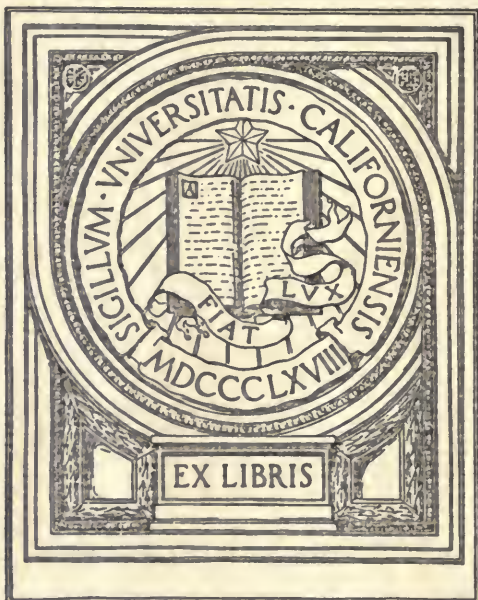


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A VETERAN



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SPEECHES OF A VETERAN
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**CIVIL WAR PAPERS
NUMBER ONE**

lit

July 33

**SOME EARLY DAYS OF THE
REBELLION:** Delivered before
the Farragut Naval Veterans' As-
sociation, Palmer House, Chicago,
Illinois, October, 1900.

Plong h



NO one received such enduring and vivid impressions of what the Rebellion meant as he who witnessed its beginnings and outbreak in the Border States. In the North the sentiment was pretty much one way, and in the extreme South it was altogether so, but in the Border States there existed an atmosphere unknown to either the North or the South, both politically and socially. It was the prize ring in which the contestants were soon to match their strength and endurance, and the preparations for the conflict were as exciting as the battles themselves were. The situation was full of uncertainty, suspicion and apprehension. Life-long friends were friends no longer. Slights grew into insults, and insults rapidly ripened into hatred; boys "scrapped" over the back fence while their fathers passed each other with a sneer on the sidewalk. To be a rebel was bad; to be a Yank was worse, while both sides visited the unfortunate who tried to carry water on both shoulders, as a traitor and a sneak, and true to nothing. This atmosphere penetrated even the family circle, and the natural love between brothers and sisters and parents and children was turned into the bitterest hatred.

Such were the early days of 1861 in St. Louis, where the writer, the son of a slaveholder, rapidly ran through the scale from love for the South and its institutions, through compromise and peace at any price, up to the time he promised Uncle Sam that for \$13.00 a month he would undertake to put down the Rebellion, single-handed and alone, if necessary. The Germans were the most loyal of the population of that city; the French and Irish the most disloyal,—an index finger pointing to the

world's next great struggle when the freedom-loving races, made up of the Anglo-Saxon and German would be drawn up in deadly conflict with the Latin and Celt.

The municipal campaign that year gave every opportunity for the surcharged feeling which was already at boiling point. On more than one occasion I have seen antagonistic political organizations panoplied in capes and caps, and armed with torches, meet on one of the narrow streets, and the efforts which each side made to beat light into the heads of the other, made a harvest for the small boy in gathering up the debris of wrecked torches and torn capes and caps.

I remember well one night when Frank P. Blair, afterwards a Major-General in the Union Army, and a United States Senator, attempted to speak at a political rally at the west end of Lucas Market Place; his well-turned sentences were punctuated with eggs of all ages and conditions, and the meeting resolved itself into a free-for-all fight in which there was unanimity of feeling on but one point, and that was, wherever you see a head, hit it.

The writer's home at that time was with a wealthy citizen of Republican proclivities, and these were so well known that, as the air darkened with the oncoming clouds of War, threatenings loud and deep were made not only against his person, but against his property. St. Louis' four hundred were forming a regiment for the defense of the sacred soil of Missouri, and to resist the aggressions of Federal tyranny; they went into camp on the outskirts of the city, where they were daily showered with bouquets and kisses, and the best bands in the city played from morning until night. The

intention of these heroes to make a raid through the city destroying the property and persons of the Yankees was in no wise concealed, and the writer well remembers four boys who kept watch and ward night after night, in the third story of Hon. John Howe's residence, armed with shot-guns, rifles, butcher knives and tuning forks. What would have resulted in that third story if the Confederacy had made a raid upon it, was averted by a kindly providence. But I do know that whenever a fresh rumor struck our ears, a fresh load went into each shot-gun, until it was far more certain of death in the rear than it was in the front. But before we were called upon to experiment with this amply-loaded armament, the Germans of St. Louis thought that the silk stockings out at Camp Jackson had had most fun enough, and organized a regiment called the Schwartz-Jaegers, and under the command of Frank Blair went one dark night in March out to Camp Jackson and routed the Confederacy, foot, horse, and dragon, silk stockings, tile hats and bouquets. And the only weapon they appear to have used was double-soled boots, which were applied with such impartiality and vigor that I never knew the Confederacy afterwards to sit down in St. Louis.

One morning, from the old Berthold mansion, corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets, a yellow flag with the state arms of Missouri was seen waving in the breeze. The excitement was tremendous. No one knew exactly what the flag meant or was intended to represent, but it evidently breathed defiance to the stars and stripes, and as such was cheered by the Southerners and hissed by those who believed in only one country and one flag. The

excitement increased as the hours of the day wore on, until evening, when a desperate conflict took place in front of the house, in which decorated eyes and sanguinary noses and cracked skulls abounded. All the windows in the house were smashed in, and under the leadership of some enthusiastic patriot, an informal call was made upon the family, which resulted in their sliding down the back stairs, while the yellow rag was dragged from its place and torn into shreds. The writer, who watched this scene from the protecting rear of a kindly-disposed tobacco store Indian on the other side of the street, never remembers his heart beating more tumultuously, unless it was a few days later when the object of his affections, who was wont to lavish on him a whole wealth of smiles and greetings, turned up her petite and classical little nose, and alluded to him as a "mudsill" and "scum of the earth" and said she would "not have anything more to do with such truck as a Yank."

My first impressions in the Navy were taken in the Army. Very few of you sad sea dogs partake of my amphibious nature. I suppose I might be called a web-footed soldier. My first naval experience consisted in dropping a steamboat one dark night from St. Louis down to Carondelet, where one hundred or more employees of the tan yard with which I was connected, loaded the contents of that establishment, raw, wrought, and in process of manufacture. This was done to avoid the threatened destruction of the premises by the Southern element, which so cordially hated my Republican employer. The stock of the tan yard was brought up the river to Peoria where it was finished and disposed of. But the war had quite a start by that

time, and I felt that I, personally, had a score to settle with the Southern sympathizers, who had already robbed me of my girl and my job.

The Eleventh Illinois Cavalry was forming at Peoria, with that redoubtable warrior, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, in command. I was given a gray horse of abnormal proportions and a backbone that would have done for a continental divide; it was riding this horse that afterwards drove me into the Navy. "Bob" Ingersoll, at no time a military hero, possessed at this time but one trait in that line, and that was a love for the cup that both cheers and inebriates. He ran the regiment very much as if it were a circus, and the more fun he got out of it the greater the success he was making. Although a boy of but eighteen years of age at the time, six weeks observation of the discipline, or the lack of it, in the Illinois 11th Cavalry, made me hungry for some other branch of the service. I felt that regiment would never come to any good end under its leadership, and subsequent events proved the truth of my impressions.

Being well acquainted with Col. Ingersoll socially, I went to him one day and said, "Colonel, I believe I would like to get into the United States Navy." He answered right promptly, "Callender, you are a damn fool." Informing him that I was well aware of the fact, I told him that my father was a sea-faring man, and the hunger I had for the Navy had become wellnigh insupportable. Looking me straight in the eye, he said, "Do you mean it?" I said, "I do." "Well," he said, "Go, and be damned to you"; and I went. Although mustered in, I left that night for St. Louis and enlisted for three years, or during the War, in the Missis-

Mississippi Squadron.

The Fremont Gunboats, as they were then called, were being built at St. Louis, five of them I think, under the superintendence of James B. Eads, the celebrated engineer. The style of architecture was something frightful to contemplate, but for all-around boats they could not be beaten. They could go any way, forwards, sideways, or backwards, with equal facility. The best of them, (the racer of the fleet) once made two miles an hour going up stream. They were 135 feet long and 50 feet beam, and were essentially of the mud turtle style of architecture. The nautical ability of Assistant Secretary of the Navy Fox, John C. Fremont, and General Halleck was lavished on these boats. To be sure, none of these gentlemen had ever been accused of nautical ability prior to the inception of these boats, and were probably quite free from any such imputation afterwards. James B. Eads of St. Louis, the engineer who afterwards built the bridge and the jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi, managed to save these boats from being simple floating batteries. They were really quite well adapted for the purpose for which they were intended. They could get into a fight but could not get out of it. This made heroes of all who served on them, for no such thing as retreat was possible. They drew but six feet of water, and were remarkably free from all causes tending to seasickness.

The Benton was the largest and best of these boats, and was named after the famous Missourian, Thomas H. Benton, who was General Fremont's father-in-law. As this noble craft swung out into the Mississippi River on its way to Cairo, it car-

ried a distinguished company amongst whom were the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, General Fremont, and James B. Eads, to say nothing of myself. I had been offered the position of landsman on the boat, and though doubting my ability to discharge the duties pertaining to that lucrative and responsible office, I felt that somehow I made up in loyalty what I lacked in ability. We ran onto so many bars in the river that we felt no need of one on board, and if we accidently missed one between St. Louis and Cairo, it was compensated for by running into the bank. We certainly succeeded in clearing that stretch of the river of all navigation during our progress, for all kinds of craft had to take to the woods or get run over.

It was a momentous day when the five gunboats, the Benton, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Carondelet, and Cairo, lay side by side, moored to the wharf at Cairo with great hawsers. Five hundred real and alleged sailors sat upon the levy, waiting to be assigned to the different boats. There were men there who had grown gray in the United States service, and there were others that made the service turn gray through their ignorance. There were men there who had been in every known sea on the globe under the old flag; there were others whose knowledge of water had been confined to some period in their youth when they had been forced by an unfeeling parent to take a bath. As this heterogenous and motley mass were waiting to be divided up, there was a shout, and a cry of "Look there, look there." It was some little time before I could locate the tumult, then I observed three rats running along the hawsers from the gunboat Cairo, to the shore. I thought it was a very little thing to create such

a commotion but understood better a little later when the one hundred and twenty-five men who were drawn off for the Cairo flatly refused to go; expressions that they would rather die than go on that boat, being frequent. I had heard before of "rats deserting a sinking ship," but never quite felt the force of it until I saw that same gunboat Cairo, early in the rebellion, blown up by a torpedo in the Yazoo River, sink to the bottom with all on board. She was not over one hundred feet from the boat on which I was signal officer, when she went down. The incident of that afternoon on the levy at Cairo came upon me on the instant with such force that, while I do not claim to be superstitious, I am quite sure I would rather walk even now, than ride in any boat which I had seen deserted by a rat.

The Confederates had fortified Columbus, eighteen or twenty miles below Cairo, and as the river made quite an abrupt turn here, and as the banks were quite precipitous and elevated, a very few guns made a very formidable obstruction, especially a plunging shot directed at boats with the light wooden tops. They had two or three small gunboats,—mere river craft fixed up for the occasion. One was a particularly impertinent and saucy fellow that would frequently come up the river and look at matters around Cairo from a distance only measured by the guns on the fortifications. The Parrott rifle, so common since, was new then, and the Benton had one, a 32-pounder. If I remember rightly the old smooth bores could not be relied upon for over a mile. This Parrot would carry three.

One day Commodore Foote started out on a little reconnoissance, when, on turning the bend below Cairo, we discovered this little rebel craft out on

the same kind of an expedition, coming up the river; she was fully two miles from us, and knowing nothing of anything save the smooth bores, she made no hurry to get away. Flag officer Foote called up Lieutenant Bishop who, by the way, was one of the handsomest young naval officers with which it was my pleasure to become acquainted in the service, and who was an expert shot with heavy guns, and said to him, "Bishop, do you think you can worry that little fellow with your Parrott?" "I can try," said the lieutenant, who went below, and in a few minutes the Parrott spoke right out in meeting. The officers all watched the shot with their glasses, when to their delight and the consternation of the Confederate gunboat, the shot struck the water apparently not fifty feet from the boat, and for aught I know ricocheted and went right through her. The English language would have to be beggared for adequate words to describe the way in which that little boat gathered herself up and pulled out down the river. They probably had a darky sitting on the safety valve, and fed the furnace with coal oil or anything else that would help hurry. A certain Southern congressman who attempted to make a speech after fortifying himself with several cups of the famous cold tea that was dispensed in a restaurant at the Capitol, lost the thread of his argument, and after talking aimlessly for several minutes, stopped, looked hopelessly around, and in a desperate effort to save himself, called out "Mr. Speaker, where are we at?" The Mississippi squadron, during the first year of its existence, had more occasion than the congressman referred to, to ask this question. The boats were really built under army auspices, with old Gid-

eon Wells, the Secretary of the Navy, acting as a kind of wet nurse. They were officered in part by the regular Navy appointments, but the complement was made out from those who had taken a regular course of instruction, and had won diplomas as farmers, merchants and steamboat men, to say nothing of myself, who graduated from a tan yard. General Halleck considered them a part of his Western Army and under his direct orders.

But we were not a circumstance compared with Ellet's Marine Brigade of Rams, which was organized shortly afterwards; that belonged to neither Army nor Navy, and defied both of them. In looking back at it, I considered at that time that we were in a particularly fortunate position, for if the Army did something praiseworthy, we patted ourselves on the back, as an integral portion of that organization. If the glory of the Navy became ascendant, we strutted around with our thumbs in our armpits, and said, "That's us." The like of the drill on those boats, this country has never seen before or since. It was an impartial conglomeration of infantry, artillery and naval tactics, spiced with a dash of marine and cavalry manœuvres. We got to feel that we were particularly well equipped, all-around, holy terrors, and like alligators, quite at home afloat or ashore.

But in all the motley crowd gathered at Cairo in those early days, we certainly constituted the four hundred, and this reminds me of a large party given one evening by a daughter of a leading banker of Cairo. I might not have been very handy at that time in reefing a topsail or splicing a rope, but I was at home in three or four different languages on the waxed floor, and was happiest in the society of

the fair sex. At this party mentioned, there was a large attendance of the cream of Cairo society, as well as of the Army and Navy. During the height of the festivities, "when eyes looked love to eyes that spoke again, and all went happy as a marriage bell," I noticed an officer, rather undersized, who instead of participating in the festivities, looked a long way off from getting his money's worth, as he stood plastered up against the wall, with an expression so unhappy and out of place with his surroundings, that he not only challenged my attention, but exercised my sympathies. "Who is that officer?" I asked the hostess. She said it was General Grant. He had just at that time been made Brigadier General, and looked as if his single star had stuck to his stomach. "Can you not make him dance," I asked. She said, "No, he has declined all overtures in that direction." I immediately hunted up a young lady, one of those careless, happy, vivacious, and dare-devil spirits who was up to anything that promised amusement, told her of my intentions, and taking her up to the General, introduced her, with the request that he fill up one of the sets then forming on the floor. He stammered his declination, said he could not dance, was doing very nicely where he was, but while doing so, the young lady had hooked onto his arm, and assisted by me with the other arm, he was out on the floor, the unhappiest man in two continents, and fairly launched into a quadrille. It is unnecessary to add that he wandered aimlessly around through the quadrille, stepping on everybody else's feet, and running over the ladies on the corner, and put in most of his time hunting for his partner, while the bored and startled expression on his face

would have stopped a clock. But his partner, every now and then would gather him up, and dance him around under the call for "All promenade," and I know the step he struck was never described in Hardee's tactics. She finally took him over to his place against the wall when the set was over, covered with perspiration and confusion, and he then beat a hasty retreat from the room just as soon as his partner's back was turned.

I went down to the General's cottage at Long Branch, years afterwards, when he was President of the United States, with a request for a favor for a relative. He kindly acceded to my desire, and gave me the necessary order. He then asked me where he had seen me before. I recalled the episode of the dance at Banker Candee's at Cairo. A quiet smile played around the General's mouth, and he sententiously remarked, "You got that order just in time."

And now I will close this desultory rambling through "Some early days of the Rebellion" with a little episode of personal experience which shows how early in life your true naval hero indicates the history-making power.

Having risen from the rank of landsman to the absorbing and responsible position of Jack of the Dust, I felt it was only a step from dealing out rations to a hungry crew to the position of line officer with all the shoulder straps, gold lace, buttons and other accessories pertaining thereto. I informed Flag Officer Foote as delicately as I could that I would not refuse a commission as Master's Mate if it was thrust upon me. He asked if I had ever had any sea service, and I told him I had. He then asked what cruise I had taken. He should

not have pushed the matter so far, for I was then obliged to tell him that I had gone from Boston to Portland one night on a steamer. I think the laugh the Flag Officer indulged in upon receipt of this information, was really the cause of my getting the commission.

The first service I undertook under my new rank was an expedition to a Jew clothing store at Cairo, where I gave the proprietor *carte blanche* for a uniform that would contain all that the law allowed. I ordered him to spare nothing, and he did not; and when I donned that toggery a couple of days afterwards, I had to look at it through a smoked glass, and the oil lamps with which the store was lighted were not in it for a minute with the buttons on that coat. I was afraid to go out on the street very suddenly for fear I would paralyze traffic.

My next effort for my country consisted in besieging Captain Pennock's office for forty-eight hours leave of absence to go home and show my clothes. I suppose I used some other argument with him, but it was in disguise. The captain had but one eye, and that was kindly disposed, and while he felt that the service needed every moment of my time, under the pressing circumstances surrounding this trip to Peoria, he felt that the country ought to wait and let me go. I could have taken a train that night and reached Peoria in the morning; but was I going to hide that uniform on a night train? Perish the thought!

The next morning found me seeking access to the rear car on the train, which in those days was always the ladies' car. No one in the service was permitted on that car unless accompanied by one

of the other sex. But you will all understand why it was impossible for me to ride in any other car under the circumstances. The brutal brakeman who stood guard at the door refused me admission, when, with the air of a man who had the whole United States Navy at his back, as well as on his coat, I asked him if he did not permit a man to ride on the same car with his sister. He apologized and let me in.

There was quite a number of people in the car, mostly ladies, and two who were both strikingly young and fair to look upon occupied a seat pretty well in front. That was the neighborhood I felt called upon to camp in. Taking a seat on the other side and just in front of them, I stretched my arm with its gold band and circle of big buttons, along the back of the seat, and saw with satisfaction that the young ladies were not only all eyes, but their mouths were opened with ill-concealed wonderment and admiration. Navy uniforms were very scarce in those days, and few persons in Illinois had ever seen one. This helped render my position a particularly gratifying one.

While in the seventh heaven of happiness over the effect of my presence in the car, a tall and stately man rose from the rear, and walking deliberately forward, faced round in front of me with what was intended for a benevolent smile. Hamlet truly says, "A man may smile and smile, and be a villain," and this was the very fellow. He spoke in a very loud tone of voice so that everyone in the car could hear him and, washing his hands with imaginary soap, he said, "My young friend, I see you belong to the Navy." The young ladies opposite were now all ears, and in a lofty manner I

condescendingly informed him that I did. I felt that I had the honor and dignity of a whole branch of the service to maintain, and I proposed being equal to the occasion. "You are a midshipman, I see," he said. I was not, but I could not help but tell him I was. "What state were you appointed from?" he inquired in a loud tone of voice. Feeling that it was just as well to give the state of my present residence the benefit of my position, I stated, "Illinois." He said, "I knew you were a midshipman just as soon as you entered the car; I knew it from your uniform. I had a dear brother once," he said, "who was a midshipman." He did not stop to wipe away a tear, but he ought to have done so, "and when he was obliged to wear a coat like the one you have on, he was at once struck with the peculiarity of that row of buttons around the lower part of the sleeve. He did not understand why those buttons should have been put there, as whenever he tried to write there was always a big button between him and the table, which wobbled his hand from one side to the other."

Everybody in the car was now all ears. The situation was exciting, and up to this point was one of the proudest moments of my life. "After deliberating," my interlocutor went on, "through the whys and wherefores of those button-bedecked sleeves, he went to the president of the Naval Academy for the desired information. The president received him kindly, and stated he was pleased at the inquiring turn of mind which my brother exhibited, and stated, 'Those buttons were put on midshipmen's sleeves by a special act of Congress, dated December 14th, 1842, and were designed to prevent midshipmen from the nefarious practice of

wiping their noses on their coat sleeves.' ”

A shout went up from one end of the car to the other. My persecutor vanished, and for the first time I realized how suffocatingly hot the atmosphere of that infernal car was. I gathered up my little bundle and rode the rest of the journey in the ordinary, every day car, along with the common people.

CIVIL WAR PAPERS
NUMBER TWO

WHAT A BOY SAW ON THE
MISSISSIPPI: Given by Eliot
Callender at Kinsley's, Chicago,
Illinois, October, 1889.





WHEN the dark clouds of war rolled up on the hitherto peaceful horizon of our beloved land, when men were saying "What does all this mean, and how will it end," two great minds, at least, grasped the situation and decided that it meant business' and was going to end in a heap of unpleasantness. These two minds also met on another point, and that was, the value of the great Mississippi River, and the necessity of opening it, and keeping it open. With these minds, to conceive was to act, and Abraham Lincoln ordered a fleet of gunboats built at once, whilst your humble servant, working at the other end of the line, promptly accepted the responsible and lucrative position of ordinary seaman on one of them. Everything being now in readiness, the war began.

The first iron-clad gunboats on the Mississippi were fearfully and wonderfully made. General John C. Fremont, James B. Eads, of St. Louis, General Halleck and Assistant Secretary of the Navy Fox, all had a hand in them. To be sure, none of the worthy gentlemen had ever seen a gunboat before, but what of that,—they had no mossgrown theories to overcome, and the result of their joint labors was a "what is it," the like of which the world never saw before, and the plates being destroyed, no more copies can be furnished. They could go anywhere that the current went, and the current is pretty swift in that river. The racer of that fleet in an exciting struggle, made two miles an hour upstream, and then tied up to the bank till the less gifted boats caught up with her;—what they lacked in speed, however, was more than made up in style. Of the mud-turtle school of architecture, with just

a dash of pollywog treatment in the way of relief, they struck terror to every guilty soul as they floated down the river,—especially when it was found they were loaded.

Commodore (afterwards Rear Admiral) A. H. Foote was sent West to command the Mississippi Squadron. He was the first general officer of the war that I came in contact with, and none made a more lasting impression. I can see him now, as I saw him when I stood before him trying to convince him that my career in a tan yard had eminently fitted me for a commission in the U. S. Navy, and the same quiet smile that played over his patient but strong features as he declined my request played there again at Fort Henry when he ordered the Cincinnati, his flagship, up to within one hundred yards of the Fort,—though at twelve hundred yards her decks were slippery with blood, and the cries of the wounded frequently drowned the noise of battle.

A good many of us, my friends, have proved that the courage which availed us on the field of battle, deserted us in the hour of temptation and moral danger. Admiral Foote was a hero always; a quiet, unassuming gentleman, but one who feared nothing but his God; his duty as he saw it, marked the path in which he trod. At Cairo, one Sunday morning in the closing days of 1861, two or three hundred were gathered together in the leading church of that town. The hour of service arrived and passed and no steps were taken toward a commencement; at length one of the officers of the church arose in his seat, and stated that for some unknown cause the minister had failed to arrive, and the audience would be dismissed unless it contained some one who would kindly lead the service.

A pause,—and Admiral Foote arose and taking off his overcoat as he walked up the aisle, ascended the pulpit and gave out a hymn, led in prayer, and finally gave us a discourse of half an hour that would have done credit to any divine. A strict disciplinarian, his ear was open to every appeal, and justice was meted out in the Mississippi Squadron without fear or favor. We all felt the prevailing force of a master mind, and all respected and loved it.

The first battle in the world's history where iron-clad vessels were used in the offensive, occurred at Fort Henry February 6th, 1862. England and Germany both had representatives on the scene of battle within ten days time, and received exhaustive reports as to the effect of shot and shell on the iron-clad armor, the weight and size of the guns used on both sides, the range and distances, and every detail of the action.

It was purely a naval engagement on our side,—the advance of General Grant's cavalry galloping into the fort fully forty minutes after the Confederate flag was lowered and while General Floyd B. Tighlman was on the "Cincinnati" tendering his sword to Admiral Foote.

Had not such a miscalculation as to the time it would take for the army to reach the twelve-mile road running from Fort Henry on the Tennessee to Fort Donelson on the Cumberland occurred, the entire force of the enemy in Fort Henry consisting of the better part of a brigade, would have been captured; but this did not seem to worry General Grant much for, satisfied that they were safe in Donelson, he gathered them in together with an entire army about ten days later.

An interesting incident (and one which has never been seen in print) occurred the evening before the battle: Generals Grant, McClernand, Smith and another officer whose name escapes me, came aboard the "Cincinnati" about dusk to hold a conference with the Admiral and arrange a program for the assault on the fort the next day. While they were in the cabin, the wooden gunboat "Conestoga," under the command of Lieutenant (now Captain) Seffridge, which had been ordered on a reconnoitering expedition up the river to ascertain if the channel was clear of obstructions, dropped alongside of the flagship and unloaded a huge torpedo which she had pulled out of the river above, on the Cincinnati's fantail. The fantail of these ironclads was a space at the stern of the boat near the water edge, running the width of the boat and about fifteen feet deep; across it worked the steering apparatus connected with the rudders. From the extreme end of the fantail arose the iron end of the sun decks about ten feet high on an inclined plane, which was ascended by an ordinary ship ladder. The conference being over, the army officers, accompanied by the Admiral, came down this ladder to the fantail, and were about embarking on the row-boat with which they had reached the flagship, when their attention was attracted to the torpedo which lay at their feet. They gathered around it with expressions of interest and curiosity as it was the first seen in the war. It was a formidable affair, being an iron cylinder about five feet long and eighteen inches in diameter, pointed at both ends, with a long iron rod projecting upward, terminating at one end in three iron prongs to catch the bottom of the boat passing over it and con-

nected at the other end with an ordinary musket lock which was fixed to explode a cap. General Grant expressing a wish to see the mechanism of the affair, the ship armorer was sent for, who soon appeared with monkey wrench, hammer and chisels. The iron end was loosened and removed, disclosing another end in a cap with a screw head. It was now getting interesting and the assembled officers bent closely over it in order to get a better view of the infernal contrivance. As this cap was unscrewed it allowed vent to a quantity of gas inside,—probably generated from wet powder; it rushed out with a loud sizzling noise. Believing that the hour for evening prayer had arrived, two of the army officers threw themselves face down upon the deck. Admiral Foote, with the agility of a cat sprang up the ship's ladder followed with commendable enthusiasm by General Grant. Reaching the top, and realizing that the danger, if any, had passed, the Admiral turned to General Grant, who was displaying more energy than grace in his first efforts on a ship's ladder, and said with his quiet smile, "General, why this haste?" "That the Navy may not get ahead of us," as quietly responded the General as he turned around to come down. A hearty laugh was now in order and was indulged in by all hands. The armorer proceeded with his work and the dissection was completed. The thought has come to me more than once in these latter days, how the explosion of that torpedo that evening might have changed the entire history of the war.

After the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson the Confederate line was forced south of Nashville. Columbus on the Mississippi, though strongly for-

tified, was evacuated, and the Mississippi squadron found itself resisted at Island No. 10. General Pope was at New Madrid Mission, two miles below the Island, but not able to cross the river and attack the Confederate works in the rear, owing to a lack of transportation, and the assiduous attentions of these Confederate gunboats. Our fleet was held three miles above the island by strong earthworks, which not only lined the entire left side of the island looking down the river, but also the Tennessee shore above. The river here makes a sharp bend and again below at New Madrid,—the island occupying nearly the entire length of the bend from north to south. The Missouri shore from our anchorage to General Pope's headquarters was one vast swamp, impassable to boat or beast. General Pope urged the Admiral to run the blockade with his fleet, but the Admiral, knowing the enemy had a fleet nearly as strong as his own which in case of disaster to him might lay every town on the Ohio and Mississippi under tribute at will, did not deem it wise to venture all on a single cast of the die, but expressed his willingness for one of the boats to make the attempt. Every vessel in the fleet applied for the coveted honor, but the "Carondelet," Commander Henry Walke, was selected, and active preparations made for the attempt. A long barge loaded with baled hay was lashed to the port side of the boat; her guns run in and made fast, and the first dark night determined upon for the effort. We had not long to wait,—about 9 o'clock at night on the 4th of April, 1862, a furious thunder storm came up; the sky was inky black,—a darkness that could be almost felt; and when every now and then, a vivid flash of lightning rent

the heavens it but served to make the midnight darkness that swallowed it up all the denser; a sultry, sullen silence, broken only by the distant detonations of thunder, cast a weird and ominous spell that could be better felt than described. Everything being in readiness, the "Carondelet" slipped her cable and slowly glided out into the inky darkness. Her fires were banked, her lights put out, and a low head of steam kept, that the noise of the exhaust might be as faint as possible. A half an hour,—and she was just passing the upper batteries on the main shore and heading down the schute past the island, when one of the most vivid and protracted sheets of lightning I ever witnessed, made everything as bright as day. The crash of thunder that followed was succeeded by just one moment of unearthly calm when, as if fired by electricity, forty-two pieces of siege artillery rained a storm of shot and shell at that devoted boat; but the guns had been trained for a longer range than such an emergency called for, and not one shot struck the gallant boat as she silently and steadily glided on, pointing directly for the head of the island, as the channel passed very close to that shore. When she received the second discharge she was near enough to the batteries on the upper end of the island to hear the hurried exclamations of the men in the fort, and every word of command. Another flash of lightning betrayed her whereabouts, but so close was she to the batteries that it was next to impossible for the enemy to depress their guns sufficiently; but the atmosphere was badly cut up and the trees on the other side of the river had a sorry time of it. Curses and yells were heard from the island as the frantic Confederates

rushed hither and yon. The flash and roar of artillery discharges, drowned as they all were every now and then by vivid lightning and deafening reverberations of Heaven's artillery, made up a scene and an event that years will never efface from the memory of those that witnessed it.

Nor was the battle yet ended; anchored in the stream abreast the lower fort was a formidable floating battery upon which the enemy had built great hopes—"Capable of destroying anything the Yankees have got afloat," was the verdict when the craft was completed. She lay almost directly in the channel and the "Carondelet" nearly ran her down in her career, but so demoralized were her defenders by this unlooked-for midnight race that they fired just one broadside at random, and sought refuge in the river. And now another sound rends the midnight air, a sound, my friends, familiar to us all in the days long gone by, a sound that could not come too often, that cheered and strengthened when all other things failed, the honest, whole-souled Union cheer of victory. It came surging through the night air from twenty thousand of General Pope's brave boys occupying reserved seats along the river banks for this long-looked-for entertainment.

Morning light found the "Carondelet" in hot pursuit of the Confederate gunboats below New Madrid. Sunday, the 6th, with General Gordon Granger and other officers as spectators on board, she destroyed a battery opposite Point Pleasant, spiking the guns. The night of the 7th, taking advantage of another storm, the gunboat "Pittsburg" ran the batteries, and the afternoon of that day the garrison of Island No. 10 surrendered to

Admiral Foote, the same day as the battle of Shiloh. At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 8th, the retreating army of the Confederates fell into General Pope's fond embrace. The direct result of this dare-devil act of Commander Walke and his gallant crew being the capture of five thousand prisoners, three general officers and an immense amount of ammunition and provisions.

Again the confederate lines were pushed south, and nearly one hundred miles more of the Mississippi River were reluctantly surrendered to the power of the Federal Union. The Mocking Birds who had for a year been practicing on the strains of Dixie, were obliged to take up a new tune. The tune that led our forefathers on many a hard-fought field, was now for the first time in many months waking the echoes of the Mississippi. Yankee Doodle may not rank high in classical music, my friends, but "it gets there just the same."

And now Fort Pillow, ninety miles above Memphis, with its steep, red clay bluffs 165 feet high, with General Beauregard and eighteen thousand Confederate troops and seventy pieces of siege artillery, said, "So far and no farther," to our advancing Mississippi squadron; and as we are now on the eve of the two great struggles for supremacy between naval forces north and south, operating in the west, I will leave you anchored about five miles above the fort, while we take a hasty look at the bill of fare prepared by our Southern friends for our reception.

At the very outbreak of the Rebellion, the enemy started the keels of four formidable men-of-war for use on the Mississippi, two being built at New Orleans and two at Memphis. The first two, Ad-

miral Farragut heard from, and I may also add that they heard from him; of the other two, one we destroyed on the stocks at Memphis, the "S. B. Mallory," but the other, the "Arkansas," was towed down the river before the advance of our squadron, and lived to do us much harm before her destruction.

Commodore Edward Montgomery, C. S. N., under a *carte blanche* from the Citizens' Defense Association of New Orleans, seized ocean steamships, gulf tow-boats, and river steamers and went to work with a right good will to get up a navy. The result was the "General Bragg," a large gulf steamer carrying two guns but fitted up mainly as a ram, the "Sumpter" and "General Price," gulf tow-boats with engines of great power converted into rams, the "Little Rebel," "General Beauregard," "General Lovell," "General Van Dorn," "General Polk," and the "Livingston." These boats cost the Citizens' Association nearly two millions, which amount the Confederate Government agreed to repay provided Commodore Montgomery fought the Federal fleet above Memphis. This will account for the events now about to be narrated.

All of these boats had great speed, walking beam engines, solid bows with iron beaks, but used cotton bales where we used iron and relied on sinking their opponents by ramming rather than by guns; while we had the superiority in weight and metal, they had advantage in every other particular. Not one of our boats could back upstream, they were not built that way; they were really floating batteries. Now the advantage possessed by the enemy can be readily seen from the fact that he was fight-

ing upstream with powerful and easily handled boats, while we were fighting down stream with boats that could not be handled at all. In an action, were one of his boats disabled, it drifted down stream into the hands of friends; were one of our boats crippled, the same current carried us quickly where there was "no one to love, none to caress," but where speedy connections could be made with either the bottom of the river or Andersonville, or or both.

Admiral Foote never recovered from the wound he received in the pilot house of the "Benton" at Fort Donelson; he left the Mississippi Squadron early in May to die at his home in the east. Flag officer Charles H. Davis had assumed command, and early discovered the wild and woolly west to be pretty full of business. He found his fleet at Fort Pillow and had not had time to inspect the eight boats under his command, when he awoke the morning of the 10th of May, 1862, to find a matinee of first-class proportions on his hands.

I have stated that the fleet lay at anchor five miles above the fort awaiting a movement of our army which they expected to co-operate, but that General Beauregard might not forget that there was a God in Israel, a mortar-boat, throwing a shell thirty-nine inches in circumference, was made fast to the shore just above the point behind which the fort lay, and every half hour during the day one of these little pills would climb a mile or two in the air, look around a bit at the scenery, and finally disintegrate around the fort, to the great interest and excitement of the occupants. One of the gun-boats would drop down every night and stand a twenty-four hour watch over this mortar boat.

On this memorable morning, the "Cincinnati's" Commander, Stembel, was lying just above the mortar, made fast to the trees and with steam down, holy-stoning decks. It was a beautiful morning, like one of those June days which so often bless our northern latitudes; Nature had put on her loveliest garb; the woods were vocal with songsters and the entire surroundings seemed so appropriate for a young man who had left his girl behind him to indite her a few words, that one young man at least on the "Cincinnati" that morning was engaged in that very occupation. While deep in logical argument proving that beyond question the stars paled whenever she stepped out of an evening, the hurried shuffle of steps on the deck overhead, the short, sharp command to call all hands to quarters, caused the writer to drop his pen and climb the companionway. The sight which met his youthful eyes will never be effaced; steaming rapidly around the point below us, pouring dense clouds from their funnels, came first one, then two, then more, until six war vessels under full head of steam, came surging up the river barely a mile below us; eight minutes would bring them alongside, while the "Cincinnati," with barely steam enough to turn her wheel over, lay three miles from the rest of the Union fleet, not one boat of which had steam enough to hold itself against the current.

The enemy's plan was, undoubtedly, to surprise (and I may state right here that they did) the gunboat that protected the mortar, sink or capture her, destroy the mortar and get back under cover of the guns of the fort before the Union fleet above could come to the rescue; the plan came very near being successful.

The "Cincinnati's" cables were slipped and slowly she swung out into the stream. Her engineers were throwing oil and everything else inflammable into her fires that the necessary head of steam might be obtained to handle the boat. On came the leader of the Confederate fleet, the "General Bragg," a powerful gulf steamer, built up full in the bow and standing up twenty feet above the surface of the river. Her powerful engines were plowing her along at a rate that raised a billow ten feet high at her bow at a clean-cut right angle. At a distance of not over fifty yards she received our full starboard battery of four thirty-two pound guns; cotton bales were seen to tumble and splinters fly, but on she came, her great walking beam engine driving her at a fearful rate. When less than fifty feet away, the "Cincinnati's" bow was thrown around and the two boats came together with a fearful crash, but it was a glancing blow that the "General Bragg" secured and not the one she intended; a right-angle contact would have sunk us then and there, but glancing blow as it was, it took a piece out of our midships six feet deep and twelve feet long, throwing the magazine open to the inflow of the water and knocking everything down from one end of the boat to the other. The force of the blow fastened the "Bragg's" ram temporarily in the "Cincinnati's" hull. "Give her another broadside, boys" passed the word of command. The men sprang with a cheer to their guns and the entire broadside was emptied into the "Bragg" at such close range that the guns could not be run out of the ports; it is unnecessary to add that this broadside settled the "Bragg," for she lay careened up against us so that it tore an immense hole in

her from side to side. She slowly swung off from the "Cincinnati," and as the command was given to "board the enemy" she lowered her flag.

But it is doubtful how much "boarding" we could have done, for just at this moment the second Confederate ram, the "Sumpter," reached the scene of action, and coming up under full head of steam, struck the "Cincinnati" in the fantail, cutting into her, three feet, destroying her rudders and steering apparatus, and letting the water pour into the hull of the boat. Before she struck us, however, our stern battery of two six-inch guns got two broadsides into her.

And now came up the third Confederate ram, the "General Lovell," aiming for our port quarter. "Haul down your flag, Yanks, and we will save you," yelled someone when she was less than fifty feet away. "Our flag will go down when we do," was the response. We got but one gun to bear on her before the crash came; the "Cincinnati" was raised enough by the force of the blow to throw her bows under. The water was pouring in from three directions; the engineers were standing waist deep in the engine room; the fires were being rapidly extinguished; we had just one more round of ammunition in the guns, the magazine being flooded. The "General Lovell" was filled with sharpshooters who had picked off every exposed man, including Commander Stembel who fell with a minie bullet through his mouth. First Master Hoel who assumed command, came down on the gun-deck and called out: "Boys give 'em the best you've got, we aint dead yet." A cheer was his answer, and as every gun on the boat poured its iron hail into one or another of the enemy, the

"Cincinnati" rolled first to one side then to another, then gave a convulsive shudder and went down bow first and head on to the enemy. It was an exceedingly damp time for the crew of that boat; we all piled on the hurricane deck, and from that there was some tall and lofty scrambling for the wheel house, which, thanks to the shallow place we were in, remained above water. And now, perched like so many turkeys on a country corn crib, we were enforced spectators of the exciting and magnificent scene around us.

By this time, our fleet above us, had arrived on the scene of action, led by the flagship "Benton." Running into the very midst of the enemy's fleet she gave her bow battery of nine-inch Dahlgren guns, then wheeling, her starboard, stern and port broadsides. By the time her bow swung around, her guns were again loaded, and repeating her circling again and again, she delivered a living sheet of death and destruction. Several of the Confederate rams tried to reach her, but were either intercepted by our other boats, who one after another joined the melee, or were literally beaten back by the storm of shot and shell that poured from her sides.

Soon the air was so full of smoke that little could be seen; every now and then a Confederate ram would rush past us within a stone's throw; then a shell would burst over our heads, or a solid shot plough up the water. I have seen pictures in our illustrated papers, labelled "by our artist on the spot"—but perched up on the wheel house in the midst of this hell on earth, I modestly claim to coming as near filling this bill as any man in America. But ten minutes settled it, two of the enemy's boats were floating broadsides down the

river, the "General Bragg," whose insides we blew out, and one other. The remaining four were making as good time for the fort as lay in their power; we could not save our prizes, for we neither dared to go after them, nor could we have towed them upstream, if we had. The "Cincinnati's" wheelhouse was soon relieved of its dead and living freight, and an hour afterward the air and the mighty flood had swept away every vestige of the conflict.

General Halleck's movement on Corinth turned the enemy's position at Fort Pillow and it was abandoned, and on June 4th, 1862, we were again on our way down the river, joined by several Ohio River towboats converted into rams by Colonel Ellet. This Colonel Ellet was one of the remarkable characters of the war; he had nearly gone insane on the ram question and had written circulars and besieged the departments at Washington until they nearly went insane too. He was finally given permission to fit out a ram fleet; sixty days from the time he received this commission, he was on the way down the river with five powerful boats filled in at the bows and around the boilers, and manned by some of the most desperate characters that entered the service on either side; friend feared them as well as foe, they acknowledged allegiance to neither army or navy, but claimed to have a contract to settle the rebellion in their own way. Ordered to report to Flag Officer Davis, Colonel Ellet speedily informed that worthy and dignified officer that he had come down there for a fight, and that he did not propose tying up to a tree and waiting for the fight to find him. The Colonel was a man of war and desired no one to

forget it, but he was a brave old man and the efficient work he put in during his short career of thirty days may well cover his eccentricities.

Arriving two miles north of Memphis, the fleet came to anchor and got ready for the engagement it was felt sure would take place before Memphis would fall into our hands. At four o'clock on the morning of June 6th, the entire Confederate navy, consisting of ten vessels, steamed up the river to attack our fleet. The entire population of the city lined the bank of the river, while General Jefferson Thompson, C. S. A., in his best Sunday uniform and on his noblest steed, was explaining to an admiring crowd just how it was going to be done.

The Confederate Flagship "Little Rebel," opened the battle by a shot when she was a mile below us. Our squadron was soon under way, when Flag Officer Davis ran up the signal for the boats to range themselves in the "third order of sailing." Colonel Ellet was at work getting his rams in order, and this eventful morning found him with but two, the "Queen of the West" and the "Monarch," ready for action. Taking command of the "Queen," he put his son, A. W. Ellet, in charge of the other.

"This was the time he long had sought,
And mourned because he found it not."

Interpreting Flag Officer Davis' "order of sailing" to mean "sail without order," he called out to his son to "come on" and pulled out from the shore with the "Queen of the West" and started down the stream with every pound of steam his boat would carry. Singing out "Come on" to the Flag Officer, as he dashed past the Flagship, he

selected the leading boat of the enemy's center line, the "General Lovell," as his prey; the "General Lovell" turned out of line to meet the advancing foe and crowded on all steam; if these two boats had met in this way, both would have gone to the bottom of the river, but for some reason the "Lovell" sheered to the right just before the contact, when the "Queen" struck her on the port bow and pretty nearly went entirely through. The "Lovell" rose up, and then went down with all on board. As soon as the "Queen" could recover her headway, two of the enemy's boats, the "Beauregard" and "General Price," both made for her, the one on the right and the other on the left; the "Queen" was held almost stationary and it was thought she was disabled, when, as both of the onrushing boats were scarcely one hundred feet from her, she crowded on all steam and slipping out from between them, they came together with a fearful crash, cutting the wheelhouse clean off the "Price." The "Beauregard" recovered herself, and turning on the "Queen" succeeded in disabling her port wheel, when the "Queen" and the "Price" both made for the Arkansas shore. Col. Ellet had been struck by a bullet, but still had life enough to demand the surrender of the "Price" as they both struck the shore; the "Price" supposing the "Queen" had followed her for that purpose, complied with the request; thereupon the Colonel ordered a crew of four men into one of her row boats and sent them across the river to demand the surrender of Memphis.

The battle was now on, thick and hot. Our gunboats had formed into three lines to meet the Confederate line of battle, but Colonel Ellet's raid with

the "Queen of the West" had demoralized that to the extent of drawing off the leading boat in each line. One of them already lay at the bottom of the river, another was beached on the Arkansas shore, a third, the "Beauregard," had already been racked in a ramming match with Colonel Ellet's other boat, the "Monarch." Such was the situation when the Union fleet, in perfect order, led by the Flagship "Benton," struck the advance of the enemy.

It was a magnificent sight before the first general broadside was fired. The river here is unusually wide, admitting as few places could in the West, of a scientific naval action between fleets. The shore was black with anxious and eager spectators; an hour was to decide once and forever, the control of the Mississippi. A deafening roar, as both fleets discharged almost simultaneously a general broadside, and a thick, black cloud of smoke hid everything from the thousands of anxious eyes on the shore; in that dense cloud was being waged one of the sharpest and most decisive battles of the war, a hand-to-hand struggle, no quarter was asked or given. It was literally a fight to the finish. The rapid discharge of heavy guns, the crash of timbers, the yells of the combatants, worked the vast crowd of spectators on shore into a frenzy. Cheer upon cheer came from that vast throng as some steamer with the Confederate flag flying was seen through the smoke; groans, howls and curses, when a Union boat came in sight. An hour of this awful strain, and the guns were heard less and less often: "The Yankee Fleet is destroyed," was the word.

The great bank of smoke rose! First dimly, then clearer, vision was restored. What a sight

met that frantic mob! Scattered here and there across the expanse of water, were war vessels, but death and destruction! they all floated the cursed stars and stripes. Where was the Confederate Navy? Three boats lay at the bottom of the river, with Union sailors busy rescuing the drowning crews; three more were beached on the opposite shore, where Colonel Ellet, with his "Queen of the West" in the same condition, was busy accepting their surrender. The "Jefferson Thompson," with one of our boats in hot pursuit, ran into a point below the island and blew up with a tremendous report; two more of the fleet, with flags down, were lying peacefully alongside of Union boats, and the one surviving relic of that once proud fleet, the "General Van Dorn," made most remarkable time down the river, with the ram "Monitor" in hot pursuit. An indescribable sound, something between a wail and a curse, went up from the throng on shore. General Jefferson Thompson mounted his steed, saying: "They are gone and I am going." Memphis was ours, and the power of the Confederacy afloat on Western waters, was no more.

The next stage in the history of naval operations on the Mississippi brings us to the times of Admiral Porter and that sublime old hero, Farragut—

“ That Viking of the river fight,
The conqueror of the bay,
I give the name that fits him best,
Aye, better than his own,
The sea king of the sovereign West
Who made his mast a throne.”

Abler pens than mine must do justice to those later days.

CIVIL WAR PAPERS
NUMBER THREE

CAREER OF THE CONFED-
ERATE RAM "ARKANSAS."
Given by Eliot Callender before
the Farragut Naval Veterans Asso-
ciation, Palmer House, Chicago.



IN a former paper read before this Association, in which an effort was made to give the history of the Mississippi Squadron up to the fall of Memphis, an allusion was made in describing the preparations of the Confederacy in the naval line, to two war vessels in process of construction, one the "Stephen Mallory," which our forces destroyed at Memphis on the stocks, and another, the "Arkansas," which we heard from later.

This paper will be principally confined to what we *heard*. I know of no more interesting event of the War than the career of the Confederate Ram "Arkansas," and while the incidents connected therewith may not touch our pride, I trust there is no soldier or sailor of the late War that can not appreciate bravery and gallantry, no matter whether exhibited by friend or foe. We were Americans all, before the days of the Civil War, and, thank God, we are Americans all to-day, and while there was a time when many rose up to deny we were a Nation, they were mistaken. The big "N" in front of that word never shrank up or dropped out. It is there to-day, and those who fought us, will help us henceforth to keep it there.

After the battle of Memphis, Flag-Officer Davis found nothing to arrest the progress of his squadron, until the frowning hills of Vicksburg caused him to drop anchor at Young's Point, about five miles in a direct line from the city. Admiral Farragut had already preceded him, having run the batteries at Port Hudson and Grand Gulf and steamed boldly by the three miles of fortifications at Vicksburg, with the "Hartford,"

“Richmond,” “Oneida,” “Iroquois,” “Wenona,” “Wissahicon”—wooden ships, but manned by iron men. The army, under the command of General Williams, was camped along the shore from Young’s Point to Milliken’s Bend, a distance of ten miles. The inference was that a combined assault by the army and navy was impending, for, almost daily, fresh arrivals of troops came down the river and every available man-of-war from the Gulf to Cairo lay within ten miles of Vicksburg. It was one of the greatest gatherings of the War and the air was full of the bustle of preparation. Along the Louisiana shore, for a mile or more, lay the army transports, ordinance boats, hospital boats, hay barges and craft of every description. There was a sample of almost everything in the West that carried a wheel or had a hull, and some of these had little to boast of, in either of these essentials. The river here, at the time of which I write, was a turbid stream, about three-quarters of a mile wide, and anchored about two-thirds of the way to the Mississippi shore, in one long line parallel to the transports on the Louisiana shore, lay the combined fleets of Admirals Farragut and Davis. Twelve miles above, the deep and sluggish Yazoo joined its waters with the Mississippi.

It was not my fortune to witness any of the combined army and naval operations on the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts, but I doubt if anything in the War rivalled in picturesqueness and interest the scenes above Vicksburg in those Summer days of 1862. The day was ushered in with the echoes of bugle calls, the rat-a-tat-tat of snare drums, the smoke of a thousand camp fires mingling with the morning air. Busy little steam

tugs puffed and darted hither and yon across the river. Now and then, the strains of a band of music would be wafted from the deck of one of the big men-of-war, whose frowning batteries were duplicated in the bosom of the river below. Gay-colored signal flags would be run up to the mast head of the Admiral's flag ship and as quickly disappear, as if ashamed to exist in the presence of the magnificent American ensign, which floated idly at the stern. Now some general, with his gaily-caparisoned staff, would gallop along the road beyond the levee and shortly a cloud of dust and loud cracking of whips, accompanied with remarks not appropriate for Sunday Schools, betokened the moving of artillery. A cloud of black smoke away up the river preceded several additional transports, loaded to the guards with fresh troops. The cheers from the boats were answered with cheers from the shore, and so all day long and way into the night, this never-ceasing panorama of life and bustle and beauty moved on. As the sun dropped down behind the heavy-wooded Louisiana shore, myriads of camp fires crept out of the darkness. The strains of some familiar song would be wafted on the evening air, to be drowned, perhaps, by a rollicking chorus, shouts of laughter, and finally peace and quiet reigned, disturbed, if at all, by the sweet echoes of the half hour bells on the men-of-war and now and then the regular click, click of oars working in their rowlocks, as some belated officer with his boat's crew hurried home. Can this be war? Look behind you. Frowning and dark and ominous, with its gilded Court House dome like an angel of death inviting all to its deadly embrace, lay the heights of Vicksburg.

While awaiting the proposed movement of the army, there came to our ears from time to time, rumors of a Confederate iron-clad in course of preparation up the dark recesses of the Yazoo. It was generally from the intelligent contraband, just escaped from the old plantation, that the most vivid details of this mysterious craft were derived. They had all seen it, but apparently from different points of the compass, for there seemed to be a marked lack of similarity in the descriptions. Combining the accounts would have produced a monster. "Pretty nigh as big as de whole ribber;" "Guns bigger'n any two around hyer;" "Iron a foot thick all ober her and underneath her and on top of her;" "An as fer de *ram*, dat was jess de wuss ram agoin—could jess bust de stuffins outer de rock of Gibraltar;" "An all de lower regions couldn't catch dat boat when she got a move on her—you uns will see some morning and nebber know what you was a seein." With all due allowance for the Southern darkies' recognized ability in the line of ornamental and picturesque lying, there seemed to prevail an intuition that these narratives had at least a foundation, and after several conferences between Admirals Farragut and Davis an expedition was formed under the command of Captain Walke, consisting of the partially iron-clad gunboat, "Carondelet," the wooden gunboat, "Tyler" and the Ellet ram, "Queen of the West," with instructions to proceed up the Yazoo river and destroy the Confederate ram, if it were practicable. Captain Walke of the "Carondelet" got underway at four o'clock in the morning of July 15th, and steamed up the river, but was passed by both the "Tyler" and

the "Queen of the West" before reaching the mouth of the Yazoo, ten miles above.

Now, while all this was going on, Captain Isaac N. Brown, C. S. N., formerly of the United States Navy, a classmate of Captain Walke at Annapolis, found himself in shape this very July morning to get underway with the C. S. S. "Arkansas," which had been fitting out at Yazoo City since the naval action at Memphis. The "Arkansas" was almost a twin of the far-famed "Merrimac"; it was 180 feet long, 60 feet beam, heavily plated with T-rail, tongued and grooved, and had a cast iron beak or prow weighing 18,000 pounds. Back of three inches of railroad iron was a foot of live oak. Her sides fell off at an angle of thirty-five degrees. She drew thirteen feet with her armament of ten guns, two of which were 100-pound Columbiads, two rifles, 32's, and a bow battery of two 64's. Her engines were very powerful, and the intention of her builders ran much in the direction of her ram, necessitating great speed. She carried a crew of 130 men, picked up from the relics of the fight at Memphis, and about seventy Missouri soldiers from General Jefferson Thompson's command. With a motley ill-disciplined crew, with a new and untried boat, Captain Isaac N. Brown cast loose that morning from below the mouth of the Sunflower, fifteen miles from the Mississippi, and turning the bow of the "Arkansas" down stream to face what no men before him, or after him, in that war, or any other war, ever faced before. It was not long before the ram, "Queen of the West," under Captain Jas. Hunter of the army, in rounding a bend, discovered the "Arkansas" coming down the river under a full head of steam.

The "Queen" apparently was not pleased at the discovery, for she swung around and started back with a 64-pound shot crashing through her frame, from the bow guns of the "Arkansas." Passing the "Carondelet" and the "Tyler," she was commanded by Captain Walke to proceed with all speed and inform the fleet of the coming of the "Arkansas." This she did not do, but hovered around the outskirts of the fight, which now opened between the "Arkansas," "Carondelet," and "Tyler." Let us bear in mind that the "Arkansas" was more than a match for these two boats, being heavily armored all around, while the "Carondelet" had but 2½ inches of iron over her bow battery and a similar protection amidships, the length of her boilers. The "Tyler" was simply a wooden gunboat, with no protection, but carried as her commander one of the bravest and truest hearts God ever made, in Lieut-Com. Wm. W. N. Gwin. The "Carondelet" opened on her rapidly approaching foe with her bow battery, and then made the almost fatal mistake of turning in mid stream, thus exposing her unprotected stern to a raking fire from the heavy bow battery of her antagonist. The "Tyler," from the beginning to the time the "Arkansas" reached the Mississippi, never once withdrew from the range of the enemy's guns, but kept up an incessant fire, and there is no doubt that Gwin's courage and skill saved both his own boat and the "Carondelet." Walke stated that he turned his boat to avoid being rammed and sunk by his antagonist, but failed to state the advantage of being rammed in the rear to being rammed in front. The "Arkansas" was now within 100 feet of the "Carondelet," but so far not a shot from

the Union boats had succeeded in injuring her. The heavy 64-pound balls would strike and invariably be deflected and shoot up into the air from her inclined sides, while every ball from the "Arkansas" raked the "Carondelet" from stem to stern. The "Arkansas" now made a rush for its antagonist, with the idea of sinking her. The "Carondelet" was past handling, as her rudders and steering apparatus were all shot away. Just at this juncture, one of the engines on the "Arkansas" refused to work, and the rapid action of the other turned her head around and ran her into the woods inside of the "Carondelet." Both boats now lay alongside of each other, discharging broadside after broadside; so near were the combatants that men on both boats were actually blinded by unburnt powder, blown into their faces. Gwin, ever alert, now ran up with the "Tyler," across the bow of the "Arkansas," manned his hammock nettings with sharpshooters, belted a 64-pound shell into the "Arkansas's" pilot house, while his sharpshooters took off every man that showed himself. Captain Brown of the "Arkansas" was knocked senseless in the pilot house, and on recovering was struck in the temple by a glancing shot of a Minie ball. The smoke stack of the "Arkansas" was so shot to pieces that it was virtually useless as a draft to the furnaces. Another "Tyler" and another Commander Gwin would have settled the "Arkansas then and there, but he had a foeman worthy of his steel, in the gallant Brown of the "Arkansas." Dazed and nearly stunned with his wounds, with broadside after broadside poured into his boat, with dead and wounded men strewn over his deck, in that stiff-

ing heat and smoke, he sprang to his engineer's assistance and soon the "Arkansas" pulled slowly out from the crippled "Carondelet" and started after the "Tyler," with greatly diminished speed. Every shot crashed through the wooden ends of the "Tyler," which kept up the unequal combat until they emerged into the Mississippi in sight of the Union Fleet. First the "Queen of the West," then the "Tyler" riddled with shot, her smoke stacks about ready to fall, her boats hanging by one end to their davits, but her flag still up, and last the "Arkansas." What a sight met Brown's eyes as he stood that morning on the deck of his boat and ordered her headed down stream. Stretched along for two miles or more was the Union Fleet anchored in midstream. There was the gallant "Hartford," flying Admiral Farragut's blue flag; the sloop of war "Richmond," the "Iroquois," the "Wenona" and the "Wissahicon," then came Flag Officer Davis' squadron, consisting of five ironclads, to say nothing of some five or six so-called rams, about which, Brown in his report says that they were very harmless sheep. When old Colonel Ellet died, the record of his ram fleet died with him. Eight miles to Vicksburg. Would he make it? With a partially-disabled engine; with both pilots dead; with one-third of his crew killed or disabled; with his steam run down from 120 pounds to between 30 or 40, owing to the destruction of his furnace draft, there was but one answer to any less daring and gallant heart than his. He *would* make it and *he did*. Taking the open space between the army transports along the Louisiana shore, he ordered the man at the wheel to hold her as near the

Union war vessels as possible, and started in. By this action he virtually spiked three-fourths of the guns of the entire fleet, as every shot that missed the "Arkansas" could not fail to strike our own transports and hospital boats that lined the other shore.

Before we go into the impending struggle, permit me to call your attention to a choice and select coterie of newspaper reporters, who made life a burden on the Steamboat "J. H. Dickey," which had been assigned to them as headquarters. I cannot now recall many of their names, but McCullough, of the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*, and Knox, of the New York *Herald*, who has since become famous as a writer of books of travel, were leading spirits in this circle. The heavy cannonading up the Yazoo had awakened a lively interest in these gentlemen, all of whom had manufactured whole columns of news, on a good deal less provocation. Their pencils were sharpened, their paper was ready, if some one could only tell them what was going on. The information came without any help, when the "Queen of the West," the "Tyler" and the "Arkansas," all came piling out of the Yazoo, with wrecked smoke stacks and hanging boats. As soon as it was evident that the Confederate boat contemplated a raid through the Union Fleet, many conflicting emotions pervaded these brethren. They wanted to see the fight, but duty to the dear ones at home didn't seem to call them to be participants. The key note was struck, when one of them suggested that the "J. H. Dickey" was a *great big boat* and as such was most likely to call for special attention from the "Arkansas." Contemplation of this

thought, enlarged the "Dickey" to such proportions, that they unanimously resolved on an instantaneous and radical change of base. Directly in front of the "Dickey," tied up to the bank was an inoffensive, mild-looking hay barge. It was decked over at each end and open in the middle. "To the hay barge," was the cry, and to the number of ten or a dozen, a mad scramble was made for the newly-found haven of refuge, which to their excited imaginations was little less than a Providential dispensation, for the "Arkansas" would certainly pay no attention to an insignificant hay barge and under the protection of the covered ends they could watch the fight through the spaces between the boards and push their pencils in that security and peace of mind, so essential to high-grade literary work.

Down came the "Arkansas" keeping her port battery hot as she passed one after another of the Union Fleet. Paying no attention to the fleet of steamboats on her starboard side, until she came abreast of this hay barge, laden as it was with the brains of a dozen of the leading newspapers of the North—evidently figuring it out as an ordnance boat, loaded with ammunition—the "Arkansas" let fly her entire starboard broadside at it. Such a crashing of timbers was never heard this side of Pandemonium. The barge doubled up in the middle. The air was full of pine plank and—

"The Boys, Oh where were they!"

With a yell that would have done credit to Comanche Indians, they jumped through the wreck of falling timbers; onto and up the bank of the river, and struck out for the interior of the

State at a rate that no cyclometer that ever has been invented could record.

Onward came the "Arkansas," she had already passed the "Richmond" and the "Iroquois," and now came abreast of the "Hartford," the pride of our Navy. Standing on the deck of that boat, with feelings that could be better imagined than described, stood the lion-hearted Farragut, his face rigid with excitement. Beneath him lay the open mouths of thirteen 64's; behind these guns stood the trained crews that had dealt out death and destruction with them at New Orleans. Thirteen captains of those guns stood with lock strings in hand, with arms raised, and waited but for a word. Slowly the "Arkansas" glided by; the boats were not over 150 yards apart. A puff of white smoke from the bow gun of the "Arkansas," followed in rapid succession by two more from her port battery. The shells flew past and over the "Hartford," cutting some of her rigging. The pale face of the Admiral never changed. The word that every man, from the Executive Officer to the Messenger boy, was crazy to hear, never came. Why this soul-destroying silence? Look beyond the "Arkansas" and see the yellow flag in a direct line flying over the hospital boat. Look beyond the yellow flag and see the white tents of our army stretching along and away from the shore, and you can explain the Admiral's pale face and tell why his lips never opened. The "Hartford" passed, the "Arkansas" gives a gun to the "Wenona" and two to the "Wissahicon," receiving a gun from both as she passed them, and the shore was no longer in a direct line. Every shot striking the "Arkansas" and in every case being deflected

up into the air, by her inclined iron casements; but as she got well past the "Wissahicon," that spiteful little boat put a nine-inch shell into one of the after-ports of the ram, which exploded, disabling a gun and killing and wounding eleven men.

Flag Officer Davis' iron-clad fleet lay rather to the rear toward the Mississippi shore and farther down the river; but few guns were fired from this fleet, for reasons already given. One iron clad, the "Cincinnati," lay half a mile below the rest, on picket duty. She had barely steam enough raised to turn her wheel over. The "Arkansas," though badly disfigured, was still in the ring, and having passed all the other boats, made for the lone "Cincinnati," with no very amiable intentions. The "Cincinnati" gave her her bow battery of three nine-inch Dahlgrens; every shot struck her antagonist square on her bow casemates, and all three of these immense solid shot flew up in the air, plainly visible to the naked eye, until they were hardly larger than marbles. The "Arkansas" appeared to have but one of her forward guns in working order, but with that she struck the "Cincinnati" twice, and then started for her with her great steel beak. The "Cincinnati" slipped her anchor, and having so little steam on she drifted quartering down the river toward the Mississippi shore. A long sand bar extended out into the river from this shore. On came the "Arkansas," with every pound of steam her disabled engines could handle, when within one hundred feet of the "Cincinnati" she ran aground, drawing thirteen feet, while our boat drew only six. Now was the "Cincinnati's" chance. Oh, for steam to handle that boat! But it was not there. She got in her

bow and starboard batteries of nine-inch Dahlgrens and smooth 64's, but not one shot appeared to hurt her antagonist, which was doing its best to get off the bar. Could the "Cincinnati" have run up alongside and boarded, the ram might have changed her colors. But it was not to be. Slowly the ram drew off the bar and swung down stream and was soon around the bend. Our boys on the other shore could plainly hear the cheers of the Confederates as the gallant Brown and his battered boat tied up to the shore at the foot of the Main Street in Vicksburg.

I respectfully insist that for coolness and bravery, for desperate chances offered and taken, the records of the Civil War will show nothing equal to the raid that morning of the Confederate steamer "Arkansas" through the combined fleets of Admiral Farragut and Flag Officer Davis. She had been struck between forty and fifty times; had both of her pilots killed; her commander badly wounded; one engine completely disabled; her boilers were leaking so that one could not see across her decks for the escaping steam; and out of a crew of two hundred men, the night of July 15th found her with but twenty-eight able for duty, and with but four of her ten guns in condition for service. But Captain I. N. Brown, C. S. N., had thrown the gauntlet in the face of one that morning that could not live and stand it.

The "Arkansas" had hardly turned the bend at Vicksburg when there was a bustle of preparation on the deck of the "Harford" and by afternoon an immense anchor was safely triced out on the end of her main yard. That night, Farragut's entire fleet turned down stream, the "Hartford" in

the lead. The Admiral's plan was to run up alongside the "Arkansas," and if his broadsides wouldn't faze her, to drop that anchor from its lofty perch, feeling assured that it would carry with it to the bottom of the river all that was left of his gallant antagonist. But he was still doomed to disappointment. The "Arkansas" could not be found in the darkness of the night, until they had passed, she having been run up into a little cove or bay. Brown says he never saw anything equal to the running of the three miles of batteries that night by Farragut's wooden ships. They doubled on their tracks and ran back searching for their antagonist when sky, land and water were merged into a common hell of death and destruction.

Five days after, the "Essex," Com. W. D. Porter, which had just joined Flag Officer Davis' fleet, together with the ram "Queen of the West," made a savage assault on the "Arkansas" in the dead of a very dark night.

The "Arkansas" was undergoing repairs—had but one engine and but four guns that could be served. Both the "Essex" and the "Queen" made repeated attempts at ramming, and the former, with her magnificent battery, pretty nearly closed up the "Arkansas'" career. The latter had but twenty-eight men on her, and eleven of these were killed, together with the Missouri soldier, who had piloted her through our fleet after the death of both her regular pilots. But the bluff and shore batteries made it too warm for our boats, and the "Essex" dropped down the river to Farragut's fleet, while the "Queen of the West," badly riddled with shell and shot, returned to the fleet above, and the "Arkansas" still lived.

Partially repaired, but still not fit for service, she was ordered down the river by General Van Dorn to fight Farragut's fleet at Grand Gulf. Brown, her commander, being yet in the hospital from his wounds, she left Vicksburg with but half her complement of men, on the morning of August 6th. Brown, hearing of this, jumped on a train to overtake her, if possible. He reached Grand Gulf and looked up the river. There was the "Arkansas" on the Louisiana shore. Drawing nearer her every moment, was her old antagonist, the "Essex." A great cloud of white smoke sprang up in the air, a dull heavy report followed. The cloud rolled away. The "Essex" was there alone.

So passed away the "Arkansas," whose decks had never been pressed by the foot of an enemy. Lieutenant Stevens, finding his boat hopelessly aground, with a merciless antagonist on his starboard quarter, ordered his men into the boats, bade them make for the Louisiana shore and alone, with the 100-pound shells of the "Essex" crashing through her side, touched a train to the magazine—jumped into the river and was heard of no more. A few minutes later, a Confederate ensign floated down across the "Essex's" bow. For the first time in its history, it had trailed in the presence of an enemy.

CIVIL WAR PAPERS
NUMBER FOUR

VICKSBURG VAGARIES.
A Reminiscent Address given by
Eliot Callender before the Farragut
Naval Veterans' Association, at the
Palmer House, Chicago, May 19,
1898.





HERE are certain scenes or incidents of our younger years, that from some unexplainable cause fasten themselves upon our memory to the exclusion, perhaps, of all others of far more moment. While, during the three years of my life spent in service in the Civil War, many stirring events occurred, there is nothing that comes back so clearly and distinctly to my memory, as the months which I spent around Vicksburg. Whether this arises from the enforced idleness of blockade duty giving one more time to think, and impressing more strongly the incidents of a stirring nature, which from time to time occurred there; or, from the fact that I served through two Vicksburg campaigns: one during the summer of 1862, when Williams made his unsuccessful attempt upon that stronghold, and then again later during the Grant and Sherman regime.

I have called this paper "Vicksburg Vagaries," because it is at best only an effort to string upon the thread of memory the impressions made during these two campaigns. It will attempt to give no history of the Whys and Wherefores of the various movements made, but simply the incidents and scenes that an impressionable nature, not yet guilty of whiskers, succeeded in carrying away with it into future years.

As the insect of the summer night, attracted by the glow of the lamp, flies toward it but to burn its wings and fly away again, and dazed, in spite of experiences scorches its wings again and again; so, through two long summers, the great cupola of the Court House on the hills of Vicks-

burg shone like some great beacon lamp, which we approached first from one side and then from another, and then from still another, taking a hurt at each attempt, scorched every time we tried to reach it, yet, as if impelled by fate, a few weeks or months found us engaged in another attempt to reach that shining dome, but alas! with the same experience.

I have seen that dome glistening under the rays of the summer sun, and during the watches of the night, I have seen it lightened up with the glare of bursting bombs. Still day after day it stood, until it became an emblem to me of Eternity. Men might come and men might go, but that dome would go on forever. I never realized till during the hours of meditation that I put in watching that Court House in the distance, how much was expressed by that trite saying, "So near, and yet so far." Nor did I always escape it in the hours of sleep, for often when that blessed day dawned when plum-duff was served us, so heavy that it bent our forks in attempting to raise it, have I waked with a cold sweat standing out on my forehead, to find that the Court House dome, which I was sure was resting on the pit of my stomach, had proved to be the efforts of duff trying to assimilate itself with my rebellious system. I often thought that if Porter could have loaded his mortars with plum-duff which our ship's cook incubated, Vicksburg would have disappeared long before Grant reached it.

There is a story told of a soldier captured by the Confederates on the Black Bayou expedition, being taken by the colonel of the rebel regiment, and asked what in the world the Yankees were try-

ing to do up that swamp. He was informed by the Yankee that Grant was trying to reach the rear of Vicksburg that way. The Confederate officer replied, "The old fool, he has failed on three plans already,—should think that would be enough for him." Whereupon the Union soldier replied that to his certain knowledge, Grant had thirty-seven other distinct and separate plans for taking Vicksburg, and one of them would fetch it sure.

I was part and parcel, in a humble way, of all of the plans, excepting the one that was successful, and I would have been in that, had our boat operated as favorably on land as it did on the water.

One of the most distinctly marked incidents which my memory has stored up, was the attack made on Haines' Bluff on the Yazoo in the summer of 1862. General Sherman's idea was for the navy to attack and destroy the fortifications, upon the conclusion of which, he would land his forces there and march them into Vicksburg on high ground. This plan was mainly successful, with two exceptions: first, the navy did not destroy the fortifications, and second, Sherman did not get his troops on high ground. But we had one of the sharpest battles between the gunboats and the forts that I was called upon to go through during the War. The flagship was the U. S. S. "Benton," in charge of Lieut.-Com. Wm. N. Gwin, one of the bravest and best officers in the United States Navy, and one of the most strikingly handsome men I ever saw. What Hancock was to the army, Gwin was to the navy, and they were not unlike in their personal appearance. I never will forget my sensations as signal officer of the "Benton," when

I stood on the upper deck with Gwin, as the "Benton" glided through the still, glassy, green waters of the Yazoo, almost in the shadow of the heights which were crowned with the rebel fortifications. The explosion of our 11-inch Dahlgrens directly under us, nearly shook our heads off, and what they failed to do in this line, I was morally certain the bursting of the rebel shells over our heads would complete. There are more pleasant things than standing on an upper deck of an iron clad, looking up at the flash and white cloud of smoke from a gun not three hundred yards away, knowing that the projectile will not fail to hit the boat in some part, and wondering if the particular part is where you are at. I was never noted for my politeness, but the lessons I took that morning in bowing, ducking and posing, must have been remarkable. Commander Gwin said to me, "There is no use dodging, you are as apt to dodge into the shell, as away from it." This was rather disheartening to one whose intentions were so well meant as mine. Only a few moments elapsed after this remark, before a shell exploded right over our heads, and a great section hurled down, cut off Commander Gwin's breast as clean as it could have been done with a butcher's cleaver. He fell to the deck, and survived but a few hours. I was glad to notice, not long since, that this gallant man's name has been commemorated in one of the new torpedo boats that the Government has just built.

At the breaking out of the War, I was attending the Washington University in the city of St. Louis, and belonged to the Debating Society, which, one warm day in the early Fall of 1861, tackled the subject, "Resolved, that it is the duty

of the young men of Missouri to stand by the Federal Government in the present crisis." The result of the evening's debate was, that we who were on the affirmative badly needed a Federal Government to stand by us. The leading orator on the negative, by the name of Carlisle, was a fiery, untamed fellow at that time, and quite unreconstructed. The judge of the debate thought best to reserve his decision, and the adjournment of the Society under these unsatisfactory conditions left no way open but for the disputants to settle the matter out on the sidewalk. There was no lack of material in that neighborhood for hair-mattresses the next morning, and the sacred soil of Missouri absorbed some of the first blood of the War.

One bright morning, during the Summer of '63, a flag of truce came up in a row boat from Vicksburg, and I was ordered by our captain to go out and meet it. Calling away the cutter, I proceeded down the river, and as I drew near the Confederate boat the young officer seated in the stern had a strangely familiar look about him. Asking his mission, and learning that it was relative to the passing of some parties north through our lines, I dropped down alongside of his boat, to see before me Sam Carlisle, the leading debator on the negative side on the eventful night at Washington University. Forgetting my surroundings, I exclaimed, "Why Sam, old fellow, how do you do," and the next instant I would have been shaking hands with him, had he not drawn himself up to his full height, saying, "I recognize no friends amongst the enemies of the South." I then wanted to drown him, but he was protected by a flag of

truce, and besides looked as if he might object to my taking any liberties of that kind. Poor fellow, his fiery blood had a chance to cool off, for, with the courage of his convictions, he gave up his young life not long after that, in defence of what he believed was the right.

In this connection, it appears to me that a goodly portion of the time put in by me in Uncle Sam's service was spent in either a dingey or a cutter. If I was not getting out of trouble in one of these boats, I was assuredly getting into it. A heavy fog rolled down the river one afternoon, so dense that objects a boat's length or two away, were not discernible. Our fleet lay along the Louisiana shore, with the exception of one vessel anchored off the Mississippi shore, just out of range of the upper Confederate battery. Called by Captain Winslow (who afterwards commanded the "Kearsage"), I was ordered to take a communication to the commanding officer of this boat on the east side of the river. Looking out of the port hole, as he handed me the letter, the captain asked me if I thought I could find that boat in the prevailing fog. With all the presumption of youth, I answered "Certainly," and called the cutter away. "What an absurd question for the captain to ask," I thought, for, with the swift current running down stream, I had but to put my hand over the side of the boat and feel which way the current was running, and keep her headed straight across it. A few strokes of the oars, and we were enveloped in the dense fog and as completely shut out of the world as if we alone remained in it. Then the brilliant youth that commanded that boat learned that as long as it was propelled by the oars, there would

be the resistance of the water, no matter which way he was going, and with no objects on either shore visible, it was not possible to tell whether he was going north, south, east or west. It is unnecessary to add that compasses were not in use in the Mississippi Squadron. Well, I had started in the right direction, of a necessity, and I would hold the tiller firm and bring up all right, leaving out of all my calculations a six-mile current, which, however, attended strictly to business without any help on my part. It was a mile straight away to the point of my destination, and pretty soon I ought to have been there, but I wasn't. Slowing up a little, and peering through the fog, it seemed to turn red and yellow, a queer phenomenon, I thought. Just then, clear and strong out of the profound silence came a "Who's there?" and the same instant the red and yellow phenomenon materialized into a camp-fire, with a dark object between it and us, holding a gun. We were below the upper battery of the Confederates, and about landing into the arms of our friend the Enemy. As I had no instructions from the captain to land and capture Vicksburg, I whispered "Back water," stopped the progress of the cutter, and we got just one shot as a salute from the sentry, as we bent to our oars, and disappeared in the fog. We proceeded fully half a mile up stream without finding the vessel we were after, and started back, to land again fully half a mile below our own boat on the point directly opposite Vicksburg. A half hour afterward the fog lifted, and we carried out our instructions without interfering with either the Confederate forts or forces.

General Sherman never seemed to get it out of

his head that the only way to capture Vicksburg, was to reach it on the north side, by way of the Yazoo River and the Vicksburg Hills, which terminated at Haines' Bluff on that stream. And at this time, when the attention of every one is so much directed to the subject of torpedoes, my memory often runs back and recalls one bright morning when an expedition under command of Lieut.-Com. Thomas O. Selfredge, who but a few weeks ago was put on the retired list as Admiral Selfredge, was proceeding up the Yazoo. The iron-clad gunboat "Cairo" was his flagship, and among the vessels comprising the expedition were two or three light-draft gunboats, on one of which, the "Marmora," I had the honor to serve. We were in the lead, but on the left side of the river, the "Cairo" being on the right side, but the stream being a narrow one, we were not far apart. As we were in advance we kept a sharp lookout ahead, and soon discovered evidences of torpedoes. I never saw but one style in use by the Confederates on Western waters. This was a metal cylinder, from four to six feet in length, anchored, and with a long slender iron rod terminating in three points, which was designed to reach just to the surface of the water.

Seeing one of the unpleasant objects just ahead of us anxiously waiting a closer acquaintance, our boat was stopped, eliciting a sharp query from Commander Selfredge on the "Cairo," as to why we did not go ahead. Our captain sung out in reply that there were torpedoes just ahead of us. Selfredge was a very impetuous, hot-headed man, and the pre-emptory order came back to "Go ahead." "But there are torpedoes in our path," replied our

captain. "Go ahead," said Selfredge, "I tell you, go ahead." We nailed a couple of short cleats on a twelve-foot sounding pole which lay in our fore-castle and which was operated by two or three men on the fore-castle, with one of the officers at the bow giving the pilot directions, we went ahead slowly, threading our way among the projectiles. Selfredge, as if to give our captain an object lesson, started ahead with full steam with the "Cairo," and in less time almost than it takes to tell it, there was a dull, heavy report, the water boiled up in great waves around the "Cairo's" bow, her stern raised slightly, and with a convulsive shudder, she went down in about ten feet of water, and instead of picking up torpedoes, we steamed over and picked up the "Cairo's" crew, who lost no time in getting out on the upper deck, which remained six or eight inches above water.

Since that time and scene, which will never be effaced from my memory, I have held a largely developed apprehension as to the danger and destructiveness of this style of warfare, which has not been at all diminished by the loss of our splendid battleship "Maine" in Havana harbor. I never read an account of one of our new battleships, built at such tremendous expense, that it does not occur to me that a miserable one-horse torpedo or mine is all that is necessary to remove her from the sphere of existence,—thirteen-inch guns, Harvey-ized armor, dynamos, electrical equipment and all. The thought has often come to me, how quickly the proudest navy in the world could be demoralized, and in fact exterminated, with this infernal and diabolical modern method of warfare. A kid once said, when the story of David and Goliath

was read to him from the Bible, that he didn't think it was a fair fight, anyway, for David threw stones, and it is with a pang of regret that I contemplate that the old days are gone by when gallantry and seamanship and pluck were the factors that decided a naval conflict. Like the kid, it seems to me that it is not a fair fight when a ship is sent to the bottom, perhaps before her officers and men have had any opportunity to show what was in them. Everything that we eat, wear, and use is now produced by machinery, and I suppose we ought not to complain if our fighting has to be done in the same way. The noble old Jack Tar, celebrated in the annals of our navy, both in prose and song, is disappearing from view, and in his place comes the hard-handed mechanic, with his oil cup and monkey wrench.

Probably the same pang of regret ran through our navy, when the white sails gave way to the smoke stack and boilers. This is a world of changes, and I suppose the feeling comes to every one, sooner or later, that he is getting left behind. But we little like to admit this in public, even if we do console ourselves in the privacy of our room by singing in our hearts that old ditty of our forefathers—

“ Oh, oh, I grieve, I grieve,
For the good old days of Adam and Eve.”

The discipline in the Mississippi Squadron under Foote and Davis was something terrible to contemplate. With eighty per cent. of the officers and men taken from the ranks of civil life, and western civil life at that, the other twenty per cent. had its hands full in attempting to leaven the rest. Still the work went on, and under as strict a discipli-

narian as Admiral Porter advance was marked and rapid. It is a wonder that Porter did not die of apoplexy before the men arrived at what he considered a proper state of efficiency, for he was a very choleric man, and if things did not go his way at the drop of the hat, there was an explosion.

Very strongly impressed on my memory is an incident that happened in the Spring of '64, when General Grant lay at Milliken's Bend with his entire army. I was detailed to accompany the Admiral, who desired to confer with the General on some important matter. The "Black Hawk," which was the Admiral's flagship, lay just inside the mouth of the Yazoo River, while General Grant had his headquarters on the steamer "Magnolia," which lay several miles below on the Louisiana bank of the river.

Proceeding on the Admiral's tug down the river, we soon came alongside the "Magnolia." It is unnecessary to state that the Admiral was fully uniformed, and I had all on me that the law allowed, or I should not have been taken along. The lower deck of the "Magnolia" was covered with soldiers, some lying asleep, some playing cards, and about all of them smoking pipes. There was no sentry on guard to receive the Admiral, and no one paid any attention to him beyond looking up from their game when the tug struck the side of the boat. The Admiral got red behind the ears, and I thought a storm of the first magnitude was coming. The Admiral usually opened out on his subordinates when he could find no one else to listen to him, but on this occasion his feelings were too deep for utterance, and having learned from past experience with him, that the quieter I was

the safer my position, I meekly fell into the Admiral's rear, and clambered off the tug onto the steamer. We walked along the guards toward the front of the boat, stepping over some soldiers and around others, till we came to the gangway leading to the upper deck. The scene below was repeated above, more groups of soldiers playing cards, more lying around asleep, only a sentry paced to and fro in front of the cabin, who paid no more attention to us than if we had been two sides of sole leather. No salute, no recognition of any kind.

The Admiral in a voice hoarse with rage, asked the sentry where he could find General Grant. The sentry pointed over his shoulder as he walked past us, toward the cabin, which was the only answer to the Admiral's query. We entered the cabin, which was divested of furniture, which probably accounted for the position of the soldiers on the floor engaged in the same occupations as those on the outside deck and the deck below. A group right in front of us, was in the very midst of a very exciting game, for one of the boys rose up part way as we entered, and slamming a card down upon the floor, sang out, "High, low, Jack and the game, by G-d!"

One would have thought that this information, so very enthusiastically conveyed, would have moved the Admiral's ruffled feelings, but he had his chin so high in the air by this time, that I was afraid it would lift his feet off the floor. Passing through the front cabin, we came to the sliding doors that shut off what was called the "Ladies' Cabin" on Mississippi River steamboats. Here, another sentry paced to and fro, but he had left all his salutes, as well as the knowledge of making

them, at home. But he was better than his comrade on the front of the boat, for when asked by the Admiral for General Grant, he opened the sliding doors wide enough for the Admiral and myself to squeeze through, and over at the end of the cabin, sitting in his shirt sleeves, hard at work at his desk, was Major-General U. S. Grant, Commander of the United States forces at Vicksburg. Half a dozen or more officers were lounging around on the sofas and chairs, but I do not remember that one rose to greet us, or pay us any attention.

The General looked up from his desk, with a hearty "Hello, Admiral, glad to see you, take a chair," which I will do the army justice to say, was furnished more or less promptly by one of the General's staff. In a few moments, the General was through his writing, and turning around to the Admiral, was ready for business.

The curtain now rises on a scene some two weeks later. The General came to the flagship on a little despatch boat used by him. No notice had been sent of his coming. He just came in his own artless, General-Grant-kind-of-a-way. He had not approached within two hundred yards of the "Black Hawk" before the air was rent with the shrill piping of the boatswain's whistle, and as the despatch boat came alongside of the "Black Hawk," six side boys lined either side of the gangway, with their hands to their caps. The officer of the deck received him at the end of the passage so formed by these side boys, and together the officer of the deck and the General passed up the companionway between two files of blue jackets, all saluting, and were received at the head of the stairs by the fleet captain, who conveyed him

through the cabin to the Admiral's headquarters, and they passed not a man nor an officer, from the time the General entered the boat until he left it, whose hat was not raised.

Now, candor compels me to state, that the General looked about as much bored at all this ceremony as the Admiral had looked at the lack of it on his visit of two weeks previous. This little incident illustrates the difference between these two heroes of the War. One free and easy, indifferent to all form and ceremony; the other would almost rather overlook a breach of patriotism than he would a breach of etiquette.

The watches stood through two campaigns left a great many enduring impressions on my mind. I doubt if anything in the War rivalled in picturesqueness and interest, the scenes above Vicksburg in the summer days of '62.

I watched the "Carondelet" in the early morning hours, as she departed on her mission of capturing and destroying the "Arkansas," and saw her come back a few hours later, all but captured and destroyed herself. I watched the "Hartford" that same day, after the "Arkansas" had successfully passed the united fleets and was tied to the shore at Vicksburg, and saw her men at work raising and fastening a huge anchor over near the extreme end of her mainyard, little knowing the plans that were going through stern old Admiral Farragut's mind. I saw her drop down the river under the darkness of night, followed by the "Essex," in their vain attempt to destroy the rebel craft which had thrown such an insulting gauntlet at the feet of our navy. That anchor out on her mainyard was designed to be dropped through the upper deck of the

“Arkansas,” and undoubtedly would have done so, had the Admiral succeeded in getting alongside of her. They found her in a little cove which was a better protection to her than all the batteries of Vicksburg.

And more than once have I seen the dark hours of the night lighted up by a most incessant flash of battery after battery from the earth works below, to the forts on the heights above, and from north to south three miles in extent, a living fire upon our fleet as they ran that supposedly impregnable position. Then, more than ever, the gilded dome of the Court House shone like an angel of death, and the air trembled with the roar of a hundred pieces of heavy artillery. Now the flash from the guns was held by the lurid light leaping into the heavens from a burning boat, as she dropped out of line and drifted aimlessly down the river.

What a volume it would make were all the incidents and events which centered in and around Vicksburg from first to last recorded of the army and navy, from the time General Williams started to cut his little canal across from the point opposite the city, to the time when General Grant proposed, in lieu of unconditional surrender, to move immediately upon their works!

Then, what a glorious Fourth of July was that in 1863, when the glad news, rushing westward from Gettysburg, that Lee’s army was fleeing homeward, shattered and broken, was met midway by the news speeding eastward that Vicksburg, the last hold of the Confederacy on the Father of Waters, was resting under the Stars and Stripes. Ever memorable day!


A child was born in the family of Nations July

4th, 1776. The world recognized, July 4th, 1863, that it had reached man's estate, not only competent to manage its own affairs, but with the strength and virility to help others not so fortunately situated.

SHORT ADDRESSES

NUMBER ONE

OPENING ADDRESS, Memorial Day, 1899, at Springdale Cemetery, given by Eliot Callender, President of the Day.

 O the survivor of the great Civil War, these memorial services have an effect which no one else can appreciate. To the large majority of this audience, the great war is simply a matter of history. To many who lived through those days, it is more than a matter of history, it is like an awful dream which they would like to efface from memory. But to the survivors of the G. A. R., Memorial Day brings up afresh the sad and exciting experiences of days gone by.

Those graves in yonder lot, my friends, have, we believe, more than passing interest to you, or you would not be here to-day. For those headstones mark to us the last resting place of those whose shoulders touched ours in the long marches, whose voices mingled with ours in the din of battle, who slept by our sides during the long hours of the night, with nothing, perhaps, but a blanket between us and the stars of heaven.

There is, perhaps, to each of you, a grave somewhere in this beautiful cemetery, precious to you because it is the last resting place of one near and dear. Such a feeling comes to every veteran as he gazes upon the mound which covers the remains of a comrade. And so I say, to those of us who were active participants in that great conflict, there

is a depth and a solemnity to these memorial exercises, which no one else can appreciate, and it fills our hearts with gratitude and joy to see the young and the old, the rich and the poor, the great and the small, turning out at these memorial services, to do honor to the memory of our departed, and by so doing expressing the same loyalty to the country and the flag which caused these brave comrades of ours to lay down their lives.

And our hearts warm toward this noble Association of ladies, organized at the outbreak of the War. They cared for us who were at the front, and they cared for those we left behind. The War over, they have the honor and memory of those who laid down their lives, in their keeping. This beautiful carpet of green that covers our departed comrades, will soon fade into the sere and brown of fall and the death of winter, but in no month of the year, in no year of the past thirty-eight, when in the heart of the Ladies' Memorial Association the soldier's grave was not green, and flowers strewn over his mound; and the veteran turns with pride and hope to the splendid specimens of American manhood that have come to the front in these latter days. Like the warriors who sprang from the dragon's teeth that Cadmus sowed, it would seem as if from the blood-soaked soil of the Republic struggling for its very life, there had come a race ready and willing to hold up the Stars and Stripes against the whole world if needs be.


In one of the crises of the Roman Empire, when the enemies of Rome were almost thundering at her gates, a little girl and her grandfather were watching the march of soldiers hurrying to the front,—a column of old battle-scarred veterans,

every man of whom had earned honors in many hard contest for his native land. At their head, one carried a banner with the inscription, "We have been brave." "Surely," said the little girl, "we need not fear, see all those old soldiers; they know how to fight and will drive our enemies all away." But the old man shook his head, saying, "Truly, my child, they do know how to fight, and they will not run away; but see, some are lame, and some are stiff, and all are old. The enemy will soon tire them, and their battle will not be for long." Then on came a column of young men, marching along with elastic step, eagerness and determination in their faces, and at their head a banner with the inscription, "We will be brave." The little girl clapped her hands, and cried, "What do you say of these, grandfather?" The old veteran's eyes brightened as he looked at the sturdy forms passing by, and said, "Let us go home and rest in peace, my child. Our land is safe with such as these."

I will now call on a worthy representative of this advance guard of American hope and pride, Rev. S. H. Moore, of Peoria, the orator of the day.

NUMBER TWO

ADDRESS by Eliot Callender, Patriotic Service, First Presbyterian Church, Peoria, Illinois.

 HE two best known expressions that have come to us from the War, are probably General Grant's "Fighting it out on this line if it takes all summer," and "Let us have peace." It was a quiet, almost a silent man who said this, but everyone knew and felt that there was not only sincerity in the words, but that all the force of a mighty character was behind it. Our Southern foes knew when Grant's determination reached them, that it simply meant a survival of the fittest or strongest,—they knew that blood would flow like water, and North and South the expression was not infrequent of "Beast and Butcher." But because he *did* fight it out, because blood *did* flow like water, that silent man was enabled to say a little later on, "Let us have peace." Grant and Foote were types of soldier Christians. May we not use them tonight as types of Christian soldiers to whom the instruction comes, "Let us, therefore, follow after the things which make for peace, and those things whereby one may edify another." The true soldier is a peace-maker, and not a peace-breaker. Because peace was broken in 1861, the call for volunteers was made that peace might be restored. Grant and Foote and Farragut fought for peace, and the silent commander's whole heart was in those words, "Let us have peace."

My friends, our numbers are few here tonight who fought in the great Civil Strife, but there isn't one here, young or old, who hasn't all the battle on his hands that he can stand up under. We wrestle, not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against spiritual wickedness in high places, against the prince of the power of darkness, and "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." Paul exhausts the power of language in depicting this great strife, and the necessity of preparing for it, and having prepared, to put up the best fight that in us lies. "Put on the helmet of salvation and the breast-plate of righteousness, armed with the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. Put on the whole armor of God, and having done *all,—stand.*" Not lie down, not run away; but stand and fight, and fight just as Grant and Foote fought for peace; not, perhaps, a peace from trouble, but a peace *in* trouble, a peace that can only come to the Christian soldier, clad in the armor of God, and sustained and supported by His Almighty Power. "Thou wilt give him perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee," a "peace that passeth understanding," a peace that is worth more than all the perishing things of this life, that can gather around us.

A soldier of the Crimea was being carried off the field of battle by his comrades. "Lay me down," he said, "and go back, I am wounded to death. It is useless to spend time on me." They laid him down and left him, but a kindhearted officer came across him, and said, "My poor fellow, can I do anything for you?" "Nothing," was the reply. "Can I not get you some water?" "No, I thank you," the dying soldier said. "Can I not

send word home to your friends?" "No," came the reply, "I have no friends that you can reach; but," he said, "if you look in my knapsack, you will find a Testament. Open it at the fourteenth chapter of John, and along toward the end of the chapter, you will find a verse marked; read it to me." The officer complied, and read the words: "Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." A smile, lighted from above, passed over the soldier's face. "I have that peace," he said; and his spirit fled to God, who gave it.

NUMBER THREE

WHAT IS THE WOMEN'S RELIEF CORPS DOING FOR THE G. A. R.? ADDRESS given by Eliot Callender at the Camp-Fire of the Women's Relief Corps, on the Occasion of the Fourteenth District Convention, 1899.



WHAT is the Women's Relief Corps doing for the G. A. R.? In answering that question, we are not all at a loss, as was the aged darkey, who had been stricken with a very severe illness, and had come so near the point of death that the doctor was making three visits a day; but on visiting his patient one morning, he found a great and radical change had taken place for the better, and the patient was on the sure road to recovery. He said to him, "Sam, you are so much better this morning, that I will not be obliged to call again before to-morrow; but for fear you might have a little pain in the interim, I will leave this prescription." After the doctor had gone, Sam called in a feeble voice to his wife, who was in an adjoining room, "Dinah, da's a 'scription on de table, what de doctah lef'; it's for my interum; please take it to de drug store and ask de man whether I is to take it eternally, or jus' rub it on de outside, an' if so, whar."

He didn't know the exact place where he was going to be benefitted, but we do. The work of the Relief Corps for the G. A. R. covers us in every

way, and—like a Jersey shirt—clings to us just as much in one place as another; and if we are cold and weak in any one place, that is just where the Relief Corps is on hand, in its ministering mercy and applying relief.

And look at its vitality! I have watched our own local Corps with unfeigned admiration; nothing downs it or discourages it. I have known them to have lawn teas, with no lawn to have them on; they have had successful steamboat excursions up the river, when there was so little water that the boat raised a cloud of dust as it moved off; they have had entertainments gotten up at considerable expense, where the weather, or something else, knocked out the attendance, and any other organization would have gone broke—but not they—instead of that, they first paid all their bills, then declared a dividend out of the balance, and then had money left to turn into the Relief Fund of the Post.

If the spiritual condition of the city was low and the churches neglected, they would get up card parties to get money away from the ungodly and put it to some good purpose. If a revival should break out in this city, I would expect to see our Relief Corps advertising “Converts’ Chicken Croquettes,—nothing but real Methodist chickens used”; and what the ladies are going to do when they get to that better land, where there is no sickness or sorrow, and no one needs help, I don’t know.

I will give way to no man in America in the matter of respect for the Women’s Relief Corps, and the more I am brought into contact with it, the better I know it, the more I respect and love

it. Heretofore, I have loved it for the good it has done, but now I am growing a wholesome respect for it as the most powerful organization amongst the patriotic societies of America. I speak advisedly.

You may talk as you please about the G. A. R., the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, the Sons of Veterans, and other patriotic organizations, but the Women's Relief Corps stands to-day, the first in strength, in life, and in its resources. With its four thousand organizations, expending last year \$160,000 in charity, and \$19,000,000 since its organization, where will you find its equal in strength and vitality? With an active membership of 150,000, it is growing; while, Comrades of the G. A. R., in the natural order of things, we are diminishing. As was said this afternoon, the G. A. R. brings to the Relief Corps, nothing; while the Relief Corps brings to us, everything.

The great tie that binds the G. A. R. is the one of comradeship; no one outside of the Order can appreciate the thrill that goes over the old soldier as he meets and grasps the hand of one who was a partner in all the vicissitudes of that awful war; who trudged with him in the long hours of the weary march; who lay with him during the long hours of the night, with the damp sod for a mattress and the stars for a covering; who drank with him from the same canteen; who exchanged experiences with him, perhaps in rebel prisons, or in adjoining cots in the same hospital.

Comrade Schimpff, who belongs to a number of societies, said in this hall once, that he knew of none whose ties were so strong as those of the G. A. R. But there is a new tie forming and

growing stronger every day in the G. A. R. It will not supplant the other, but it will grow along with it. It is a tie born of women's love, tenderness, and sympathy, and it holds the G. A. R. and the Women's Relief Corps together in bonds that the extinction of the G. A. R. alone will sever, and then it will take up our sons and do for them what it has already done for us.

NUMBER FOUR

ADDRESS given by Eliot Callender at
Installation of Sons of Veterans, January,
1900.



IN the early days of the Civil War, a small force which we had at Lexington, Mo., after a sharp conflict, surrendered to General Price with largely superior numbers. General Price detailed a number of his officers to search amongst the captured Union soldiers for ammunition, of which the Confederate army was very much in need. An Irish adjutant, by the name of Cosgrove, was interrogated by one of these officers, as to whether or not his command had any ammunition, and if so, where it was. "Bedad, sir," said Cosgrove, "all the ammunition we had, we give to you before we surrendered, and if we had any more, we would have given it to you before now."

I been have asked so often to address the Sons of Veterans, that I am quite sure I am in the same position as the adjutant, and have given you all I had on previous occasions, but I am glad of an opportunity to meet with you this evening, and still more glad to see there are lots of Bryner Post that feel as I do. No one can, or ought to be more interested in the Sons of Veterans, than the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, for if we have done anything that should live in the future, it is only through the Sons of Veterans and the Ladies' Relief Corps that it will be cherished and kept alive in the years to come.

I listened to a very interesting sermon last Sunday morning, on the relations of the old year just expired, to the new one which we are entering, and the text was taken from the words of the old priest, Simeon, when in the temple, the Infant Saviour was brought in: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for my eyes have seen the glory of the Lord."

Yesterday is history, tomorrow is hope, and their only meeting place is in the to-day. Simeon represented a day and generation that was past; the Infant Saviour, one that was to come: so the old year drops out, and the new year comes in; the one has become history, and the other, hope.

And it strikes me, my young friends, as a fitting illustration of the relations existing between the Grand Army of the Republic and the Sons of Veterans. Our day has gone, we live but in memory; gone are the days of the camp-fire, the dreary marches, the roar of artillery, and the rattle of musketry, the laying on our arms in the snow and storm by night, the midnight alarms, the shout of combat; we shall no longer look upon the upturned faces of our dead on the field of battle, nor carry our wounded comrades in our arms. That is now history,—glorious history, you may say,—but it is all of yesterday, and to-day we stand before you Sons of Veterans, who are our tomorrow, our hope, and our pride. Yours the reveille, calling you, full of the strength of young manhood, to fight the battle of life. For us, taps are sounding over the valley, and the time of our rest is at hand.

All over this broad land have been erected magnificent monuments to the memory of those who

upheld our country's flag in its hour of supreme peril; we have one in our own Court House yard that is the peer of any of them, in design, gracefulness, and beauty. But the best monuments to the boys in blue will not be found in marble shafts and bronze statues, no matter how costly or beautiful, but in the brave and loyal hearts of our boys, the Sons of Veterans.

You are our hope, you are our tomorrow, in you we live again. The principles for which we fought, you will fight for, if necessary; the flag we followed so proudly, is the flag you have sworn to protect; the work we have done, you have taken up, and no insult or dishonor to that beautiful banner of liberty will ever go unpunished as long as a son of a veteran is left.

Old Simeon, with his heart full of joy, took the Infant Saviour in his arms and blessed him, and so the Grand Army of the Republic, as it looks with pride on the stalwart and growing ranks of the Sons of Veterans, extends its "God bless you and keep you."

NUMBER FIVE

INAUGURAL ADDRESS AS COMMANDER OF BRYNER POST, Delivered by Eliot Callender, January, 1897.

ALLOW me to extend to my comrades of Bryner Post, my sincere thanks for the trust and confidence they have seen fit to repose, by calling me to the position of Commander of this Post. In accepting the same, I can but say that whatever lies in me shall be yours for the welfare of the Post, during the year we are just entering. Never was responsible position bestowed where the recipient felt more unworthy, or was more conscious how far he would fall short of rising to the wants and needs of the duties entrusted to him. We are not as young as we once were; the youth and vigor and life and strength that was ours in the 60's was sadly strained in the great struggle, and has been still further exhausted by the battle of life that we have been obliged to fight since those days. Our hearts may be young; our desires and intentions all that they should be; but the strength and vitality to carry those intentions into execution are no longer yours nor mine. And then, too, when it is taken into consideration that each year adds to the disabilities of our membership, it will be readily seen that the duties of your officers must, in the very nature of things, increase in the same ratio. Let me, therefore, Comrades, ask for myself and those who will come after me, your

patience. Credit me with the sincerest desire to fill this position to the best interests of the Post, and the satisfaction of every member in it. Mistakes, I shall not fail to make; shortcomings will outnumber the overcomings; I know of but one way we can be sure of success: are you willing to do your part to secure so desirable an end? If you are, I congratulate you here and now on the record that Bryner Post will make in 1897. If not, you can have no just cause for complaint, if we fall short of the privileges and opportunities lying within our reach. Let me ask every member of the Post to thoughtfully consider the words that fell from the lips of our Installing Officer tonight. They are the words of wisdom, and are founded on truth and experience: "Comrades of the Post, I now present to you the officers of your choice. I counsel you to aid them in the performance of their duties; to strengthen their hands, and to encourage them in their labors. With your help, their turn of office may be highly successful; without it, the result of their labors must be barren." Now I take it that there is no member, but desires the welfare and prosperity of this Post, and if this is so, your officers can count on every shoulder being put to the wheel.

A good parson once took charge of a large congregation in a flourishing city. He was received royally. Every member of his church took him by the hand and wished him "God speed." Every branch of work in the church took a new lease of life, and the good man felt that he had at last been located by God's Providence in a place that made life worth living. But before long, things began to drag a little. The life that started into his

church with him, didn't keep up its vitality. The parson felt that the fault must be his, and he worked all the harder. He rose early and worked late, but in spite of all he could do, things did not go on as he thought they ought to. Reproaching himself, he redoubled his efforts, but with no measure of success. Returning to his home after a particularly discouraging and disappointing day, he fell asleep and dreamed he was walking along a country road, and was surprised to come across his entire congregation surrounding a huge stage coach, which was without horses and blocked up the roadway. "We cannot get this thing out of the way," his elders told him as he came up to the throng. Taking in the situation, the parson said, "I will take hold of the tongue, you elders get hold of the front wheels, let the deacons tackle the rear wheels, and the balance of the congregation get behind the coach and push." It fairly flew at first, but soon the parson felt it pull a little harder, so he put in more muscle and bent himself to his work. But it pulled harder and harder, and when fairly out of breath with his efforts and nearly exhausted, he stopped and looked back to ascertain the cause of his trouble. Judge of his surprise when he found that one after another of his helpers had dropped their work and piled into the coach, and the poor preacher had been trying to pull the whole outfit.

Comrades, your officers need your help much more than you need theirs. Then, too, this incoming administration was born at a very unfortunate time. We take up the reins laid down by one of the most faithful and painstaking officers that this Post has ever had. Few know the hard work that Commander Smith has put in it during the

past year, but we all know how successful it has been. It is one thing to sit down and enjoy a dainty repast, but who gives a thought to the worry and care and skill that the good wife and mother has expended in getting up that repast for our enjoyment. I believe I voice the sentiment of the entire Post in acknowledging the debt of gratitude we owe to Commander Phil Smith and those he called around him as assistants, for one of the most successful and enjoyable years that Bryner Post has ever experienced.

And I can but hope that this new administration may find its way into the smiles and favor of that noble auxiliary organization, the Ladies' Relief Corps. The Grand Army has no friend so true, so loyal, so necessary to its very existence as the Ladies' Relief Corps. What the wife is to the home, in her never-ceasing ministrations, so is the Relief Corps to the Grand Army. And it is not only our duty, but our great privilege to aid and sustain that organization by every means in our power.

Now, next to the wife comes the child. The Grand Army has a child that is proud of his name, "Son of a Veteran," and we are unworthy sires if we neglect our offspring. May I ask every Comrade to join me in an effort to awaken a renewed interest in this organization of our boys? They have not only a right to demand our fostering care, but their success and welfare should lie very close to the heart of every member of the Post, for it is only through them that in a few years will the rising generation know of the Grand Army. The work that we are now trying to do, we will soon have to lay on them.

And now speaking of that work, and passing its fraternal and charitable features, I want to say one word on the duty laid on us all of fostering in the community where we live, that spirit of loyalty that saved this land over thirty years ago. We can preach it in our lives as well as our words, but our great opportunity and where the most telling and lasting work can be done, is in the privilege we enjoy of reaching the children in our public schools. Let me urge on those who are called to take a leading part in this work, to make the most careful preparation that their time will permit. Do not make the mistake that anything will do for the children; remember, the impression that your words make upon them, may be seeds from which may spring the future safety of the nation. We all value things by what they cost. Those young hearts little know what it cost "to keep our country undivided, and our flag maintained unsullied." It is our place to tell them, and indelibly impress upon them the priceless value of the liberty which will soon be in their keeping, and which can only be kept by eternal vigilance. It is our place to show them that "the only hope of our Republic rests in one country and one flag." Oh, at what a bitter cost, Comrades, have we learned this lesson.

No one knows, much less can anyone express in words, the tie that binds together the membership of the Grand Army of the Republic. A tie born on the field of battle, sealed with blood, and cemented by hours and days and years of hardship, self-denial, and deprivation, endured that those we hold dear and those who should come after us, might not only respect themselves, but demand and receive the respect of the world.

There has never been any love lost by the monarchies of Europe for the Republic carved out of English territory by the sword of Washington. They both hated and feared us, for its success meant nothing less than the downfall of monarchical institutions. Let it be once demonstrated that the people could govern themselves, and every civilized people would insist on, and sooner or later secure their rights. So when the cloud of war rolled over this fair land, there were no tears shed in Europe, and czar, king, and emperor looked gleefully for the time when the United States, rent asunder by civil strife, devastated and despoiled by the ravages of war, would no longer threaten the permanency of monarchical institutions. And would-be pall-bearers were not confined to Europe alone; right here on American soil, in the dark days of the 60's, many believed and said "the days of the Union are ended." And many more were for peace at any price. "Compromise" was the cry. "Let the South go!" And in the sullen atmosphere that preceded the storm Old Glory hung drooping at the masthead, and a cry went up over this once happy land, "Great God, what are we coming to!"

The foundations of the Government were shaken, and with it tottered every institution—commercial, industrial and educational—that lived and flourished because the Government lived and flourished. And now, with panic and fear in Washington, with consternation and distress in New York and Boston and Philadelphia, there arose one hitherto unknown in this country, without any name or prestage to inspire confidence, who took the American ensign and holding it

aloft, said, "I will make room for more stars in the azure heaven of that flag, and with God's help, there never shall be one less." Who is this, that in the then dark hours, when dismay and terror hung like a funeral pall all over this broad land? When the politician was wringing his hands, and the bondholder crying, "What shall we do to be saved?" When the wealthy were shipping their families to Europe, and the streets of every city in this country were filled with blanched faces and quaking knees. Who is this? Hitherto unknown, unhonored, and unsung, steps forward as the saviour of his country, bidding faith to the faithless, and hope to the hopeless?

It is the Boy in Blue.

How the Boy in Blue carried out his resolve, history has recorded. He lowered the first Confederate flag at Fort Henry; laid all night in the falling snow, and fought all day at Donelson. He was shot down in the Hornet's Nest at Shiloh, and sank beneath the blue waters of Hampton Roads in the "Congress" and "Cumberland." He ran the batteries at Vicksburg, and burned up with swamp fever at Chicasaw Bayou and Chichominy. He dug trenches, was blown up by mines. He ate poor food and drank water that he would have refused to wash swine in, at home. He languished in Southern prisons. He bared his breast to the thrust of the bayonet, and left arms and limbs on the battlefield and in the hospital. There was no privation that he was not called upon to endure, no suffering to which he was a stranger. Through weeks, and months, and

years, he kept his face to the foe until there was no more foe to face, and when Old Glory floated the undisputed emblem of the Nation from Maine to California, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, he could be found at Washington at the Grand Review, somewhat ragged and unkempt, to be sure, but with a heart that beat time to the music of Victory, and with the same step that he had followed the foe from Atlanta to the sea.

The politician and the bondholder emerged from their hiding places, and never ceased telling how they saved the country, while the Boy in Blue, paid off at the rate of \$13 a month in money that was worth sixty cents on the dollar, went back to the farm and the store and the shop, poorer in purse than when he entered the army, but with a consciousness of duty done, that was worth more to him than all the wealth of the Indias. The Good Book tells us that "All that a man hath will he give for his life." Four hundred thousand brave, loyal spirits during that awful struggle had fled to the God that gave them. Three hundred thousand more, took up the battle of life again, shattered in limb and body, crippled in everything but that God-given courage and loyalty that had held up the flag of his country in one hand, while he struck down treason with the other. A million more, hardened as they were to bloodshed and the strife of battle, took up the pursuits of every-day life, ploughed neglected fields, built barns and houses, bought and sold. An era of unexampled prosperity dawned over this once stricken land, and Europe stood aghast at the spectacle. History had never before chronicled such a country and such a people. Never be-

fore had such perfect liberty failed to merge into the most unbridled license. Never before had such an army thrown down their implements of warfare and taken up the implements of peace. One day the shock of battle; the next, the hum of industry. Emerging from a baptism of blood, Lincoln voiced a united people in the words, "With malice toward none and charity for all, let us do right as God gives us to see the right." And around the world rang the praises of the Great Republic. It had stood the test. It had come to stay. And in the third of a century that has passed since those days, what has the Boy in Blue done? He has been found always and all the time, just where you would expect to find one who had offered his life for his country's need. On that side of every question which would uphold his country's honor, serve her truest and best interests. The man does not live that ever bought or sold a soldier's vote. No cunning and speciously devised political trick, meaning wrong but masquerading under the name of right, ever victimized him. He had had burned into his very soul such a brand of loyalty, that he fought treason to that country's best interests as he had fought for its life in the years gone by.

And he has lived to see the day when, under the blessing of God, no nation in Europe or America but looks with respect on the Great Republic. He has lived to see the day when England, our old time enemy, seeks the arbitration of commissioners rather than that of war. He has lived to see the day when the United States of America can say to the proudest nation of Europe, "So far, and no farther," and the

mandate is obeyed. He has lived to see the day when Uncle Sam's finger is felt way off in South America, and when the oldest, haughtiest, and most bigoted of monarchies dreads that finger more than it does all the rest of the world put together, and when that monarchy is beseeching the Powers of Europe to stand between it and the wrath to come, arising all over this great land at the cruelty and oppression going on at our very doors. The Monroe Doctrine was a *theory* fifty years ago,—to-day it is a great substantial *fact*. The Stars and Stripes carry respect with them, no matter in what part of the world they wave. A great many things have contributed to this state of affairs, but with due respect, wherever respect is due, the fact that the United States was able, alone and without the consent or help of any other nation, to rise in its might and put down the most gigantic rebellion in the world's history, and when that was done, to turn its vast army into peaceable and law-abiding citizens, was the one great thing that woke the world to a knowledge of its power, and earned for our land the respect that it enjoys to-day. And, Comrades, the *Boy in Blue* put down that rebellion, and the *Boy in Blue* was the one that became the peaceable, law-abiding citizen.

I claim (and I do not think the claim can be disputed) that there is no distinctive class in our Nation that, first and last, has begun to do what the Union soldier has done for the life, perpetuity, and prosperity of our country. No man has more right to the respect and love of the community in which he lives, than the old soldier. And if he has not this, it is because he does not respect himself.

It is because he does not claim that which belongs to him. A whole generation, Comrades, has come and gone since the prayers of a nation followed you to the front. Let me ask you to leave no means in your power unused, to impress on those who are rapidly taking our places, the *great principles* for which you fought, and the *great fight* you put up for those principles. It will teach them that the priceless privileges they are enjoying, cost blood and treasure beyond expression, and it will teach them, too, that their young lives are what *they are*, because you were what *you were*, in the dark days of the 60's. And to that end, let me ask every soldier of the Civil War in this community to unite himself with the Grand Army of the Republic. Let those of us who know what the greatness of this Republic cost, stand together and by each other, during the days of life yet left us. We can do each other good, and we can do the community in which we live good, by and in this organization. You did not fight alone, but marched shoulder to shoulder. Come, Comrades, let us now walk together hand in hand. Our marching days are over, the evening has come, and the time for gathering around the camp. Will you not join us? We will gladly share with you. A soldier's welcome awaits you. Come and exchange experiences with us, of your battle of life, just as you used to in the old time recount around the camp fire the events of the day just past.


What a beautiful and touching sight that is, so often witnessed in this great land of ours, when once a year the family are gathered together in joyful re-union. From far and near, the sons and daughters, the brothers and sisters, gather under

the old roof where were spent their childhood years. Touching, I say, because with each year the locks are getting scantier and whiter on mother's and father's heads. Touching, because one year finds a vacant chair which has always been filled before. And each recurring gathering brings added aching hearts; but, how even the sadness binds in closer union, the survivors. They were all *so* necessary to each other in the days gone by; *doubly dear* when their numbers have become few, and their memories, many.

Soldiers of the Great War, if you have not already united with the Grand Army, wait no longer, and let each meeting of our Post be like a family re-union. Let us come together and talk of the old days. And if the memories of those who have been called home, lend a tinge of sadness to our meetings, those very memories will bind us who are left, *closer* and *closer* together, until we meet where our ranks will nevermore be broken and our Great Commander reigns supreme.

NUMBER SIX

MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS given by
Eliot Callender at Irving School.

HIRTY-THREE years ago this very month of May this city of Peoria was just such a bower of beauty as it is to-day. Flowers were blooming in the gardens, birds were singing. The trees were luxuriant with their wealth of Spring foliage; but there was something the matter,—what was it? There was a kind of a hush; people hurried along the streets and hardly spoke to each other. Everyone had an anxious, half-frightened look. Have you ever noticed how queerly things look just before a thunderstorm in Summer? What an awful stillness there is! How the birds hurry to their nests to protect their young! How everyone looks at that great black cloud with the lightning zigzagging through it! How the blinds and doors are shut and everyone waiting and fearing the moment when the storm will burst in all its fury! Well, it was some such an atmosphere as that, that hung over this city thirty-three years ago. The awful cloud of war had rolled up over this land, and was about to burst in all its fury, changing the most happy and peaceful and prosperous land on the face of the globe into one great scene of distress and anguish and horror.

Hark! what noise is that? Way off, up this very street that passes this schoolhouse, could be heard the sound of drums and fifes: nearer it comes,—louder and clearer can that martial music

be heard; and *there they come*, the boys in blue, the first Company raised in this city, marching with steady tread down this street on their way to the War. Some cheered them as they went by holding the beautiful stars and stripes aloft; some waived their hats and handkerchiefs. But many a mother turned from that sight, her heart nearly broken with anguish, not knowing whether she ever would see her boy again. Many a wife buried her face in her hands and wept, desolate and alone in her house, as her stay and support and comfort marched away behind those drums; would he ever come back? God alone could tell. *But our Flag had been fired on.* All that made this land worth living in had been threatened; wicked hands and cruel hearts would break up this, the best Government on the face of the earth, and fathers and sons left the farms, the stores, and the offices, determined to save this glorious Republic of freedom, or *die*.

A few months, and another company of soldiers marched down this street on its way to the South, and then another, and another,—leaving behind the weeping eyes and burdened hearts of more mothers and daughters and sweethearts.

Then came those dreadful battles, with their hundreds and thousands of torn and mangled and maimed human beings. The ground all along the border states was soaked in blood. Every shell that shrieked through the air and tore the life-blood from some brave heart, caused another shriek somewhere in the North, when the news reached some hitherto peaceful and happy home.

Let us draw a veil over the horrors of awful war. It lasted four years, and 600,000 brave men

laid down their lives before it was decided that the Stars and Stripes should continue to wave over the length and breadth of this great land, the undisputed emblem of the greatest Republic and the best Government on the face of the globe. Six hundred thousand men! Do you know how many that is? Standing in line as close as they could stand they would make a procession 170 miles long; farther than from here to Chicago. And as many more only lived to pass the remainder of their days with broken limbs and arms and shattered health. What an awful sacrifice!

Most of these have gone during these thirty-three years to join their comrades who died on the field of battle. And it is in memory of these departed heroes that one day was set apart in each year, called "Memorial Day," that grateful and loving hearts might show their appreciation of what these heroes have done.

The Good Book says, "All that a man hath will he give for his life." These men gave their lives that you and I might live and enjoy just what we are enjoying this day, and that is, the blessing of a free and peaceful land. You little appreciate *now* what that means—free and peaceful—because you have never known anything else, and I trust God in His mercy will never let you know anything else. But the day is coming when all those who are now working and planning and striving to keep this country free and peaceful, will have passed away, and this land will then be in the care and keeping of the boys and girls of to-day.

And why is it necessary for people to plan and to work to keep this land free and peaceful? No foreign power dares to insult this beautiful flag.

No, the danger is not there; it lies right in our midst. There are those living in this beautiful land of ours to-day, that, if they dared, would strike down these free public schools; there are those who have come to this country because they did not dare to say their souls were their own in the land to which they belong, who would gladly tear down this Government of ours, if they dared, and have no government, no law, no order. Then there are large numbers of short-haired women and long-haired men who, if they had their own way, would make this land of ours a howling wilderness in a year's time, with their crazy notions of what the Government ought to do for the people.

Now, my young friends, we who have fought to keep this land, "The land of the free and the home of the brave," will soon step down and out and leave it in your hands. Will you fight, if necessary, to keep it free and peaceful; or will you let a crazy horde of foreigners, or a still more crazy horde of domestic cranks, take it away from you and turn what is now the most blessed, peaceful, and happy land on the face of the earth, into a home of anarchy and distress; *will you do it?*

There are just two things I want you to remember every time your eye rests on the flag of our country. John Paul Jones, who commanded the first ship that ever carried an American gun, had a flag, and on it was a rattlesnake, and right over the snake were the words, "*Don't tread on me.*" Now you know it isn't at all healthy to tread on a rattlesnake; he will let you alone if you don't bother him, but he is as full of fight as an egg is full of meat, and will settle you for all time to come if you go near him.

And so, my young friends, see that brave and true hearts stand behind that flag, and let every foe of the Stars and Stripes—whether at home or abroad—know that of all the unhealthy jobs he ever undertakes, insulting that flag will be the worst.

During the War of 1812, in the engagement between the United States ship "Chesapeake" and the British ship "Shannon," Captain Lawrence, as brave and true an American as ever lived, was mortally wounded, and was carried dying down into the cabin; gasping for breath, he beckoned to those standing around him, and with the words, "Don't give up the ship," he fell back dead.

It was such a spirit as that, that wrested this land from English tyranny in the Revolutionary War; it was such a spirit as that, that humbled the pride of that same nation in the war of 1812; it was such a spirit as that, that carried that flag through the dark days of 1861 and 1862, and enabled us to thank God to-day for our country, for our homes, and for our flag.

NUMBER SEVEN

RESPONSE TO A TOAST TO "THE UNITED STATES NAVY," given by Eliot Callender before the Loyal Legion and invited guests, at the Auditorium Hotel Banqueting Room, January, 1898.

AN Irishman was once working with his spade in the basement of a house, and whether Pat dug too near the foundation, or what was the trouble, no one knows, but with a terrific crash the whole wall of the building commenced to fall in. Pat only stayed long enough to take in the situation, when, dropping his spade, he ran the length of the cellar and with a mighty leap sprang up into the air and through the basement window, and went rolling out over the sidewalk into the gutter. The air was filled with crashing timbers, bricks, and mortar. A crowd quickly gathered supposing the man was killed, but Pat jumped up, "a little disfigured but still in the ring," much to the astonishment of those gathered around. A good and pious friend laid his hand on Pat's shoulder, saying, "Your escape is simply a miracle, you ought to thank God from the bottom of your heart for preserving your life." "Well," said Pat, brushing the dirt and mortar from his clothes, "It is very grateful I am, to be sure, but did you mind the agility of me?" Forgive me, my friends, if in the five minutes allotted to me in responding to the subject of the "United States Navy," I indulge

in a little of the pardonable pride Pat showed on this occasion.

The first flag that ever floated from the mast-head of an American ship, John Paul Jones ran up on the "Bon Homme Richard" in the Revolutionary War. It was a blue field, with a rattlesnake coiled and ready to strike, and under it is the inscription, "Don't tread on me," and that comes so near indicating the spirit of the United States Navy from that day to this, that it shall serve me for a text. It was that spirit that, when England, stung by the loss of her colonies and despising the infant Republic, sought in 1812 to trample it under foot, created the American Navy.

It was *that* spirit that spread the sails and manned the guns of the ten serviceable vessels owned by the United States, and started them out on the blue waters of the Atlantic to take up the gage of battle with the greatest maritime power of the world; to make the domineering and arrogant Royal Cross of St. George *see* stars and *feel* stripes; and to break into England's boasted record that, in no equal or nearly equal naval action had she ever lost a ship or lowered a flag.

It was *that* spirit that fired Captain Hull, when on August 19, 1812, he ran the "Constitution" alongside the "Guerriere" and in one short hour stripped that vessel of every spar, and dropped her blood-red ensign into the sea.

It was *that* spirit that in October of the same year brought Stephen Decatur in the frigate "United States" into Newport Harbor, with the American ensign flying from the "Macedonian," one of the finest vessels in the English Navy. And who can blame the poet of that time, fairly

bursting with a combined attack of patriotism and the divine afflatus, relieving himself in these burning words:

“Then quickly met our Nation’s eyes
The noblest sight in nater,
A first-class frigate as a prize
Brought home by brave Decatur.”

And now in December of the same year, the gallant Bainbridge in the “Constitution” overhauls the “Java,” an English frigate outclassing old Ironsides in every way, and in less than two hours, one flag serves for two of them, and that flag the Stars and Stripes.

It was *that* spirit that took Perry in September, 1813, with his little fleet carrying but fifty-five guns, *out* of Put-in-Bay and *into* the midst of the British Fleet carrying sixty-three; and it was in the satisfaction of that spirit when, at the close of that bloody conflict, seven English officers having tendered him their swords, that he tore the back off of an old letter and using his hat for a writing-desk, penned that immortal message to General Harrison, “We have met the enemy, and they are ours.”

And coming down to later days, when a part of the people of this land asserted their right to trample the Constitution under foot and desecrate our flag, by plucking stars from its azure field,—it was *that* spirit that lowered the first Confederate flag at Fort Henry to Foote; that destroyed the Confederate Fleet at Memphis; that passed the lion-hearted Farragut through a seething hell of destruction at New Orleans, which rained alike in the air, on the earth, and in the waters.

It was *that* spirit which turned the guns of the Confederate ram “Tennessee” in one hour and

forty minutes, on those who up to that time had made them and served them.

It was *that* spirit that moved the "Little Monitor," that Sunday morning, from under the lee of the "Minnesota" and ranged her alongside a foe four times her size, and whose fate was sealed from that hour.

It was *that* spirit which took Charles Waldo of this commandery into Galveston Harbor that dark night, when he captured and destroyed the "Royal Yacht," so close under the guns of the Confederate Fort, that they could not be trained on his boats. It was the spirit on which fed the gallant Rogers and Meade and Dahlgren and Porter, and last, but not least, that carried the ever-memorable "Kearsarge" over the broad Atlantic to search, meet, and destroy a foe her equal in every respect, and more than her equal in many respects.

And it was *that* spirit that, when Spain spurned our offers of mediation with Cuba, and Spanish students trampled and spat upon the American Flag in the streets of Barcelona, that sent Fighting Bob Evans to the Navy Department with the prayer and promise that if they would let him take the "Indiana" to Havana, there "would be nothing but Spanish spoken in hell for the next three months.

Mr. Commander, every American revels in the glories of American History; I am willing *that* history should speak, as it does speak, and always will speak, for our navy. It has never failed to rise to the full measure of its country's necessities, and *mark my words*, the history yet to be made of the military achievements of our Great Republic,

and which will be read by those who come after us, will show that the glory shed upon the American Navy by Hull, Decatur, Bainbridge, Perry, and Farragut, was taken up by those upon whom the mantle of these immortals had fallen, and was carried to still higher and more dazzling heights.

NUMBER EIGHT

WHAT THIS OLD GUN SAW. Given by Eliot Callender, Court House Square, Peoria, October, 1899.



F this grim trophy could speak, what history more interesting than the tale it could tell? Mounted on the rocky heights at the entrance of the harbor of Santiago, peering through the embrasure in the dark and gloomy fortress of Morro Castle for many and many a year, it has looked out over the bright green waters of the southern sea by day, and listened to the waves by night as they dashed against the giant rocks that guard the dark and narrow entrance to the harbor; and over and above it all these years, has floated in sullen defiance, the red and yellow banner of Spain—the emblem of tyranny and oppression, superstition and bigotry, the parallel of which the history of the world shows us no counterpart.

This gun has witnessed one of the most marvellous workings of Divine Providence, ever unfolded to man: it has seen that nation which alone of all the Powers of Europe, has resisted the onward march of civilization and enlightenment, who, at one time was the dominant Power of the world, upon whose possessions the sun never set, but whose progress and whose history is little less than a horrible record of cruelty and bloodshed; a nation without the word "Liberty" in its language, and who hated and fought it whenever and wherever they found it: the Inquisition was a fit

expression of the undying hatred of the Spaniard to everything in the nature of individual liberty or freedom of conscience.

This gun is now to see the curtain rung down on this last ditch of Mediæval barbarism, whose banner of blood and gold tells of the one that has been shed for the other, that has been carried around the world, leaving a trail of death and destruction, of misery and oppression; the flag of the infamous Alva, whose victims will cry to God for vengeance as long as time lasts; the flag of Cortes that waved in triumph over a land fairly soaked with the blood of the gentlest and most peace-loving race of its time; the flag of Pizarro, who fairly incarnadined the snow-clad Peruvian Andes in his thirst for gold.

This gun has heard the wail that rose from one end of Cuba to the other, as she was ground under the iron heel of the oppressor; heard the reports of the guns that dropped to the earth the Americans that comprised the "Virginus'" crew; has heard the clanking chains in the still hours of the night, that echoed from the dungeons under the Castle walls, and, finally, heard the call of God to the young Republic across the sea, to smite the oppressor, hip and thigh, and wipe away every vestige of Spanish rule from the face of the Western Continent.

And what a sight was this! Arrayed against each other stood the last stronghold of tyranny, darkness, and cruelty, whose history was written in blood, and the cries of whose victims encompassed the world; and facing it stood America, the youngest of nations, who had no history, except a struggle for liberty,—the home of freedom, of

education, of humanity, and of civilization. It was a struggle of darkness and light for mastery, and there could be but one issue for such a conflict.

And so this old gun awoke one bright morning and barked its indignation to see the beautiful, bright banner of liberty proudly floating from an American man-of-war, as it stood watch and ward off the mouth of the harbor of Santiago, and it probably failed to do justice to the wrath which filled it, as it saw that solitary cruiser joined by another, and another, until the whole offing was spotted with men-of-war, large and small, armored and unarmored, but over each and every one proudly floated the glorious Stars and Stripes.

Whatever that flag represented, the Spaniard hated—he had hated it from the time that the Declaration of Independence had declared that all men were created free and equal—he hated the freedom, the enlightenment, the progress, the strength; and that the United States is not wiped off the map of the world, and its flag nothing but a memory, is no fault of Spain, and no fault of this old gun whose advent among us we are celebrating to-day.

And now this old gun was kept busy seeing things by night as well as by day: it saw about an hour before dawn, when the darkness had surpassed that of midnight, the “Merrimac” crawling through the narrow entrance to the harbor, on whose decks Hobson and his equally brave comrades silently guided it to its destination—feeling his way along through the still, black waters, though it rained a perfect hell of shot and shell on their devoted heads, from the hills above and the waters beneath; mines were exploded before him and after him, and the air was full of flying

missiles, and how one of that gallant little crew ever lived to tell the tale, God alone knows.

It saw the fated "Merrimac" blown into the air by Hobson's own hands; saw it sink beneath the waves; saw its struggling crew with only their heads above the water, clinging to the raft, from which they were taken, by no less a hand than Cervera's, and immured in one of the dungeons of old Morro.

It saw the gallant Cadet Powell with a little steam launch following closely after the "Merrimac," with the hopes of rescuing and carrying back to the fleet, its crew; saw him, when hope was lost, put back through the perfect storm of Mauser bullets that fairly churned the water through which he rushed, unharmed.

And many a night this old gun trembled as the little "Vesuvius" poked her nose close up to the mouth of the harbor in the stillness of the night, and woke the lower part of Santiago Bay with the thunder of its dynamite shells. Once, twice, three times did it see Sampson's Fleet steam boldly up within a thousand yards and then turning, steam back leaving broken walls, death, and destruction in its wake.

It saw the "Reine Mercedes," while gallantly helping the forts resist Sampson's assault, struck in the bow by a missile from one of our thirteen-inch rifles, which plowed through it from end to end and sank it in the dark waters of the bay.

It could hear the sharp cracks of the rifles over on San Juan hill and at Siboney, as the gallant Wood, Wheeler, and Roosevelt charged up those perilous heights; and its peace of mind was hardly strengthened as it saw the Stars and Stripes float over that hill as well as the sea in front of it.

And, finally, on that ever memorable third of July morning when Sampson's magnificent fleet was quietly rocking on the swell of the ocean, with a little pennant flying over each vessel, showing that the hour of inspection and divine service had arrived, when every sailor in that fleet, garbed in clothes of spotless white, was ranged along the decks ready to hear the words from the Book that taught "Peace on earth, good will to men", it saw the black smoke rising from the northern end of the harbor; saw the "Marie Teresa," flying Admiral Cervera's flag, coming down the harbor out of the cloud of smoke which had enveloped her, with every pound of steam that her immense boilers could carry, decks all cleared for action, guns all shotted and trained in readiness for the inevitable; saw her dash through the tortuous outlet of the harbor, past old Morro Castle, followed by the huge black sides and bristling ports of the "Admiranti Oquendo," the smoke of her black funnels rising just in time to admit a view of the pride of the Spanish Navy, the beautiful "Vizcaya," with the haughty and imperious Eulate pacing up and down its quarter-deck, its crew of 500 men stripped to the waist and eager for the fray, followed in turn by that fleet-footed monster, the "Christobal Colon," fairly dividing the waters of the bay as it rushed on; and last, but not least, the torpedo boat destroyers, "Pluton" and "Furor," looking like black imps of the devil, and whose presence in American waters had caused more apprehension than all Spain's war vessels put together. On they came, with their speed at thirty miles an hour, torpedo boats loaded and ready to carry to the bottom any vessel that might come in their path.

And now, if this old gun which has been looking at this sight, had cast its eyes toward the sea, what a transformation it would have witnessed! The long rows of seamen ranged along the decks of the United States vessels, arrayed in their spotless garments, are gone—huge volumes of smoke are pouring from every funnel of every vessel in the range of vision; the magnificent "Brooklyn," under the command of the gallant Schley, runs up the signal, "Make for the enemy," "Remember the 'Maine.'" A mighty cheer arises from that fleet; Old Glory that had been hanging listless at the masthead, stands out proud and firm, as each vessel, with the engineer's bell clanging "Go ahead at full steam," starts through the waters on a race for victory or for death; a terrific roar as the tremendous batteries on both fleets belched forth defiance; vivid flashes of light as whole broadsides spoke at once; a heavy cloud envelopes the exciting scene; all the guns on Morro Castle and the Socapa open on our fleet, and the valleys around old Santiago fairly tremble with the reverberation.

On comes the "Maria Teresa," encountering first the "Indiana," then the "Brooklyn," and, with her decks slippery with blood, her guns dismounted, on fire at both ends, her helm is turned for the shore as the peerless "Oregon" rushes on the scene, followed by the "Texas" and the "Iowa"; a crash on the rocks, and Admiral Cervera's flagship is no more. The "Admiranti Oquendo," with all steam on, tries to run the terrible gauntlet, but gets a mile beyond the wreck of the "Maria Teresa," when she fairly breaks in two in the middle under the terrible rain of shot and shell.

Eulate, on the "Vizcaya," seeing the hopeless-

ness of the struggle, turns out of his course to attack the "Brooklyn." If destruction must come, he will destroy, as well as be destroyed; but the "Brooklyn's" terrible guns are ringing her death knell as her helm is thrown to port to parallel the "Vizcaya's" new course: a running battle of eight miles, and with half his men killed and wounded, his ship on fire, Eulate, with a broken heart, turns his prow to the shore and with the steel projectiles of the "Brooklyn," "Texas," and "Oregon" tearing his beautiful boat asunder, the "Vizcaya" crashes on the shore. "Don't cheer," says Captain Jack Phillips of the "Texas," "the poor devils are dying"; and he turns all the resources of his gallant battleship (but a moment ago a demon of destruction) into an angel of mercy.

But that greyhound of the Spanish Fleet, the "Christobal Colon," keeping close to the shore and running like a deer, had passed the "Vizcaya" before Eulate had given up the struggle, and was two miles to the west, on the road to Havana and safety. Safety! there was no safety in sky, sea, or air, for that Spanish Fleet. The "Brooklyn," by this time, had gotten full steam up and put out after the "Colon" at the rate of eighteen knots an hour; she could just reach the "Colon" with her long guns, but if the "Colon" could outfoot her, an hour would put her in safety. But what is that huge black mass that comes rushing through the water with the roaring foam piled to the golden crest of her breakwater? It is the immortal "Oregon" under the gallant Clark; passing the "Brooklyn" (thought to be the fleetest boat in our navy), with her engineers and firemen stripped to the waist, her furnaces at white heat, and with

Eberle at his thirteen-inch rifle, dropping a thousand-pound steel projectile on and in the immediate vicinity of the on-rushing "Colon" every seven minutes, the "Oregon" made the run of her life and won a place that will never be lost as long as an American heart shall beat. For forty-eight miles the "Colon" kept up the struggle, when, seeing its hopelessness, with the "Brooklyn" and the "Oregon" already off her port bow, her commander turned her head to the shore, and dropping her ensign of blood and gold in token of defeat, he opened her sea valves and Cervera's Fleet was no more.

And now, on the morning of July 14th, our gun is a witness to the last act in the drama: Santiago surrenders, and from that tall flagstaff on Morro Castle is slowly and sadly lowered the Spanish standard, which has flouted defiance to the world from time almost beyond the memory of man, and it hardly disappears until there bursts into view, climbing into the air, the flag of the Great Republic—the glorious Stars and Stripes. A new day had dawned upon Cuba and, let me add, the world.

NUMBER NINE

ADDRESS AT THE GRAVE OF COLONEL THRUSH, Memorial Day; for Sons of Veterans, by Eliot Callender.



TILL waters run deep." It is not in the noisy brook, but in the silent river that we look for strength and depth. The froth and fury of the breakers on the ocean shore but mark the sandy shoal. It is away out where the deep sea rolls in silent grandeur, that the navies of the world ride in safety. As in nature, so with humanity. The world's greatest heroes have come from the ranks of its quiet men. It was not the general who filled the newspapers with his general orders from headquarters in the saddle, but the one who in thirteen words designated his line of action that compelled the surrender of Lee's army. It has been actions, not words. It has been thought and not sounds that has wrought out the problems that have come up for solution in the world's history.

We stand to-day around the grave of one who in life was one of the world's quiet men, gentle, modest, unassuming, but with a quiet dignity that, like the silent river, betokened depth. There was that about him that told of a reserved force, irresistible if once aroused. A warm friend, a loving father, a faithful and devoted husband with all about him to create an ideal and happy life. Loved and being loved, he cut every tie at his country's call and sought his place at the forefront of battle.

Of such stuff are heroes made. I know of no

one who comes nearer my ideal of a hero than Colonel Wm. A. Thrush.

In the month of April, 1862, the Mississippi Squadron, under command of Rear Admiral A. H. Foote, ran the blockade at Island No. 10, destroyed the batteries below the island, put to flight the Confederate gunboats, ferried General Pope's army across the river, and on the 7th day of April, the island, with its extensive fortifications, including sixty-four pieces of siege artillery surrendered to Admiral Foote; while, the next day, General Pope took in the Confederate army numbering over 5,000, together with a large store of munitions of war. This was the same day as the battle of Shiloh. On the evening of April 8th, after the turmoil and confusion of three days of fighting, the gunboat "Cincinnati," on which I was serving, tied up to the bank of the river at New Madrid Mission, where General Pope's army was encamped. A number of army officers came aboard the boat, amongst them, Colonel Thrush. Coming up to me, with his quiet smile and taking my hand, he said: "I have just returned from home. I bring you a message from one who looked as if she would have given worlds to have brought it to you herself." I can see that kindly eye and feel the pressure of that hand even now. Just six months to a day from that eventful evening, that hand was cold in death, and those eyes that expressed so much to me, were closed forever. His life's blood was ebbing away on the bloody field of Corinth. A sacrificial offering on his country's altar, offered up that this land might be a Nation and not a Confederation; that not a star might be effaced from that glorious banner, and that this land

might, indeed, be the land of the free as well as the home of the brave.

“ How sleep the brave who sink to rest
With all their country's wishes blest,
When spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
If there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than blooming fancy ever trod.”

Peacefully, amid these beautiful surroundings, in the home he loved so well, he sleeps; but sleeping, he speaks, and the word to you, Sons of Veterans, who have honored yourselves in honoring him, is this, “Suffer not this precious blood which has been shed, to have been shed in vain; suffer not a traitorous tongue to wag throughout the length and breadth of this fair land.” A priceless heritage is intrusted to your care and keeping; a heritage of freedom, a heritage of the grandest system of government the sun ever shone on. Can you look upon the folds of that starry flag and not have your hearts stirred within you, the thought of all the blood and tears and agony that it has cost, that it might float as it does to-day over a nation of freemen? That flag first saw the light of day in heroic hands, for heroes like Colonel Thrush have lived and died, and into the hands of the young men of America, it now passes. I know it will never lack in their hands, the love, devotion, and courage that has held it aloft since the days of Washington.


“ Flag of the Heroes who left us their glory
Borne through our battlefields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illuminant in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame.

Lord of the Universe shield us and guide us
Trusting Thee always through shadow and sun,
Thou hast united us—who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us, the many in one.”



NUMBER TEN

ADDRESS ON BEHALF OF THE Y. M. C. A., given by Eliot Callender, before the Congregation of Christ Church, Peoria, 1898.

VER twenty years ago, some eight or ten gentlemen were gathered one evening at the residence of one of Peoria's leading merchants. It was not an extraordinary meeting, in any sense of the word,—many meetings, before and since, have taken place in Peoria, more noticeable in many ways, but none, perhaps, that have resulted in more good from both a civic and religious point of view, than this meeting. For then and there it was decided to organize a Young Men's Christian Association in the city of Peoria. I will not weary you with an account of the early years of this Association, for every movement of a religious or reformatory nature in this city has passed through a like experience. Days when weak-kneed friends advocated a funeral. Days when no one knew how long the patient could survive the ordeal it was passing through. This church, and, so far as I know, every church in this city has passed through just such times, but if God be for us, who can be against us, and who can doubt His sustaining power and help to any organization which has for its avowed purpose, God's glory, and the good of mankind?

And now, friends of Christ Church of Peoria, on this, the twenty-first anniversary of the organization of the Young Men's Christian Association

of Peoria, I have been delegated to set before you:

1. What this Association is.
2. What it is doing.
3. What we expect to do.
4. What we will ask you to do for us.

Now, please don't anticipate a collection, and look at me as if you had plenty on your own account. We need money just as badly as any one, but I am not here to-day to ask you for one cent. The only collection I will ask, will be for you to collect your thoughts for just a few moments on the facts and figures I am to give you, and then I will ask you, if the Association commends itself to your judgment as a Christian and a citizen of Peoria, that you will give us your good will, your prayers, and your cordial co-operation and help, whenever and wherever you can find opportunity to do so.

FIRST: What is the Young Men's Christian Association? It is not an association of Christian young men, but an association that aims to help young men, morally, physically, and religiously. It comes into direct competition with the saloon, the gambling hell, and the brothel, as to where the spare hours of the growing boys of Peoria shall be spent. It provides pleasant rooms, pleasant company, good reading, opportunities for study, and innocent and healthful amusements. It comes at a time when so many young men feel they have outgrown the Sunday School of their boyhood days,—at a time when fond parents fear their control of this boy is slipping away from them. It comes to such and says: "Here are hundreds of your young friends and associates, here are pleasant and profitable surroundings, here is exercise for your growing muscles, and food for your growing

minds. Here are amusements free from vile associations, and pleasures unmarred by the trail of the serpent. All that you will get here will make your home the dearer, and your church the more sacred, for He who made the one and founded the other, is the Way, and the Truth, and the Life, of every Young Men's Christian Association." To the youth so unfortunate as to be devoid of home or church, or both, it says, as Moses said unto Hobab, "Come and go thou with us, and we will do thee good." While God has given us nothing that can fully take the place of either home or church, the properly equipped Association will go a long way toward supplying the want, and what is best of all, tends to inculcate a desire and love for both.

There is no more restless time in a man's life, than when changing from boyhood to manhood. He feels the warm, rich, healthy blood surging through his veins. He feels the coming of a man's strength, which often gets in ahead of man's wisdom and discretion, and that is a dangerous time. That budding man is going to find a vent for his energies, and if he does not find it in good ways, he is going to find it in bad. He is going to seek company of some kind, and go with the crowd. The Young Men's Christian Association steps right in here and does some of its best work. It aims to surround the young man with bright, wide awake company, and plenty of it. It has got him to blowing cornets and pounding drums. It has got him kicking footballs and riding wheels. It has got him training his voice and expanding his chest. It has got him studying bookkeeping and German, and brightening his wits in Debating Societies, and there are more than a thousand of

them doing these very things in the Young Men's Christian Association of Peoria. You cannot take a hearty, healthy, vigorous boy and give him a copy of "Baxter's Saints' Rest," and tell him to be good. It will be anything but a saint's rest in his vicinity. Take up that hearty, vigorous vitality, give it something healthful to expand and grow on. Turn those energies in right channels, and you will soon develop a good, strong, healthy man, with good, honest true impulses. You will get a good citizen, a good father, and a good Christian.

This is the work we are doing, my friends, and I ask you in all sincerity, if we do not demonstrate not only our right to live, but our right to your hearty co-operation and help—to your God-speed. The church cannot do this work, it cannot provide the accessories. Neither can we do the work of the church. Have you ever gone into the printing rooms of one of our daily papers, and seen that machine that takes up, sheet by sheet, from the pile of paper, and feeds it into the great press? Well, the Young Men's Christian Association is the feeding machine, and the press is the church. All through the year our young men are coming to the church, and saying, "I am now ready to enter into covenant relations with the people of God."

But I find in telling you what the Young Men's Christian Association is, I have run into my second part, and am telling you what it doing; so I will pass that in a few statistics for 1898.

I have lived to see the membership grow from eighteen to this number—one thousand—and I expect to live to see it nearly double that number, and that brings me around to our third heading of "What we expect to do."

Well, with God's help, we expect to keep pace with the growth of the city of Peoria, and that means a good deal. Have you any idea how this city has shaken itself out of its swaddling clothes during the past five years, and what marvellous strides it is taking toward a metropolitan city? Have you noted the manufactories built, building, and in contemplation? Do you know that the business of this city has nearly doubled in that time, and that literally thousands are coming to this city every year, and making their homes here? Think of this city five years ago, and then jump on the street cars and just note what you can see for a nickle—north, south, and west, farther and farther out advances the army of dwellings. Where corn was raised five years ago, ground is now worth \$20 a front foot, and there is no day in the year, excepting Sundays, when you may not hear a whole orchestra of saws, hammers, chisels, and planes, in any part of the city you choose to go. If *you* do not know this, there are those all over the United States that *do*, and you are going to meet them face to face before long. Railroads that turned the cold shoulder to Peoria a few years ago, are lying awake nights *now* to figure out how they can best get in, and this all means, my friends, that every Christian, or reformatory, or benevolent organization in the city that expects to keep pace with its growth, has got all the work on its hands that it can attend to. And when you consider that the pioneers in any city's growth, are men—and mostly young men—you can begin to realize what the Young Men's Christian Association has got to do, if it does its duty. Hardly a day passes by, when a stranger does not drop into our rooms. Every effort is

made to make him feel at home,—to make him acquainted. Cheerful rooms, good papers and books, are at his disposal; if needed, a boarding house is looked up for him, and now let me ask you, where else in the city could he go as a stranger and be made welcome, unless it was some place where he would have to *buy* his welcome, and the welcome runs out at the same time his money does?

Now, what do we ask you to do for us?

Remember us and our work in every way in your power. Encourage your boys to unite with us, and have them do so with the thought that they are not only helping themselves, but others, by so doing,—that they are taking up real, practical, Christian work in the Association, and work that God is blessing by results that can be seen and felt. We ask you to look on us as your helpers, and not in any sense of the word, rivals. We ask you to join hands with us in the good work we are trying to do in a special field; to save our young men, to guide their feet in safe roads, to lead them into the course that will make them good citizens, good heads of families, and above all, good Christians. And in doing this, you will aid in a work that was dear to the hearts of two honored and revered members of this church—A. G. Tyng and Charles F. Bacon. And amongst the many friends the Young Men's Christian Association of Peoria claim in your living membership, you have given us our vice-president, one of two who have fairly carried the financial burden of the Association in the most trying times of its history.

NUMBER ELEVEN

RESPONSE TO TOAST: "WOMAN AND HER RELATION TO BANKING," given by Eliot Callender at Banquet, National Hotel, Peoria; on the occasion of Illinois State Bankers' Convention.



WHEN half of this country was at war with the other half, and our half was down in their half, we were obliged to keep our eyes open whenever we wandered away from camp, that we might be able to get back when we wanted to. I approach this toast with very much such a feeling, and only trust that if I can pick up courage to go into it a little way, I may be able to get back in good order. Any subject connected with woman or her interests, has to be delicately and carefully handled in this city of Peoria, for the sex has a club here, some four hundred strong, with many of the brightest and keenest intellects of the city for members, with a handsome and commodious club house, equipped with anything and everything necessary for the maintenance of women's rights, and woe to the unlucky wight who throws down his gauntlet at the portal of that institution. Only one man living ever attempted it, and he is not here now, and he didn't dare to live alone any longer, even where he went.

So I want to say right here and now, if anything in my response to this toast meets with the disapproval of any lady in Peoria, I want it understood, in the first place, that I never said it, and

in the second place, that I didn't mean at all what she supposed I did. I have long watched with anxious solicitude the waning vegetation on the top of my head, and I am not willing to have it suddenly and violently converted into a desert place.

WOMAN AND HER RELATION TO BANKING.

I infer that this toast brings up to mind the story of the husband who surprised his wife on her birthday, with a bank book, showing a substantial little deposit, and a check book, the only condition being that this was her money, she was to spend it just as she pleased (husbands are always doing such things as these). She gave him a hearty kiss and opened up next morning on her financial career, by buying a paper of pins and proudly giving the storekeeper a check on her bank account for the amount.

She walked the streets, conscious that as long as that check book lasted she was monarch of all she surveyed. And she was going to show John, too, what a sensible little head rested on her shoulders. She would not make the mistake that Rockefeller did, and buy a university that turned out boys and girls with those hideous mortar board hats,—at least not while Graves had such lovely ones, and so reasonable too.

So she went on her way, dispensing her checks in her own sweet and incomparable manner, until one morning the mail carrier brought her a communication from the cashier, that her account was overdrawn, and trusting that there was no mistake, etc., he was most truly hers.

The horrid wretch, how dared he invade the sancity of that home, and mix himself up in her

family affairs. She wouldn't tell John because he would thrash that fellow within an inch of his life. She would settle him herself,—and she *did*. When he looked up the next morning through the polished brass railing, built expressly to keep the poor banker from the vengeance of an outraged public, he saw a slight figure, but Oh my! the roses on top of her hat were playing leap frog, and the icy glint of those blue eyes would have forced frost into the North Pole. If it had been a man, he would have grabbed for his revolver, but as it was, his knees rattled, and he suffered and was still.

“What does this mean?” she said in a tone that stopped the clock and dropped the thermometer off the wall. “Why, madame, that is—you know—our books show that your account has been overdrawn,—as it were,—maybe it is a mistake, madame. Leave your book here and we will have it written up.” “I will do nothing of the kind,” she replied, “I am entirely capable of doing all the writing in that book that is necessary,” and majestically taking her check book out of its newspaper wrapping fastened with two pins, she said, “See here, young man (cashiers are always young, their life is such a happy one), my husband gave me that book for my very own. It is not half used up yet, and I will just thank you to mind your own business.” There was a vanishing rustle of skirts, and the silence she left in that banking room was something appalling.

But I have never seen the papers for this story, and it may be a miserable slander. For I start out with the assertion that while some bankers become financiers by force of circumstances, women were born so.

When money gathers at all the centers and the market is glutted, who so sweetly and persistently starts it into needed circulation? Financiers may study and write and plan and think over the situation, but woman, with her unerring instinct, cuts the Gordian knot. "If money is so plenty, what better time, John, to get my seal skin sacque and winter hat, and put a new carpet in the parlor, and give that little company we have been talking about so long." John weakens, and the hearts of the furrier, the milliner, the carpet man, and the caterer, are rejoiced, and so are their creditors and their creditors' creditors, and times get better, and business picks up. What *won't* pick up when a woman gets after it.

The best banker is probably he who is the best judge of credits. Then women should be bankers, and the men stay at home and mind the children. A woman will go into church, and with one sweep of her eye, will correctly diagnosis the financial condition of every family in it. She will recognize Mrs. Brown's last year's hat, in spite of the new trimming on it. Why didn't Mrs. Brown have a new hat? Poor Mrs. B.—sorry her husband isn't doing better. And she wont get fooled, either. There are the Smiths, all with new hats; but that don't work, for Mrs. Smith has let one of her girls go, and they only take one quart of milk a day. The Smiths are sledding along on hard ground, and she knows it, and their new hats don't throw any dust in her eyes.

I often think, if we bankers had less sense, and more of woman's unerring instinct, we would not have so much to charge up to profit and loss.

The items of interest and discount are very im-

portant factors in a banker's business. How about women in relation to them?

Well, there is nothing in this mundane sphere in which there is so much *interest* taken, as in woman. As for *discount*, she discounts the whole world, and you know it. As to bills receivable and bills payable, who so competent to deplete the one and build up the other. The banker lies awake nights planning to keep up his reserves, while there is no woman living who hasn't reserve to burn.

So we see that in every detail of banking, woman not only holds her own, but is really, as in other relations of life, the *Better Half*. *She* is the power behind the throne. She is now, and always has been, the active moving spirit of the world. Adam would have been lying around the Garden of Eden yet, naming animals for a living, if it hadn't been for woman. When Eve appeared, business started up. She opened up negotiations with the Serpent, and while the pomological deal that resulted, has been looked upon as a bad investment for their children; it was quite the reverse, for work is not a curse, but the lack of it certainly is. Adam and Eve went on the road, and the commercial traveller is with us yet to-day.

Some old dyspeptic pagan slanders Pandora, when he tells us that she let all man's blessings but one escape out of her box. I would like to know what the blessings were good for, shut up in the box. Pandora did just what her sex has done for man ever since: scattered blessings along his path of life, so that he has been enabled to sing while he worked, and feel that life was worth living, because *she* lived and loved and toiled and planned for him.

“To chase the clouds of life’s tempestuous hours,
To strew its short but weary way with flowers,
New hopes to raise, new feelings to impart,
And pour celestial balsam on the heart.
For this to man was lovely woman given,
The last, best work, the noblest gift of Heaven.”

And I can see in my mind’s eye, walking down to his business of a morning, a banker with dignified mien, white necktie and gold eye-glass. He is a big man in the community in which he lives, he knows,—in fact he has often told himself so, confidentially. He can paralyze the industries of his town by drawing up his purse strings; yet he has just left one who could paralyze *him* and would too, if he didn’t behave himself. If he is (and we will admit he is) honorably filling an honorable position, ten to one he has left one at home who has made him what he is.


“Disguise our bondage as we will,
’Tis woman, woman rules us still.”

And it is a blessed good thing that this is so. Blessed, if honor and honesty and justice and mercy have anything to do with dealings between man and man.

“God in his harmony has equal ends
For cedar that resists and reed that bends.
For good it is that woman sometimes rules,
Holds in her hands the power, and manners, schools,
And laws, and mind, succeeding master proud,
With gentle will and smiles she leads the crowd.”

NUMBER TWELVE

THE HORSE HE RODE. Written by Eliot Callender for Frank Leslie's Weekly, 1899.

 O one of a reflective turn of mind, the study of fellow-passengers is an unfailing source of enjoyment; the more so, on the Trans-Continental lines of railroad, where stations are far apart and the scenery somewhat tiresome at times, through sameness.

On a bright day some time ago, it was my fortune to constitute one of a well-filled carload of passengers who had been domiciled in the Pullman car "Moza," enroute from Kansas City to El Paso, Texas. My interest in my fellow-travellers concentrated on two, representing as they did, widely divergent phases of life. As far as the East is from the West, so far, indeed, were these lives removed from each other—past, present, and future. They occupied only in common, the plain of youth. God's mysterious Providence had set a great and impassible gulf between them otherwise.

Lieutenant H—— of the —— U. S. Infantry, enroute to the San Carlos Agency to enlist a company of Apache Indians for his regiment, was one of the finest specimens of physical manhood it has been my fortune to meet. West Point turns out many such, manly, brave, vigorous, young fellows, as well equipped in mind as in body. What is more beautiful than youth? When to the graces of person are added those charms of easy self-possession acquired by mental discipline, aided, per-

haps, by travel at home and abroad. Then too, these young officers, whose future is assured so far as this life is concerned, show a freedom from the care and anxiety that so early furrows the brows of the young men in civil life. Well fed, well clothed, an honorable and honored profession, an education which, so far as the practical phase of life is concerned, is not furnished by the best colleges of our land. Necessarily sound in body, they come from West Point to enter the duties of life, endowed with all that the wealth of this great Nation can give them. And the lieutenant, this bright morning, full of life, was the center of attraction to more than myself. There is a contagion of the sunshine of youth, and I pity one who does not seek to warm himself in its rays. Of a genial disposition, attractive person, and interesting talker, the lieutenant's hearty laugh now and then rang through the car, causing an approving smile from those even too remote to catch the volley of wit that provoked it. God bless you, lieutenant, with all your wealth of health, life and spirits. May that life long be spared from the treacherous Apaches' rifle, or the Sioux hunting knife. That life carries not only enjoyment to its owner, but to all those with whom it comes in contact.

At the further end of the car sits another young man. He occupies two seats, with his attendant. His cheeks are sunken, his eyes are large and brilliant with fever's consuming fire. His hands are like skeletons, while his sunken chest heaves with his labored breathings. His clothes hang loosely about his attenuated form. "How are you feeling now?" his attendant kindly asked. With the consumptive's never-failing hope, a sickly smile passes

over his wan features. "Better this morning, lots better; I will be riding a broncho in less than two weeks."

At Deming, we lose the lieutenant. El Paso is reached at noon. The far-gone sufferer is taken to the Grand Central Hotel. We go to one directly across the Plaza. The shades of night fall, and the city is wrapped in slumber. At just that hour before dawn, when sleep secures its firmest hold on the tired traveller, pistol shots rang out on the still morning air. We jump from our beds. A lurid glare pervades our rooms. We rush to the window, the Grand Central Hotel is on fire! Higher and higher the red flames leap into the darkness. The hotel is doomed; may not ours be in danger? Hastily dressing, we run downstairs. Two or three partly-dressed and excited guests of the burning hotel are seeking protection in ours. What is coming? One bearing a burden on his shoulders. We open the door,—it is the consumptive in the arms of his faithful attendant. Those large eyes are closed, the pale face is now a ghastly hue, the breath comes in short, quick gasps. Excitement and exposure have proved too much. He is carried to a room, and a physician is sent for, but the sufferer is beyond human help.

He rode his horse before the two weeks of his morning's prediction, but it was the Pale Horse we all must sooner or later ride.

SUPERSTITION

ADDRESS by Eliot Callender, delivered May 26, 1901, before the Pentsemon Cosmopolitan Association.

WHEN I came out here last year on an invitation to enjoy an outing with the Pentsemon Cosmopolitan Association, I was interrupted in my enjoyment by the information that I had been nominated for Historian for the year 1901. Never having attended any previous meetings of the Association, I had not the slightest idea of what the Association Historian was expected to do; but having known of some very poor historians, and knowing that as a Nation, the United States was making history pretty rapidly, I thought I might hold down the job nominally, if not creditably; and declaring I I "would ne'er consent, consented."

It was not until after hearing the masterly paper of my predecessor, Judge Worthington, and reading over the proceedings of previous meetings of the Association, that the truth dawned upon me, that your Committee on Nomination, in their desperation to fill out this year's programme, had thrown a poor mortal that could not swim, into water over his head. It is folly to suppose that one with no college education, a business man whose hours have been assiduously devoted to the chase of the elusive dollar, instead of books; whose mind is untrained and unimproved, with no power of concentrating thought; I say it is simply folly to place a man of that kind in a place like this, and expect him to hold his own with pundits and philosophers, with doctors and lawyers, and editors, who think for a living, and are able through their advantages and accomplishments to elevate and help their fellow men. I have had no time to think, excepting of the times when I have

been badly left; and have little education, excepting that which my eyes and ears have brought me in my endeavors to keep up with the procession, and so far as possible, to secure a seat in the "band wagon." So if my paper this afternoon falls short, as it certainly will, of its able and scholarly predecessors, please visit your disappointment and indignation on the Committee who, suffering from sandwiches taken in excess, dragged me from a happy obscurity, and forced me to advertise my mental poverty and threadbare attainments.

I can say, however, Brother Philosophers, that I am in thorough sympathy with the principles of this Association, so far as its love of nature is concerned, and its freedom of thought and expression. You have not assembled here to do or undo each other; you can, and do differ with your associates, and yet respect them and their opinions. To be sure, a man must have a reason for the faith that is in him, and so far as he has a reason, his faith is respected. He may be a simple searcher after the truth, with no fixed convictions, and as such he is welcome here. Of this much I am certain: that no man whose soul ever expanded as he drank in the beauties of Nature, no man who ever found delight in the modest violet or the field daisy, who ever looked from Nature to Nature's God, ever burned his fellow man at the stake for differences of opinion, or gave him a pass to perdition with no stop-overs.

So, "with malice toward none and charity for all" and the desire to do right as it is given us to see the right, this Association will go on, and live on, so long as it has this solid foundation. The warm grasp of the hand is a better religion than the lip

of scorn or the heart of hate, and he is but reflecting the ideal of a Supreme Ruler of the universe whose heart and hand are open and not closed to his fellow man. I believe that as the centuries roll on, they are rolling on to a realization of the brotherhood of man. The dark ages are in the past, not in the future. Ignorance, superstition, and fanaticism, are great clouds which the strong sunlight of civilization and progress is dissipating; but it is simply astonishing what a sunburst it will take to destroy them; but truth is mighty and must prevail.

I propose to call your thoughts, this afternoon, to an octopus that has ridden the world from its earliest beginnings, rides it to-day, though bombarded by the intellects of the ages; its fallacies shown up, still it lives and thrives, and so far as I can see, always will—so long as man is fallible, and our knowledge of the hereafter, vague and uncertain.

Superstition, like a shadow, attends the king on his throne, and the peasant in his cottage. It wraps the sailor closer than his peajacket, on every sea and in every clime. It absolutely rules the uncivilized races of the world, and makes itself felt in the daily doings of the 400. It regulates the time and details of the marriage service, and though we bury our dead, we do not bury the shadow. We draw in superstition with our mother's milk, and though reason and common sense arise in maturer years and rebel against it, it is ever present with us, an unbidden and uncomfortable ghost, and like Banquo's, it will not down. Like some of Dore's celebrated pictures, our atmosphere is peopled with uncertain and uncanny forms, more or less vivid,

as our imaginations are strong or weak. Napoleon, himself a fatalist, said that imagination governs the universe.

Now my imagination is strong enough to discern in my audience, more than one knife being whetted to cut this paper up, for I know that if there is anything upon which this Association is a unit, it is its enmity to superstition in any and every form. Nearly every Historian who has appeared before you, has thrown his lance at it, and since it seems to have no friends, I present it to you for another fusilade, and as like as not, its most doughty assailant will be found with a buckeye in his pocket to ward off rheumatism, or a coin that he has carried for a lucky-piece for years.

If superstition is a mental disease, it is hereditary, and very few have entirely escaped the inheritance. Whittier says: "There is scarcely a superstition of the past three centuries which has not at this very time, more or less hold upon individual minds among us." Is this true? Take up your daily paper and note the advertisements of soothsayers, clairvoyants, and palmists, who offer to unfold the mysteries of the future for a dollar and upwards; and do you think that the clientage of these necromancers consists of servant girls and the ignorant classes in the community alone? It would, in my opinion, be something startling, if a list of those who have paid a dollar and upwards, was also published. It would include business men seeking a solution of their troubles; husbands and wives, separate and apart, however, anxious to know if there was no God in Israel; and lovers, anxious to read the answer to their hopes in the stars. My lady in the brown-stone

front is no stranger in these places, which reap a rich harvest from the credulity and superstitions of the community. Many a merry dinner party has been thrown into consternation when the absence of a guest was found to leave the fated thirteen to gather around the festal board, and I do not believe there is a lady in the city of Peoria that would brave this superstition willingly. I know of prominent and intelligent men in this city, who pass a month in more or less dread and fear, if, perchance, they were so unfortunate as to catch the first glimpse of the new moon over their left shoulder. The farmer's wife, practical and sensible, as a class firmly holds to the right or wrong time of the moon in which to plant her vegetables. Boys still whistle in passing graveyards by night, and haunted houses are found in every town.

No ocean liner sails on Friday. The *Chicago Post* of January 10th, says: "'Twas a Friday night when we set sail." Those who recall the lines of this nautical ditty, will remember that the gallant ship did a sort of merry-go-round on the foaming billows, and then sank to the bottom of the sea, thus ending the voyage which began so merrily, near the close of a luckless day. The song is old, but not so old as the sailors' superstition that "Davy Jones' locker" is the most likely port of any vessel which flies in the face of fate by beginning a voyage on a Friday. It is difficult to find a sailor who would willingly embark in such a ship, even to-day, and the Navy Department, only last January, has given proof that the superstition has life enough left to influence prosaic Government officials. It was determined sometime previous, that the new battleship "Wisconsin," then near-

ing completion, should be placed in commission February 1st. Old salts examined the calendar, and their blood chilled when they saw that this date fell on Friday. They never heard of a battleship that was reckless enough to go into active commission Friday, and they did not believe that human skill could construct a craft strong enough to thus presumptuously sail into the teeth of disaster. Their expert opinions reached the ears of the Department at Washington, and an order was issued that the "Wisconsin" be put into commission February 4th, Monday.

Superstition dies hard, if it ever dies at all. Those who went down to sea in ships centuries ago, believed Friday a day fraught with ill luck, and sailors are equally afraid of it to-day; and it is the well-established policy of the United States Navy Department, to respect this hoary superstition, since it cannot well get along without seamen. Having spent three years of my life with Jack Tar, I could fill out this day with the superstitions of the sea. There is but a plank between the sailor and Eternity, and every incident is clothed by him with portent for good or evil. His life and actions are controlled and guided by signs in which he puts more faith than he does all the preaching and the science of the world. Let me narrate one instance which came under my personal experience: One day in January, 1862, seven hundred and fifty men were seated on the stones of the levee at Cairo in five groups of one hundred and fifty each. Tied up to the levee, side by side in front of them, were five ironclad gunboats, built by James B. Eads—the "Cairo," "Cincinnati," "St. Louis," "Louisville," and "Pittsburg." One

hundred and fifty men were the quota assigned to each boat. These men were awaiting their respective assignments, and while we were sitting there, some one cried, "Look there," which was picked up by another and another, until a hundred voices were raised, and as many fingers pointing at the gunboat "Cairo." The cause of all this excitement was two large rats which were leaving the boat and running along the great hawser which moored her to the shore. There was nothing surprising in this to me, but I saw many heads shake and heard many mutterings. But the matter became much plainer when the one hundred and fifty men were tallied off to go on the "Cairo," and to a man they refused to go. The Jacks believe that rats desert a sinking ship, and these men carried their refusal to be assigned to the "Cairo," to the point of being put under arrest and taken back to the receiving ship. Some said they might as well die right there, as to die aboard that boat, and her crew was afterwards made up of landsmen, some of which, I believe, were obtained from the army. Inside of a year, the "Cairo," under command of Lieutenant Thos. O. Selfridge (now retired Admiral), in an expedition up the Yazoo River, ran onto a torpedo, was blown up and sunk, with a large loss of life. None of the regular sailors in the Mississippi Squadron, of which there were two or three thousand, were a bit surprised—their only wonder was that the "Cairo" had lasted so long.

A sailor will sing, but he will never whistle. I had acquired the whistling habit before entering the service, but when I was assured that I would be thrown overboard; if I did not make a radical change, I discontinued it.

Every railroad man will tell you that travel invariably falls off on Friday in the most marked manner. The Pullman Palace Car Company report less reservations on that day than any day of the week. Every railroad company has one or two engines that it is difficult to keep a crew on, being considered unlucky; and engines unfortunate enough to have been in disasters, have been rebuilt and different numbers given them, hoping to destroy their identity with misfortune.

Note any day, as a funeral procession passes up Perry Avenue, those waiting on the corners till the last vehicle has gone by, before crossing the street, and that too, no matter how wide the break between the vehicles, or how much the need of haste by the pedestrian. Do you say that is out of respect for the dead, or from the universal belief that it is unlucky to cross a funeral? No lover, however absorbed in his fair one, would dare to give her that most beautiful of gems—the emerald—for her engagement ring, and the opal is shunned as the incarnation of disaster and grief. No young couple is properly started out in life without a bombardment of old shoes and a shower of rice. When the present Duke and Duchess of Albany left Windsor Castle, the Princesses Louise and Beatrice opened up a fusilade of ancient footwear, one of which the Duke caught on the fly, and with a well-directed shot, landed it on the august person of the Duke of Edinborough. Tennyson says, “And whereso’er thou move, good luck shall throw her old shoe after.” The wedding ring is born of an old superstition, and was fiercely fought by our Puritan fathers as a “circle for the devil to dance in.” The fair hand that Priscilla gave to

John Alden, she would not have had encircled by a ring for worlds, and yet her people could thank God, as some poor soul accused of witchcraft went up in flames and smoke at the stake.

Thousands are yet careful to get out of bed with the right foot first, and an ill-humored man will have the remark flung at him that "he must have got out of bed, wrong foot foremost."

The term "Hoodoo" was unknown in the Northern States twenty years ago, but has now passed into general use. We speak of an ill-starred concern or person as hoodooed; the belief that this is so, is well-nigh universal and comes very near to a belief in witchcraft, for which we so condemn our pious Puritan fathers. Josh Billings says that "when a man starts to go down hill, it seems as if everything is greased for the occasion." The sporting fraternity is notoriously addicted to this superstition. The steamship "Rio Janiero" that sank just outside the Golden Gate at San Francisco February 22nd last, with such a fearful loss of life, including Consul Wildeman and his family, had long been recognized as a hoodooed ship, having met with a number of mishaps, and was avoided by those seeking employment at San Francisco. This largely accounts for the Chinese crew she carried. As the hoodoo is avoided, the mascot is welcomed. If any vessel in the United States Navy is without some animal holding down this responsible position, it is because it has not been able to procure one. And along this line, comes the practice indulged in by more than we think, of wearing charms and amulets to ward off evil. This practice undoubtedly came down to us from fortune-tellers and gypsies who trafficked in

charms, but amulets early passed into the Christian Church, and were well known among the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans. In the early church, the making and selling of amulets was a prosperous business, and to-day the wearing of these charms is well nigh universal in Central Asia and Western and Southern Europe. Coins marked with a cross seem to be the favorite. Consequo Vanderbilt, the young Duchess of Marlboro, attributes no small amount of her married content to a little heart of gold she ordered made and cut half in two. The day before the wedding, one half of the heart was given her betrothed, the other half she hung around her neck by a fine gold chain, and from that day, the young couple have worn their portions of the gold emblem, in the belief that to lose or mislay one of the parts would bring them dire distress.

The late King Humbert of Italy believed before all things else, in the bezoar stone that wards off the evil eyes; the bezoar stone is a very rare growth obtained from certain mountain animals, and he wore three such stones "that change color with the stars" in his welded, irremovable bracelet. Along this same line is the common habit of carrying so-called lucky pieces, in the shape of a coin or token; and the horseshoe nailed over the door or on the wall. Nelson went into the battle of Trafalgar with a horseshoe nailed to the bow of the "Victory." The superstition surrounding the horseshoe is as old as the horse itself, and crops out in the literature of all Ages. In Gay's fable of the "Old Woman and Her Cats," the witch laments—

“ Straws laid across, my path retard,
The horseshoes nailed, each threshold guard.”

Butler declares that—

“ Evil spirits are chased away, by dint
Of sickle, horseshoe, hollow flint.”

We find the horseshoe stamped on monograms, Christmas cards, book covers; we find them in gold, silver, and precious stones in every jewelry store. The wassail or loving cup is another relic of superstition which has come down to us from the Mediæval Ages, and the common “Here’s to you,” which I have heard this very day on these enchanted grounds, is nothing more than an invocation to good luck.

Within the past two years, a genius in New England prepared and advertised a so-called “Lucky Box,” which could easily be carried in the pocket, and the possession of which would bring instant luck. Thousands upon thousands were sold in the Eastern States, and they would still be selling, if the Government had not stamped them as a fraud and prohibited their transmission in the mails. Heartsease, the common name given to the whole violet family, comes from the old superstition that roots and flowers were a preventive of anger, and brought peace and comfort to the heart. An ancient myth is perpetuated in half the households in the land, in the holly and ever-green decorations so bountifully used at Christmas time. Our Puritan fathers inveighed mightily against this custom, and hurled anathemas dark and dire at it; but to what avail, each recurring Christmastide attests.

Buckeyes and potatoes are carried to cure or prevent rheumatism. The mad-stone for the cure

of hydrophobia has its hosts of firm believers. President Lincoln carried Robert a journey of over a hundred miles, that this stone might exercise its virtue on a dog bite, and I might say, in this connection, that this great-hearted, whole-souled, practical man, who kept in such close touch with the heart and love of his people, had a deeply superstitious nature. He was ever seeing good or evil omens, and was a firm believer in the saying that "coming events cast their shadows before them." After his election to the Presidency, and before leaving Springfield, he awoke from an afternoon nap in his bedroom, and saw his face reflected in duplicate in a mirror on the opposite side of the room; one of the faces was quite distinct and natural, the other more indistinct and pale and haggard. It made a profound impression on his mystical nature, which was intensified by the phenomenon being repeated a few days later. He never laid on that lounge without apprehension. He conversed with many about the occurrence, and it was interpreted by his wife as indicating that he would be twice elected President of the United States, and that his second term meant sorrow, and likely death. It is well authenticated that he dreamed of his own funeral ten days before his death, for he spoke of it to several members of his Cabinet. The disaster of Bull Run occurring on Sunday, he used his best efforts to prevent a battle on that day during the entire war. He telegraphed Mrs. Lincoln at Philadelphia, to keep a close watch on Tad, as he had had a bad dream about him.

Major General Hancock, who could face death on the field of battle without a tremor, believed in

presentiments. Attending a dinner given in his honor by some friends, he remarked to a comrade, as took his seat, that he believed that would be the last time he would see him; a Nation mourned his death a short time after. Marie Antoinette said: "At my wedding, something whispered to me that I was signing my death warrant; at the last moment I would have retreated, if I could have done so." Whittier relates a number of striking instances of the fulfillment of presentiments that had come under his own observation.

Another superstition which has come down to us from ages too remote for dates, is the divining rod; in every community, in almost every land, can be found the seer who, with his forked branch of witch hazel or mountain ash or apple twig, claims to be able to locate running water beneath the earth's surface. Only a few weeks ago, our papers recounted the wonderful achievements of a boy residing in the arid portion of Texas, who located wells with such unerring accuracy, that he was finally taken in charge by a manager and was rapidly earning a fortune by his gift. This divining rod will not work for everyone; the skeptic, who can figure out no possible relationship between the twig and the water, may spare himself the trouble of trying the experiment, but as stated before, the belief has its roots beyond the reckoning of time. It is used to-day to locate oil wells in Pennsylvania, and gold mines in the Rockies. It is used in France to detect criminals, and was used in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to discover hidden treasures. As we go farther back, we find its powers still further enlarged, even to the power of splitting and breaking rocks. Tradition has it,

that Solomon's temple, which the Good Book tells us was built "without sound of hammer or axe or any tool of iron," had its great stones prepared in this way. The Romans used the plant we know as sassafras, for this divination, hence its Latin name *Saxifrage* or stonebreaker. I infer the workings of Planchette, which created such a furore twenty years ago, may be placed in the same class as the divining rod. Many of our best educated and most intelligent people became completely mystified by this toy.

And now we come to a section of the subject of our thought, this afternoon, that tends to make us say with Hamlet: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy." A class of subjects so well authenticated, with such a weight of well-attested proof, that we at least are forced to say that science has not yet exhausted all attainable knowledge about the constitution of man. There are either invisible spirits about us, or man has mental powers not yet fully recognized. This brings us into spiritualism, hypnotism, mesmerism, mindreading, thought transference, ghosts, wraiths, evil eye, satanism, and the whole brood of dark and mysterious subjects that have challenged the thought and worked on the fears of mankind. As Drake says: "Who will undertake to span the gulf stretching out, a shoreless void between the revelations of science and the incomprehensible mysteries of life itself? It is upon that debatable ground that superstition finds its strongest foothold, and like the ivy clinging around old walls, defies every attempt to uproot it." Psychology is yet a shoreless and uncharted sea, but the best

minds in the world are at work to-day in an effort to bound and sound it. I believe we are on the brink of great discoveries in this science, and that there are those in my audience who will live to see and understand phenomena that have terrified the Ages. We do not carry the burdens that our forefathers did; education, knowledge, and science have dispelled much of the darkness, but there are plenty of clouds yet to be dissipated, and as I desire to confine this paper to the superstitions of the day, I will not touch on the mass of material, interesting as it is, that fills the pages of history; we have enough in our own day and generation.

On December 28th last, a dispatch was sent from London to the Associated Press, and was published in our papers, to the effect that the ghost of Mary Queen of Scots had been heard in the Tower of London, wailing and mourning, on Christmas night. The Tower Guard who heard it, called an officer; they both heard it, and procuring keys, opened the room in the tower where Mary had been confined, but could see or hear nothing. It is a matter of record that this ghostly wail has been heard just before the death of every English Sovereign from Queen Elizabeth's time down. This dispatch goes on to say that the event was causing great apprehension, and that every effort was being made to keep it from coming to Queen Victoria's notice, as the Queen was very much depressed over the recent death of Lady Churchill, her most intimate friend. Nothing had gone out to the world at that time that Queen Victoria was not in her usual state of health, beyond the one, that the South African War had borne pretty heavily on her. Many of our dailies

commented on this London dispatch at the time, and again, when within thirty days, the world mourned the demise of this great and good Queen.

For two hundred years Fyvie Castle, adjoining the Carnegie Estates in Scotland, has been under a curse which falls on the eldest son of the owner of the property. This curse has its origin from the fact that the castle was built with the stones of a wrecked Catholic Abbey. No eldest son has ever fallen heir to the property, and in fact no male heir has survived to enjoy the estate. It was long the property of the Earls of Dumfermline, whose sons all died, then passed to the Gordons, who were similarly stricken. Sir Maurice Duff Gordon, who had only a daughter left, sold it to A. J. Forbes Leith (Carnegie's partner), who married Miss Mary January of St. Louis, a friend of my boyhood days. Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Leith are now mourning the loss of their only son, Lieutenant Perry Forbes Leith of the First Royal Dragoon Guards, one of the victims of the South African War, and the curse still broods over Fyvie Castle. But Mary Stuart's ghost is not the only one manifesting a pernicious activity, nor Fyvie Castle the only curse-ridden domain. Scarcely a city in the United States, without its haunted houses, and you will not read your daily papers one week without coming across the account of a ghostly visitor, certified and sworn to by witnesses of accepted credibility.

Since starting to prepare this paper, I have clippings from the Topeka, Kansas, Capital; St. Louis Post-Despatch; Helena, Montana, Record; Ottumwa, Iowa, Courier; Chicago Post, and Peoria Star, giving accounts of apparitions, dates of the

occurrences, and the names and addresses of the witnesses. These visitations occurred in Emporia, Kansas; Mascoutah, Illinois; Ottumwa, Iowa; Cincinnati, Ohio; Geneva, New York; Berlin, Pennsylvania, and Querendaro, Mexico. One of these papers states that "Someone in a facetious vein has remarked, that men may lose faith in their fellow men, in their religion, in their doctors, but somewhere in their natures will cling a hidden, sneaking half-belief in the possibility of ghosts." And the newspapers of the day bear witness that ghost stories are in the category of news; they are printed with no apology, and are told in detail, just as any flesh and blood circumstance is related. One of these papers states that within the period of ten days, the ghost stories told by metropolitan papers have averaged more than 1,500 words in length. The vehicles of these stories have ranged from the Pall Mall Gazette in London, down to the Owosso, Michigan, Argus, and not one of these publications has attempted to apologize for giving space to such subjects. In fact, the accounts state that in several instances the majesty of the law had been invoked for the protection of those who had seen the spooks, or felt their influences. Are those accounts all impositions, and the so-stated witnesses, myths or liars? Camille Flammarion, the French savant, states: "There is no longer any room to doubt the fact that certain houses are haunted. I began the scientific study of these questions on November 15th, 1861, and I have continued it ever since; I have received more than four thousand letters upon these questions from learned men of every land, and I am glad to be able to say that some of the most in-

teresting letters come from America." Flammation is an avowed spiritualist. Only recently, the Rev. M. J. Savage, the popular pastor of the largest Unitarian Church in Boston, announced his conversion to spiritualism. Our own Robert J. Ingersol spent several years in this belief, and while nearly all of the leading professional mediums have been detected in fraud, the power manifested by even amateur mediums has been beyond explanation by any known laws of Nature, or discoveries of science. So-called messages from the dead have stated facts which could not possibly have been known to the medium, or to anyone living, beyond the person who had called in the medium's services. A writer in a Manitoba paper says: "The facts of hypnotism are familiar to all now-a-days; Mesmerism was explained a hundred years ago as animal magnetism, but this theory falls to the ground, when it becomes known that the mesmeric or hypnotic sleep, with all its peculiarities of hallucination and of submission to the will, can be created in a variety of mechanical ways. It has also been proved beyond question, that the mind of the hypnotic patient can be influenced to affect the body, and at least in nervous or hysterical diseases, to exercise a healing influence. It may be right here that light is breaking in on many of the witchcraft stories, and of the marvellous healings and hallucinations of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but it does not explain the spirit rappings and other spiritualistic manifestations that swept over the civilized world during the third quarter of the last century. These phenomena caused the organization in 1880 of the well-known "Society of Psychological Research."

Amongst the founders of this Society were such scholars as Sir William Crooke; Prof. Balfour Stewart, Prof. Oliver Lodge, the late distinguished electrician; Prof. Hertz; Lord Tennyson; Mr. A. J. Balfour, the present leader of the House of Commons; Mr. Gladstone, and many other English and Continental savants. The object of this Society was to collect and investigate first hand evidence for the alleged phenomena called ghosts, wraiths, haunted houses, clairvoyants, premonitions, spiritualistic disturbances, etc. This Society felt that the time had come for a systematic, thorough, and conservative study and investigation of this whole subject, and the result of their labors has been published in two large volumes called "Phantasms of the Living." Over seventeen thousand cases were critically examined, and all available evidences of ghosts of the dead, or wraiths of the living, were collected and subjected to the most persistent and searching investigation. Moreover, many experiments were made, and it was established that thought transference, not by any recognized channels of the sense, is a possibility, even when the experimenters are not in the same room; that the mind or brain of a person in some crisis, particularly in the approach of death, could affect by visible, audible, or other manifestations of various kinds, the mind or brain of another person at a distance. But then, most of us, during our lives, have been impressed with the presence of some absent person who, it turned out, had been in neither danger nor even trouble. But the Society's Committee satisfied themselves "that the death hallucination or appearance occurred 440 per cent. in excess of any other, and

they pronounced that between deaths and apparitions of the dying, a conviction exists, which is not due to chance alone."

Andrew Lang, who has spent many years in psychical research, leans strongly to the belief that any knowledge contributed by a seeming phantasm of the dead, is the result of telepathy from a living brain. Thought transference is proved by the deeds of mindreaders like Johnson and Bishop, who locate hidden articles known only to the party secreting them. "It would seem that these investigations advancing from experimental thought transference to telepathy, more or less explain wraiths or shades of living persons, and have suggested a theory of ghosts." I believe, my friends, that the dawn of the day is already here, the breaking light of which, will dissipate the dark clouds of superstition, which have hung like a pall over the Ages. There is probably no one in this audience that has actually suffered from superstition, but there are thousands in this community, and in every community, that do. Addison writes two hundred years ago in the Spectator: "I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious folies of mankind, how they subject us to imaginary afflictions and additional sorrows; as if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it; we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes." There was a time when religion and superstition were synonymous terms. Paul says, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious," meaning, as I take it, that their religion had run riot with them. Superstition has been a blight and a curse, and to a large extent has controlled the

happiness and peace of humanity. The superstitious person is no comfort to himself or anyone else. He is no apostle of cheer and light, but lives in the gloom and sees little else. Superstition blocks the way of progress, and holds in hopeless slavery over one-half the population of the world to-day. It has killed and tortured, and the wails of its victims call to God for vengeance. Dr. Sprenger, in his "Life of Mohammed," computes the entire number of persons burned as witches during the Christian Era, at nine millions. Civilization and progress are indeed marching on, but superstition follows like a shadow. Science is its uncompromising foe—the St. George which will slay the dragon, if it ever is slain. The time has indeed gone by when demons were heard howling in the gale, or lightning looked upon as a shaft from an angry God, but the time has not yet come when humanity breathes an atmosphere free from the miasma of superstition. It is a shadow growing fainter, it is true, that follows the onward march of civilization and progress. We have lived to see alchemy grow into chemistry, astrology merged into astronomy; may we not confidently look forward to the coming of the truth that shall set us free?



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