

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

VOLUME 15.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY JULY 13, 1864.

NUMBER 38.

A FORTUNE FOR ALL! EITHER MEN OR WOMEN!

NO HUMBLED, but an ENTIRELY NEW thing. Only three months in this country. No clap-net operation to gull the public, but a genuine money-making thing! Read the Circular of instruction once only, and you will understand it perfectly. A Lady has just written to me that she is making as high as TWENTY DOLLARS SOME DAYS! giving instructions in this art. Thousands of Soldiers are making money rapidly at it. It is a thing that takes better than anything ever offered. You can make money with it home or abroad—on steam boats or railroad cars, and in the country or city. You will be pleased in pursuing it, not only because it will yield a handsome income, but also in consequence of the general admiration which it elicits. It is pretty much all profit. A mere trifle is necessary to start with.

There is scarcely one person out of thousands who ever pays any attention to advertisements of this kind, thinking they are humbugs. Consequently those who do send for instructions will have a broad field to make money in. There is a class of persons in this world who would think he because they have been humbugged out of a dollar or so, that everything that is advertised is a humbug. Consequently they try no more. The person who succeeds is the one that keeps on trying until he has something that pays him.

This art cost me one thousand dollars and I expect to make money out of it—and all who purchase the art of me will do the same. One Dollar sent to me will insure the prompt return of a card of instructions in the art. The money will be returned to those not satisfied.

Address: WALTER T. TINSLEY,
No. 1 Park Place, New York.
Oct. 21, 1863.—3m.

BELL'S SPECIFIC PILLS—Warranted in all cases. Can be relied on! Never fails to cure! Do not nauseate! Are steady in action! No change of diet required! Do not interfere with business pursuits! Can be used without detection! Upward of 200 cures the past month—one of them very severe cases. Over one hundred physicians have used them in their practice, and all speak well of their efficacy, and approve their composition, which is entirely vegetable, and harmless to the system. Hundreds of certificates can be shown.

Bell's Specific Pills are the original and only genuine Specific Pills. They are adapted for male and female, old and young, and the only reliable remedy for effecting a permanent and steady cure in all cases. Spermatorrhea, or Seminal Weakness, with all its train of evils, such as Urinary and Vaginal Discharges, the whites, nightly or involuntary Emissions, Incontinence, Genital Debility and Irritability, Impotence, Weakness or loss of Power, nervous Debility, &c., &c., all of which arise principally from Sexual Excesses or self-abuse, or some constitutional derangement, and in capitate the sufferer from fulfilling the duties of married life. In all sexual diseases, Gonorrhea, Gleet and Stricture, and in Diseases of the Bladder and Kidneys, they act as a charm! Relief is experienced by taking a single box.

Sold by all the principal druggists. Price \$1.

They will be sent by mail, securely sealed, and confidentially, on receipt of the money, by
J. BRYAN, M. D.,
No. 76 Cedar Street, New York.
Consulting Physicians for the treatment of Seminal, Urinary, Sexual, and Nervous Diseases, who will send, free to all, the following valuable work, in sealed envelopes:

THE FIFTH THOUSAND—DR. BELL'S TREATISE on self-abuse, Premature decay, impotence and loss of power, sexual diseases, genital weakness, nightly emissions, genital debility, &c., &c., a pamphlet of 64 pages, containing important advice to the afflicted, and which should be read by every sufferer, as the means of cure in the severest stages is plainly set forth. Two stamps required to pay postage.

Nov. 25, 1863.—1y.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES—Dr. Harvey's Female Pills have never yet failed in removing difficulties arising from obstruction, or stoppage of nature, or in restoring the system to perfect health when suffering from apical affections, prolapsus, Uteri, the whites, or other weakness of the uterine organs. The pills are perfectly harmless on the constitution, and may be taken by the most delicate female without causing distress—the same time they act like a charm by stimulating, invigorating and restoring the system to a healthy condition and by bringing on the monthly period with regularity, so matter from what cause the obstruction may arise. They should however, NOT be taken during the first three or four months of pregnancy, though safe at any other time, as miscarriage could be the result.

Each box contains 60 pills. Price \$1.
Dr. Harvey's Treatise on diseases of Female, pregnancy, miscarriage, Barrenness, &c., &c., a pamphlet of 64 pages, containing important advice to the afflicted, and which should be read by every sufferer, as the means of cure in the severest stages is plainly set forth. Two stamps required to pay postage.

Pills and book will be sent by mail sealed, securely sealed, and prepaid by
J. BRYAN, M. D., General Agent,
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1863—1y.

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PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

WM. H. JACOBY,

Office on Main St., 3rd Square below Market.

TERMS—Two Dollars per annum if paid within six months from the time of subscribing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid within the year. No subscription taken for a less period than six months; no discountance permitted until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the editor.

The terms of advertising will be as follows: One square, twelve lines three times, \$1.00 Every subsequent insertion, 25 One square, three months, 3.00 One year, 8.00

Choice Poetry.

Don't Strike a Man When He's Down.

BY SHANNON.

Oh! don't strike a man when he's down,
No! don't strike a man when he's down;
But lend him a hand,
And help him to stand,
Oh, give him a chance,
Be kindly your glance,
Oh! don't strike him off with a blow;
For which of us know
In the race here below,
How soon a hard blow
May lay us all low!

Oh! don't strike a man when he's down.

Oh! don't strike a man when he's down,

No! don't strike a man when he's down,

Don't stop to deride,

To scold or to chide,

But leap to his side,

His failing heart guide,

Oh, don't let a sinking man down,

For who here can tell,

How soon the rode swell

Of the tide, may destroy

All his wealth and his joy.

And he finds himself sinking right down!

Oh! don't strike a man when he's down,

No! don't strike a man when he's down,

Far to let be kind,

And try hard to find

Some chord that will bind

Him yet to his kind.

Raise hopes that have been so cast down,

A smile in your eye

Will match his deep sigh.

The grasp of your hand

His heart will expand,

And lift a man up when he's down.

Oh! don't strike a man when he's down,

No! don't strike a man when he's down,

No matter his fault,

Don't tarry nor halt,

Nor send him a drift,

But give him a lift.

His blessings your efforts will crown,

Thou' not of "our set,"

Nor "respectable" yet.

We must not forget

We are all in debt!

So, help a man up when he's down.

Oh! don't strike a man when he's down,

No! don't strike a man when he's down,

Thou' sorrow's away

From you to-day,

To-morrow it may

Be thrown in your way.

So, don't strike a man when he's down,

Let today pass by

With sneers in their eye,

Let bigness be shamed,

But the Grudies be d—

I won't strike a man when he's down.

Oh! don't strike a man when he's down,

No! don't strike a man when he's down,

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myopia, and on hills of Palestine, we have not less the memory of their examples. As long as the warm blood courses in the veins of man; as long as the human heart beats high and quick at the recital of brave deeds and patriotic sacrifices, so long will the lesson still invite generous men to emulate the heroism of the past. Among the Greeks it was the custom that the fathers of the most valiant of slain should pronounce the eulogies of the dead. Sometimes it devolved upon their great statesmen and orators to perform this mournful duty. Would that a Demosthenes, or a second Pericles could rise and take my place to-day, for he would find a theme worthy of his most brilliant powers, of his most touching eloquence.

I stand here now, not as an orator, but as the whilom commander, and in the fathers of the most valiant dead; as their comrades, too, on many a hard fought field against domestic and foreign foes—in early youth and mature manhood—moved by all the love that David felt when he poured forth his lamentation for the mighty father and son who fell on Gilboa. God knows that David's love for Jonathan was no more deep than mine for the tried friends of many long and eventful years, whose names are to be recorded upon the structure that is to rise upon this spot. Would that his more than mortal eloquence could grace my lips, and do justice to the same!

We have met to-day, my comrades, to do honor to our own dead—brothers united to us by the closest and dearest ties—who have freely given their lives for their country in this war—so just and righteous so long as its purpose is to crush rebellion and to save our nation from the infinite evils of dismemberment. Such an occasion as this should call forth the deepest and noblest emotions of our nature—pride, sorrow, and prayer. Pride, that our country has possessed such sons; sorrow, that she has lost them; prayer, that she may have others like them; that we and our successors may adorn her annals as they have done; and that when our parting hour arrives, whenever however it may be, our souls may be prepared for the great change.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

We have assembled to commemorate a cenotaph which shall remind our children's children in the distant future of their fathers' struggles in the days of the great rebellion. This monument is to perpetuate the memory of a portion only of those who have fallen for the nation in this unhappy war; it is dedicated to the officers and soldiers of the regular army. Yet this is done in no class or exclusive spirit, and in the act we remember with reverence and love our comrades of the volunteers who fought and fell by our sides.

Each State will, no doubt, commemorate in some fitting way the services of its sons who abandoned the avocations of peace and shed their blood in the ranks—will receive some memento of nations love, a nation's gratitude. With what heroism they have confronted death, have wrested victory from a stubborn foe, and have illustrated defeat, it will become me to say, for it has been my lot to command them on many a sanguinary field. I know that I but echo the feelings of the regulars when I award the high credit they deserve to their brave brothers of the volunteers.

But we of the regular army have no States to look to for the honors due our dead. We belong to the whole country. We can neither expect or desire the General Government to make, perhaps, an invidious distinction in our favor. We are few in number, a small band of comrades united by peculiar and very binding ties. For, with many of us, our friendships were commenced in boyhood, when we rested beneath the shadow of the granite hills which look down upon us where we stand; with others the ties of brotherhood were formed in more mature years—while fighting amid the rugged mountains and fertile valleys of Mexico—within hearing of the eternal waves of the Pacific—or in the lonely grandeur of the great plains of the far West. With all, our love and confidence have been cemented by common dangers and sufferings—on the toilsome march, in the bivouac, and amid the clash of arms and the presence of death on scores of battle-fields. West Point, with her large heart, adopted us all—graduate, and those appointed from civil life—officers and privates. In her eyes we are all her children, jealous of her fame, eager to sustain her world wide reputation. Generals and private soldiers, men who have cheerfully offered their all for our dear country, we stand here before this shrine, ever hereafter sacred to our dead, equal and brothers in the presence of that common death which awaits us all—perhaps in the same field and at the same hour. Such are the ties which unite us—the most endearing that exist among men: such the relations which bind us together—the closest of the sacred brotherhood of arms. It has therefore seemed, and it is fitting, that we should erect upon this spot, sacred to us all, an enduring monument to our dear brothers who have preceded us on the path of peril and of honor which it is the destiny of many of us some day to tread.

What is this regular army to which we belong? Who are the men whose death merits such honors from the living? Our regular or permanent army is the nucleus which in time of peace preserves the military traditions of the nation, as well as the organization, science, and instruction indispensable to modern armies. It may be regarded as coeval with the nation. It derives its origin from the old Continental and state lines of the Revolution, whence, with some interruptions and many changes, it has attained its present condition. In fact, we may with propri-

ty go even beyond the Revolution to seek the roots of our genealogical tree in the old French wars; for the cis-Atlantic campaigns of the seven years, war were not confined to the "redmen scalping each other by the great lakes of North America," and it was in them that our ancestors first participated as Americans in the large operations of civilized armies. American regiments then fought on the banks of the St. Lawrence and the Ohio, on the shores of Ontario and Lake George, in the islands of the Caribbean, and in South America, Louisiana, Quebec, the Moro and Porto, Ballo attest the valor of the provincial troops and in that school were educated such soldiers as Washington, Putnam, Lee, Montgomery and Gates. These and men like Greene, Knox, Wayne and Steuben were the fathers of our permanent army, and under them our troops acquired that discipline and steadiness which enabled them to meet upon equal terms and often to defeat the tried veterans of England. The study of the history of the Revolution and a perusal of the despatches of Washington, will convince the most skeptical of the value of the permanent army in achieving our independence, and establishing the civil edifice which we are now fighting to preserve.

The war of 1812 found the army on a footing far from adequate to the emergency, but it was rapidly increased, and of the new generation of soldiers, many were found equal to the requirements of the occasion. "Lundy's Lane, Chippewa, Queenstown, Plattsburg, New Orleans," all bear witness to the gallantry of the regulars. Then came an interval of more than thirty years of external peace, marked by many changes in the organization and strength of the regular army, and broken at times by tedious and bloody Indian wars. Of these the most remarkable were the Black Hawk war, in which our troops met unflinchingly a foe as relentless and far more destructive than the Indians—that terrible scourge, the cholera—and the tedious Florida war, where, for so many years, the Seminoles eluded in their pestilential swamps our utmost efforts, and in which were displayed such traits of heroism as that commemorated by yonder monument to Dade and his command, when "all fell save two, without an attempt to retreat." At last came the Mexican war to replace Indian contests and the monotony of frontier service, and for the first time in many years the mass of the regular army was concentrated, and took the principal part in the battles of that remarkable and romantic war. Palo Alto, Resaca, and Fort Brown were the achievements of the regulars united; and as to the battles of Monterey, Buena Vista, Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo and the final triumph in the valley, none can truly say that they could have been won without the regulars. When peace crowned our victories in the capital of the Montezumas, the army was at once dispersed over the long frontier, and engaged in harassing and dangerous wars with the Indians of the plains. Thus thirteen long years were spent, until the present war broke out, and the mass of the army was drawn in to be employed against a domestic foe.

I cannot proceed to the events of the recent past and the present without advertising to the gallant men who were so long of our number, but have gone to their last home; for no small portion of the glory of which our boast was expected from such men as Taylor, Worth, Brady, Brooks, Totten and Duncan.

There is a sad story of Venetian history that has moved many a heart, and often employed the poet's pen and painter's pencil. It is of an old man whose long life was gloriously spent in the service of the state as a warrior and a statesman, and who, when his hair was white and his feeble limbs could scarce carry his bent form toward the grave, attained the highest honor that a Venetian citizen could reach.

He was Doge of Venice. Convicted of treason against the State, he not only lost his life but suffered besides a penalty which will endure as long as the name of Venice is remembered. The spot where his portrait should have hung in the great hall of the Doge's palace was veiled with black and there the frame remains with its black mass of canvas; and this vacant frame is the most conspicuous in the long line of effigies of illustrious Doges! Oh, that such a pall as that which replaces the portrait of Maurizio Faliero could conceal from history the names of those, once our comrades, who are now in arms against the flag under which we fought side by side in years gone by. But no veil, however thick, can cover the anguish that fills our hearts when we look back upon the sad memory of the past, and recall the affection and respect we entertained toward men against whom it is now our duty to act in mortal combat. Would that the courage, ability, and steadfastness they display had been employed in the defense of the Stars and Stripes against a foreign foe, rather than in this fatiguing and unjustifiable rebellion, which could not have been so long maintained but for the skill and energy of those former comrades.

GENERAL SCOTT.

But we have reason to rejoice that upon this day, so sacred and eventful for us, one grand old mortal monument of the past still lifts high his head among us, and should have graced by his presence the consecration of this tomb by his children. We may well be proud that we were here commanded by the hero who purchased victory with his blood near the great waters of Niagara; who repeated and eclipsed the achievements of Cortes; who although a consummate and confident commander, ever preferred when duty and honor would permit, the olive branch of peace to the blood stained laurels of war; and who stands at the close of a long, glo-

rious and eventful life, a living column of granite, against which have beaten alike the blandishments and storms of reason. His name will ever be one of our proudest boasts and most moving inspirations.

In long distant ages, when this incipient monument has become venerable, mouldered, and perhaps ruinous when the names inscribed upon it shall seem to those who pause to read them indistinct mementoes of an almost mythical past, the name of Winfield Scott will still be clear, cut upon the memory of all, like the still fresh carving upon the monuments of long-forgotten Pharaohs.

THE REGULAR ARMY IN THE PRESENT WAR.

But it is time to approach the present in the war which now shakes the land to its foundation the regular army has born a most honorable part. Too few in numbers to act by themselves regular regiments have participated in every great battle in the East, and most of those west of the Alleghanies. Their terrible losses and diminished numbers prove that they have been in the thickest of the fight, and the testimony of their comrades and commanders show with what undaunted heroism they have upheld their ancient renown. Their vigorous charges have often won the day, and in defeat they have more than once saved the army from destruction or terrible losses by the obstinacy with which they resisted overpowering numbers. They can refer with pride to the part they played upon the glorious fields of Mexico, and exult at the recollection of what they did at Manassas, Gaines' Mill, Malvern, Antietam, Shiloh, Stone River, Gettysburg, and the great battles just fought from the Rapidan to the Chickahominy. They can point also to the officers who have risen among them, and achieved great deeds for their country in this war, to the living warriors whose names are upon the nation's tongue and heart, too numerous to be repeated here, yet not one of whom I would willingly omit. But perhaps the proudest episode in the history of the regular army is that touching instance of fidelity on the part of the non-commissioned officers and privates, who traitorously made prisoners in Texas, resisted every temptation to violate their oath and desert their flag. Offered commissions in the rebel service, money and land freely tendered them, they all scorned the inducements held out to them, submitted to their hardships, and when at last exchanged, avenged themselves on the field of battle for the unavailing insult offered their integrity. History affords no brighter example of loyalty than that of these brave men, tempted, as I must say they were, by some of their former officers, who having themselves proved false to their flag, endeavored to seduce the men who followed them in combat, and who had regarded them with respect and love.

Such is the regular army; such its history and antecedents; such its officers and its men. It needs no herald to trumpet forth its praises. It can proudly appeal to the numerous fields from the tropics to the frozen banks of the St. Lawrence; from the Atlantic to the Pacific, fertilized by the blood and whitened by the bones of its members. But I will not pause to eulogize it; let its deeds speak for it; they are more eloquent than tongue or mine.

THE DEAD OF THE REGULAR ARMY.

Why are we here to-day? This is not the funeral of one brave warrior, nor even of the harvest of death on a single battle field; but these are the obsequies of the best and bravest children of the land, who have fallen in actions almost numberless, many of them the most sanguinary of which history bears record. The men, whose names are appraised we now seek to perpetuate, to render them the highest honor in our power, have fallen wherever armed rebellion showed its front, in the distant New Mexico, the broad Valley of the Mississippi, on the bloody hunting-grounds of Kentucky, in the Mountains of Tennessee, and the swamps of Carolina, and on the fertile fields of Maryland, and in the blood-stained thickets of Virginia. They were of all grades, from the general to the private; of all ages from the gray haired veteran of fifty years' service to the beardless youth; and of all degrees of cultivation, from the man of science to the uneducated boy. It is not necessary, nor is it possible, to repeat the mournful yet illustrious roll of the dead heroes we have met to honor, nor must I name a few who most merit praise; I will only say that they will exemplify the classics to which they belong.

Among the last of the slain, and among the first in honor and reputation, was that hero of twenty battles, John Sedgwick. Gentle and kind as a woman; brave as a brave man can be; honest, sincere and able; a model that all may strive to imitate, but whom few can equal. In the terrible battle of Fredericksburg, he was the last to fall, and he preceded his death by his own example to display the highest qualities of the soldier and commander. After escaping the stroke of death when men fell around him by thousands, he at last met his fate at a moment of comparative quiet by the ball of a single rifle. He died as a soldier would choose to die, with truth at his heart, and a sweet, tranquil smile upon his lips. Alas! our great nation possesses few sons like John Sedgwick.

Like him fell John, at the very head of their corps, the white-haired Mansfield, after a career of usefulness, illustrated by his skill and cool courage at Fort Brown, Monterey and Buena Vista; John E. Roy, brave and true, who in the full vigor of manhood and intellect, men who have proved their ability and chivalry in many a field in Mexico and in this civil war, gallant gentlemen of whom their country had much to hope, had it pleased God to spare their lives. Lyon fell in the prime of life, leading his little army against superior numbers, his brief career affording a brilliant example of patriotism and ability. The impetuous Kearney, and such brave generals as Richardson, Williams, Terrill, Stevens, Weed, Saunders and Hayes lost their lives while in the midst of a career of usefulness. Young Bayard, so like the most renowned of his name, that "knight above love and above reproach," was cut off too early for his country. No regiments can spare such gallant, devoted and able commanders as Russell, Davis, Gorn, Simmons, Bailey, Putnam, and Kingsbury, all

of whom fell in the thickest of the contest, some of them veterans, others young in service—all good men and well beloved. Our batteries have partially paid their terrible debt to fate in the losses of such "com-manders as Greble (the first to fall in the war), Benson, Haggard, Seward, Dr. Hest, Elliot, and those gallant boys, Kirby, Woodford, Dimick, and Cushing; while the engineers lament the promising and gallant Wagner and Cross. Beneath remote battle fields rest the corpses of the heroic McRae, Bacon, Stone, Sweet, and many other company officers. Besides these there are hosts of veteran sergeants, corporals and privates who had fought under Scott in Mexico, or contested with the savages of the far West and Florida; and mingled with them young soldiers who courageous, steady and true, met death unflinchingly without the hope of personal glory. These men in their more humble spheres, served their country with as much faith and honor as the most illustrious generals and all of them with perfect singleness of heart. Although their names may not live in the pages of history, their actions, loyalty, and courage will. Their memories will be preserved in their regiments, for there were many of them who merited as proud a distinction as that accorded to the first general of France, or to that other Russian soldier who gave his life for his comrades. But there is another class of men who have gone from us since this war commenced, whose fate it was not to die in battle; but who are none the less entitled to be mentioned here. There was Sumner a brave, honest, chivalrous veteran, of more than half a century's service, who had confronted death unflinchingly on scores of battle fields, had shown his gray head serene and cheerful, where death most revealed, who more than once told me that he believed and hoped that his long career would end amid the din of battle. He died at home from effects of hard-ship of the leadership of his campaigns. That most excellent soldier, the elegant C. F. Smith, whom many of us remember to have been so often on this very plain, with his superb bearing, escaped the bullet to fall a victim to the disease which has deprived the army of so many of its best soldiers. John Buford, cool and intrepid; Mitchell, eminent in science, Palmer and many other officers have lost their lives by sickness contracted in the field. But I cannot close this long list of glorious martyrs without paying a sacred debt of official duty and personal affection to those who have permitted you to possess peculiar claims upon my love and gratitude; he was an ardent patriot, an unselfish man, a true soldier, the beau-ideal of a staff officer—he was my aid-de-camp, Colonel Colburn. There is a lesson to be drawn from the death and services of these glorious men, which we should all heed for the present and future benefit of the nation.

War in these modern days is a science, and it should now appear to the most prejudiced that the organization and arming of armies is a difficult and delicate task, and easy, perfect familiarity with the theoretical science of war, is requisite. To count upon success when the plans or execution of campaigns are intrusted to men who have no knowledge of war, is as idle as to expect a skilful physician to cure a patient without the aid of a staff officer—he was my aid-de-camp, Colonel Colburn. There is a lesson to be drawn from the death and services of these glorious men, which we should all heed for the present and future benefit of the nation.

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