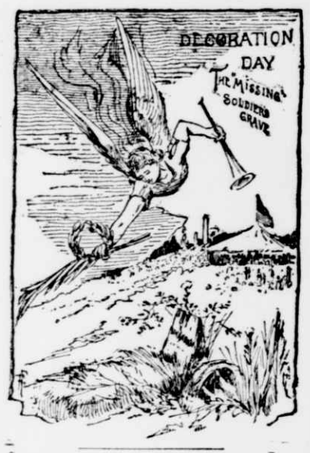
MEMORIAL DAY!



ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

[WASHINGTON, MAY, 1865.]

Soldiers, return'd from many a fight, to-day
I call another year, another May,
When from your homes at first ye march'd away.

Your country summon'd—what quick answer came
Shall never be forgot by human fame;
The north was red with one electric flame!

The dragon's teeth were sown that started men
(So may the land be never sown again!)—
Ye were the crop that sprang in armor then.

Lo, every highway made its end in one,
With stern, advancing dust against the sun!—
A line of bayonets thrust to Washington!

I heard, I saw!—the street ye tread to-day
Took echoes that shall never pass away—
Visions that shall be visible for aye!

Ye came from many a long remembered fight;
Your flags are glittering, in the windy light,
With names that make their tremulous stars more bright.

Banners whose rags are famous, veterans too,
Pathetic with the storms they fluttered through,
Ye bear in pride and tenderness with you!

Ye come—ye are not all that went away;
Another myriad as great as yours to-day
Keep their encampment with the flowers of May.

Ye came from homes that hap'ly echo still
With your last footsteps on the quiet sill;
Go back, go back, the empty air to fill!

Ye came from new plowed fields and wheated lands,
Where the old harvests call'd for willing hands;
Go back to join the gentle reaper bands!

Ye came—the work is done ye came to do;
Go back, go back, O servants tried and true—
Go back to find your land created new!

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

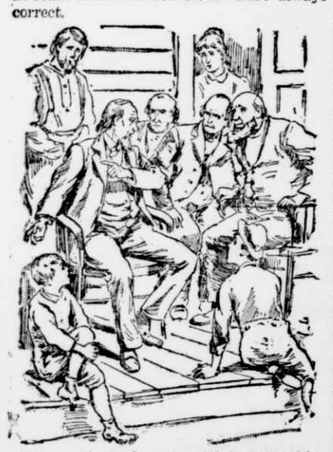
THE CAPTAIN'S PENSION.

A STORY OF DECORATION DAY IN BRACEVILLE.

Capt. Hatton was the highest authority on war subjects in Braceville. He could tell stories of army life from hour to hour and day to day without repeating himself—stories which made the eyes of his listeners grow as big as saucers. For him the war was never over. He continued to march, to pitch his tent and to fight with all the patriotic fervor which distinguished him in the days when the boom of the cannon shook the land. So engrossing an interest did he take in his career as a soldier that he never cut much of a figure in business. His talents in peace were purely of a narrative character, and as exercised in Braceville wholly unprofitable from a financial standpoint.

The captain never troubled himself about this, but his family did, a fact not to be wondered at, since they experienced all the discomfort resulting from it, and the captain none at all scarcely. Trouble never adhered to him. He had the beautiful faculty of letting somebody else carry all the difficulties while he went on with his reminiscences.

When his signature was needed his wife or his son brought him the papers and he signed them, but he never read them. The only thing he ever read was war history, and this he found fault with because it wasn't always correct.



His family, unhappily, didn't sympathize with his military tastes. They had strong ambitions in a different direction. They belonged to and fraternized with the present and its material interests. His wife had been obliged to be both financial and domestic manager, and her husband's improvidence often placed her in very awkward predicaments. Their son turned his attention to law and looked forward hopefully to future distinction. He had worked hard to pull himself up to the starting place, too; and the neighbors said he deserved credit. The daughters leaned to music and painting, and dreamed of careers, and vainly wished it were possible to convince their over patriotic father that the war had long since ended.

The captain, though a bodily figure in his household, in spirit dwelt in the past, amid the roar of battle or in the idle days of waiting in camp, and was happy as only one who indulges his pet dreams can be. As his hair whitened and old age began to face him squarely, his war stories were often finished with a sigh, and he spoke more frequently of reunions in that unknown country into which flesh and blood can never enter, and where war and the engines of war are neither known nor needed. And when there were reunions here—when the old veterans met and marched on fields of peace under flags that had been triumphantly borne in war—Capt. Hatton's eyes were always dim with tears. Once he looked at the shrunken column of veterans and feelingly repeated these lines:

Another mighty host comes marching slow
From their long bivouacs in the grass and snow—
By these they fought and suffered long ago.

Through every street they march with silent tread
(Quicken the living, ye the living dead);
Look, the same tattered flag is overhead.

His materialistic and unpoetical friends said that he was getting old and possibly a little feeble minded; but those who are much interested in life never understand the feeling of those who are slipping out of it.

Last year, as Decoration day approached, Capt. Hatton's eyes burned with more patriotic fervor than ever. Honors to the dead heroes of the war gave him great joy. His fellow townsmen, knowing the depth and strength of his patriotism, requested him to give a talk on Decoration day, in the cemetery, on the war and its heroic dead.

The day came. The few ... in the Braceville cemetery were most prodigally covered with flowers. Prayers were offered, poems read and eulogies pronounced over the brave men who died in their country's service. But there were few to weep over them. Their companions and friends had nearly all vanished from under the sun.

Capt. Hatton's address astonished everybody. It was the outpouring of his heart on a theme dearer to him than all else, and the force and feeling with which he spoke set the hearts of his hearers on fire, and they wept. He painted the spirit of the war as it came to and overshadowed the peaceful land; he described the action of battle, the courage of the soldiers, their endurance and patience in ... marches and the tedious camp life. He painted, too, the Battle of Shiloh, where he had given the best of his corporeal frame—that awful scene, where after the fight one could walk long distances stepping only on dead bodies.

And when he spoke of the dead it was with strong and tender feeling and much simple, moving eloquence. He told how he had seen them lying on the field after the battle, their white or ashen gray faces, with contracted muscles, taking ghastly or distorted shape or again wearing smiles of seraphic sweetness. He became a poet in describing the scene. His friends and neighbors listened with tearful attention and felt a new and deeper respect for the brave and loyal old soldier.

That evening the Hatton family sat down to supper in unusual spirits. The captain was still under the influence of the day's hallowed glory; and, for the first time in their lives, his wife and children were proud of his abnormal patriotism.

His son brought letters and handed them to his father before they seated themselves at table. The captain, with his thoughts on fields of battle and dead comrades, handled them idly without looking at them and laid them aside. The young man seemed to have those letters on his mind. He glanced toward them from time to time as he ate, and when the meal was finished and they still sat about the table chatting pleasantly, he said:

"You haven't read your letters, father," and with polite alacrity he got up and handed them to the white haired dreamer.

The captain opened one after another without interest. Suddenly his eyes flashed and he began to tremble. "Here, my children, look here!" he cried excitedly, holding at arm's length an official paper and a letter of imposing appearance. "My grateful government insists that I shall have all this money for the wounds I received at Shiloh—wounds of which I have always been proud and felt it an honor to bear without thought of compensation. I have ever held that the true patriot gives his spirit and his body freely to his country. I never asked for a pension, though I knew I was entitled to it. No, I did not ask it, but my government has proved itself worthy of loyal service: It offers it to me voluntarily."

Here the captain's son colored and began to cough violently.

"I rejoiced that I had suffered for my country," continued the captain. "It is a poor order of patriotism that is willing to give nothing. I am grateful for this acknowledgment of my service, because it came unsolicited. Here it is, my darlings, here is the reward of your father's loyalty to the land he loves. Take it, and do what you will with it. I don't want it. I want to die knowing that I have given something to my dear country and have taken nothing."

"How much is it father?" asked Lilian, the eldest daughter, who had dreams of going abroad to study art.

"Nearly $7,000," he answered dreamily. His mind was again roaming over the field at Shiloh. Both young ladies caught their breath. Their mother looked unutterably astonished at the vastness of the sum which, as it were, had been miraculously thrown into their laps; while the enterprising son tried in vain to appear unconcerned.

"What shall we do with it?" asked Emma, the other daughter, who had musical ambitions.

"Build a really comfortable house, a home," said the sensible mother, whose genius for domestic management had often been put to sore straits in consequence of her husband's indifference to the material things of life.

"Just a slice of it would educate Emma and me in our professions," said Lilian, in a voice of eager interest.

The son remarked that he knew of an enterprise sure to bring extraordinary results, into which, in his opinion, a large part of the pension money might be put with profit.

"Let us fix up this house, refurnish it, and divide the remainder equally between us," said Lilian.

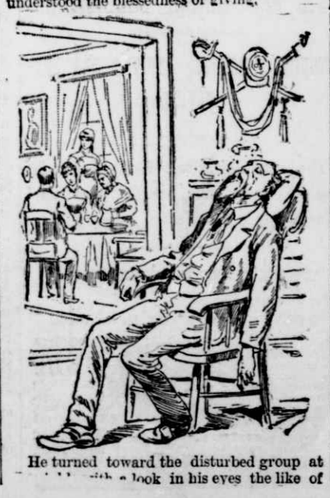
"Remember, children, that we need a comfortable home of our own," put in the mother with mild firmness.

"But when we get to earning money at our professions we can soon build you and father a lovely home," said Emma.

The daughters both held warmly to the subject of going abroad, the son to the investment, while the mother heroically stood by the project of the home.

Warmer and warmer grew the discussion. Arguments, appeals, assertions, retorts even, flew around the family board like wicked spirits at war with each other. No one counseled patience and deliberation in the matter of deciding what to do with the money. All excitedly insisted on fixing its destiny then and there.

Only one of the circle offered no suggestion, said no word in regard to it, was not appealed to. This was the white haired soldier who had so bravely earned the money. Indeed, he seemed quite unconscious of the wrangle going on about him. He had moved from the table and was sitting in the easy chair near the open door, holding his letters carelessly in his hand and looking dreamily out on the hills fresh and fair in their garments of spring. He was thinking, not of the possible joys of the future, but of the dear anguish of the past. Over his face spread an expression of serene, exalted delight. It came from the memory of what he had suffered for the sake of principle. His was a nature that understood the blessedness of giving.



He turned toward the disturbed group at ... with a look in his eyes the like of which they had never seen, and which they never will be able to forget. It had in it unspeakable astonishment, overwhelming anguish and something else not translatable to the limited spiritual perceptions of those who saw it. That something was not of this world. It was a beam from the unseen sun of infinity shining through the old soldier's surprised eyes. Instantly all were awed into silence. Instinctively they recognized that something mightier than their wills confronted them—something they could not understand.

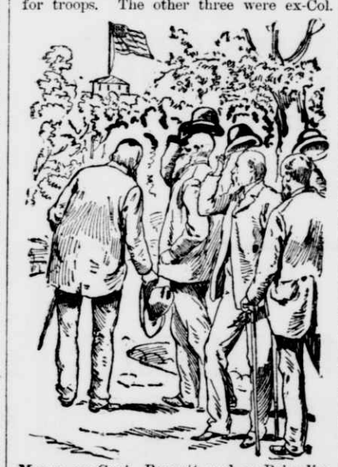
The old soldier began to rise to his feet. His lips moved but no sound came forth. Slowly he sank back into the chair again. The light faded out of his eyes and his face grew ashen white. The awestruck family looked at him with speechless tongues. Before they realized the presence of the strange guest, death, who had come so unexpectedly into their presence, he had departed with the soul of the old patriot.

GERTRUDE GARRISON.

FIGHTING FOR THE FLAG.

It was last Decoration day, after they had returned from beautifying with flowers the graves of the Union soldiers, who seemed to sleep so peacefully in the soft sunshine, that four former companions in arms were seated under the tender green of the trees in Central park. They were full of the sad yet precious memories of the war, and naturally rehearsed many of its incidents in which they had taken part. Their patriotism had been freshly stirred by the ceremonies at which they had assisted, and, as they recounted scenes where gallant fellows had given their lives for their country, their eyes, that had often looked death in the face with a strong glance, moistened visibly, and were cast down to hide their emotion. While they were talking they caught sight of the stars and stripes on the old Arsenal building. A puff of wind gracefully blew out the banner of the free; they instinctively stood up together, removed their hats, and, as one of them said: "Bless the old flag! I would be happy to die for it to-morrow!" they fervently clasped each other's hands in recognition of a common sentiment.

The speaker was ex-Mayor Goodwin, a native of Connecticut, aged about 50, who had been living in St. Louis at the breaking out of the war, and had joined a Missouri regiment as soon as the government had called for troops. The other three were ex-Col.



Mason, ex-Capt. Bennett and ex-Brigadier Gen. Wirtley. The first had made his home in Cincinnati, Bennett and Wirtley had settled in Chicago, and, as martial representatives of Ohio and Illinois, had entered the field immediately after the fire on Sumter. They were all bachelors then, nearly the same age, and having gone with their commands to Missouri, were soon dr. wn into acquaintance and friendship by similarity of opinions and tastes. They had seen a good deal of service in different parts of the south; had all been wounded—Goodwin and Wirtley several times each—and had kept up the friendship joined in the early days. After the close of the struggle they found themselves in New York, where they are still engaged in business. The endless distractions of the city prevent their meeting as often as they would choose; but on Decoration day they are always in company, and are likely to be bound together by associations of the past while life continues. They are creditable examples of the citizen soldiers on whom the republic can always depend in time of need. They, in common with millions of their countrymen north and south, so revere the national ensign that they would sacrifice everything in its defense.

"Goodwin," said Wirtley (the four had dropped their military titles, like sensible men, with the termination of the war), "we all feel as you do about the old flag, as you well know. I have been told that you showed your devotion to it by recapturing the colors of your regiment at Wilson's Creek. Can't you give us the story?"

"It's not worth telling," replied Goodwin. "It was only one of the many incidents that occurred on many battle fields; and, besides, it is bad taste, you will agree, for a man to recite his own experiences. He is very apt to imagine himself a hero when he is a very commonplace mortal."

"Let us have the story, Goodwin," exclaimed the three. "We are friends," added Mason, "and we know you too well to think you capable of boasting. On this day any one who has been a soldier is excusable for indulging in personal reminiscences. We have all been doing it, you know. Fire away, old fellow."

"If you are bored, then it will be your own fault," remarked Goodwin. "The story is not long, anyhow; no, you won't suffer much more than you anticipate. I had formed a high idea of Capt. Nathaniel Lyon when he broke up the secession camp formed by Governor Jackson in St. Louis, and I was very glad to be in his command. He had been appointed brigadier, and I was with him at Booneville, where he routed a Confederate force that the governor had got together, and at Dry Spring, where he defeated McCulloch. When McCulloch and Price united, and threatened to gain possession of southwest Missouri, I approved of Lyon's determination to give them battle at Wilson's Creek, in spite of their superior numbers. I had enlisted as a private in St. Louis and was already a captain, so that my opinion had some weight. We were all so inexperienced then that a man who had participated in such skirmishes (we called them battles) as Booneville and Dry Spring was regarded as a tried soldier.

"How vividly I remember the 10th of August, the day on which the engagement at Wilson's Creek occurred. The ground was rolling, like most of the land in Greene county, Mo. with clumps of trees here and there and a forest in the distance. The weather was intensely hot, and the dust from the movements of the adverse armies almost suffocating. Gen. Lyon, as we were drawn up for battle, rode along the line encouraging the men. He told them how much depended on the result of the fight, to stand firm, to remember the flag of the country, to think that on each soldier's conduct the result might hang. I could see that he was anxious, but he looked hopeful, cheerful and undaunted. A braver, more patriotic man never fought in the Union cause. I felt that he would, if he should live, lead us to victory; that he could not fail. So he seemed to affect everybody that came into his presence.

"My regiment was one of the first ordered forward on the enemy's right. We were ordered to withhold our fire until within fifty yards; but the men were so excited and undisciplined that they began firing long before they could do much harm. The fire was returned when we were near enough to see the faces of the Confederates, and appeared to be very destructive. My men seemed to be falling all around me. But I soon saw that it was partially confusion in the ranks, caused by unfamiliarity with danger. The men were speedily rallied, and I observed that only a few had been struck. I ordered my company not to mind the wounded and we rapidly advanced. I had had at the outset a keen sense of fear; I believed I should be hit every moment. But the fear quickly passed. I became intensely excited, and yet I was outwardly calm. The dust and the smoke of the guns covered everything, for the air was close and stifling. I heard the roar of the engagement, mingled with the groans of the wounded and their pitiful cries for water. I had a choking thirst myself. The field seemed like a burning desert. What wouldn't I have given for a drink of water, and there was water nowhere, the canteens being exhausted.

"Notwithstanding my excitement, I grew steadily calmer. I ceased to think of myself. I had no idea of personal peril, though I saw men dropping constantly. When it was one of our men, I was amazed. When it was one of the enemy, I was rejoiced, and I found myself shouting like the rest with delirious joy at every casualty on the other side. I hungered for blood. I was like a wild beast. If I could have slain a thousand Confederates with a blow of my blade, I should have been happy. One of our officers rode before us. He waved his sword, and cried out something that I could not understand. The words had scarcely left his lips when a cannon ball carried away his head, and his bleeding trunk fell to the ground. The incident did not horrify or startle me; it only quickened my tigerish passion for revenge, and I yelled with glee, a minute after, as I saw a Confederate officer reel in his saddle and tumble.

"The oddly uniformed line opposite, in which butternut was a conspicuous color, showed signs of giving way. Just then our standard bearer, who was in advance, was struck and fell. A fresh Confederate force had been ordered up to relieve the troops we had been fighting, and bore down upon us in such numbers that we were ordered to withdraw slowly, our faces to the foe. A dozen members of our regiment had hurried forward to rescue the flag, which had already been torn from the staff by one of the enemy, a fine looking fellow, an officer plainly, and which he thrust into the breast of his coat. I marked his countenance and figure. I was sure that I should remember him. What pleasure I should have taken in killing him, in order to recover the colors of the regiment, which I felt it such a disgrace to lose in one of the first real battles of the war.

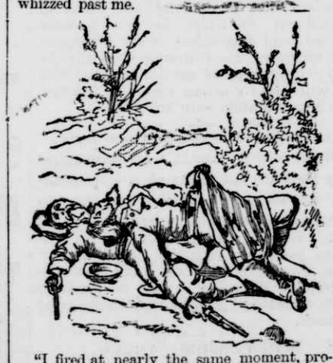
"But there was no chance of recapturing it. We steadily fell back, and were soon relieved by fresh troops. Our regiment had lost heavily. Out of 600 or so, one quarter were killed, wounded and missing, and the remainder were in no condition for further fighting at once. I still mourned over the captured flag. During the first year of the strife we soldiers, you remember, thought the loss of a stand of colors as bad as a general defeat, and we never altered our opinion greatly afterward either. It may be superstition, but it is a patriotic superstition that every true soldier is inclined to cherish. The flag of a country represents our highest interest.

"I could not bear to be off duty on that day. As soon as I had quenched my excessive thirst in a pool of dirty water, where a score of men were half frantic and fighting for drink, I went to Gen. Lyon and offered my service to act as one of his aides. He accepted it, and giving me a horse sent me with an order to a distant part of the field. I delivered the order, but in doing so bullet after bullet whistled near me, one of the bullets passing through the skirt of my coat. I already began to imagine that I might be destined not to be struck—constant danger makes us fatalists—and I galloped along to the music of the guns, fancying myself in a feverish dream. To be beyond the sound of cries and groans, the sight of blood and wounds was a great relief.

"I seemed to be only in danger myself, and of that danger I was almost unconscious. I was in a part of the field away from the battle, riding fast to where I supposed Gen. Lyon to be, when my horse reared as if in pain. I believed that he must be mortally wounded by a stray shot. I disengaged my feet from the stirrups, and just in time, for I felt that he was falling. I tumbled headlong—I could not save myself—and then I was unconscious. How long I remained so I cannot tell. I arose with senses dazed, but the din of battle, the sight of dust, powder and smoke restored me. My horse lay dead a few feet distant, the blood still flowing from his side, caused apparently by a grape shot. No one seemed near me, and I was walking away somewhat lame, when a voice, saying 'Surrender, you d—d Yankee, or I'll blow your brains out!' drew my attention. Out of a cluster of trees had stepped a Confederate officer, whom a glance disclosed as the captor of our colors. To allay any doubt, if there could be doubt, the silken end of the stripes was still visible in the breast of his coat. He was coming toward me with a revolver leveled at my head, perhaps fifty feet off. He doubtless believed me unarmed; but I reached instinctively toward my belt and drew my pistol, which had happily been uninjured by my fall.

"'Never,' I shouted. 'You have taken the colors of my regiment. I'll get them back or die.'

"'Die then!' he responded, and a bullet whizzed past me.

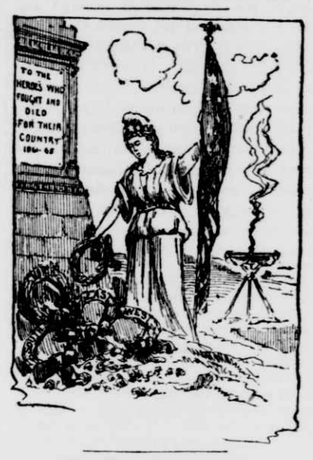


"I fired at nearly the same moment, probably to no purpose, as he still advanced. I advanced also. The recovery of the flag was far dearer to me than life.

"We exchanged shots again. It was a regular duel. Once more we fired. I felt that I must be hit. But I was strong enough to discharge another barrel, and had the supreme satisfaction of seeing my antagonist fall. I was immediately at his side, intent only on the stars and stripes, which I drew out and was trying to hide in my clothing when my head swam, darkness passed before my eyes and then oblivion.

"I was found unconscious, as I learned afterward, on the breast of the dead Confederate, a captain from Kentucky. His ball had passed through my lungs; mine into his breast. The flag was closely grasped in my hand and stained with my blood. It is at my home and counted among its most precious treasures. Again I say, 'Bless the old flag! To-day every true son of the great republic, even those who fought so blindly against it twenty odd years ago, is willing to give his last drop of blood to guard it from dishonor.'"

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.



How Men Die in Battle.

Frank Wilkeson, in his very interesting book, entitled "Recollections of a Private Soldier," recently published by the Putnams, tells how men die in battle. The following paragraphs give the citizen an idea of what glory costs the soldier:

After Longstreet's soldiers had driven the Second corps into their intrenchments along the Brock road, a battle exhausted infantryman stood behind a large oak tree. His back rested against it. He was very tired, and held his rifle loosely in his hand. The Confederates were directly in our front. This soldier was apparently in perfect safety. A solid shot from a Confederate gun struck the oak tree squarely, about four feet from the ground, but it did not have sufficient force to tear through the tough wood. The soldier fell dead. There was not a scratch on him. He was killed by concussion. While we were fighting savagely over these intrenchments the woods in our front caught fire, and I saw many of our wounded burned to death. Must they not have suffered horribly? I am not at all sure of that. The smoke rolled heavily and slowly before the fire. It enveloped the wounded, and I think that by far the larger portion of the men who were roasted were suffocated before the flames curled round them. The spectacle was courage sapping and pitiful, and it appealed strongly to the imagination of the spectators; but I do not believe that the wounded soldiers who were being burned suffered greatly, if they suffered at all.

When we got into the Brock road (at the battle of the Wilderness) intrenchments a man a few files to my left dropped dead, shot just above the right eye. He did not groan or sigh or make the slightest physical movement, except that his chest heaved a few times. The light went out of his face instantly, leaving it without a particle of expression. It was plastic, and as the facial muscles contracted it took many shapes. When this man's body became cold and his face hardened it was terribly distorted, as though he had suffered intensely. Any person who had not seen him killed would have said that he had endured sapient agony before death released him. I have seen dead soldiers' faces which were wreathed in smiles, and heard their comrades say that they had died happy. I do not believe that the face of a dead soldier lying on a battlefield ever truthfully indicates the mental or physical anguish or peacefulness of mind which he suffered or enjoyed before his death. The face is plastic after death, and as the facial muscles cool and contract they draw the face into many shapes.

HIS VIEW OF IT.

Upon the open porch we sat,
Our host had doff'd his slouchy hat,
And tilted back his easy chair.
His corn cob's smoke rose in the air,
The sinking sun threw golden lines,
The hills were sweet with breath of pines.
"Yes, I war in ther war," said he;
"I war a traitor once, may be,
Tho' I had work'd my farm all day,
An' didn't care a durn which way
They settled ther questions o' ther state.
I owned no niggers myself—but wait—
When Yanks kom down an' took my corn,
An' burnt my house, wher I war born,
An' carted off my hull blame crop,
I sed, sed I, this thing must stop!
Fer I hed a kind o' honest pride
In ther ownership of my fireside.
I say, it made no odds ter me
Whether ther blacks war bound or free;
But I couldn't see them sogers take
What my hands had toiled ter make!
Then, when Mandy paled and sigh'd,
An' our kid got scart an' cried,
By jinks, I rose an' grabbed my gun,
An' sed, it's time these raids war done!
So I fit right thro' in Longstreet's corps
'Till Bobby Lee gev up ther war.
An' I war glad to see it cease,
Fer all I wanted, sir, war peace,
An' I hadn't ther heart fur layin' low
A lot o' chaps I didn't know!
Look at thet hand. You see it? Well,
That hurt kem o' a burstin' shell.
No pension, sir? By thunder, I would
Not draw one fer it ef I could!
Fer I'm kinder proud this fist war spiled
While raised defendin' home and child!

But it's past, an' I'm doin' well
In keepin' this little one hoss hotel.
An' as long as this house stands,
An' they've no weapins in thar hands,
I don't care ef they wore gray or blue,
Thar jest as welcome har as you."

M. W. B.

The Confederate Flag.

After the battle of Manassas, in 1861, it was observed by the principal officers of the army of northern Virginia that it was difficult to distinguish in the field the Confederate from the United States colors. I attempted to get rid of this inconvenience by procuring for each regiment its state colors. In this I was unsuccessful, except as to Virginian regiments. Governor Letcher had the state colors made for each of them, brought them to the army himself, and delivered them to the troops with his own hands.

After failing in this attempt, I determined to have colors for use before the enemy made for the army, and asked, in the army, for designs. Many were offered, and one of several presented by Gen. Beauregard was selected. I modified it only by making the shape square instead of oblong, and prescribed the different sizes for infantry, artillery and cavalry.

The proper number was then made under the direction of Maj. W. L. Cabell, chief quartermaster of the Confederate army, and paid for with funds in his hands for military purposes.—A Letter from Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

Live Stock.

CHICAGO, May 25.—Cattle—Receipts, 11,000; dull, heavy and lower; shipping 950 to 1500 pounds, 3.80@4.60; stockers and feeders, 2.50@4.05; Texas cattle 2.75@3.80.

Sheep—Receipts, 2000; stronger; natives, 3@4.30; western, 3.50@4.30; Texans, 2.50@3.85.

CHICAGO, May 26.—Cattle—Receipts, 9000; steady and stronger; shipping steers, 950 to 1500 pounds, 3.70@4.60; stockers and feeders, 2.25@4.15; Texas cattle, 2.75@3.75.

Sheep—Receipts, 3000; stronger; natives, 3@4.35; western, 3.50@4.35; Texans, 2.25@3.75.

CHICAGO, May 27.—Cattle—Receipts, 7,000; slow and steady. Shipping steers, 950@1500 pounds, 3.65@4.60; stockers and feedrs, 2.50@4; Texas cattle 3.

Sheep—Receipts 3000; steady. Natives 3.50@4.40; western 3.75; Texans 2.50@3.75.

CHICAGO, May 30.—Cattle—Receipts 6,500 head; stronger; stockers and feeders 2.75@3.75.

Sheep—Receipts 2,000 head; stronger; natives 3.50@4.55; western 3.40@4.50; Texans 2.75@4.15.

Bank Statement.

NEW YORK, May 28.—The weekly bank statements shows the reserve incrense $1,122,400. The banks now hold $5,779,600 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

Wool Market.

BOSTON, May 27.—Wool—In good demand; Ohio and Pennsylvania extra fleece 31½@32; XX 23; Michigan extra 30@30½; Kentucky combing and delaine 32@34; medium Texas 23@27; Oregon wool 17@24; medium unwashed western 28@30; superior pulled wools 34@40; extra pulled 28@39.

PHILADELPHIA, May 27.—Wool—Quiet; Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia XXX and above 12@34; X 31@32; medium 32@38; coarse 37@38; New York, Michigan, Indiana and western fine or X and XX 29@30; medium 37@37; coarse 36@37; fine washed delaine X and XX 35; medium washed combing and delaine 38@39; coarse washed combing and delaine 37@38; eastern Oregon 16@21; valley Oregon 20@27; New Mexico and Colorado 14@20.

Clearing House Report.

BOSTON, May 29.—Specials to the *Post* from the managers of the leading clearing houses show that the gross exchanges for the week ending May 28 were $937,527,838, an increase of 95 per cent. over the corresponding week last year.

Back to Fatherland.

LONDON, May 26.—Count Herbert Bismarck has left London for Berlin.