WAR STORIES.

Col. Hoyt Speaks to Veterans' Sons.

Columbia State.

Hartsville, March 8.—Col. James A. Hoyt, of Greenville, the distinguished veteran, delivered an address last night before the J. L. Coker Camp, Sons of Veterans. In reference to the losses in the war some striking facts were brought out, that have never been put together before. The information will probably be interesting to veterans as well as their sons. Col. Hoyt spoke as follows:

The Southern Confederacy was composed of eleven States, which in 1860 had a military population of 1,064,193 with which to confront the 4,559,872 of the same class in the other States and Territories. During the next four years the military population in the South was increased over 200,000 from those reaching their 18th year, and in other States and territories the military population was increased over 900,000 from the same source. Those who were exempt on account of physical infirmities or otherwise, constitute in nearly every country one-fifth of the military population, and official figures show that 25 per cent of the persons examined in 1863-65 by the United States authorities were rejected as unfit for military duty. The Confederate recruiting officers did not insist upon any high standard of physical requirements, as the needs of the army were too pressing, and they accepted all recruits and conscripts except such as were manifestly incapacitated for military service. The aggregate enrollment of the Confederate armies during the whole war, according to an estimate in the "Southern Historical Society papers," which was approved by Adjutant General Samuel Cooper, numbered over 600,000 effective men, of whom not over 400,000 were enrolled at any one time. The total enlistments in the Federal armies were equal to 2,326,168 men recruited for three years' service.

These figures substantially maintain the ratio of the military population as ascertained by the census in 1860, and as to the Federal armies they are based upon the statistics of the war department in Washington. The official rosters of the Confederate armies at various dates during the war show the following number of organizations that were in almost continuous service in the field: 529 regiments and 85 battalions of infantry; 127 regiments and 47 battalions of cavalry, 5 regiments and 6 battalions of heavy artillery and 261 batteries of light artillery. The aggregate is equivalent to 764 regiments of ten companies each. Only a few new regiments were organized after 1862, and in most cases they were consolidations of previous organizations. The recruits and conscripts were assigned to the old regiments to keep up an effective strength.

The total loss of the Confederate armies in killed and mortally wounded will never be definitely known, and can only be stated in round numbers. A summary of the casualties in each battle and minor engagement, using official reports only, and in their absence the estimates from Confederate sources, indicates that 94,000 men were killed and mortally wounded on the Confederate side during the war.

In the report made by Gen. James B. Fry for 1865-66, there is a tabulation of Confederate losses as compiled from the muster rolls on file in the bureau of Confederate archieves at Washington. The returns are incomplete, and nearly all the Alabama rolls are missing. The figures are worth noting however, as they show that at least 74,524 were killed or died of wounds, and that 59,297 died of disease. Without meaning to make any invidious comparison, the tabulation of General Fry's report shows that out of the 74,524 who were killed or died of wounds, North Carolina and South Carolina are accredited with 32,595, or more than 43 per cent of the total loss. The highest percentage of loss of killed and mortally wounded, rated according to the military population in 1860, belongs to South Carolina, and is a most complete vindication of her action in leading the secession movement.

Mr. Kirkley, the statistician of the United States war department, states the deaths from battles in the Civil War, as he terms it, at 110,070, of which 67,058 are classified as killed in action and 43,012 as having died of wounds. Estimating from the loss in killed and mortally wounded, the conclusion is drawn that there were 275,175 men wounded otherwise than mortally in the Union armies, making the total number of killed and wounded 385,245, within a small fraction of the total number of effective men in all the armies of the Confederate States during the entire four years, so that for each man in the Confederate service there was a man killed or wounded in the Federal service. The number of wounded treated at the Federal hospitals during the war was 246,712, which embraced nine-tenths of all the wounded, according to the surgeon-general's estimate. There is no way of arriving at the exact number of killed and wounded, but the hospital records are substantially accurate, and the losses in minor engagements for which no official returns of the casualties were made will undoubtedly increase the total considerably.

At Gettysburg, which has been termed the greatest of historic battles, the Federal loss is stated at 2,03? killed, 14,492 wounded, and 5,435 captured or missing. The mortally wounded are as usual included in the 14,492 reported simply as wounded, but this does not fix the actual loss of life, and Lieut.-Col. Wm. F. Fox, United States army, has examined the rolls of each regiment which fought at Gettysburg and taking name by name he has ascertained that 5,291 men lost their lives on that field and the Second Corps (Hancock's) sustained a loss of 1,238 in killed and died of wounds, or nearly one-fourth of the total loss thus ascertained. It was there that this famous corps had the hardest fighting in its experience and won its greatest laurels, and it was there they met and repulsed Pickett's magnificent charge, where the fighting was deadly in the extreme. The percentage of loss in the First Minnesota regiment was without an equal in the records of modern warfare. Only 263 men from 8 companies were in action on July 2nd, and the total casualties were 215, of whom 47 were killed and 168 wounded, making 82 per cent. The Federal regiment sustaining the greatest loss in battle during the entire war was the Fifth New Hampshire which lost 295 men, killed or mortally wounded in action, from 1861 to 1865.

The distinction must be drawn between a percentage of loss and the greatest loss in any given battle, dependent upon the number of men carried into action. The several losses are not always the largest numerically. Take the Twenty-sixth North Carolina, Pettigrew's brigade, whose loss at Gettysburg was 86 killed and 502 wounded, making a total of 588, in addition to 120 reported as missing, who were lost in Pickett's charge, nearly all of whom must have been killed or wounded, as they fell into the enemy's hands and were not included in the hospital report. The casualties were 708 out of 820 who were present, and this loss occurred mostly in the first day's fight, which is an almost unexampled record. The percentage of loss in the Twenty-sixth North Carolina at Gettysburg was 71.7 which is the third highest percentage in the Confederate army.

The First Texas in the battle of Antietam (Sharpsburg) carried only 226 men in action, and the loss was 45 killed and 141 wounded, which is 82.3 per cent, the highest percentage on record. The Twenty-first Georgia at Second Manassas, August 28-31, 1862, with 242 men in action, lost 38 killed and 146 wounded, or 76 per cent.

The Palmetto Sharpshooters at Frazier's farm, June 30, 1862, with 375 men in action, lost 39 killed and 215 wounded, or 67.7 per cent.

The Sixth South Carolina at Seven Pines, May 31, 1862, with 521 men in action, lost 88 killed and 181 wounded, or 51.6 per cent.

The first South Carolina Rifles (Orr's Regiment) at Gaines' Mill, with 537 men in action, lost 81 killed and 225 wounded, or 56.9 per cent.

Anderson's South Carolina brigade (afterwards Jenkins' and then Bratton's) in the "Seven Days Around Richmond," with 1,250 men in action, lost 136 killed and 638 wounded, 13 missing, or 62.9 per cent. This loss occurred in the two battles of Gaines' Mill and Frazier's Farm.

Longstreet's Division (Anderson's Pryor's, Wilcox's and Featherstone's brigades) during the Seven Days' Battles, lost at Gaines' Mill and Frazier's Farm, 766 killed, 3,435 wounded and 237 missing; total, 4,438 out of 8,831 engaged, or 50.2 per cent. Nor was this an uncommon loss as the official reports often indicate a loss of 40 per cent or more. Through the desperate struggle of four years, with its scores of great battles and minor engagements, the ranks were divided and sub-divided until the end came, and with it a brigade or division was merely a thing of shreds and patches. As early in the war as Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862, regiments were commanded by captains and companies by sergeants.

Gettysburg was undoubtedly the greatest battle of the war; the strategic issues involved were the most important; Washington city was imperiled, and the Federals were on the defensive; and it was the turning point in the fortunes of the Confederacy. The contending armies were not only large, but were at their best in point of discipline and experience. Lee and Meade were battling for the mastery, and the loss of life exceeded that of any other field swept by these two great armies.

Antietam (or Sharpsburg) was the bloodiest and most furious battle, and more men were killed that day than any other one day of the war. At Gettysburg, Chancellorsville and Spottsylvania, the fighting covered three days or more; at the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Shiloh, Chickamauga and Atlanta the losses were divided between two days, but at Antietam the desperate work began at sunrise and was practically ended at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Lee's army consisted of 35,000 foot-sore, weary soldiers, poorly clad, and slimly fed, while McClellan brought 60,000 men on the field, with a reserve force of 27,000 in full view of the contest. One-fourth of Lee's army, more than 8,000, lay dead or wounded on the field, while McClellan's losses were 12,500 in round numbers. It was a square, hand-to-hand fight and the survivors on both sides slept in the very lines where they had fought amid the carnage of the bloody field.

In the Seven Days around Richmond, Lee's army was between 80,000 and 90,000, the very flower of Southern youth and chivalry, and he never led its like again.

Grant's army at the Wilderness two years after numbered 120,000 composed of veteran regiments, whose flags had waved above the smoke and din of numberous battlefields. Another year came, and the remnant of Lee's matchless soldiers furled their flags in the presence of Grant's steadily increasing numbers, for the work of military attrition had been accomplished.

The Boston Tramp's Lecture.

"I think," said the kind lady, "that you will find work right around the corner there."

"Madam," said Sauntering Sim, I was born and bred in Boston. I am sorry that you used those words. Carelessness in the use of our sacred language is to me far more distressing than hunger."

"What do you mean?" she demanded with considerable spirit, for she had once been a school teacher and prided herself on her parts of speech.

"That little word 'will,' " he replied. "Ah, how often it is misused! Have you ever heard of the lady who fell from the steamship and called 'Help! Help!' "

"I don't remember it," she answered.

"Well," he went on, "this poor woman fell into the water, having neglected to inform herself concerning the proper use of the words 'will' and 'shall.' It happened that no heroes were on deck when she went overboard, therefore her appeals for help were made in vain. 'Help! Help!' she shouted, but no one went to her assistance, and in despair she cried, 'Nobody shall help me; I will drown!' What she meant, of course, was 'Nobody will help me; I shall drown!' You see what a difference the transposition of those two small words makes."

"But I don't know what that has to do with me," the lady said.

"Alas!" he almost sobbed; "alas! alas! Why will people who are otherwise fairly intelligent make such woful assaults upon our beloved English? You said, 'I think you will find work around the corner.' Mark the misuse of the word 'will.' If you had said, I think you may (or might) find work around—' "

But she let the dog out just then and the lecture was off.—Chicago Record.

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— A girl never really appreciates the attentions of young men until some other girl tries to get a corner on them.

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— After having reached the zero mark a society girl's age resembles the locomotion of a crab—it goes backward.

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— Man was made to mourn, but probably it was never intended that he should spend so much of his time at it.

— Wise is he who knows where his knowledge ends and his ignorance begins.

— Taking a stout girl out riding in a light buggy is suggestive of a spring meeting.

The King of Italy and the Peasant.

There is a little story about the young King of Italy which is being printed in the Italian papers, and which is worth reproducing. The King was staying in the country at his palace in Racorrigi. He is little known to the people there, for in his walks about the neighborhood he always strives to preserve his incognito. Hence come some curious adventures. One day, while out tramping, he got very thirsty, and seeing a woman milking a cow in a field near-by, he went up to her and asked her for a glass of milk.

"I can't give you any of this," said the woman, "but if you'll mind the cow I'll go to the house and get you some."

So the king minded the cow till the woman returned with a glass of cool milk. Then he asked her where all the farm hands had gone.

"Oh, they're always running away now to try to see the King," answered the woman.

"And why do you not go? Don't you want to see the King?"

"Some one must stay and look after things."

"Well, little mother," smiled the guest, "you see the King without running away from your work."

"You're joking!" exclaimed the woman, who could not believe that a monarch could be so quietly dressed. But when the King put a gold coin into her hand she fell on her knees, while he continued his walk, laughing over the incident.—March Woman's Home Companion.

She Lost Nothing.

A distinguished naval officer was telling this story on himself the other evening to a gathering of his friends. At the time of his marriage he had been through the Civil War and had had many harrowing experiences aboard ship, through all of which he kept his courage and remained as calm as a brave man should. As the time for the ceremony came on, however, his calmness gradually gave way. At the altar, amid the blaze of brass buttons and gold lace marking the naval wedding, the officer was all but stampeded, and what went on there seemed very much mixed to him. Fearing the excitement of the moment would temporarily take him off his feet, the officer had learned the marriage ceremony letter perfect, as he thought, and he remembered repeating the words after the minister in a mechanical sort of way.

After the ceremony was over and all was serene again, including the officer's state of mind, the kindly clergyman came up to him and touched him on the shoulder.

"Look here, old man," he said, "you didn't endow your wife with any worldly goods."

"What's that?" asked the bridegroom, with something of astonishment in his voice.

"Why, I repeated the sentence 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow' several times, and despite my efforts you would not say it after me."

The bridegroom seemed perturbed for a moment, and then a beaming light came into his face.

"Never mind, sir," he said, "she didn't lose a blessed thing by my failure."—Washington Star.

He Knew his Own.

Carlyle, speaking of America, once said that the North cursed the negro and bade him be free, and the South blessed him and bade him be a slave. His theory gives point to a story told in the Arkansas Thomas Cat.

One of the old-time Southern negroes went to Boston to make his fortune. After a week of walking up and down, he found himself penniless and no work in sight. Then he went from house to house.

"Ef yo' please, sah," he began, when his ring at the front door was answered, "can't yo' gib a p'or culled man wuk ter do, or sompin to eat?"

And the polite answer invariably was, "No mister; very sorry, but have nothing for you."

All who answered his ring addressed him as "Mr.," but shut their doors and hearts against him. Finally he rang the bell at a brownstone front. A gentleman appeared, and the old man began, "Boss, I is starvin'. Can't yo' gimme some victuals?"

"You black, kinky-headed rascal!" exclaimed the gentleman. "How dare you ring the bell at my front door? Go round the backyard way to the kitchen and the cook'll give you something, you black—"

But just there the old man fell on his knees, exclaiming, "Thank de Lawd, I foun' mah own white folks at las'! Thank de Lawd, I foun' 'em—I foun' 'em!"

— A New York institution gets its name "chair house," from the fact that human beings so poor they can not buy a lodging at the cheapest Bowery resorts, puts up five cents for a chance to occupy a chair for the night. By 11 o'clock the night's contingent is fast asleep in the chairs, the usual number being 25 or 30 men, of all kinds and degrees of decrepit poverty.

Subduing a Bully.

The following story of how a bully was cowed on a railroad train by a nervy conductor is told by D. Eldridge Monroe, of the Baltimore bar:

"I was coming eastward over the Santa Fe railroad one night in the fall of 1877. The train stopped at Dodge City, which was then the most important point for the shipment of cattle in southwestern Kansas. Some of the worst characters on the frontier made their headquarters there. Quite a number of passengers of the true frontier type boarded the train. Among them was a fellow who particularly attracted my attention, because of his burly form and coarse, and I could not help but think cowardly, features. He was dressed in typical cowboy style. He wore a suit of deerskin, profusely adorned with tassels made of the same material. 'Bully' was written in his unattractive face and was shown in his every movement. The conductor of the train, a very courteous and efficient man, rather small of stature, named Bender, some time after leaving Dodge, came through the car collecting fares. Bender had some nasal trouble, which made it appear when he spoke that he was talking through his nose. He drawled out his words very slowly, and altogether his utterances were rather droll. He approached the Dodge City bully and asked him for his ticket.

" 'Got no ticket,' he surlily replied.

" 'Where are you going?' drawled Bender.

" 'Goin' where I please, and it's none of your business where I'm goin,' replied the bully.

"You've got to pay your fare or get off this train; and I want to know how far on this line you're going,' again demanded Bender.

" 'I tell you I'm not tellin' you or any one else where I'm goin', replied the bully, at the same time placing his right hand on one of the two pistols of large calibre conspicuously displaying in the holsters attached to his belt.

"The bully during the colloquy had emphasized his words with the coarsest profanity. The other passengers in the car became not a little excited and were evidently curious to see what the end would be.

"When the bully thus threatingly gave his ultimatum Bender eyed him coolly for a moment in silence, then passed on collecting his fares. In perhaps a half-hour Bender came into the car from the direction of the express car with a double-barrel shotgun cocked, and before the bully had time to offer any show of defence, Bender had him covered, the muzzle of the gun being within two feet of the bully's face.

" 'Now where are you going?' asked Bender, coolly drawing out the question through his nose.

" 'I—I'm goin' to get off,' replied the thoroughly cowed bully.

"A brakeman pulled the bell cord and the train came to a halt. Bender, keeping his man covered with the cocked gun, followed him until he saw him jump from the steps of the car into the darkness, at least 20 miles from the nearest station. Then the train moved on and the passengers resumed their normal quiet."—Baltimore Sun.

—Some of the late Lord Randolph Churchill's friends once tried to have Lord Salisbury reinstate his erratic lieutenant. Salisbury listened to them patiently and then asked: "Have any of you ever had a carbuncle on the back of your neck?" "No," was the reply. "Well, I have," retorted his lordship, "and I don't want another."

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