

# The National Tribune

A Monthly Journal devoted to the interests of the Soldiers and Sailors of the late war, and all Pensioners of the United States.

GEORGE E. LEMON & CO., } Vol. I, No. 4.  
Editors and Proprietors.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY, 1878.

TERMS, FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR.  
Single Copies, 5 Cents in Currency or Postage Stamps.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year of our Lord, 1878, by George E. Lemon & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

## JOE.

BY ALICE ROBERTS.

We don't take vagrants in, sir,  
And I am alone to-day,  
Leastwise, I could call this good-man—  
He's not so far away.

You are welcome to a breakfast—  
I'll bring you some bread and ten;  
You might sit on the old stone yonder,  
Under the chestnut tree.

You're traveling, stranger? Mebbe  
You've got some notions to sell?  
We hev a sight of peddlers,  
But we ailers treats them well.

For they, poor souls, are trying  
Like the rest of us to live;  
And it's not like tramping the country,  
And calling on folks to give.

Not that I meant a word, sir—  
No offense in the world to you:  
I think, now I look at it closer,  
Your coat is an army blue.

Don't say? Under Sherman, were you?  
That was—how many years ago?  
I had a boy at Shiloh,  
Kearney—a sergeant—Joe!

Joe Kearney, you might a' met him?  
Gut of course you were mile apart,  
He was a tall, straight boy, sir,  
The pride of his mother's heart.

We were off to Kittery, then, sir,  
Small farmer in dear old Maine;  
It's a long stretch from there to Kansas,  
But I couldn't go back again.

He was all we had, was Joseph;  
He and my old man and me  
Had sort o' growed together,  
And were happy as we could be.

I wasn't a lookin' for trouble  
When the terrible war begun,  
And I wrestled for grace to be able  
To give up our only son.

Well, well, 'tain't no use o' talking,  
My old man said, says he,  
"The Lord loves a willin' giver,"  
And that's what I tried to be.

Well, the heart and the flesh are rebels,  
And hev to be fought with grace;  
But I'd given my life—yes, willin'—  
Oo look on my dead boy's face.

Take care, you are spillin' your tea, sir,  
Poor soul! don't cry: I'm sure  
You've had a good mother sometime—  
Your wounds, were they hard to cure?

Andersonville! God help you!  
Hunted by dogs, did you say!  
Hospital! crazy, seven years, sir!  
I wonder you're living to-day.

I'm thankful my Joe was shot, sir,  
"How do you know that he died?"  
"Twas certified, sir, by the surgeon;  
Here's the letter, and—" maybe he lied!"

Well, I never! you shake like the ager.  
My Joe! there's his name and the date;  
"Joe Kearney, 7th Maine, sir, a sergeant—  
Lies here in a critical state—"

Just died—will be buried to-morrow—  
Can't wait for the parents to come."  
Well, I thought God had left us that hour,  
As for John, my poor man, he was dumb.

Didn't speak for a month to the neighbors,  
Scarce spoke in a week, sir, to me:  
Never been the same man since that Monday,  
They brought us this letter you see.

And you were from Maine: from old Kittery?  
What time in the year did you go?  
I just remember the fellows  
That marched out of town with our Joe.

Lord love ye! come into the house, sir;  
It's gettin' too warm out o' door.  
If I'd known you'd been gone for a sojor,  
I'd taken you in here afore.

Now make yourself easy. We're humbler,  
We Kansas folks don't go for show—  
Sit here—it's Joe's chair—take your hat off;  
"Call father!" My God! you are Joe!

## Aid from Dreamland.

How Edith Wyld was Saved from a Great Sin.

A Canadian Story.

There must have been an angel praying for Edith Wyld then; a time, many years ago, when she fell into great temptation, or at least into what might have been temptation had she allowed her mind to remain many days longer in the sickly channel of thought into which which she had been insensibly, involuntarily led; a state of mind generated by a magic glance or two, a pressure of the hand, fed by much secret brooding and the perusal of silly, and worse than silly, novels.

When Edith was scarce sixteen she married with no difference on her own part, and by the desire of her parents, an English gentleman settled in Canada, and in the civil service employ; a man much older than herself—almost twice her age—but one possessing the fine talents, the good looks, health, form, blood, and animation to such a degree as to render all this in some way productive of many talents more. Edith's father was Captain Daghish, who, with the gallant—th, had served in the Crimea and who had won his honors there right deservedly, as you

might see on state occasions in Canada when, with his bright red coat, his three medals showed their glitter to vie with the rest of the metal trappings of a British officer's uniform. The remnant of the—th, with the Thirteenth Hussars, were stationed at Toronto. Their coming had been quite an advent in the city's annals, and the poor civilians were "nowhere," as we say, in the estimation of Toronto's belles, while the dashing officers were rusticated and doing duty in the Dominion. It is only too true that these fellows flirted desperately, they were determined upon having a good time in the "beastly slow place," as they chose to designate this province of Her Majesty's domain: Toronto was full of pretty girls then as it is now, so they were gloriously favored by opportunity, and it must be confessed also by the inclination of the pretty ladies beside.

Edith Wyld had been married fully five years when she met her fate, as she chose to call him, at Lady's Ducie's "at home," where the lady held a little social court in an old castle-like residence on Wellington street west.

Edith, very pretty and scarce more than a girl still, was her ladyship's especial pet. For Edith was in the very upper set—she was an officer's daughter, her mother's blood was good, too, for had she been a boy she would have been an English earl. But more than these, Edith had charms beside to recommend her. She played and sang all the English songs to perfection—not forgetting "The Brook" and "Break, Break," which not to know proves one's self not an English girl. She was *comme il faut* in all ladylike employment, point lace and queen's work, and, moreover, talked cleverly in a well-bred languid style, eminently adapted for the period of time between when begins that soporific influences of a well-laden alimentary apparatus after dinner and when tea is brought into the drawing-room.

Lady Ducie brought him to her.  
"Edith, my dear, Lieutenant Forsyth, of the—th Lancers. Mrs. Wyld, Lieutenant Forsyth."

Edith bowed with indifferent grace, and he inclined his head deeply; it was not until she had waltzed with him, and after she had responded to his request for a song, that she discovered while he was turning the music for her that there was some excuse for Toronto running wild over the soldiers. There was something very nice and charming about them. "So different you know from the others."

Lieutenant Forsyth was hardly doing military duty at this time; he was on a leave of absence from his regiment at home, and had under his guardianship Fred Campbell, his cousin and the son of an English earl, the same earl having decided that rustiating for a year or more was what his son particularly needed.

Campbell was many years younger than Forsyth, and he looked up to this latter with an awe inspired rather by his friend's knowledge of *savoir vivre* and flirtations, than because of the solid English university training with which his uncle deemed him stamped. Forsyth was the son of a clergyman, the Rev. Reginald Forsyth, of Waldgrave rectory, and not a wealthy clergyman either, for the Rev. Forsyth had only his name and education to give his son. To his uncle, the earl, the young man owed his commission. So, beside his brains, Lieutenant Forsyth had only his handsome face and figure splendidly set off by his uniform to bring to market. Nor was it to the market matrimonial that he brought his wares, for Forsyth could not very well marry, unless, indeed, luck favored him with an heiress of fair face and fair family. He would not marry a woman whom he could not passionately admire, even if she had money, and he would not marry into "trade," and the only rich women willing to marry handsome devils without a shilling were retired shopkeepers' daughters. He had turned thirty, and having abandoned the idea of finding the rich and aristocratic heiress, he had complacently settled down in bachelorhood. Forsyth was interested in Edith at once; he did not immediately fall in love, but contented himself in pronouncing her a charming woman in his own mind, and admiring her at a respectful distance. As for Edith, she confessed to herself that she liked him very well, and then turned to her husband for his opinion of the new comer.

"He is a handsome off-hand beggar," returned Mr. Wyld, carelessly, and relapsed again into the pre-occupation from which his young wife's question had aroused him.

Edith fell to comparing the face of her liege lord with young Forsyth's, and the former seemed older to her than ever before, and one day when Forsyth, at her husband's invitation, dined with them, she concluded that her guest was the handsomest man in the world, and after thinking this softly sighed. Forsyth seemed to read her mind, and looked full at her, whereupon she blushed, and he fixed his eyes upon his soup, as if mulligatowney alone had charms for his eyes and was the chief object in life. Forsyth was not a story-book villain, only as Mr. Wyld had said, "an off-hand beggar," who had been spoiled by not choice women's society, who had given him an easy-going idea of the rest of woman kind's virtue; a selfish fellow, but by no means a deliberately bad lot.

Lady Ducie, with a small coterie of other ladies, equally well born, and, like herself, only residing in Canada temporarily, gave a round of small and select entertainments during all the winter. Every week it would be an "at home," then a dinner party, a snow-shoeing and she-bogganning party, or a supper after the skating carnival at the rink. Forsyth and his friend, and a baker's dozen of other soldiers were the fashion that winter, and as Lady Ducie especially smiled on Forsyth, and as Edith was her favorite, the two had many opportunities for improving their acquaintance. For a long time it never went beyond

a glance or a scarce unorthodox pressure of the hand, for Lady Ducie was a rock of integrity herself, and would have frowned down any married lady who flirted indecorously. Mr. Wyld did not care for all this gayety; but was willing that his young wife should go and enjoy herself. He had the highest opinion of her associates, and pronounced Lady Ducie "a remarkably fine woman, by jove." Nor did Mr. Wyld object to Forsyth escorting his wife to her home from a supper or ball. And so it happened that Forsyth felt himself privileged to be sentimental one night after discovering that he had met Edith on one occasion years before.

"Can you not recall it? I can never forget it. I thought you were a young girl fresh from a convent, tasting Parisian sweets for the first time under the guardianship of a stern papa."

Forsyth caught her hand to lend emphasis to his question. There was no one near them, and they were standing in the crimson silk curtains of a bay-window at her home.

Edith did not withdraw her hand, as she should have done, but blushed.

"I think I remember seeing you before; but where was it?"

"At the Elysee, have you forgotten the ball that night?"  
"I was on my wedding tour. I do remember you now," and she was about to look a tender glance in return for his own, when the words "wedding tour" made an echo near her and saved her from being foolish during the rest of his call. And if Edith had had something beside her society duties to engross her time, some little chubby face to wash and kiss some little one to make dainty linen for, Satan would have found her's too busy hands to fill with his mischief; but no baby had been born in that large square brick dwelling, and no tiny cradle of delicate white and soft-toned blue gave an air of sweetness to the appointments of Mrs. Wyld's pretty chambers.

Edith sat by the fire in her room in a low *fauteuil*, with a tasteful fire screen shading her face from the bright glow of the coals. Her hands lay in her lap listlessly, and scarce occupied by the thought of the *soiree* she had made a pretense of being engaged upon since luncheon. It was after 8 o'clock. Such a stupid day! another stupid hour to kill and then it would be time to dress for dinner and her husband's return. To look at her face one might have thought the sad expression there was caused by some secret sorrow, such as wear worthy women's hearts to the grave sometimes. But, with no real trouble, an imaginary one will often suffice. She was pitying herself for her blighted life. She knew she had never loved Mr. Wyld, her parents had married her to him—practical, cold parents, who thought not or cared not if their daughter was bound to an uncongenial man for life so that she made a good match, as the world deemed her's. And after all these years of quiet life to find that her heart was not one of the quiet ones, passively to receive the affections meted out to it; but warm and intense, and capable of lavishing a wealth of latent love on one whom she had met—too late, too late.

Two tears trickled down her pink cheeks as she thus communed with herself. Reginald Forsyth had whispered to her the night before, after he had kissed her hand.

"Oh, Edith, why did you not wait for me?"  
At first they had only talked vaguely of platonic friendship—at any rate Edith had; and was one time brought to earth by Forsyth's sudden—even to him—inquiry:

"But how are you to tell the difference between friendship and love, my dear Mrs. Wyld, and when the one is becoming wholly absorbed in the other?"

Edith pondered over this inadvertence of her soon-to-be-lover. All women know too much by instinct for her not to have felt that it was called forth by some feeling of his toward her. Reginald Forsyth, as we have said, was no stern moralist, and Edith was a very pretty woman. He found her also a very sentimental one, and quite ready to believe what he half hinted at to her, that he had been searching for her face ever since he first saw it at the ball at the Elysee. She heard some one breathe hard near her cheek and she felt rather than saw Lieutenant Forsyth by her side, one knee bent half in love, half in homage, and he drew her slowly with great tenderness to his arms.

"Edith, my darling, I love you so much—so much. Come with me, I will make you so happy that you will never regret it. You will forget everything, everybody but our two selves. Why need we care for the world? A few days' scandal and it will be over. We will have our own world in our hearts, into which none shall intrude. Come, darling, say yes."

Edith yielded weakly to his arms, but muttered something about "duty" and "honor."

"Oh, my queen, how little you know the world. When a man loves a woman as I love you he will move heaven and earth to get her. Duty and honor are nothing to him. Come, dear," and then he whispered closer to her ear: "I have a carriage below, don't wait for anything, or we may be discovered. Edith suffered him to lead her down the broad covered stairs into the hall and down the stone steps to the dark carriage before the door. Her lover lifted her into it and placing her on the cushions took his seat beside her.

"I have no cloak and only my house robe on; it is so strange, Reginald—and why do the horses go so fast?"  
"So that they may not overtake us, darling," and he stopped her breath with kisses.

They rode on and on into the road through the woods; the dull day was losing itself into darker night, and a strange terror was creeping into Edith's soul. Her lover's