

## HOME.

BY S. S. LEWIS.

There is no place upon the earth,  
Where love should reign complete,  
More than it should around the hearth  
Where kindred bosoms meet;  
There blessed peace should ever singe,  
And good dissension's gloom,  
And look no envy, guilt, or guile,  
Around the hearth at home.

When o'er life's drear and troubled waste  
We pass with doubts and fears,  
And ev'ry scene around us cast  
Is fraught with sighs and tears,  
How often will we long to leave  
These scenes of grief and gloom,  
And fonder to our bosoms cleave  
The memories of home.

When childhood's joys are past away,  
And days of youth are gone,  
When time has tinged our hair with gray,  
And death is stealing on,  
Ah! then what pleasure 'tis to think  
Of youth's bright, joyous bloom,  
And cups of bliss we used to drink  
With those we left at home.

When on the bed of death we lie,  
And life with us is o'er,  
Ere death does close the glazing eye  
To look on earth no more—  
O, then on Him place ev'ry care  
Who triumphed o'er the tomb,  
And bids us seek in realms more fair  
An everlasting home.

## SEEING A BATTLE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

It did not happen to very many of the soldiers of the war of the rebellion that they were enabled to stand off and look on while a battle was in progress. It happened to me once under peculiar circumstances, and a magnificent sight it was.

That occurred at Fisher's Hill, Va., Sept. 22, 1864.

Two days before we woke from our bivouacs beyond Winchester, with ranks deployed by the battle, somewhat tired yet with its labors and excitements, and expecting to march at once in pursuit of the enemy. Everything was soon in motion; the cavalry thrown out far in the advance, the infantry marching through the fields in three columns, and the artillery taking the pike. From Winchester to Strasburg is twenty miles; Fisher's Hill is just beyond the latter place. Kearns, Newtown and Middletown are on the pike along this route, and the whole region was an old battle-ground. About every square foot of it had been fought over since the spring of 1862. For the first time our arms were thoroughly successful here; for the very first time, after the war had progressed three years and a half, a Union army was following up a thoroughly beaten and retreating enemy.

General Sheridan felt decidedly well that morning. His famous dispatch about "sending Early whirling up the Valley" had gone by telegraph the night before to Washington, and was at this moment electrifying the country. Winchester was the first positive, clear-cut, decided victory that our arms had gained since Sherman occupied Atlanta, and both people and army felt well over it. As our army footed it along with the route-step, about ten o'clock that morning, Sheridan and his staff overtook us. I noticed that he wore a new pair of long buckskin gauntlets. The men cheered him, of course, and he bowed. But it was plain to be seen that he was "all business," and had no time for fuss or parade. There was not much of the "banner and band of music" style about this man on a campaign. He would have a review when he thought it necessary for the spirit and encouragement of his army, or any part of it; but he seemed in his natural element when he was putting the "go" into everybody and everything—as he was this morning.

As the great peaks of the Massanutton Mountains, and the frowning wall of Fisher's Hill began to appear in the dim distance, signs of something on hand were seen. The throb and boom of artillery came faintly back to us. We saw staff officers and orderlies flying up the pike and across the fields. The Signal Corps were well out to the front, and from an eminence, from the roof of a house, a barn, or a tree, their waving flags were sending back intelligence of the enemy.

It was a wonderful and most useful arm of the service. Their value on this campaign was very great. Not only by daylight did they signal as far as their flags could be seen, but at night, with waving lanterns, from the high summits of this region, they were known to send news at a distance of ten and even fifteen and twenty miles.

Before night we halted outside of Strasburg. Our pickets were at the north end of the town, and the enemy's at the south of it. No fires could be allowed, for they would have invited a hostile shell. My regiment was bivouacked in a ravine, and before lying down that night we partook of a sumptuous repast of hard-tack, raw salt pork, and water. Many's the time since that I paid a dollar for a meal that I relished far less than that humble "snack."

The next morning some of Sheridan's infantry charged through the town and drove out the Confederate pickets. Sheridan and the other Generals rode out well in front of Strasburg, reconnoitering the enemy's position. Some high ground, well advanced from the hill, Early had seized for an outpost, and this Sherman determined to have, to demonstrate from. A brigade of the Sixth Corps was sent in and took it after a stiff fight. During the rest of the day the woodchoppers' axes were heard from this position, as they fortified it.

Pretty much the whole of this day was occupied in getting the army into position. The Sixth Corps held the right, facing the hill; the Eighth was held back in reserve, for a movement that Sheridan was meditating; the Nineteenth was on the left, its left flank "reposed," or thrown back to conform to the course of the Shenandoah River, on which it rested.

It was quite dark when an order came to our regiment to go out and relieve the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York, on picket, taking the extreme left of our line.

We fell in, formed fours, and started. We had a guide who knew something of the situation and the route to it, but who was not entirely certain, and he caused us some unnecessary marching, which did not improve our temper. I don't know of anything that is more irritating to officers in command of troops than to go blundering along on a dark night, searching for a position that they are ordered to take immediately, but the location of which they must find as they go. The best of tempers will sometimes give way under that kind of a strain, as some of ours did that night.

We were directed out through the town, beyond its eastern extremity. Had there been any light, we should have discovered

that we were about to cross the Manassas Gap Railroad. We did discover the fact, but it was only by stumbling over the track when numerous "officers and gentlemen," as well as men with the musket, sprawled at full length on the sacred soil.

But everything has an end, and we finally got into position and relieved the other regiment. Our Major was the only field-officer present; the Colonel had been wounded at Winchester, and the Lieutenant Colonel at Pleasant Hill, away up the Red River. Major Curtiss took the left wing as a reserve, and established himself with it within the town. I, being the senior Captain present, was ordered to take the other five companies, keep a small reserve further out, and relieve the pickets with the others.

This was done in profound darkness, and, as my custom was on such occasions, I traveled the whole length of the line with the relief, that I might learn something of the location of the pickets. But it was useless to hope for much information in that obscurity. I knew that this was the extreme left of our lines, and the Captain of the One Hundred and Sixteenth, whom I relieved, told me that the Shenandoah River was near by the picket line. For the rest, I knew that I had about two dozen picket posts, stretched over half a mile. I cautioned them to be vigilant, and returned to my reserve, numbering thirty or forty men.

The night wore away. The excitement of these movements, of the situation, and the frequent relieving of the pickets, with the challenges all along the line which I could distinctly hear, prevented me from having even those "cat-naps" which the situation would have allowed. Sometimes I walked about and talked with the men about the stirring campaign that we had thus far seen, and made some wise guesses about what would happen on the morrow. A few distant lights seemed only to intensify the darkness. There were a few in Strasburg, behind us, others off to the right, and some so far off in front of us that I knew they must be across the river and in the enemy's territory. Now occurred an incident that has always seemed to me one of the queerest of my whole service. So far in front of us that the sound could only have proceeded from the Confederate right, band began to play. The distance must have been quite a mile; but the night was still, and the condition of the atmosphere was favorable to the transmission of sound. First we heard "Bonnie Eloise," which some of our bands were accustomed to play, but in which they did not claim an exclusive property. Then my ears were surprised by "Yankee Doodle." This seemed strange enough, considering where it came from; but when, after rattling off "Dixie," the entertainment wound up with "John Brown," I experienced a mild astonishment. Whether it was harmless bravado, or what was really meant by such eccentricity, I never knew.

Morning came, the great curtain of mist slowly rolled away up the sides of the mountain, and the situation was before us with all its savage grandeur as well as picturesque beauty. So remarkable, so nearly wonderful were the military events which attended the close of this day, that the reader will not deem the little space wasted in which the theater where they occurred is described. The Shenandoah Valley, twenty miles in width north of this point, narrows here to a width of four miles, and right across it, from east to west, stretches Fisher's Hill, until it falls away at the west to the Little North Mountain. The hill is simply the abrupt falling off of the table-land north of it, and as much of a fortification as if nature had designed it as such. The narrowing of the valley at this point is caused by the double chain of mountains thrown out from the Blue Ridge, making parallel valleys, and called the Massanutton Ranges. Just below Fisher's Hill these ranges terminate so abruptly as to give the spectator the idea that he is gazing upon two or three isolated mountain peaks. We found ourselves on the morning of the 22d at the base of these natural giants, which towered up fifteen hundred feet over our heads, while the silver thread of the north fork of the Shenandoah wound round their base. Our eyes turned to the long, high rampart of Fisher's Hill. Along its summit were stretched the lines of Early's army, rallying here after their defeat. It seemed madness to think of attacking such a position as that; it seemed so to me, and I have no doubt, to thousands of others in our army.

Yet it was done, and with triumphant success! How, will be told further on. The hours wore on into a wild, pleasant autumn day. Our position was rather isolated; the town and the trees and fences, as well as the inequalities of the ground, hid whatever bustle and stir there may have been among the lines of blue which curved away off to our right. Major Curtiss visited us from the reserve of the regiment, inspected our position, and said he had no further orders. Our picket-reserve was of course idle, and naturally inquisitive; and some of the soldiers discovering a large vineyard near by, a summary confiscation was made of some bushels of grapes for the benefit of this part of the volunteer army. This was all well and proper; what followed was not so much so. One of those pushing high privates laid his hands on his bee-hive, and brought it into the reserve in his arms. One of the colony within stung him, when he dropped his burden. Instantly the bees poured out in an angry cloud, and in less time than it takes to write it, the whole reserve was dispersed with a fair distribution of stings. Four of them fell to my lot. The whole scene was the very height of the ridiculous. Dozens of men were rolling, kicking, and slapping on the ground, others running as if for life, pursued by the infuriated insects, and cries of pain mingled with shrieks of laughter. The nearest pickets, observing the tumult, naturally supposed the reserve was attacked (as indeed it was), and faced about, ready for a shot. When the insects had satisfied their rage upon us luckless New-Yorkers, they settled in a buzzing cloud directly above the stacks of muskets; and it was full half an hour before we could regain possession of our arms. The fellow who was at the bottom of all this trouble received, I am glad to say, a liberal share of the stings; and as the incident created as much mirth as pain, he escaped any other punishment.

About the middle of the day, when everything wore the most peaceful aspect, an officer of General Emory's staff rode up. "The General directs," he said, "that you open fire from your picket-line. He wants to make the enemy in front across the river show themselves." I sent two sergeants out to the line, to go each way and give the order. "Commence firing, aim anywhere, to the front."

I had been studying the ground opposite, which sloped from the river back to the

mountains; and not observing the least sign of an enemy there, I had concluded that there was none.

But now, as the lively rattle of our pickets' rifles ran up and down along the whole front of half a mile or more, the opposite side of the river was suddenly awakened to life. From behind walls and fences, from clumps of trees, from the doors and windows of a brick house, white puffs of smoke started up, and we heard the humming of bullets about us. The range was rather long, but not too long for the rifled musket to kill. Nobody was hit on our side; how it was on the other side I do not know. Some of our men in their zeal put in double cartridges of powder, and got lame shoulders in consequence. But we had developed the enemy's position opposite; and when they ceased firing, in half an hour, I ordered our pickets to stop.

The afternoon passed. I could see no signs yet of anything being done. As it was afterward learned, what was being done was with the utmost silence and secrecy. Sheridan could not fail to observe that from the gigantic Massanutton's top, the position of every one of his regiments and batteries and every move made by them could be seen. His plan was much the same as that which finished the battle of Winchester: to send the Eighth Corps far to the right, so far that it could climb the hill where it sloped toward Little North Mountain, entirely beyond the sight of the enemy. This movement must have been commenced in the morning, as the way was long, and much skill and patience were necessary to keep the moving columns screened by the woods and other covers from discovery by the enemy.

We have it from the other side that this movement was not even suspected; and that an enemy descending from the clouds would not have created more panic than did Cook's men coming in upon their left and rear.

All this, however, was beyond my sight and knowledge at the time. What I did see was the magnificent attack of the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps, as they scaled the hill in front.

The thing came with the most surprising suddenness; it was all over in an hour or less, the enemy routed out of their position, losing sixteen cannon, eleven hundred prisoners, and retreating in disorder up the valley.

There was hardly daylight enough to finish it when it began.

The sun was down, certainly, when the first gun was fired.

Sheridan had waited till the first shots of the Eighth Corps, far around on the right, were heard, and then launched both the other corps directly at the hill.

There was a large earthwork back of the town, which was built by General Banks in 1862. The heaviest of our artillery had been placed in it, and the opening of the battle of Fisher's Hill, as I saw it, was announced by the discharge of one of these great guns. A shell flew over Strasburg, bursting on the hill; and instantly a dozen or more large cannon joined in the strife. Artillery from the enemy replied; and as the shells with burning fuses darted through the twilight air, the effect was the highest degree picturesque and exciting.

This opening chorus had not ceased when we heard repeated cheers beyond the town. Up from the hollow, dashing right at the hill, went line after line of blue-clad men. Not less than ten thousand infantry, with bayonets fixed, were moving up its steep side, now in plain view, now hidden by trees, but charging straight on. Fire dotted the heights, as the enemy opened with their musketry; we heard yells, cheers, and renewed peals from the large guns; and then the swelling chorus of prolonged cheering told us that another victory had been gained.

In less than half an hour we received orders to follow the army instantly, and rejoin our corps as soon as we could.

We were speedily on the move. After the cavalry, the Nineteenth Corps had the advance; and there was nothing either glorious or delightful about the time we had in overtaking it. The road up Fisher's Hill was filled with moving infantry and artillery, all pressing along in the pursuit. All was confusion, exultation, and *go*; nobody seemed to know what the orders were, except that we were to keep after the enemy. It was fortunate for them that the darkness of the night shielded their movements; and though the pursuit by the infantry was kept up till almost daylight, it was impossible to overtake the scattered fragments. In several instances squads of the fugitives, ambushed behind stone walls, fired on their pursuers. Our cavalry was at this time over in one of the parallel valleys, trying to force a passage through, so as to cut off the retreating Confederates higher up, but in this they failed.

At Woodstock we were permitted to rest from about four o'clock in the morning to ten. Then up and on again, for an exciting day's work. Sharply following up the retreating enemy, we skirmished with them along miles of the way. Their army seemed to be resolved into a long skirmish-line, which held one stone wall after another, till the weight of our attack forced it in this failed.

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The fatigues and discomforts of those flying marches—who was there can ever forget them. Who can forget the glory, the sorrow over lost comrades, the strength of heart that came to us with our great experience. What comrade ever forgot "the days when we went soldiering."

The Language of Gloves.

For "Yes," drop one glove from the right hand into the left hand. "No" is said by rolling both gloves in the right hand. If you want to express that you are indifferent to a partner, take the right hand glove partly off. If you wish a male friend to follow you into the next room, strike your left arm with both gloves.

"I love you still," is expressed by slowly and carefully smoothing both gloves. If the fair one desires to know whether her affection is reciprocated, she is to put on half the left-hand glove, one finger at a time. "Be on your guard against the governor," or "my mother-in-law," as the case may be, is a message often sent, and is given by delicately twisting the glove fingers round the thumb. If the damsel is in a quarrelsome mood she simply makes a cross with both her gloves and proceeds to lay them on her lap in this position. These are the principal and most simple rules.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

SELF-DELUSION is ever averse from injury, though by inquiry alone can the charm be dissolved.

## Co-operation Among English Working-men.

The co-operative movement began about forty years ago. In 1844 the twenty-eight Rochdale pioneers started a little store on the principle of dividing profits according to the amount of purchases. Their business capital was no more than £28, which had been most carefully collected and hoarded. From these humble beginnings the movement has spread among a vast number of the working classes throughout England and Scotland. In its present condition it is no doubt open to some criticism, but not even Robert Owen and the Christian socialists, including F. D. Maurice, C. Kingsley, T. Hughes Ludlow, and E. Vansittart Neil, who urged the importance of the matter, could possibly have hoped at the time that co-operation would ever reach its present development. A few figures will perhaps be useful as showing the extent to which the work has spread. In 1862 the amount of sales by co-operative societies in the United Kingdom was less than £2,500,000. In 1883 (the last returns made out) the sales amounted to more than £28,000,000, the number of societies which made returns of their business to the Central Board was 1,157, and the total profits amounted to £2,500,000, and the money applied to education amounted to nearly £16,000. In the twenty years (1862-82) the total sales amounted to £275,250,000, and the profits to nearly £22,000,000. All this, it must be remembered, is workingmen's money, and the whole of this business is managed by workingmen themselves, or through representatives whom they have elected from their own numbers. To show more clearly what an immense field co-operation has over certain districts, the fact may be mentioned that in the county of Durham the members of co-operative societies amount to more than 30 per cent. of the total population; in Yorkshire, to 27 per cent.; in Lancashire, to 24 per cent.; and in Northumberland, to 22 per cent. Thus, in some of the great centers of English industry, a large proportion of the working classes are attached to the movement. At present the societies are larger and more numerous in the north than in the south.—*Harper's Magazine.*

## Essentials of a Good Fighter.

In answer to the question, "What are the essentials of a thoroughly good fighter?" Sullivan said:

"Pluck, skill, endurance, and a good head on his shoulders. I tell you, sir, a man fights with his head almost as much as he does with his fists. He must know where to send his blows so they may do the most good. He must economize his strength and not score a hit just for the sake of scoring it."

"What portion of your antagonist's body do you aim at when you are in the ring?"

"I endeavor," said Sullivan, "to hit my man above the heart, or under the chin, or behind the ear. A man wears out pretty soon if one can keep hammering away in the region of the heart; a blow under the chin or behind the ear will knock out a man quicker than a hundred blows on the cheek or any other portion of the face. Now, the Marine has a scar on his left cheek which he received in his fight with Dempsey, and which he will carry to his grave. He told me that Dempsey kept hammering away at that spot. If Dempsey were a long-headed fighter he would not have wasted his time and strength in getting in there. That fact alone proves to me that he is deficient in generalship."

"You can tell pretty well when your man is giving in?"

"Certainly I can," said the pugilist. "I watch his eyes, and I know at once when the punishment is beginning to tell on him. And, when I talk to a man before I stand up before him at all, I can make up my mind whether he is a fighter or not. There is more intelligence required in this business than out-siders give us credit for."—*Sacramento (Cal.) Bee.*

## Persian Musical Criticism.

In Persia, story telling or poetical recitations take the place of our spelling bees and acting charades, says a writer in *London Society*, and often as soon as the repast is finished music commences, or, perhaps, a vocalist will vary the programme by favoring the company with a song. His repertory may consist of one song only; but no matter, he will sing it over and over again, with as much pride as though he could boast of an unbroken descent from Orpheus himself; over and over again, without any apparent sign of weariness, and, what seems more strange, to the unflagging interest of the listeners, although it sounds weird and uncanny to European ear.

"Bah, bah, bah, good in the extreme," is echoed from one to another, while the singer pipes from the very top of his high voice, and shakes his head to bring out the quavering sounds to their fullest extent.

"Exactly like the bulbul" (nightingale), says the host.

"When it sings to the roses in the spring," puts in a third.

"Yes, Allah's works are wonderful," exclaims the first, sententiously, as he puffs away at the kalian, his turn having by this time come around.

In Persia, loud, high voice being equivalent to a good voice, the singer who can sustain a note the longest is pronounced the best, for the skill of the vocalist depends upon the length of time upon which he can trill a note.

MEDITATION is the fountain of discovery.

## HUMOR.