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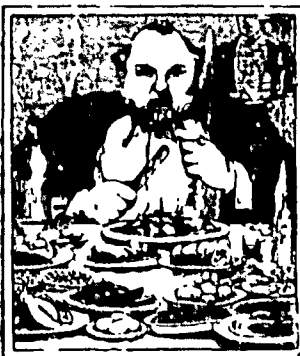
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IN MEMORIAM



HE broods—babbling through the leas.
The lilacs nodding in the breeze,
The arrows music in the trees.
The mystic whisp'ers of the trees
And doves cooing
And lovers wooing
And peace on land and seas.
The glad return
Of Springtime when
The busy little twittering were
Was busy with her nest again
Amid that scene of joy, when them
A shade of sadness
A thought of sadness
Burned in the hearts of men
They saw a shadow in the sun,
They saw the shadow they could not see
They saw their lapping in the air,
They saw the end that must be in
And men and brother
Kissed wife and mother,
And met with sword and gun
Amid the clover bloom of May
When the happy lamb had been at play
And night armies met on day,
While cannon ball up-ploughed the clay
And friend and neighbor
With shot and sabre
Crashed in a deadly fray
The march, the charge and the retreat
The bugle blast, the war-drum's beat,



The conflict's fearful fire and heat,
The smoke with carriage all represt,
The crash and rattle
Of the battle
Of victory and defeat

A shadow in the valley slept
The old Iron fields were unkept
Decay across the landscape crept
As war above the Nation swept
And babes were crying
And wives were sighing
And strong men watched and wept

The happy meetings at the crest
By loved and loved all were missed,
And waiting lips remained unmissed,
While sweetest dreams were half dis-
missed.

For oh the sorrow
Love will borrow
When doubt has hope abused
Sweet sorry tale again retold
By all these wreath-crowned leaps of
gold.

The flame that o'er the Nation rolled
That burned the dress and left the gold
Has wrought the story
In new 't glory
More bright an hundred fold

Bring roses red and lilies white
And violets blue in freedom's light
We look upon a glorious sight,
As all our hearts in love unite
The same brave's wearing
The same prayers bring
To God and truth and right

The brooks—babbling through the leas
The lilacs nodding in the breeze,
The arrows music in the trees,
The mystic whisp'ers of the trees
And doves cooing
And lovers wooing
And peace on land and seas
—Nixon Waterman, in "A. W. Bul-
letin."

GETTYSBURGH.

A RAMBLE OVER THE FIELD WHERE
THAT BATTLE TOOK PLACE.

The Story as Told by One Who Participated in That Memorable Battle The Things of Special Interest Pointed Out—The Suffering Endured.

I have just returned from a visit to Gettysburg, and if you choose to accompany me in a long ramble over the field I will be glad to participate in the battle has to say, well and good. In the "old" I tell the story as it was told to me, but it is hard to say anything new up in a time already hazy. You newspaper people have a horror of long articles; therefore, for fear your readers should grow sickish, you have my full permission to abbreviate, expunge, or omit at your pleasure. As stating this article, then to have escaped the fate of your waste-paper basket, stand with me on this fine November morning out on the Emmetsburg road. For our companion and guide we have Captain F. Cavada, a gallant and accomplished young officer who served all through from Gettysburg to Petersburg, and for nearly two years in the staff of Major-General Humphreys.

About a mile out we halt. The Captain acquiesces. Now I begin to feel a homesick. Let me take an observance of the fences were not here. At night I have got it now. Do you see that big walnut on the ridge over there? That was Gen. Humphreys' headquarters on the morning of Thursday July 3rd. Almost worn out with hard marching, I was aroused from my weary bivouac at daylight, and ordered to lead Col. Tilghus's regiment—the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania—on picket duty along here. Later in the day right on our division, Carr's brigade and the 10th house. Further down was posted Pemberton's battery. There below that hill stood Lieut. Sedley's and still further toward our left the batteries of Birney's division, and Livingston Smith, Randolph, Clark and Winslow. I mention them all, for never were guns handled more beautifully. All suffered stoutly—Sedley's company. He had

hardly a man or horse left standing, and was himself severely wounded. He was a gallant officer and had risen from the ranks. Now go with me into that orchard. I want to find a certain apple tree which served as a rendezvous during the day for our staff officers and our orderlies. At one period, standing under it with Captain Humphreys and McClellan, a shell exploded in the tree—its limbs were shattered and the top entirely gone.

"About 2 o'clock the whole Third corps moved out in line of battle over the open ground, and a more magnificent spectacle of living valor rolling on the foe I never witnessed. Away over on that bare spot of rising ground the rebels had planted two batteries, with which they enfiladed our whole line, fairly sweeping it from left to right. Lord! how they pitched it into us! Longstreet's infantry debouched from those woods, and in a short time all around where we are standing—to the right, left, and in front—along this road, through that peach orchard away down toward Round Top, for hours the battle raged. General Sickles was wounded near that large barn."

How well I remember this spot of ground. It was here, behind that stone fence, that I had been ordered to post Colonel Burling's brigade. In my way back, I passed the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania regiment, then commanded by my brother Lieut. Colonel F. F. Cavada. It had just been ordered to an advanced position beyond the road. I rode up and shook hands with him. "Good-bye, Fred, look out for yourself; you are going into a hot place, and are sure to catch it." So it turned out. The One Hundred and Fourteenth, in connection with the Sixty-eighth Pennsylvania, Col. Trippe, had a bloody fight of it, and lost heavily. My brother and his brigade commander, Gen. Grayham, were both taken prisoners, the latter severely wounded. I never saw the rebels fight with such diabolical fury. The most murderous fire-annihilator, Sharpshooter, and musketry—was poured into their faces, as it were, but nothing stopped them. The Third corps, those heroes of Chancellorsville and other bloody fields, led by Birney, Humphreys, De Trobriand, Ward, Grayham, and Carr, never fought more heroically. A word of criticism here. At one period of the battle, Birney, being hard pressed called upon Gen. Sykes, in command of the Fifth corps, for assistance.

Sykes had been ordered to support the Third if called upon, but he returned for answer that he would be up in time—that his men were tired and were making coffee."



The Court Martial.

They did come up in about an hour and says Gen. Warner in his testimony, "the troops under General Sykes arrived barely in time to save Round Top, and they had a very desperate fight to hold it." And again of the operations next day. "When the repulse took place, Gen. Meade intended to move forward and assault the enemy in turn. He ordered an advance of the Fifth corps, but it was carried on so slowly that it did not amount to much if anything." Gen. George Sykes is a brave man, but entirely "too slow." So at least Gen. Grant seemed to think, for in the subsequent reorganization of the Army of the Potomac, the services of "Tardy George," No. 2 were dispensed with. The Fifth, as a corps, has a glorious record, and never failed, to fight bravely when properly handled.

To resume the captain's narrative: "As the afternoon wore on the pressure became greater and greater, until at last our whole corps, with the exception of Carr's brigade and a few other regiments, was hurled down the slope, broken, and discomfited, the rebels following in hot pursuit. Our losses were frightful. In our division, of 5,000 men, the loss was nearly 2,000." "Well, Captain, you saw most of the heavy fighting done by this army, tell me, were you ever in a hotter place than this?" "Never but once—and that reminds me of a little story: in the attack upon the enemy's position at the first Fredericksburg, our division was ordered to storm the heights. As we were preparing to move, Gen. Humphreys—always a very polite man—turned round to his staff, and in his blandest manner remarked: "Young gentlemen, I intend to lead this assault, and shall be happy to have the pleasure of your company." Of course the invitation was too polite to be declined. That was the roughest place I ever was in, and I can't conceive, even to this day, how any of us ever got back alive. Our division lost nearly 1,100 men in about fifteen minutes. In his clump of bushes my horse received a second wound and fell dead under me. I managed to scramble over the ridge, where our men were being rallied, and soon after the sun went down and the rebels were beaten back beyond the road.

We now crossed the Baltimore pike, calling on our way at the small frame building on the Tarreytown road, used as the headquarters of Gen. Meade on Friday. This will always be a point of great interest. The house is sadly shattered, and the poor widow who owns it complains bitterly of her losses. "When I came home my house was all over board," the women took away all my covers and quilts, two women had their heads cut off, my wife and everything." She says

HE FACED DEATH.

BRAVELY STOOD BEFORE THE COURT MARTIAL.

Without Counsel to Defend Him He Handed Over Mary's Letter—No Dry Eyes When It Was Read—General Lee's Order.

During the winter of 1863-4 it was the fortune of Gen. Cullen A. Battle of Alabama to be president of the court martial of the army of northern Virginia. One bleak December morning, while the snow covered the ground and the wind howled around his camp, he left his bivouac fire to attend the session of the court at Round Oak Church. Case after case was disposed of, and at length the case of the confederate states vs. Edward Cooper was called—charge desertion.

A low murmur rose spontaneously from the battle-scarred spectators as the young artilleryman arose from the prisoners bench, and in response to the question, "Guilty or not guilty?" answered, "Not guilty." The judge advocate was proceeding to open the prosecution when the court, observing that the prisoner was unattended by counsel, interposed, and inquired of the accused, "Who is your counsel?" He replied "I have no counsel."

Supposing that it was Cooper's purpose to represent himself before the court, the judge advocate was instructed to proceed. Every charge and specification against the prisoner was sustained. The prisoner was then told to introduce his witnesses. He replied: "I have no witnesses." Astonished at the calmness with which he regarded as inevitable fate Gen. Battle said to him, "Have you no defense? Is it possible that you abandoned your comrades and deserted your colors in the presence of the enemy without any reason?"

He answered: "There was a reason, but it will not avail me before a military court."

Gen. Battle then said: "Perhaps you are mistaken; you are charged with the highest crime known to military law, and it is your duty to make known the causes that influenced your actions."

IN THE CAMP

A Good Deal of Amusement Derived From New Recruits.

A soldier at the headquarters of the artillery brigade of the Fifth corps, at Culpepper, Va., gives the following account of the amusements in camp: "Almost the only diversion the soldiers have nowadays, is derived from the new recruits, constantly arriving. They are the butt of all jokes, and the easy prey of all sals and tricks. No class of men enjoy fun more heartily than the soldiers. They squeeze sport out of everything, and seem to have acquired the faculty of ascertaining, intuitively, where most of it is to be found.

On drill, a new recruit is always sure to go his toes exactly where a "Yer" wishes to put the butt of his musket, as he "orders arms;" and if there is a mud-puddle within a yard of him, he is sure to "dress" into it. Captain Reynolds, of Battery "S," First New York artillery, has got a large number of new recruits, and some of the jokes that the Veterans play on them are very amusing. The recruits are constantly sighing over departed luxuries, and are very easily duped into any sell, where the inner man is concerned. A mischievous "Yer" got a whole squad of them out in line the other day, when it was raining quite hard, to receive their ration of "warm bread." One fellow, greener than the rest, was sent to the Captain's quarters for his "ticket for butter." Another one went to the Company Clerk with a two-quart pail for his "three days' rations of 'maple sugar.'" Some of them have very funny ideas of discipline in the army. In a newly arrived squad, a few days since, was one of these, who thought he would ingratiate himself with the Captain by making him a call in the evening. Accordingly, he rapped at the door, walked in, took off his hat, made a very low bow, and replaced his hat on his head. "Well, what do you want?" said the Captain.

"O, nothing," says the fellow, at the same time seating himself in a chair



Fun on Raw Recruits.

opposite the Captain. "I thought I would come down and have a little chat with you."

"O, that's it," said the Captain. "Well, that isn't the way they do in the army. When a soldier comes into an officer's quarters he takes off his hat and stands at 'attention,' with his heels together, his toes at an angle of forty-five degrees, hands at his side, and eyes to the 'front.'" He does not take a seat unless asked to, and when he has done his business, salutes the officer, makes an "about face" and leaves. The fellow did not wait for further instructions, but took his departure, having received his first lesson in the "school of the soldier."

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For the first time Cooper's manly form trembled and his blue eyes swam with tears. Approaching the president of the court, he presented a letter, saying as he did so:

"There, general, is what I did it."

Gen. Battle opened the letter and in a moment his eyes filled with tears. It was passed from one to another of the court until all had seen it, and those stern warriors who had passed with Stonewall Jackson through hundreds of battles, wept like children. As soon as the president sufficiently recovered his self-possession, he read the letter as the defense of the prisoner. It was in these words:

"Dear Edward: I have always been proud of you; since your connection with the confederate army I have been prouder of you than ever before. I would not have you do anything wrong for the world; but, before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die! Last night I was aroused by little Eddie's crying, 'Oh, mamma, I'm so hungry!' And Lucy, Edward, your darling Lucy, she never complains, but grows thinner and thinner every day. And before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die. Your Mary."

Turning to the prisoner Gen. Battle asked: "What did you do when you received this letter?" He replied: "I made application for a furlough, and it was rejected; again I made application, and it was rejected; a third time I made application, and it was re-



A Narrow Escape.

jected; and that night as I wandered backward and forward in the camp thinking of my home, the wild eyes of Lucy looking up to me, with the burning words of Mary sinking in my brain I was no longer a confederate soldier but I was the father of Lucy and the husband of Mary, and I would have passed those lines if every gun in the battery had been fired upon me.

"When I arrived home Mary ran out to meet me, and embraced me, and whispered:

"Oh, Edward, I am so happy; I am so glad you got your furlough. She must have felt me shudder, for she turned as pale as death, and catching her breath at every word, she said: 'Have you come without your furlough? Oh, Edward, go back! Go back! Let me and the children go down to the grave together, but, oh, for heaven's sake, save the honor of your name!'"

"And here I am gentlemen; not brought here by military power, but in obedience to the command of Mary, to abide the sentence of your court."

Every officer of that court martial felt the force of the prisoner's words. Before them stood, in beauteous vision the eloquent pleader for a husband; and a father's wrongs; but they had been trained by the great leader, Robert E. Lee, to tread the path of duty though the lightning flash scorched the ground beneath their feet, and each in his turn pronounced the verdict, "Guilty."

Fortunately for humanity, fortunate for the Confederacy, the proceeding of the court were reviewed by the commanding general, and upon the record was written: "Headquarters A. A. V.—The findings of the court approved. The prisoner is pardoned, and will report to his company." "R. E. LEE, General."