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Utah Veterans Tell Thrilling Stories of Civil Strife

MAY thirtieth—the most solemn day of all the year. The day when all America bows her head in memory of those mighty hosts of heroes whose life-blood crimsoned the site of Eternal Liberty.

On many a battlefield America's sons have poured out their loyal blood. But when was there a war attended by the physical misery and heartburnings that came with the Rebellion? Because it was amongst ourselves and for the preservation of the Union, the Civil war holds a firmer place in the people's memory than any other that has been waged on American soil? Once more April 30 will be devoted by a nation to the honor and worship of her sons of the Blue and sons of the Gray!

Here in Salt Lake not less than 150 heroes of the Grand Army of the Republic reside. There are two posts—the George R. Maxwell and the James B. McKean, both named for Union generals. Each of them has about 75 members. Working with the two army posts are two auxiliary organizations, the Women's Relief corps. They are of somewhat smaller membership, but of no less value in the noble work they do than the work that was done many years ago by their husbands, fathers and brothers.

The present department commander for Utah, of the G. A. R., is Colonel Frank H. Clark, the municipal justice of the peace and coroner. The commander of the Maxwell post is Alfred Kent, while W. E. Gaby commands the McKean post. Of the Women's Relief corps, Mrs. John Brooks has charge of the Maxwell and Mrs. W. H. Jones the McKean. All four of these organizations will parade on Monday and after that great feature of the day, they will proceed to the cemeteries and decorate the graves of the heroes of American wars.

The Deseret News presents herewith a cluster of reminiscences, gathered from a few of the local G. A. R. veterans. They were collected at random, without a thought as to the relative importance of, or distinction belonging to each individual. Doubtless there are even more interesting stories to be had from others, if space would allow it.

Col. Henry Page, for example, was out of the city when this chronicle was made up. He is said to be the only staff officer who accompanied Sheridan on his famous ride at Winchester. Col. Page was then chief of the quartermaster's department under the famous general, and doubtless he could have given a thrilling account of the celebrated exploit of the gallant and beloved "Phil."

BUT there is at least one other old soldier in Salt Lake who vividly recalls Sheridan's ride. He is Dr. A. K. Smith, surgeon-major of the First Michigan cavalry, the veteran volunteer cavalry of the whole army. Dr. Smith enlisted in 1861 and saw four years and seven months' service, and by a strange coincidence was mustered out at Fort Douglas, in 1866. This place has been his home ever since.

Dr. Smith's regiment of cavalry was in the army of the Potomac and engaged in almost every important engagement fought by that army, including the second battle of Bull Run, Bank's retreat was the only retreat ever made by them. The First Michigan was in both battles of the Wilderness and made the last charge at Gettysburg. They were at Appomattox, at Winchester and Cedar Run. Through all of these engagements Dr. Smith was foremost in attending the injured, and he speaks feelingly of the bravery shown by wounded men.

"I have seen men with a leg and arm shot away lie down to die without a murmur, almost without a groan. In fact, through four years service the only time I heard screams from pain upon a battlefield was when a 15-year-old drummer boy at Gettysburg, fell near our field tent, both legs shot off. Such sights were common in men, but the horror was excruciating when a mere child was shot down."

Of Sheridan's ride, Dr. Smith said: "It was the greatest day I experienced in the war. The date was October 19. The army and its officers believed we were whipped and had retreated for some distance, the front rank keeping up the firing. The cavalry was lined up on one side of the road and the infantry on the other. Generals Merritt, Custer and others were congregated on the road holding a council. I could have touched Custer on the shoulder by reaching out my hand and therefore I remember distinctly what happened. There was a clatter of hoofs and side-arms down the road and the next minute Sheridan rode up covered with dust and sweltering under the hot sun. The generals saluted in order. I did not hear his first remarks, but it was quickly explained to him by General Wright, if I remember correctly, that the army was in retreat, wholly unable to cope with the superior force.

"Sheridan smiled. 'I can lick 'em with my cavalry,' he said, and turning to an aide, he ordered the infantry forward. The boys on foot were hard at it within five minutes. Then at another order from McClellan the infantry fell back and the cavalry charged. There is not a thing on earth could have stopped that mighty rush. Forty thousand men and horses swinging across the valley onto the enemy and behind the cavalry the infantry. In thirty minutes, as it occurs to me now, the enemy was in full retreat and the Union had won the day."



"Sheridan was one of those funnion fellows—small of stature, but a great general and never-give-in fighter. Up to the time he gave orders the cavalry had accomplished very little. The inclination seemed to be to break it up on detached service and it had never been possible to get together a force that could fight effectively. The battle on that one day when 40,000 cavalrymen put the enemy to rout, inspired a new system regarding the mounted forces."

LIVING in a little cottage surrounded by beds of flowers at 266 F street is Col. Henry Logan, formerly of Illinois, a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln and a bearer of four scars representing wounds that carried him four times to the brink of mortality.

Col. Logan has lived in Salt Lake only seven years. He came here for his health, which failed him after the hardships endured in the war. In 1860 he was state's attorney for Illinois and was residing at Joliet. The war broke out. Gov. Yates called for troops. Three companies were formed. A regiment was wanted and it required five more companies to complete it. The governor called on Logan to stump the state for volunteers. He did so and with such effect that the regiment was filled within 10 days. In Joliet, Logan had already organized company G and he was unanimously chosen captain of the Sixty-fourth Illinois. Its campaign began at Decatur, Ala., and the first night in camp, going to bed in soft, mild weather, they awoke under 11 inches of snow. This created havoc with the regiment, most of the men falling sick after the experience. Pushing on, under Gen. Fuller, the regiment got into hot fighting and Capt. Logan fell in the battle of Dallas, Ga., shot three times through the body. The fighting lasted all day and he was not until dark was the captain carried from the field by some comrade. The nearest hospital was at a distance and a number of the wounded were placed in a wagon to be taken there. During the night the driver lost his way and until daylight, Capt. Logan suffered, without attention, from his three wounds, the wagon lumbering along across the rough country. Recovering after a hard struggle, the captain immediately rejoined his command. He was still in the forefront of the fighting and for distinguished services he won his promotion as major and was assigned to a regiment of colored troops. During the fighting at

Snake Creek gap he received his fourth wound, a shot through the abdomen, and was again in the hospital for weeks. Nothing daunted, the gallant major rejoined his command, and finally, for bravery at Chattanooga he was brevetted a colonel, his present title. At his home he has all his commissions framed, besides a riddled and tattered flag, a uniform and side-arms.

Col. Logan's acquaintance with Lincoln began before the war. It was while Lincoln was on the stump in Illinois and Logan was chosen to preside over the meeting at Joliet. It was his distinction to introduce Lincoln on this occasion and it was during this meeting that the great statesman and martyr declared the nation could not exist, half free and half enslaved. Logan had just been elected district attorney at this time and Lincoln heard his argument in the first murder trial he prosecuted. The veteran speaks with pride of the fact that Lincoln complimented him, but is still inclined to believe the president did so out of mere courtesy. He is the proud possessor of an autographed photograph of Lincoln and has a copy of an election ball-

lot showing Lincoln's name at the top and his own at the bottom.

TO Atty.-Gen. M. A. Breeden belongs the distinction of having been, possibly, one of the very youngest regular soldiers in the Union army during the stirring years that Memorial day recalls. While there were drummer boys not more than 12 or 14 years of age in that historic multitude, there was not a great number who operated muskets at the age of 16, as did the well known official.

Maj. Breeden lived in Mayville, in Kentucky, and Kentucky claimed more families divided amongst themselves on the secessionist question than any state in the north or south. At the outbreak of the war, Maj. Breeden's father and two older brothers enlisted in the Union army. While they were at the front, the major's mother died. The boy, then 16, was the only one left. The home was broken up. He was compelled to earn his living on a farm. Rather than do this, in 1864 he ran away to war and after reaching Decatur, Ill., enlisted as a regular private in the One Hundred and Forty-fifth Illinois regiment. Immediately he was made a corporal, and was thereafter promoted to a sergeant. He was mustered out after about one year's service, during which he did not participate in any of the great battles, as his command was designated to drive Sterling Price out of Missouri. The heavy fighting took place farther south.

At the close of the war, Gen. Garfield organized what was known as "The Boys in Blue," and young Breeden won the distinction of a commission as colonel on Garfield's staff.

Col. Breeden, or "Major," as he is generally known, belongs to the Ogden post of the G. A. R.

CAPTAIN J. B. Black, the mining man, is one of the most interesting of Salt Lake's G. A. R. veterans. In 1864, he enlisted for three years in the Ninety-second Illinois, the mounted infantry. He became a member of the famous body known as "Thomas' scouts," and went out on detached services.

"At this time," said Captain Black, "I had my first fight in the war. The scouts—just 60 of us—were put out on picket duty near Ringold, in Georgia. In the night time the Johnnies surrounded us and somehow we had left a gap. They constructed a perfect trap for us and we walked into it. It was fierce fighting as you can imagine when I say that out of the entire 60, only 12 men got away. I was one of the 12.

The others were either killed or sent to a southern prison, which was worse. "This was my first fight. My last was at the time Gen. Joe Wheeler made his raid on Dalton, Ga. Sherman was before Atlanta, but we had remained behind. We were overtaken by Wheeler's force, which outnumbered us tremendously, but we had the advantage of a stockade hurriedly thrown up. The fighting began at 10 o'clock in the morning and by noon our telegraph line had been cut, but not before we had flashed a message to Sherman that we needed assistance. All day the fighting continued, hot and furious. They attacked our breastworks seven times during the day, but we held our own each time. About sundown, Wheeler sent two men in under a flag of truce asking us to surrender. Our colonel, Leopold, was a German, and I shall never forget the message he sent back.

"Tell 'em," he said, "not I did not come here to surrender, and he tamed to him." We fought all night long and at daylight it was a sad, discouraged lot of boys in blue. They were all determined men, but we knew defeat must be inevitable against Joe Wheeler's brigade, numbering twice the men we had, and having several field pieces against only our rifles. Only one who has experienced it knows the extreme joy we experienced when, at 10 o'clock in the morning, 24 hours after the fight began, we heard the cheers and bugles of the troops sent by Sherman to reinforce us, and a few minutes later saw their blue uniforms through the distant trees. I can tell you we fought like demons during that hour, and Wheeler finally made a stubborn retreat."

Capt. Black was in Dalton, Ga., lying in a hospital with typhoid fever, when the town was captured by Gen. Hood. There were 1,600 negro troops in a stockade and their commander surrendered without firing a gun. There was indignation over his act at the time. Capt. Black himself was more dead than alive, and the rebels did not attempt to remove him. After he was in condition to travel, he secured a furlough and returned to his home. After he later rejoined his command, he was virtually at an end and he never fought again.

It is an interesting fact that ex-Gov. Murray of Utah, Col. Black's brigade commander, Murray being a colonel of the Third Kentucky cavalry. Years afterward the two "vets" met in this city and Capt. Black asked the governor if he was not colonel of the Kentucky cavalry. The reply was affirmative.

"Then I'll tell you how you will know me," said the captain. "I was on guard at Kilpatrick's tent after he was wounded, when you came up and wanted to go in. I had the doctors were working on the general, and while you cursed and swore, I held you off. When you calmed yourself, I took you to a clothes line and showed you the pants Gen. Kilpatrick had worn when he was shot, and proved to you by the small hole in the right trousers leg that the wound was not necessarily serious."

"Damn it, if you didn't," exclaimed the governor, and the next moment the veterans were clasped in each other's arms—after the order had gone in over the mahogany counter.

COLONEL Maurice M. Kalha is one of the best known members of the G. A. R. and ex-commander of the Utah department. In 1862, then a boy of 16 years, he entered the service as a private in the Forty-fourth Pennsylvania. Later he was in the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania, and while his service covered a period of only one year, he went through both the Antietam and Gettysburg campaigns. Col. Kalha did not see a great amount of fighting, as his service was largely of a confidential nature—confidence to which he is bonded for the remainder of his life—but it is well understood by his comrades that Col. Kalha's service was not a whit less valuable than the man who carried the musket constantly. During his field work Col. Kalha served under Gen. Meade and McClellan. His two brothers were in the One Hundred and ninety-seventh Pennsylvania.

COLONEL Frank H. Clark was asked to furnish some facts concerning himself. This is the result: "Frank H. Clark, present commander of the Utah department, G. A. R., enlisted in August, 1862, in the Twenty-fifth infantry, and served under Sherman. Was in the attack on Vicksburg at Arkansas Post, at Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, all through the Atlanta campaign, with Sherman on his march to the sea, through the Carolinas, our brigade capturing Columbia, S. C., at Montville, Sherman's last battle, and at Raleigh, when Johnston surrendered. Only man now living, presumably, who went through the war without an office or a commission, entered out before I was 21. Went to school, graduated, been practicing law ever since."

MEMORIAL DAY.

MINNIE IRVING.

Where cedars flanked the village church  
Like sentinels dark and tall,  
Two soldiers slumbered side by side  
Beneath a grassy pall.  
One from his mossy stone proclaimed  
That he had fought with Lee,  
And one had marched the weary road  
With Sherman to the sea.

There came a band of veterans  
Upon Memorial Day  
And planted roses on the blue,  
But left unmarked the gray.  
But when returning to the spot  
Another year, behold!  
Their comrades of the battle-field  
Rebuked them from the mould.

The roses rooted in his dust  
Reached out their tender sprays  
Through starry nights and dewy dawns,  
And sunny golden days.  
They showered with petals and perfume  
That green and silver blades,  
And folded both the sleepers there  
Within their sweet embrace.

Each grizzled head heared his head,  
And every furrowed cheek  
Was brightened by a tear that told  
The thoughts that none could speak;  
And so upon Memorial Day,  
In sun and rain showers,  
Since then they deck alike the graves  
Of blue and gray with flowers.

"THE BLUE AND THE GRAY."

(By F. M. Finch.)

BY the flow of the inland river,  
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,  
Where the blades of the grave-  
grass quiver,  
Asleep on the ranks of the dead:  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Under the one, the Blue,  
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,  
Those in the doom of defeat,  
All with the battle blood gory,  
In the dusk of eternity meet:  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Awaiting the judgment day;  
Under the laurel, the Blue,  
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,  
The desolate mourners go,  
Lovingly laden with flowers,  
Alike for the friend and the foe:  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Awaiting the judgment day;  
Under the roses, the Blue,  
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,  
The morning sun-rays fall,  
With a touch impartially tender,  
On the blossoms blooming for all:

Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Brothered with gold, the Blue,  
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So when the summer calleth,  
On forest and field of grain,  
With an equal murmur falleth  
The cooling drip of the rain:  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Wet with the rain, the Blue,  
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sodily, but not with upbraiding,  
The generous deed was done;  
In the storm of the years that are fading,  
No braver battle was won:  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Under the blossoms, the Blue,  
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,  
Or the winding rivers be red;  
They banish our anger forever  
When they laurel the graves of our dead!  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Love and tears for the Blue,  
Tears and love for the Gray.