THE BRAVE GOL. SHAW.

Noble Leader of a Regiment of Colored Soldiers.

The Assault on Fort Wagner, in Which He Fell.

Life of the Youthful Hero Whose Memory Boston Honors.

"Will be Sacred in History and in Art."

Beloved by All Who Knew Him—A Death That

was killed at the storming of Fort Wagner. South Carolina, July 18, 1863, when 26 years old. Fort Wagner was located on Morris island, about eight miles from Charleston. Morris island lies at the entrance to

Charleston harbor, in which stood Fort Sumfer.

The attack was a failure. Col. Shaw's regiment numbered about 700 men and officers, and it lost in killed and wounded on that terrible day 285 officers and men. The fort was captured by the Federal forces less than two months after Col. Shaw's fall.

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Shaw was the son of Francis George and Sarah Blake (Sturgis) Shaw. He early showed marked traits of character. He was quick-tempered, but very affectionate, easily led, but never to be driven. At a very early age he was sent to the school of Miss Mary Peabody (Mrs. Horace Mann). then to that of Miss Cabot in West Roxbury, and finally to that of Mr. William P. Atkinson. When he was 9 years old, his parents removed to Sfaten island, where he went to a small private school kept by a learned and very impatient old German. After this he was sent from home to school at St. John's College, at Fordham, near New York.

When 15 years old he sailed for Europe with all the family. After a happy summer in Switzerland he was left at the school of M. Roulet in Neuchatel, where he remained two years. After the custom of Swiss schools, he made many excursions on foot through various parts of the country. In a letter dated Neuchatel, in November, 1852, to his mother, he wrote: "Have you seen that book named Uzche Tom's Cabin? You said something about not being afraid of declaring one's opinion. I'm sure I shouldn't be afraid of saying that we were Unitarians, if there could be any kind of use in it; but as it is, it would only have been from a sense of duty, for it would have been anything but an agreeable task. * After there to captur, in a strain from the variety of the country in a fertile for a much more easily get a furlough. Then, after I have undertaked in refusing Gov. Andrew offer. Going for another three variety offer. Going for a colonel as for a captain, as the former to a much more easily get a furlough. Then, after I have undertaked in refusing Gov. Andrew offer. Going for a colonel as for a captain, as the former to school kept by a learned and very impatient old German. After this he was the former had been afterned to be a made a good offer. Going for a captain, as the former to school and the total the former to t kind of use in it; but as it is, it would bring up discussions and conversations, which would be very stupid and tire-some; and as I don't want to become reformer, apostle or anything of that kind, there is no use in doing disagree-able things for nothing."

In the autumn of 1853, he joined his parents in Italy, where he remained for nearly a year, most of the time in Florence. He studied Italian, and in 1854 went to Hanover in order to study German and also to prepare himself for Harvard College. He learned to speak and write German fluently, and enjoyed greatly the opportunity of hearing good music, of which he was very fond. During the spring of 1855 he made a tour through Sweden and Norway, with two companions. In a letter home, dated Dec. 11 of that year, he wrote: "I have just come home from a small tea party, where I met a cove who railed against America. * * This is the reason I disliked the Germans at first, and I must hat she when they talk so about us. In the autumn of 1853, he joined his

America. * * This is the reason I disliked the Germans at first, and I must hate them when they talk so about us. And the worst of it is, that they don't say anything against the real abuse, slavery, but always about some insignificant thing."

He reached Boston in May, just at the beginning of the presidential campaign of 1856, in which he took a strong interest, although too young to vote. He entered Harvard College at the opening of the term in August. He left Cambridge before the completion of his third year, in order to take advantage of an offer from his uncle of a clerkship in a mercantile office in New York. He took no rank as a scholar, never at any time standing even among the first half of his class. The two following years of his life, from 1859 to 1861, he lived at home with his parents, the pride, the joy and the biessing of the family circle, a devoted son, an affectionate brother, a courteous neighbor, and a true friend. He did not love his new life in the office feeling that he had not much talent for business, but nevertheless performing all his dutes censcientiously and punctually.

feeling that he had not much taient for business, but nevertheless performing all his duties conscientiously and punctually.

In November, 1890, he cast life first and only presidential vote for Akraiam Lincoln At this time he enisted as a private in the fit reament. New T ray that the state of the stat

In two letters to friends he wrote:
"My father will tell you why I did
not accept the colonelcy of Gov. Andrew's new black regiment. If I had

at this point the regiment, together with the next supporting regiments—the 6th Connecticut, 9th Maine and others—remained half an hour. The regiment was addressed by Gen. Strong and Col. Shaw. Then at 1:30 or 7:45, the order for the connecticut, 9th Maine and others—remained half an hour. The regiment was addressed by Gen. Strong and Col. Shaw. Then at 1:30 or 7:45, the order for the connecticut was given. The regiment to double-quick when at some distance on. The intervening distance between the place where the line was formed and the fort was run over in a few minutes. When within 190 or 200 yards of the fort, a terrinc tire of grape and muskerry was poured upon them along the cutire line, and with deadly results. It tore the ranks to pieces and disconcerted some of the men. They railled again, went through the ditch, in which were some three feet of water, and then up the parapet, where it remained for a few minutes. Here they melted away before the enemy's fire, their bodies falling down the slope and into the ditch.

Col. Shaw reached the parapet, leading his men, and was probably there there has burgers of accommand. I raid that he was close to Col. Shaw: that he waved his sword and cried out, "Onward, boys," and, as he did so, fell. Rurgers fell, wounded, at the same time. In a minute or two, as he rose to crawl away, he tried to puil Col. Shaw along, taking held of his feet, which were near his own head; but there appeared to be no life in him.

He was buried within the fort "with bits mirrors." as was contemputuously

were near his own head; but there appeared to be no life in him.

He was buried within the fort "with his niggers," as was contemptuously said. A southern soldier who looked upon his lead face said: "It looked as were sleeping," and natural as if he were sleeping," and natural as if he rebels the morning after the assault on Fort Wagner. He saw Col. Shaw lying, dead on the ground just outside the parapet. A stalwart negro had fallen near him. The rebels ead the negro was a color sergeant. The colonel had been killed by a rifle shot through the chest, though he had received other wounds. Brig. Gen. Haygood, commanding the rebel forces, said to Dr. Luck: "I knew Co. Shaw he had received other wounds. Brig. Gen. Had he been in comman estimate. He had he been in comman had the been in comman and honorable burial. As it is, I shall bury him in the common trench, with the negroes that fell with him."

No doubt Col. Shaw was buried just beyond the ditch of the fort, in the trench where the dead were indiscriminated.



COL. ROBERT G. SHAW,

Of the 54th Massachusetts Volunteers, Who Fell at Fort Wagner, S. C., July 18, 1863.

(From a portrait by Miss Helen M. Knowlton, in the peasession of the Loyal Logion, and

envising went on prosperously and he was pleased with the development of his men. "They learn all the details of guard duty and camp service." In wrote, "infinitely more readily than most of the Irisk I have had under my command." "The mustering officer who was been today is a Virginian, and has always thought it was a great joke to try to make solivers of inggers, but he tolk me now that he has never mustered in so fine a set of men, though about 20,000 had passed through his hands since September."

Cel. Shaw was married May 2 and on the 25th he went from Boston at the head of as fine and well drilled a regiment as had ever left the city. Their march through Boston was of a triumphal nature.

Arrived in the South, Col. Shaw most unwillingly obeyed an order to allow his regiment to take part in the destruction of the town of Darien, Ga.

The best account of the movements of Col. Shaw's regiment from then on is furnished by Mr. Edwin L. Pierce of Miiton, who was on the spot. Mr. Pierce told the sad but eloquent story a short time ago on the floor of the House of Representatives, of which he is a member. Mr. Pierce was the guest on Morris Island, July 18-the day of the assault on Fort Wagner—of Brig.—Gen. George C. Strong, who commanded the assaulting body. A large number of officers took supper that evening in the general's tent, among them Col. Shaw, Just before they went to the front.

Col. Shaw had become attached to Gen. Strong at St. Helena, where he served under him, and the regard was mutual. When the troops left St. Helena they were separated, the 5th going to James Island. While it was there Gen. Strong received a letter from Col. Shaw in which the desire was expressed for the transfer of the 5th to Gen. Strong took this regiment into his command. It left James Island on Thursday, July 16, at 9 P. M., and marched to Cole's Island. which it reached at 4 o'clock Friday morning—marching all night, most of the way in single file, over

man that saw the remains of the beautiful man that saw the remains of the beautiful colonel.

Brig.Gen. Strong sell in a message to Shaw's parents it had but little experiently to be with time but I also selve for the man ever wet more gallantly into battle. None knew him but to love him.

Mr. Pierce parted with Col. Shaw become a and a sand a Saurday everting, as be rode forward to join als regiment, when, after mounting his here, he gave him the private letters and pay as he will with him, to be delivered to be father. While Gen. Strong, a few days later, lay mortally wounded, he said: Mr. Pierce: The ofth did well and rodly, only the fail of Col. Shaw trevolutionly from entering the fort.

Charles Summer wrote: I cannot be consoled for the loss of Shaw, but where better could a yours commander die then on the partiest of in enemys fort which he had sermel! That death will be saired in a recy and in art.

Mrs. R. C. Waterston wrote these beautiful lines:

TOGETHER.

TOGETHER.

And then, needs, generous spirit, What will the welcome be? "Then hest abled the down-trolden, Then hast doze it unto me!"

The widow of Col. Shaw is an valid, and, with the colonel's moti is now travelling in Europe. Neither will be present at the unveiling of memorial. A sister, Mrs. Josept Shaw Lowell, is a resident of N

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York. Another sister is Mrs. George William Curtis of Staten Island. WAS BURIED WITH HIS MEN.

Col Shaw's Body Never Recovered-Story

of the Fight at Fort Wagner.
Col. Robert G. Shaw, Ft. Wagner and
the 5th Massachusetts regiment are
names that cannot be dissociated in the minds of those who are well informed about the history of our country during the operations of the late war. Everybody knows that Col. Shaw led the first black regiment from Massachusetts into the field: that he had not been in command two whole months before he was shot and killed, during the daring and desperate assault upon Ft. Wagner: that he was buried in a hastily dug deep trench, with the colored soldiers with whom he fought; that his body was never whom he fought, that his body as Active recovered, it being the request of his father upon learning of his fath that no effort be made to recover the body, since it was his belief "that a soldier's most appropriate burial place is on the fath when he her fallon". field where he has fallen.

field where he has fallen."
Theodore Tilton has said somewhere, at some time, that the 54th Massachusetts regiment was "the regiment whose bayonets pricked the name of Col. Shaw into the roll of 'mmortal honor." and certain it is that the fact of a young Boston blue blood, like Col. Shaw, leading a regiment of what was at that time generally believed to be of inferior troops, made the 54th a regiment that attracted greater and more wide-spread in-

tracted greater and more wide-spread in-terest than any other colored regiment that was ever sent out.

Horace Greeley is credited with having written in 1865: "But the true reason why Massachusetts singled out this regiment for peculiar honor is because this was the first colored regiment or-ganized in the North, and was that one on whose good conduct depended for a long time the success of the whole experiment of arming black citizens in defence of of arming black citizens in defence of the republic. It is not too much to say that if this Massachusetts 54th had faltered when its trial came. 20,699 colored troops, for whom it was a pioneer, would never have been put in for another year, which would have been equivalent to protracting the war into 1996. But it did not failter. It made Fort Wagner such a name to the colored race as Bunker Hill has been for 50 years to the white Vankees—alies black men fought side by side with white ones in the trenches on that 17th of June." of arming black citizens in defence of

hask men in the trenenes of the white ones in the trenenes of June."

It was just 34 years ago that this black regiment took the field, and to-morrow, when the memorial to the brave and rallant young colonel is unveiled, many an old sear will seem a gaping wound to survivors in the 5th, whose memories will be fresh with thoughts and incidents attendant upon the voyage they were taking on the new transport. De Molay, on that date in 1852. Col. Shaw and his men were sing toward the sandy shore and

hope, dauntless, brave and patriote, knowing not what their fate must be. The old fires still burn in the hearts of the sorvivors of the 54th, and some of the soldlers who recount the story of the departure from Boston on that they of May tell it with such straightforwardness and carriestness and ardor that it seems that it must have happened but yesterday. They can never forget it, they say, and they live over the scenes as the words fall from their lips.

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