AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1.00 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 26, 1911. VOL. 80—NO. 21



NO more shall the warcry sever or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever when they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew, waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue, tears and love for the Gray.

Meeting of the Gunboat Vets

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[The meeting of two old civil war gunboat sailors at the national encampment of the G. A. R. in Atlantic City last year, as shown in this photograph, suggested the lines that follow.]



Photo by American Press Association.

"WELL, Bill, I'm powerful pleased to see ye!
Old matey, put 'er thar an' shake!"
"Sure, Hank; the pleasure's mine. How be ye?
But I'm not Bill—my name is Jake."

"You hain't Bill Hawkins? No? Jake Jones—
W'y, he was killed at Mobile Bay.
Ye can't be him. W'y, bust my bones,
You air, though, 'live an' well—today!"

"Yes, 'live an' lively, Hank, I be,
Though forty-seven year or so
Have passed along sence you an' me
Fit side by side—so long ago."

"Well, I'll be splintered fore an' aft!
We shore did fight them Johnnies, Jake,
On them Mis'sippi gunboat craft
In '64. Old matey, shake!"

FIFTY YEARS AGO THIS 30TH OF MAY

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.

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MEMORIAL day, 1911, is rendered notable by the fact that this year marks the fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of the civil war. On May 30, 1861, war actually had begun, although no great battle had been fought. It was not till nearly two months later that the first Bull Run opened the eyes of the north to the magnitude of the impending struggle. Prior to that time most northern people seemed to think that the contest would be over in ninety days and that all a Federal army had to do to take Richmond was to march in some morning before breakfast when Davis and Lee were not looking.

On May 30 both sides were making ready, but did not realize how big an affair they had on hand. Sumter had been fired on, Union troops had been shot down in Baltimore, blood had been shed in St. Louis, and Colonel



GENERAL NATHANIEL LYON, WHOSE CAPTURE OF CAMP JACKSON AND OTHER PROMPT OPERATIONS EARLY IN 1861 PREVENTED THE SECESSION OF MISSOURI. KILLED AT BATTLE OF WILSON CREEK, AUG. 10, 1861.

Ellsworth had lost his life at Alexandria. All of these events had been like electric shocks in stirring the north and like magnetic currents in uniting it. Lincoln's call for 75,000 men had been answered by an offer of many times that number, and his subsequent call for 42,034 had been filled promptly, as had also his order to increase the standing army by 22,714. States were clamoring to supply more than their quota, extra troops were being offered from every side, and Lincoln, after his big hearted habit, was listening to the appeals and bringing in regiments here and there above the quota. This process continued until by July there were more than 300,000 enlisted. So far as men were concerned the administration was suffering from an embarrassment of riches. That end of it was easy. The hard task was to arm, drill and provision the men offered. It was on April 15, just after the fall of Sumter, that the president had made his first call and May 3 when he had issued the second. Yet several governors met at Cleveland and on May 6 asked permission to furnish more troops. The country was on fire with enthusiasm and was clamoring for the administration to do something. Not only were soldiers being offered, but money. The first gun that fired on Fort Sumter hurled a shot which ultimately destroyed the Southern Confederacy.

The south was not less active than was the north. Only a few days before May 30 Virginia had definitely cast in her lot with the gulf states, and the whole eleven commonwealths that were to make up the Confederate States of America had taken their stand. The peace advocates were quieted. Both sides realized at last that the clash must come. The issue was drawn, the lists made up, and all that awaited was the trial by force.

The future campaign had begun to assume nebulous form. The cry of "On to Richmond!" had been started by Greeley and others. Fifteen thousand Pennsylvania troops were marching in the direction of Harpers Ferry, where a number of Confederates—nobody then knew just how many—were massed. General Benjamin F. Butler had first been put in command at Baltimore, through which hotbed he soon made it eminently safe for Union troops to pass, and was then in command at Fortress Monroe. Alexandria and Arlington were in the hands of Federal troops, an expedition had pushed up the James river, with a base at Newport News, and another force had started a bombardment at Acquia creek.

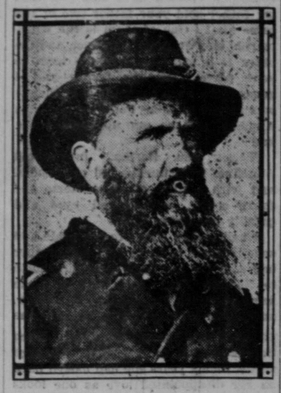
Just about May 30 news came that the enemy was establishing a base at Manassas, which was altogether the most fateful item of all, but Washington was still in blissful ignorance of this, Bull Run being seven weeks away.

In the west three regiments had crossed the Ohio river at Marietta, Bellaire and Wheeling, had taken Parkersburg and were then concentrating on Grafton. General George B. McClellan was in command and had issued a proclamation advising the West Virginians to break away, as they subsequently did. There was also activity in Missouri, where Captain Nathaniel Lyon was temporarily in charge. Governor Claiborne F. Jackson and many more officials and citizens were determined that Missouri should go out of the Union. Frank P. Blair, Captain Lyon and others were just as decided that she should remain under the stars and stripes.

Shortly before May 30 Lyon had captured Camp Jackson, in the outskirts of St. Louis, and had been promoted to brigadier general therefor. Through the vigorous efforts of these two men and their coworkers Missouri was saved to the north, which meant that Kentucky would also remain loyal. It may well be said that this one victory was a turning point in the war. With the border states against the north there might have been a different outcome.

His friends believed that had Lyon lived he would have proved one of the ablest generals on the Union side. Even as it was he rendered a service to his country that no one now can fully measure. The service stands. The promise was ended by his tragic death at the battle of Wilson Creek, in southwest Missouri, three months later.

On May 30, 1861, Ulysses S. Grant was helping the adjutant general of Illinois, mustering in regiments and making out forms in the outer office. Six days earlier he had written to Washington tendering his services to the government and modestly suggesting that he thought himself competent to command a regiment. A few weeks earlier he had declined the captaincy of a Galena company, asserting that he had been a captain in the



GENERAL FRANK P. BLAIR, WHO WAS LARGELY INSTRUMENTAL IN SAVING MISSOURI TO THE UNION.

regular army and was entitled to a colonelcy. Sherman, Grant's great lieutenant, had beaten his future chief into the service.

Fifty years ago Senator Stephen A. Douglas, after making a gallant appeal for the Union, was stricken with a mortal illness. On May 30 his life was despaired of, and his death followed on June 3. However we may regard Douglas' previous career, his course after Lincoln's inauguration was altogether admirable and atoned for much.

Memorial day was not celebrated until 1868. The "times that tried men's souls" were over. Then the survivors of the war outnumbered the dead. Today the reverse is true, and the graves to be decorated far outnumber the living soldiers left to decorate them. How long will it be until not one is left and the flowers will be scattered only by the children and grandchildren of the "boys who wore the blue?"

A LONG TIME COMING

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

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"Would you like to hire a man for the season?"

The question was asked of a woman who stood at the door of a farmhouse. She was about fifty years old, and the questioner looked to be ten years older.

"You don't seem strong enough to work," said the woman sympathetically, "but come in and I'll get you a snack."

There was something in either the old man's appearance or the tone of his voice that reminded her of someone she had known before. Surely that walk was familiar. She fed him, and when her son, a man of thirty, came in she said:

"Jake, this man wants to help us out for the harvest season. Can't you hire him?"

"We need help, mother, but I fear the old man is hardly able to work all day in a field in the broiling sun."

"I reckon there's some work in me," replied the stranger. "Anyhow, I get to earn a livin' or go to the poor farm, and I'd rather kill myself workin' than live on the county."

"Where do you hail from?" asked the younger man.

"I don't know."

"Don't know?"

"You see, I'm one o' those persons who suddenly forget everything. It was about thirty years ago, I reckon, that I was discharged from a hospital. I remember comin' out of it, but I don't remember goin' in."

"That was about wartime, wasn't it?" asked the woman, much interested.

"I reckon it was, for they told me that when I went in I had on a coat with brass buttons on it. I'd been there so long and there had been so many changes that no one could tell any more than that about it."

The old man looked so lugubrious that the woman turned the subject.

"I tell you what you'd better do, Henry," she said to her son. "You'd better let him work for his keep and do as much or as little as he likes."

"Just as you please, mother," said the son.

So the old man stayed with them, working sometimes a whole day and sometimes half a day. There hung about him that melancholy to be expected from one who lived in a world from which the earlier part had been blotted out. Those who had taken him in were a widow, Mrs. Hardenburg, and her son. She had been widowed thirty years, having lost her husband when the boy was a baby. Indeed, Henry had never seen his father. His mother had been married to a soldier boy who a few weeks later had gone to the war and had not returned. He was never heard of after the battle of Fair Oaks in Virginia and was supposed to have been buried among the unknown.

One day when the old man suffered from a pain in his back the widow proposed to rub the affected part with liniment. His shoulder blade was exposed, and she noticed a large mole on it. She started. She had seen on her husband's shoulder blade just such a mole. The shape of both were peculiar, being of oblong shape with a protuberance on each side, the whole being not unlike a clover leaf. Mrs. Hardenburg said nothing to the old man about it, but that night when alone with her son told him that she believed the old man was her husband and his father. Henry considered her assertion a mere whim. His father he had always heard had been killed in battle, and the mere similarity of a mark on their visitor's back to one on his father's was hardly sufficient to bring the latter to life.

From that time Mrs. Hardenberg treated the old man with every kindness and attention. But she said nothing more about her discovery to her son and did not mention it to any one except her son.

One day while at work in the barn the old man was kicked in the head by a horse. He was removed to a hospital and examined by a surgeon, who found that the new wound happened to be in the same location as one that appeared to have been made by a bullet. The patient remained unconscious, and the surgeon decided to remove a small portion of the skull that was pressing on the brain. As soon as the operation was finished and the sufferer had recovered from the effects of the anaesthetic that had been administered he looked at the doctor and asked feebly:

"Did we lick 'em?"

"Lick whom?"

"Why, Johnny Reb! You must be a contract surgeon, aren't you? Anyway, you're not in uniform."

"What's your name and regiment?" asked the doctor.

"Henry Hardenberg, —th Pennsylvania."

"Well, Mr. Hardenberg, you have been a long while coming to your own, but you've got there at last. The war ended over thirty years ago."

When Mrs. Hardenberg was told that the "lost man," as the neighbors called him, was her husband she exhibited no surprise, saying that she knew him from his walk when he first appeared, and the mole on his shoulder blade confirmed her, in her opinion. With the son the matter was very different. He could not believe the story till his resurrected father had proved it in many ways.

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