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GEN. STEEDMAN'S TITLE.

How He Saved Thomas and Came to be Called "Old Chickamauga."

As we sat one night in 1875 in the ratty old editorial rooms of the Toledo Democrat and Herald, of which Steedman was "leader" writer and I managing editor, I asked him for the story of Chickamauga, where he won his stars and the soldier title of "Old Chickamauga," of which he was so proud.

"Why, my boy, there wasn't much to it. I was in charge of the First Division of the reserve corps of the army of the Cumberland, and had been stationed at Kingsport or Repton, bridge over the Chickamauga. My orders were explicit, to hold the bridge at all hazards, and prevent the enemy from flanking Gen. Thomas. The enemy disappeared from our front. The sound of marching and the rattle of the northward told me that the enemy had massed against our centre, and a great battle was on. From the noise of conflict I judged, and rightly, that Thomas was sorely pressed. I felt that some command was needed, and yet could not understand the absence of new orders. I waited impatiently enough from daylight till nearly noon, hoping for some word from my commanding officer. Finally I decided to risk my neck rather than to see the Union army destroyed through inactivity on my part. Calling a council of officers and men, I explained the situation, read my orders, told them my decision, and that on my failure, my judgment of a broken, nothing less than court-martial and death awaited me.

"But the battle was on, and every fibre in me said I was wanted. We burned the bridge, and marched by the canon's mouth to the Chickamauga. Through corn fields, thickets, and oak woods we made a fearful tramp, for no man in the command knew the country, and our only guide was the canon's boom. When I reported to Thomas he was in despair at the loss of his key to his position, which had just been captured by Gen. Hindman's rebel corps. The place was indicated to me by a flash of guns and a rattle of canister on the dry leaves of the forest above the plateau on which I stood. It was a steep ascent, with a densely-peopled crescent ridge, that lay before us. There was a forbidding thicket and an oak forest between us and the belt of rebel batteries.

"There, there," said Thomas, as the guns flashed again. "Now, you see their exact position. You must take that ridge." My reply was, "I'll do it." In thirty minutes after we reached the field, we were storming the rock of Chickamauga. It was an awful contest up that slope, every foot of which was planted with death.

"We went in with 7,500 men, and only 1,000 came out for duty at the next muster. We went up, up, up till we reached the summit, and planted ourselves there to stay. It was a terribly hot place, and we made the plateau a lake of blood before we drove the rebels back. I rode back and reported to Thomas. I was bloody from head to foot. He clasped my hand and said with great emotion: 'Gen. Steedman, you have saved my army.' I got my stars not long after, and he said about all there was to it. Yes, it was a big risk I ran, but I was right, and I knew it.

Jean Francois Millet's Poverty.

Speaking of the friend who was in Barbizon during his latter days there has told me some interesting stories of him. One strikes me as being peculiarly pathetic. A party of artists were in the habit of making a night resort of a wine shop of the district, and to sort. They were all friends of Millet, but he rarely came among them. They tried to induce him to join them frequently, but he always found some excuse until the landlord told them: "It's no use, gentlemen; he will not come."

Progress in Sponge Fishing.

The Greek sponge fisheries have been very much developed within the last two years, and at the present time there are 723 boats, 183 of which are provided with diving bells, employed in this business. The fishing season commences in April and ends in August, the boats which are provided with diving bells going as far out to sea as Tunis and Tripoli, while the others do not go beyond the coasts of Greece and Crete. The value of the sponge taken during the past season is put at \$200,000.

Inter Ocean: It is estimated that the United States will contain 150,000,000 people fifty years hence.

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POETRY AND MUSICAL.

Neither can the poetical gift be explained on physiological grounds. Nothing is more common than to find persons of either sex, with the cranial and physiological conditions united, which, according to popular belief, should furnish the possessor with light and heat divine in tropical abundance.

But, however much the astrosophic eye may roll, the cheeks grow hollow, and the Byronic melancholy be imported to come at once and come to stay, still the anxious friends are only rewarded, in most instances, with the nervous irritability of a poetical patient, and the disgusting doggerel of a future maniac. He may get dyspepsia, "get up on his ear," get drunk, or get his friends out of patience with him, like a full grown poet, but the inspiration of the latter he can never get.

On the other hand, it is not hard to call to mind mighty monarchs in the realms of verse, who, with proper training, have rivaled John C. Heenan in muscular power. Burns—"Robert the plowman," "The Red Rover," "The Twa Dogs," or "Ranting Rob," just as you want him—could not only write the best poetry of any man in his time, but he could out-lift, "for the drinks," the stoutest stonemason in Ayrshire. Keats, the most poetical of all the poets, could write "Hyperion," "Endymion," "Ode to a Dead Urn," or whip a butcher, just as he saw fit. Byron could draw up his soul-wells the finest and sweetest draughts of poetical anatomy and be corrected, Shakespeare could write "Hyperion," "Endymion," "Ode to a Dead Urn," or whip a butcher, just as he saw fit. Byron could draw up his soul-wells the finest and sweetest draughts of poetical anatomy and be corrected, Shakespeare could write "Hyperion," "Endymion," "Ode to a Dead Urn," or whip a butcher, just as he saw fit.

A Story of Whittier.

Harriet Prescott Spofford in Harper's. People come to him, also, in their grief and trouble, and to more than one tortured soul has he given peace. The story is told of a friend of his early days, in the time when religion held men by the hand, and he was now, who was pursued by the idea of the sin against the Holy Ghost, and felt himself doomed to damnation.

Horace Greeley and the Junk Man.

Horace Greeley, although he "took the papers," was once sought to be vice-president of the well-known "Dropped pocketbook" game. The man who picked up the book, plethoric with dollars, was right at Mr. Greeley's feet, was compelled to go out of town immediately to his sick wife, and begged the loan of \$50 in advance of the award which would surely be offered if Mr. Greeley would keep the book. Mr. Greeley consented, and only saved himself by taking the \$50 out of the book. The man remonstrated. "It will not do to touch the money," he said, "you had better give me \$50 out of your own pocket."

A Professional Adonis Suggested.

By the way, why should not the princess of Wales discover some Adonis—some exquisitely handsome young man—whose portrait painted by a distinguished artist and set in a diamond mounted frame? This professional beauty game, as at present conducted, is very one-sided. If married men may go into raptures over a professional beauty and sit enthralled over her picture, why may not married women have a similar privilege in regard to professional Adonises? What is sauce for the married goose ought to be sauce for the married gander, and the husband who runs after the portraits of lovely women can not fairly object if his wife should run after the portraits of handsome men.

Hope for Mr. Birch.

Billy Birch, of the San Francisco minstrels, has experienced religion, and is confessing all of his former misdeeds. To a reporter he admitted to have told one story for five years; and to have dropped it then only because he was tired of it. The public, he said, laughed just as heartily over it the last time he told it as the first time. The story was indeed really the one about his uncle "Jim" Blackstone, of Kirkland, sending him a bag of pippin apples, and then going to New York and remaining a week with him, in endeavoring to recover the pillow case that held them. There is hope for Billy in this world if he perseveres.

El Madhi and His Followers.

The Rev. Dr. Dichtl, an Austrian missionary priest who spent some time in the Soudan, gives the following description of the Madhi: "He is about 40 years old, tall, and of coppery-red complexion. An emissary sent to interview him some time ago found the Madhi at Abba, surrounded by 500 or 600 followers, all of them naked, with iron chain belts round their waist, and with broad drawn swords in their hands. The Madhi occupied a raised seat in their midst, and in his right hand he held a prophet's staff. The three marks by which he knew the Egyptian government to be false to Islam were that they allowed Christians to have churches of their own, that they afforded them protection, and that no government levied taxes."

CANARIES FOR THE MARKET.

Where They Are Raised—Methods of Musical Training.

Most of the birds brought to America are bred in the Harz mountains, of Hanover, a range in the famous Black Forest of Germany. Here the industry is carried on extensively by the peasants, who derive from it their chief means of subsistence. The majority of them are so poor that the agents of the two New York firms who enjoy a monopoly of the importations are obliged to advance at the beginning of the breeding season enough money to provide the food necessary to rear the young birds. One firm at the opening of the present season thus laid out about \$10,000. The superiority of the German birds lies in their training, great attention being paid to improving their song qualities. The canary is a great imitator of sounds, and will learn almost any thing that is thrust upon its attention when young. He may acquire the chirp of the robin if he hears no other song, or may be taught the air of a popular song.

Andersson and Rydqvist, an avian exhibitor which could sing Yankee Doodle, and which he sold for \$100. Another, owned by the same man, rendered "Die Landerbach Maidechen" in an excellent manner. I have seen a canary that could talk. Its owner said it when it was young and kept it where it could hear no other bird singing, and finally succeeded in teaching it to pronounce its own name, the name of its mistress and one or two other words. The German peasants take advantage of this faculty in teaching the young birds to sing. One plan is to place them in a large cage, partitioned so as to prevent its inmates from seeing each other; any fine singing bird, either a canary, skylark or nightingale, is placed out of sight but within hearing of the young canaries.

After six months of this imprisonment the pupils, who have never seen their teachers, will have become perfect musicians. Another plan is to place the young ones in a room barely light enough for them to see to eat, where an instrument called a bird-organ is played for them to hear each day in the hearing of the learners. They are not attended to if they are not disturbed, and, by practicing the notes heard, are soon able to sing them perfectly. Birds trained by this process are known as "Andersson's rollers," and are valued as proficient in the "water roll," the bell and flute notes and various trills. After this course of training is completed the birds are separated. Each one is placed in a small cage, made by the peasants, from which they are allowed together with pegs instead of nails. They remain in these narrow quarters until they cease to be merchandise, and are finally domiciled in the homes, where they become the pets of the family.

How a Life of Trouble Was Avoided.

A few days ago a middle-aged countryman walked into the office of a lawyer, and said he wanted a divorce. "Called in the following to place a seat, when the following took place: 'I called in to see about getting a divorce from my wife.' 'Ah; what seems to be the difficulty?' 'Well, me and Jinny are always quarrelling, and I think it would be better if I'd stay where I am. She ken take the three children with her.' 'What grounds do you want a divorce for?' 'Well, you see it's just this way; Jinny's the most skeetiest woman of tramps ever seen. And so when we go up stairs to bed, she always jumps in bed first, and then she wants me to get under the bed for a man when I know there ain't no man there. So you see she gets mad, and then there's a fuss and I don't have no peace and can't get no sleep, and I'm a hard body, and you can't get a divorce on those grounds, sir.' 'Can't?' 'No, sir.' 'Well, then, I know what I'll do. I'll go home and save my eggs off the bed close up, so a man can't get under it. If I had thought of that sooner I might have saved all this time cooin' in here.'"

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Would Be Cheaper.

A Scotchman who attended in Little Rock while the ladies were going around with the petitions with a view to the enforcement of the temperance law, was approached by an enthusiastic woman who requested his signature. He did not understand, and she explained that an enforcement of the law prohibiting a saloon within three miles of a church. "I don't know about it, but I dinna ken but 'twould be cheaper to move the kirk than the whisky shops," and with this idea of public expenditure he requested to sign the petition.

Vanderbilt's Vindication.

[New York Cor. Chicago News.] A majority of the New York papers seem to have united in the effort to make W. H. Vanderbilt a social martyr by their continued invidious abuse.

I think it high time that even Vanderbilt was given his rights, notwithstanding the fact that he stands charged with the enormous crime of accumulating \$200,000,000. Who wouldn't do the same thing if he could? Is there a human being on the earth averse to accumulating money, and as much of it as possible? Mr. Vanderbilt is compelled to endure the most persistent abuse in silence, and I suppose he has become used to it. I met a once confidential agent of Mr. Vanderbilt the other day, and the topic of great fortunes came up during an extended conversation. "Few people know Mr. Vanderbilt as he really is," said the agent. "Even members of his own family know him only on the surface. Let me tell you that he is a big-hearted man—there isn't a stingy hair in his head, and when I tell you that he gives away \$250,000 every year I know what I am talking about, because he has handled a good deal of it myself. He is compelled to give his charity in a manner as stealthy as a tramp would steal a coat, because if he made any display of it, or it was known precisely from what source the charity came, he would have a bad time of it. I beg your pardon, I know he used to receive from twenty to 150 begging letters every day, and it required the services of a confidential clerk to sort out these things from his mail. He would have a bad time of it if he were obliged to split it with wedges at the risk of injuring it. It was expected that a log of its size would have two hearts, but only one was found.

The log was bought by Mr. L. Hirsch, of 214 Centre street, when on a visit to France last summer. Guided by reports of prodigious trees that grew in the south of France, he found it at the village of Perigeux, in the northern foothills of the Pyrenees. It was said to be the largest tree in the country, and was probably from 800 to 1,000 years old. Forty men and twenty-two horses dragged it to the nearest railway station, whence it was taken to Paris. A special steamer lighter was required to take it to the city. Its cost, when it was landed in New York, was fully \$5,000. The wood, when polished, is a deep black and orange, and its grain is twisted in many peculiar shapes. Embedded in the trunk were found several old-fashioned musket balls.

Oil on the Waters.

The Toronto Globe publishes the following communication: "I read in the 28th issue of the Standard an article on 'The Application of Oil to the Waters of a Stormy Sea,' and the wish is expressed that some of your readers would try the experiment and send an account to your issue. I tried the experiment about two months ago on Lake Erie. I send you the result. The day was stormy and a very heavy sea running, and although we were running with the sea, with our engine at full speed, it would break over the stern occasionally, and although there was no apparent danger to us from the boisterous sea, it occurred to me to try the effects of oil on the waters. I went into the engine room and got oil out of a barrel, and poured the same as is used on the ordinary half-gallon can used for coal oil. I went to the stern and commenced to pour a small stream of oil on the water. The sea at once ceased to break, and for two or three hundred feet astern the effects of the oil could be plainly seen. The wave breaker, but immediately the oil was reached the angry breaker would subside and the sea would come on as large as ever, but perfectly smooth, and as a matter of course, harmless. The oil used was a machine oil manufactured from petroleum. I think any sort of oil would answer, but of course the more oily matter the oil contained the better result it would produce. I have no doubt at all as to the utility of oil for the purpose in question if it can be applied in the proper place, but as to how it could be applied to a head or beam sea I do not know; but to a sea running astern, it is very easily applied by simply pouring it over the stern. First opportunity will try the experiment in head and beam sea, and write you result." W. M. ALDERSON, Master Tug Walter P. Tribbs.

EN ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC.

Some of the Unpleasantness of Travel—Nevada Not Advancing in Wealth.

[Edward Roberts in Chicago News.] It cost exactly \$1 to get anything to eat at the stations on the Central Pacific road, and one is only given twenty-five minutes in which to eat that dollar's worth of food. Phil Robinson in his latest book, "Sinners and Saints," questions whether or not a Pullman car conductor is a gentleman of leisure traveling for pleasure. I question whether the mission is of table waiting girls at railway stations. They certainly can not wait on people to show their beauty, for I rarely come across a pretty waitress. Nor are they employed to teach one manners, for they have none themselves. It must be that they are invented to teach travelers patience, the way they throw food at one, and the different air with which they take an order makes one want to swear. But he can't swear at a woman, and it would do no good if he did. The Central Pacific girls take delight in being surly. I never saw one smile, and I also never saw any one they professed to be smiling at. It will be a glad day when the roads run its own dining-cars through to Frisco. I should be content to eat in such cars as run on the Burlington road to Pacific Junction from Chicago even if I got much less to eat than I do at the eating stations. There would be at least one satisfaction—a man could enjoy some degree of regularity, which he surely cannot do under the present condition of affairs. But in spite of hunger, and notwithstanding the roughness of the road, I had a good sleep while we sped westward through the night, and Reno was reached just as I got up. The only importance Reno has is that it serves as a junction station for trains going off the Central Pacific road to Virginia City. I talked with a man who got on our train, and who made his home at this once blooming city in Nevada. "Virginia City to-day," he said, "lives on its past reputation. A few years ago it had a population of 24,000 people, and now there are not over 7,000 there. And not that many would stay if they could only get away. Business is absolutely dead, and unless some new and original enterprise are made, nothing will save the place."

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A Clergyman Leading a Charge.

[Chicago Tribune.] The Rev. George Washington Nolley, who died last week at Aspland, Va., aged 82 years, had performed fifty-eight years' active service in the Confederate army. He was who had a charge of the Confederate troops in the battle at Brook Church, near Richmond. In the midst of the fight, as the story is told in "Soldier Life in the Army of Northern Virginia," a rebel shell was hurled, and "Where's my boy? I'm looking for my boy!" Soon the owner of the voice appeared—tall, slim, aged, with silver-gray hair, dressed in a full suit of broad cloth, tall boots, and a clerical collar and cravat, completed his attire. His voice, familiar to the people of Virginia, was deep and powerful. As he continued to shout the men replied: "Go back, old gentleman; you'll get hurt here; go back, go back." "No," he said, "I can go anywhere my boy has to go, and I'm here. I want to see my boy, and I will see him!" Then the order "Forward" was given, and the men made one more for the enemy. The old gentleman, his beaver in one hand, a big stick in the other, his long hair flying, shouting, "Come on, boys!" disappeared in the depths of the woods, well in front.

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THE LARGEST WALNUT LOG.

Brought from France and Cut into Sheets for Veneering.

From an enormous walnut log in a shed behind the veneer cutting mill at 156 Elizabeth street, recently, a huge log, weighing a ton or more, sliced off the thickness of heavy note paper, forty-five to the inch. The log, of which the part that was cut up was as large a piece as could be handled at one time, was the largest ever brought to this country from a foreign land. It was brought over in the steamship Katie, and dragged to Elizabeth street by five teams of horses. The top end of which still lies in the street is twenty-seven feet around and nine feet through. When the trunk was cut it weighed 22,000 pounds, and it is estimated that it will yield nearly 70,000 feet of veneer. Half a dozen men dragged a cross-cut saw through it for a whole day in the effort to cut it in pieces small enough to handle, and on the second day were obliged to split it with wedges at the risk of injuring it. It was expected that a log of its size would have two hearts, but only one was found.

Be Not Too Fast.

Mr. Matthew Arnold greatly offended the American portion of his Boston audience by speaking of "great, intelligent, sensual, avaricious America." The portion of unmercantile eggs and the catalogue not already chaplained on the lectern, for saying that Emerson was a great philosopher or a great poet, was brought into requisition. But when the lecturer explained that this phrase was a quotation from one of Emerson's letters to you, the audience burst into a laugh, and I wanted to take it all back, and naturally felt a good deal abashed at not knowing their Emerson any better.

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JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

[Lander Richardson.] The other day I say John Boyle O'Reilly in the street. O'Reilly is one of the salt of the earth—it seems advantageous to be one of the salt rather than one of the trash of the earth.

O'Reilly is a poet, a genius, an essayist, a fanatic, a philosopher, a lunatic on the question of canoeing, a wit, an orator, an editor, and any thing else you may happen to think of at I have expected. Mr. O'Reilly is a charming man in whatever walk of life he may happen to be in for the moment. O'Reilly can make a very interesting half hour of Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, of Boston, with his conversation, and he can also make a very interesting half hour for John L. Sullivan, of Boston, with a set of boxing gloves. He is one of the best talents in the country; he can run like a deer, and he can hit like a mule. It is like the kick of a multicharge mule.

O'Reilly was a youngster in the queen's army, and an informer swore that he had induced many of his comrades to be in readiness to turn King's men, of Boston, with his conversation, and he can also make a very interesting half hour for John L. Sullivan, of Boston, with a set of boxing gloves. He is one of the best talents in the country; he can run like a deer, and he can hit like a mule. It is like the kick of a multicharge mule.

French Characteristics.

[Paris Letter in Courier-Journal.] It is a too general idea among us that the French are insincere. We have not found them so, and I think it base ingratitude in any true-born American to do their national character such injustice. Can we remember the noble LaFayette and his chivalric followers who lent their strong right arms as a bulwark in defense of our rights and to aid us in the struggle for our country's freedom, and not feel bound by every tie of gratitude and sentiment to their countrymen?

A Clergyman Leading a Charge.

[Chicago Tribune.] The Rev. George Washington Nolley, who died last week at Aspland, Va., aged 82 years, had performed fifty-eight years' active service in the Confederate army. He was who had a charge of the Confederate troops in the battle at Brook Church, near Richmond. In the midst of the fight, as the story is told in "Soldier Life in the Army of Northern Virginia," a rebel shell was hurled, and "Where's my boy? I'm looking for my boy!" Soon the owner of the voice appeared—tall, slim, aged, with silver-gray hair, dressed in a full suit of broad cloth, tall boots, and a clerical collar and cravat, completed his attire. His voice, familiar to the people of Virginia, was deep and powerful. As he continued to shout the men replied: "Go back, old gentleman; you'll get hurt here; go back, go back." "No," he said, "I can go anywhere my boy has to go, and I'm here. I want to see my boy, and I will see him!" Then the order "Forward" was given, and the men made one more for the enemy. The old gentleman, his beaver in one hand, a big stick in the other, his long hair flying, shouting, "Come on, boys!" disappeared in the depths of the woods, well in front.

A Big Dictionary.

[Demore's Monthly.] The first part of a gigantic dictionary of the English language is about to be issued by the Oxford University Press, and was commenced twenty-five years back, and more than 800 persons have been employed in collecting material for this mighty history of every word in the English speaking language. The work consists of 550 volumes, and will be over half a million dollars, but Oxford University will doubtless receive something from the sales of these great volumes, which, when completed, will be the most complete thesaurus in any language.

India's Magnitude.

In attempting to assist the reader to realize the magnitude of India The Spectator says that it contains some 50,000,000 more people than the whole of Europe. India has sixty-two cities of more than 50,000 people, twenty-two with more than 100,000, while Calcutta contains about 866,000 souls. There are hundreds of cities of 20,000, even the names of which are generally unknown to Europeans.

Fan-Song.

[Edward Wick.] Fan me to rest, for sleep-time sweet is coming. And so I tired I, and oh so restlessly. The grateful opiate of my serenely smiling. Only can charm me into thoughts distressless.

India's Magnitude.