet, of which this article treats, has not yet begun to take an active hand in the Spanish trouble, one member of the Confederate corps has now been deeply mixed up with it for several years.

GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT.

Wesley Merritt was the senior of the federal "quadrilateral," and he belonged to the first and last "five-year" class ever graduated from the West Point military school. Its term was lengthened a year by Jefferson Davis, afterward president of the Confederacy, when he was in charge of the school. Joseph Wheeler, who served in the Southern army as a general officer, belonged to the same class, and so did General Wilson, who rose to the chief of the United States engineering corps, and Colonel Whittemore, whose name was later most honorably connected with the ordnance department.

In the Civil War.

It would take two columns to tell of the gallant services performed by Wesley Merritt in the civil war. He began as adjutant of the Second dragoons, under Colonel Philip St. George Cooke, and followed the gallant Virginian as aide through his various posts and promotions until just before the battle of Gettysburg. Then, because of his quick military perceptions and thorough knowledge of the cavalry arm, he was made a brigadier general of volunteers. He mounted the star of that rank on July 1, 1863, and the very day that Buford's column, suddenly pushing out westward from Gettysburg, unexpectedly came in contact with General A. P. Hill's advance brigades. On that day Merritt was placed in command of the reserve cavalry, and he acquitted himself so well of his trust as to win encomiums from every quarter.

General Sheridan was particularly well pleased with the nerve, dash and courage of the boy brigadier, and after that the two were close personal and military friends. At Winchester Merritt fought a division under Sheridan's eye, so to speak, and fought so well that he recommended the brevet of major general, which was promptly allowed. From that time till the close of the war he was one of the busiest and most successful fighters in all the Union army, and at its close he had won six brevets, as follows:

Brevet major, July 1, 1863, Gettysburg.
Brevet lieutenant colonel, May 11, 1864, battle of Yellow Tavern.
Brevet colonel, May 28, 1864, battle of Hawes' Shop, Va.
Brevet major general, U. S. V., October 19, 1864, battle of Winchester and Fisher's Hill, Va.
Brevet brigadier general, U. S. A., March 13, 1865, battle of Five Forks.
Brevet major general, U. S. A., campaign ending with the surrender of the army of Western Virginia at Appomattox.

Fighting Indians.

After the war he served till the fall of 1866 in the department of Texas, and later in the military division of the Gulf. On September 30 of that year he was mustered out of the volunteer service, and made lieutenant colonel of the Ninth cavalry. In 1876, after various and important service in the Southwest, he joined his regiment in the department of the Platte. While serving there he did some smart Indian fighting. He was concerned in the affair near Indian creek with the Cheyennes, after which he and his regiment joined General Crook. Crook appointed Merritt chief of the cavalry attached to the Big Horn and Yellowstone expedition.

In 1877 he commanded the Wind river expedition against the Nez Perces and the next year had charge of the column dispatched for the relief of Thornburgh's besieged command at Milk river.

It was Merritt who led seven cavalry companies in a ride of eighty-five miles in thirty-one hours against the Cheyennes, completing the march with every man in fit condition and fighting shape. This may not seem much of an exploit in these days of swift civilian traveling, nor would it be a wonderful thing for a single horseman, but it is probably unprecedented, all things considered, in the history of cavalry movements.

Buffalo Bill was with Merritt on the occasion, and so was Captain Charles King, the novelist. So skillfully and quietly the advance made that the Cheyennes advanced to meet the troops, confident there was only one company, instead of the entire regiment. When the two forces met the number of the Sioux was amazed and affrighted the Indians fled in disorder, leaving Yellow Hair, a chief, stretched dead upon the ground, dropping their pots and kettles and pack saddles, they rode for dear life out of the reservation as fast as possible.

The expedition had been undertaken in the Cheyennes might not been Dog Sitting Bull, then a mighty warrior, a specimen of the bad Indian, ministrally successful. "Buffalo Bill," says Captain King, "had one more feather in his cap and General Merritt had the satisfaction of outwitting the Indians on his own game."

Cowardice.

How often fleeing cowards lose their life
And they do outrun Life who run from Strife
—Lee Fairchild, in May Lippincott's.