

## REBELLION ECHOES.

**Longstreet's Desperate Charge at the Battle of Gettysburg—Described by a Soldier Who Witnessed it from Behind the Scenes.**

From the Boston Journal.

The famous charge of Longstreet's corps on the third day at Gettysburg has been often described, and it is better understood, probably, than any other great battle scene of the civil war. It is therefore not my purpose in this article to give anything like a general description of the movement, but simply to speak of it as seen by a little party of men belonging to the first corps, who were wounded in the first day's fight among whom it was my fortune to be cast. We were placed hors de combat on the crest of Seminary Ridge, afterward the key of the confederate position. When our troops fell back we were left where we fell, and were therefore obliged to accept the hospitalities of the enemy. Of their abilities as entertainers I do not care to speak. Neither will it prove agreeable to awaken too many of the recollections of that terrible experience. It would require the pen of a Dante to cover the whole ground. Therefore, as was once said by one doubtless more familiar with the writings of Dante than I am, "we will leave all that go."

On the third day, when preparations were being made for the coup de main, our little party occupied a house within the rebel lines, a short distance from the spot where Longstreet formed his attacking column. Not having had our wounds properly attended to, and being almost wholly without food, it can readily be seen that our situation was anything but pleasant. And yet, had as this was, we were compelled to endure something a great deal worse, in the shape of tantalization and insult from the hordes of sneaks and bummers who were continually prowling about the building. Some of our tormentors may have been genuine soldiers, who were simply passing and re-passing in the line of duty. If so, to them I make the amende honorable, but toward the skulkers, I felt then and entertain still nothing but the deepest contempt. Among the bluster to which we were compelled to listen came the following:

"You 'uns will hear plenty of music pretty soon; Longstreet's going to charge," said a blatant rebel captain, who had hung about us like a leech for a day and a half, while his regiment, the eighth Georgia, was preparing to advance with the attacking column.

"Oh, give us a rest!" cried an indignant boy in blue, lying helpless upon the floor: "what do you know about it?" "I know this about it, Yank. In a little while you'll hear a big gun. That's the signal, though; the fun is to follow. Then the artillery will open all along the line. Then Longstreet will charge, and if any of your fellows are left alive when his men get there, they'll have to git." And our Falstaff, having delivered himself of this bombastic utterance, strutted back and forth with the air of one who had settled the whole business with a wave of his hand.

"What does the reb mean?" we whispered to one another.

"Can it be possible there is any truth in what he says? Do you suppose he knows anything about it, or that if such a movement is contemplated their whole army knows it?" asked a sergeant who was lying beside me.

"Yes," I replied, "it may be true. Perhaps he has got his news from some courier or staff officer. I have read of one battle in Europe, I have forgotten where, in which the commanding general announced to his army in a general order that one of his divisions would be called upon for a desperate charge."

We felt certain, anyway, that the rebels were up to some mischief, so many hints of it had been given and it was so still every where. Occasionally we heard the clatter of hoofs, but this was all; and we regarded this, even, as ominous of a move of some kind. Those of us who could crawl got to the doors and windows. We were a sorry looking set of fellows—torn by shot and shell, covered with blood and dirt, our faces haggard with weariness and suffering—but the grand old army of the Potomac contained no men who were more anxious for success. Between us and our comrades was an impassable gulf nearly two miles wide, thickly strewn with the dead and dying of both armies, bordered with angry lines in blue and gray—impediments to progress more formidable than the waves of the storm-swept sea—yet in spite of this we longed to fly to them or in some way to warn them of the coming storm. In anxiety, in agony even, we watched and waited for hours.

At last the signal for onslaught came. It was the sharp report of a Whitworth gun, and as its echoes died away in the distance we could see thousands of men everywhere scrambling for their places in the ranks and behind the breastworks. Batteries came galloping up from the right and left, taking position on the ridge and immediately opening fire, and staff officers were carrying orders in every direction. It was an exciting moment. The portentous silence of the morning had been oppressive, and we were glad it was now broken. Anything was better than uncertainty. The rebel captain's story was beginning to be verified. In a short time, emerging from a straggling forest in the distance, we distinctly saw the heads of three col-

umns of infantry. Our eyes were now strained to their utmost to watch the movements of this new force. Slowly it came out into the open ground, it halted and dressed its lines.

Here and there a slight wavering, as if shaken by the wind, showed they were stripping for action. Officers were riding up and down and in and out among them, and their wild cheers showed they were determined to do or die. They waved their hats and caps above their heads, as if in answer to the appeals of their leaders. All this time we did not speak to each other, so intently were we watching the enemy. We held our breath and waited, each busy with his own thoughts. After a while the great "entering wedge" moved forward. Then cheers and yells broke out all along the line of battle. It was a scene which for grandeur and heroic interest was never before equaled on this continent, and how mighty were the interests involved! The fate of the republic itself—aye, more, the progress of mankind—hung trembling in the balance.

I had often seen great bodies of troops in motion, but never anything like that. Steadily, with the regularity of a machine, they swept on. We were almost deafened by the roar of cannon, for more than a hundred rebel guns had opened their mouths and were spouting tons of iron at every discharge. The windows of the building we occupied were rattling as though an earthquake was upon us, and the very ground beneath seemed to tremble. Added to this was our anxiety for our comrades. Could they live through such a cannonade? Would they be able to hurl back this mighty charging column, so terribly in earnest? Yes; in spite of our fears we knew they would. We knew the temper of the men upon whom the destiny of the republic now rested. And even while we speculated thus "the guns of the Union made answer. Every loyal gun was now pouring shot and shell upon the advancing enemy. We could no longer see them, so closely were they enveloped in clouds of dust and the smoke of bursting shells. The volume of sound now increased a hundred fold, and it seemed every minute that it would be more than our ears could bear. It was terrific beyond anything that can be imagined by those who never witnessed an artillery battle of magnitude. It was my lot, just before the battle of Fredericksburg, to lie behind Burnside's guns, massed on the heights of Falmonth while they rained shot and shell into the town of Fredericksburg and on to the hills beyond. I thought that cannonade was terrible. But it was boys' play compared with the one we were now witnessing. And yet, strange, and improbable as the statement may seem, above all the roar of conflict we could hear the rebel yell of that reckless charging column. It was shrill and continuous, like the whistling of the wind in a storm. Finally the fire of rebel artillery slackened a little, as there was danger now of their killing their own men, but the battle was becoming more furious, for the battle of musketry had begun, and the clatter of small arms was continuous. The roar of the guns on Cemetery hill and from every available point in the Union line continued with increasing fury, but still, above it all, the rebel yell! Would it never cease? The rebels back of us and from every elevated point far and near were watching their forlorn hope, and officers of high and low degree gazed anxiously into that vortex of carnage. Occasionally they would point in this direction or that, and staff officers would gallop away to distant parts of the field as though preparations were being made for a general advance. Our anxiety increased every moment, but we were still hopeful. As long as there was no abatement in that terrible musketry fire we knew our boys were standing their ground. We dared not think of the thousands of brave fellows who were going down every moment.

But the climax came at last. That piercing yell had died away, and nothing could now be heard but the din and roar of battle. This continued for some time, and then, as the sun is wont to burst through the clouds and scatter the mists and darkness, only more suddenly, came the full, round, hearty hurrahs of our comrades. We needed no interpreter to tell us the meaning of those cheers. They were louder, even, than had been the rebel yell, and we answered them with a will from our position inside the rebel lines. Rebel officers standing about the building tried to stop us, but we only screamed the louder, for we were beside ourselves with joy. Wounds and hunger were forgotten, and tears flowed down our grimy faces. The enthusiasm of Appomattox did not exceed ours. We cheered again and again. A few of my companions, in that extreme moment, snapped the slender cord that held them to earth, and their spirits took flight to a world where wars never come. This was all that marred the scene—all that lessened our joy.

"Ah, here they come!" we all cried at once. Yes, sure enough, they were coming. But they were not coming back in the order in which they advanced. Far from it. They were pouring back to the shelter of their guns in the wildest disorder—swarming over every foot of ground in defeat and confusion—broken and completely demoralized. No order and no formation anywhere. It was a terrible rout—a wild stampede for safety. The descendants of the cavaliers had dashed themselves against Plymouth Rock and been hurled back. For some time wounded men had been streaming in from the scene of the en-

counter in large numbers, and for hours till far into the night, the mournful procession kept moving on. It was a sickening sight, and one I can never forget.

It soon became silent again. Despair rested on the face of every rebel we could see. Chaos ruled everywhere. The enemy had staked their all on the throwing of the dice and had lost. We watched a long time for the advance of our comrades, that the work of overthrowing the foe might be completed, but it came not. We have since learned why. Meade was too timid. A Phil Kearney at the head of a division would have swept the rebel army out of existence. Phil Sheridan in Meade's place would have done it. The old sixth corps was there ready for the work. The war might have been virtually ended then and there, for with Lee destroyed the Mississippi open, Vicksburg and Port Hudson in our hands, little would have remained to be done.

### Restless Emigrants.

A correspondent of the Tribune thus describes the class of settlers of the new territories, who never are contented to remain in one place: The farmer himself is the most fascinating adjunct of a Kansas farm. It is here that the contented steadfastness of the population of the far Eastern States has met half-way the disorder and turbulence of the far West, and the meeting has resulted in a type of character which I believe has not its counterpart elsewhere in the world. His history has usually been somewhat as follows:

He was born and "raised" in Ohio. When he reached man's estate—the estate, by the way, being lacking—he "struck out" for the West and settled perhaps in Indiana. Thence when "things got too thick" he migrated to Illinois, and after a sojourn of a few years in that State he swept on with the tide of emigration into Missouri, where as he will tell you, "the rebels were to rank," and so he soon hitched up the family schooner, embarked the family goods and gods and crossed into Kansas.

On his travels he has somewhere picked up a companion to whom a certificate, carefully preserved in a frame, shows that he has been married by a Justice of the Peace, and of whom he invariably speaks as "his woman."

He and "his woman" have managed to accumulate a family more or less numerous, and hungry in the superlative degree. The spirit of unrest that has controlled him hitherto has yielded to the desire of middle life for quiet, and he feels as though he was settled now, and looks forward only very vaguely to a claim in Colorado or a farm in Iowa when the tendencies of his earlier days have again gathered force to stimulate him to push on. There is no such thing, however, as contentment among a certain class of the younger men; they intend to pre-empt "that claim in Colorado before the land is all took up."

While waiting at a little way station, on the Kansas Southern Railroad, recently, I noticed on the platform a young farmer, I took him to be, who with "his woman" and family of three children seemed to be also waiting for the train.

"Well," I said to him, "are you off for Colorado?"

"No," said he, "Ioway."

"Going to settle there?" I inquired.

"Yes," he replied; "I was up there in September and I seed a nice little farm that I took a notion to, and so I thought that if I could sell out here for anything like what that farm would cost me, I would go and buy. Wall, a fellow came along and offered me ten dollars an acre for my eighty, and that eighty up thar in Ioway wasn't but twelve dollars an acre, and so I invested."

"Well," said I, "is the Iowa farm a better farm?"

"I dunno as it is any better," he answered. "Maybe the builden's aint quite so good, but then me and my woman was sorter tired of Kansas, and then she had the shakes, she did, and so we thought that we'd move."

"How long have you been in Kansas?"

"Five years going on next April."

"Where did you come from before that?"

"Nebraska."

"Where were you raised?"

"Illinois."

"Well, my friend," said I, "don't you know that you are moving out of the part of Kansas which Mr. Greeley called the Garden of Eden? According to your own showing, you won't better yourself any by going; your wife will be as likely to get the chills in Iowa as in Kansas; you are running in debt on your farm; you have all the trouble and expense of moving, and the probability is that it will be years before you will be as well off again as you are now."

"Wall," said this specimen of western go-a-head-attiveness, "my folks do tell me that a rolling stone don't gather no moss; but then I tell them that a settin' hen don't git fat." I had no answer this, for I had never reflected on the drawbacks which the setting hen may have to encounter.

This restlessness is the most characteristic feature of the Western native farmer of the middle and poorer classes. He is always uneasy never satisfied anywhere. He is always going to settle somewhere, but can't find the place where he is willing to admit that he means to live and die. He helps to develop an immense amount of the country, but can't bring himself to settle anywhere long enough to reap the full rewards of his labor.

## ABOUT EGGS.

**How It Is That They Cost 50 Cents a Dozen—German Lined Eggs.**

"It was too bad I had to charge you fifty cent. I shoost make two cent on lot tozen of aigs," said an up-town grocer who was selling eggs yesterday.

"He told the truth. He paid 48 cents a dozen, wholesale, if he bought his eggs the first of the week," said W. S. Okie, a commission merchant, when asked if eggs had been selling at that price. "The warm weather early in the season started the hens, and eggs came in so freely that the market was very weak. A good many got frightened and sold out. Then the weather came around cold again, and stopped the supply. The stock in hand here was not large. Of course those who had held their stocks made some money. In fact, eggs were so scarce the first of the week that I do not know how we would have lived if we had not received a supply by a couple of German steamers. The warm weather of to-day has reduced the price to 42 cents wholesale, but it will be cold to-morrow, and we will not sell any lower for some time. Lined eggs bring about 35 cents."

"How many eggs were brought in by the German steamers?"

"About 1,400 cases of say 80,000 dozen."

"Are they lined?"

"Yes, but the German process is better than the American. Here a bushel of lime is slacked with eight or nine pails of water; the water is drawn off, and the eggs are packed in it. The lime water closes the pores in the shell and excludes the air. The eggs will then keep two or three years. But the white of the egg gets watery, and, besides that, the liners do not pickle the eggs until they are afraid that they will spoil. Out of 1,000 barrels of lined eggs received here only 200 will be gilt edged. The German process leaves the white in such a natural condition that the imported eggs are frequently sold here as fresh ones by retailers. The only thing to prevent it is the fact that these preserved eggs cannot be boiled. They crack open every time, of course. In every other respect they are as good as nine-tenths of the fresh eggs sold."

"How much duty do you pay on them?"

"The American hen is wholly unprotected from the pauper labor of the Germans. There is a movement on foot, though, to get a duty on eggs, which will, perhaps, enable us to charge several cents more a dozen under extreme circumstances."

March options on eggs sold in the exchange yesterday at 18 1/2 cents a dozen.

—[N. Y. Sun.]

## A BOGUS GHOST.

**The Tricks of a Medium Exposed.**  
Boston Advertiser.

There is no end to the folly of the credulous. Those who have watched the spread of the materializing spirit seances in this city during the last year have had proof enough of this. Last night Mrs. Bliss, of 39 East Newton street, began, as usual, by explaining that this seance was her religion, and then followed the usual jugglery. A figure in white appeared, and then "Little Billy," in dark nautical costume, and then another figure in white was very demonstratively affectionate to some of the sitters. After a time one of the audience grew impatient and threw his arms about the figure as she danced up to him, crying, "Stay, oh, stay!" The spirit (?) struggled violently in a very fleshy way, and half a dozen of the persons who were managing the performance threw themselves upon him and dragged him back. The spirit (?) ran back into the cabinet, followed closely by some of the observers. Matches were lighted and blown out by the confederates. The gas was stopped up, but still more matches were lighted and another burner found. One of the gentlemen was collared and dragged out, but he slipped back into the cabinet. The medium was then on the floor with a stalwart friend standing over her. Her shoes were in the corner and her stockings feet were visible. Her arms and neck were entirely bare, but the muslin robe which she had worn as a ghost was wrapped round her waist and tucked under her. Her dark dress she had caught up and pinned round her shoulders. The cap and little blue skirt-front which she had worn as "Billy," where lying by her, half-hidden, but these and the shoes were picked up and preserved by the investigating party. Meantime there was a regular tussle outside, ending in the turning of the little party out into the hall and locking the door. Before they left, the medium had succeeded in getting her dress partly on, but was afraid to rise to show her paraphernalia. "Altogether," says one who was present, "it was a complete expose of a plain humbug." Doubtless some person will deny it. There is no end to fools. But half a dozen or more gentlemen saw the whole thing, and there can be no doubt about it.

Domestic government officials have seized 2,500,000 feet of logs cut on the Canadian railway belt in British Columbia by Americans, who intended to float the plunder to the Sound mills. The spoliation has been going on unchecked for years.

## IMPOSSIBLE ESCAPE.

**Absolute Truth with Collateral Proof From Which There Can Be no Appeal.**

For the past three years we have had a standing offer of \$5,000 for any statement of cure published by us which was not, so far as we know, bona fide. We did this in order that all readers might know the absolute truth of all our assertions and that they were based upon the value of our remedy and not upon idle words. Below we give a few extracts from recent letters, which speak for themselves. We will only add that we could furnish one hundred thousand more of a similar nature did occasion require, but we believe the entire American public is now convinced of the positive value of Warner's Safe Cure. H. H. WARNER & Co. Rochester, N. Y.

"Warner's Safe Cure does all claimed for it."  
MAJ. JAMES SINGLEY.  
Petaluma, Cal.

"I was cured of kidney disease and bleeding piles by 11 bottles of Warner's Safe Cure."  
Auburn, Me. B. H. HOWARD.

"I was a physical wreck by kidney disorder, but Warner's Safe Cure has completely cured me."  
Columbus, O. G. C. LANING.

"I was a sight to behold from kidney dropsy, but was restored to perfect health by Warner's Safe Cure."  
Troy, N. Y. JAMES ALLEN.

"My physicians said I would never get out of bed again. I took Warner's Safe Cure and felt like another being."  
Beverly, N. J., F. CUYLER HUTCHINS.

"I had 22 quarts of water taken from me caused by dropsy. Ten bottles of Warner's Safe Cure entirely restored me."  
Geo. B. PAESLEY, Manchester, N. H.

"A neighbor of mine, W. A. Thompson, has been raised from the dead by the use of your Warner's Safe Cure, JOHN NORTON P. M., Summit City, Pa., Feb. 8th.

"Physicians said I could never be cured of calculus and strangury, but four bottles of Warner's Safe Cure entirely removed my complaint."  
San Francisco, Cal. T. O. LEWIS.

"I was wholly prostrated by a complication of diseases and as a last resort purchased Warner's Safe Cure. Every one of the old troubles have disappeared and I am very grateful."  
W. E. BENE-DICT, Albany, N. Y. Press and Knickerbocker.

"I suffered for over twenty years with a lame back caused by kidney complaint, and my spine and nervous system were badly affected. When I had abandoned all hope I began the use of Warner's Safe Cure, and have not felt so well and strong for twenty years."  
J. J. WRIGHT, Fon du Lac, Wis.

"For two years I suffered intensely and was made miserable through diseased kidneys and bladder, with nervous exhaustion and entire prostration. Doctors and medicine did not afford me any relief, and I was advised to use Warner's safe Cure, which I did in connection with the Safe Pills, and am thankful to state I am entirely cured of the dreadful malady."  
MRS. DORMER.  
448 South Tenth street,  
Denver, Col. Feb. 19th.

"I want to state how much my husband has improved while taking Warner's Safe Cure. All swelling has disappeared from his limbs; his water trouble is much better and his voice is so improved that he preaches every Sabbath. We are very thankful. The people all around here are taking the remedy, and some are getting well by the use of a few bottles. Multitudes more must have it." Mrs. Rev. F. A. Soule. Sing Sing, N. Y., Feb. 29th.

"For a score of years I suffered with what the doctors pronounced dilation and valvular disease of the heart, but now I am led to believe that the heart trouble was only secondary and a symptom of other complaints. Frequently I was threatened with death by suffocation, my breath failing me entirely. I became cold and numb, and was as near death as any living person ever has been. This was three years ago and I have ever since enjoyed complete health wholly through the use of Warner's Safe Cure."  
A. BILDERBECK,  
Chicago, March 1st. 28, 13th street.

**Three Months Failures.**  
Bradstreet's Journal of N. Y., publishes the following: We find the first quarter's failures in 1884 in excess of any like total in preceding years, the total number being 3,320. This points to a record of over 10,400 business deaths within the current year. The probable total of failures for 1884 may exceed that of the heaviest of the list 1878, yet such a result would in no way liken the commercial healthfulness to that in 1878. As pointed out a number of times heretofore, the commercial death rate is always greatest during periods of trade depression. If, then, with the enormous increase in the number of traders throughout the country which has taken place within the past six years from an increased population of at least six millions, the list of commercial deaths barely exceeds that of 1878, the death rate per 1,000 in business as compared with 1878 will be much lower. Not more than 84 per cent of the firms and business enterprises of the country are employing each \$5,000 or less capital. The failures in the different districts for the first quarter of 1884 are:

Eastern states..... 448

Middle..... 700

Southern..... 775

Western..... 1,113

Pacific States..... 101

Territories..... 93

The aggregate liabilities were \$3,188,414.