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SEVEN TIMES A HERO.

THE BRILLIANT VOLUNTEER SOLDIER, GEN. EMERSON OPDYCKE.

First a Good Officer, Then a Good Fighter, His Charmed Life at Shiloh—Thrilling Deeds at Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, Before Atlanta and at Franklin.

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AMONG the regiments that walked into the barracks of the Forty-first Ohio volunteers in July, 1861, and signed themselves over to Uncle Sam for "three years or sooner shot," was the jocular sixteen year old Emerson Opdyke, whose active years had been passed in mountaineer business enterprises on the Pacific coast and in his native Buckeye State. He was one of the strange promising fellows seen in every village in those days, a combine go school Yankee.

His father had served in the 1812 war, and his grandfather had been a fighting parson of the Revolution, and he would wear the age rust off the saber of his sire in the old, old fight.

It was comparatively easy for such a man to be a good soldier, but Emerson Opdyke aspired to wear the axe front, and throw his whole soul into the task of mastering the first letters of his new art. Having mastered them he was prepared to teach others. For volunteers the capable novice is the most enthusiastic and practical drill master, and one Opdyke was made a regiment of old fogy northern.

In some months, armed to governor pitched a Richmond's stripe upon his and shoulder straps, and put with his women. To tell the truth the recruit was soon proficient enough to give points on soldiering to regulars. In fact, it was a school for commissioned officers. In six months' time he was a captain, putting other captains, and marching majors and colonels, through their operations. Has he enlisted to fight and not to keep school, and the first battle of his regiment found him in time passed a notch higher. He was acting major.

Now the major of infantry is in almost the position of an hair waiting for dead man's shoes. There is nothing for him to do in the way of handling troops until the shape of higher rank step down and out.

At Shiloh, in April, 1862, the Forty-first was in Nelson's division of Buell's army, the command which Grant dispatched for to hot hasts on the first day to march to his relief. Nelson's troops entered the struggle to recover the captured camp equipments of Sherman and Prentice. The Ohioans dashed in with the recklessness of new hands, and the Confederates first bell them away from their ill gotten and then charged back on them. The rebel hosters were down in successive wall six had fallen.

At the first or second mishap of this kind it is not at all difficult to find a subaltern. In fact for a round or two there will be a rush of candidates for the place of honor. And it is as natural in an ordinary fight for the man nearest the flag to pick it up when it falls as it is for a gentleman to pick up a neighbor's hat when it blows toward him. But when that same flag sounds not merely a first and second within, when the third and fourth and fifth and sixth to fall it "bites the dust," it looks like futility to grasp it.

In a very short time in that first charge of the regiment the sixth bearer of the staff dropped with the roll of a bullet, and the Forty-first was without a flag to rally on. Though on a charge the Ohioans hesitated, they broke back on their's terrified, their eyes bewildered from volcanic and supreme explanation. Was the end of battles falling on the other side? It looked as if the rebel colors there and six pairs of hands paralyzed in trying to keep them waving.

The acting major, hanging on the edge of the line waiting for something to turn up and wipe out his official inkblunders, saw the falling colours, the prostrate bearer and the enemy rushing on two against one. Pushing through the ranks he seized the staff and waved the flag back and forth as if to say, "Here are your colors again and home" or shall I say shouted to the sun "Come and leap into the smoke and flame——" Instinct the Confederate line in cover. The ruse turned. Opdyke lived through the tornado of shots hurled at the banner. He kept it waving and the men took heart. The old barrack drill sergeant was for the hour a man of destiny. Bullets couldn't kill him, and if it was not his to command it was his to lead the rebel battle back.

The Shiloh incident once more impressed Opdyke's superiors that there was something in the young man and the governor of Ohio called him home to raise a new regiment. He was entering the state for service when Bragg's Confederates pushed her borders to the fall of 1862. Troops for home defense were scarce, towns in the Ohio river were in a panic, Cincinnati was threatened by Kirby Smith's Tennessee and Bragg's mounted cavalry. Acting on a happy hunch, Opdyke drummed up a corps of men known as "Squirrel Hunters," the sportsmen of the rural counties and the back Confederates from middle Tennessee in May and June. He commanded the outpost at Franklin for a time. When the army moved to Perrie, the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth joined Harker's brigade of Wood's division, under Thomas. At Chickamauga Thomas held the left, or history says, while the center and right were swept back in wild disorder.

Wood's division joined on to the broken line at its center. Thomas saw the divisions creeping toward him as the Confederates walked over the brigades and divisions toward. To Opdyke he said, half, waiting a reply before the Ohioan fan, "This point must be held!" "We'll hold it or go to heaven from it," was the reply. Opdyke then told his men to fix bayonets, made a speech of six words and marched in to close the ground of the encroaching enemy.

A second Confederate column formed forward, meeting to what the position of Reilly's 18th battery. Opdyke was another speech. Bragg then the first to two words, and really rode up and down the line the only mounted officer in sight. The charge was repulsed, and in the midst of it the old Forty-first Ohio marched the enemy at double quick. The men recognized their fellow hero and set up a wild cheer. The newcomers took their place on the left of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth and the two regiments stood together the rest of the day. Opdyke was not in the hottest of the fight, at least in the rank that suffered deadlier that day along the "River of Death."

A modern army does not travel on enthusiasm, so the Ohioans were powerful when a stroke of it fallen upon a tarnished company of soldiers. Opdyke stormed on enthusiasm, not for being a conspicuous target, for he was just the contrary—a right, stalwart man—but by the much desired quality of recognition. The speeches skipped in little chirp, if you is old type, would read as fat as a bad year's sermon, but on the lips of a long bearded soldier standing in the camera moists, they moved the heart as fiery eloquence.

In the next battle Col. Opdyke led a brigade made of five regiments. It was at Mission Ridge. Bragg had his back against this when the word came to "go" he purposed taking his men up the heights whether the rest of the army got there or not. Time to his word, he led on up the mountain, took the first crest without a halt and passed on to the second, explaining the transgressions of the Confederate guns and small arms cannon. His superior officers asked for his promotion, but it did not come until the Atlanta campaign was half over. In the meantime he fought in a strong exploit with his own little brigade. It was at Rocky Face Ridge, Georgia, May 10, 1864.

The enemy held a spur of the mountain that jutted out into the valley, facing an obtuse angle. The crest was 150 feet above the base, the slope precipitous and rocky. Opdyke was ordered to scale it with his 500 men. The details were left to him. The valley crossed the ridge was neutral ground, and to let his little column to the foot of the ridge, exposed fire and throw out skirmishers as a make believe. Then withdrawing the bulk of his forlorn hood, to hurtled around the point to the western slope, and moved his step and rocky side, its very boldness paralyzing the Confederates, who were rallying to drive him back.

To the enemy it looked like an attack front and rear, and the narrow ridge wasn't a good place to be in that case, so they scrambled, along the crest to the main head, leaving the Ohioans a clean swap to some men.

POKING RIGHT UP AND DOWN THE LINE.

Four days after the mountain exploit Opdyke was wounded and carried to the rear. Hours long self control is instantly rule back to his post in the line. After this a brigade was formed for him in the Fourth Army corps, and his Buckeye lads were permitted to follow their leader. It was that took him again to middle Tennessee in the stirring months to keep Hood from carrying the war back over the Ohio river, while Sherman was off to the sea.

Both Opdyke and his old regiment went at home on the new theater. They had skirmished around Franklin, and manned and garrisoned the post, when the army marched south in 1865. Back to Franklin, only a day's march from Nashville, the army of defense hastily seized, Hood's veterans dogging at its heels—that is, when they were not harassing at its shoulders and even its head. Late in the afternoon of the 30th of November the brigade saw the army within the fortifications south of the town and went a little way back from the lines breastworks to take a breathing spell, which the men had earned by serving as rear guard on the march that day.

Opdyke had given orders enough to rest his troops. The soldiers were getting ready their suppers or munching raw rations when the breastworks they had just left behind them, called for help. Hood's rush of the Confederates, who then were at their heels. The men instinctively threw down their handfuls of wood and pork and took up their weapons.

The moment the men in gray were seen swarming and shooting on the line there Mary had no business to be, Opdyke's commanding was as calmly and clear cut as though he had rehearsed them—though surely no such combination of orders had ever been called for before. "First brigade, fall in! Charge bayonets! Double quick!" were the words.

Opdyke led on and side by side, mounting his horse toward the point and shouting right and left with his revolver. After emptying the chambers he clubbed the weapon, and after fresh ammunition he hurled the handle on the head of some broken greybeard who had got too far on the wrong side of the dividing line, he passed from his horse and took a sword from some wounded soldier and struck this way and that until he stood at the works surrounded by a mob.

It was not with over. There were two or three hours of the hottest, hottest hand-to-hand work ever known in a battlefield, and Gen. Thomas, to whose success the glory it all was, said to Opdyke, "Your brigade saved the army at Franklin and saved Nashville."

And now for the tragic finale of the left flank soldier's career. Opdyke became a warm friend of the comic opera tenor, Lionel Opdyke, New York's war major, and hunted to the death with him the war. He was killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol which he was cleaning. This was in 1884, nearly twenty years after he had lost his sword.

GEORGE L. KILBOURN.

If the Earth Was Frozen.

If the globe were cooled down to 200 degs. below the zero of centigrade it would be covered with a sea of liquified gas thirty-five feet deep, of which about seven feet would be liquid oxygen.—Lehigh Lecturer.

A Wonderful Carpet.

There will be an hour in the afternoon of the next five days which may probably without any exaggeration be called the Most Precious carpet in the world. This is the Holy Carpet of the Mosque of Ambrill in Persia—a carpet which for size, beauty, condition and antiquarianism are in entirely unrivaled by any known example.

The dimensions of the carpet are 34 feet 6 inches by 17 feet 6 inches. The ground of the field of the fabric is of a rich blue, covered with a floral tracery of exquisite delicacy and freedom of treatment. A center medallion of pale yellow terminates on its outer edge in sixteen pointed shaped panels, from which spring sixteen arabesques—rose green, lour red and sight crimson and from two of them again are, as it were, suspended and hanging in the direction of the respective ends of the carpet, from the center of each of the mosque. But the most extraordinary detail of all is the pale green curvilinear placed within the border at the top and of the carpet, nearing its towards inscription, which has not been deciphered. It has no origin in the translated.—"I have no refuge in the world other than thy threshold. My hope has no protection other than thy protection." The work of the slave of this Holy Place, Mahmud of Kashan, in the year 983."

Now 327 of the Hegira is 1000 of our era, so that the carpet was actually in existence in the mosque of the sacred city of the Saffavian dynasty, at the time when Queen Elizabeth sent Anthony Jenkinson on a journey to Shah Tamasp. It need not be said that carpets thus signed and dated are extremely rare, and are absolutely important as forming the points de repere for the students of oriental art.—London Queen.

The Largest Aerolite.

What is believed to be the largest aerolite ever known to have fallen is lying in the Caspian sea, a short distance from the peninsula of Apsheron. The aerolite made a terrific noise as it rushed through the air with incredible speed, and the white hot mass made a light that illuminated the country and sea about for a great distance. Those who saw it were terrified at the sight of consternation. When it struck the water immense clouds of steam arose, and the heating could be heard for a great distance. Huge masses of water were thrown upward, and the sight to those who were not frightened was a most beautiful one.

So enormous is the aerolite that it projects twelve feet above the water, and sane for its fused black crust, which gives it the appearance of having been varnished, it has every appearance of being one of the usual rocky formations met with along the coast. Scientists are deeply interested in the phenomenon, and a number of them are making preparations to visit the peninsula to examine the aerolite.—Cable Letter.

Decorating Sweetbs.

A correspondent, who apparently is an enthusiastic Londoner, keenly alive to the possibility of improving our metropolitan monuments, and is at present on a tour in North Wales, writes that not only has a great flagstaff been erected on the highest peak of Snowdon, but a flag of extraordinary size has been hoisted upon it. He was present at the inauguration, and thinks that its folds floating in the wind "add considerable to the majesty of the unrivaled scenery."

An American traveler in Egypt once remarked that the pyramids were very good in their way, but would show off the desert better if they had a coat of paint. Snowdon has been decorated at much less trouble and expense, and may now be congratulated on having an important emblem in its original design thus satisfactorily rectified. The "Standard on the Brow of Mar" may hereafter look to the diminished head.—London Tele graph.

The Mice Pest in Scotland.

The report comes from Scotland that the hill grazings and rough pastures of sheep farms are now so infested by mice as to be a source of serious loss. In two counties alone they have virtually taken possession of 90,000 acres, and it has been proposed that the affected ground be turned, lest the vermin mice upon the placed flocks and destroy the sweet grass. Suppose in their migrations they have contracted some contagious disease, such as diphtheria or tuberculosis, what is to prevent the spread of those plagues among the sheep? Perhaps the peasantry of Dumfries, Roxburgh, Kirkcudbright, Peebles, Selkirk and Lanark?—Dr. S. E. Weber's Lecture.

A Dog's False Teeth.

A faithful old house dog owned by Melchior Brown, of Reading, is more than a dozen years old. He lost all his teeth a long time ago and had great trouble in eating. Mr. Brown recently took him to a dentist and had a plate of false teeth made for the animal, which he now uses with as much skill as any person could. At first it required considerable watching to induce the brute to swallow its grinders, but he soon grew accustomed to them. His master is now trying to teach him to take them out and wash them with his tongue.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Death from a Horse's Bite.

The sad death of Mr. F. J. Woods, Mr. Hilton's private secretary, from erysipelas supervening on the bite of a poodle, is announced. The bite of poodles is not usually considered poisonous, and it is supposed that the one who bit lacked Mr. Woods had been on a diet of carrion. The poodle took a small fine some wounded soldier and struck this way and that until he stood at the works surrounded by a mob.

It was not with over. There were two or three hours of the hottest, hottest hand-to-hand work ever known in a battlefield, and Gen. Thomas, to whose success the glory it all was, said to Opdyke, "Your brigade saved the army at Franklin and saved Nashville."

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GEORGE L. KILBOURN.

A Seasonable Discussion.

First Boarder—I wonder what makes this strawberry shortcake so heavy.

Second Boarder—Don't know, but it isn't the weight of the strawberries on top, anyhow.—New York Weekly.

The American hog picks his teeth before fires.

When you have finished what you come to say, get up and go.

The cholera clock that runs over continent Europe grows slacker. If the scourge spends near Europe it will not fail to come to America in 1893. If so, it will be a poor Weather fair with us.

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