

## THE CAMPFIRE

### LINCOLN'S JOKE ON HALLECK.

While Gen. Halleck was Commander-in-Chief of the Union forces, with headquarters at Washington, President Lincoln unconsciously played a big practical joke upon that dignified officer. The President had spent the night at the Soldiers' Home, and the next morning asked Capt. Derickson, commanding a company of Pennsylvania soldiers, which acted as a guard to the President, to go to town with him.

Capt. Derickson told the story in a most entertaining way:

"When we entered the city Mr. Lincoln said he would call at Gen. Halleck's headquarters, and get what news had been received from the army during the night. I informed him that Gen. Cullum, Chief Aid to Gen. Halleck, was raised in Meadville, Pa., and that I knew him when I was a boy.

"He replied: 'Then we must see both the gentlemen.' When the carriage stopped he requested me to remain seated, and said he would bring the gentlemen down to see me, the office being on the second floor. In a short time the President came down, followed by the other gentlemen. When he introduced them to me, Gen. Cullum recognized and seemed pleased to see me.

"In Gen. Halleck I thought I discovered a kind of quizzical look, as much as to say: 'Isn't this rather a big joke to ask the Commander-in-Chief of the army down to the street to be introduced to a country Captain?'"

### PHIL KEARNY'S WAY.

In the Fall of 1861 our brigade (First Jersey Brigade), commanded by fighting Phil Kearny, was stationed at Fairfax Seminary. About that time Gen. McClellan issued orders prohibiting all foraging.

Comrade Madara and I decided we would have some roasting ears, so we put on our big coats and filled our pockets and stuffed our blouses full. When we started for camp we were rounded up by the provost guard, and taken up to the General's quarters at the seminary. The Sergeant reported that he had caught us stealing corn. Gen. Kearny eyed us for a minute, and said:

"Don't you know there are strict orders against foraging? What have you got to say?"

"Well, General," answered Madara,

"we wanted some corn, and had no money to buy it, and couldn't have bought it if we had, so we stole it."

Kearny dismissed the Sergeant, and asked Madara: "Do you know where Bailey's Crossroads is? Big peach orchard there, is there not?"

He answered affirmatively.

"Well, go there and get me some." He told us to have Capt. Wilson write us out a pass and sign his (Kearny's) name to it, adding: "Wilson can sign my name better than I can myself."

We started for the peach orchard, and got back with two haversacks full of nice big peaches for the General.

"Now," said the General, "take your corn, and hereafter see that you don't get caught."—James L. Estlin, Soldiers' Home, Vineland, N. J.

### SCABS OF BATTLE.

A veteran in all the panoply of his blue uniform, brass buttons and white cotton gloves, was on his way to a Fourth of July picnic on the outskirts of the village. The veteran, leaning across his wife, engaged a man in conversation, and the talk soon turned to warfare.

"Yes, sir; I've seen fightin'. I got this gash across the cheek at Chickamauga. My stiff leg, by gosh, comes from a ball in the knee—Chancellorsville. This thumb nail here was shot off at Gettysburg. I lost the tip of my ear at Spotsylvania."

"How interesting," said the stranger. "You have, indeed, seen hot fighting. But tell me, how did you get that long, deep murderous dent down the side of your nose? A cavalry charge—hand-to-hand engagement, eh?"

The veteran frowned, and ignored the question. He began to talk about the heat. But his wife interrupted: "Go on, Bill, she said, impatiently; tell the gentleman how you got the dent in your nose."

"You shut up, Hannah," said the veteran.

"I won't nuther," said the old woman. "For it just about riles the hide offin me to hear you braggin' and braggin' about the marks you got in the war, an' won't never open your hand about the finest and most noticeable mark of all—the one I gave you with the fire shovel."

### FEW, BUT BOISTEROUS.

Lincoln was a very quiet man, and went about his business in a quiet way, making the least noise possible. He heartily disliked those boisterous people who were constantly deluging

him with advice and shouting at the tops of their voices whenever they appeared at the White House.

"These noisy people create a great clamor," said he one day. "They remind me of a good story I heard out in Illinois."

"A fellow who lived just out of town, on the bank of a large marsh, conceived a big idea in the money-making line. He took it to a prominent merchant, and began to develop his plans and specifications. There are at least 10,000,000 frogs in that marsh near me, an' I'll just catch a carload or two of them, and you can send them to the big cities and make lots of money for both of us. Frogs' legs are great delicacies in the big towns an' not very plentiful. It won't take me more'n two or three days to catch 'em. They make so much noise my family can't sleep, and by this deal I'll get rid of a nuisance and gather in some cash."

"The merchant agreed to the proposition, and promised the fellow he would pay him well for the two carloads. Two days passed, then three, and finally two weeks were gone before the fellow showed up again, carrying a small basket. He looked weary and 'done up,' and he wasn't talkative a bit. He threw the basket on the counter with the remark: 'There's your frogs.'

"I thought you said there were at least 10,000,000 of 'em."

"Well," said he, 'accordin' to the noise they made there was, but when I had waded and swum that there marsh day and night for two weeks I couldn't find but six. There's two or three left yet, an' the marsh is as noisy as it uster be.'

"You can see by this little yarn," remarked the President, "that these boisterous people make too much noise in proportion to their numbers."

### SENTINEL OBEYED ORDERS.

A slight variation of the traditional sentry story is related by C. C. Buell. It was a cold, blustering Winter night. Says Mr. Buell:

"Mr. Lincoln emerged from the front door, his lank figure bent over as he drew tightly about his shoulders the shawl which he employed for such protection, for he was on his way to the War Department, at the west corner of the grounds, where in times of battle he was wont to get the midnight dispatches from the field. As the blast struck him he thought of the numbness of the pacing sentry, and, turning to him, said: 'Young man, you've got a cold job to-night; step in side and stand guard there.'

"My orders keep me out here," the soldier replied.

"Yes," said the President in his argumentative tone, "but your duty can be performed just as well inside as out here, and you'll oblige me by going in."

"I have been stationed outside," the soldier answered, and resumed his beat.

"Hold on there," said Mr. Lincoln, as he turned back again; "it occurs to me that I am Commander-in-Chief of the army, and I order you to go inside."

"Never!" exclaimed the guard. "You'd have me skinned for disobeying the Sergeant's orders."

### A SOFT ANSWER.

When some of Sherman's bummers were out getting supplies a Lieutenant had an altercation with a farmer's wife.

"You're a low-down thief, and the truth ain't in you," said the lady.

"Madame," rejoined the Lieutenant, "is it as bad as that? Wouldn't you believe anything I say?"

"Not a thing; I wouldn't believe a thing you uttered. You can't tell the truth."

"In that case," he replied, "permit me to say that you are a perfect lady."

### AN ORATORICAL BOOMERANG.

The inexperienced candidate had had a bad time. He had been electioneering in the camp of an Indiana regiment, and had been severely heckled and his temper was at breaking point.

"Gentlemen," he said presently, in exasperation; "Herodotus tells us—"

"Which side is he on," came a voice from the crowd.

"Herodotus tells us," he went on firmly, "of a whole army that was put to flight by the braying of an ass."

Then the crowd applauded, and the young man thought that at last he had scored. But his triumph was short-lived, for again came a voice from the crowd, this time in a resigned tone:

"Young man," it said, "go ahead. This army's been tested."

### A BELLIGERENT WOMAN.

At Branchville, S. C., in the days when the Confederate rule was strictest, a lady presented herself at the platform of a passenger car going to Charleston, where a guard with fixed bayonet was standing, and desired to enter.

The guard told her it was contrary to orders, and raised his piece in a

position that indicated clearly that he meant to obey instructions. She ordered him to lower his musket. He refused.

She then drew a revolver, and, pointing it at him, threatened to shoot if he did not let her pass. With some surprise he demanded:

"Are you a man in woman's clothes?"

"No," was the reply; "I am a woman."

"Then come in," said the sentinel, "for hang me if I fight a woman or be killed by one. You can't be classed with non-combatants, and they are the only persons I am ordered to keep out of this car." So she was classed as a "belligerent power," and allowed to pass.

### "ABE'S" LITTLE JOKE.

When Gen. Sherman, on Nov. 12, 1864, severed all communication with the North and started for Savannah with his magnificent army of 60,000 men, there was much anxiety for about a month as to his whereabouts. President Lincoln, in response to an inquiry, said: "I know what hole Sherman went in at, but I don't know what hole he'll come out at."

Col. McClure had been in consultation with the President one day, about two weeks after Sherman's disappearance, and in this connection related this incident:

"I was leaving the room, and just as I reached the door the President turned around, and with a merry twinkling of the eye inquired: 'McClure, wouldn't you like to hear something from Sherman?'"

"The inquiry electrified me at the instant, as it seemed to imply that Lincoln had some information on the subject. I immediately answered: 'Yes, indeed, I should like to hear from Sherman.'

"To this President Lincoln answered, with a hearty laugh: 'Well, I'll be hanged if I wouldn't myself.'"

### AND THE COMPANY GRINNED.

It was kit inspection, and the different companies of the battalion were standing with their kits on the ground in front of them. The Sergeant-Major was making the examination, when his eagle eye detected the absence of soap in the kit of Private Flinn, and he demanded what excuse the man had to give.

"Plaze, sor, it's all used," said Flinn.

"Used!" shouted the Sergeant-Major. "Why, the first cake of soap I had served me for my kit lasted me three years, while you are not a year

in the ranks yet. How do you account for that?"

Flinn's eye had the faintest suspicion of a twinkle, as he replied: "Plaze, sorr, I wash ivery day." And the Sergeant-Major walked on, while the entire company grinned.

### MONITOR'S LOG PRESERVED.

It Was Given to Navy Department by Captain Louis Stodder.

The original log book of the famous Monitor, covering the period of her engagement with the Confederate ironclad Merrimac in Hampton Roads on March 9, 1862, is preserved among the historic records of the navy department.

The restoration of the log to the department was due to Captain Louis Stodder of the United States revenue cutter service and an officer on the Monitor during her entire service. For years he treasured the log among his most valuable possessions, but as the infirmities of age increased he desired to see it placed where its preservation might be assured. Hence it was that he forwarded it to the library of the navy department.

The entries cover dates from February 26 to the end of 1862 and tell of the little "cheese box on a raft" foundering off Cape Hatteras on December 31, 1862, when Stodder was acting master, and of her engagements with the Confederate batteries at Sewall's Point, Hampton Roads, and at Fort Darling, in the James river. But by far the most interesting concern the fight with the Merrimac. Among the entries on Sunday, March 9, 1862, are the following:

4 to 8 p. m.—Fine weather and calm.

At sunrise saw three steamers lying under Sewall's Point. Made one out to be the rebel steamer Merrimac.

At 7:20 got under way and stood toward her and piped all hands to quarters.

J. Weber.

From 8 to meridian.—Fine, clear weather. The rebel steamers advancing and opened fire on the Merrimac; 8:20 opened fire on the Merrimac. From that time until 12 constantly engaged with the Merrimac.

Louis Stodder.

From meridian to 4 p. m.—Clear weather. At 12:30 rified shell struck the plothouse, severely injuring Commander Worden. 1 p. m., the Merrimac hauled off in a disabled condition. Stood toward the Minnesota and received on board Assistant Secretary Fox of the navy. 2 p. m., Captain Worden left for Fort Monroe in charge of Surgeon Logue.

George Fredericksen.

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