

STARTLING STATISTICS.

WHAT THE CIVIL WAR COST IN HUMAN LIFE.

The Most Destructive, Costly and Murderous Ever Waged—The Known and the Unknown Dead in Seventy-Three Crimeries—The Killed and Wounded in the Great Battles.

Washington Special.

I heard one of the young generation saying he was a little tired of hearing continually, and especially every year, about Memorial Day, of the immense sacrifice of lives and treasures made by the people in the great civil war, and all that. The tone implied that it was not such a terrible thing after all, and was rather small potatoes as wars go. It is well enough to freshen up the minds of the boys now and then as to the facts of that war, and what it cost their fathers. It takes but few figures to show that it was one of the greatest most murderous wars ever waged among civilized peoples, and taking considerable length, the most destructive, costly, and murderous ever.

Most of the famous wars of ancient history that the young men pour over in Latin and Greek, were not very great wars, after all, compared with that fought out by their fathers for the salvation of the American Republic.

Look over these dreadful figures, young man, and consider the awful significance of the following facts:

Official returns show that about 2,900,000 soldiers enlisted during the war in response to the successive calls of President Lincoln, and that of this number 186,098 were colored troops.

Reports show that the Northern and Southern armies met in over 2,000 skirmishes and battles. In 148 of these conflicts the loss on the Federal side was over 500 men, and in at least 10 battles over 10,000 men were reported lost on each side. The appended table shows that the combined losses of the Federal and Confederate forces in the killed, wounded and missing, in the following engagements were:

Shiloh, 24,000; Antietam, 38,000; Stone river, 37,000; Chancellorsville, 28,000; Gettysburg, 54,000; Chickamauga, 33,000; McClellan's peninsula campaign, 50,000; Grant's peninsula campaign, 180,000, and Sherman's peninsula campaign, 125,000.

Official statistics show that of the 3,000,000 men enlisted, there were killed in battle 44,238; died of wounds, 205, died of disease 186,216; died of

disease during the war under arms 2,688,522. The total number of colored troops in the Northern army was 123,156. The heaviest loss by disease was suffered by the colored troops; while but 2,997 died in action and of wounds, the enormously large number of 26,301 died of disease. Among the white troops the proportion of deaths in action and from wounds to the deaths from disease was about as 1 to 2; among the colored troops enlisted 1 out of every 7 died of disease. The proportion among the white troops was 1 to 15.

Now, that we are brushing up these figures, it will be well enough to remember how many men were furnished by each State, and the following list will show:

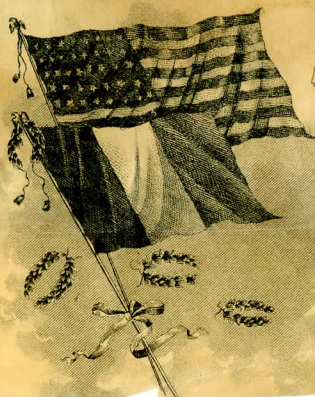
Maine.....	72,745
New Hampshire.....	34,605
Vermont.....	35,256
Massachusetts.....	152,785
Rhode Island.....	24,711
Connecticut.....	52,270
New York.....	455,560
New Jersey.....	79,511
Pennsylvania.....	366,326
Delaware.....	13,651
Maryland.....	49,730
West Virginia.....	30,003
District of Columbia.....	16,872
Ohio.....	317,133
Indiana.....	185,147
Illinois.....	257,217
Michigan.....	90,119
Wisconsin.....	96,118
Minnesota.....	25,024
Iowa.....	75,860
Missouri.....	108,778
Kentucky.....	78,540
Kansas.....	20,067

Total..... 2,653,062

In addition to the vast list of dead from the war must be added those who have died from wounds received during the war. The killing is still going on as rapidly as ever and men are dropping daily from "wounds received in action" who ought to live for long years yet. The figures I have given really give but a glimpse into the real truth of the awful mortality of the war that saved the Union. I hope the young men who read this will feel no more impatience because the sacrifices of the great war are talked about, and that they will cut out the figures that I have collected for them and save them for reference whenever they feel that way.

F. D. M.

Calvert Lith Co Detroit Mich



A SLIGHT CONFUSION.—“Boss, Ize a bit confused 'bout suthin',” said one of the negro whitewashers, as he went to Detective Webb the other day.

“Well, what is it?”

“What does per annum mean?”

“Per year, of course.”

“A hull y'ar?”

“Yes.”

“Can't be no mistake?”

“No, sir.”

“If I borry \$2 of Abraham Johnson an' agree to pay twenty per cent per annum dat means twenty cents a y'ar, does it?”

“It does.”

“Hu! Dar's gwine to be the biggest row in Kaintuck to night you eber hearn tell of.”

“About what?”

“About that per annum. I borried \$2 of the person menshuned at twenty per cent per annum, an' fur de las' fo'teen months he's bin collecting twenty cents a week as regular as a clock. Stuck right to it, he did, dat per annum meant ebery Saturday night. Lawd! but when I gits dese yer paws on him won't per annum take a flop!”—*Detroit Free Press.*

ASHAMED OF HER NAME.

The modern way of changing and “twisting around” some honorable old family names indicates a mental vacuum in those who do it. A name on which there is no stain is one of God's best gifts. Accept it, be thankful for it, and do it no dishonor by seeking to put it aside for one more fanciful and fashionable, to which you have no right. We sympathize with the old farmer whose daughter was ashamed of her name:

When she first left her good old country home, with its quiet, simple ways, for a year in a fashionable boarding-school, she signed her name, “Sarah Jane Smith,” and took no offence at being called Sally.

Three months later, her letters came home signed, “Sadie J. Smith.”

Six months elapsed, and she had become, “S. Janie Smythe.”

Time rolled along, bringing in its wondrous changes, and when the June days came, she blossomed forth as “S. Jeannie Smythe.”

Then her father hitched his old blind horse to the vegetable cart, and said,—

“I'm goin' ter bring that there Sal home, an' let 'er know that she can't bring ojeom on the good old name o' Smith by ringin' in any more 'y' and 'e' changes on it.

“They can't nobody say a word of harm agin my branch o' the Smith fam'ly. I'm proud of it, an' glad I'm one of 'em. I reckon a month o' right hard work in later-time'll let Sary Jane know that J-a-n-e don't spell no ‘Jeanny’!”

A song with the title, ‘There's a Sigh in the Heart,’ was sent by a young man to his sweetheart, but the paper fell into the hands of the girl's father, a very unsentimental physician, who exclaimed: “What wretched unscientific rubbish is this? Who ever heard of such a case?” He wrote on the outside, ‘Mis-taken diagnosis; no sigh in the heart possible. Sighs relate almost entirely to the lungs and diaphragm.’

GRANT AND LEE. ENG.

In MURRAY's Magazine MATTHEW ARNOLD has the following on a review of Gen. GRANT's memoirs:

“Then too, General GRANT, the central figure of these memoirs is not to the English imagination the hero of the American civil war; the hero is LEE and of LEE the memoirs tell us but little. * * * * General GRANT a strong, resolute, business like man, who by possession of intellectual resources in men and money, and by the unsparing use of them has been enabled to wear down and exhaust the strength of the South, this was what I supposed Gen. GRANT to be and nothing more.”

MATTHEW ARNOLD takes the same view that Gen. TOOMBS did, when he said, with all of his fiery emphasis to a Yankee friend, at his hospitable board: “Sir, you are mistaken. You did not whip us. We wore ourselves out whipping you.”

As time progresses the pureness of LEE's character becomes more apparent to the world, the contrast somewhat, to that of his successful antagonist. The more he is painted as he was, the nobler, the sublimer he is seen to be, even in the vision of his enemies. Friend and foe can find no blemish in him that would cause the Muse of History to shade her face or drop a forgiving tear. Well does the New Orleans Picayune declare that “the noblest representative of an ancient and noble family, the highest type of a knightly race of Southern gentlemen, as patriot and soldier, as husband, father and son, he so bore himself through all the good and evil fortune of an eventful life that when at last he passed ‘to where beyond these voices there is peace,’ all the world acknowledged that humanity had found in him an illustration of its grandest possibilities.”

Our Puritan friends will please forgive the Old South as well as the New South if preferring this immortal type to that of General GRANT and ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Such an apotheosis removes the sting of vanquishment and consecrates the Cause.

"When the war broke out that was as pretty and rosy-cheeked girl as you ever seed, and she had more larning 'an any other girl in these parts. She was the daughter o' a fine old widow lady and had four brothers. She was jist passin' through her courtin' days when Georgia seceded, and 't was narrated around that she and John Wilmot was gwine ter be married soon.

"The war broke out and the weddin' day was put off two months, for John j'ined one o' the first companies that went ter Virginia, and they did not want ter marry till the war was over.

"I never shall forget how proud we all were o' John when he came back ter the settlement, all dressed up in a fine gray uniform, ter bid us good-bye.

"I seed that young girl when she sauntered off down ter the big gate so 's she would not be before the crowd when she told John good-bye. They both looked fine as they walked off down the road talkin', John leadin' his horse along. I watched 'em as they stopped and talked jist before he mounted to leave. It warn't long till I seed John on his horse loping up the road, and the girl stood and watched him till he passed over the hill, and then she come on back ter the house. She tried ter smile, but I could see the tears, and I thought it was foolish ter cry, for the war would be over in sixty days and then everything would be all right.

"Pretty soon her oldest brother took a notion ter go ter the war, and he went ter the same comp'ny 's John. There was a big fight soon after he got there, and everybody gathered at the postoffice ter hear from their friends.

"A letter came for that girl: it was from her sweetheart. John was safe, but the brother had been killed. That was the first blow o' the war that fell upon this settlement. John brought the brother home ter be buried, and his return in a few days made the second parting, which was far more serious than the first.

"The young girl didn't try ter hide her tears this time; she jist let the tears flow.

"Tears got ter be mighty common in the south.

"You could meet wimen and child'en in the big road any day cryin' and wringin' their hands, and the grievin' hasn't stopped yet, 's is verified by that sad-faced woman."

"Well," resumed the old man, after a pause, "all that girl's brothers went ter the war before it was over, and they were all killed. She begun ter fade, and her old mother passed away under the grief.

"The war kept on, and the only thing she had ter give her comfort was a letter now and then from her sweetheart. John had never been hurt, and it was her hope that he would not be.

"After awhile John got a furlough and came home. It was a sad meeting between the lovers, and it was a joyful one, too.

"In a few days I went over ter see this young couple married. They had waited long enough for the war ter close, and 't looked like 't was not goin' ter do it, so it was arranged and the neighbors gathered in ter the weddin'.

"There was no display at weddin's them days.

"The bride wore homespun that she had wove herself and the groom wore jeans.

"The ceremony was perfon crowd had jist got through shakin' hands the young couple and had sort o' settled down, when in rushed an old nigger and 'lowed that the yankees were comin'. The men had ter get away. The groom o' an hour had ter flee and leave his bride or be taken a prisoner by old Sherman's men.

"This made the third and last parting.

"John was cut off from his home and from his young wife. He made his way back to Virginia and was killed on the very day that he j'ined his command.

"That 'oman has never smiled from that day ter this, and people that do not know her think that she is crabbed and mean; but it's grief, the fruit of a cruel war." SARGE.

A Boyhood Friend and Classmate Crosses The Fateful River.

One among the best friends of my boyhood and a classmate of my earlier years has passed away. But a few days ago Dr. Peter Eryce died in hopes of a glorious immortality.

For more than 30 years he was superintendent of the Alabama Insane Asylum at Tuscaloosa, and had acquired a national reputation, not only as a philanthropist, but as one who did much for the advancement of science in his day. Trained from his earliest days by a home influence that was beautiful in its conception, he exercised on all around him the mellowing influences that ever emanate from the character of a great and good man. True to his friends, and loyal to his state he was the personification of the unselfish friend and patriot. His home life was a beautiful one, and said he towards the close of his long and useful life, in view of impending death, "It will be the first voyage that I ever took without Nellie." His allusion was to the lovely and devoted woman who had so long been his companion and comforter. *Ellie*

Side by side in the class room, we mutually interchanged thoughts in a way that school boys only can and our boyhood life was so closely interwoven that we were only happy when in close companionship with each other.

He was a member of the Protestant Episcopal church and devoted to its ordinances and its teachings. Dear friend of my boyhood, may the turf rest lightly upon thy once noble and manly form, and may that One who alone can impart lasting comfort to wounded hearts, be near to each one in this hour of sore bereavement to mitigate the severity of the loss under which we are passing. W. K. P.

X CORNER STONE CEREMONIES.

What Was Deposited, and by Whom—Interesting Ceremonies.

The exercises connected with the laying of the corner-stone of the new Methodist church, on Tuesday of last week were of such a significant character that they deserve mention again in THE NEWS.

Grand Senior Warden Reuben Jones was master of ceremonies, on the part of the Masons. He is a bright Mason, and in connection with the rest who observed the beautiful ritual of the Masonic order, he performed his duties well upon the laying of the corner-stone.

The presiding elder, E. H. McGehee, assisted by the Rev. Samuel W. Stubbs, of Bronwood, and the Rev. E. M. Whiting, pastor of the Methodist church in this city, concluded the ceremonies by dedicating the corner stone according to the words of the discipline of their church, concluding all in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, with the doxology and benediction. The ceremony was beautiful, sacred and impressive all the way through. After the laying of the corner stone, Grand Senior Warden Jones, delivered an oration in the Presbyterian church to a large and appreciative audience, which, for beauty of expression and depth of thought, could hardly have been equaled. The speaker won all hearts by his pathos, and carried conviction to all minds by his logical deductions from cause to effect. It was a most happy effort.

Below we give the names of the various articles deposited in the corner stone:

Discipline of 1859, deposited by Miss Annes Pillsbury.

Original hymn of Rev. Amos Pillsbury in 1800. Deposited by his grandson, W. K. Pillsbury.

Discipline of 1886—deposited by Rev. E. H. McGehee.

Minutes of South Georgia Conference, 1890. List of the stewards of the M. E. church, South, at Dawson, Ga. Deposited by Rev. E. M. Whiting.

Last issue of the Wesleyan Christian Advocate. Deposited by A. W. Breedlove.

List of the pastors of the Dawson M. E. church, South, from 1856 to 1892. Deposited by H. S. Bell.

List of the presiding elders of Dawson M. E. church, South, from 1859 to 1892. Deposited by Jerry A. Bell.

List of the members of the Dawson M. E. church, South. Deposited by B. B. Perry.

Old hymns. Deposited by Mrs. Annmore.

Catalogue of the Dawson Variety Manufacturing company, and a letter addressed to future generations, from the firm. Deposited by the company.

List of Sunday school class of Mrs. C. L. Mize.

List of Sunday school class of Mrs. J. R. Mercer.

Atlanta Constitution. Deposited by J. M. Griggs.

Copies of THE DAWSON NEWS, E. L. Rainey, publisher. Deposited by W. K. Pillsbury.

List of officers and teachers of the Dawson Methodist Sunday school. Deposited by T. H. Thurmond.

Colo., 25 cents of 1825. 10 cents of 1833. Copper cent of 1837, and a handsome \$100 bill of Confederate States money. Deposited by the Hon. J. G. Parks.

Beside the mournful River Styx

Two shadowy forms had strayed,
And one was rich with gems and gold—
One for a penny prayed.

"Where did you get that glittering store?"
The shivering beggar said:
"One hundred millions once were mine—
I have not now a red;

"Not one to pay my passage o'er
Where peaceful fields are fair,
And thou art rich while I remain
A beggared millionaire!"

"My name is Childs," the rich man said,
"And yours is Gould, I say;
The riches which I carry here
Are what I gave away."

—Chicago Tribune.

n of neutrality was issued on the

shed correspondence and speeches
ws that Her Majesty's Government
peans certain that there was a war
On the 1st of May,⁵ he directs the

DLXII, pages 1622-23.

³ Vol. IV, page 456.

⁵ Vol. I, page 33.