

## THE BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK.

The famous ride to Winchester, "twenty miles away," has made the name of Sheridan a familiar one in every household where Thomas Buchanan Read's poem has entered—and where is one that it has not? The battle of Cedar Creek was fought October 19, 1862. General Sheridan had stationed his army at Cedar Creek and started for Washington on official business. Having just started from camp, he was overtaken by a message from General Wright, whom he had left in command, inclosing a dispatch deciphered from the enemy's signal flag. It purported to be from Longstreet to Early, and read: "Be ready to move as soon as my forces join, and we will crush Sheridan." Suspecting it to be, as it undoubtedly was, a ruse, Sheridan sent back word to Wright: "If Longstreet's dispatch be true, he is under the impression that we have largely detached. If the enemy should make an advance I know that you will defeat him. Look well to your ground and be prepared."

The federal forces lay in a position thought to be unassailable, upon three parallel ridges, of little height, facing southward. Early was four miles away at the foot of Fisher's hill. The furthest ridge was covered by General Crook, the next by General Emory, and the right by General Wright. The distance covered was three miles, and still further to the right was Torbert's cavalry.

The fronts and flanks of Crook and Wright were protected by breastworks and batteries. The position, unless turned by surprise and taken in the rear, was impregnable to any force which the enemy could by any possibility have. General Early resolved to turn both flanks by surprise. The march toward Emory upon the right presented no great natural difficulty; out to reach the left the assailants had to descend a rugged gorge so steep that a man must here and there support himself by holding fast upon the bushes, then wade the Shenandoah, recross it, enter the valley, skirting Crook's front, and go up it for three miles, moving scarcely 400 yards from the left line.

Early's force of 10,000 men, less than one-half the union forces, commenced marching at midnight. Left their rattling caissons should betray them they were left behind. Before dawn they had marched seven miles, and, undiscovered, three divisions had passed beyond Crook's flank, while two crouched in front. At daybreak the fierce yell denoted the surprising Confederate charge. In fifteen minutes the rout was complete, and the corps was streaming back in confusion upon the Nineteenth corps, its runs being captured and turned upon the fugitives. Simultaneously a brisk artillery fire with cavalry demonstrations, was opened upon Emory's right, while his front and flank were assailed as Crook's head had been, and the Confederates were already sweeping around to his rear. The Nineteenth corps was now fighting the whole Confederate forces. Desperate but brief and unavailing efforts were made to hold their lines until the 6th corps could come up, but from point to point they were driven back before the furious rush of Kershaw in front, while Gordon and Rameau poured in a fire upon their left flank. The camps of the Eighth and Nineteenth corps were now in possession of the Confederates, and what remained of these corps were pushed back upon the Sixth, which alone maintained the fight. The Sixth also fell back slowly, but in order, from one position to another, until at length, after three miles of retreat, it had fairly outstripped Gordon and stood with its left flank free from his pertinacious assault. Here, at last, they held fast and awaited the attack. The Confederates had now exhausted their impulse, and weary and hungry, scattered through the captured camps, eager for food. General Wright fell back undisturbed to a position where he could cover the road to Winchester and began to reform his lines. He had been badly beaten, but was hopeful that the worst was over.

While Sheridan was asleep at Winchester on his return from Washington his army was being routed and while he was eating breakfast the rebels were feasting on his camp delicacies. Leaving Winchester about 9 o'clock, he had proceeded but a little distance when he met the advance of his retreating and demoralized army. Sheridan's very presence seemed to stem the tide. "Face about," he shouted, "we're going back to our camps. Boys, those of you who are not cowards follow me, for I'll sleep in that camp tonight or I'll sleep in hell!" The effect was magical. The boys turned with a cheer to follow Sheridan. The Confederates fought bravely, but they could not resist the renewed energy, and division after division gave in. At length, twenty-four hours after they had been killed forth, Early's forces rested again in their fortifications on Fisher's hill.

Hon. A. F. Walker, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, writing the history of the Vermont brigade in which he served, says of the crisis:

"While thus waiting for the complete reformation of the army, sulkily and, it is to be feared, profanely growling over the defeat in detail which we had experienced, though not in the least disposed to admit that our division had been whipped—in fact, a little proud of what we had already done—and expecting the rebel charge, which

we grew more and more confident we should repulse, we heard cheers behind us on the pike. We were astounded. There we stood, driven four miles already, quietly waiting for what might be further and immediate disaster, while far in the rear we heard the stragglers and hospital bums, and the gunless artillerymen actually cheering as though a victory had been won. We could hardly believe our ears."

"The explanation soon came, in the apparition which Buchanan Read's yet embryotic but now well known poem has made familiar. As the sturdy, fiery Sheridan, on his sturdy, fiery steed, decked with foam from his two nostrils, mad galloping, wheeled from the pike and dashed down the line, our division also broke forth into the most tumultuous applause. Ardent General Custer first stopped the wonderful in-surre and kissed him before his men. His next halt was before our own brigade. Such a scene his presence produced and such emotion as it awoke can not be realized once in a century. All outward manifestations were as enthusiastic as men are capable of exhibiting; cheers seemed to come from throats of brass, and caps were thrown to the tops of the scattering oaks; but beneath and yet superior to these noisy demonstrations there was in every heart a revulsion of feeling and a pressure of emotion beyond description. No more doubt or chance for doubt existed; we were safe, perfectly and unconditionally safe, and every man knew it."

Sheridan's official report of the engagement is as follows:

Cedar Creek, Va., Oct. 19, 10 p. m.—Lieutenant General Grant, City Point: I have the honor to report that my army at Cedar Creek was attacked at Alackem this morning before daylight, and my left was turned and driven in confusion. In fact, most of the line was driven in confusion, with the loss of twenty pieces of artillery. I hastened from Winchester, where I was on my return from Washington, and found my army between Middletown and Newton, having been driven back about four miles. I here took the affair in hand and marched the corps forward, formed a compact line of battle to repulse an attack of the enemy, which was done handsomely at about one o'clock p. m. At 3 p. m., after some changes of the cavalry from the left to the right flank, I attacked with great vigor, driving and routing the enemy, capturing, according to the last report, forty-three pieces of artillery and very many prisoners. Affairs at times looked bad, but by the gallantry of our brave officers and men, disaster has been converted into a splendid victory. P. H. SHERIDAN.

## DEATHS OF STATESMEN.

WHAT A CONGRESSMAN THINKS OF THE FUNERALS OF HIS FELLOWS.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 6.—Each statesman has a hobby, and it is funny how curious some of these hobbies are. Scott, of Pennsylvania, is wrapped up in horses. Leland Stanford can talk by the hour on horse breeding, and Senator Kennis likes nothing better than developing an instantaneous photograph. Ex-Congressman Belford, "the Red Headed Rooster of the Rockies," notwithstanding his bibulous tendencies, had a hobby of theological study, and the same is true of Judge E. B. Taylor, of Ohio. Judge Taylor knows all about the religions of the past and present. He can tell you just what each tribe on the face of the globe now worship, and he is not so illiberal but that he finds some good in all. Gen. Logan was fond of theology, but he ran more to biblical study than to the study of the sacred books of other religions. He was proud of being the possessor of one of the lost copies of the rare books of Jashur, and his library would be a valuable addition to a theological seminary.

One of the queerest hobbies, however, in congressional study is that of a western congressman whom nature cut out as an undertaker, but who was by a good education and a bright mind forced into politics. He has been in the house for a number of terms. He has a good national reputation, and were I permitted to give his name this phase of his character would be a surprise to all but his most intimate acquaintances. Said he to me last night:

"Death and burial has always had a curious fascination for me. I attend more funerals, perhaps, than any man in the house or senate, and I could give you an outline of the history of funerals in the past. I know all about cremation as it is practiced by the Hindoos and the Siamese, and I have pictures at my house illustrating the method of embalming used by the different nations of the past. I believe I could give a receipt for embalming fluid off hand, and I have never studied medicine or worked in a drug store. I have visited, perhaps, more tombs than any public man. I have wept over the remains of Abelard and Heloise in the Perle Chaise in Paris. I have stood above the dust of Dante in Florence, have spent hours in wandering among the monuments in Westminster Abbey, and have examined the interiors of the pyramids with a magnifying light. I can tell you, perhaps, as much about the deaths of noted men as any other public man, and I have a necrology in the shape of a blank book which I have filled with clippings about how great men have died. I shall die myself some day, and

I have given direction that my obituary shall close the volume."

"What disease carries off more public men than any other?" I asked.

"I should say," replied the statesman, "Bright's disease of the kidneys. A careful diagnosis shows that this has more to do with our great funerals than any other. The public man of the United States lives high. Here at Washington he gets in the habit of dining and dining, he disturbs his stomach with highly spiced terrapin and heats his liver with cold champagne. This was the cause of Salmon P. Chase's taking off. He might have lived to a ripe old age had he stuck to the cold water temperance diet of Waukesha springs. He went to Waukesha a few years before he died, when he was in a bad way. By eating oatmeal, beefsteak and drinking pure water he rapidly improved and he soon regained his old vigor. He came back to Washington and his table, and it was a table that fixed disease upon him. It was the same with Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island. Anthony stood the big dinners of Washington for nearly a generation, but they carried him off at last. He was one of the greatest epicures we have ever had, and he and Ben; Perley Poore had their happiest hours when their legs were under some other man's mahogany. Poore had enough bills of fare in his memento collections to have started a paper mill, and he used to smack his lips when he told the story of the good dinners he had eaten. There are a number of the leading public men of the United States who are afflicted with Bright's disease to-day. They say little about it, however, and as a rule they do not appreciate that it is carrying them closer and closer to the grave."

"Heart disease," continued the obituary statesman, "has carried off a good many men. It was this that killed Senator Fenton a few years ago. He died at his desk while reading his correspondence. Sheridan's troubles heart disease, and Marcy, who was a former secretary of war, was found dead with a volume of poems in his hand, and it was heart disease that killed him. George Washington died from catching cold. His chest was hollow, and it was his out of door life that kept him from consumption. Numerous public men have died of cancers, and this disease seems to be constantly on the increase. I know of an Illinois congressman who has a cancer on his throat, and the death of Gen. Grant and the Emperor Frederick are too recent to need mention. Judge Kelley had a cancer in his cheek some years ago, and it came from smoking. He had it cut out, however, and he is now as good as he was forty years ago and does more work than he did then."

"Another disease which has carried off many a bright man is suicide. Yes, I call suicide a disease, and I don't believe any man in good health ever attempts it. Take Preston King whose body was found floating in the river near New York with a twenty-five pound bag of shot attached to it. King was too fat to be healthy. He weighed between three and four hundred pounds, and they had to have an extra large chair for his use in the senate. It was said that he died from the annoyance of office seekers, but I don't believe it. He was sick and morbid and the disease caused him to commit suicide. Ilse, of Kentucky, I knew very well. He worked himself to death, and it was his low spirits that brought on his fatal dose."

"How about Edwin M. Stanton?"

"I don't believe Stanton committed suicide. His character was too strong to permit him to do so, and the evidences are that his throat was not cut as was stated. I have talked with the man who had charge of his body, and he tells me his throat was as whole as yours is to-day."

"What do you think of statesmen's funerals and of the government paying the cost?"

"I think they are all right, and if we politicians leave our homes and come here to work for the government at Washington it ought to at least do as much as the Chinese immigration companies, and take us back and bury us in case we die in the service. The cost of these congressional funerals has been over estimated, and even if it does cost from \$1,000 to \$10,000 to bury the average congressman, think of the surplus in the treasury and congratulate yourself that this is one way of getting rid of it. Take, for instance, Senator Miller's funeral, and you can easily see where the money goes. In the first place, it cost nearly \$4,000 to carry the coffin and the committee from Washington to San Francisco. There was in addition to this an expense for Pullman cars of \$2,000 more, and the hotel bills, all told, were about \$1,000. The sum total was about \$7,000, and considering the distance it was not, I think, extravagant."

"What does a congressman's coffin usually cost?"

"Well, when it is bought by the government it costs at least \$400. I have had the auditing of a number of these congressional funeral accounts and I have been on one or two of the committees who have attended the burial. You cannot get a good coffin for less than \$400. I mean one that will look well, and will at the same time stand some chance against the body snatchers. It costs about \$500 to pay the undertaker, and one of the items of expense of our funerals here are the sashes and gloves. When Senator Burnside died the pallbearers had sixteen white scarfs to tie around them, and these cost \$144. It costs, as a rule, about \$9 a piece for these scarfs, and

the kid gloves used run about \$2 and \$2.50 a pair. The funeral of Gen. A. S. Williams, of Detroit, during the Forty-sixth congress, cost \$13,000, and it is the traveling expenses of these funerals that count up. Take the Miller funeral, and the traveling expenses all told, were \$6,000."

"I can't see where they spend the money," said I.

"Well, there is a committee of both houses, and this committee, as a rule, takes a special car. A man needs good food on a funeral tour, if any place, and the lunch bills are among the heaviest. I have known of funerals where a single one of the lunches cost \$122, and of course the car has to have its champagne and its apollinaris. These things count up, and as a rule the congressional funeral away from Washington which runs under \$1,000 is an exception."

"How about the funeral orations of the house and senate?"

"I think they are very good. It gives the boys a chance to get off their college essays about death and eternity, and I have never yet heard of a congressman who has died at Washington who was not in these speeches every thing that was true, good, beautiful and holy. In the senate there are some beautiful obituary makers, and Senator Palmer could make his fortune by hiring himself out to a tombstone factory and furnishing funeral orations to order. Dan Voorhees makes a very good funeral speech, and as for Senator Spooner, he could bring tears to the eyes of a statue. Sherman can eulogize a statesman, but he is not so good for an ordinary occasion, and one of the best funeral orators of the house is Snusset Cox."

"In what manner, supposing you had to die, judge," said I, "and you had the choice, would you prefer to die?"

"That makes me think," returned the statesman, "of a piece of verse on that subject. I am not sure that I can quote it, but the gist of it was that the writer in discussing the question of death gave the reasons why he would not die in each of the different seasons of the year. It went something like this:

"When the assassins are fryin',  
And hickory nuts is thick,  
Oh! who would think of dyin',  
Or even gettin' sick?"

"This was the verse, I think for the autumn. There was a similar one for each season, and the conclusion was:

"I would not die in spring time,  
I would not die in fall,  
And come to think about it,  
I would not die at all."

"And," concluded the statesman, "it is the same with me. I don't want to die at all. But I suppose I shall go off some time, and when I do I would rather have it a quick death, and one where my family will not be bothered about my funeral expenses. I wouldn't object to a \$400 coffin, and I want the boys that accompany me to my last resting place to have all the champagne they can drink at Uncle Sam's expense. I don't want a big monument, but I am in for all the furbelows of a funeral, as long as it don't reduce the size of my life insurance policy, or come out of the amount I leave to my family.—Thomas Dodd, in *New Orleans Weekly States*.

## A QUEER BED-FELLOW.

CHILLED BY THE COLD, A BULL-SNAKE CROWDs INTO A PROSPECTOR'S BED.

I am encamped in the deep forests on the cañoniferous hills of Yonag County. My temporary shelter is a small cabin of a single room, full of cracks, through which many things can creep. This morning, an hour or two before dawn, a heavy rain-storm descended upon us, and the air grew quite chilly. While lying in my comfortable little bed, listening to the howling of the wind and pouring of the rain, I felt a strange movement in the bed. It was not the movement of an earthquake, or of a whale, or of an elephant; yet I immediately recognized it as a movement of a very moving nature—one that might involve terrible consequences. I felt it again and it was not only in the bed but under cover with me. Just at this juncture I felt something very sick and of a somewhat cold nature move against my hand. The time for action evidently had come, and I did not deliberate what action to perform, but performed it at once. With one fell bound I vacated that bed and landed in the mid-hole of the floor with such a thump that the cabin shook all over. In a moment my lamp was burning; and, seizing a club, I approached the bed and cautiously pulled down the cover. There lay a snake beautifully coiled up, with his head somewhat uplifted, licking out his tongue at me. He was about four feet long. He looked at me and I looked at him. He made no motion as if he would run and neither did I. I thought I spied a gentle and confiding expression in his eye, as if he said: "You need not be alarmed; if you will not hurt me neither will I hurt you. If you will be my friend, I will be yours." I threw my club aside. I perceived that my bed-fellow was a bullsnake, almost precisely like the rattlesnake in markings, but in no other respects like that monster. He is without fangs, without poison, and of a gentle, playful and amiable nature. He grows eight or nine feet long. I said to him that he and I should be friends; that he might not only dwell with me in my

cabin, but, that if he liked, he could sleep with me in my bed. Having said that much I carefully spread the cover over him and told him to sleep on. And he did so. But I did not go back to bed to him. I sat by my table and read a few chapters of St. Paul, who, of all authors, is my favorite. How logical, how forceful, how grand and ennobling he is!

On returning from breakfast I brought one of my fellow-workmen with me to show him my friend and bed-fellow. When I drew back the cover there he lay, perfectly quiet and content, but licking out his tongue. My fellow-workman was dumbfounded. I then put the cover back again. A few moments ago my snake descended from the bed in a quiet way, as if entirely at home, and is still probably somewhere in the house. He was probably engaged in hunting mice when the storm came up, and becoming chilled in the changed atmosphere, he found my bed pleasant and concluded to sleep with me.—*Texas Cor. Forest and Stream*.

## JETS OF GINGER.

Miss Belfair—You did not catch my name. I am Miss Belfair. Mr. Blunt—What? not the beautiful Miss Belfair I've heard so much of?

"See that chap over there?"

"Yes. Why?"

"He'll die with his boots on before long."

"Hard character, eh?"

"No, but he's a barber and an expert at dying whiskers."

First Philosopher—What do you think of Mr. Smith?

Second Philosopher—I despise him.

First Philosopher—Why?

Second Philosopher—He saved my life once.

A thief in Vermont stole a couple of hens from a farmer the other day and dropped a gold watch while stealing. The farmer now wishes it known that the latch-string of his new house always hangs out, and thieves are invited to help themselves and no questions asked.

"Maw, how I perspire!"

"Dear me, Clara, don't let me hear you use that vulgar expression again."

"Do you want me to say 'sweat'?"

"No, you wretched vulgarian; you must say you are 'bedewed with heat.' The first thing you know people will say we haven't got no style about us."

Bertha—Oh, Reggy, dear, look at this love of a bonnet. It is the most exquisite one I ever had. I hope you won't think me mad when I tell you it cost thirty dollars.

Reggy—Think you mad! Well, I guess not. I'm the one that's mad, with a capital M.

Copy reader (to editor)—Here is a story sir, the dialect of which is most peculiar. I can't make it out.

Editor (looking over manuscript)—H—m—yes, this is written in a dialect that was popular some years ago. It was known as "good old Saxon." It's no use to us now.

"And is that yellow dome, which rises in the field yonder, the roof of another dwelling?" asked the city visitor of his country friend.

"Oh, no," said the farmer, "that is my prize pumpkin you see, which is growing right along for the agricultural show."

Old lady (to elderly bride on wedding trip)—"That young man who just went into the smokin' car seems very fond of you, ma'am." Elderly bride—"Ah, yes, John loves me most dearly." Old lady—"It does my heart good to see such affection these days. Is he the only son ye got, ma'am?"

Said a distinguished patient to his physician: "Doctor, will you hand me my medicine please?"

"Excuse me sir," responded the man of science, "but I am only connected with the bulletin part of your case. Another doctor will be here directly."

"What will a woman not do for her bonnet?" asks the scornful Baltimore American. "It is her pride, her joy. A lady was on a Western railroad. Her bonnet fell out of the window. She jumped off the train to get it. She was seriously injured. So was the bonnet. It is best not to carry the worship of the bonnet to extremes."

A man went into a provision store in Boston, the proprietor of which was German. "How much do you ask for your sausages?" he inquired. "Twenty cents." "I can buy them for a shilling of Mr. —." "Vy you didn't, den?" "He was all out of them." "Oh! vell, I sells mine sausages for a shilling, doo, ven I vas out."

"I'm afraid that calico will fade," she observed, as she looked at it in a doubtful way.

"Oh, no, ma'am."

"Ever tried it?"

"Yes'm. A woman who had a dress of this pattern fell into the river and her body was not fished out for a week. The color hadn't started in the least, I assure you."

"Ah, how d'ye do, Charley?"

"I'm not feeling well at all. The fact is, I haven't slept well lately, and then I've been eating too much hot bread and fried steak and wilted vegetables."

"Oh, I see; you've been on your vacation. Well, cheer up, old man; you've got nearly a year ahead of you to recuperate."