

son came thundering at the head of his staff, and, according to my best recollection his body guard. He had evidently just left the last conference that he ever had with General Sherman, near the Howard House, and was on his way to see what the rapid and sudden firing upon his left all meant.

General Sherman is certainly mistaken, in his Memoirs, when he says that he was almost, if not entirely, alone, for I estimated his rank entirely by the size of his retinue, and in that estimate I fixed his rank at nothing less than a corps commander. He had a considerable staff with him, and according to my best recollection, a body guard followed him.

He was certainly surprised to find himself suddenly face to face with the rebel line. My own company and possibly others of the regiment had reached the verge of the road, when he discovered, for the first time, that he was within a few feet of where we stood. I threw up my sword to him as a signal to surrender. Not a word was spoken. He checked his horse slightly, raised his hat as politely as if he was saluting a lady, wheeled his horse's head directly to the right, and dashed off to the rear in a full gallop. Young Corporal Coleman, who was standing near me, was ordered to fire upon him. He did so, and it was his ball that brought General McPherson down. He was shot passing under the thick branches of a tree, and as he was bending over his horse's neck, either to avoid coming in contact with the limbs or, more probable, to escape the death-dealing bullet of the enemy that he knew was sure to follow him. He was shot in the back, and as Sherman says in his Memoirs, "the ball ranged upward across the body and passed near the heart."

A number of shots were also fired into his retreating staff.

I ran immediately up to where the dead general lay, just as he had fallen, upon his knees and face. There was not a quiver of his body to be seen, not a sign of life perceptible. The fatal bullet had done its work well. He had been killed instantly. Even as he lay there, dressed in his major-general's uniform, with his face in the dust, he was as magnificent a looking picture of manhood as I ever saw.

Right by his side lay a man, who, if at all hurt, was but slightly wounded, but whose horse had been shot from under him. From his appearance I took him to be the adjutant or inspector-general of the staff. Pointing to the dead man I asked him, "Who is this lying here?" He answered, with tears in his eyes, "Sir, it is General McPherson. You have killed the best man in our Army." This was the first intimation that we had as to who the officer was and as to his rank.

General Sherman alleges in his book that General McPherson's pocket-book and papers were found in the haversack of a prisoner afterward. That may be so, but that prisoner did not belong to our party. Captain W. A. Brown, of Mississippi, picked up his hat that had caught in the branches of the tree under which he had fallen, and that was the only piece of McPherson's property disturbed by any of us.

As I stood over the body the bullets were beginning to whistle rapidly around that locality. Soon after an order was sent commanding the division to move by the right flank. Major Richard Person, a gallant officer, who commanded the regiment, was on the extreme left and in front of it, and did not hear the order, but pushed on to the Federal entrenchments, which were

before and in sight of us. I was satisfied then that, detached as we were, the movement would only result in our death or capture; but feeling it my duty to stick to the colors of my regiment and share its fate, no matter what it might be, I did so, and the result was as I anticipated—we were all taken prisoners. After our capture we had several conversations with Federal officers in regard to the killing of McPherson, and I had myself one conversation with an officer of his staff who had been fortunate enough to escape our bullets when McPherson fell.

The next day we started on our way to Northern prisons, the officers to Johnson Island, near Sandusky, Ohio. A short distance this side we passed through the little City of Clyde, the birthplace and the home of General McPherson. We noticed that the flag was at half-mast, and asked some of the crowd standing around the depot what it meant, and were told they had just buried General McPherson, whom the "damned Rebels had murdered, and that the flag was at half mast for him."

The tragedy that I have just described was the last one that I ever took part in during the war, and it is as vividly pictured upon my mind as if it all had occurred yesterday. The circumstances under which General McPherson met his death were perfectly justifiable. He had every opportunity on earth to surrender and refused to do so, but preferred to take the chances of flight. Although he was considered as a host in himself, against us, his ultimate end was mourned even by the Confederate army, for he was universally esteemed as a soldier and a gentleman.

RICHARD BEARD.

Preparations for Robbing Windsor Castle.

One of our English exchanges, dated the 28th ult., contains the following singular statement of what looks to have been a well-planned and singularly defeated scheme for robbing Windsor Castle. The South Eastern Division of the Bucks Police, under Mr. Superintendent Dunham and Inspector Pearman of Eton College, are at present engaged in somewhat extraordinary matter. About the 9th of this month, in order to permit some building operations upon the premises of Mr. Goodman the boat builder near Windsor bridge, the waters of the Thames were drawn off, lowering the river by several feet. While the stream was thus lower than usual, a man who was walking near a back way out, adjacent to Cuckoo Pier, which is about half a mile from Windsor bridge, and at the Bucks side of the river, observed a piece of string fastened to the lower branch of a bush overhanging the water course. His curiosity was excited, and seeing something attached to the string, he pulled it up, and found that it was a gentleman's japanned dressing case. Turning the small key, he opened the case, and found it contained a large number of keys and other things. He at once placed the case in the hands of the police, and Mr. Superintendent Dunham, upon examining its contents, found that in all there were 125 keys, the larger ones having been fastened in a bunch at the top of the case. Upon one side of the flat, smooth surface of the handles of two of the medium-sized keys are the words "Equeries stables—one hundred steps," and on the other side the word "porter." The 125 keys vary in size from such as would open gates, posterns and room

doors to the jewel cases in the Royal apartments of the Castle. Besides this extraordinary collection of keys, there were on the case pieces of wax bearing the impression of the key-wards, two boxes of liquid for smearing the keys in order to ascertain the shape of the locks, a box of vestas, and two large canvas money bags such as are used by bankers—one apparently, from the coin marks, had contained gold, and the other silver.

It is the belief of the police authorities that the dressing case and its evidently burglarious implements were intended to aid some person or persons in effecting an entrance from the "hundred steps" to the private apartments of the palace occupied by Her Majesty and the Royal family, and to sweep off the rich and priceless jewelry. Whoever designed this daring scheme has been frustrated in a most singular way. Those who placed the case and keys in the stream till some dark night or favorable opportunity might arise for the grand coup, fastened the string to a branch of the bush, which when the waters of the Thames are at their ordinary summer level, was a foot below the surface of the little stream, and thus well concealed from human eyes. They had not calculated upon the sudden drawing off of the water—an unusual circumstance, which, by revealing the hiding place of the duplicate keys, has nipped their enterprise in the bud. On Friday Mr. Superintendent Dunham, accompanied by Mr. Inspector Pearman, proceeded to the office of Mr. W. Seabrook, in the Lord Chamberlain's department at Windsor Castle, and had an interview with the Palace authorities, who will doubtless institute inquiries into this remarkable affair.

War Strength of Germany.

The way in which an "army on paper" melts away before the stern rule of the drill sergeant, is well illustrated by the actual condition of the German Landwehr. According to the last returns, based on the census of 1871, the number of young men of twenty on the lists was 502,000. Of this number 96,000 had been by mistake entered twice over, 42,000 had emigrated or had otherwise become unavailable, 14,250 were qualified as one year's service men (einhährige), 240 were "morally disqualified," 25,000 were "totally unfit for service," 5,590 "not sufficiently fit for service," 232,000 "not sufficiently developed physically," 10,600 were exempted for family and other reasons, and 400 were in prison or under trial. The original number of 502,000 men was thus reduced to 76,000, to which were added 97,000 men, who for various reasons had not joined in previous years, making a total of 166,000 men. Of these, however, the number actually taken into the service was only 145,550—viz: 143,050 for the army and 2,500 for the navy. Yet this number is largely in excess of what it was at the opening of the Franco-German war in 1870, when but 23 per cent of this "sedentary" force was made available for service in the field. Now the movable Landwehr battalions can, under the new organization, be partly attached to the divisions and brigades of the regular army, while the fourth field battalions will be available. These 148 battalions, which are only to be called out in case of war or mobilization, will consist of 2,664 officers and from 118,696 to 148,296 men, with 6,000 horses, thus raising the total force of the German army when on a war footing to 1,022 battalions.