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FIFTY YEARS AGO THIS 30TH OF MAY

By JAMES A. EDGERTON. (Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.)

MEMORIAL day, 1911, is rendered notable by the fact that this year marks the fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of the civil war. On May 30, 1861, war actually had begun, although no great battle had been fought. It was not till nearly two months later that the first Bull Run opened the eyes of the north to the magnitude of the impending struggle. Prior to that time most northern people seemed to think that the contest would be over in ninety days and that all a Federal army had to do to take Richmond was to march in some morning before breakfast when Davis and Lee were not looking.

On May 30 both sides were making ready, but did not realize how big an affair they had on hand. Sumter had been fired on. Union troops had been shot down in Baltimore, blood had been shed in St. Louis, and Colonel



GENERAL NATHANIEL LYON, WHOSE CAPTURE OF CAMP JACOBSON AND OTHER PROMPT OPERATIONS EARLY IN 1861 PREVENTED THE SECESSION OF MISSOURI. KILLED AT BATTLE OF WILSON CREEK, AUG. 10, 1861.

Ellsworth had lost his life at Alexandria. All of these events had been like electric shocks in stirring the north and like magnetic currents in uniting it. Lincoln's call for 75,000 men had been answered by an offer of many times that number, and his subsequent call for 42,000 had been filled promptly, as had also his order to increase the standing army by 22,714. States were clamoring to supply more than their quota, extra troops were being offered from every side, and Lincoln, after his big hearted habit, was listening to the appeals and bringing in regiments here and there above the quota. This process continued until by

July there were more than 800,000 enlisted. So far as men were concerned the administration was suffering from an embarrassment of riches. That end of it was easy. The hard task was to arm, drill and provision the men offered. It was on April 16, just after the fall of Sumter, that the president had made his first call and May 3 when he had issued the second. Yet several governors met at Cleveland and on May 9 asked permission to furnish more troops. The country was on fire with enthusiasm, and was clamoring for the administration to do something. Not only were soldiers being offered, but money. The first gun that fired on Fort Sumter buried a shot which ultimately destroyed the Southern Confederacy.

The south was not less active than was the north. Only a few days before May 30 Virginia had definitely cast in her lot with the first states, and the whole eleven commonwealths that were to make up the Confederate States of America had taken their stand. The peace advocates were quieted. Both sides realized at last that the clash must come. The issue was drawn, the lists made up, and all that awaited was the final blow. The future campaign had begun to assume nebulous form. The cry of "On to Richmond" had been started by Greeley and others. Fifteen thousand Pennsylvania troops were marching in the direction of Harpers Ferry, where a number of Confederates—no body then knew just how many—were massed. General Benjamin F. Butler had first been put in command at Baltimore, through which he soon made it eminently safe for Union troops to pass, and was then in command at Fortress Monroe. Alexandria and Arlington were in the hands of Federal troops, an expedition had pushed up the James river, with a base at Newport News, and another force had started a bombardment at Aquia creek.

Just about May 30 news came that the enemy was establishing a base at Manassas, which was altogether the most fateful item of all, but Washington was still in blissful ignorance of this. Bull Run being seven weeks away.

In the west three regiments had crossed the Ohio river at Marietta, Bellaire and Wheeling, had taken Parkersburg and were then concentrating on Grafton. General George B. McClellan was in command and had issued a proclamation advising the West Virginians to break away, as they subsequently did. There was also activity in Missouri, where Captain Nathaniel Lyon was temporarily in charge. Governor Claiborne F. Jackson and many more officials and citizens were determined that Missouri should go out of the Union. Frank

P. Blair, Captain Lyon, and others were just as decided that she should remain under the stars and stripes. Shortly before May 30 Lyon had captured Camp Jackson, in the outskirts of St. Louis, and had been promoted to brigadier general therefor. Through the vigorous efforts of these two men and their coworkers Missouri

was saved to the north, which meant that Kentucky would also remain loyal. It may well be said that this one victory was a turning point in the war. With the border states against the north there might have been a different outcome.

His friends believed that had Lyon lived he would have proved one of the ablest generals on the Union side. Even as it was he rendered a service to his country that no one now can fully measure. The service stands. The promise was ended by his tragic death at the battle of Wilson Creek, in southwest Missouri, three months later.

On May 30, 1861, Ulysses S. Grant was helping the adjutant general of Illinois, mustering in regiments and making out forms in the outer office. Six days earlier he had written to Washington tendering his services to the government and modestly suggesting that he be thought himself competent to command a regiment. A few weeks earlier he had declined the captaincy of a Galena company, suggesting that he had been a captain in the



GENERAL FRANK P. BLAIR, WHO WAS LARGELY INSTRUMENTAL IN SAVING MISSOURI TO THE UNION.

regular army and was entitled to a colonelcy. Sherman, Grant's chief lieutenant, had beaten his former chief into the service.

Fifty years ago Senator Stephen A. Douglas, after making a gallant appeal for the Union, was stricken with a mortal illness. On May 30 his life was despaired of, and his death followed on June 3. However we may regard Douglas' previous career his course after Lincoln's inauguration was altogether admirable and stoned for much. Memorial day was not celebrated until 1908. The "times that tried men's souls" were over. Then the survivors of the war outnumbered the dead. Today the reverse is true, and the graves to be decorated far outnumber the living soldiers left to decorate them. How long will it be until not one is left and the flowers will be scattered only by the children and grandchildren of the "boys who wore the blue"?

The Cook Lane Ghost. St. John's Clerkenwell, is a mean structure architecturally, but possesses two interesting historical associations, one romantic and the other ludicrous. It is the headquarters of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, part of the choir of whose ancient priory can still be seen in the early English crypt. This crypt was the haunt of the "Cook lane ghost," which excited all London in February 1702 and attracted Johnson, Goldsmith and Horace Walpole. The "ghost" proved as Dr. Johnson surmised to be the mischievous little daughter of a parish clerk.—Westminster Gazette.

A Regular Attendant. As the new minister of the village was on his way to evening service he met a rising young man of the place whom he was anxious to have become a member of his church. "Good evening, my young friend," he said solemnly. "Do you ever attend a place of worship?" "Yes indeed, sir, regularly every Sunday night," replied the young fellow with a smile. "I'm on my way to see her now."—Metropolitan Magazine.

His Complete Triumph. "Uncle Rastus, I thought they had sent you to jail again on the usual charge." "No, sub; I've vindicated dis time. De judge couldn't quite make up his mind, an' he turned me loose an' said I mustn't do it again."—Chicago Tribune.

An Uphill Job. Fig—Don't you wish you could live your life over again? Egg—Well, I should say not! I've got a twenty year endowment policy maturing this month.—Boston Transcript.

When you have chosen your part abide by it and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world.—Emerson.

A Freak. The elevator was waiting for passengers on the ground floor of the sky scraper when an excited woman buttered over to the man running it. "Does this car go up?" she inquired breathless. "No, madam," said the elevator man, unperturbed, "this is a cross-town car."—New York Times.

SHOCKED THE GUARD.

A Canadian Railway Official Who Did Not Approve of Kites.

Many years ago a well known Scotch nobleman went out to one of our smaller dependencies to take up an official position under the governor.

He was a colonel of volunteers at home, and consequently he took out his gorgeous kilt uniform with him to wear on those occasions on which etiquette demanded such an attire.

The necessity for donning his kilt arose soon after he arrived in the colony, and acted in all his glory he took the train from the country station near to which he chanced to be residing at the time to the town where his distinguished presence was required.

At one of the stopping places along the route the guard, to whom kilted men were an absolutely unknown article of attire and who apparently, when he looked in at the carriage window and saw the gallant colonel seated there, imagined that that gentleman had dispersed with his neighbor garments on account of the heat, said, "We are waiting near town, sir."

At the next station he came again, and seeing the colonel in exactly the same costume he exclaimed excitedly: "Excuse me, sir, but I must insist on your dressing yourself at once. We shall arrive at the town station in five minutes."—London Tit-Bits.

LUCK AT MONTE CARLO.

A Fly Which Cost the Gambling Room a Small Fortune.

About Jan. 25, 1904, a curious thing happened at Monte Carlo. The superstition of gamblers is well recognized, but it is seldom that such luck as was the case on the above date. At what is known as the "roulette" table in the Monte Carlo gambling rooms the following remarkable incident occurred:

A fly alighted on No. 13 on the roulette table at the time when the players had suffered a persistent run of hard luck. The superstitious gamblers exchanged covert glances and searched their pockets for money with which to stake. In a few moments the "middle dozen"—that is to say, the Nos. 13 to 24—were literally covered with stakes. Then an elderly gambler arose and called napoleons round the square, on which the fly had alighted, thus backing the numbers from 10 to 17. Loss-conscious players staked another amount on the "transversals."

The ivory marble was sent spinning round the roulette wheel. There was a moment of suspense and then the croupier announced the winning number—13. But what is far more extraordinary the same number came up three times in succession.

That fly cost the casino over \$25,000.

What an Account Book Does. A bank book with check book and stubs is the easiest way of keeping a cash account, and then you have the bank to prove your account for you. The cash register is a means of keeping accounts of receipts and payments combined with a "bill" system upon honesty. System is an indispensable requisite of successful business, consistency and ability will not succeed without it. The first step in this direction on the part of youth is keeping a personal cash account. The croupier setting down of receipts and expenditures confronting oneself with what has been expended and for what purpose carries a continual moral warning if need be, and a lesson in responsibility. The balance, the proof and the test bring home the power and responsibility of receiving and spending.—A. Barton Hepburn in Leslie's.

The Sympathetic Watch. The sympathetic watch is all very well, writes a correspondent, but there are many who find that their watches can never be relied upon to behave regularly. Generally the wearer is found to be of a very nervous disposition, and it certainly looks as if this communicated itself to the watch. One inherited by the writer, which had kept good time for years, immediately developed erratic tendencies when worn by him and has never got out of them. Only once for a brief space did a watch go regularly with him. It was a Swiss one, which had varied when worn in England, but kept accurate time on a Swiss holiday. And the question was whether it was the wearer's temporarily braced nerves or the effect of its native air on the watch that did the trick.—London Chronicle.

Spilled His Speech. "When I rose to speak it was so still in the hall you could have heard a pin drop." "Yes?" "Well, I stood there for a moment looking out over the audience and framing my first sentence, and I am sure that I should have been able to get along all right, but just before I had got ready to utter my first word some fool in the back end of the hall yelled, "Louder!"—Judge.

They Always Have. "Do you think that your speeches will echo down the corridors of time?" "I don't know about that," replied the energetic statesman, "but I'm sure some of my comic anecdotes will continue to do so."—Washington Star.

Vinegar. "The ancients accorded great anti-septic power to vinegar and used it to a large extent for this purpose notwithstanding its high cost. This quality was greatly overrated.

In these times we fight for ideas, and newspapers are our fortresses.—Melrose.

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Meeting of the Gunboat Vets

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[The meeting of two old civil war gunboat sailors at the national encampment of the G. A. R. in Atlantic City last year, as shown in this photograph, suggested the lines that follow.]



Photo by American Press Association.

"WELL, Bill, I'm powerful pleased to see ye! Old matey, put'er thar an' shake!" "Sure, Hank; the pleasure's mine. How be ye? But I'm not Bill—my name is Jake." "You wasn't Bill Hawkins? No? Jake Jones—Why, he was killed at Mobile Bay. Ye can't be him. Why, burst my bones, You air, though, 'live an' well—today!" "Yes, 'live an' lively, Hank, I be. Though forty-seven year or so Have passed along since you an' me Fit side by side—so long ago." "Well, I'll be splintered fore an' aft! We shore did fight them Johnnies, Jake. On them Mississippi gunboat craft In '64. 'Old matey, shake!"