The Centre Democrat.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Old Chicamauga

General Steedman's Charge that Saved the Day for Thomas.

As we sat one night in 1875, in the ratty old editorial rooms of the Toledo *Morning Democrat and Herald*, of which Gen. 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 w s so proud. He told it as coolly as if it was a dream to him:

"Why, my boy, there wasn't much to tell. I was in charge of the First Division of the Reserve Corps of the Army of the Cumberland, and had been stationed at Ringgold, or Red House Bridge, over the Chickamauga. My orders were explicit, 'to hold the bridge at all hazards,' and prevent the enemy from flanking General Thomas. The enemy disappeared from our front. The sound of cannonading and battle to the northward told me 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 my command was needed, and yet could not understand the absence of new orders. I waited patiently enough from daylight until nearly noon, hoping for some word from my commanding officer. Finally I decided to risk my neck, rather than see the Union army destroyed through my inactivity. Calling a council of officers and men, I explained the situation, read my order, told them my decision, and that on my shoulders should fall whatever of responsibility attached to disobedience of orders. You know the inexorable military law it 'to ask no questions, obey all orders, and accept consequences.' I know that if my movement was a failure, my judgment mistaken, 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 cannon's sound to Thomas's aid. Through corn fields, thickets, oak woods, we made a fearful tramp, for no man in the command knew the country, and our only guide was the cannon's boom. When I reported to Thomas he was in despair at the loss of the key of his position, which had just been captured by Gen. Hindman's rebel corps. The place was indicated to me by the flash of cannon and the rattle of cannister on the dry leaves of the tree under which Thomas and 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 rocks that marked the edge of a large plateau on which the enemy was jubilant with victory. '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 Chicksmauga. It was an awful contest up that slope, every foot of which was planted with death.

"We went in wi h seven thousand five hundred men, and only four thousand reported for duty at the next muster. We went up, up, till we reached the summit, and planted ourselves there to stay. It was a terrible hot place, and we made the plateau a lake of blood before we drove Hindman back. I rode back and reported to Gen. Thomas. I was blood from head to foot. He clasped my hand and said with great emotion, 'General Steedman, you have saved my army.' I got my stars not long afterwards, and that's about all there was of it. Yes, it was a big risk I ran, but I was right, and I knew it."

Could hero have told a simpler tale of self? But I heard Richard Realf tell the story of Chickamauga in 1876—Realf, the poet orator, who was provisional Vice President of John Brown's government—and as he pictured the fight on the rock of Chickamauga, it was heroism personified in a grand leader, followed by grand men. At one critical period in the struggle, when an Illinois regiment was moving back, under command of a Colonel, who slandered his men by saying that they would advance no longer. Steedman seized the regimental colors, and then shamed them by saying, "You may leave the field and shame yourselves, but, as God still reigns, you shall not disgrace this flag."—When the soldiers, stung by his words, cried out, "General, we will fight, if somebody will lead us." Steedman shouted, with that voice which thrilled men's souls, "My brave boys, *I'll* lead you. I'll bear your flag myself, if you'll defend it. 'Tention, 'bout face. Forward, double quick, march." And tho' his horse was shot under him and he stunned by a fall; though the flag was shot in tatters, the staff half gone, his right hand furrowed by bullets, and himself the target, he carried the flag to the summit and to victory. I have seen Steedman stop time and again, while writing, and rub the cramp out of that wounded right hand.

As he rode to battle that day, he met Gen. Granger, who said, feelingly, "Sted, old boy, it's going to be d—d hot in there. If anything should happen have you any requests to make of me." The vein of sentiment was running deep in the questioner's heart, but the practical soldier responded in words that have been memorable.

"Yes, General Granger; if I fall in the fight please see that my body is decently buried and my name correctly spelled in the newspapers," and he deliberately spelled it. * * * It was while at New Orleans that he one day received a telegram from the President in about these words:

"You can proceed at once to the City of Mexico as Commissioner of this Government to intercede for the life of Maximillian. Papers and instructions will reach you at Galveston, on the——"

His reply was:

"Mr. President: I have seen my country stand idly by while my fellow-countryman, Walker, and his brave comrades were murdered in cold blood, for their efforts in the cause of liberty, and after such an episode I respectfully decline to risk my life for that of a royal freebooter."

Decline in Oratory.

It is a notable fact that a decline in oratory is no where seen in such palpable forms as during a political canvass in Philadelphia, and in fact in all the American states. Time was when in a pending political canvass the oratory of contending parties rose to the very highest pitch in eloquence, force of declamation and polish of elocution. There is now an utter lack of forensic displays in political action everywhere. The stump has decayed and the rostrum is weakened and are forces now seldom used in political rivalries. In their stead we have a more cunning element consisting of tests of intrigue, feats in fraud, as shameless as they are degrading to a free and intelligent people exercising the right of self-government. But it is not only in political contests that we notice this dryness and leanness in oratory. In other walks of life where intellectual culture is supposed to be a daily practice, there are no orators, at least none like Brutus was, who attracted marked attention, holding multitudes entranced. Under the old Lyceum system in existence forty years ago, orators were cultivated to higher perfection than they are now trained. The stump speaking of the west and southwest and the Lyceum system of the north and northeast were the source by which the oratorical powers of the country were once developed. Time was when men nominated for office were forced to meet each other on the stump or platform and discuss issues made by the parties they represented. The political leaders of thirty or forty years ago headed their respective parties in the field and discussed before the people principles embodied in the platform on which they stood. It was in this way that Clay and Benton met—the fiery Prentiss, of Mississippi; the ponderous Crittenden, of Kentucky; the poetic Soullie, of Louisiana; the profound Calhoun, of South Carolina, and the powerful Hannigan, of Indiana. There were others of equal ability throughout the south and southwest who filled a political canvass with flashes and dashes of oratory, who led great multitudes by the force of argument and made oratory a power in politics, such as elevated it far above the low intrigue and petty malice which enter too largely into the political action of the present.

Nor did the south or southwest possess all the orators of the past. The north and northeast abounded in men of genius in this line, the recollection of whose displays is still cherished by the living and the record of whose spoken wisdom continues to flow as a fountain of rich water, where men of genius are refreshed. The Immortal Webster! George Evans, of Maine; Edward Everett, of Massachusetts; Silas Wright, of New York; Tom Corwin, of Ohio; John M. Clayton, of Delaware, and Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland. Pennsylvania had her orators as brilliant as any now on the records. Who is there now who can recall Morton Mc Michael, that will not be elevated by a thought of his brilliant oratory. Who among the living, but will recall, with true admiration George W. Barton, John Sergeant, Ovid F. Johnson, Charles Ogle, David Paul Brown, James M. Cooper, Reah Frazer, John C. Cunkle and scores of others in all parties and in all parts of the state, who during a political canvass, made the hill and valleys of Pennsylvania echo with the enthusiasm of assembled thousands electrified by their eloquence. Nor did these gifted and cultivated orators confine themselves to the stump and the rostrum. Their oratory was poured in splendor on all public occasions to dignify popular deliberation and strengthen and educate public opinion on the right. Now there is either an absence or a decay in these gifts. There is either a decline in oratory or an indifference to the voice of eloquence which has forced it to silence. Which?—*Harrisburg Independent.*

Senator Beck's Faculty.

He Claims to Have Spirituality and Might Be a Medium.

"Talking about peculiarities of men's minds, I heard Senator Beck tell a queer story the other day," said a gentlemen to some friends the other night. "We were all discussing the same subject that is up now, when Senator Beck remarked that he thought a peculiarity of his brain had done him a great deal of harm in his life. 'I first noticed it' said the Senator 'when I was a boy going to school in Scotland. I had a very strict old preacher for a tutor, and with a number of other boys went to the parsonage to be educated. One night I was very sleepy and still had a long Latin lesson to get off. I tried hard to learn it, but almost before I was aware I would be dozing. At length I read the exercise through in a half-dreaming condition, and with the Latin all a jumble in my head I went to sleep. I awoke the next morning with my brain thoroughly clear and strange to say, all the ambiguties in my difficult lesson were made plain, and I read the Latin without a balk. The same thing happened a second time, and I again found that when I went to sleep with a confused idea of my lesson, learning it while half dozing, I awoke with all the knotted points unraveled. It became my custom after that to read my tasks over just before going to bed, and I never failed to have them in the morning. My strict old tutor saw that I never studied, and thought one of the other boys was helping me. At length he gave me a page of Livy to translate, and told me if I did not have it for him the next morning he would flog me. He then forbid any of the boys coming near and watched my actions I read the lines as usual before going to sleep, and sure enough the next day I had them pat as you please. He never troubled me after that. Well, the year passed by, and found my faculty still clinging to me, till I began to put too much faith in it, and depended almost entirely upon my mysterious helper. Some time ago a prenologist came to examine my family's heads, and they all went wild over him, I paid no attention to their talk, though my wife urged me to give the man a trial. One day however, he met me and was so persistent that I at length sat down to him. He said that he would examine my head for $3 and give me a chart for $5. I told him $3 was all I would throw away, and began to name my characteristics. At length he said: "You have one faculy that is fully developed. It is spirituality. You have the faculty developed to a marked degree. You would have made a fine medium. Your mind is capable of working seperate from your body—that is, it can perform mental labor while the body is at rest and knows nothing of it. You sometimes solve difficult problems while you are asleep and wake up in the morning without knowing that you have been at work" 'there is $5, said I; 'a man who knows as much as you do, deserves it.' 'My strange faculty,' continued Senator Beck, whether it it spirituality or not it is growing weaker. I can hardly explain the action of my mind during these abnormal spells. I see the lines and words before my mind's eye, and, without knowing the process, or, indeed, being aware of any process, I work out the problem.'

"You remember John Sherman's anecdote of Beck," continued the gentleman, "Beck was working day and night on the tariff bill, when a member wondering how he got any rest. 'Oh' said Senator Sherman, who was present, Beck rests himself when he makes a speech.' 'A man who can work when he should rest may be pardoned if he rests when he should work.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

THE managers of the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial exposition, which is to be held at New Orleans in December, 1884, are succeeding admirably in their preliminary work. The City park, containing about 150 acres, has been secured as the site of the exposition, and of the guarantee fund of $1,000 000 required, over $600,000 has already been subscribed. In addition to this sum the city has appropriated $1,000 000 with which to erect a permanent Horticultural hall on the premises. All the States are likely to be represented on this grand occasion, and nearly all the world besides.

Story that Charlie Ross was Drowned.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—The *Evening Star* says that a man giving his name as Charles Clarke, of West Sixteenth street, New York, who arrived in Washington last Thursday, asserts that he has positive information from one of Mosher's companions that Charlie Ross was drowned in Newark Bay shortly after his abduction by Mosher and Douglass.

CORN will shrink from the time it is husked from the field or shock, in the autumn, in well protected cribs, from twenty to thirty per cent, by spring That is one hundred bushels will shrink to seventy or eighty, according to how dry it was when gathered. Sound corn will shrink twenty per cent. so that forty cents per bushel as it comes from the field is a good as fifty cents in the spring.

A Soldier Under Napoleon.

Remarkable Career of a Soldier of the Old Guard.

Solidor Milton, one of the very few survivors of the famous "Old Guard" of the First Napoleon, resides at No. 333 Ju ianna street, in this city. The career of the old veteran has been rather remarkable. He was born at Nice, November 19, 1787, and at the age 19 entered the French army. His first experience in battle was at Austerlitz and he followed the "Little Corporal," until the disasterous defeat of the French army at Waterloo. His commission as among the old Guard" is among the old soldier's treasures. It is on crumpled parchment and bears the legible seal of Napoleon. A silver cross is attached to the document by a blue ribbon.

When peace was proclaimed and the French prisoners in the European capitals were released Milon returned to Paris. After a brief stay in the French Capital he resolved to join the survivors of the "Old Guard" who had determined to go to the Isle of St Helen and stand by their old commander in his dreary captivity. He remained on the island until Napoleon's death. He went to South America in company with Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain, where he spent several years. He then came to this city, where he has resided ever since. The ninety sixth anniversary of the birth of the old hero will occur on the 19th inst. Upon that occasion he will be presented with a testimonial by the Philadelphia Musical Association, of which he was one of the original members.—*Phila Record.*

Life's Labors.

Either a Source of Pain or Happiness.

What a great thing it is to live, and to live to do good to others! How few there are who appreciate their blessed opportunities, and improve them accordingly. Life means earnest and active work. One should love his life work, and labor intelligently with some good end in view. Each day should see some noble action performed, and its evening find each traveler one day's journey near home. He should enter upon the race with a brave heart, and keep up his courage until the end. Yet how many there are who fail in this world either through laziness, inattention or ill health. An unwell man or woman can never love life or its work. At heart they cannot do as much as the one possessed of a daring soul and a healthy body, who loves his work. This was true of Mr. J. W. Reynolds, of New Lisbon, Columbiana county, Ohio. Through hard and incessant toil, and close application to business, his health had become greatly impaired. He had become a confirmed invalid, and the general debility of his system was alarming. He could not sleep well; neither could he work. A friend recommended that he try the famous PERUNA. At first no great change was noticeable but he persevered. He took eight bottles, and as a result was completely restored to his former vigor and strength. He says he now feels like a new man, and is daily seen about the streets of his city. He enjoys the best of health, and says it is all owing to PERUNA. He loves his labor, and takes pride in his work, and is unceasing in his praises of the great remedy which restored him.