

The reply was, "I think we can hold them back until sunset."

Hurlbut's line wavered and was soon overpowered. The left of the Union line then turned back. General Prentiss took his men out of the old road when opposing forces appeared on his left in the endeavor to get between the river and the Union lines. The Union line at that point wheeled slowly as the attack grew hotter, until the men stood back to back with other Union men. They were fighting both ways from the old road and were surrounded. About that time a little fellow in the road stopped firing, looked up and said, "Don't you think we are licking them?" He got no satisfaction to his question and again began firing.

"That boy is in this crowd today," exclaimed someone in the audience.

The speaker said he found white flags up over Colonel Lynch's regiment. Lynch was trying to make his men pull them down. The boys explained that they were out of ammunition. Some one said to General Prentiss, "Hurlbut has gone; hadn't we better get out?" "Where can we get to?" was the answer. "I said to Grant that we could hold this position until the setting of the sun." The question expressed the belief that the sun had lodged. Continuing, the speaker said:

"Wallace did now reach me. Soldiers were hunting among the dead for ammunition. I knew it was over there. An investigation showed that we were cut off, surrounded by a large force. I did not want to say the word, but I had to. Springing to a little tree, I stood for a moment. A young lad near me fell pierced by a bullet. That decided me to stop the shooting. There was no firing from our side then. I am ashamed to say it; I waived my hat and cried: 'Cease firing: don't you observe these men have surrendered.'

"Be it said to the credit of the south, no shot was fired after that. I had a beautiful little sabre, which had been presented to me, and I wanted to keep it. Major Stone of Iowa stepped forward and offered his sword to General Polk, who said he did not want it. Major Stone asked General Polk if he had met General Prentiss yet.

"Have we got him?" asked the southern officer in surprise, "Where is he?" That little sassy soldier of mine pointed to me and answered, "There he is, and by—, you can't match him." Standing with my arms folded, I said: "I'm here, but thank God, I have no sword to surrender to a man who was educated by his government and turned traitor."

"I was sorry a moment later, for my words were not those of a gentleman; but that was the way I felt. General Polk rebuked me greatly. He said, 'I could not talk that way.' 'I could not help it,' I said. He looked about upon the scene of death, and asked if those were all the soldiers who had defended the place. I told him he would find them all there in the road, and again I thought he rebuked me when he exclaimed, 'You have done your duty.'

"The sun was not yet down when I gave orders for the men to fall in, but as fast as they fell in they fell out of line. The rebels saw we were simply killing time. A pony was brought to me and I mounted it. I was active then; I am now. (Laughter.) I honestly believe I can lick any man today who

doesn't love his flag. (Laughter and applause.) By the time we got started the sun was down, and thank God, some of the men were in the road yet.

"We were taken to the tent occupied a few hours before by Sherman. They were kind enough to give me a good supper—out of Sherman's mess chest, too. Out came Beauregard and Bragg. Supposing I would have to say something, I thought of what Abraham Lincoln said to me at Augusta, Illinois, when he made campaign speeches. After I had spoken on the occasion, Lincoln said he wanted to give me a lesson. 'When you come in contact with great men, rub up against them and you will not find so much difference.' So I was determined to give them a good rubbing up against. I stood mighty erect. I was not ashamed. Jordan introduced me as the Yankee general just captured on the field. It was a momentous occasion in my mind. Beauregard grasped my hand with both of his.

"My dear general, I am really glad to see you," he said.

"I'm your prisoner," I replied; "and I'll expect treatment in accordance with rank. I have felt your power today."

"My policy, my power," he exclaimed, "is the power of a great nation contending for its rights."

"The devil it is!" was the answer that came from my lips on the instant. I then discovered that I had not used the right kind of language, and I thought of apologizing, but he said no apology was necessary.

"Where is Buell's army?" was his next remark. I told him he had no right to ask, but that as he had I would answer. Then I told him Buell was on his way to Freeport. (The fact was I did hear such a rumor three weeks before.) After repeating other reports, I said I could not exactly tell where Buell was. That word 'exactly' was all that kept me from lying. General Beauregard expressed the belief that Buell could not arrive before Tuesday. I knew Buell was coming, but I didn't want the rebels to make an attack at the landing.

"They kept me company in a tent that night. You soldiers remember how it rained that night. Never was there a rain that alleviated so much suffering. I could hear the moaning of many a northern soldier—God sent that rain to stop the suffering, but death stopped many a man before morning.

"I knew Wallace, brave Lew Wallace, and Nelson were near. When the firing began, the rebels wanted to know of me what it meant. 'It means,' said I, 'that Buell is there and you will be getting back to Corinth tonight.'

"Yes," they replied, 'your horse is ready now.' So we started, the rebels straggling terribly. I assert here, and history bears me out, that a force of 20,000 could have taken the rebels at Shiloh after the first day's battle. We arrived at Corinth Monday, and awaited news of the battle. I knew how it would end."

In speaking of the lesson learned by the Union army at Shiloh, General Prentiss said that he regretted that the Union lines were scattered. But it taught the leaders to retrench. It was a dear lesson, but it kept the war out of Kentucky, and prevented Ohio from becoming the border.

"It prolonged the war," said he, "but it might have cost the nation. You soldiers saved the Union army at Shiloh. You saved thousands of lives, and I don't know but what you saved this Union. Members of Grant's army who were there in the 'Hornet's Nest' will get due credit some day."

The compliment paid to the speaker (who is now every where known as "the hero of Shiloh") by General Grant, in his denial of the early morning capture, was referred to with feeling as a defense of a slander started by miscreants.

In closing his story of the battle of Shiloh, General Prentiss described war as destruction of life, morals and property. "But," said he, "we do hate a class who pander to men who don't like that flag. When you see soldiers clasp hands and shed tears it is not that they love each other, but they hate disunion, and cannot like leaders who will not teach patriotism."

At the conclusion of the address three hearty cheers were given for the old hero of Shiloh. The vigor of the speaker, considering his seventy-seven years, surprised every one.

JAMES H. WALLIS.

MALAD STAKE CONFERENCE.

The quarterly conference of the Malad Stake convened at Portage Sept. 13th and 14th, 1896. There were four meetings held, including a Priesthood meeting on Sunday evening. The attendance on Sunday was quite large, but the meeting on Monday was not so well attended, which was due to the very busy season of the year. Apostle George Teasdale was in attendance. There were present, besides the Stake Presidency and most of the High Council and Stake Patriarch, the presiding officers of the various organizations and quorums of the Stake, together with most of the Bishops of the various wards.

A portion of the time of each meeting was occupied by the officers reporting the condition of the organizations in the Stake. These reports showed that the Stake was in a prosperous condition and that a good feeling prevailed among the Saints. Elder Teasdale of the Apostles dwelt powerfully upon the first principles of the Gospel and the mode of life required to be a true follower of Christ. He cited numerous passages from the Bible, Doctrine and Covenants, Book of Mormon and Pearl of Great Price to substantiate his assertions. His remarks were very pointed and calculated to arouse deep reflection. Taken all in all the conference was a very profitable one.

It was decided by unanimous vote of the conference to change the days of holding our quarterly conferences from Sunday and Monday to Saturday and Sunday. As usual, the choir under the leadership of Brother D. P. Jones, rendered valuable assistance, and the good people of Portage extended their hospitality to those from a distance. L. D. JONES.

The police of San Francisco are looking for William Greaves, a man, 81 years of age, who disappeared from his home at 583 Thirty-fifth street, Oakland, on Monday. He is described as a man 6 feet 8 inches tall, with gray hair.