

PRIVATE DAN WRIGHT.

Modest Hero at the Battle of Cedar Mountain.

Received a Promotion But Didn't Want to Accept It Until After the Fight - A Soldier's Romance That Was Never Completed.

The history of the great civil war is full of incidents of startling and heroic character. But few, compactively, of brave deeds performed or sufferings endured are ever recorded. They remain a sort of family treasure, and are told at the fireside on winter evenings. When we remember that over a million soldiers were mustered in the Union Army between 1861 and 1865 we are struck with wonder that the mighty volunteer army could be recorded. We are apt, however, to regard it as an entirety, as a whole, and at most, we individualize only so far as to note the character and conduct of its great leaders. The names Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan and a few more are on our lips, while hundreds of thousands who performed the duties of private soldiers, and are now at their homes performing the duties of private citizens, or are lying in the quiet graves where they fell in battle, are hardly thought of.

My theme is the private soldier, and "Dan Wright" is my hero. He was a quiet, retiring boy. In the summer of 1861 he came into my office and wanted to learn the trade of a printer. We talked together a few minutes, and I was satisfied that he would answer my purpose. I needed a "devil." The boy had filled that important place in my office, and so it was decided that he should come into the office as an apprentice and remain three years. He began work. Nothing special interest transpired during his apprenticeship. He was quiet, industrious, thoughtful, and that was all. His term of service expired on Saturday, April 18, 1861, the day after the day of Sumter. On the evening of Sunday following a public meeting was held at Citizen's hall. Speeches were made. The excitement was intense.

At the close of the meeting there was a call for volunteers. Among others, Dan Wright came forward. I watched him as he came up. There was a quiet and manner about him quite in contrast with most of those who signed their names to the enlistment roll. He said just as he would perform any duty about the office. I said: "Why, no, are you going?" I thought that, you are just through with your apprenticeship, you would like to remain with me awhile. You would make a good foreman and, what is more, you would begin to lay by a little money.

He replied: "Mr. H---, you have been very kind to me, and I had intended to remain with you, if you were willing. But I think I ought to go to war. I may be back after awhile, but if I should not come back, perhaps as well. One ought to be willing to do a little for his country."

He was mustered into Company G, Seventh Regiment. The Seventh was a good regiment, filled up with excellent men, and, during the progress of the war, did some splendid fighting. There was a very little opportunity for furloughs in the regiment. We heard of them through the papers occasionally. The only report that came as to Dan Wright was that he was a good soldier. In the summer of 1862 he came home. I stopped a few days with his mother and sisters. On the 4th of July he was in Ravenna and took dinner at my house. After dinner we went out walking. I inquired of him as to his experience in the service. From him I learned that he had been in excellent health; that a soldier's life agreed with him; that he had obtained valuable experience; had had a good opportunity to study, not only the art of war and the questions connected with the controversy between the two sections, but also to study the geography of the country and the conditions of the people. He had proven to be a close observer of men and things, and he gave me a great deal of information not found in the newspapers. He had a diary in which he had jotted down the result of his observations. He had already filled two or three books, and was a wonder to me how he found time to do so much writing. He said war was a source of pleasure, and if he had long might be of some service.

There are a great many newspaper editors in the country. Men whose names depend not so much upon what they do as upon their ability to get the name of the newspaper press and have their performances heralded to the world. This was especially so in the case of the successful general who sometimes the one who kept on the right side of the newspaper correspondents. Some men were written up, and others of equal merit were written down, and other brave, conscientious and capable commanders were left about notice.

Our conversation was long and pleasant. He told me not only of the war, but also of his personal experiences and of acquaintances that he had formed. Among other things he exhibited to me the photograph of a beautiful girl. Her home was Winchester, Va., and she belonged to a good family. I don't know what chance had brought them together, but it was very evident from his conversation that an attachment had grown up between them. I entered him a little on going down to capture the rebels and then being captured himself.

The time had come for him to go back to his regiment, and the train was early due upon which he was to take his departure. As he turned to go he said: "Good-by, Mr. H---. I want to thank you for the kind things you have said for me. My time has come to go. I shall never see you again."

Struck by this remark, as well as his impressive manner, I replied: "Cheer up, Dan. No doubt we shall meet again. When the war is over,

you will come back here to live, and perhaps you will bring that pretty Winchester girl with you. Good-by and good luck to you. Don't have any evil presentiments now, but go away with a light heart. Write me when you can. I shall always want to hear from you."

He gave me his hand and slowly answered: "Mr. H---, I shall never return. I think the contest now going on will result in final victory to the Union cause. The government will be saved; but I shall not live to see it. I do not hesitate to go. It is in the line of duty, and a brave man ought never to fear death. I shall probably die in battle; but, whether in battle or elsewhere, my death is sure to come before the war is over. Good-by."

He went away. Feeling a deep interest in the young man, and believing he was entitled to a better position than that of a private, I interested myself with the authorities, and in a short time it was arranged that he was to be appointed a lieutenant in one of the companies of the One Hundred and Fourth regiment, then forming with headquarters at Camp Massillon. His credentials were duly made out and forwarded to the colonel of the Seventh regiment, then in the field, with instructions to send Wright to join the new regiment in Ohio. The papers reached the regiment the day before the battle of Cedar Mountain. Wright was sent for, informed by the commanding officer that his commission had been received, and he could go immediately to Ohio.

Dan replied: "I am glad to receive this appointment, and I will try to fill the place acceptably, but I hope, sir, you will permit me to remain here a few days. We are probably on the eve of an engagement, and I shall be better satisfied to stay with the boys till the fight is over. It wouldn't be manly to go away now."

The request was granted. The next day occurred one of the bloody battles of the war. In the heat of the contest the Seventh regiment was hotly engaged and suffered from a tremendous fire of the enemy.

Dan Wright was wounded by a shot in the face. Capt. Reed said to him: "You are badly hurt; better go to the rear."

Dan answered: "It is not so bad, captain. I can still use my musket."

Hardly had the words been uttered, when another ball came and buried itself in his brain. He fell dead on the field.

The battle still waged with terrible fury, and when the day was over the ground occupied by the Union army in the morning, with its bloody burden of union dead, was occupied by the Confederate forces. Dan Wright's life was over. His prophecy was fulfilled. A day or two later the daily papers announced the fact that in the battle of Cedar Mountain the Union loss was fifteen hundred killed, wounded and missing. A little later the list of dead was given, and in the list was the name of Dan Wright. It was only one life gone out, and to the great world at large little notice was taken of it. But up in the good old town of Freedom, where Dan's people lived, the news was received with a sad interest. Men and women talked in low and tender words about the lad who had grown up in their midst, and who now slept his last sleep on the field of battle. Of course, his body was not recovered, and they could never give it the rites of burial, and they could have no funeral in the ordinary acceptance of the term. But they determined to have funeral services, and so on one Sunday afternoon the church bell was rung, and people from far and near gathered at the church.

I was not a preacher, but they asked me to speak for them, and I consented. The gray-haired and venerable pastor was there, and made a prayer full of tenderness. I did the best I could. Dan Wright's character and life, his services as a soldier, his bloody and heroic death, and the cause of the union in and for which he died, furnished a grand theme. It was text enough for a good many sermons.

This was only one life among the many, and the blood that trickled from his dying wounds went to make up the great river whose increasing volume bore red contributions from a million homes.

Here, in the ordinary course of things, my little story should draw to a close. But while I have my pen in hand, I wish to record a further incident connected with Dan Wright. Fifteen years after the close of the war a letter was received one day by the family of Dan Wright. I don't remember to whom it was directed. It was postmarked Charleston, S. C. When opened it was found to be written by a person of whom they had never heard. It stated in substance that the writer was, in 1862, a soldier in the Confederate Army under Jackson; that he was at the battle of Cedar Mountain, and when the contest was over he and some of his comrades were detailed to bury the dead; that among the Union soldiers who had fallen on the field was a young man of dark complexion and somewhat striking appearance, and when they came to move him they found on his person a pocket Testament, a diary and two or three letters. The soldier took these and had ever since retained possession of them, and after a perusal of the contents of the diary he had determined if possible to send them to the friends of the deceased. From the papers found he had learned that the name of the dead soldier was Wright, and that he belonged to an Ohio regiment. He had written to various points, but so far without avail. The family were satisfied from the letter that the Bible and papers belonged to Daniel, and answered the letter at once. In a few days a package came by express from Charleston. It contained the Testament, the diary and the letters. The diary was a daily memorandum or record of events, and the last lines were written on the morning of the battle. The letters and the writing were well preserved, but the cover of the little book was stained with blood.—Alphonso Hart, in Washington Post.

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SAFE ARSENIC WAFERS

possess most marked and surprising virtues in preserving Youth, Health and Beauty. They are the only substance known that will prevent tendency to wrinkles and aging of the skin. They preserve the tone, life and transparent glow of youth. They prevent withering of the skin and drying up of the flesh. They are simply wonderful for removing Freckles, Wrinkles, Moth, Blackheads, Pimples, Vulgar Redness, Rough, Yellow or Shabby skins and other facial disfigurements.

REMEMBER ALSO THAT

Every Skin Disease, whether torturing, disfiguring, humilitating, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, pimply or itchy—in fact, from Pimples to the most distressing eruptions, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scurfy or hereditary—is speedily, Permanently and economically cured by

DR. CAMPBELL'S SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS.

These wonderful wafers are a Blood Purifier and Skin Beautifier. They are the greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and other remedies fail.

The above is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from high, low, rich and poor attest their Wonderful, Unfailing and Incomparable efficacy.

The Wafers are for men as well as women.

By Mail, \$1.00; 6 Boxes, \$5.00. Depot, 218 6th Avenue, N. Y., and all Druggists.

Dr. Campbell's Wafers are the only Genuine Arsenic Wafers made.

When ordering mention this paper and receive gratis a very pretty steel money purse.

NOTICE.

By virtue of the power vested in the undersigned by a certain deed of trust dated January 20th, 1888, and duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Halifax county, in Book 80, Page 107, executed by Chas. N. Hamill and Lillie A. Hamill, his wife to the undersigned, as Trustee, to secure certain indebtedness therein mentioned, I will sell at public auction for cash to the highest bidder at the Court house door in Halifax, N. C., on Monday the 2nd day of January, 1893, all the right, title and interest of the parties in and to that tract of land in Halifax county, State of North Carolina, devised by Edward Davis to Eliza Davis, wife of John H. Davis and her children, and which upon the death of the said Eliza was divided among her children, nine in number, the said Lillie A. Hamill being allotted about 180 acres thereof, adjoining the lands of John P. Furell, Mrs. J. R. Richards and others.

This the 30th day of November, 1892.

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