The Weekly Expositor

J. A. MENZIES, Editor and Prop.

YALE, - - MICH

There are fifty breweries in Chicago, and when Milwaukee is annexed to the lake city the number will be nearly doubled.

THAT the sleeping car porters have not disposed of the Cook gang looks like a black eye for the similia similibus theory.

AS YET the only bond of union between the cities which are to compose Greater New York is a bridge, and even that is in suspense.

THE knock-out blow in the Syracuse theater retired two pugilists who were posing as actors, and to that extent at least it elevated the stage.

BOSTON is now using a red street lamp to locate fire-alarm boxes and a green lamp at police stations, and the effect at night is found to be quite picturesque.

A FRENCHMAN, M. Turpin, has invented a new mitrailleuse which, it is claimed, fires as fast as 3,350 men can with repeating rifles for a minute. The projectile is an explosive bullet.

A NUMBER of earnest men are digging for the body of Queen Boadicea, at Parliament Hill, England. They declare that the recovery of her body is the one great issue now before the English people.

THE case of the New York woman who died leaving $3,000,000 and has cut off her second husband without a penny is another illustration of the peril of marrying for money. Somebody is sure to get cheated.

IT is frightful to think that the death of a woman may have been due, as charged, to blood poisoning from the use of unclean instruments. Not long ago a San Francisco doctor was found to have carried the seeds of fatal disease from bedside to bedside because he neglected to clean his finger nails with sufficient care.

THE United States army is now equipped with a balloon corps in charge of an expert aeronaut whose headquarters are in or somewhere over Fort Logan. Whether the battery of gas-bags includes a rain-making outfit is not stated, though it would seem that artillery of that sort might occasionally come handy in an engagement.

One of the recent suicides was in harmony with the philosophy of living and dying that is supposed to be peculiar to the closing years of this century. The suicide had lived a life of elegant leisure, denying himself nothing that he cared to enjoy, and then when the same sort of existence was no longer possible he quietly cut the cord of his life.

IT is agreeable news to hear that many hunters in the Maine woods go around with cameras, and their sole hope and endeavor is to get a sharp shot at a deer, moose or other large game. Under this new system the best hunter is the one who can show the most photographic representations of the denizens of the forests in their natural surroundings.

THE extention of the civil service rules to new classes of postoffice employes is a step in advance. It ought to be followed by the inclusion of all persons connected with the postoffice department except the postmaster general and his assistants, who are chiefs of division. The postoffice should be no more subject to politics than the army and navy.

THE German kaiser has decided that artificial teeth are to be provided free of charge to the soldiers, on the ground that they will be better able to render good service with sound teeth than with molars which ache or are inadequate for purposes of mastication. This means that every soldier who has unsound teeth must have them pulled.

IT is now claimed that Pugilist Riordan, was not killed by the knock-out blow of Pugilist Fitzsimmons but by the autopsy which was held soon after. This presents a novel defense for murder and threatens novel complications. If the jury should take this view of it and acquit Fitzsimmons, will the surgeons who held the autopsy be indicted as the real murderers?

THE criticisms on travelers who are accused of cowardice in not meeting train robbers "in a body" are unjust. The train robber is there on business and ready for business. The traveler is not. He is out, practically, for pleasure and is consequently in much the same position as the fisherman caught unawares by a bull, and it is not to be expected that he should fight a train robber at such odds just for the fun of the thing.

IT is to be regretted that the real drama is not patronized in the West with that will and energy it seems to deserve. This must be the case, however, or Champion Jim Corbett would not have been compelled to descend to that soubrette dodge of having his diamond belt stolen.

THE United States consul general in Melbourne sees a great field for the sale of American mining apparatus in Australia, but he advises miners not to go to that country without money enough to last them at least six months.

BIG REVIVAL IS NEAR.

ALL MANKIND IS TURNING TOWARD ISRAEL.

Dr. Talmage Reads the Signs of the Times in a Notable Sermon—Real Meaning of Electricity, Steam and Other Improvements.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 2.—Dr. Talmage chose for the subject of his sermon through the press to-day, the "Objections to Religious Revivals," from the text: Luke v:6, "They inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their net broke."

Simon and his comrades had experienced the night before what fishermen call "poor luck." Christ steps on board the fishing smack and tells the sailors to pull away from the beach, and directs them to sink the net. Sure enough, very soon the net is full of fishes, and the sailors begin to haul in. So large a school of fish was taken, that the hardy men begin to look red in the face as they pull, and hardly have they begun to rejoice at their success when snap goes a thread of the net, and snap goes another thread, so there is danger not only of losing the fish, but of losing the net.

Without much care as to how much the boat tilts, or how much water is splashed on deck, the fishermen rush about, gathering up the broken meshes of the net. Out yonder is a ship dancing on the wave, and they hail it: "Ship ahoy! bear down this way!" The ship comes, and both boats, and fishing smacks are filled with the floundering treasures.

"Ah!" says some one, "how much better it would have been if they had stayed on shore, and fished with a hook and line, and taken one at a time, instead of having this great excitement, and the boat almost upset, and the net broken, and having to call for help, and getting sopping wet with the sea!" The church is the boat, the gospel is the net, society is the sea, and a great revival is a whole school brought in at one sweep of the net. I have admiration for that man who goes out with a hook and line to fish. I admire the way he unwinds the reel, and adjusts the bait, and drops the hook in a quiet place on a still afternoon, and here catches one and there one; but I like also a big boat, and a large crew, and a net a mile long, and swift oars, and stout sails, and a stiff breeze, and a great multitude of souls brought—so great a multitude that you have to get help to draw it ashore, straining the net to the utmost until it breaks here and there, letting a few escape, but bringing the great multitude into eternal safety.

In other words, I believe in revivals. The great work of saving men began with 3,000 people joining the church in one day, and it will close with forty or a hundred million people saved in twenty-four hours, when nations shall be born in a day. But there are objections to revivals. People are opposed to them because the net might get broken, and if by the pressure of souls it does not get broken, then they take their own penknives and slit the net. "They inclosed a great multitude of fishes and the net broke."

It is sometimes opposed to revivals of religion that those who come into the church at such times do not hold out; as long as there is a gale of blessing, they have their sails up; but as soon as strong winds stop blowing, then they drop into a dead calm. But what are the facts in the case? In all our churches, the vast majority of the useful people are those who are brought in under great awakenings, and they hold out. Who are the prominent men in the United States in churches, in prayer meetings, in Sabbath schools? For the most part they are the product of great awakenings.

I have noticed that those who are brought into the Kingdom of God through revivals have more persistence and more determination in the Christian life than those who come in under a low state of religion. People born in an ice house may live, but they will never get over the cold they caught in the ice house. A cannon ball depends upon the impulse with which it starts for how far it shall go and how swiftly; and the greater the revival force with which a soul is started, the more far-reaching and far-resounding will be the execution.

But it is sometimes objected to revivals that there is so much excitement that people mistake hysteria for religion.

We must admit that in every revival of religion there is either a suppressed or a demonstrated excitement. Indeed, if a man can go out of a state of condemnation into a state of acceptance with God, or see others go, without any agitation of soul, he is in an unhealthy, morbid state, and is as repulsive and absured as as a man who should boast he saw a child snatched out from under a horse's hoofs, and felt no agitation, or saw a man rescued from the fourth story of a house on fire, and felt no acceleration of the pulse.

Salvation from sin and death and hell into life and peace and heaven forever, is such a tremendous thing that if a man tells me he can look on it without any agitation I doubt his Christianity. The fact is, that sometimes excitement is the most important possible thing. In case of resuscitation from drowning or freezing the one idea is to excite animation. Before conversion we are dead. It is the business of the church to revive, arouse, awaken, resuscitate, startle into life. Excitement is bad or good according to what it makes us do. If it makes us do that which is bad, it is bad excitement; but if it make us agitated about our eternal welfare, if it make us pray, if it make us attend upon Christian service, if it make us cry unto God for mercy, then it is a good excitement.

It is sometimes said that during revivals of religion great multitudes of children and young people are brought into the church, and they do not know what they are about. It has been my observation that the earlier people come into the kingdom of God the more useful they are.

Rabert Hall, the prince of Baptist preachers, was converted at 12 years of age. It is supposed he knew what he was about. Matthew Henry, the commentator, who did more than any man of his century for increasing the interest in the study of the scriptures, was converted at 11 years of age; Isabella Graham, immortal in the Christian church, was converted at 10 years of age; Dr. Watts, whose hymns will be sung all down the ages, was converted at 9 years of age; Jonathan Edwards, perhaps the mightiest intellect that the American pulpit ever produced, was converted at 7 years of age; and that father and mother take an awful responsibility when they tell their child at 7 years of age, "You are too young to be a Christian," or "You are too young to connect yourself with the church." That is a mistake as long as eternity.

If during a revival two persons present themselves as candidates for the church, and the one is ten years of age and the other is 40 years of age, I will have more confidence in the profession of religion of the one 10 years of age than the one 40 years of age. Why? The one who professes at 40 years of age has forty years of impulse in the wrong direction to correct, the child has only ten years in the wrong direction to correct. Four times ten are forty. Four times the religious prospect for the lad that comes into the kingdom of God, and into the church at 10 years of age than the man at 40.

I am very apt to look upon revivals as connected with certain men who fostered them. People who in this day do not like revivals, nevertheless have not words to express their admiration for the revivalists of the past, for they were revivalists—Jonathan Edwards, John Wesley, George Whitfield, Fletcher, Griffin, Davies, Osborn, Knapp, Nettleton, and many others whose names come to my mind. The strength of their intellect and the holiness of their lives make me think they would not have anything to do with that which was ephemeral. Oh! it is easy to talk against revivals.

A man said to Mr. Dawson: "I like your sermons very much, but the after meetings I despise. When the prayer meetings begin I always go up into the gallery and look down, and I am disgusted." "Well," said Mr. Dawson, "the reason is you go on the top of your neighbor's house and look down his chimney to examine his fire, and of course you only get smoke in your eyes. Why don't you come in the door and sit down and warm?"

Oh! I am afraid to say anything against revivals of religion, or against anything that looks like them, because I think it may be a sin against the Holy Ghost, and you know the Bible says that a sin against the Holy Ghost shall never be forgiven, neither in this world nor the world to come. Now, if you are a painter, and I speak against your pictures, do I not speak against you? If you are an architect, and I speak against a building you put up, do I not speak against you? If a revival be the work of the Holy Ghost, and I speak against that revival, do I not speak against the Holy Ghost And whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, says the Bible, he shall never be forgiven, neither in this world nor in the world to come. I think sometimes people have made a fatal mistake in this direction.

Many of you know the history of Aaron Burr. He was one of the most brilliant men of his day. I suppose this country never produced a stronger intellect. He was capable of doing anything good and great for his country, or for the Church of God had he been rightly disposed; but his name is associated with treason against the United States government which he tried to overthrow, and with libertinism and public immorality.

Do you know where Aaron Burr started on the downward road. It was when he was in college, and he became anxious about his soul, and was about to put himself under the influences of a revival, and a minister of religion said: Don't go there Aaron, don't go there; that's a place of wildfire and great excitement; no religion about that; don't go there." He tarried away. His serious impressions departed. He started on the downward road. And who is responsible for his ruin? Was it the minister who warned him against that revival?

When I am speaking of excitement in revivals, of course I do not mean temporary derangement of the nerves; I do not mean the absurd things of which we have read as transpiring sometime in the church of Christ, but I mean an intelligent, intense, all absorbing agitation of body, mind and soul in the work of spiritual escape and spiritual rescue.

The difficulty is that when a revival begins in a church it begins at so many points, that while you have doused one anxious soul with a pail of cold water, there are 500 other anxious souls on fire. Oh! how much better it would be to lay hold of the chariot of Christ's gospel and help pull it on rather than to fling ourselves in front of the wheels, trying to block their progress. We will not stop the chariot, but we ourselves will be ground to powder.

Did you ever hear that there was a convention once held among the icebergs in the Arctic? It seems that the summer was coming on and the sun was getting hotter and hotter, and there was danger that the whole ice field would break up and flow away; so the tallest, and the coldest, and the broadest of all the icebergs, the very king of the Arctics, stood at the head of the convention, and with a gavel of ice smote on a table of ice calling the convention to order. But the sun kept growing in intensity of heat, and the south wind blew stronger and stronger, and soon all the ice field began to flow away. The first resolution passed by the convention was: "Resolved, That we abolish the sun."

But the sun would not be abolished. The heat of the sun grew greater and greater until after awhile the very king of the icebergs began to perspire under the glow, and the smaller icebergs fell over, and the cry was: "Too much excitement! order! order!" Then the whole body, the whole field of ice, began to flow out, and a thousand voices began to ask: "Where are we going to now? Where are we floating to? We will all break to pieces." By this time the icebergs had reached the gulf stream; and they were melted into the bosom of the Atlantic ocean. The warm sun is the eternal spirit. The icebergs are frigid Christians. The warm gulf stream is a great revival. The ocean into which everything melted is the great, wide heart of the pardoning and sympathizing God.

But I think, after all, the greatest obstacle to revivals throughout Christendom to-day is an unconverted ministry. We must believe that the vast majority of those who officiate at sacred altars are regenerated; but I suppose there may float into the ministry of all the denominations of Christians men whose hearts have never been changed by the grace of God. Of course they are all antagonistic to revivals.

Suppose by some extra prolongation of human life, at the next fifty years you should walk around the world, you would not in all that walk find one person that you recognize. Why? All dead, or so changed you would not know them. In other words, if you postpone the redemption of this world for fifty years, you admit that the majority of the two whole generations shall go off the stage unblessed and unsaved. I tell you the church of Jesus Christ can not consent to it. We must pray and toil and have the revival spirit, and we must struggle to have the whole world saved before the men and women now in middle life pass off.

"Oh!" you say, "it is too vast an enterprise to be conducted in so short a time." Do you know how long it would take to save the whole world if each man would bring another? It would take ten years. By a calculation in compound interest, each man bringing another and that one another, and that one another, in ten years the whole world would be saved. If the world is not saved in the next ten years, it will be the fault of the Church of Christ.

It seems to me as if God is preparing the world for some quick and universal movement. A celebrated electrician gave me a telegraph chart of the world. On that chart the wires crossing the continents and the cables under the sea looked like veins read with blood. On that chart I see that the headquarters of the lightnings are in Great Britain and the United States. In London and New York the lightnings are stabled, waiting to be harnessed for some quick dispatch. That shows you that the telegraph is in possession of Christianity.

It is a significant fact that the man who invented the telegraph was an old fashioned Christian—Prof. Morse, and that the man who put the telegraph under the sea was an old fashioned Christian—Cyrus W. Field; and that the president of the most famous of the telegraph companies of country was an old fashioned Christian—William Orton, going straight to his home in heaven. What does all that mean?

I do not suppose that the telegraph was invented merely to let us know whether flour is up or down, or which filly won the race at the Derby, or which marksman beat at Dollymount. I supposed the telegraph was invented and built to call the world to God.

In some of the attributes of the Lord we seem to share on a small scale. For instance, in his love and in his kindness, But until of late, foreknowledge, omniscience, omnipresence, omnipotence, seem to have been exclusively God's possession. God desiring to make the race like himself, gives us a species of foreknowledge in the weather probabilities, gives us a species of omniscience in telegraphy, gives us a species of omnipresence in the telephone, gives us a species of omnipotence in the steam power. Discoveries and inventions all around about us, people are asking what next?

I will tell you what next. Next, a stupendous religious movement. Next, the end of war. Next, the crash of despotisms. Next, the world's expurgation. Next, the Christlike dominion. Next, the judgment. What becomes of the world after I care not. It will have suffered and achieved enough for one world. Lay it up in the drydocks of eternity, like an old man-of-war gone out of service. Or, fit it up like a ship of relief to carry bread to some other suffering planet. Or, let it be demolished. Farewell, dear old world, that began with paradise and ended with judgment conflagration.

Deer a Nuisance.

The protection of the deer in Vermont will extend until 1900, but the farmers say that if there were not a little hunting the animals would so increase as to be a nuisance before then. They have been eating some of the crops this autumn, are often found in orchards consuming fallen fruit, and an agriculturist in Windsor county complains that they are destroying his crop of buckwheat. Several of the fawns have been domesticated and are as tame as cows and sheep, not to say a good deal worse about getting into gardens. High fences will keep cattle out, but not deer.

The total value of the United States mineral products last year was $660,821,673, being the smallest since 1889.

ABOUT THE CAMPFIRE

TALES THE VETERANS TELL OF CAMP AND FIELD.

How the Fifteenth Corps Fell Into Confusion at Cheraw—Midnight Charge of the Mule Brigade—Hancock at Gettysburg.

Fell Into the Trap.

The Fifteenth corps was advancing on the road toward Bentonville, N. C., going through the town of Cheraw, arriving at the Pedee river about 10 o'clock in the forenoon. The first division was in the advance, commanded by General C. R. Woods. The First brigade led the advance of the First division, and consisted of the 27th Mo., 76th Ohio, 12th Ind., 26th Iowa and 32d Mo.

On arriving at the Pedee river we found the bridge had been destroyed by the enemy, which necessitated its reconstruction before our command could cross. A halt and several hours' delay was the consequence. The division was drawn up en masse on the most available ground near the approach to the bridge, on a bluff overlooking the Pedee. The first brigade occupied the ground near the cut in the bluff through which the road to the bridge led. This cut was about twenty-five feet deep. In our front was a bluff some sixty or seventy feet high, under which the river flowed, and on our left was a ravine, or a depression in the ground, leading to the river, and still further to our left and rear, across the ravine, was an old warehouse, in which the enemy stored fixed ammunition, shot and shell and gunpowder.

On our approach to Cheraw the enemy destroyed the bridge and distributed the shot and shell in this ravine, and scattered a large quantity of gunpowder broadcast amongst it. They knew we would have a halt to build a bridge and that we would occupy this ground with our train, it being the most available, and hence laid the trap for us.

When our command stacked arms the men set about cooking coffee, and in hunting up material for fuel made the discovery of the fixed ammunition in the ravine, and also that it had been stored in the old warehouse, the floor of which was nearly covered over with loose gunpowder and a train laid to the ravine, and in the warehouse yet remained a quantity of shell and gunpowder. Q.-M. Serg't Marvin Trott, of the 27th Mo., first called my attention to it.

This trap was not over 75 feet from where my company was, writes James O'Connor in the National Tribune. I went with Trott, and found the arrangement for our destruction as here stated. Several of the men of our brigade were passing to and from the warehouse across the ravine, hunting fuel to build fires, and I cautioned my company of the danger we were in.

It was not over ten minutes after I returned to my company that the explosion occurred. Someone dropped fire in it, probably from his pipe. The shells commenced exploding very fast something after the fashion of a barrel of firecrackers set off. I halloweed to my company to drop flat on the ground.

The supply train was drawn up en masse close in our rear, facing the ground the men occupied, the teamsters net in their saddles, but preparing some coffee. The mules took fright and a general stampede of teams commenced. The direction in which the animals went was directly over the ground occupied by the First brigade and right on to the men, the most of whom dropped on the ground.

A grand scramble for dear life now ensued. Between the running wild teams and exploding shell the danger was fearful.

Those first to their feet ran before the teams, while many were run over or caught amongst the mules and wagons. Some of the teams tore lose from the wagons by running into one another. The men in hundreds jumped and tumbled down the cut leading to the bridge to the road below, the most of them falling in the scramble and rush down, and many of the teams came dashing down on top of them before they were able to regain their feet. General J. A. Logan and General C. R. Woods and General William B. Woods were down where the bridge was building at the time of the explosion. I think there were more shells exploded in ten minutes here than was exploded by the artillery of both armies on the memorable 13th of May at Resaca, or was exploded a few weeks later at the artillery duel at Kenesaw mountain.

This was the first time I ever saw any of the First brigade run for safety, and the only stampede I ever saw in the Fifteenth corps.

Midnight Charge of the Mule Brigade.

During the advance of General Hooker's command upon the enemy, near Lookout mountain, an incident occurred which caused much merriment at the expense of the rebels Hooker moved to Lookout mountain very cautiously from the west side; and it was when engaged in the movement up the valley, that a great stampede among the mules took place. It was in the dead of night when both armies were resting from the fatigues of the previous day, and the sentinel's tread was the only sound that disturbed the universal quiet.

Rushing from the wagons, to the number of about thirty, the mules made for the enemy's lines like frightened sheep. The drivers were awakened by the noise, just in time to witness the disappearance of the animals through our advanced pickets. The enemy pickets were not caught napping. Hearing the mule brigade tearing across the valley, they mistook them for Yankee cavalry charging, discharged their muskets at the supposed 'Yanks,' and fell back upon a battalion stationed a little in the rear of them, with the cry that the enemy was upon them.

The battalion, partaking of the alarm, sprang to arms only in time to hear the sound of the frightened mules, whose race was not checked by the volley from the pickets. They retreated also a short distance to a point where a whole rebel brigade had stacked their arms, and were calmly dreaming of home and battle scenes. In rushed the battalion, more dead than alive from fright, with the exclamation—"Hooker has surprised us; his cavalry is upon us!" The valiant sons of Mars did not wait to gather up their blankets or guns, but made the fastest pedestrian time on record back to the main force, leaving upon the field, for the mule brigade, over 1,000 stand of arms, among which were 300 new Enfield rifles, blankets small arms, knapsacks, etc. Meantime our teamsters had given the alarm, and a force was sent out for the recovery of the mules, returned to our lines with the valuable spoils.

This midnight charge of the mule brigade is well worthy of a place in history. Through its aid a large amount of valuable stores and arms was secured, and Hooker was enabled to push his advance nearer to the point of ground contended for.—American Tribune.

A Cool Commander.

Many things of general interest might be referred to, and some of the anecdotes concerning Colonel Thomas must be quoted, as showing the qualities which made him a good general. He was brave to excess, and always in front of his men. At Bisland, where the regiment had to support a battery—the most trying duty required of a soldier, as he has only to stand under fire hour after hour, and wait—Colonel Thomas, upon his horse, kept the front alone, riding back and forth, and shouting such words as "Steady! Stand firm! Remember old Vermont is looking at you! Steady, old Vermont!" Once, to his saying that Vermont was looking at them one man replied: "Hope Vermont won't see us in such a scrape again!" which raised a laugh along the line and helped more than the sternest command would have done to keep the boys in countenance. At another point, "where some white face showed the need of a little more grit," Col. Thomas said, as the shot tore into the earth: "This reminds me of sowing marrow-fat peas up in old Vermont."

Hancock at Gettysburg.

A hundred guns—yes, fifty more—
Rained down their shot and shell
As if from out its yawning door,
Drove the red blaze of hell
The kiss! the crash! the shriek! the groan!
The ceaseless iron hail!
All this for half the day. I own
It made the stoutest quail

But sad lon, far to left, we heard
The band strike up and lo!
Full in our front—no breath was stirred—
Came Hancock, riding slow—
As slow as if on dress parade
All down the line to right
And back again. By my good blade,
Was ever such a sight?

We layat length. No rank could stand
Against that tempest wild
Yet on he rode, with hat in hand
And looked, and bowed and smiled
Whatever fears we had before
Were gone. That sight, you know,
Just made us fifty thousand more,
All hot to face the foe

You've heard the rest. How on they came
Earth shaking at their tread
A cheer! Our ranks burst into flame
Steel crossed the foe had fled
Yet still that dauntless form I see,
Slow riding down the line.
Was ever deed of chivalry
So grand O comrade mine?

The 144th Ohio.

This regiment was a 100-days organization, formed by the consolidation of the Nineteenth battalion, Ohio national guard and the Sixty-fourth battalion at Camp Chase in May, 1864. The regiment was ordered to Baltimore, and upon its arrival there was divided into detachments and sent to various points. Company B went to Camp Parole; company E to Wilmington, Del., and company I to Fort Dix. Three companies were engaged at Monocacy Junction and suffered severely. In July it was in Washington and from there went to Winchester, Va. A detachment of the regiment was engaged with Mosby's men at Berryville, Va., Aug. 13, and after a short fight defeated the enemy. Five men were killed in this action. It was mustered out of service August 31, 1864, under the command of Colonel Samuel Hunt. Ten men were killed in action, and 33 died of disease and in prison.

Contempt for Confederate Lines.

The heroic conduct of Mrs. Ricketts, wife of Captain James B. Ricketts, who was severely wounded at the battle of Bull Run, became the theme of much deserved praise. Mrs. Ricketts pushed through the Confederate lines alone when she heard that her husband was captured by the enemy, and took her place with him in the hospital, remaining there with woman's patience and constancy. When she arrived in Richmond, General Stuart asked her to sign a parole of honor. She contemptuously refused. He persisted in writing it and handed her the document. She tore it up instantly and carried the fragments to her husband. When Captain Ricketts was carried to Richmond, crowds flocked to see the brave commander of "Sherman's Battery," as they were accustomed to call it.

The 45th Iowa.

This organization was a 100-days regiment. It was mustered into the service in June, 1864, to perform guard and garrison duty while the veteran regiments were engaged in the field. The 45th was engaged in garrisoning posts in Tennessee. Alvah H. Bereman was colonel of the command. While in the service twenty-one men died.