

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

ST. VALENTINE.

Oh, good and sweet St. Valentine,
A secret letter to all men,
I pray you teach me how to tell
The little maid I love so well!

The flowers are dead beneath the snow,
The song-birds are fled long time ago,
And though I've whispered to the wind,
The traitor falls my love to find.

So teach me, pray, St. Valentine,
The words to say, or some sweet sign,
That she may truly, clearly see
How very dear she is to me.

—Elizabeth A. Davis.

ARMY PUNISHMENTS.

Penalties Imposed for Violation of Military Law.

Scenes and Incidents at Some Executions in the Confederate Army—A Thief Drummed out of Camp—A Convict's Life.

It has been said—in *inter arma, silent leges*—in times of war the law is silent; and in a great measure this is true, so far as the operations of the civil laws are concerned, as was well exemplified on both sides of the fence, so to speak, in our late civil war. But, as there is law in civil life, so there is in the military, only that the latter is more rigid-bound, its code being the army regulations, supplemented by the large discretionary power of the commanding officer. In the earlier part of the civil contest, when the volunteer troops considered themselves as good as their officers, the privates in very many instances being superior to those placed by fortune over them, both in education and social position, were very restive under the salutary restraint of military discipline, and if the superior officers had not been wise enough to make allowances for this state of feeling and to relax the strictness of the rules with discretion at the onset it is probable that serious mutinies would have hampered the efforts of the commanding generals on both sides.

But even at that period punishments for the refractory were put in practice—confinement in the guard-house, the ball and chain, extra police duty, riding the wooden horse, carrying a rail, etc., etc. It is not, however, of these minor punishments I wish to write in this sketch. They were the common incidents of camp life, and conveyed no special warning to the offenders or their comrades. It is of these severer punishments, cruel, doubtless, in themselves, but absolutely necessary for discipline, which carried to the hearts of all who witnessed them, the necessity of prompt and strict obedience to the rules governing the vast march on the army—of which they were an integral part. The lesson was thoroughly learned by the volunteers later on in the war.

When General Johnston's army fell back from before the lines of General McClellan in front of Washington, in the fall of 1861, to go into winter quarters at Centerville, his army had been brought into a very fair state of discipline for those days. As weeks went by and discipline was relaxed, the monotony of life and the view engendered by a long stay in the wilderness of winter quarters began to tell upon the moral of the army. Insubordination was rife, and the Generals determined to put the screws down, so to speak, that discipline might be restored. Accordingly daily drills were resumed whenever the weather would permit, and quarter-guards and camp-guards were rigorously maintained. About this time two of the men of the Sixth Louisiana Regiment of Infantry (I forget now which) attacked one of their officers on account of some order he had given them which was distasteful to them, and beat him within an inch of his life. They were a rough set, those Louisianians, by the way. The offenders were tried by court-martial and ordered to be shot on a day stated. Now, up to this time, as far as my memory serves me, there had been no military execution on the part of the army of Northern Virginia, and it was not generally believed that the sentence would be carried into effect. It was thought to be too severe a punishment for merely putting a head on a subordinate officer. But, considering the lax state of discipline existing, General Beauregard, in whose section of the joint command of Johnston and himself the condemned men were enrolled, determined to make an example that would prove to the entire army that the Commander-in-Chief was in dead earnest to maintain discipline. Strenuous efforts were made to save these men, and telegrams came pouring into headquarters as thick as flies in August, but to no avail. Ex-Governors, Congressmen and other influential men besieged the headquarters, but the General was obdurate. On the day set for execution the brigade to which the regiment of the condemned men was attached was drawn up in a large open field in three sides of a square. The prisoners, seated on their collars in an open wagon, followed by a strong guard, were then driven into the center of the square, where two graves had been dug. Thousands from the other brigades of the army had flocked to witness the spectacle. The collars were placed beside the open graves and the doomed men were blindfolded and forced to kneel upon them. To render the scene more impressive, while the firing platoon was making ready the band of the brigade played a funeral dirge. A flash, a roll of smoke, and the men fell forward on their faces, and all was over. A fatigue party buried them where they fell, while the troops were marched off to their camps, deeply impressed with the idea that military rule was of iron. It need not be said that the dreadful scene had a wholesome effect.

Another incident that I recollect happened in the writer's regiment (Seventeenth Virginia Infantry) in 1862, which partook more of the nature of a comedy than a tragedy, and yet the punishment was more disgraceful to the men involved than in the case of

those shot to death as above stated. After the retreat from Yorktown the regiment was encamped below Richmond. Frequent complaint was made by men of the different companies of thefts committed on their efforts. As the men were well acquainted with each other, and had fought and bled together, it was hard to lay the finger of suspicion on any one. A strict watch was kept, and at last the thieves were fixed upon two recruits who had lately joined one of the Alexandria companies. Now, I wish to say right here that in three years of service in this regiment I do not remember a single instance, but the one above, where a man was caught stealing from his comrades. Even when almost starving, the men would not surreptitiously take even a crust from the haversack of a comrade. On the contrary, in my company, at least, it was shared all around in times of scarcity, although it must be acknowledged that when the cooks doled out the scanty rations every man was ready to take the best piece. But to our tale. A court-martial condemned the afore-said thieves to have their heads shaved, a placard marked "thief" attached to their backs, and to be drummed out of camp before the assembled regiment to the tune of the "Rogue's March." It happened that I was corporal of the guard in charge of the prisoners on the day the sentence was to be carried into effect, and it was a very disagreeable duty to act as an official artist for the occasion, to make the insignifying toilet of the pillagers, as it were. I felt sorry for the men, but as they had felt themselves to be, for the disgrace which they must undergo seemed little preferable to death itself. Entering the tent where the men were confined I found them playing cards.

"You men must undergo your sentence at three o'clock," said I, "but you must bear up. You have brought it on yourselves."

"Oh, never mind, comrade," said one of them, and they were both laughing. "We're glad to get loose. We'll be enjoying life while you fellows are flogging the worms."

Utter disgust seized upon me and I felt no more compunction of conscience. Calling in two of the guard to hold the soundrels in a convenient position, I seized the shears and took my first and last lesson as a barber. I think the job was well done, for I cut to the skin in some places and left their heads striped like a zebra's back. At 3 p. m. the regiment was drawn up as if for dress parade, and I marched the thieves out with a file of bayonets at the back of each, and when all was ready paraded them up and down before the line with the files and drums rattling away merrily at the "Rogue's March" behind them, and roars of laughter from the men who had been dishonored by their presence. Taking the pitiful fellows to the boundary of the camp they each received a kick in the rear from the guards and were sent on their way rejoicing.

In a previous article I alluded to the execution of a man named Raffelle, a conscript from Southwest Virginia, who had been assigned to the First Virginia Battalion of Infantry. He was a mountaineer with a large family of children, and was always pining for home. He was utterly worthless as a soldier. After deserting and being brought back two or three times, he finally despaired of wounding a guard who endeavored to balk still another attempt to desert. He was captured, court-martialed and sentenced to be shot, although the court for a long time hesitated to pass sentence, as some of the members believed the man to be half-witted. Had not Raffelle nearly killed the guard he would have only been confined, as he did not attempt to desert to the enemy, but to go home; but the assault d-term med the minds of the court. On being brought out for execution the poor devil blasphemed and howled and struggled with the guards in a heart-rending manner, and it was not until he saw that his prayers for mercy were useless that he braced up like a man, and quietly sneeding upon his collar and received in his bosom the fatal bullets. I have ever thought, and think still, that the execution of this man was a stain on the coat of arms of the Government of the United States. His Captain deemed him irresponsible, and the majority of the officers of the battalion were of the same opinion. I had been transferred to this battalion at this time, and I know that I was in favor of looking Raffelle up instead of shooting him.

Speaking of punishments, I don't know that I was more forcibly struck by anything I witnessed during the struggle than by the following incident: In the autumn of 1864 Captain Charles A. Davidson's company (First Virginia Battalion), in which I was a Lieutenant, was detached from the command and ordered to assist in dismounting the heavy artillery from the Howlett House battery on the James R. river, and in removing to and re-mounting them in the new batteries which had been constructed a mile or two up stream, directly opposite Dutch Gap. The company was assisted in this heavy labor by the sailors of the gunboats lying below and the able-bodied convicts from the Richmond Penitentiary; these latter, however, doing separate work from the soldiers and sailors. One day Davidson and I were passing along the rifle-pits where the convicts were digging, when one of them raised his finger to the Penitentiary guard and requested permission to speak. It was granted, and he spoke to Davidson by name. The latter stopped, and, after looking earnestly at the man, exclaimed: "My God! What are you doing here? I thought you had been pardoned?" The convict mournfully shook his head, and when Davidson took his hand, burst into a passion of tears.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" said Davidson.

"No!" the poor wretch replied; "I am dead to my family and to the world, and am in hell. Yet my body is alive, and I shudder to commit suicide."

In watching the scene I confess tears came into my eyes. As I learned afterward, there was a seaman of one of the most prominent and respectable families of the Virginia Valley, who had deliberately flung himself to the bad. Starting out in the war as a young Lieutenant in a crack cavalry company, he had suffered his passion for

Jiquor to carry him from shady act to act, until at last he committed forgery, and wound up by stealing a span of horses and a carriage. In the act of selling which he was arrested. Tried by court-martial he was cashiered and turned over to the civil authorities, by whom he was sentenced to a five-year term in the Penitentiary. All his family influence could not save him or abate the rigor of the sentence. His offenses were too gross for clemency. After we had left him Davidson never went near him again. It was too painful, but he managed to obtain some abatement of the labor imposed on the wretched man while the convicts were stationed near our camp.—Thomas J. Murray, in *Washington Republican*.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

Some Hints Relating to the Culture of This Charming Autumn Flower.

Now that this charming autumn flower has become so popular the question is repeatedly asked: How shall we grow our plants to produce the best results? For exhibition purposes, or for blooming indoors, it is necessary to preserve them in pots, hence they require constant attention or failure will be certain. Late in autumn a good clump of each variety desired should be lifted and potted as stock-plants for propagating purposes. These may easily be wintered, either in a cold frame, or in a cool, airy cellar, but if by the former method, the pots must be plunged in coal ashes to prevent injury.

Early in spring, say by March 1st, the plants may be given a slight heat to start growth, which is readily excited, and as soon as the young shoots are two or three inches in length, they may be cut off smoothly, the bottom leaves removed and the cuttings inserted in well-drained boxes or pots of sand. Roots will quickly and easily form, after which the new plants should be potted off singly into two and a half or three-inch pots. It will be necessary to keep them in a low temperature to prevent a soft, succulent growth, as no flower yields more quickly to heat than the chrysanthemum.

As soon as the young plant begins to grow the center should be pinched out, so as to insure a side shoot, and when the latter have developed three or four leaves their tips should also be pinched in like manner. The object in this is to induce a round, compact head, so that at maturity it may present a perfect globe of bloom. Pinching must be resorted to as the shoots are formed and grow, until the 1st of August, when they must be allowed to mature, else will the flower-buds be injured. Various other forms are adopted for training this plant, but the globular will be found the most tractable.

The best soil for the chrysanthemum is a loose, friable loam, well enriched with thoroughly decayed manure, and the plants when growing should receive an occasional dose of weak liquid manure. As the pots become filled with roots—which may be ascertained by carefully turning out the ball—they must receive a larger size, not forgetting to ram the soil gently all around the edges, or, as gardeners say, "firm" it. Use plenty of drainage, for, notwithstanding the plant loves plenty of moisture, it will rot thrive with old stagnant water in the soil.

As soon as the weather has settled in spring, and danger from frost has passed, the pots should be sunk in the ground up to the rims, and a slight muck applied to the surface of the soil. Water freely, and syringe daily excepting in wet weather. Perhaps the greatest pest to the chrysanthemum is a little black aphid which appears in immense numbers on the tips and succulent young wood. These may be dislodged by dusting with soft soap or sprinking with tobacco-water. Pyrethrum-powder is also efficacious.

This flower may be grown in the usual way to form fine specimens if only a little care is bestowed during the summer. In short, make the soil rich, pinch frequently while the plant is young, much water should be kept off, and keep off the insects. At the North, set the plants on a warm southern exposure, so that bloom may be secured before frosts. The varieties are now so numerous that to present a list of the best would be useless, as almost any responsible florist can furnish a beautiful selection in all the numerous classes. Some of the new Japanese introductions are remarkable examples of grotesqueness, as well as beauty, resembling rich silken fringes of brilliant colors.—Joseph Hoopes, in *N. Y. Tribune*.

Carefulness in Old Age.

A medical man compares an old man to an old wagon; with light loading and careful usage it will last for years; but one heavy load or sudden strain will break it and ruin it forever. Many people reach the age of fifty or sixty or seventy, measurably free from most of the pains and infirmities of age, cheery in heart and sound in health, ripe in wisdom and experience, with sympathies mellowed by age, and with reasonable prospects and opportunities for continued usefulness in the world for a considerable time. Let such persons be thankful, but let them also be careful. An old constitution is like an old bone, broken with ease, mended with difficulty. A young tree bends to the gale, an old one snaps and falls before the blast. A single hard lift, an hour of hearing work, an evening of exposure to rain or damp, a severe chill, an excess of food, the unusual indulgence of an appetite or passion, a sudden fit of anger, an improper dose of medicine—any of these or other similar things—out of a valuable life in an hour, and leave the fair hopes of usefulness and enjoyment but a shapeless wreck.

A smart old lady, being called into court as a witness, grew impatient at the questions put to her, and told the Judge that she would stand down, for he was "only one of the mos. injus-tice old gentlemen she ever seen."—*N. Y. Ledger*.

If there is anything more sweet than a young man with black ear muffs on his ears and red mittens on his hands, we desire it to be trotted out immediately, that it may receive a chrono.—*Old City Derrick*.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Jeremiah Austin, of South Coventry, Conn., says he is one hundred and two years old.

—Bi-hop Jackson, who died in London the other day, had nine daughters, for whom he found husbands in nine vicars of his own diocese.

—General Hancock lost his only daughter in 1873 and Mrs. Hancock has worn mourning ever since for a relative after another until now she wears it for her only son.—*N. Y. Sun*.

—Newspapers in England do not circulate by subscription as they do in America, but they are sent over the country and sold by news-vendors. They are sold cheaper here than in America, one penny (two cents) being the usual price.—*Can. Canadian Kentonist*.

—A statue to Poe, with the inscription written by William Winter, has been finished in Italy by the order of a number of poets and literary people, and will shortly be erected in New York. Poe has waited a long time for such honors, but he has appeared to grow in the popular estimation as the memory of his personal faults has faded.—*Cornell*.

—In the album of the widow of ex-senator Evans, of Maine, is the following verbatim autograph of Davy Crockett: "Mrs. Evans of Maine requests the junter from the west to write his name in her Album. Her curiosity shall be gratified by a sentiment wishing her health and happiness—and a safe arrival at her residence with her family and friends."—*Harper's Bazar*.

—Mark Twain says that he used to be a neighbor of Bret Harte in San Francisco, when Harte was editing a weekly journal and acting as Secretary of the United States Mint, and Twain was a reporter on a daily. The popular bit of "The Heathen Chinese" nearly ruined Harte in his own estimation, for his ambition was to make fame in writing the kind of prose sketches which have since gained so much appreciation, and he feared that people would insist upon always regarding him as merely a writer of funny rhymes.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

—Correcting some recent reports about Mrs. Belya Lockwood, the Oswego (N. Y.) *Times* says: "Belya Lockwood was a resident of Niagara County, in this State, and her first husband was a gentleman by the name of McCall. After the death of Mr. McCall she removed to Washington to take charge of a young ladies' seminary. In Washington she married a dentist by the name of Lockwood. Mrs. Lockwood is a talented woman of excellent character, and the fact that she has become somewhat conspicuous as a leader among the woman-suffrage advocates is no justification of the lies they tell about her."

HUMOROUS.

—The ice may not be much of a skater, but he is able to make fancy figures on ice.—*Boston Post*.

—A market reporter says that his sweet heart encouraged him, and he thought of marrying her at once, but that a further advance was followed by a decline.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

—A patent medicine advertisement speaks of the "liver failing to act." We suspect the manager cut down its salary. When the liver refuses to act the drama of "Life" can't go on very successfully.—*Norristown Herald*.

—The oldest boy's effusion: "I held her tiny hand in mine and clasped her fairly, and told my tale of ardent love in language sweet and warm. And when I paused for lack of breath, she raised her dimpled chin and whispered low: 'I don't catch you; as 'sing your song again'!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

—Forced to wed.
To speak the words her tongue did falter,
But all her tears and prayers were idle;
Her father forced her to the altar,
For he'd determined on the bride,
She should not wish to stop at this,
And so her feelings she did smother;
But saddle he her married life—
She wedded one, but loved another.—*Boston Courier*.

—First Dude—"Aw, Chawley, my dear boy, what a wattle' pacc you are goin' this mornin'." Second Dude—"Aw, yes, Fitznoddy, my dear fellow. Don't d-twain me, I'm in a' at work. This is the busiest season of the year to me." "By Jove, Chawley, what are you doin'?" "I'm doggin' my creditors."—*Philadelphia Call*.

—Calling Contributor: Is there any one here who appreciates poetry? Editor: Yes, our only; have you some? Poet: Yes; Fitz, all on the seasons. Editor: Good; that's just what we want. Here, John, sprinkle a little sauce on these and take them down stairs. Poet: What for? Editor: For the goat. He is the only one about the establishment who loves poetry. But he won't eat season poetry without mint sauce.—*N. Y. Sun*.

—"Faith is a confidence in the existence of something we can not see, my little dears," the superintendent explained to the juvenile Sunday-school class. "For instance, when you buy peanuts you know there is a kernel inside of the shell though you only see the shell. Now, that is faith. Do you all comprehend me?" Class unanimously: "Yes, Sir." Superintendent: "Then what is faith?" Class unanimously: "Peanuts!"—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

Salaries in Different Countries.

In Hungary each member of the imperial legislative body receives for every day of the session about \$2.93, besides \$100 annually for lodgings; in Austria about \$5 a day during the session. France pays her Senators and Deputies about \$2,500 per annum; Holland, about \$550 per annum and traveling expenses; Belgium, \$51 a month during the session; Norway, about \$3,30 a day and traveling expenses; Portugal, \$2,0 per diem. Members of the Canadian Parliament receive for every session lasting over a month, \$1,000 and 10 cents mileage; Brazil gives to her Senators \$1,800 and traveling expenses; Mexico allows the members of both Houses \$2,000 per annum; the Argentine Republic even pays as high as \$5,000, and in the United States, both Senators and members of the House of Representatives receive \$3,000 annually, with mileage of twenty cents per mile.—*Philadelphia Press*.

—R. D. Stowits, of Albany, N. Y., has had his name changed by the court to Arthur D. Stowits. "R. D." was his full baptismal name, and he said it had been a source of frequent annoyance to him to be called upon to explain how two letters had been given him for a name. Most men would have delighted in the oddity.—*Albany Journal*.

—"Does not the practical joking of some of your scholars annoy you at times, Mr. Blackboard?" "Very much. I have always had an abhorrence of practical jokes in any form, but to some of the pranks played by the boys—such as placing bent pins in my chair, for instance—my dislike is particularly deep seated."—*N. Y. Times*.

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