

sea." Many of the negroes hailed the coming of the Yankees, bringing the freedom of the colored people with them, as a certain indication of the immediate approach of the judgment day and the end of the world. Consequently there was great religious excitement among the darkies, and by many of their preachers "protracted" or "revival" meetings were held. The incidents that occurred at some of these meetings beggar description. I remember on one occasion the preacher tried his utmost to induce one big buck negro to come to the "mourner's bench," but without avail. At length losing all patience he exclaimed: "By de holy apostle de wohd ob de Lohd shall done smite dat cullud man," and suiting the action to the word he felled the buck senseless to the ground by a tremendous blow on the head, delivered with a ponderous volume of the Scriptures. W. T. SHERMAN.

#### Joe Johnston's Yarns.

Perhaps the most touching incident arising in connection with the war that I now recall came to my notice on a railway train, which also bore as a passenger the very pretty young wife of a brave soldier, who by daring bravery had secured promotion from the ranks to a confederate captaincy. His wife was a Pennsylvania girl, whom he had married and taken to his southern home just before the breaking out of the war. He was one of the first to enlist in the confederate army, and in order to devote himself wholly to the cause he sent his wife, at the first boom of the guns at Fort Sumter, back to her parents in Pennsylvania to remain until the great struggle was ended. Now, in 1866, she was on her way south to rejoin her husband and place in his arms their four-year old daughter, whom he had never seen.

It was not long before all the passengers knew the romantic story of the pretty little woman and her beautiful child, and there was not a man amongst us who did not feel a tender, protecting interest in both. There never was a woman whose heart was more full of love and joy. She could do nothing but talk of the captain and wonder if he had changed so that she could not recognize him or if he would not be able to recognize her. Then she would fall to wondering if he would know his little daughter by her resemblance to himself if he met her in the street, which, as he had never laid eyes on her, scarcely seemed probable. Throughout that long day's ride we all entered most heartily into that dear little woman's hopes, fears, doubts and joys, and shared them to such an extent that we were quite as anxious to see the captain as she was.

We reached our journey's end, and before the train had fairly stopped, a tall, elegantly proportioned, handsome fellow of 27 came bounding into our car. The little woman gave such a scream of joy as I shall never forget, and in less time than I can tell it, was standing in the car aisle clasped in the young soldier's manly arms, while tears of joy unutterable coursed down their beautiful young faces as their lips met. For my own part, my own eyes were so full of blinding moisture that I could see nothing when the proud and happy young wife and mother led her husband for the first time to the place where their little child lay sleeping.

#### His Most Laughable.

In one of the early battles of the war, in the hottest part of the action, I felt my coat tails pulled by a young fellow whom I recognized as having been engaged in a tobacco factory prior to the enlistment.

"Why are you not fighting in your place?" I asked, angrily.

"Well, I just wanted to tell you, boss, that if you don't mind, I think I'll take my time off today."

JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

#### Two Good Ones From Sheridan.

Two soldiers of the opposing armies engaged in a hand to hand struggle amid smoke so thick that their faces were unrecognizable. Each received and inflicted a mortal wound. The smoke cleared away and each recognized his brother.

"Tom!" "Harry!" passed like pistol shots, and they fell forward and died in each other's arms.

#### A Laugh Maker.

Once in camp myself and my brother officers fell desperately in love with a female voice which we used to hear singing at night. It was simply angelic, and, resolved to see the singer, we followed its sound through thickets and ravines till we came to a lonely cabin, whence the singing proceeded. Creeping up to the window, I peered in and beheld a fat, greasy, middle aged negress, barefooted and clad in a single garment of dirty calico, browning coffee with a long iron spoon, while she gave vent to the sweetest notes I have ever heard. In my surprise I staggered forward with a noise that attracted her attention. Grasping her coffee skillet and waving it around her head she bawled out: "G'way from deah, White Man. Ef yo' don't I'll frow dis yeah fryin' pan right at yo' head."

P. H. SHERIDAN.

#### What Saddened And Pleased Admiral Porter.

At the death bed of my friend, Col. H—, I witnessed what I think was at once the most touching and romantic incident of the war. It was some years after the great conflict, and the colonel had long employed as his children's governess a young southern girl of great beauty and refinement. As I stood with his wife by his dying bed he called this girl to him, told her how he had killed her father—a confederate captain—in a hand to hand conflict, having recognized her by her resemblance to her parent, and by his miniature, which she wore in a locket hanging from a chain about her neck, and asked her forgiveness.

"I have nothing to forgive," she answered. "You only did your duty, and if you have deprived me of my father you have filled his place."

With one last supreme effort the colonel placed her hand in that of his wife, whispered "Our daughter," and was dead.

#### A Funny Incident.

I once asked a friend who had fought all through the war if he had ever killed a man that he positively knew of. "Yes," said he, remorsefully, "one. At Bull Run I ran at the first fire. A rebel chased me for 10 miles and was then so exhausted that he dropped dead."

DAVID D. PORTER.

#### WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

LONDON, May 15, 1893.—The last quarter of a century has wrought a wonderful change for the better with a majority of all British Gipsies who have been content to remain in their own land. In 1867, while in England, I had means of knowing from personal observation that almost universal squalor and wretchedness were characteristic of Irish and English, and particularly of London, Gipsies. No one can make a Gipsy anything but a Gipsy; but a generation of change here has effected a more marked advancement in a rugged sort of prosperity with this than with any other lowly class.

It has not seized the Gipsy bodily and in a moment, or a year, or a decade, put fine clothing upon him and made him a man of affairs; but, something as with the destitute Italians who have landed upon American shores, whom we directly find as hawkers, willing laborers, restaurant keepers, newsboys, bootblacks, controllers of retail and wholesale fruit and nut trades, and on the high road to prosperity because they are quick witted and willing to labor—the British Gipsy has found, along with old makeshifts for a livelihood, many new though rude occupations and means of getting on in the world, all after his own mind and heart.

With the race characteristics of these folk will require many generations in which to undergo radical change; their conditions and environment are in the main entirely different from those in which Crabbe, Hoyland, Borrow and Simson found them and of which they wrote. In other words, there is today little or nothing in book literature altogether true of British Gipsies. Of the four standard authors named Borrow was the most romantic; Simson the most inexorably true. Yet both write of a time and a merripen or Gipsy life which, with few exceptions, have wholly passed away. These exceptions comprise the poorest English and Scottish Gipsies of today; some families in the north of England whose members have continued almost literally the old form of wandering life by the roadside—the tinkering, the dickering, the dukker or fortune telling and often the tiny sales of imperfect delft and tinware, content with a "whummed" or upturned cart for a roof in summer, and any sort of a town tenement in winter; the tiny, straggling bands in Devonshire and Cornwall, where there has been little change in all social conditions for the past fifty years; the few remaining Gipsies of Perthshire, Aberdeenshire and the Highland districts of Scotland; and the Gipsies of Wales, where is found the most primitive and idyllic form of Gipsy life yet remaining in Britain. The Welsh Gipsies rarely leave Wales. All Welsh people are fond of them; and they are almost as much an integral part of the concrete rural social structure as are the Welsh people themselves.

The fact is that British Gipsies, as well as our American Gipsies, hundreds of whom I could name, who are worth from \$20,000 to \$100,000 in landed property, have, during the past quarter of a century developed a remarkable ability for certain lowly kinds of trade. These have been a natural outgrowth, in most instances, of the petty wayside dickering of less fortunate times, but they are still pursuits requiring the exercise of good thrift and judgment and of a