

# The Weekly Expositor

J. A. MENZIES, Editor and Prop.

VALE, MICH.

WHAT most college young men really need when they are out celebrating is some good competent musical director to conduct the yell chorus.

NOBODY but Nicaragua and the United States being concerned, Great Britain feels reasonably safe in getting mad, although there is a trace of nervousness in her anger, withal.

SECRETARY MORTON finds that England's supply of iron is nearly exhausted, and that the world will soon have to depend upon the inexhaustible supply of iron in the United States.

THE recent brilliant successes of the bookkeeping method of stealing money from banks, leaves the train robbing business with no charms except for those who are fond of display.

WHEN 10,000 Jews in New York fall over each other in the rush to swear allegiance to the czar, it is not only turning the other cheek, but throwing in the towel as well, for good measure.

LADIES who have long yearned for a sealskin coat may be interested in knowing that the London price of sealskins has declined thirty per cent because "seal furs are no longer in full style."

THE Turkish government declares there was no brutality in the Kurd's treatment of the Armenians. It is quite probable that the Turkish government would find nothing brutal in a football game.

CONSIDERING the testimony of so many eminent men that they have been indebted to their wives for all that they have ever accomplished, the wonder is that bachelors ever amount to anything in this life.

A CINCINNATI genius has invented a grocer's scoop which does away with scales to a great extent. The scoop itself measures the sugar, etc., as they are placed in it. It is said that it will retail at a price that will make it popular with the trade.

THE number of courts-martial—2,189 general and 15,086 minor—held last year in the army is out of all proportion to its strength. If these figures—furnished by the secretary of war—are correct Uncle Sam's boys in blue are the worst behaved boys in the world.

WHEN a parent sends a boy to college where football is the popular sport, he should have a strawberry mark printed on the boy's arm. The chances are that after his nose is broken, his eye gouged out and his ear bitten off in a game, he will need something by which he can be identified.

ONE of the oddest of government publications is the pamphlet on cooking issued by the department of agriculture. It contains an introductory essay on the nutritive value of common foods, followed by an elaborate presentation by Edward Atkinson of his theory as to the proper cooking of foods. It is the first time that Mr. Atkinson's plan of cooking has received official sanction.

In her lecture on the Chinese tongue and in referring to "pigeon" English, Miss Fields gives an example. "If," said she, "an English woman were to tell a Chinese servant, 'Go topside catches my piece small water,' he would understand that he was to go up stairs for her perfumes." A people who have not risen above such manner of talk deserve to be whipped by the Japs.

WHAT with an ex-United States district attorney defying a federal judge, sitting on the bench, and a Kentucky moonshiner shooting to death a witness in a federal court room, the erstwhile awe that federal courts were wont to inspire seems to have been forgotten. Is Uncle Sam becoming timid in his maturity that his offending sons no longer regard him? Is Kentucky going to make the military supplementary to the judiciary and so have a row of glistening bayonets about each federal court room? No greater affront was ever offered a court than that offered in Mt. Sterling lately.

THE proposed international postage stamp which Germany is about to offer ought to fill a long felt want. Its function is obvious. It will carry a letter to any country that participates in it, so to speak. It will bear the name of all these countries and its value in the currency of each particular government will also appear on its face. Undoubtedly such a blanket postage stamp would obviate a great deal of annoyance in posting foreign letters. Whether it cements the countries using it or not, let us hope that it will carry sufficient cement on its back to make its adhesion reasonably certain.

THE experience the Skoos and Leather bank of New York has had is likely to make the business of expert accountants throughout the country lively for the next few months. It being found out that an employee of a New York bank can carry on systematic pilfering for a period of nine years before a shadow of suspicion rests upon him, every careful banker in every large or small city will be apt to be seized with a convulsive curiosity as to what kind of story his own bank books would tell to an expert accountant.

## RELIGION OF JESUS.

### IT IS LIGHTING UP DARKEST INDIA.

Hinduism Going Down Before the Truths of the Humble Nazarene—Dr. Talmage Praises the Self Sacrifice of Christ's Missionaries.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 16.—Rev. Dr. Talmage to-day delivered the third of his series of "round the world" sermons through the press, the subject being the "Burning of the Dead," and the text: "They have hands but they handle not, feet have they but they walk not, neither speak they through their throat. They that make them are like unto them." Psalm 115:vi-viii.

The life of the missionary is a luxurious and indolent life; Hinduism is a life that ought not to be interfered with; Christianity is guilty of an impertinence when it invades heathendom; you must put in the same line of reverence Brahma, Buddha, Mohammed and Christ. To refute these slanders and blasphemies now so prevalent, and to spread out before the Christian world the contrast between idolatrous and Christian countries, I preach this third sermon in my "round the world" series.

In this discourse I take you to the very headquarters of heathendom, to the very capital of Hinduism; for what Mecca is to the Mohammedan, and what Jerusalem is to the Christian, Benares, India, is to the Hindoo. We arrived there in the evening, and the next morning we started out early, among other things to see the burning of the dead. We saw it, cremation not as many good people in America and England are now advocating it, namely, the burning of the dead in clean, and orderly, and refined crematory, the hot furnace soon reducing the human form to a powder to be carefully preserved in an urn; but cremation as the Hindoos practice it. We got into a boat and were rowed down the river Ganges until we came opposite to where five dead bodies lay, four of them women wrapped in red garments, and a man wrapped in white. Our boat fastened, we waited and watched. High piles of wood were on the bank, and this wood is carefully weighed on large scales, according as the friends of the deceased can afford to pay for it. In many cases only a few sticks can be afforded, and the dead body is burned only a little, and then thrown into the Ganges. But where the relatives of the deceased are well to do, an abundance of wood in pieces four or five feet long is purchased. Two or three layers of sticks are then put on the ground to receive the dead form. Small pieces of sandalwood are inserted to produce fragrance. The deceased is lifted from the resting place and put upon this wood. Then the cover is removed from the face of the corpse and it is bathed with water of the Ganges. Then several more layers of wood are put upon the body, and other sticks are placed on both sides of it, but the head and feet are left exposed. Then a quantity of grass is put on to make everything inflammable is put on the wood, and into the mouth of the dead. Then one of the rich men in Benares, his fortune made in this way, furnishes the fire, and after the priest has mumbled a few words, the eldest son walks three times around the sacred pile, and then applies the torch, and the fire blazes up, and in a short time the body has become the ashes which relatives throw into the Ganges.

Benares is imposing in the distance as you look at it from the other side of the Ganges. The forty-seven ghats, or flights of stone steps, reaching from the water's edge to the buildings high up on the banks, mark a place for the ascent and descent of the sabbidities. The eye is lost in the bewildering of tombs, shrines, minarets, paises and temples. It is the glorification of steps, the triumph of stairways. But looked at close by, the temples, though large and expensive, are anything but attractive. The seeming gold in many cases turns out to be brass. The precious stones in the wall turn out to be paint. The marble is stucco. The slippery and disgusting steps lead you to images of horrible visage, and the flowers put upon the altar have their fragrance submerged by that which is the opposite to aromatics.

After you have seen the ghats, the two great things in Benares that you must see are the Golden and Monkey temples. About the vast Golden temple there is not as much gold as would make an English sovereign. The air itself is asphyxiated. Here we see men making gods out of mud and then putting their hands together in worship of that which themselves have made. Sacred cows walk up and down the temple. Here stood a Fakir with a right arm uplifted, and for so long a time that he could not take it down, and the nails of the hand had grown until they looked like serpents winding in and around the palm.

We took a carriage and went still further on to see the Monkey temple, so called because in and around the building monkeys abound and are kept as sacred. All evolutionists should visit this temple devoted to the family from which their ancestors came. These monkeys chatter and wink, and climb, and look wise, and look silly, and have full possession of the place. We were asked at the entrance of the Monkey temple to take off our shoes because of the sacredness of the place, but a small contribution placed in the hands of an attendant resulted in a permission to enter with our shoes on. As the golden temple is dedicated to Siva, the poison god, this Monkey temple is dedicated to Siva's wife, a goddess, that must be propitiated, or she will disease, and blast, and destroy. For centuries this spiteful has been worshipped. She is the goddess of gold, and clay, and tarmacum.

She is supposed to be a supernatural Xantippe, hence to her are brought flowers and rice, and here and there the flowers are spattered with the blood of goats slain in sacrifice.

As we walk to-day through this Monkey temple we must not hit, or tease, or hurt one of them. Two Englishmen years ago lost their lives by the maltreatment of a monkey. Paring along one of these Indian streets, a monkey did not soon enough get out of the way and one of these Englishmen struck it with his cane. Immediately the people and the priests gathered around these strangers, and the public wrath increased until the two Englishmen were pounded to death for having struck a monkey. No land in all the world so reveres the monkey as India, as no other land has a temple called after it. One of the rajahs of India spent 100,000 rupees in the marriage of two monkeys. A nuptial procession was formed in which moved camels, elephants, tigers, cattle and palanquins of richly dressed people. Bands of music sounded the wedding march. Dancing parties kept the night sleepless. It was twelve days before the monkey and monkey were free from their round of gay attentions. In no place but India could such a carnival have occurred. But, after all, while we can not approve of the monkey temple, the monkey is sacred to hilarity. I defy any one to watch a Monkey one minute without laughter. Why was this creature made? For the world's amusement. The mission of some animals is left doubtful and we can not see the use of this or that quadruped, or this or that insect, but the mission of the ape is certain; all around the world it entertains. Whether seated at the top of this temple in India, or cutting up its antics on the top of a hand organ, it stirs the sense of the ludicrous; tickles the diaphragm into cachinnation; topples gravity into play, and accomplishes that for which it was created. The eagle, and the lion, and the gazelle, and the robin no more certainly have their mission than has the monkey. But it implies a low form of Hinduism when this embodied mimicry of the human race is lifted into worship. In one of the cities for the first time in my life I had an opportunity of talking with a Fakir, or a Hindoo who has renounced the world and lives on alms. He sat under a rough covering on a platform of brick. He was covered with the ashes of the dead, and was at the time rubbing more of those ashes upon his arms and legs. He understood and spoke English. I said to him, "How long have you been seated here?" He replied, "Fifteen years." "Have those idols which I see power to help or destroy?" He said, "No; they only represent God. There is but one God."

Question—When people die where do they go to?  
Answer—That depends upon what they have been doing. If they have been doing good, to heaven; if they have been doing evil, to hell.  
Question—But do you not believe in the transmigration of souls, and that after death we go into birds or animals of some sort?  
Answer—Yes; the last creature a man is thinking of while dying is the one into which he will go. If he is thinking of a bird he will go into a bird; and if he is thinking of a cow he will go into a cow.  
Question—I thought you said that at death the soul goes to heaven or hell?  
Answer—He goes there by a gradual process. It may take him years and years.  
Question—Can any one become a Hindoo? Could I become a Hindoo?  
Answer—Yes, you could.  
Question—How could I become a Hindoo?  
Answer—By doing as the Hindoos do.  
But as I looked upon the poor, filthy wretch, bedaubing himself with the ashes of the dead, I thought the last thing on earth I would want to become would be a Hindoo. I expressed to a missionary who overheard the conversation between the Fakir and myself my amazement at some of the doctrines the Fakir announced. The missionary said: "The Fakirs are very accommodating, and supposing you to be a friend of Christianity, he announced the theory of one God, and that of rewards and punishments."

And now as to the industrious malignment of missionaries: It has been said by some travelers after their return to America or England that the missionaries are living a life full of indolence and luxury. That is a falsehood that I would say is as high as heaven if it did not go down in the opposite direction. When strangers come into these tropical climates, the missionaries do their best to entertain them, making sacrifices for that purpose. In the city of Benares a missionary told me that a gentleman coming from England into one of the mission stations of India, the missionaries banded together to entertain him. Among other things, they had a ham boiled, prepared and beautifully decorated, and the same ham was passed around from house to house as this stranger appeared, and in other respects a conspiracy of kindness was effected. The visitor went back to England and wrote and spoke of the luxury in which the missionaries of India were living. Americans and Englishmen come to these tropical regions and find a missionary living under palms and with different styles of fruits on his table, and forget that palms are here as cheap as hickory or pine in America, and rich fruits as cheap as plain apples. They find here missionaries sleeping under punkas, these fans swung day and night by coolies, and forget that four cents a day is good wages here, and the man finds himself. Four cents a day for a coachman; a missionary can afford to ride. There have been missionaries who have come to these hot climates resolving to live as the natives live, and one or two years have finished their work, their chief use

missionary ground being that of furnishing for a large funeral the chief object of interest. So far from living in idleness, no men on earth work so hard as the missionaries now in the foreign field. Against fearful odds, and with three millions of Christians opposed to two hundred and fifty millions of Hindoos, Mohammedans and other false religions, these missionaries are trying to take India for God. Let the good people of America, and England, and Scotland, and of all Christendom add 99 per cent to their appreciation of the fidelity and consecration of foreign missionaries. Far away from home, in an exhausting climate, and compelled to send their children to England, Scotland or America so as to escape the corrupt conversation and behavior of the natives, these men and women of God toil on until they drop into their graves. But they will get their chief appreciation when their work is over and the day is won, as it will be won. No place in heaven will be too good for them. Some of the ministers at home who live on salaries of \$4,000 or \$5,000 a year, preaching the gospel of him who had not where to lay his head, will enter heaven and be welcomed, and while looking for a place to sit down, they will be told: "Yonder in that lower line of thrones you will take your place. Not on the thrones nearest the king; they are reserved for the missionaries!"

Meanwhile let all Christendom be thrilled with gladness. About 25,000 converts in India every year under the Methodist mission, and about 25,000 converts under the Baptist missions, and about 75,000 converts under all missions every year. But more than that, Christianity is undermining heathenism, and not a city, or town, or neighborhood of India, but directly, or indirectly, feels the influence; and the day speeds on when Hinduism will go down with a crash. There are whole villages which have given up their gods, and where not an idol is left. The serfdom of womanhood in many places is being unloosed, and the iron grip of caste is being relaxed. Human sacrifices have ceased, and the last spark of the funeral pyre on which the widow must leap has been extinguished, and the juggernaut, stopped, now stands as a curiosity for travelers to look at. All India will be taken for Christ. If any one has any disheartenments let him keep them as his own private property; he is welcome to all of them. But if any man has any encouragement to utter, let him utter them. What we want in the church and the world is less croaking owls of the night and more morning larks with spread wings ready to meet the advancing day. Fold up Naomi and Winham, and give us Ariel or Mount Pisgah, or Coronation. I had the joy of preaching in many of the cities of India, and seeing the dusky faces of the natives illuminated with heavenly anticipations. In Calcutta while the congregation were yet seated I took my departure for a railroad train. I preched by the watch up to the last minute. A swift carriage brought me to the station not more than half a minute before starting. I came nearer to missing the train than I hope any one of us will come to missing heaven.

Gold in Alaska.  
Four miners arrived in Tacoma from Alaska recently, bringing each \$100,000 in gold dust, which they said was the result of two seasons' work in the Yukon country. They said that all the old timers who have been long on the ground and have mastered its peculiarities have struck it rich during the last season. There is a steeper evidence of this in the fact that a steamer called at Tacoma not long ago en route to San Francisco from Alaska, having aboard about \$200,000 in gold dust, which her officers said was a usual thing this season. Some big nuggets, averaging twenty to thirty ounces, have been found. But the mining is exceedingly difficult. About 800 miners will winter in the Yukon district this year. The influx of miners has been so great that there is likely to be a great scarcity of provisions before spring. A big rush to the region is looked for next year because the placers have panned out so well.

Making the World Homelike.  
In her address before the Woman's Christian Temperance union convention at Cleveland Miss Frances E. Willard said: "I remember that no one subject puzzled or vexed me more in my youthful days than why it was that men could arrange the whole world at their will and then have the home besides, while women did not have the world but the home only. I did not think this fair, and I resolved to build in my life to help to make the world so homelike that women could freely go out into it every where, side by side with men, and also to help bring it about that men should share in larger measures than they have ever yet done in the hallowed ministrations of the fireside and the cradle, through which, as I believe, they are to reach their highest and holiest development."

A Large Fortune Quickly Lost.  
Among reverses of fortune perhaps the strangest is that of the Duchess Santonna, who has just died in Madrid in the greatest poverty. Eight years ago she possessed a fortune of \$1,000,000. A number of lawsuits were commenced against her by her relatives, absorbing a large part of this. Another large amount went in charity, and the remainder went trying to place the Bourbon family on the throne. A story is told of the duchess which illustrates her kindness of heart. Hearing that a lady, a member of a very old Spanish family, was in great need, and wished to sell jewelry to the amount of \$200,000, the Duchess of Santonna sent her check for that amount. When the jewelry reached her she returned it, saying she did not want it, and was glad to have been of some service.

## ABOUT THE CAMPFIRE

### LOSSES AT THE BLOODY BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

By Some Considered the Most Desperate Fight of Modern Times—A Tale of the Death of Lincoln—the 31st Iowa—John A. Logan.

Franklin.  
A writer in the National Tribune says in regard to the loss of rebel generals at the battle of Franklin: "In Brown's division, Brown and his four brigadiers were all killed or wounded; in Cleburne's division, Cleburne and Granberry, in Loring's division, Adams and Scott; in French's division, Coakrell; in Walthall's division, Quarles, and in Johnson's division, Manigault; total 12."

"On our side Stanley was wounded. No other battle of the war shows such a loss in general officers. There were also a large number of colonels killed and wounded while in command of brigades. I agree with you most emphatically in what you say regarding Fox's 203 losing regiments. I think the fighting qualities of a regiment are better established by a large number of the enemy lying dead and wounded in its front than would be by the deaths of all the members of the regiment."

Now, I find in a copy of the Nashville World of 1884 an article by Captain C. E. Morrell, C. S. A., and give the following extracts from it: "The good people of Franklin may enjoy the distinction of having furnished the locality of the bloodiest battle in history, ancient or modern. It is recorded that Grant in one hour lost 10,000 killed and wounded at Cold Harbor, but he had nearly 100,000 men to lose that number from 10 per cent in 60 minutes. General Hood, just before sunset, November 30, 1864, moved about 12,000 or 15,000 Confederates, all told, against the strong breastworks at Franklin, where his casualties were reported 6,800—or about 50 per cent in 25 minutes. I have not read General Hood's history of his campaigns, but the above is the estimate as given by participants on either side.

"The casualties in this handful of men may be estimated when it is stated that we lost thirteen generals killed, wounded and missing. Down this red valley of death rode no braver soldier than General George W. Gordon, the youngest brigadier in our Western army. I can see him in my fancy now, as I saw him then for the first time, mounted on a fiery steed, his long hair swept back by the breath of battle, as he rode into that maelstrom of iron hail. I believe he went over the works and was captured. There fell, his noble breast pierced through, the invincible Pat Cleburne, the idol of his division and of his state. General John Adams and his little boy both fell dead together across the enemy's breastworks. General Thomas M. Scott was unhorsed by the explosion of a shell.

"On the right of McGavock pike stands the old gin where gathered the central whirlwind of the storm. Across the broad, open fields leading from the McGavock residence our doomed battalions marched. Along that line of fence beyond his house the brave ranks were formed. I look back across the tide of twenty fateful years, recalling the then light heart and thoughtless words of youthful ardor as we moved into the fight. I see now through a mist of unbidden tears, the unreturning brave, who, in the face of that leaden doom, with dauntless tread passed over the perilous edge of battle to the harvest home of death, swept in the twinkling of an eye from our sight forever into the shoreless gulf. I wonder now, as I sit here and recall that terrible day, how we could have been so thoughtless and unconcerned. As we formed in line to move upon the foe, youthful eyes flashed fire and downy cheeks glowed with the rapture of the coming fight. Ah, as we looked upon our loved ones then for the last time, as brave John Weller said, knowing that death lurked just over the hill, why did we not clasp one another in a long embrace?"

Think of it, thirteen Confederate generals lost in one battle! A corps commander and four other generals killed, seven generals wounded and one taken prisoner. Instead of having 15,000 men in this terrible charge, when the Confederates admit to a loss (see above) of 6,800, they had nearer to 25,000.

Now, Pickett's division at Gettysburg numbered about 10,000 men, his strongest brigade (Corse's) having been left at Gordonsville for the defense of Richmond. There were four brigades in Pickett's division, Corse's consisting of the 17th, 13th, 9th and 30th Virginia. Pickett's division of 10,000 men charged across an open plain upon the center of our army of 100,000 men, when 100 guns and 20,000 muskets vomited death against their ranks, and yet their loss was less than 2,000 killed, wounded and prisoners.

At Franklin four divisions of 25,000 Confederates made a terrible rush from cover behind a ridge across a narrow valley upon a force of less than their number sustained by but a few batteries, and met with repulse and the loss of 6,800 men, including thirteen out of the seventeen generals leading them, and half their field and line officers. Their loss was almost entirely in killed and wounded; the McGavock house, within gunshot of the temporary breastworks of the Union troops, being used as a Confederate hospital, where Colonel Nelson, of the 13th La., and numbers of other Confederates died.

As at Chickamauga the rebels met with the heaviest loss in killed and

wounded of any battle of the war, so at Franklin they met with the bloodiest repulse at the hands of General Thomas' army. The "strong breastworks" Captain Morrell mentions above as being at Franklin were of the most hasty construction, and consisted mainly of a couple of feet of earth thrown out of a trench, forming a defense about breast deep when you stood in the ditch. You could ride over them as the rebel General Gordon did in the battle. The impediment to Hood's grand charge was the steady and deadly fire of the Western men, inured to guns from youth, and the elan and determination with which they counter-charged the enemy when they swarmed over the ridge-pits, driving them out in disorder with the fatal fire rattling at their backs.—Wm. E. Doyle, Adjutant, 17th Ind.

She Was a Heroine.  
"There," said a Lewiston official, "is a woman passing up Pine street, who I personally know is a heroine. I was in the city of Sherbrooke, province of Quebec, Canada, the day that Abraham Lincoln was shot and this woman was the wife of a dealer in ship timbers," quotes the Lewiston Journal. "They lived in Gordon street in that city and on the top of their house was a flagstaff. When she heard that Lincoln was dead, her husband being away, she put up the United States flag at half-mast. After breakfast a soldier came up the street and, seeing the flag, went up to the door and requested it taken down. She explained why it was up and refused politely but decidedly to take it down. He smiled warningly and went away saying: 'Well, I have done my duty.'"

"A short time after a lieutenant with six soldiers came up the street and opening the gate entered the yard.

"What do you want?" inquired the woman.

"I want you to take down that flag," responded the officer.

"Again she explained that Lincoln was dead and she was an American.

"I can't help it. I have orders to take down that flag and I shall do it," the officer responded.

"He started to go around the house to enter it when he was encountered by a man named Charles Goodrich from Clinton, Maine, who said: 'If you take another step toward that flag I'll dye the ground here the color of your coats.' The officer stepped back to the line and ordered his men to advance. But they looked at the unraised ax and stood still. Seeing his advantage Charles Goodrich ordered them out of the yard and they went. The next day when the horrible murder of Lincoln was more fully realized the mayor sent an apology to the lady and at the indignation meeting which was shortly held she was applauded for her action. She lives in Lewiston now and one of her daughters married a Lebanon street merchant."

John A. Logan.  
[His is a words worth: "If this is the end I'm ready"]

Delicious lay the soil  
That never could grow old—  
His mane at sixty black  
Like twenty was his mane  
What did he eat for noon  
By what did he eat's edly  
None know, who best he knows  
"I'm ready"

No corse is there, stream; chaff  
That pivots on the will  
The foe is but a thief,  
That draws thee but to kill  
Already tortured sore  
Hast thou a soul as steady  
To say—and look death o'er—  
"I'm ready?"

Ave, nature so robust  
And valor's own hand  
Fence not itself to treat  
Though vanished sea and land  
The eagle is dull  
The just men, hurt and heady,  
Says, firm and dutiful:  
"I'm ready."

No lie no swain's arts  
Come on thy flank to ferry  
That startle crawling her  
And the r departure hurry  
As in the hope for arm  
When blew the wind as steadily  
Thy voice peals like a horn  
"All ready!"

So in these days, weak span  
When times are hard, fatter,  
Thank God for nature's man  
No priests nor a bishop can alter—  
Who-e instincts like the breath  
Of prayer, blood's steady,  
Say to his face, or death  
"I'm ready."

—Guth

The 31st Iowa.  
This regiment was organized at Davenport, Iowa, October 13, 1862, to serve three years, and was mustered out June 27, 1865. Colonel William Smyth, the first commander of the regiment, was discharged December 15, 1864. J. W. Jenkins was in command when mustered out. In November it was sent to Arkansas. Early in December it participated in the battle of Chickasaw bayou. At the battle of Champion Hills the regiment displayed great courage, and its loss was very heavy. In the spring of 1864 the regiment started on the Atlanta campaign. In January, 1865, it was in the brigade composed of the 4th, 9th, 25th, 26th and 31st Iowa, and commanded by Colonel Stone. The last battle of importance in which it was engaged was Bentonville, where it suffered a loss of five men killed. It participated in the battles of Arkansas Post, Chattanooga, Resaca, Dallas, Kenesaw Mountain, Atlanta and other engagements of minor importance. The total loss of the regiment was 393 officers and men. Twenty-eight officers and men were killed in action.

Aluminum Drums.  
Aluminum drums are proving satisfactory in the hands of the Prussian militia. They are not only lighter, but give out a fuller and richer sound.

A Modern Rifle.  
A bullet from one of the new rifles in use in the Italian army will penetrate five inches of solid ash at a distance of three-quarters of a mile.