



MAJ. GEN. O. O. HOWARD.

DURING the latter part of the war, in 1864, and until its close, in 1865, I was connected with the armies under Gen. Sherman, usually designated the Army of the Tennessee, the Army of the Cumberland and the Army of the Ohio, wrote Maj. Gen. O. O. Howard. The campaigns were exceedingly active. From Chattanooga to Atlanta Sherman's soldiers were under fire every day, except the

for 113 days. There was not a day or night in which there were no soldiers slain. The screeching shells burst over our heads while we were sleeping, but, wonderful to tell, the soldiers had become so used to this conflict that they lost very little sleep in consequence of the continual and random firing at night.

In that period of 113 days there were 19 sizable battles fought. In one attack I made at Pickett's Mill I lost 800 killed and three times as many wounded within the space of 15 minutes. At night I sat among the wounded and realized something of the horrors of war. It seems to me today as I think of it like a terrible nightmare, but it was a more terrible reality, which I will not attempt to describe.

When I come to think of the "March to the Sea" and later the "March Through the Carolinas," what occurs to my memory first is the exceeding hardihood of the soldiers. They recovered quickly from their wounds, I mean from those that were not too severe, and there was scarcely any illness. But when Columbia was on fire an untold number perished in the

flames. Still more perished from accidental explosion of confederate shells at Columbia and Cheraw. We like to turn away from the mangled corpses and distorted faces of the wounded that cannot be described. I feel the same horror and depression in view of these things as I did at Gettysburg, where on both sides upward of 50,000 men were placed hors de combat. For several days poor fellows, union and confederate soldiers, waited in patience, unattended by surgeons, simply because there were not enough of them.

Without further detail, imagine the joy that came over the armies of Sherman as they gathered about Raleigh, N. C., in 1866, and were told that Lee had surrendered and that Grant had sent Lee's soldiers home to begin life anew; that Johnston had surrendered on the same terms as Lee and all that belonged to Slocum's, Schofield's and Howard's armies were to march on the morrow toward Washington, the capital of the nation, soon to be mustered out of service and then to go home. I remember the sudden depression at the news of Lincoln's death; but still this going home produced too great a joy to keep ever this catastrophe of their heavy loss very long before their minds. They marched habitually at 20 miles a day from Raleigh to Richmond, and never seemed weary at the close of any day's march—the camp fire was bright.

As the songs were sung over and over again and the comradeship knitted during the war would never cease—it was at its best when the word "peace" filled all the air.

I know that we were proud when we marched past the president of the view; but, as I remember it, it was a tearful pride even then. A regiment had gone out 1,000 strong; it had been recruited and re-recruited; it had been veteranized and added to in other ways; and now it was bringing home less than 300 of all the men who had gone out from that section of the country from which it had come. The joy of going home for the 300 was great, but it was a tearful joy the instant one thought of the 800 or more who could not go home, who never did go home, who were buried somewhere in the broad land over which the 300 had marched, and too often with a headpiece marked "Unknown."

After the war I stood in the large cemetery near Murfreesboro, Tenn., with Gen. R. B. Hayes (afterward president) and Mrs. Hayes. I remember how Mrs. Hayes, who was an exceedingly handsome woman, looked

up into the faces of the general and myself as her large, dark, speaking eyes were flooded with tears, when she said: "Just look there, that plot of ground is covered with headstones marked 'Unknown.' Unknown, unknown," she repeated, "and yet we gave his life that his country might live!"

It was a touching picture, but every time I think of it I say to myself: "Really, that 'unknown' soldier, apparently unknown, recorded unknown, was not really unknown. Somebody knew him. His comrades knew him. A mother, a sister, a wife and children, if he had them, knew him. There is a better record somewhere than that in the soldiers' cemetery." Our faith is so strong that we all believe in the resurrection and in the future life and have a great satisfaction in feeling that no sacrifices and particularly not that of life itself for duty, for what one sincerely believes to be duty, has ever been or ever will be made in vain.

The saddest pictures of all, to my

ing battle like that of Fredericksburg, and still more that of Chancellorsville. At Fredericksburg the army of Burnside went straight forward to its own destruction. The lines of Lee, half encircling Burnside's points of attack, were complete. It was like a trap into which an animal deliberately puts his feet. We sprang the trap, and it is a wonder that Lee had not dealt with Burnside's army as the sturdy Thomas dealt with Hood's at Nashville. I can see in my mind's eye those immense plateaus in front of the Marve Heights and other confederate intrenchments and barricades covered with the dead and dying. The plateaus were fair blue, as they were dotted with the wearers of our uniform.

Gen. Couch was standing by my side in the steeple of a church, near the close of that battle, where we together were taking a fresh reconnaissance, when I noticed that his voice trembled as he spoke to me. He said: "Oh, Gen. Howard, look there! Look there! See the ground covered with the boys in blue, and all to no purpose."

After we had returned, all of us who could return, to the other shore of the Rappahannock, the depression of the soldiers was greater than at any other time during the war. We could hardly speak to each other. Now, after years, we can recognize the fact that our grief was balanced by the joy of the confederates over a great victory, and yet not a decisive one, gained by them.

At a moderate calculation there were sent into eternity more than a million of men, who left home in the prime of health and in strength; more than a million of souls by the terrible conflict. For one, I am glad, indeed that there is an effort on foot to settle difficulties without bloodshed. Of

all of it. There is in every war a waste of possession, a destruction of property and a degradation of character hard to avoid at the best. I know that there are some things worse than death. I know that the union of our states was worth all that it cost, and I know that that we should be purged as by fire; but is it not wise now to do all that we can to hold up to the world the blessings of a great peace; even the peace that passeth understanding which never must exclude any of the noblest qualities of a womanly woman or a manly man?

A soul full of memorial greetings to all our sorrowing comrades of the civil war.

Self-Consciousness.

Next to a lack of faith in the efficacy of what we can do comes the blighting dread of exposing our weakness and our littleness to others. Sad as it may be, it is yet true that many worthy souls shrink not only from their simplest, plainest duties, but their highest, noblest opportunities, from the mere dread of being laughed at.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Officials Forced to "Graft."

There is one peculiarity about Holland's system of colonial government. The resident officials are paid the most ridiculously small salaries in the world. In Borneo, for instance, the governor is paid not more than \$500 a year and on this he must live in the state befitting an officer of the crown. Obviously such official must "graft" or starve, and they do not starve.

No Unemployed Hens.

What fraction of the nation's wealth is consumed by a typical extraordinary hen in one year? Anybody who has owned a potato patch or a flower bed within walking distance of a hen knows how small a part of her living expenses is paid by the man who gets the eggs. He also knows how large a percentage of the hen's diet must be left to the imagination.

Modern Journalism.

The journalism we have, good and bad, serious and flippant, is the jour-

It is part of the great machinery of entertainment to which so much of modern life in a well-to-do state is devoted.—The Young Man.

Individual Effort.

Truths that now sway the souls of men were first proclaimed by individual lips. Great thoughts that now are the axioms of humanity proceeded from the centers of individual hearts. Individual effort has been the mightiest agency for the purifying and uplifting of mankind.

True Poetic Art.

After reading four stanzas full of cunningly hidden meaning and considering the fact that the poet got \$50 from the publisher of the magazine, it's unnecessary to search the encyclopedia for a definition of "the true poetic touch."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Information for Ministers.

Eight churches in one of the suburbs of Baltimore secured trained men to take a church census of that section, and a card index has now been arranged that tells the ministers all about the religious affiliations of every family in that locality.

Learning Early.

A Sunday school teacher had been telling her class the story of the Good Samaritan. When she asked them what the story meant, a little boy said: "It means that when I am in trouble my neighbors must help me."—Universalist Leader.

Austrian Cotton Mills.

The cotton mills in Austria divide themselves into four separate groups: The Bohemian mills along the northern border, the lower Austrian mills lying just south of Vienna, the Vorarlberg mills and the mills around Trieste.

Amazed at the brevity of little four-year-old Gracie's nap, her mother asked her why she awakened so soon. "Why," replied Gracie, looking up in childish astonishment, "I slept all the sleep I had."—Universalist Leader.

Wasted Much Ammunition.

Recently four tons and a half of bullets were dug out of a hill behind a rifle range at Yarmouth, Eng., the accumulation of two years' shooting by the local volunteers. They sold for \$122.50 a ton.

Mutual.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Grouchey, "I don't like the looks of that man who called to see you last night." "Well, well," replied Bridget, "ain't it funny, ma'am? He said the same thing about you."