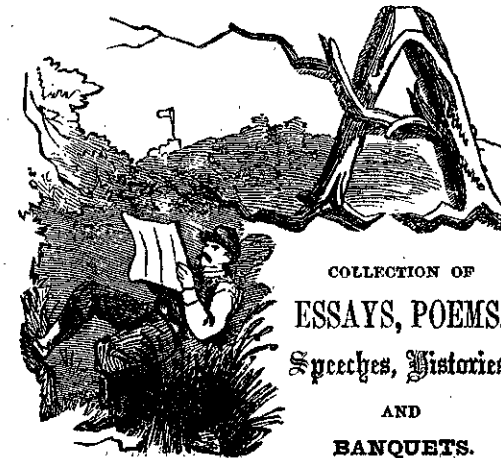


BAKED MEATS { OF THE FUNERAL.



COLLECTION OF  
ESSAYS, POEMS,  
Speeches, Histories,  
AND  
BANQUETS.

By PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY,

Late of the 47th Reg't, New York Volunteer  
Infantry, 10th Army Corps.

COLLECTED, REVISED, AND EDITED, WITH THE REQUISITE CORRECTIONS OF  
PUNCTUATION, SPELLING, AND GRAMMAR. BY AN EX-COLONEL OF  
THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT, WITH WHOM  
THE PRIVATE FORMERLY SERVED AS LANCE  
CORPORAL OF ORDERLIES.



NEW YORK:

Carleton, Publisher, 413 Broadway

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Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by  
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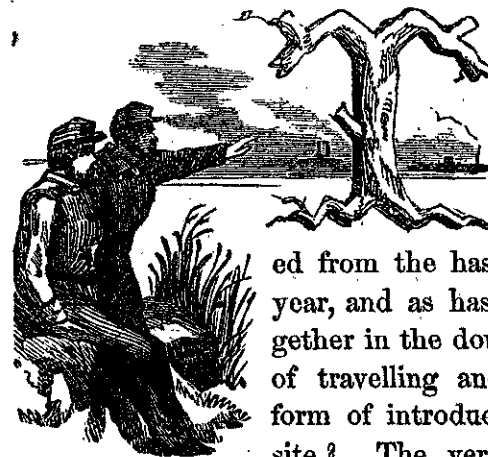
THE NEW YORK PRINTING CO.,  
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To  
CHARLES C. YEATON  
of Brooklyn.

## PREFACE.

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"The funeral baked meats  
Did coldly furnish forth the wedding breakfast."



O such a very indiscriminate collection of fugitive essays, and songs not quite so fugitive, hastily selected from the hasty scribblings of a year, and as hastily pitchforked together in the double hurry and heat of travelling and journalism, what form of introduction can be requisite? The very decided popular success of a similar volume published last year, and now in its ninth or tenth edition, is the best apology that can be offered for the appearance of this, its successor. It may also be urged that the various parts of which it is composed, met with very distinct and general acceptance at the time of their original appearance; and that, as mementoes of how public opinion was formed and ran during the closing stages of the war,

and in regard to various topics of great interest not directly connected therewith, such as Fenianism, the Monroe Doctrine, Louis Napoleon's character, and so forth, these fugitive essays and verses have been thought by many to deserve some more permanent form of life.

Everything in the subjoined volume, no matter how supposititiously credited in the text, is from the author's pen, with the exception of two translations into Latin of two of the author's lyrics of the war, from the pen of his brother—one of the most eminent classical scholars of Trinity College, Dublin; certain quotations from the official documents of Gens. Hunter and Grant connected with the war; a translation into German of one of the same songs by Friedrich Gerstäcker, who is said to be a poet of high fame and character in his own particular part of Europe—wherever that may be; and a translation of one of the odes of Horace from the pen of General John A. Dix.

While thus claiming the execution of all the balance of the volume, the author is anxious to make his acknowledgments for prolific suggestions and wise advice to Mr. James Gordon Bennett of the *Herald*, to whose shrewd common-sense, very peculiar and pungent humor, and immense experience of the world, he stands indebted for the origination of many, and the encouragement of all, of his recent literary projects. Mr. Bennett's mind is an electric battery, apparently never to be exhausted by the drafts made upon it for fresh ideas; and he is one of those rare men whose ordinary conversation, in any half hour of any day, can furnish hints

and ringing key-notes for the editorial labors of any young journalist during the next week or fortnight.

The chapter giving the song of "The Flaunting Lie," as it has been called, and the history thereof, with the other songs of the same series, will be read with interest by all who remember how bitterly our honored friend, Mr. Horace Greeley, was assailed for his imputed authorship of that much misquoted and garbled lyric during the last ten years, and more especially during the recent Presidential canvass. For evil or for good, that song has now passed into history; and in connexion therewith the author would only say, that he was at all times ready to avow its authorship, but was restrained by the suggestion of Mr. Greeley that in "politics, a lie well stuck to is as good as truth;" and that, no matter what avowals were made in regard to the song, Mr. Greeley's enemies would still continue to hold him responsible therefor, and to garble and misquote such verses of it as might seem to suit their purposes.

The long chapter on Fenianism is preserved as a historical relic of some interest, no matter what may be the fate of that curious and erratic movement. It was this article—originally published in the *Herald* and thence copied in full by the London *Times*, and a majority of the leading papers of Great Britain and Europe—that first called any serious public attention to the existence of such an Order; and it was from the notoriety thus given that the Brotherhood more than trebled their numbers in the six months next following its publication; and that a movement previously dying out from want of activity and ventilation, became at



once one of the actual, if not avowed elements, more or less operative, in the international politics of France, Great Britain, and the United States.

For the rest, the volume must be taken as each reader will find it—sometimes humorous, sometimes grave, but always with an earnest and wholesome purpose, as the author hopes. There are in it some few chapters of personal recollections of the war—only a prelude to a larger and more careful work of the same character, which the writer will endeavor to get time for collecting and writing during the present year. There are in it, also, many poems and songs of greater or less merit, nearly all written within the past year, save “The Union Convoy” and the series of “The Flaunting Lie;” and of these, as well, with the best or least bad of his other songs previously published in book-form and in the newspapers and magazines, it is the author’s hope to have a handsomely illustrated volume made up for next Christmas.

THE AUTHOR.

Office N. Y. *Citizen*,  
New York, January 20th, 1860.

## THE UNION CONVOY.

[January 1st, 1860.]

The night is dark and bodeful as through the gloom we sail,  
And the ground-swell of the moaning sea gives warning of  
the gale;

The nearest vessels of the fleet our eyes can scarce discern,  
Though by their creaking cordage that some are near we  
learn.

Ho! Signal-master, leap aloft, and from the topmost spar,  
“The Convoy is in danger”—flash the signal fast and far!  
Let us know what vessels answer to the old and honored  
sign,

Count the signals reappearing in the Convoy’s ordered line;

We have sailed the seas together,  
Linked in many a common fight,  
And accursed be all the omens  
That say we part to-night!

Bright was the glorious morning which saw the Convoy  
start,

Freighted with all that human hope makes precious to the  
heart;

Bright were our days of summer, while still as riches grew,  
Another vessel joined us, and we hailed another crew;  
A smiling heaven above us, an open path to steer,  
New treasures ever dawning in the isles we drew anear—

O, peaceful was the voyage, or when we met a foe,  
All struck to guard the common rights with one avenging  
blow ;

But Signal-master, hasten,  
Flash the words in rays of light—  
“What vessels of the Convoy  
Part company to-night?”

Great admirals have led us, great names our records bear  
Of those who shaped our destinies, and taught us how to  
dare ;

Great captains we have numbered—each name itself a star,  
Bright as those answering signals which flash from spar to  
spar !

Through many a tempest Washington has paced the heaving  
deck,

And after many a battle-hour his orders cleared the wreck ;—  
Yea, oft beneath our gliding keels the mountain waves  
have swelled,

While Jackson's hand with iron grip the foremost tiller  
held.

But now we have no Captain  
In this dark and bodeful night,  
Yet—Heaven be praised ! how quickly  
The signals leap to light.

Let us only keep together and in vain the waves may swell,  
We shall flash the joyous signal to the Convoy—“All is  
well !”

Though the skies be black with tempest and the seas run  
high and fast,

While the whistling gale allows no sail to bend the groan-  
ing mast,

Yet—so the Good Gods whisper—while the skies their  
influence pour,

A common path the fleet shall steer, a common flag adore ;  
If mutineers would seize our ships, they shall dangle from  
the spars,

And from every topmast yet shall stream the banner of the  
stars !

No cloud while we together sail,  
Their radiance can eclipse ;  
For the Convoy knows no danger  
But collision of the ships !

## HONOR TO OUR HEROES.

GRAND BANQUET IN HONOR OF GENs. SHERMAN  
AND THOMAS.

[*From the New York Herald, Jan. 1st, 1865.*]

DINNER OF THE NEW YORK NATIONAL CLUB.

AT the entertainment given last evening at the Maison Dorée, by the members of the New York National Club, to celebrate the successes of Generals Sherman and Thomas, there was quite a select and brilliant gathering of military and other celebrities. All the arrangements for the feast were of the choicest, and the company seemed to be in excellent spirits for appreciating the entertainment, both intellectual and physical, to which they were invited. The walls, pictures, and chandeliers were beautifully decorated with wreaths, stars, and crosses of evergreens and flowers: and there were other indications on the tables that Christmas and the holiday season had not been forgotten.

### SOME OF THE DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.

Prominent among the military guests we noticed General Robert Anderson, Major-General John

A. Dix, and two members of his staff; together with Generals W. S. Hancock, Hunter, Hooker, W. F. Smith, Hartsuff, Butterfield, Averell, Cul- lum, Webb, Colonel James A. Hardie, Inspector-General, and several minor lights of the profession militaire. Of civilians and naval officers there was a choice but not inconvenient number present, covers having been ordered only for sixty, and this limit being adhered to, despite a very strong outside pressure to have the margin extended.

Among those in the non-military class we noticed Messrs. Thurlow Weed, John Van Buren, Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts; Captains Drayton and Daniel Ammen, United States Navy; Wm. F. Havemeyer, James T. Brady, Senator Conness, of California; John A. Kennedy, Judge Ingraham, Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War; Royal Phelps, the Rev. Morgan Dix, Robert B. Roosevelt, Edwards Pierrepont, Richard O'Gorman, Sydney H. Gay, Captain Worden, United States Navy; Edward Cooper, Hamilton Fish, William Stuart, Thomas J. Durant, A. T. Stewart, Thos. C. Acton, Captain Rodgers, United States Navy; Clarence Seward, Henry Ward Beecher, Professor Doremus, Henry Hilton, Samuel L. M. Barlow, Charles Nordhoff, Henry J. Raymond, Colonel Sandford, of the telegraph companies; Edwin Booth; Vice-President elect, Andrew Johnson, of

Tennessee; and Captain G. V. Scott, Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

#### OBJECT OF THE DINNER CELEBRATION.

The cards of invitation from the New York National Club set forth that this dinner was to celebrate the successful termination of the first problem of General W. T. Sherman's last and greatest campaign, by the capture of Savannah; and the overwhelming destruction of the rebel forces under General Hood by General Geo. H. Thomas; as also to express the hope of all true patriots, irrespective of party, that, "through the triumphant energy of our military and naval heroes, this desolating civil war may soon be brought into a condition that will allow a liberal margin to statesmanship and diplomacy for the settlement of all differences between the North and South on the one essential basis of a restored Union."

#### OPENING SPEECH BY PRINCE JOHN VAN BUREN —THE HEALTH OF GENERAL SHERMAN.

After full justice had been done to the viands—Dodworth's band discoursing eloquent music during the progress of the feast—the distinguished Prince John Van Buren, as President of the Club, gave notice that there would be no succession of "regular toasts" that evening, this habit

having become a mere form, which had lost all significance, and only tending to bore convivial assemblages with too copious streams of eloquence elaborately rehearsed. They had met to acknowledge their indebtedness to two noble Generals, and to express hopes for their continued success. He would therefore, now propose, in due order of seniority, the health of that gallant officer, General William Tecumseh Sherman, and call upon the honored friend on his left—General Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumter—to respond in behalf of the absent hero. (Loud applause, the whole company rising and drinking the health of General Sherman with "three times three and a tiger," Dodworth's band striking up, "Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes," and "Hail Columbia.")

General Anderson, whose rising was hailed with fervent demonstrations of applause, spoke slowly, and as if still suffering from the effects of protracted illness; but he spoke with an unrivalled tenderness of sincerity, his plea for the foundation of a Soldier's Home, towards the close of his remarks, having in all its words, accents, and gestures, a most cogent impressiveness.

#### GENERAL ANDERSON'S SPEECH.

General Anderson declared it to be the proudest thought of his life that he had been the humble means, under Divine Providence, of bringing into

early prominence before the country the two generals whose names were at the present moment most gratefully on the lips of every patriot—he referred to his old lieutenant, Wm. T. Sherman, whose health they had just honored; and to that noblest of all noble Southrons now in the active service of our country, General George H. Thomas, of Virginia. (Applause.) Early in the war, when assigned to the command of his own native State, Kentucky, General Anderson felt that his nervous system had been injured by the enormous weight of anxieties and responsibilities which had pressed upon him for the two months preceding the attack upon his forces in Fort Sumter. He was only overruled into accepting the command by the representations of such noble patriots of his native State as the late John J. Crittenden, Mr. Leslie Coombs, Secretary Guthrie, and others of like stamp, who expressed to him their belief that his name might be made useful in heightening the loyalty of those Kentuckians who were already for the Union, and of turning into the true path many who were still wavering or in doubt. (Loud applause.) Thus pressed, he accepted; but, fearing that his health might again break down, it was the primary condition of his taking the command in question, that his tried and honored friend, General William T. Sherman, should be assigned to him as his next in rank. (Applause.) Sherman had served for

years under him as lieutenant of his company; and General George H. Thomas, he was proud to say, had been a lieutenant in the same regiment. In regard to General Thomas, he desired to claim some credit, but only for having expedited the inevitable. Men of the stamp of George H. Thomas push themselves upward and onward in times like these as irresistibly as water seeks its own level; or, to use a metaphor more appropriate to a certain alleged portion of the aristocracy of to-day, as inevitably as a great petroleum fountain underneath the earth, will bubble to the surface and make all rich around it. (Loud applause and laughter.) But it was through his humble ministry that General Thomas, early in the war, received an opportunity worthy of his talents; and the manner of this incident he would now relate. He (General Anderson) saw with pain in the early days of the war, a disposition on the part of certain prominent friends of the Administration to look with suspicion upon officers of Southern birth, who still remained faithful to the old flag. From the South himself, he felt this keenly; and at an early interview with the President, having stated his views, he asked that he might be given a brigadier's commission for George H. Thomas—(applause)—an officer for whose unalterable loyalty he would answer with his head; and whose natural and acquired qualities of sol-

diership he esteemed, after long opportunities for judging, as second to those of no officer in our own or any other army. (Loud applause, in the midst of which General Butterfield proposed "The health of General Thomas," which was drunk with enthusiasm, and with all the honors.) General Anderson then regretted that the condition of his health would not allow him to review the splendid career of General Sherman—a task which he found himself obliged to delegate to younger, and more active heads. He knew Sherman well, and loved him with all his heart; and would only express the hope, before resuming his seat, that the great and generous American people, filled with thanks to the Giver of all Goodness for the victories which had recently blessed our arms, would now make their gratitude take the practical form of erecting a great "National Soldiers' Home" for our crippled and disabled veterans, as the noblest and most appropriate monument they could erect in commemoration of the Divine mercies for which we have all, this day, so much cause to be thankful. (Applause.) The General then recited the labors he had undergone in procuring the present Soldiers' Home at Washington to be created, regretting that it had been located upon a miserably contracted patch of ground, near Washington, and that it consequently could afford no means of giving any healthful and self-supporting employ-

ment to its inmates. He wished to see the first great National Soldiers' Home, to be erected by popular action, located either in the vicinity of Carlisle, Pa., or near the beautiful Adirondack region of New York. It should have at least a thousand acres of land attached to its endowment; and with this properly cultivated by the easy labor of the inmates, and with the trifling pensions now allowed to them by government, such an establishment would be self-supporting, and need make no appeal for any further contribution. As to the present Soldiers' Home near Washington, it should be purchased by Congress as a residence for the President and such Cabinet officers as might choose to reside there—the present miserably unhealthy and contracted White House becoming merely the Presidential suite of public offices. With the money obtained from Congress by such a sale, the land he wanted for his new, popular and National Soldiers' Home might be readily purchased. In this connection he desired to express his indebtedness to the various papers of New York, and to the New York *Herald* more particularly, for the cordial, generous, and active support they had given to this project. Himself a disabled soldier, he thanked all the conductors of our press, in the name of his crippled comrades, for their disinterested humanity in this matter. Thanking the members of the Club and his fellow-

guests for the patience with which they had heard him, General Anderson resumed his seat in the midst of deafening applause.

COLONEL M'MAHON'S SONG—ITS AUTHORSHIP  
STILL IN DOUBT.

Lieutenant-Colonel Martin T. McMahon, late Adjutant-General on the staff of the ever-glorious and lamented Major-General Sedgwick, was next introduced to the company by President Van Buren, who said that as they had all met to celebrate General Sherman's success, he would be glad for them to hear from his friend, the Colonel, who had a most excellent voice, a song he had just received from Sherman's army, *via* the Ogeechee—the authorship of which was pretty clearly, though not yet quite definitely, traced to a young cavalry officer of distinction, and holding an important command in Sherman's army (Loud applause and cheers). Thus introduced, Colonel McMahon, a very fine-looking young soldier, and one possessing a record of service as enviable as his voice and other social talents, proceeded to give the following to an original accompaniment, which was played for him on the guitar by General William Averell, of the cavalry, who proved himself a most accomplished master of that instrument—a true troubadour of the old Provence type,

alike familiar with serenade and sabre. He called it :

THE SONG OF SHERMAN'S WAY.

A pillar of fire by night,  
A pillar of smoke by day,  
Some hours of march—then a halt to fight,  
And so we hold our way.  
*Chorus*—Some hours of march, &c.

Over mountain and plain and stream,  
To some bright Atlantic bay,  
With our arms aflash in the morning beam,  
We hold our festal way.  
*Chorus*—With our arms aflash, &c.

There is terror wherever we come,  
There is terror and wild dismay,  
When they see the Old Flag and hear the drum  
Announce us on the way.  
*Chorus*—When they see the Old Flag, &c.

Never unlimber a gun  
For those villainous lines in gray  
Draw sabres! and at 'em upon the run!  
'Tis thus we clear our way.  
*Chorus*—Draw sabres! and at 'em, &c.

The loyal, who long have been dumb,  
Are loud in their cheers to-day,  
And the old men out on their crutches come,  
To see us hold our way.  
*Chorus*—And the old men out, &c.

Around us, in rear and flanks,  
 Their futile squadrons play;  
 With a sixty mile front of steady ranks,  
 We hold our checkless way.  
*Chorus*—With a sixty mile front, &c.

Hear the spattering fire that starts  
 From the woods and copses gray;  
 There is just enough fighting to quicken our hearts,  
 As we frolic along the way.  
*Chorus*—There is just enough fighting, &c.

Upon different roads abreast  
 The heads of our columns gay,  
 With fluttering flags, all forward pressed,  
 Hold on their conquering way.  
*Chorus*—With fluttering flags, &c.

Ah, traitors! who bragged so bold  
 In the sad war's early day,  
 Did nothing predict ye should ever behold  
 The Old Flag come this way?  
*Chorus*—Did nothing predict, &c.

By Heaven! 'tis a gala march,  
 'Tis a picnic, or a play;  
 Of all our long war 'tis the crowning arch;  
 Hip, hip! for Sherman's way!  
*Chorus*—Of all our long war, &c.

The verses, sung with great melody, fire, and feeling, were warmly received; and it may gratify the friends of the unknown author to be here informed that, in response to a brief but telling

and witty address from Senator Conness, of California, the health of the author of "Sherman's Way," received the complimentary and enthusiastic baptism of some of the best French and Rhenish vintages to be found upon Manhattan Island.

LEARNED AND ELOQUENT ADDRESS OF MAJOR-  
 GENERAL JOHN A. DIX.

General Dix, being loudly called for, remarked that it was but rarely, since re-entering the army, that he had found either time or inclination for post-prandial speeches. He was out of practice, and might possibly be dull; but he promised he should not be prolix. He was not one of those who looked upon war as an unmixed evil. It cost much pain and waste, but these were more than compensated by its calling forth all that is heroic in our natures:

*Si tritura absit paleis sunt abdita grana,  
 Nos crux mundanis separat a paleis,—*

or "for the benefit of country members."—As the precious corn is separated from worthless straw only by severe threshing, so by crosses and afflictions the true life of a nation is separated from its chaff. (Applause.) It required the dark days of a Republic to bring out such hero-characters as we



have found in Sherman, Thomas, Farragut, and that youngest but not least of the jewels gilding the bright crown of our war—Lieutenant Cushing, of the navy. (Loud applause.) These names are lights of our country, emulating in lustre the stars under which they fight, and capable of challenging—were history truly written—the demigods of mythology to a comparison of records:

*Æmula nomina stellis,  
Nomina quæ possent sollicitare deos!*

General Dix desired to endorse the eloquent and practical appeal of his honored friend, General Anderson, in behalf of founding a great National Soldiers' Home as the most fitting monument with which the American people can record their appreciation of the services of Generals Sherman and Thomas, and their gratitude to the Heavenly Father who has vouchsafed so much success to the efforts of their enterprise and genius. If there be any objects which should appeal to the public sympathy with irresistible force, it is such as we have daily presented in all the highways and byways of our land—crippled soldiers who have fought the battles of their country, yet are now reduced to sit on stoops and by the wayside, exposing their truncated limbs and honorable scars while asking for an *obolus*. (Emotion and

applause.) Every time these sights came before him—and they came too often—he was reminded of those most touching lines of the Latin poet:

*Per ego has lachrymas, dextramque tuam te,  
Si quidquam te merui, fuit aut tibi quidquam  
Dulce meum miserere mei!*

The soldier in his day of strength is a noble object. Satisfied of the justice of his cause, and filled with the thought that the peace, honor, and well-being of his country depend upon his prowess, he is regardless of death, and rushes upon hostile swords:

*Haud timet mortem, cupit ire in ipsos  
—Obvius enses!*

But when recoiling, faint with loss of blood, from the tempestuous onset, holding up in his left hand the shattered right arm that never again may strike for the cause as dear to him as life, or carried rearward with a broken thigh on one of those canvas stretchers already purple with the blood of dozens who have pressed it before him—Oh, then, if there be hearts in those at home to feel grateful for self-sacrifices, they should surround his couch of pain with everything that can mitigate his sufferings; and as he issues, alive but for

ever crippled, from the door of the hospital, they should be there to take him in their arms and comfort him with the assurance that the Nation in whose cause he has given the glory of his manhood, will provide him with an honorable and happy home during the balance of his life. (Applause and deep emotion.) Occupied as our chief authorities are in the main business of crushing the armed forces of the rebellion, allowance must be made for their neglect or inability to attend to such matters of after consideration and detail as this of a Soldiers' Home. They are troubled with many things; *nunc hæc nunc illa cogitant*; and they very possibly feel that while all their energies are directed to the front, the care of those who are permanently disabled in the nation's cause should be freely and proudly undertaken by the non-belligerent classes of our people. (Cries of "Hear, hear." A voice—"We accept the trust.")

General Dix had been led aside from his purpose of speaking directly to the object which had called them together; but if he knew General Sherman well, and he thought he did so, that officer would be the last to grudge any moments taken from his own praise to plead the cause of the gallant men who had been riddled with balls and pierced with bayonets since General Anderson first heard the hollow booming of the guns which announced the birth—*monstrum horrendum, ingens*,

*atque informe*—of this rebellion. (Loud applause, General Anderson bowing.) It was a good thing to praise men publicly who had been publicly deserving. It strengthened virtue, and gave it the additional stimulus of admiring sympathy:

*Laudataque virtus  
Crescit, et immensum gloria calcar habet.*

Or, again—for the benefit of members from the rural districts—applauded virtue grows by praise, and glory has a mighty impulse. (Loud cheers.) This impulse a generous people would not fail to supply abundantly to such true hero-hearts as Farragut and Sherman. (Loud applause.) The one has proved that an iron-clad admiral is superior to an iron-clad navy, *illi robur et æs triplex*—(applause and laughter)—while the other, like some new Colossus, has bestridden our continent from the mountain ranges of Tennessee to the long, shelving shores of the Atlantic, the thunderbolts of war in his right hand, and the olive branch of peace in the other, offering its shadow and protection to all who would again swear fealty to the banner which it is his noble mission to uphold. (Loud applause.) Before concluding, General Dix would briefly refer to his order directing our troops to pursue all rebel burglars and cut-throats across the Canadian frontier, if essential to their capture. (Shouts of

applause, the health of General Dix being proposed by a dozen voices, and receiving all the honors as if by universal impulse.) That order, they were aware, for which he felt proud to receive their plaudits, had been revoked; and to the decision which revoked it, he, as a soldier, bowed with all due humility. (Peals of derisive laughter, the General giving this last sentence, as Artemus Ward would say, "with intense suckkasm.") But in his private capacity he respectfully differed from those in authority over him as to the merits of the question when judged by the standard of international law. (Loud Cheers.) "The right of hot pursuit," as it is called, or as Grotius expresses it, *dum fervet opus*, is one of the best established in the code of international obligations. It was asserted by General Jackson against the Spaniards in regard to the frontiers of Florida; and it remained for our present Secretary of State to repudiate this great democratic authority in regard to Great Britain. (Patriots applaud again, with some hisses for the "little silver bell.") General Dix had no doubt that the policy which revoked his order might be abundantly justified by considerations of immediate expediency: but, if so, the revocation should have avowed as its motive a mere temporary pressure, rendering the present enforcement of the right impolitic, while broadly reaffirming as a principle "the right of

hot pursuit" which had formed the basis of his order. (Ringing applause, and cries of "Good, good." "We think as you do." "Their neutrality be damned," &c.) General Dix felt that, though the order had been revoked, it yet had its effect, and that effect a good one. He felt that in it he had reared himself a monument which should not pass away—*Exegi monumentum cere perennius*—and was already satisfied that the American people would do justice to his motives, and that history would date a new era in our relations with England from the promulgation of that order, in which he was happy to add, the honorable Secretary of War had most cordially supported him. (Intense applause, Mr. Brady proposing "Success to the Fenian Brotherhood: the day of our war with England enrolls every able-bodied true Irishman, both here and in Canada, under the banner of the Union!") General Dix felt that he had detained them longer than he had intended, and yet had done but scanty justice to his subject. For his classical quotations he pleaded the example of his Commander-in-Chief, the President; and all who heard him should believe that it was not the wish to do full justice to his subject which was wanting, but the long want of practice in speeches of this kind. *Non deerat voluntas sed facultas*. (Loud applause, amid which the General resumed his seat, being warmly complimented by Messrs.

Brady, O'Gorman, Van Buren, Doremus, Chamberlain, Frederick Hudson, and many others.)

AN ARMY AND NAVY TOAST—HEALTHS OF FARRAGUT AND THOMAS.

The joint healths of Admiral Farragut and General George H. Thomas were now formally proposed by General Hancock, and were drunk with all the honors, the whole company standing up, waving their napkins and cheering until the room rang again, while the band played eloquently

"Our army and our navy for ever,  
And the flag of the red, white, and blue!"

A SONG FROM GOV. ANDREW, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

*Apropos* to the toast they had just drunk, Mr. Van Buren would have much pleasure in calling upon their honored guest, Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, for a song or sentiment, earnestly hoping it might be the former. In addition to a memory so stored with songs and poems, that those who knew him could only wonder how he found room in his head for the many thousand other interests which so constantly pressed upon him, and of which, in all situations, he had proved himself so complete a master,—their friend, the

Governor, was blessed with a voice of unusual compass, flexibility, and culture; and although aware that he could rarely be tempted to display his vocal powers in public, the Chairman would still hope that the greatness of this occasion, their desire to pay all possible honor to the names that have been introduced, and the semi-private character of the entertainment, might induce their distinguished guest to relax his usual rule of silence. (Loud applause, and vehement urgings followed, with which Governor Andrew at last good-naturedly complied.)

The Governor is one of those broad-chested, large-throated men, with a noble baritone voice; and although he is, by repeated election, the special representative of a Puritan State, few of our most light-hearted youth could have given the following words with more drollery or fire.

"Play," he said, sending by one of the waiters to the bandmaster; "play that one of Moore's Melodies called 'Fill the Bumper Fair,' and I'll try what I can do with it. Gentlemen," he added, addressing the company, with a smile of infectious merriment; "You must be sure you never let my blue-light, Old Bay State constituents know what I have been doing." (Loud cries of "They shall never know it from us," with a suggestion from Colonel Hardie that General Dix should issue an order to "shoot on the spot" any reporter who

should be guilty of making public this deeply interesting incident. (Loud laughter.)

Governor Andrew then cleared his throat with a glass of Muscatelle, and sang as follows. He called it his

#### SONG OF THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

Fill the bumper high,  
Showing, without shrinking,  
Patriotic joy  
By patriotic drinking!  
Sherman's noble host  
Well they keep their promise,  
But, for a bully toast,  
We drink the health of Thomas!

*Chorus*—Fill the bumper high, &c.

Bumpers to the brink!  
Scarce can we determine  
Whether we should drink  
To Thomas or to Sherman?  
We cannot pause or wait,  
'Tis cold and wintry weather,  
And so, to end debate,  
We'll drink 'em both together!  
*Chorus*—Fill the bumper high, &c.

With them let us mix  
Others you are wishing—  
Here's to those naval bricks,  
Farragut and Cushing!

May our heroes' choice,  
O'er land and ocean straying,  
Blend as does my voice  
With the music playing!

*Chorus*—Fill the bumper high, &c.

Fill again—who recks?  
Our last shall be a thumper;  
To Stanton's beard and specs  
We pledge the present bumper!  
Quick! the bottles pass!  
Old Time is slipping from us;  
Let's pledge a final glass  
To Farragut and Thomas!

*Chorus*—Fill the bumper high, &c.

#### A BAY STATE TRIUMPH—HOW THE SONG WAS RECEIVED.

No song that we have heard for many years could be pronounced, including all its accessories, a more decided triumph than this; all the company, with the exception of the two reverend gentlemen present, joining enthusiastically in the chorus, which was led by Captain Barstow, A.D.C., and Messrs. Theodore and R. B. Roosevelt, who have voices of great compass and delightful culture. On its conclusion a number of gentlemen pressed round Governor Andrew with congratulations and thanks, prominent among whom we noticed Dr. Durant, of the Pacific Railroad; Col.

Frank E. Howe, of the New England Relief Rooms; Colonel Sandford, of the American Telegraph; and S. L. M. Barlow, Esq., gold controller and democratic politician, of Madison Square and William street.

SLIGHT ODOR OF COPPER—MR. O'GORMAN SPEAKS.

Mr. Richard O'Gorman, being now called for, desired briefly to remark that, in every word that had fallen from the gallant and learned gentleman (bowing to General Dix) who had addressed them just previous to the pleasure (bowing to Governor Andrew) they had just had, he (Mr. O'Gorman) desired most cordially to concur—(applause)—perhaps most cordially in those portions of the General's glowing peroration which referred to the "right of hot pursuit" over British soil; and to General Sherman as holding the "olive branch" in one hand, while wielding a sword in the other. (Applause, and some dissent.) The olive was a briny vegetable, which, to-night, they had all found pleasant with their wine (applause and merriment); but about the metaphorical "olive branch," to which General Dix had made allusion, no trace of bitterness, or "the salt rheum of grief," could be found. It was the healer of miseries; the only fan by which eventually the briny tears of our civil discord could be dried away. There was a

time for the sword and a time for the olive branch, and he rejoiced in the victories they had met to celebrate. But, brilliant as were our late successes, he feared they could never be made to blossom into the peace of a restored Union, unless properly supported by liberal and catholic proffers of amnesty, oblivion, and the restoration of civil rights. (Applause and some dissent.)

OIL ("OLIVE") ON THE TROUBLED WATERS.

The Chairman desired to state that, if he were called upon to express his opinions, he would concur with every sentiment uttered by the last speaker, whom he hoped to see elected Counsel to the Corporation next year. But as they had met to pay honor to two gallant and successful soldiers, and as he saw around him men of all political creeds, it might be best to avoid the discussion of such topics; and he would therefore call upon Captain Blake, of the headquarters in Bleecker street, for one of those humorous Irish songs which had made him so famous in the social circle. All knew that the Blakes, Burkes, and Bodkins, were the three great Galway families; and he would beg to introduce to the company his friend Captain Blake as a worthy representative of that Milesian ilk.

CAPTAIN BLAKE, A.D.C., OF GALWAY—A SONG FOR  
HIS SUPPER.

Captain Blake, who is tall and sinewy, with a Wellington nose, and hair of that peculiar tinge now so popular at the Parisian Court and with all our hairdressers, at once complied with the request—only hesitating a moment as to whether he should “rowl out” for them the *Cruiskeen Lawn*, the *Shann Van Voght*, or the *Suil, Suil, Suil Aroon*, in his native Irish tongue; or the “Groves of Blarney” in Anglo-Saxon. Being told, however, that, after the flood of foreign learning in a preceding speech, the company would not now object to a little English, and learning also that the “Groves of Blarney” must be held in reserve to be sung by Judge John R. Brady, the gallant Captain decided upon another lyric—supposed to be from the pen of Private Miles O'Reilly, Forty-seventh regiment, New York Volunteers—a copy of which we subjoin. He sang it to the air of “How happy could I be with either,” and it was called:

## MY STRONG WAKENESS FOR WIDDIES.

Arrah, none o' your boordin' school misses,  
Your sweet, timid craythurs for me,  
Who rave about cupid an' blisses,  
Yet know not what ayther may be;

I don't feel at all sintimintal,  
For romance I care niver a rap,  
But give me a plump, jolly, an' gintle  
Young widdy in weeds an' a cap.

To her I would offer my juty,  
For in thruth all belief it exceeds,  
To see how the blossom o' beauty  
Is hoighthened by peepin' from weeds!  
She is armed *cap-a-pie* for the struggle,  
To her cap I a captive belong,  
And the charm of her shly little ogle  
Is a challenge to coortship an' song!

The thremors o' girlhood are over,  
Love's blossom has ripened to fruit,  
An' her firsht love, ashleep undher clover,  
Is the sile where my passion sthrikes root;  
It is pleasant to know the departed  
Was tindherly cared to the last,  
An' that she will not die broken-hearted  
If I should pop off just as fast!

Her timper is never so restive,  
Her juty she knows; an' a shape  
Is never so sweetly suggestive  
As whin it peeps out undher crape;  
The girl wears wan ring whin she marries  
In proof she all others discards,  
But the widdy-wife, wiselier, carries  
A pair o' these marital guards.

An' so, none o' your boordin' school misses,  
Your sweet, timid craythurs for me,

Who rave about cupid an' blisses,  
 Yet know not what ayther may be;  
 I don't feel at all sintimintal,  
 Nor care I for Byron a rap—  
 So give me a plump, jolly, an' gintle  
 Young widdy in weeds an' a cap!

Every stanza of the foregoing called forth its full share of applause and merriment, Prince John Van Buren remarking that a copy should at once be sent to General Joe Hooker, who, as he heard, was about marrying a fair widow hailing from Cincinnati, Chicago, or some of our western villages.

#### GEN. HOOKER ABOUT ASSUMING A NEW COMMAND.

Senator Conness begged to correct the honorable gentleman who had spoken last. The intended bride of "Fighting Joe" was young, ardent, beautiful, and in the first sweet roseate flush of her maiden purity. "She loved Joe for the perils he had passed, and he loved her because she pitied him." The marriage would take place before the crocus broke through the snows of our earliest spring; and General Hooker, lifted into the seventh heaven of his desires, would have another "battle above the clouds." (Roars of laughter.)

Mr. O'Gorman only desired to protest against

the quotation Mr. Conness had used—a quotation from the scandalous play of Othello, describing the marriage of a colored soldier to the white daughter of a Venetian Senator. He regarded that play as the earliest "miscegenation document" of our last campaign for the Presidency. (Loud laughter and applause, the Rev. Mr. Beecher crying "A hit—a most palpable hit!")

#### SECRETARY STANTON ON THE RAMPAGE—HIS LETTER TO MR. BRADY.

In response to repeated invitations, Mr. James T. Brady said that he had no speech to make, but would gladly read to them a letter from Secretary Stanton, which he had received just as he was leaving home that evening to attend this patriotic festival. It was a good letter, and had in it all its writer's characteristic brevity and point. It ran as follows:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, Dec. 29, 1864.

MY DEAR BRADY—Yours of the 16th, covering an invitation of the New York National Club, to pay honor to Generals Sherman and Thomas, has come to hand; but I cannot be with you, though the movement has all my sympathies. We had great difficulty in finding the right kind of tools at first; but they are now being discovered by experience: and in Sherman and Thomas, as you say, we have two of the keenest edge and finest mettle. Even had I time, why should I attend your festival? Things are



all going well to-day; and it is only when disaster happens that the Secretary of War is asked after or remembered by an indignant public.

Your sincere friend,

EDWIN M. STANTON.

The laconic and tart humor of this characteristic note created much amusing comment; Governor Andrew remarking that the sting of the affair could not, fortunately, apply to him, as he had made honorable mention of Mr. Stanton's beard and spectacles in his "Song of the Christmas Holidays." (Loud laughter.)

#### ENTRANCE OF THE TWELVE CHORISTERS.

Just at this moment the door on the chairman's right was flung open, and Mr. Stuart, of the Winter Garden, appeared, ushering in twelve happy-looking boys arrayed as choristers. They were all attired in white linen surplices, with clerical sleeves, small red woollen hoods hanging back between their shoulders, and a broad blue band of satin passing round the neck of each and falling down in double lappels over the white surplice until almost touching the ground. Each of these little fellows carried a bouquet in his hand, and as they filed off in sixes, half upon each side of Prince Van Buren's chair, at the head of the table, the tableau was extremely picturesque, and created not a little surprise.

#### INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY MR. STUART.

Mr. Stuart explained that, on behalf of the Club, of which he was an unworthy member, he had volunteered to superintend the production of a little choral duet, or New Year's anthem, appropriate to the happy prospects of peace we have now before us. The words of this choral duet, or anthem—he scarcely knew what to call it—he believed he would commit no indiscretion in stating, had been furnished by one of the reverend gentlemen at present in this room. (Questioning looks from the guests toward Mr. Beecher and the Rev. Morgan Dix, but neither made any sign.) With the good leave of the company—all of whom he should be delighted to see at the Winter Garden any evening, or at his sea-side villa near New London, on any Friday afternoon they could run down to spend a couple of days with him—he would now call upon the first chorus of his young and interesting charge to commence, the band being requested to accompany them slowly, and only on their softest instruments. (Hushed applause, the company evidently awaiting with much curiosity and interest to hear what was to come.)

#### SONG OF THE CHORISTERS.

The little choristers being divided into two equal bands, the first chorus of six sang the first

two of the following stanzas; the second chorus of six, the next two; and then all twelve sweet young voices joined in giving pathos and sublimity to the two final verses. It was, like all that Mr. Stuart produces, "an immense success"—its idea having been given to him by some "games of Christmas" that he had long ago witnessed at the house of his honored friend, Mr. Gladstone, the celebrated English scholar, orator, and statesman. With these matters explained before-hand, —thus bringing the whole scene before the reader as vividly as it was brought before the guests,—we now give the words of this peculiar and striking anthem, which was sung to the well known old English air of "Art Thou not Fondly My Own :"—

#### ANTHEM OF PEACE AND WAR.

##### *First Chorus of Six Voices.*

We have watched through the weariest midnights  
That curtained our hope of Peace;  
We have waded the deepest waters  
That ran between us and Peace;  
We have climbed o'er the roughest mountains  
That rose between us and Peace!

It hath cost us woes unnumbered,  
This promise we have of Peace;  
Labors and bitter privations  
Because there was no Peace;

And the bones of our bravest bleaching  
On fields that were not of Peace!

##### *Second Chorus of Six Voices.*

Famine and red-eyed murder  
Are leashed in the hands of War;  
Walls that are blackened and roofless  
Lie in the wake of War;  
The worm and the flapping buzzard—  
Oh, these are the Kings of War!

Hollow-eyed women are weeping  
The waste and the scourge of War;  
Wringing their pitiful fingers  
And wailing the woes of War;  
As their children wither around them  
Beneath the wan blight of War!

##### *Full Chorus of Twelve Voices.*

Oh, wives, with your husbands in battle,  
Think, think of the day of Peace!  
Oh, mothers, with sons in battle,  
Cling close to the hope of Peace!  
Oh, little ones, needing your fathers,  
Pray, pray for the hour of Peace!

Glory to God in the Highest!  
He giveth us promise of Peace!  
He will not be wrathful for ever,  
He yet will restore to us Peace—  
We see from the Wings of His Healing  
Down flutter the White Dove of Peace!

## PRESENTATION OF BOUQUETS BY THE CHORISTERS.

This anthem was received with the compliment of breathless attention during its progress; and fervent, but not noisy approval, as the echoes of the last lines died slowly away, as if trembling reluctantly into silence. Mr. Stuart received the thanks, and his young charge the compliments, of all present—six of the young choristers then filing off and presenting their bouquets to General Anderson, the first hero of our war; and the others giving one bouquet each to the three senior military and three senior naval officers who were present. In their dresses of "red, white and blue," and with their young, bright, happy faces, this scene was not only pretty, but impressive to a degree seldom realized. The eyes of General Anderson filled with happy tears, and his voice was quite broken with emotion as he attempted to thank and address them.

## LAST SCENE OF ALL—BREAKING UP OF A DELIGHTFUL PARTY.

The conclusion of this ceremony appeared the signal for a breaking up of the graver part of the audience; Generals Dix, Hunter, and Anderson, Governor Andrew, the reverend gentlemen, and many others at once retiring—as shortly after did

your reporter, being in a hurry to prepare these notes. When he left, Dr. Durant was discoursing about the Adirondacks; George Francis Train about the Pacific Railroad; Captain Fox about Monitor-built Iron-clads; General Webb about bounty-swindling in New York, and the operations of Gen. F. B. Spinola in that connection at Lafayette Hall; Mr. Dana, with General Hart-suff, on the true principles of strategy; while Swinton was growing eloquent and pugnacious (all by himself) over Hooker's fight at Lookout Mountain. Messrs. Brady, Pierrepont, Van Buren, Barlow and the other young bucks of that ilk kept sloshing around indiscriminately, each satisfied that his own speech was a capital speech and full of interest, and that if all the others in the room would not stop talking to listen to it—why so much the worse for them!

Thus endeth our account of one of the pleasantest and most perfectly successful public entertainments we have attended in many years; but we feel that our account of this noble banquet would be imperfect if we failed here to insert the powerful and brilliant editorial in which, on the same date, the veteran Editor of the *Herald* called attention to the feast and its importance, both in relation to the Soldiers' Home and our relations with France and England. Thus wrote Mr. Bennett:

"We call the attention of all patriotic and

charitable citizens to the eloquent appeal of General Robert Anderson and the eruditely splendid oration of Major-General Dix, elsewhere published, in favor of the immediate establishment of a great National Soldiers' Home, as the fittest monument that can be raised in token of our gratitude as a people for the recent blessings of victory which have been borne to us on the standards of Generals Sherman and Thomas. It is clear enough from Dr. Agnew's letter, published yesterday, that nothing in the way of making a permanent provision for our disabled heroes can be hoped for from the Sanitary Commission, whose resources are represented to be already overtaxed. It therefore becomes the duty of all our patriotic fellow-citizens to at once commence organizing a committee having this matter of a National Soldiers' Home for the objective point of its beneficent campaign, there being already a grand nucleus for such a charity to gather around, in the legacy of one million dollars from the Roosevelt estate, which the members of that loyal and distinguished family are anxious to devote to such a purpose, as was stated by Mr. R. B. Roosevelt, on their behalf, at the banquet of the New York National Club last evening.

"The speech of General Dix, and more especially that portion of it referring to our difficulties with Canada will be read with intense interest,

both in the British provinces and empire. It is the utterance of a frank and accomplished soldier, paying implicit obedience to the authority which revoked his recent order, but still not afraid to reassert, with firmness and dignity, his individual judgment in favor of a stronger and less hesitating course. The tumultuous applause with which this portion of the General's speech was received, by an audience embracing representative men of all ranks and classes, should be a lesson not without significance and results to Mr. Secretary Seward."

## FALL OF FORT FISHER.

HOW THE NEWS WAS RECEIVED IN THE CITY—  
PRIVATE O'REILLY ON A RAMPAGE.

*From the Herald, Jan. 18, 1865.*

THE city was startled yesterday about noon by the cheering news of the fall of Fort Fisher. It was so unexpected by the people, and so sudden, that the effect was electric. As usual on such occasions, the bulletin-boards were crowded, the extras were in demand, and the victory was the subject of general congratulation in the public offices and other places of resort. Criticisms on General Butler and his previous *fiasco* were numerous, and hardly just in this particular; but the compliments to General Grant were numerous and flattering, and General Terry was not forgotten. There was a general inquiry of "What next?" and the thirst for news was only sharpened not quenched.

We are deeply chagrined, however, upon a festive occasion of this kind, to be obliged to record the fact that a person of whom we have heretofore tried to think well, should have brought himself to sudden grief by giving way to a too liberal

spirit of rejoicing—the "spirit," especially—on account of the success of his old commander, General A. H. Terry. We refer to that eccentric warrior and bard of the old Tenth Army Corps, Private Miles O'Reilly, Forty-seventh Regiment New York Volunteer Infantry, who, about nine o'clock last evening, was arrested on the complaint of Mr. George Roberts, proprietor of the American Club House, corner of Seventeenth street and Broadway, charged with disorderly and riotous conduct, the use of much profane language, and a general challenge to any one who would tread on the tail of his coat, or knock an imaginary chip off his shoulder.

It seems that Private O'Reilly, in a state of high excitement, entered the premises of Mr. Roberts about eight P. M., with a large crowd at his heels, all of whom he insisted upon treating; while in return they were patiently waiting to hear him sing a song he had just composed in honor of the capture of Fort Fisher. All the efforts of Mr. Roberts, and several of his friends who were present, were inadequate to clear the room of this noisy and undesirable company, who were vociferous in their demands that "the boy should be let sing his song out"—a demand which they enforced by threatening to break the decanters and mirrors (two of which were cracked in the final scuffle), if any interference were attempted. Mr. Roberts on this,

seeing present resistance to be vain, appeared to submit contentedly, only taking the precaution, while Miles was singing, to send down to police headquarters in Mulberry street for a detachment of the Broadway squad to clear the premises. The crowd, having thus secured a temporary possession of the bar and billiard-rooms, proceeded to help themselves indiscriminately to all the liquors they desired—Mr. Roberts, as his only means of keeping his house from being gutted, directing the two bar-keepers to give the mob all they asked for. The whole rabble being thus bounteously supplied, Private O'Reilly was lifted upon the table usually occupied as a cigar stand, and sang as follows:

SHERRY, TERRY AND PORTER—A LYRIC OF MIXED LIQUORS.

Let us drink in golden sherry !  
 As we oft have drank before,  
 Let us drink to General Terry,  
 Long of head and body—very ;  
 To our own, dear Alfred Terry,  
 Of the old Tenth Army Corps !

Mixing drinks is dangerous—very,  
 Bringing headaches we deplore ;  
 But to Porter, feeling merry,  
 We drink deep in golden sherry—  
 Be it long ere Charon's wherry  
 That grim Admiral ferries o'er !

Fill to Porter and to Terry,  
 They are names that we adore ;  
 From Connecticut to Kerry,  
 Some in grog and some in sherry,  
 "To the Admiral and to Terry"—  
 Deep libations let us pour !

Bring the picks, and let us bury  
 On New England's rugged shore,  
 General Butler, who is very  
 Far from feeling extra merry,  
 As he reads about Alf. Terry,  
 Of the old Tenth Army Corps !

Mr. Lincoln, who is very  
 Deeply skilled in classic lore,  
 Is devoted to his "Terry"—  
 His "Terentius Afer," very ;  
 But we better like Alf. Terry,  
 Of the old Tenth Army Corps !

These absurd verses—mere doggrel when critically examined—the noisy and much excited crowd appeared to relish extremely, and persisted in encoring many times, the room growing more densely packed every moment, as the orgie proceeded, by swarms of idle passers-by, who were attracted within by the singing, vociferations, stampings, and other indications of a "real good time" going on. At length, just as the choral but rather unsteady Private was commencing the song again for the fifth or sixth time, Sergeant Young,

chief of the detectives, appeared upon the scene, followed by some half-dozen of the burly Broadway squad, and an immediate scattering followed, the police (who were all heavy men in need of "Banting,") being only able to take three prisoners—one Luke Clark, of the Fifth Ward; James O'Reilly, of the Sixteenth Ward, a cousin to the boy Miles; and Private Miles himself—the latter insisting vigorously that he had only been "amusing" his mind by a patriotic ditty," and threatening the policemen who were carrying him off to the station-house with Fort Lafayette for an unlimited number of years, "whiniver his Riverence's Excellency, the President, should hear what kind of a game they had been up to."

The trial of these parties—continued the *Herald*—will take place this morning at the Tombs, being set down for eleven o'clock, and will doubtless be largely attended. Mr. Roberts estimates his loss in liquors and broken furniture at about five hundred and eighty dollars, which the county will, in all probability, be eventually taxed to pay. The last heard of O'Reilly, last evening, he was extremely noisy in his cell and was bellowing snatches of military and patriotic ditties to the great annoyance of various somnolent policemen who were on duty in the station-house, as also of the more peaceful, respectable, and quietly disposed of his fellow-prisoners. Of the songs he thus

sang, we have only room at present for the following, which he declares to have been written by one Corporal Florence Mulcahy, of some Connecticut regiment:

#### HOW WE TALK AT OUR CAMP FIRES.

We have heard the rebel yell,  
We have given the Union shout,  
We have weighed the matter very well  
And mean to fight it out;  
In victory's happy glow,  
In the gloom of utter rout,  
We have pledged ourselves—"Come weal or woe,  
We fight this quarrel out."

'Tis now too late to question  
What brought the war about,  
'Tis a thing of pride and passion,  
And we mean to fight it out;  
Let the big-wigs use the pen,  
Let them caucus, let them spout,  
We are half a million weaponed men  
And mean to fight it out.

Our dead, our loved, are crying  
From many a stormed redoubt,  
In the swamps and trenches lying—  
"Oh, comrades, fight it out!  
'Twas our comfort as we fell  
To hear your gathering shout,  
Rolling back the rebels' weaker yell—  
God-speed you, fight it out!"

The collud pusson—free or slave—

We care no curse about,

But for the flag our fathers gave

We mean to fight it out;

And while that banner brave

One rebel rag shall flout,

With volleying arm and flashing glaive

We fight the quarrel out!

Oh, we've heard the rebel yell,

We have given the Union shout,

We know all the sounds of battle,

And we mean to fight it out;

In the flush of perfect triumph,

And the gloom of utter rout,

We have sworn on many a bloody field

"By Heaven! we fight it out!"

## THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

THEORY OF THE ORBITS OF POWER.

*From the New York Herald, February 27, 1865.*

THAT history is continually repeating itself is not a remarkably new observation; but is one, the truth of which is so continually forced upon us, that again and again it rises to our lips or trickles from our pen as if spontaneously. "What has been shall be, and what is has been," may be taken as a summary of the entire history of the earth, both in its past and in its prophetic applications. The same causes operating upon similar nations invariably produce like results; and if the Emperor of the French, in place of writing books about Julius Cæsar, would only condescend to study the history and results of the three Punic wars, he might learn from the fate of Carthage in that struggle a lesson of unspeakable value at the present time to the prospects of his dynasty.

The Roman commonwealth, like our own, had established a regular Monroe Doctrine for all the islands and lands adjacent to it; and indeed for its own, or the European side of the Mediterranean. It had its own orbit of power, and was content



that Carthage should sway the destinies of Africa, and be its great commercial rival on the seas; but as to allowing Carthage, or any other Power, to come as a disturbing element within its own sphere of political action, or to meddle with the affairs either of Italy or the dependencies of the Italian Peninsula, or to cross the Mediterranean and establish ascendancy in any of the countries on the European side adjoining Rome, "Why that,"—said the Conscript Fathers, very gravely—"that would be an infringement of our Monroe Doctrine; and we hereby pledge our lives, our honors, and our sacred fortunes, that we will give our last man and our last dollar rather than submit to any such intermeddling."

This resolution of the Roman Senate was doubtless forwarded with all due formalities to the Carthaginian Gerusia, or Council of State; but the Gerusians committed the very egregious blunder of believing that the Senators of the Seven-Hilled City were only talking for buncombe in this particular declaration. They did not, or could not realize that the Monroe Doctrine of those days lay at the very roots of the Roman character; and that, no matter how long its professors might be compelled by domestic trouble or rebellion to hold it in subordination, and keep it out of sight, the very moment they could attain peace and stable government at home, all their efforts and sacrifices

would instantly be turned towards a vigorous and relentless enforcement of Prince Henry's darling theory:

Two stars keep not their courses in one sphere,  
Nor can one England brook the double reign  
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

These facts and these passions the Gerusians of Carthage appeared as utterly to overlook as the French Emperor seems to be overlooking, or ignoring, similar facts and similar passions in the present day, with regard to ourselves. Finding the Romans involved in a succession of civil wars and domestic troubles, the Carthaginians first seized upon Sardinia, after a fierce struggle, and subsequently upon Syracuse, in both of which fruitful islands they established friendly governments and most wealthy colonies—Rome the while looking on grimly, but without power to interfere.

At length—disembarrassed of her civil troubles, and probably regarding, as we shall soon, a foreign war as offering the best means for reuniting her lately belligerent component parts—the Roman republic, about two hundred and sixty years before the commencement of the Christian era, gave ear to the cry of the Messinians, upon whose soil the Carthaginians were attempting a fresh violation of the Monroe Doctrine. War was at once declared with all proper pomp, and pushed with

every energy of the Roman people. In a year Syracuse was rescued from beneath the shadow of foreign domination; the Romans, heretofore without a navy, built an enormous fleet; and, in the twenty-second year of this first War for the Monroe Doctrine, after the Carthaginians had been defeated in a heavy sea fight by the Romans under Vice-Admiral Lutatius Catulus, the Gerusians of Carthage "gave a receipt for the maize," so to speak—acknowledged the Monroe Doctrine of the Roman republic in its full integrity, withdrew from all islands and territories on the European side of the Mediterranean, released all Roman prisoners without ransom, and finally paid a very handsome sum towards defraying the expenses of this war for the vindication of the orbit of Roman power—or the Monroe Doctrine of the present day.

The second Punic war had a similar origin, and was waged on the Roman side for the vindication of the self-same principle. The Carthaginians and their mercenaries, under Hannibal, captured Saguntum, a town on the eastern coast of Spain, and consequently on that side of the Mediterranean which the Romans claimed to be within the exclusive orbit of their empire. "Two stars hold not their courses in one sphere;" nor, in the case of two great and progressive nationalities, can one infringe upon the circuit or orbit of the other without leading to inevitable and most disastrous collisions.

This truth neither the Carthaginian wise men of old nor the French Emperor at the present day have shown any ability to realize. The second Punic war, commenced at Saguntum, lasted for sixteen years, with varying fortunes—two of the greatest generals the world has ever seen, Hannibal, on behalf of the Carthaginians and Conquest, and Scipio Africanus, shouting the battle-cry of Rome and the Monroe Doctrine, being opposed to each other up to the battle of Zama, in which the cohorts of the "Gerusians" went heavily to the ground. Carthage was then stripped of all her navy, except ten triremes, or first-class vessels of war; was deprived of every inch of her foreign territory, and was compelled to pay a heavy tribute for some years towards defraying the expenses of her conqueror.

The third Punic war was short, sharp, and decisive. The "Gerusians" of Carthage apparently could not or would not learn wisdom from the past, but still kept intermeddling at every opportunity with affairs and with territories which clearly fell within the orbit or grand circle of the progress of the Roman Empire. At length went forth the dread decree, *delenda est Carthago*, or Carthage is to be blotted out—an order terribly and brutally executed by Major-General Scipio Æmilianus on behalf of the Romans, the walls and houses of the city being razed to their very founda-

tions, and all of Africa that once owned the sway of Carthage becoming thenceforth annexed as a Roman province. Such was the fate, in ancient times, of the country which would not respect the "Monroe Doctrine" of a growing and powerful republic—that doctrine, in a word, which forbids any foreign Power to intrude itself within the orbit of another, if it be wished to avoid collisions.

In these days of steam the Atlantic is no more to our navies than was the Mediterranean to the galleys and triremes of the ancient *Pœni* and *Qui-rites* of Africa and Italy. The so-called Monroe Doctrine is not a new-fangled American discovery or claim, but an eternal principle essential to the preservation of peace between all progressive nations. We must, at any cost, keep the orbit through which our star of empire has to move, free from all foreign obstructions or interference. With peace reëstablished at home, we shall need employment for several hundred thousand soldiers, drawn from both armies, who have accepted the military calling as the profession of their lives. We cannot with honor, and we cannot with safety, permit the erection of a vast French colony on our Southern frontier—for to that Maximilian's empire amounts, and to nothing more—and it is now for the French Emperor to say, knowing how unstable in France are the elements beneath his throne, whether he will challenge us to a modern

Punic war, in which will inevitably go forth the decree—not, indeed, that Paris is to be blotted out and France annexed—that the Napoleonic dynasty shall be suppressed and kicked into obscurity as common disturbers of the peace of the human family, and of the grand imperial orbit of the "manifest destiny" of these United States.

"NEWS FROM PARNASSUS."

UNDER this attractive heading a paper called *Mrs. Grundy* signalized her first issue by a gross attack on the literary character of a somewhat notorious contributor to the columns of this paper—THE NEW YORK CITIZEN. What the Old Lady meant by it, we are at a loss to imagine. We never trod on her toes, injured her umbrella, poked fun at her poke-bonnet, or mislaid her pattens. On the contrary, our notices of her *début* were most generous—perhaps far more kindly than she deserved; and should have been paid for at five dollars a line: but no such price, nor price of any kind, was given. Fancy our feelings, then, when we found the Old Lady, in her very first issue, thus accusing poor Private O'Reilly of plagiarism, piracy, "private-eering," and other nameless offences. The following is the attack, which we reproduce *verbatim* before appending our reply:

"LITERARY PRIVATE-EERING.

"Of all impositions on a confiding public, literary deceptions are perhaps the most odious. The man who obtains money by false pretences is liable to legal punishment. But before what court, other

than that of public opinion; can we arraign the obtainer, on false pretences, of literary fame?

"Into these reflections we have been led by the receipt of a letter from the Reverend and Venerable Father Gulielmus Henricus Au-Relius, an eminent and learned monk of the Huron Theological Institute, in Canada West, calling attention to the fact that certain songs relative to our late war are now obtaining currency, both here and in Europe, as original productions; whereas, in fact, they are but poor translations from certain of the less known Latin poets of the Second Empire.

"As a very flagrant instance of this species of misappropriation, father Au-Relius sends us the original *Militum Carmen*, from the works of Claudius Claudianus (*Amsterdam edition* by Burmann, 1760), the last of the Latin Classic Poets, who flourished in the time of Theodosius, enjoying the patronage of the Empress Serena, and who finally had a statue of honor erected to his memory in the Forum of Trajan.

"This beautiful relic of antique genius, which originally appeared in the *De bello Gildonico*—an unfinished historical poem, by Claudianus, on the war in Africa against Gildo—has been rather poorly translated quite recently, and has obtained wide currency in literature as the 'Song of the Soldiers,' its translator—one Soldier O'Reilly, or Miles Au-Relius, as the learned Father calls him

—impudently palming off his coarse English rendering as an effort of his own muse.

"Here is the true *Militum Carmen* of Claudianus; and that every reader may be able to judge for himself how grossly it has suffered in the Miles Au-Relian or O'Reillyan translation, we follow it with the lame English version of the classical 'Private,' who must hereafter change his title to that of 'Pirate' in the minds of all scholarly men:

" 'MILITUM CARMEN.

" 'Agmine in crebro comites probati,  
Cogniti multis socii periclis,  
Semper ut fratres memori fideles  
Corde revincti.

" 'Distrahat vulnus maciesque turpis,  
Distrahat jussu subito Imperator,  
Accidat quidvis, sumus usque fido  
Pectore fratres.

" 'Cogniti vincolo fidei serenæ,  
Morte in extremâ socii probati,  
Cogimur fratrum pietate sacrâ  
Omne per ævum.

" 'Sin Deus plures hiemes det æquus,  
Stabimus fortes acieque rectâ,  
Semper et fraternus amor calebit  
Pectore in imo.

" 'Per fidem signi laceri duello,  
Per fidem signi dominantis orbem,  
Jungimur vincolo fidei tenaci  
Semper eodem.

" 'Symbolum, partes, nihilum valebunt,  
Lingua nec gentes diriment amorem,  
Accidat quidvis, aquilæ tonantis  
Inclyta proles.'

" 'SONG OF THE SOLDIERS.

["*Translation of the foregoing, audaciously claimed as original by PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.*"]

" 'Comrades known in marches many,  
Comrades tried in dangers many,  
Comrades bound by memories many,  
Brothers evermore are we;  
Wounds or sickness may divide us,  
Marching orders may divide us,  
But, whatever fate betide us,  
Brothers of the heart are we.

" 'Comrades known by faith the clearest,  
Tried when death was near and nearest,  
Bound we are by ties the dearest,  
Brothers evermore to be;  
And, if spared and growing older,  
Shoulder still in line with shoulder,  
And with hearts no thrill the colder,  
Brothers ever we shall be.

"By communion of the banner,  
 Battle-scarred but victor banner,  
 By the baptism of the banner,  
     Brothers of one church are we;  
 Creed nor faction can divide us;  
 Race nor language can divide us;  
 Still, whatever fate betide us,  
     Brothers of the heart are we!"

"May we not well say of this: 'The force of impudence can no farther go?' Not only is the translation a poor and decrepit one, but some of its finest ideas—

———"aquilæ tonantis  
     Incluta proles,"—

for example, are wholly omitted and ignored.

"In some subsequent issue, we shall call attention to yet other Classical Piracies of the same kind by this and other putative authors, the subject being enormously prolific; insomuch that very nearly one-half the popular songs of the present day, for which certain of our *illuminati* receive credit as original, will be found, on competent examination, to be mere translations, of more or less merit, from certain neglected authors, writing in the Latin, Greek, Irish, Sanscrit, Gaelic, Slavonian, or other 'unknown tongues.'"

To the foregoing charge our answer is as follows: We want to see that "Amsterdam Edition

by Burmann, 1760," of the works of Claudius Claudianus before losing faith in the honor of our eccentric Milesian Boy. General Dix informs us that he has searched his edition of Claudianus, and all the editions in the Astor Library, but no such verses can be found therein; and Mr. Alexander T. Stewart—a very excellent classical scholar, who has held on to his early studies and accomplishments through a life of the most successful labor in the whole history of commerce—has distinctly authorized us to offer the handsome sum of \$10,000 "for any not forged edition of the poet in question," or any other "of the less known Latin poets of the Second Empire" containing the *Militum Carmen* as above quoted.

Has not the "Reverend and Venerable Father Gulielmus Henricus Au-Relius," who is described by *Mrs. Grundy* as "an eminent and learned monk of the Huron Theological Institute, in Canada West"—has not that pious and exemplary man been rather poking some classical fun at the Old Lady, which the Old Lady may have taken too literally? In a word—Is the English a translation from the Latin of Claudius Claudianus, who lived more than a thousand years ago; or is the Latin of Claudianus a translation from the English of Private Miles, who is alive and kicking to-day—and somewhat anxious, were she not a woman, to kick *Mrs. Grundy*?

The original family name of the O'Reillys, as is well known, was Au-Relius—the Boy Miles claiming an unbroken lineal descent from Marcus Au-Relius Antoninus, who succeeded to the Roman Empire on the death of Antoninus Pius, whose daughter, Festina, this Marcus O'Reilly had previously espoused. It is from the paternal side, therefore, the Boy professes to derive his devotion to philosophy and literature; while the pious part of his character comes to him through his ancestress, the Empress Festina, whose father was known in life as Antony the Pius—or "Praying Tony," as the Boy irreverently styles him. Now, is it not just possible that this "Father Gulielmus Henricus Au-Relius," of the Huron University, may be some disappointed member of the O'Reilly family—perhaps a near relative—who is jealous of the success of our humble soldier-poet, and takes this surreptitious method of attempting to injure him in *Mrs. Grundy's* and the public's estimation? So clearly is this our own view of the case, that we "see" Mr. A. T. Stewart's offer of \$10,000 for that Amsterdam volume, and "go twenty thousand dollars better!" Will Father William Henry O'Reilly, of Canada West, send us on his proofs?

## BOUNTY-SWINDLING AS ONE OF THE FINE ARTS.

ITS ORIGIN AND OFFICERS IN THE DAYS OF KING  
HENRY IV.

[From the *New York Herald*, Dec. 25th, 1864.]

To say that many of the public men and most of the newspapers of the day are great nincompoops, would be merely to state a truism with which every intelligent American is already as familiar as with his creed. We have an illustration of this in regard to the fuss that is being everywhere made about "bounty swindling," as if it were "a new crime," a "heretofore unheard of atrocity," which was born within the last year and a half, and received its first pap within the precincts of a New York drinking-house.

Now the fact is, that we first hear of "bounty-swindling as one of the fine arts" in the reign of King Henry IV. of England, the headquarters in which it originated being those of Brigadier-General Sir John Falstaff, and their location the tavern of "mine hostess Quickly," in Cheapside, London,

and not in the headquarters of Brigadier-General F. B. Spinola at Lafayette Hall in the city of New York. The facts of this interesting historical case are about as follows:—Jefferson Hotspur had raised an insurrection in the Northern counties of England, as Jefferson Davis has since raised an insurrection in the Southern States of our country. Jeff. Hotspur expected help from Owen Glendower, of Wales, from Northumberland, France, and various other foreign and domestic potentates, just as Jeff. Davis recently expected help from France, England, and the domestic Longs, Voorheeses and Vollandighams of the great North-west. Both the Jeffs. were disappointed, and in both cases the regular powers of their respective governments proceeded to “seize, occupy, and repossess” the revolted strongholds and regions.

King Henry IV., however, did not fall into the error of believing that “it wouldn’t be much of a shower after all;” nor did his Secretary of State, the Earl of Westmoreland, give any note of hand for “peace within ninety days.” These matters are not so stated in the chronicles; but we infer them from the fact that there was no call for “three months’ men” on the first breaking out of the Jeff. Hotspur insurrection. The order was to call out men, and call them out immediately, their term of service to extend “for life or during the war.”

Matters being thus, the Prince of Wales, a gay, young, rollicking buck—who had keen perceptions of the ludicrous, and knew how to use all ranks and classes of men in their proper sphere—determined to employ the well-known tavern popularity of a lewd old knight named Sir John Falstaff for the purpose of raising a brigade. Sir John immediately saw it was “a big thing,” and accepted accordingly. He at once opened his recruiting depôt in the tavern of Mrs. Quickly, Cheapside; and there were employed under him, as sub-brokers, runners, and “shanghaers,” a choice party, consisting of Captains Pistol, Bardolph, Gads-hill, Poins, and their associates, most of these being highwaymen, baggage-smashers, pickpockets, and plug-uglies—precisely the same class that we find employed in the same business on this side of the Atlantic.

It nowhere appears that Sir John Falstaff was court-martialed, as General Spinola has been, although we know that he was finally sent to the Tower—the Fort Lafayette of those days—under a summary order from the Lord Chief-Justice of England, who declared a suspension of the *habeas corpus* in his case. The only evidence, therefore, that we can hope for as to the *modus operandi* of this ancient knight in the matter of “bounty-swindling as one of the fine arts,” we must take from his own volunteered confession, in Scene II.



Act IV., of the veracious chronicles of the reign of King Henry IV., as handed down to us by one William Shakspeare—a rather able journalist of those days—who wrote for an evening newspaper called *The Globe Theatre*, which was the New York Associated Press of that benighted age.

Now let us hear Sir John:—He confesses, after his brigade has been raised, that he has “misused the king’s press,” i.e. the right of conscription—“damnably.” “I have pressed me,” says he, “none but good householders, yeomen’s sons; inquired me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a culverin worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins’ heads; and they have bought out their services! And now, my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton’s dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving men, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen—the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonorably ragged than an old-faced ancient; and such have I to fill up the room of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hun-

dred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping—from eating draff and husks! A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies! No eye hath seen such scare-crows.” Now, let the examining surgeons on our own Hart’s and Riker’s islands and elsewhere be consulted as to whether the foregoing be not an exact and striking picture of the kind of recruits who were submitted to their inspection as the results of our own “bounty-swindling” system in this country and city?

But not only was the ancient knight thus making, in the words of our beloved and classical president, a “big thing” out of the price paid by those whom he exempted, but it would also seem that he had a bounty of over two pounds in gold for each man thus drafted—a bounty which he seems to have absorbed altogether, and which, as gold was then, and as greenbacks are now, must be considered fully equal to the three hundred dollars county bounty of the present day. “I have got,” says he, referring to the Supervisors’ Committee of that remote age, “I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds sterling;” these hundred and fifty men being the same from whom he subsequently drew a double profit by allowing them to “buy out their time.”

But the parallel does not end here. In fact, there is no branch of the "bounty-swindling" system of to-day which will not find in the operations of Sir John Falstaff, of his Britannic Majesty's Volunteers, a precise archetype and master-sample. We know that much of the recruiting now carried on is through the agency of our police officers and justices, who place before all arrested criminals in our city—save those arrested for crimes too heinous and notorious to be suppressed—the alternative either of enlisting and allowing their bounties to go somewhere, or of going themselves to the penitentiary or State prison. Now, in this mode of "filling up the ranks of the gallant defenders of our country," and filling their own pockets at the same time, these gentlemen may think themselves original; but let them now hear the great master of "bounty-swindling as one of the fine arts" on this subject:—

We have seen that Sir John Falstaff first allowed the good and decent men drafted to "buy out their time," himself pocketing the bribes. We have seen, also, that he pocketed the whole of their "county bounties" for the use of himself and his associate sub-brokers, Messrs. Pistol, Bardolph and Company. How then did he induce the "scare-crows" to enlist under him without money and without price? Why, obviously by

just the same means that are employed to-day by our policemen and police justices; he gave them the alternative of remaining in jail or "marching to the music of the Union." If you doubt it just consult his words:—"Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison." That he knew them to be all thieves, or most of them, at least, is further evidenced by the fact, that he consoles himself for their having "but a shirt and a half" in the whole brigade by the reflection: "But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge." How they appeared to the eye of an experienced commander may be judged from the exclamation of Prince Henry who passed them on the road as he hurried forward to battle: "I never did see such pitiful rascals;" to which Sir John Falstaff promptly replied: "Tush, tush! they are good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they will fill a pit as well as better—" thus illustrating precisely the value which certain of our modern knights, who only entered the service apparently to make money, are apt to place both on the lives of their men and the true service of their government. But of course in none of the foregoing remarks must we be misunderstood as in the slightest degree reflecting on any of the pure, patriotic, and disinterested officers who recently

did business at Lafayette Hall, previous to the closing of that disgrace to our country by the action of Maj.-Gen. Dix and the minor ministrations of Private Miles O'Reilly.

### "NEWS FROM PARNASSUS."

GENERAL DIX AND PRIVATE MILES AS RIVAL POETS  
AND SCHOLARS.

GENERAL DIX, as should be well known to every one, is an extremely elegant classical scholar, who has carried forward with him through all the varied and valuable labors of his public life an unfading love and continual study of those great masters of antiquity by whose precepts and upon whose model his own pure and noble mind was originally formed. Let any one who seeks to know the value of such an education contrast the dignity, urbanity, and stainless integrity which have marked the life of this gentleman with the far different qualities for which too many of our public men are alone to be distinguished, and we think a full answer will be given to the too common, though vulgar and senseless inquiry: "Of what practical use are classical attainments?" This, however, is a digression; and now to the origin of these rival translations by General Dix, commanding Department of the East, and Private O'Reilly, the orderly who stood outside his door, of the famous Thirtieth Ode of the Third Book of Horace.

A lady of illustrious name, who lives at Baltimore, and who is herself a very elegant Latin scholar—as in what other matters is she not elegant?—wrote to General Dix requesting him to furnish for her album an English rendering of the ode in question: an ode, she added, "with the confident promise of which, as she felt assured, he must deeply sympathize."

As prompt in replying to the calls of gallantry as of duty, and peculiarly anxious to oblige a lady who has so many and such great claims on the admiration of all who know her—the General seized the first leisure ten minutes he could find and knocked off the following extremely literal, and yet extremely elegant, translation:

EXEGI MONUMENTUM ÆRE PERENNIVS.

I have reared a monument to fame  
More durable than solid brass,  
Which will, in loftiness of aim,  
The regal pyramids surpass.

No wasting shower, no rending storm  
Shall mar the work my genius rears;  
No lapse of time shall change its form,  
No countless series of years.

I shall not wholly die: my name  
Shall triumph o'er oblivion's power,  
And fresh, with still increasing fame,  
In glory posthumous shall tower,

While to the Capitolium  
The Priest and Silent Virgin come.

Where Aufidus impetuous roars,  
And Daunus, over arid shores  
And rural populations reigns—  
Shall I, once weak—now potent—live  
As first of all the bards to give  
Æolian verse to Latin strains.

Give me, Melpomene divine!  
The glory due to deathless lays;  
Propitious to my vows incline  
And crown me with Apollo's bays!

This translation completed, the General immediately touched his bell and ordered an orderly to "send in O'Reilly, without delay"—the General doing but little in the classics or belles-lettres without the sanction, or at least the knowledge, of that ripe though humble authority.

"Miles," said the General, as the boy himself stood before him in the first position of a soldier: "Miles, my boy, in the republic of letters there are no distinctions of shoulder-straps or cross-belts. Unlimber yourself, therefore; take a seat for a few minutes, and tell me what you think of this rendering."

Here the General handed to O'Reilly the still wet copy of his translation, and briefly told him how it came to be written—reading an extract

containing the request for it from the madame's letter.

"Well, my good fellow," continued the General, as Miles, having read the lines twice, handed them back to him in silence, "what do you find wrong in them, or what do you think about them? Come, be frank; you know it is not the first time you have given your opinion boldly."

The boy shuffled uneasily a moment, and then murmured in a brogue, unusually broad, something to the effect that, under no possible circumstances, could it be right for a private in the ranks to tell his Major-General Commanding that he "was making a Judy of himself;" which, let us add, as a general proposition, is undoubtedly as true as preaching. The translation was all right in itself: wonderfully literal, and yet wonderfully elegant. But the General was obtuse, or over-modest; and clearly showed, in his exact rendering, that he missed the delicate compliment which the madame had intended.

This in substance: for the speaker stammered badly, and his brogue was a broader brogue than ever.

"Explain yourself more clearly, Miles," said the amused General, leaning back in his chair. "Don't hurry yourself; take time:" for it was now long after office-hours—in fact, near ten o'clock at night.

Miles answered, blushing, that, if his honor's generalship would give him a pen and liberty to sit at Major Joline's table for ten minutes, he'd try explain to the best of his ability—and sure, the best of men could do no more—what his (the boy's) idea was of the true purpose contained in the madame's request.

This consent being accorded—after half-an-hour's hard head-scratching, Miles reappeared out of the next room, his face radiant with smiles, and a much-blotted page of foolscap in his extended hand. "This, General," he said, "is my own poor notion of the kind of paraphrase the madame had in her mind:"

EXEGI MONUMENTUM ÆRE PERENNIOUS.

I have built me a monument stronger than brass,  
Than the pyramids more sublime;  
Which will bow to no storms as they furiously pass,  
Nor will yield to the sharp tooth of time.

The grave shall not bury the light of my name,  
My thoughts shall not sleep in the tomb;  
But in ages to come on the high hills of fame  
My deeds and their motives shall bloom.

While seaward the Hudson rolls down through the land,  
And wherever the flag of our country may fly,  
Men will say, as they number the patriot band,  
"It was he first gave order—'The traitor shall die!'"

In duty performed is the true pride of men,  
Which even the humblest may feel without stint;  
And, lady, in asking this task of my pen  
I catch the sweet praise you so gracefully hint.

"There, General," said the private, as he concluded the last line of the last stanza: "That's *my* idea of what the madame meant by her request. Everybody knows the Hudson, while nobody knows the '*violens Aufidus*.' Everybody understands your 'shoot him on the spot' order, at the commencement of the war; while the merit of having been the first to wed the '*Æolium Carmen ad Italos modos*' is something for which neither the madame, nor any sensible man or woman in the present day, can well be imagined to care a single brass farthing. At any rate," added Miles, as he resumed the first position of a soldier, and saluted stiffly before turning to quit the room; "at any rate, General, I'm willing to leave it to the madame herself, whether she doesn't like my free-and-easy paraphrase a sight better than your exact translation."

The madame, on having the matter referred to her, declined to express any preference—saying, indeed, that both were good in their respective ways. But it is to be remarked, that, while the General's lines live in her album, where she is fond of showing them to the initiated, it is her habit, in telling the story, to quote from memory,

and without reference to the book, the more lively version of the old ode contained in O'Reilly's paraphrase.

## THE FALL OF RICHMOND.

TRIUMPH OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY—OUR ATTITUDE TO THE SOUTH AND TO EUROPE.

[*From the New York Herald, April, 1865.*]

GENERAL LEE has surrendered! That is the news of the hour—the supreme news of our century; and we have now a moment to think seriously and calmly on the duties devolved upon us by the termination of the rebellion. It is not only the privilege but the duty of victors to be generous, as by such a course fresh laurels are added to their fame, and their ascendancy is more firmly established. A powerful people, who have so gloriously attested a strength more than adequate for every need, can well afford to treat their vanquished domestic enemies with the splendid leniency exhibited in the terms of surrender proposed by General Grant and accepted by General Lee, while regarding with silent derision, or ignoring altogether, the foiled efforts and hopes of all their foreign foes. Our great popular struggle, now virtually closed, finds us with vast interests in both sections of our reunited country demanding prompt attention; but with no revenges to

be gratified, nor any inclination to squander time in the costly luxury of obtaining retribution for bygone injuries. Over the errors of the South let a veil be thrown for ever; while for the wrongs inflicted on us during the past four years by the governments of France and England we can best obtain satisfaction by showing to the oppressed populations of those countries how superbly contemptuous of foreign interference—how grandly magnanimous to the misled and chastened children of our own household—the ruling democracy of this continent can prove in their hour of triumph. It is by an example of the ever-increasing prosperity and grandeur of our reunited country, acting on the aspirations, necessities, and impulses of the French and English masses, that the unwise and unjust policy of their respective governments in favor of the now almost extinguished “confederacy” can be most effectually punished—these governments, in their blind hatred and jealousy of our free democratic system, having established a precedent in granting belligerent rights to rebellious States which must hereafter, and before long, prove fatal to their own existence. They, surely, of all others—only existing by legitimacy and divine right—should have been the last to recognize and abet any insurrection against organized national authority; and, least of all, an insurrection against a government so absolutely free and

equal to all sections and classes as was, and shall hereafter be, our own. If, for alleged wrongs of anticipation or frivolous theories of pride, certain States of our Union were justified in rebelling against a government under which all had equal rights and protection—their action receiving the approval of the French Emperor and the active sympathy of the British aristocracy—how will the account stand when the oppressed French and British populations rise up against the intolerable political oppressions and physical privations under which they now groan, and from which their only present hope of escape is by emigration to this generous land?

The struggle we have just brought to an end has not been in the least understood abroad; nor, indeed, has its full purport been revealed to any but the most thoughtful and far-seeing of our own people. Earl Russell declared it to be “a contest for independence by the South, and for empire on the part of the North”—than which it is impossible to conceive or frame any statement of equal brevity containing errors so gigantic. Our struggle has not been one for empire, nor even—in any strict sense—for the constitution; nor will it be found, when closely scrutinized, a war declared or carried on by the regular machinery of our government for the vindication of our national authority. This war has been a people’s war for the mainte-

nance and supremacy of the people’s right to govern themselves—a war as much for the true ultimate interests of the Southern as of the Northern people; and having for its main object to reaffirm and establish once and for evermore that the will of the majority, peacefully and legally expressed, must and shall be the supreme and irresistible power of our whole country, to which the minority must peacefully and legally submit, or be prepared to take the consequences. All will remember that in the early days of Mr. Lincoln’s previous term his Secretary of State and other Cabinet officers held grave question as to the expediency or even “constitutionality” of attempting to prevent by military force the secession of any “sovereign State” from the Union. They fussed and dawdled over this for more than a month, many prominent republicans being openly in favor of an unresisted separation. But at last, by the mad folly of some few Southern leaders, Fort Sumter was fired upon; and then at once, with a magnificent unanimity, our whole people arose in their might, brushing aside as cobwebs all technical opposition to their will, and fiercely demanding of the authorities they had placed in power arms and organization for the re-assertion of the supremacy of the ballot over every square mile, and foot, and inch of their indivisible country. How little the regular machinery of our



government appreciated the gravity of that crisis, or the intense earnestness of our people in their resolve to maintain popular authority in all sections, the first ridiculous call for "seventy-five thousand men to serve three months" may sufficiently illustrate. Trained only in the routine of party chicane and deception, the mere politicians who then formed our so-called "governing class," could not realize that a call for one million men to fight, and, if need were, all to perish in this cause, would have been as instantly and fully answered.

And what has been the history of our struggle, so fraught on both sides with heroic events, since that hour? Has it not been, on the part of the North, one continual pushing forward of our lag-gard and hesitating authorities by the accumulating forces of the public will? All former calculations of finance have been set at defiance by the lavish promptness of the great masses of our people in supporting the national credit. All the generals given to us by Government in the early days of our struggle proved failures, and not one of them is now in eminent command. It was our people who furnished the fighting material of our campaigns by volunteering—for the "draft" proved as abortive a measure as all the other special agencies of our government; and when the soldiers were thus brought together in vast families of armies, it was they—armed children of the

people, on behalf of the people—who discovered and raised to command their proper generals. Grant—our own glorious and victorious Grant, whose name will live in history as one of the world's noblest soldiers—Grant, we say, joined the volunteers of Illinois as the Captain of a company of infantry; and the only direct action of the government in his case was an order to remove him from command just previous to his capture of Fort Donelson—an event which retained him in the service to become, as he is to-day, the military savior of his country. Sherman declared, in the first year of the rebellion, that he would require two hundred thousand men for the operations which, even at that early day, fell within the scope of his far-seeing genius; and forthwith he was relieved and pronounced insane by Mr. Secretary Cameron. What part had the government proper in Sheridan's elevation—the matchless worth of our greatest cavalry leader having first been discovered by the troops who fought under him, and the successes they enabled him to achieve compelling his recognition by the authorities. It is of public record that it was in contemplation to remove General Thomas during the very hottest hours of the contest which hurled back into Alabama the shattered divisions of Hood; and, if we chose to extend this article, and enter upon details, it might, we think, be

demonstrated that in no single case has a military officer, originally selected for high command by our government, proved equal to the responsibilities of his position. It was our people who furnished the armies, and the armies then selected their own commanders—the Lieutenant-General himself having been imposed upon the Government by a vote which the voice of the army compelled the elected representatives of the people to cast in favor of their most trusted chief. It is the people, also, who have furnished all the requisite finances, material, resources, and powers for the conflict, their indestructible faith in the final triumph of popular institutions overcoming every obstacle, and even defying the worst mismanagement of Secretary Chase to bankrupt a treasury which had its best basis in their unfaltering resolve.

To the people, therefore, and to our gallant armies—headed by Stanton, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and their brave associates—all the glory of the present moment belongs; and it should properly be left with them to decide on what terms of permanent pacification the vanquished in this contest are to be reaccepted as citizens of the Union. That those terms will be generous, we are well assured; for our armies are true representatives of the people, and the Americans are a most generous people; while, as to

the injuries inflicted upon us in the earlier days of our struggle by the failure of the English and French governments to carry out their treaty obligations with a friendly government, and to enforce the law of nations in our interest, we can well afford—as before remarked—to leave time and the powerful example of our success to bring about a day of reckoning for their conduct. If Ireland, for instance, should again rebel—as Ireland has had a habit of doing for six hundred years—with what face could the British government ask us to prevent the Fenian Brotherhood, for example, from sending over arms and munitions of war for one or two hundred thousand men, with from five to seven thousand veteran soldiers and officers, trained in our battles of the past four years, and only panting to assist in organizing on Irish soil the inchoate valor and sinew of an Irish army? Or what plea could the French Emperor advance against our recognizing whatever popular movement may hereafter make head against his throne, or the throne of his Mexican *protégé*, in case the soldiers of General Lee should see fit to emigrate in that direction; or the selling and sending by our merchants of armed ships and all the munitions of “belligerency” to any country or people with which either he or Maximilian of Mexico shall hereafter be engaged in hostilities? Our surest mode of securing satis-

faction and indemnity for all wrongs we have received from Europe, will be in our reunited capacity to become hourly and daily more prosperous, beneficent, and powerful under our popular institutions, thus setting before the oppressed masses of France and England a bright example and beacon, of which the proletarian elements in both countries will not be slow to take advantage. The elder Napoleon spoke a most serious and solemn truth when he declared that within fifty years from his death "all Europe must be Cossack or republican." The triumph of the American democracy in this war for the supremacy of the institutions under which all our previous progress has been achieved, is an assurance that his prophecy will be fulfilled; and not in the Cossack alternative. Less than a year ago the popular assertion of American self-knowledge, which took shape in the phrase "We are a great people," furnished a continual theme of sneering laughter to all the malignant tory journalists and bitter imperialistic wits of London and Paris. What have these gentlemen now to say as they read the intelligence of the fall of the rebel capital?

But a triumph so great as the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Gen. Lee, surely deserves to be preserved in song. We therefore copy from the editorial page of the *Tribune*, dated April 3d, 1865, the following lines from the Bard of the

Old Tenth Army Corps, written the previous evening on receipt of the glorious news:

THE FALL OF RICHMOND; OR, "THE DAY WE CELEBRATE."

Bad luck to the man who is sober to-night!

He's a could-blooded *bodhagh* or saycret Secesher,  
Whose heart for the Ould Flag has niver been right,  
An' who takes in the fame of his counthry no pleasure.  
Och, murther! will none o' yez hould me, me dears!  
Or 'tis out o' me shkin wid delight I'll be jumpin';  
Wid me eyes shwimmin' round in the happiest tears,  
An' the heart in me breasht like a pistin-rod thumpin'!

Musha, glory to God! for the news you have sint,  
Wid your own purty fist, Misther President Linkin!  
An' may God be around both the bed an' the tint  
Where our bully boy Grant does his atin' an' thinkin'!  
Even Shtanton, to-night, we'll consade he was right,  
Whin he played the ould scratch wid our *Have-you-his-car-kiss*;  
An' to gallant Phil Sherry we'll dhrink wid delight,  
On whose bright plume o' fame not a shpot o' the dark is!

Let the chapels be opened, the althars illumed,  
An' the mad bells ring out from aich turret an' shteeple;  
Let the chancels wid flowers be adorned an' perfumed;  
While the *Sogariths*—God bless 'em! give thanks for the people!  
For the city is ours that we sought from the shtart,  
An' our boys through its sthreets "Hail Columbia" are yellin';

An' there's Payce in the air, an' there's pride in the heart,  
An' our Flag has a fame that no tongue can be tellin'!

To the *dioul* wid the shoddy-conthracors an' all  
Them goold speculathors, whose pie is now "humble"!  
The cost o' beef, praties, an' wishky will fall,  
An' what more could we ax—for the rints too will tumble?

On the boys who survive, fame an' pinsions we'll press,  
Every orphan the war's med, a home we'll decree it;  
An' aich soldier's young sweetheart shall have a new dhress,  
That will tickle her hayro, returnin', to see it!

O, land o' throe freedom! O, land of our love,  
Wid your ginorous welcome to all who but seek it;  
May your stars shine as long as the twinklers above  
An' your fame be so grand that no mortal can shpeak it!

All the winds o' the world as around us they blow,  
No banner so glorious can wake into motion;  
An' wid Payce in our *own* land, you know we may go,  
Just to settle some thriflin' accounts o'er the ocean!

So come, me own Eileen! come Nora an' Kate,  
Come Michael an' Pat, all your Sunday duds carry;  
We'll give thanks in the chapel, an' do it in shtate,  
An' we'll pray for the sows o' poor Murtagh an' Larry;  
Woe's me! in the black shwamps before it they shleep,  
But the good God to-night—whose throe faith they have cherished—  
His angels will send o'er the red fields a-shweep,  
In aich cowld ear to braithe—"Not in vain have you perished!"

So bad luck to the man who is sober to-night!  
He's a cowld-blooded *bodhagh* or saycret Secesher,  
Whose heart for the Ould Flag has niver been right,  
An' who takes in the fame of his counthry no pleasure!  
Och, murther! will none o' yez hould me, me dears!  
For 'tis out o' me shkin, I'm afeard, I'll be jumpin';  
Wid me eyes shwimmin' round in the happiest tears,  
An' the heart in me breasht like a pistin-rod thumpin'!

## THE GREAT CRIME.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

[*From the New York Herald, April 17, 1865.*]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, in the full fruition of his glorious work, has been struck from the roll of living men by the pistol-shot of an assassin. That is the unwelcome news which has, for the last two days, filled every loyal heart with sadness, horror, and a burning thirst for retribution. That is the news which has swept away from the public mind every sentiment of leniency or conciliation towards the conquered brigands of the South, and in whose lurid light, as by the phosphorescent flames recently enkindled in the crowded hotels of this city by men with rebel commissions in their pockets, we are again terribly reminded of the absolute barbarity and utter devilishness of the foeman we have now tightly clutched in our victorious grasp. The kindest and purest nature, the bravest and most honest will, the temper of highest geniality, and the spirit of largest practical beneficence in our public life, has fallen a victim to the insane ferocity of a bad and mad vagabond, who had been educated up to this height of crime by the teachings of our copperhead ora-

cles, and by the ambition of fulfilling those instructions which he received "from Richmond." Of him, however, and the bitter fruits to the South and to all Southern sympathizers which must follow his act as inevitably as the thunder-storm follows the lightning flash, we do not care in this moment of benumbing regret and overwhelming excitement to allow ourselves to speak. The deliberations of justice must be held in some calmer hour; while, for the present, we can but throw out some few hurried reflections on the character of the giant who has been lost to our Israel, and the glorious place in history his name is destined to occupy.

Whatever judgment may have been formed by those who were opposed to him as to the calibre of our deceased Chief Magistrate, or the place he is destined to occupy in history, all men of undisturbed observation must have recognised in Mr. Lincoln a quaintness, originality, courage, honesty, magnanimity, and popular force of character such as have never heretofore, in the annals of the human family, had the advantage of so eminent a stage for their display. He was essentially a mixed product of the agricultural, forensic, and frontier life of this continent—as indigenous to our soil as the cranberry crop, and as American in his fibre as the granite foundations of the Apalachian range. He may not have been, and perhaps was

not, our most perfect product in any one branch of mental or moral education ; but, taking him for all in all, the very noblest impulses, peculiarities, and aspirations of our whole people—what may be called our continental idiosyncrasies—were more collectively and vividly reproduced in his genial and yet unswerving nature than in that of any other public man of whom our chronicles bear record.

If the influence of the triumph of popular institutions in our recent struggle prove so great over the future destiny of all European nations as we expect it must, Mr. Lincoln will stand in the world's history, and receive its judgment, as the type-man of a new dynasty of nation-rulers—not for this country alone, but for the whole civilized portion of the human family. He will take his place in a sphere far higher than that accorded to any mere conqueror ; and, indeed, without speaking profanely, we may well say that, since the foundation of the Christian era, no more remarkable or pregnant passages of the world's history have been unfolded than those of which Mr. Lincoln on this continent has been the central figure and controlling influence. It is by this measurement he will be judged, and by this standard will his place be assigned to him. Under his rule our self-governing experiment has become, within the past four years, a demonstration of universal sig-

nificance that the best and strongest rule for every intelligent people is a government to be created by the popular will, and choosing for itself the representative instrument who is to carry out its purposes. Four years ago it appeared an even chance whether Europe, for the next century at least, should gravitate towards democracy or Caesarism. Louis Napoleon was weak enough to hope the latter, and has destroyed himself by the folly of giving his hope expression. The triumph of the democratic principle over the aristocratic in our recent contest is an assurance that time has revolved this old earth on which we live into a new and perhaps happier—perhaps sadder—era ; and Jefferson Davis, with his subordinate conspirators, flying from their capital before the armed hosts of the Nation which had elected and re-elected Abraham Lincoln, may be regarded as a transfiguration of imperialism, with its satellite aristocracies, throwing down the fragments of a broken sceptre at the feet of our American—the democratic—principle of self-rule.

The patriarchal system of government was, we may presume, as simple as the lives of those over whom it was exercised, and has left but very imperfect traces of its existence. Of the theocratic or priestly form of government, we have had types in the characters of Moses and Mohammed—both powerful and original men, and true repre-

sentatives of the ambitions, needs, and poetically superstitious temperaments of the nations they respectively ruled. With Rome came the full development of the imperial system, based on military subjugation and absorption; the system which Louis Napoleon believes is about being revived—wholly oblivious, apparently, that his volume of moody and fantastic dreams is printed on a steam press, and not copied painfully from waxen tablets, as were the memoirs of Julius Cæsar, by the stylus of a single copyist. With the spread of Catholicity came the feudal system, of which Charlemagne was but an accident and by no means the creator—that system having been a necessity for the perpetuation of Church property and the protection of the non-belligerent religious Orders. With the discovery of printing, immediately followed by Luther's insurrectionary upheaval in the religious world, commenced the mental and moral preparation of mankind for the acceptance of popular institutions and the right of self-government—in a word, for the democratic principle of which Cromwell was the first forcible expression, and Napoleon Bonaparte, in his earlier triumphs over kings and empires, the armed and irresistible assertion. False to the ideas which caused his elevation, this Napoleon was hurled from the throne he sought to build on the ruins and with the materials of prostrate popular liber-

ty; and it was thus reserved by an All-wise Providence for this latest found of the continents of our earth, to give the first successful example of that truly popular system of government—soon to be in control of all nationalities—which had the moral sublimity and practical virtues of George Washington to guide it through its experimental stage; and the perhaps externally grotesque, but morally magnificent, figure of Abraham Lincoln to be both its representative and martyr in the present supreme moment of its permanent crowning.

This estimate of the place inevitably to be occupied in the world's history by the great National Chief whose loss we mourn may not prove either a familiar or pleasant idea for the mere partisans of the present day to contemplate; but it will be found none the less a true and philosophical estimate. In the retrospective glance of history the "accidents," as they are called, of his elevation will all have faded out of sight; and the pen of the historian will only chronicle some such record as the following:—From the very humblest position in a family subsisting by agricultural labor, and himself toiling for daily bread in his early youth, this extraordinary man, by the gifts of self-education, absolute honesty of purpose, perfect sympathy with the popular heart, and great natural endowments, first rose to eminence as a

lawyer; then graduated in Congress; was next heard of as the powerful though unsuccessful rival for national Senatorial honors of the democratic candidate for the Presidency, over whom he subsequently triumphed in 1860; and four years later we find him, in the midst of overwhelming financial embarrassments, and during the uncertain progress of the bloodiest and most desolating civil war ever waged, so completely retaining the confidence of the American people as to be triumphantly reëlected to the first office in their gift. They will claim for him all the moral influences, which—acting through material forces and agencies—have led to the abolition of slavery, and the permanent enthroneing of popular institutions on this continent; and, in their general summing up of this now unappreciated age in which we have our feverish being, and in their pictures of those events wherein the clamorous partisans of the past week were prone to urge that Mr. Lincoln had been but a passive instrument, his name and figure will be brought forward in glowing colors on their canvass, as the chief impelling power and central organizer of the vast results which cannot fail to follow our vindication of the popular form of government.

And surely some hundred years hence, when the staid and scholarly disciples of the historic Muse bring their grave eyes to scan, and their

brief tape-lines to measure the altitude and attitude, properties, and proportions of our deceased Chief Magistrate, their surprise—taking them to be historians of the present time—will be intense beyond expression. It has been for centuries the tradition of their tribe to model every public character after the style of the heroic antique. Their nation-founders, warriors, and lawmakers have been invariably clad in flowing togas, crowned with laurel or oak wreaths, and carrying papyrus rolls or the batons of empire in their outstretched hands. How can men so educated—these poor, dwarfed ransackers of the past, who have always regarded greatness in this illusory aspect—ever be brought to comprehend the genius of a character so externally uncouth, so pathetically simple, so unfathomably penetrating, so irresolute, and yet so irresistible, so *bizarre*, grotesque, droll, wise, and perfectly beneficent in all its developments as was that of the great original thinker and statesman for whose death the whole land, even in the midst of victories unparalleled, is to-day draped in mourning? It will require an altogether new breed and school of historians to begin doing justice to this type-man of the world's last political evangel. No ponderously eloquent George Bancroft can properly rehearse those inimitable stories by which, in the light form of allegory, our martyred President has so frequently and so wisely



decided the knottiest controversies of his Cabinet; nor can even the genius of a Washington Irving or Edward Everett, in some future age, elocutionize into the formal dignity of a Greek statue the kindly but powerful face of Mr. Lincoln, seamed in circles by humorous thoughts and furrowed crosswise by mighty anxieties. It will take a new school of historians to do justice to this eccentric addition to the world's gallery of heroes; for while other men as interesting and original may have held equal power previously in other countries, it is only in the present age of steam, telegraphs, and prying newspaper reporters that a subject so eminent, both by genius and position, could have been placed under the eternal microscope of critical examination.

As to the immediate effect of Mr. Lincoln's death, our institutions are fortunately of a character not depending on the life of any individual for their maintenance or progress. We shall miss his wise guidance and the radiations of that splendid wit which has illumined so many of our darkest hours during the past four years of struggle. We shall for ever execrate "the deep damnation of his taking off," and may doubtless—for we are but human—more rigorously press upon the vanquished in this contest who have been prompters of the bloody deed the full penalties of their heinous crimes. Nevertheless the progress of the

American government is upward and onward, casting flowers as it passes upon the grave of each new martyr, but never halting in the march of its divine and irresistible mission. In Vice-President Andrew Johnson—henceforward President of the United States—we have a man of similar origin with Mr. Lincoln; equally a child of the people, equally in sympathy with their instincts, and perhaps better informed as to the true condition and governmental necessities of the Southern States. Self-educated, and raised by personal worth through years of laborious industry and sacrifice, no accident of a moment can be accepted by the judgment of our people as reversing Mr. Johnson's claims to the confidence and respect of the country. In Secretary Stanton and General Grant he has two potent and reliable advisers, who will give the first steps of his administration such wise support and guidance as they may need; and while we all must mourn with sad and sickened hearts the success of the great crime which has removed our beloved and trusted President from the final scenes of the contest he had thus far conducted to a triumphant issue, let us not forget that by the circumstance of death the seal of immortality has been stamped upon his fame; nor is it any longer in the power of changing fortune to take away from him, as might have happened had he lived, one of the most solid, brilliant, and

stainless reputations of which in the world's annals any record can be found—its only peer existing in the memory of George Washington.

And now we feel that we cannot better conclude this saddest article we have ever penned, than by laying before our readers the following simple but earnestly felt lines, suggested by the first rude shock of our national bereavement. They aspire to no other merit than a faithful rendering of the popular estimate in which Mr. Lincoln's character was held:

#### THE LOST CHIEF.

He filled the Nation's eye and heart,  
A loved, familiar, honored name,  
So much a brother, that his fame  
Seemed of our lives a common part.

His towering figure, sharp and spare,  
Was with such nervous tension strung,  
As if on each strained sinew swung  
The burden of a people's care.

His changing face what pen can draw,  
Pathetic, kindly, droll or stern,  
And with a glance so quick to learn  
The inmost truth of all he saw.

Pride found no idle space to spawn  
Her fancies in his busy mind;  
His worth, like health or air, could find  
No just appraisal till withdrawn.

He was his Country's, not his own,  
And had no wish but for her weal;  
Nor for himself could think or feel  
But as a laborer for her throne.

Her flag upon the heights of power,  
Stainless and unassailed to place—  
To this one aim his earnest face  
Was bent through every burdened hour.

The veil that hides from our dull eyes  
A hero's worth, Death only lifts;  
While he is with us, all his gifts  
Find hosts to question, few to prize.

But done the battle, won the strife,  
When torches light his vaulted tomb,  
Broad gems flash out and crowns illume  
The clay-cold brows undecked in life.

And men of whom the world will talk  
For ages hence, may noteless move,  
And only, as they quit us, prove  
That giant souls have shared our walk:

For Heaven—aware what follies lurk  
In our weak hearts—their mission done,  
Snatches her loved ones from the sun  
In the same hour that crowns their work.

O, loved and lost! Thy patient toil  
Had robed our cause in Victory's light,  
Our country stood redeemed and bright,  
With not a slave on all her soil.

Again o'er Southern towns and towers  
 The eagles of our Nation flew;  
 And as the weeks to Summer grew  
 Each day a new success was ours.

'Mid peals of bells, and cannon bark,  
 And shouting streets with flags abloom,  
 Sped the shrill arrow of thy doom,  
 And, in an instant, all was dark!

Thick clouds around us seem to press;  
 The heart throbs wildly—then is still;  
 Father, 'tis hard to say, "Thy will  
 Be done!" in such an hour as this.

A martyr to the cause of man,  
 His blood is freedom's eucharist,  
 And in the world's great hero-list  
 His name shall lead the van!

Yea! raised on Faith's white wings, unfurled  
 In heaven's pure light, of him we say:  
 "He fell upon the self-same day  
 A Greater died to save the world."

## RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. LINCOLN.

A VERY CURIOUS CONVERSATION: WHAT HE THOUGHT  
 ABOUT CONSPIRACIES TO ASSASSINATE HIM, THREE  
 YEARS AGO.

IN the fall of 1862 the writer of this article, being then a member of the staff of General Halleck, had frequent occasion to wait upon our recently deceased President, both during official hours and at other times.

Once—on what was called "a public day," when Mr. Lincoln received all applicants in their turn—the writer was much struck by observing, as he passed through the corridor, the heterogeneous crowd of men and women, representing all ranks and classes, who were gathered in the large waiting-room outside the presidential suite of offices.

Being ushered into the President's chamber by Major Hay, the first thing he saw was Mr. Lincoln bowing an elderly lady out of the door—the President's remarks to her being, as she still lingered and appeared reluctant to go: "I am really very sorry, madam; very sorry. But your own good sense must tell you that I am not here

to collect small debts. You must appeal to the courts in regular order."

When she was gone Mr. Lincoln sat down, crossed his legs, locked his hands over his knees, and commenced to laugh—this being his favorite attitude when much amused.

"What odd kinds of people come in to see me," he said; "and what odd ideas they must have about my office! Would you believe, Major, that the old lady who has just left came in here to get from me an order for stopping the pay of a Treasury clerk, who owes her a board-bill of about seventy dollars?" And the President rocked himself backward and forward, and appeared intensely amused.

"She may have come in here a loyal woman," continued Mr. Lincoln; "but I'll be bound she has gone away believing that the worst pictures of me in the Richmond press only lack truth in not being half black and bad enough."

This led to a somewhat general conversation, in which I expressed surprise that he did not adopt the plan in force at all military headquarters, under which every applicant to see the General Commanding had to be filtered through a sieve of officers—assistant adjutant-generals, and so forth; who allowed none in to take up the general's time save such as they were satisfied had business of sufficient importance, and which could be trans-

acted in no other manner than by a personal interview.

"Of every hundred people who come to see the General-in-chief daily," I explained, "not ten have any sufficient business with him, nor are they admitted. On being asked to explain for what purpose they desire to see him; and stating it, it is found, in nine cases out of ten, that the business properly belongs to some one or other of the subordinate bureaux. They are then referred, as the case may be, to the quartermaster, commissary, medical, adjutant-general, or other departments, with an assurance that—even if they saw the General-in-chief—he could do nothing more for them than give them the same direction. With these points courteously explained," I added, "they go away quite content, although refused admittance."

"Ah, yes!" said Mr. Lincoln, gravely—and his words on this matter are important as illustrating a rule of his action, and to some extent, perhaps, the essentially representative character of his mind and of his administration: "Ah, yes! such things do very well for you military people, with your arbitrary rule, and in your camps. But the office of President is essentially a civil one, and the affair is very different. For myself, I feel—though the tax on my time is heavy—that no hours of my day are better employed than those

which thus bring me again within the direct contact and atmosphere of the average of our whole people. Men moving only in an official circle are apt to become merely official—not to say arbitrary—in their ideas; and are apter and apter, with each passing day, to forget that they only hold power in a representative capacity. Now this is all wrong. I go into these promiscuous receptions of all who claim to have business with me twice each week, and every applicant for audience has to take his turn as if waiting to be shaved in a barber's shop. Many of the matters brought to my notice are utterly frivolous, but others are of more or less importance; and all serve to renew in me a clearer and more vivid image of that great popular assemblage out of which I sprang, and to which at the end of two years I must return. I tell you, Major," he said—appearing at this point to recollect I was in the room, for the former part of these remarks had been made with half-shut eyes, as if in soliloquy—"I tell you that I call these receptions my public-opinion baths—for I have but little time to read the papers and gather public opinion that way; and, though they may not be pleasant in all their particulars, the effect as a whole is renovating and invigorating to my perceptions of responsibility and duty. It would never do for a President to have guards with drawn sabres at his door, as if he fancied he were,

or were trying to be, or were assuming to be, an emperor."

This remark about "guards with drawn sabres at his door" called my attention afresh to what I had remarked to myself almost every time I entered the White House, both then and since; and to which I had very frequently called the attention both of Major Hay and General Halleck:—the utterly unprotected condition of the President's person, and the fact that any assassin or maniac, seeking his life, could enter his presence without the interference of a single armed man to hold him back. The entrance-doors, and all doors on the official side of the building, were open at all hours of the day and very late into the evening; and I have many times entered the mansion and walked up to the rooms of the two private secretaries, as late as nine or ten o'clock at night, without seeing or being challenged by a single soul. There were, indeed, two attendants—one for the outer door, and the other for the door of the official chambers; but these, thinking, I suppose, that none would call after office-hours save persons who were personally acquainted, or had the right of official entry—were, not unfrequently, somewhat remiss in their duties.

To this fact I now ventured to call the President's attention, saying that to me—perhaps from my European education—it appeared a deli-

berate courting of danger, even if the country were in a state of the profoundest peace, for the person at the head of the nation to remain so unprotected.

"Even granting, Mr. Lincoln," I said, "that no assassin should seek your life, the large number of lunatics always in a community, and always larger in times like these, and the tendency which insanity has to strike at shining objects, or whomsoever is most talked about, should lead—I submit—to some guards about the place, and to some permanent officers with the power and duty of questioning all who seek to enter." To this I added some brief sketch of the all but innumerable crazy letters and projects which were continually being received at General Halleck's headquarters, and which he had one day laughingly turned over to me, on the ground that I now and then wrote verses.

"There are two dangers, therefore," I wound up by saying; "the danger of deliberate political assassination, and the mere brute violence of insanity."

Mr. Lincoln had heard me with a smile, his hands still locked across his knees, and his body still rocking back and forth—the common indication that he was amused.

"Now, as to political assassination," he said, "do you think the Richmond people would like

to have Hannibal Hamlin here any better than myself? In that one alternative, I have an insurance on my life worth half the prairie-land of Illinois? And besides"—this more gravely—"if there were such a plot, and they wanted to get at me, no vigilance could keep them out. We are so mixed up in our affairs, that—no matter what the system established—a conspiracy to assassinate, if such there were, could easily obtain a pass to see me for any one or more of its instruments. To betray fear of this, by placing guards, and so forth, would only be to put the idea into their heads, and perhaps lead to the very result it was intended to prevent. As to the crazy folks, Major, why I must only take my chances—the worst crazy people I at present fear being some of my own too zealous adherents. That there may be such dangers as you and many others have suggested to me, is quite possible; but I guess it wouldn't improve things any, to publish that we were afraid of them in advance."

At this point the President turned to the papers I had brought over for his signature, and signing them handed them to me with some message for General Halleck. Whereupon I bowed myself out, and the stream of omnium-gatherum humanity from the waiting-rooms again commenced flowing in upon him—sometimes in individual, sometimes in deputational or collective waves.

The whole interview I have here narrated, though taking so much longer to tell, had probably not endured over ten or fifteen minutes; and it was the first, although not the only time, that I heard Mr. Lincoln discuss the possibility of an attempt to assassinate him.

The second time was when he came over one evening after dinner to General Halleck's private quarters to protest—half jocularly, half in earnest—against a small detachment of cavalry which had been detailed without his request, and partly against his will, by the lamented General Wadsworth, as a guard for his carriage in going to and returning from the Soldiers' Home. The burden of his complaint was that he and Mrs. Lincoln "couldn't hear themselves talk" for the clatter of their sabres and spurs; and that, as many of them appeared new hands and very awkward, he was more afraid of being shot by the accidental discharge of one of their carbines or revolvers, than of any attempt upon his life, or for his capture, by the roving squads of Jeb Stuart's cavalry, then hovering all round the exterior earth-works of the city.

This conversation is related, as reproduced by a memory of perhaps more than average tenacity, precisely as the writer would re-word the matter if called upon to give evidence thereanent in a court of justice. Nothing has been added to it,

nor anything suppressed, that I can recollect. The President's remarks—perhaps soliloquy were the better term—relative to the necessity of constant intercommunication with the average people of the country, made a deep impression on me; and his calling these general receptions his "public-opinion baths," was a phrase not soon to be forgotten.

From the 25th of August, 1862, until relieved from General Halleck's staff—late in December of the same year—the writer had the good fortune of enjoying frequent opportunities of seeing and hearing Mr. Lincoln; and more especially during the dark days from General Pope's disastrous defeats at the second Bull Run and Chantilly until after the enemy, beaten by McClellan at Antietam, had again been driven south. During all this period the President, accompanied by either Major Hay or Mr. Nicolay, spent some hours several evenings in each week at General Halleck's private quarters; and it certainly is not too much to say that the more any candid mind saw of Mr. Lincoln—even if opposed to his political views—the more deeply must it have become impressed by the homely honesty, kindliness, force, shrewdness, originality, humor, and self-sacrificing patriotism of that great and good man's character.

PROFESSORS AGASSIZ AND LONGFELLOW.

CALL ON A NEW ENGLAND POET FOR HIS FRENCH VERSES.

A distinguished poet of New England—whose modesty in this matter, we regret to say, will not allow us to disclose his name or give his verses in their original tongue—sent a present of six bottles of choice wines last Christmas Eve to his friend Professor Agassiz, accompanying the donation, good and acceptable in itself, with a copy of original French verses amusingly descriptive of the various liquors. These verses, in French, by a poet, and a very high one, of New England, accidentally fell some few months ago under the notice of our disorderly ex-Orderly Private Miles O'Reilly, who immediately proposed that all the literary gentlemen who were present at the weekly *réunion* whereat the copy was shown (for they had then never been published, though printed for private circulation), should take home a copy with him; and that each should bring a translation of the same to the next weekly meeting. This was at once agreed to, apparently with enthusiasm, by

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all present; but the Boy Himself was the only one who finally complied with the general stipulation, and he now asks us to give notice that, unless the gentlemen then present who agreed to the bargain, and "whose names are omitted by particular request," send in within a week from date their several translations of said French verses to Agassiz by a poet of New England, said Boy will find himself compelled to commence actions against each and every one of them for having obtained from him "a translation under false pretences." Meantime, to give each and all of them courage—as the rashest, foolishhest, and most good-natured youngster is always first to jump in and try the coldness of the water at the commencement of each bathing-season—we here append Private O'Reilly's English version of the really excellent and graceful French lines of the New England poet, who shall be nameless,—any further than to remark that he is *not* a Short-fellow:\*

CHRISTMAS.

When the stars of Christmas night  
Shone with palpitating light,

\* Since this was first in type, Professor Longfellow has published his French lines. They may be found in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1865.



Six good fellows, liquor-lost,  
Sang beneath the silvery frost—  
    "Comrades, we  
Should go right off to Agassiz!"

These foreign pilgrims, gay and bold,  
Round-bellied as the monks of old,  
With silver cowls and priestly air,  
All vied in boasting that they were—  
    "Friends are we  
To good Jean Rudolphe Agassiz."

Partridge-eye, great Merry Andrew!  
Finer tippie never man drew!  
In his Burgundy *patois* vilely  
Stammered—worse than Miles O'Reilly—  
    "Hear all ye!  
I have danced with Agassiz."

Verzenay with leaping cork—  
French that never saw New York,  
Fresh from the vintage of Avize,  
Quavers again and again to these—  
    "Hark to me!  
I have sung with Agassiz."

Then there came in sober sort  
An old hidalgo—grave his Port!  
Whose sires, in the age of Charlemagne,  
Were grandees of chivalric Spain—  
    "Room for me!  
I have dined with Agassiz."

Next advanced a Bordeaux Gascon—  
Type of such if you would ask one!  
Perfumed and with music rife,  
Laughing, singing, full of life—  
    "Envy me!  
I have supped with Agassiz."

With this auburn-headed boy,  
Arm in arm—a foe to joy,  
Haughty, yellow-hued, and stern,  
Marched the cynic lord, Sauterne—  
    "Hence, all ye!  
I have slept with Agassiz."

Last, and full of pious fire,  
Came an old Carthusian friar,  
Who bellowed, in a tone robust,  
"Benedictions on the just!  
    Friends all we  
Should go and bless Sire Agassiz."

In threes they started as they were,  
And climbed the wooden stoop and stair,  
Hobbling and squabbling—"What gendarme,  
Will allow such uproar and alarm  
    Thus to be  
Raised at the door of Agassiz."

"Open," they cried, "Oh, master dear!  
Open quickly, and do not fear!  
Open to us, and soon you'll find  
We are comrades worthy your noble mind—  
    Friends are we  
To all in the house of Agassiz."

"Hush, ye babblers! and be quiet,  
 There is too much of your riot;  
 From the learned you'll win no trophies  
 By your abominable strophes—  
     Hence all ye!  
 And respect the peace of Agassiz."

From the foregoing it will be seen that our New England poet has not a bad taste in selecting a wine-bouquet for a friend, as, indeed, in what matter (save in not allowing us to publish his original French in company with this translation), is his taste not excellent? Commencing with *Œil de Perdrix*, or Partridge-eye, as a foundation beverage; next introducing the bubbling deliciousness of Verzenay from the vintage of Avize—Verzenay "that never saw New York," and to which the apple-orchards and cider-presses of New Jersey are but vague traditions of no application; then after that, solemnly bringing in the old, rubicund, full-bodied, and stately-ported hidalgo from Spain as a counterpoise to the frivolity and effervescence of the previous visitor; next warming up and rather illuminating the too serious gravity and weight of the hidalgo's character by a dash of the perfumed fop, gallant, and gasconading braggart from Bordeaux, whose tendency to extravagant merriment and freedom, however, is soon checked and chilled by the appearance on the scene of action of that sour,

stern, and yellow-hued "cynic lord, Sauterne." Lastly, to wind up with and to harmonize the whole—to put the finishing stroke on the ultimate delights and blisses of perfect digestion, and to guard the cuticle from cold as the guests oscillate home from the glowing dinner-party through the keen bright frosts of that Christmas night—why, to accomplish all these blessings, what agent better than "*un pauvre Chartreux*"—that "poor Carthusian friar"—could he have possibly selected? We think the distinguished New England poet in question, on whose French verses and taste in wines we have thus commented, does himself and the public a wrong in not allowing us to lay before our readers and the rest of the world this rarely excellent *jeu d'esprit* of his muse in a foreign tongue. It would take something more than an inelegancy, or even inaccuracy—supposing there were any perceivable by Parisian ears—in a few French lines written for such a social occasion as this, to cost their respected author any leaf from the wreath he has so nobly earned in his native tongue.

### SUMMER NOTES FROM THE SEA-SIDE.

[In the August of 1863, Private Miles wanted a fortnight's furlough to go sea-bathing at Newport, and gave a glowing picture of the pleasures of that occupation (in the right kind of society) to Col. John C. Kelton of the Adjutant-General's Department of the Old Army, who was the officer with power to grant his wishes. Kelton had never been at the sea-side, and consequently knew nothing of the sport—his duties taking him away to our far-western frontier immediately after his graduation from the Military Academy. After some trouble, therefore, as is usual in such cases, the furlough was finally granted on condition that the writer should report his sea-bathing sensations at Newport to his superior officer—a condition which was thus fulfilled.]

My dear Col. Kelton: but lately I dwelt on  
The pleasures of tripping through breakers and dipping,  
Some stately brunette, or gay blonde—better yet—  
In the surf and the surges from which she emerges  
Her bright eyes half blinded,  
Her cheeks salt and rosy,  
Her hair—never mind it—  
She's fresh as a Posie!

### SUMMER NOTES FROM THE SEA-SIDE. 119

On your arm loosely swinging, her garments close clinging,  
The waves have betrayed her—each delicate rounding,  
She is just as God made her, with beauty abounding!  
No lace, no illusion, but charms in profusion;  
No hoops to enshroud her, no rouge or pearl powder;

All milliner traces

Of fashion have flown,

And in all its true graces

Her beauty is shown;

A new Aphrodité

She shines on the shore—

O sea nymph! Nereid!

We bow and adore.

Supreme of all pleasures, best wealth of all wealth,  
Unspeakable treasures of youth and of health!  
The blue, brawny billows—calm steady old fellows—  
The moment they find her awaiting their shock  
In their strong arms to wind her so eagerly flock

That they break into clamors,

And rise silver crested,

And with all ocean's glammers

Of splendor invested—

They chase and pursue her, swirl round her and woo her,  
Bright wreaths o'er her twining in hoarse tones they praise  
her,

And high in their shining white fore-arms upraise her.

They raise her, aspiring

To throne her on shore,

Then, slowly retiring,

Again with a roar,

To her feet they surge onward, their crests sparkling sun-  
ward,

Swirl up to her knee, to her waist, to her shoulder—  
Alas! woe is me that my heart is not colder!

That it is not so cold  
As to calmly behold  
These lords of the sea  
With her charms making free—  
Denied and for ever denied unto me!

That my hands may not fold her dear tresses of gold  
To my heart, to my breast, there securely to rest,  
Her tenderness shielded, her passion confessed!

'Tis worth all our long marches,  
Hard fare and repining,  
Our trenching and mining,  
To see the bright arches  
Of silver spray shining,  
All round and above her,  
As if the rude waves  
Did humanly love her

And were but her slaves!

So get wounded, my boy, and a furlough obtain,  
Such moments of joy are worth treble the pain:  
Let a ball through you glance, keeping clear of the bones—  
Just enough for romance (with occasional moans),

And you'll find it, I tell you,  
Of all that befell you

The luckiest day you have met in your life,  
If you are, as you say, "now in search of a wife."

## HONEST TRUTH ABOUT YE "FLAUNTING LIE."

THE TOCSIN-PEALS OF TEN YEARS AGO.

As certain Democratic journals and orators throughout the country have seen fit to attach undue importance and a totally garbled construction to an extract from a certain song which appeared many years ago in the *N. Y. Tribune*, it may be as well at this point to place on record a true copy of that song, and a history of the events out of which it grew, together with copies of certain other songs on the same subject, forming a series of which the much-quoted lyric was but a part.

The first song of the series appeared in the Consulate of Franklin Pierce, and was called out by the circumstances attending the capture and imprisonment of one Anthony Burns, an alleged fugitive slave from Virginia. This arrest created intense excitement in Boston, insomuch that nearly all business was suspended during its pendency. The people and State authorities of the great Old Commonwealth were perfectly willing to obey the Fugitive Slave Law, provided its provisions were properly complied with, and the accused given

some chance of proving, if he could, that he was not the character he had been taken for. This, however, was not the policy of the then Federal officials, who conducted the whole case with an overbearing insolence and disregard of the popular feelings which seemed to court an armed collision.

While the excitement was at its highest, a Boston paper announced, with high commendation, that "two companies of foreign-born soldiers had been stationed in and around the Court-House to keep back the rabble"—this "rabble," we may remark, embracing seven-eighths of all that was most eminent in the learning, piety, public confidence, and respectability of the Trimontane City. Taking these words of the paper for his text, the author of this series wrote and sent to *The Independent* the following verses, which he called:

#### LINES FOR THE DAY.

Aye! throng the courts, that once were free,  
With bands of savage soldiery—  
Call out the foreign kern!  
Beneath the shade of Bunker shaft,  
Where earth the blood of freemen quaffed,  
A different tale this day we learn.

Crush Massachusetts under foot,  
Destroy our freedom, branch and root,  
The Northern mind is bowed;

No more the Pilgrim banner waves,  
Content we see our fathers' graves  
By Slavery's groaning cannon plowed.

Oh! Massachusetts, Mother home!  
The rocks that dash to whitening foam  
Those seas the *Mayflower* pressed—  
Those very rocks cry out to-day,  
The waves dash high their glittering spray,  
To see thy weakness thus confessed.

And shall Virginia's jeering lords,  
Backed and sustained by foreign swords,  
Thy ancient soul subdue?  
Shall hireling steel and Southern fraud  
Reverse the mandate given by God—  
"Do as ye would men do to you!"

Oh! never, while to misery's sob  
Our eyes o'erflow, our pulses throb,  
Can come a day so cursed;  
While hope remains, while arms are strong,  
While lives the sense of right and wrong,  
These fetters be it ours to burst!

We have been patient, and our peace  
Mistaken was for cowardice—  
We try a different tense;  
The passive mood hath brought us chains,  
The active now alone remains  
To bring these tyrants back to sense.

Up, Massachusetts, up and arm!  
Let every steeple toll the alarm,  
Rally thy freemen soon!

Old Boston, as you hope to live,  
Ne'er let that frightened fugitive  
In fetters quit your barracoon!

Whether our rights we now defend,  
Or if the North must yet descend  
From depth to lower deeps;  
Remember this—nor be you dumb  
In the great struggle yet to come—  
With us the South no promise keeps.

This song, immediately republished in the *Tribune*, achieved a sudden and immense popularity, being widely copied in the journals of the day, and largely quoted from in the adverse speeches of party orators. It was a veritable "tocsin peal," and was answered by an uprising of popular opinion such as is rarely witnessed.

While these matters were going on in Boston, a wretch to whose name we afford the charity of oblivion, committed in one night a succession of crimes at the bare recital of which the imagination shudders. The scene of the occurrence was in the vicinity of Flatbush, Long Island. The monster entered a house in which he had formerly been employed as a servant, for the double purpose of robbing his master and outraging a young girl who had been his fellow-servant and had rejected his addresses. During the perpetration of these crimes, his former master and mistress were aroused, whereupon he split their heads open

with a meat-axe, otherwise mangling them frightfully, and then attempted to kill the girl he had tried to ravish; after which he set fire to the house in order to destroy the lifeless proofs of his guilt.

A horror so aggravated aroused all the neighboring citizens to fury. Hundreds organized themselves into a searching party, and hunted for the villain through the swamp in which he had taken refuge. He was at last found, after two or three days' search, hidden up to his neck in mud; and bleeding profusely from some wounds self-inflicted, by which he hoped to cheat the gallows. On being caught he at once confessed his crimes, and it was for a moment debated as to whether he should not be lynched upon the spot. The spirit of law and justice prevailed, however, and it was decided to give him a fair trial and an opportunity for counsel to defend him.

The very same paper that gave particulars of this tragedy, described, also, how Anthony Burns, without any fair trial, had been ordered back to slavery on the mere affidavit of a citizen of Virginia, claiming to be his owner, and the arbitrary decision of a Commissioner, who was paid an extra five dollars by law for deciding against the black man. All Boston closed its places of business on the day that the military procession appeared as an escort for Anthony Burns from the Court-House to the wharf. The black man was in the centre

of a square of infantry. Two sections of artillery, loaded with grape, were paraded to repress any popular outburst. Meanwhile appeared on nearly every house-top the United States flag at half-mast, while over Faneuil Hall, the old "Cradle of Liberty," the same flag was displayed at half-mast and completely enshrouded in crape.

On these simultaneous events were written the verses (originally published in the *Tribune*) which we now subjoin :

#### THE CONTRAST.

These are two pictures roughly drawn,  
Two scenes to meditate upon :  
No rainbow tints o'erflood  
The breathing figures they reveal :  
The pencil was assassin steel,  
The palette swam in blood !

#### LONG ISLAND.

Crouched in the swamp, amid the fern,  
What hideous features we discern,  
Torn, filthy, and aghast—  
How brutishly his eyeballs glare,  
As still he shrinks within his lair,  
'Till those who hunt have passed !  
  
And there are shouts and thrilling cries  
As hunting group to group replies—  
His covert they have hemmed ;

They hunt a monster steeped in crime,  
And find him, grovelling in the slime,  
Self-wounded, self-condemned.

What tongue describe the midnight scene,  
When first the murderer crept within  
That home of peaceful life ?  
When the dull meat-axe fell amain  
Through the crushed bone and spattering brain  
Of husband and of wife !

No matter—let the law decide !  
Though he confesses how they died,  
Although his guilt appears ;  
Let judges sit and counsel plan,  
And let him answer as he can,  
A jury of his peers.

#### NEW ENGLAND.

Our Boston streets are mute to-day,  
Though tens of thousands throng the way,  
Our flags are draped with crape ;  
No sound except the death-bell's toll,  
The tramp of soldiers, and the roll  
Of cannon brimmed with grape.

Lo ! as the fettered black appears  
Amid the square of serried spears,  
How heaves the multitude !  
They seek with flowers to strew his track,  
But levelled bayonets drive them back—  
Is his the crime of blood ?

Worse than all crimes! his skin is dark,  
 And Southern fraud has set her mark  
     Upon his fettered limbs.  
 Pampered and fed by Federal might,  
 HER ARK of Liberty and Right  
     On slavery's red-sea swims!

Nor does the man-thief even avow  
 That guilt has stained that ebon brow—  
     The crime is in the skin;  
 Yet, monster! hungering for your prey,  
 A whiter heart than yours to-day  
     That bosom beats within!

For him no trial—never pause—  
 Rough-ride New England's honored laws,  
     Make of our tears your mirth!  
 Our first-born Freedom ye have slain—  
 But in the "Cradle" once again  
     We swear to rock a nobler birth.

The troubles of Franklin Pierce and Company were not yet half over, in reference to this poor "colored American of African descent." On the trial being made, it was found that no ship or steamer in Boston could be hired for the purpose of carrying this alleged fugitive back to slavery. The universal cry was: "Give him a trial. Demand from the Virginian that he shall give as much proof of ownership as would be required to recover a stray dog! Comply only with these

requisitions, and we bow as in duty bound to the supremacy of the laws of the Union."

Matters having arrived at this pass, Caleb Cushing and Company had nothing for it but the conversion of a national armed vessel into a slave ship. The *Morris* was ordered to Boston for the sole purpose of carrying back to Virginia this one miserable wretch—alleged to be a fugitive from slavery. Picture—those who know anything of the Old Bay State—the horror created by this ignominious desecration of a national ship! The flag that had waved over slippery and smoking decks in our early conflicts with Great Britain—the flag to which our earliest and noblest captains had lifted their eyes for inspiration through the hot hours of many a bloody sea-fight—for that flag Caleb Cushing and Company could find no better business ten years ago than to cover, at the mast-head of the *Morris*, this isolated instance of the slave-trade carried on in an armed vessel of the Nation.

Just think of it! Bear in mind all the surroundings of the case; and then read the following lines, first published in the *Tribune*, June 13, 1854, with such comment and such appetites as your natures may suggest. Taken as a whole, and not merely looking at the three garbled stanzas which a portion of the press saw fit to give as the entire poem, it will be seen that the



lines are really a glowing tribute to the glory and greatness of our national banner; a glowing protest against its desecration in one particular instance.

#### HAIL TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.\*

[The U. S. cutter Morris has been ordered by President Franklin Pierce to carry Anthony Burns from Boston to Virginia, to be there enslaved for ever.—*Boston Commonwealth.*]

Hail to the Stars and Stripes!  
The boastful flag all hail!  
The tyrant trembles now,  
And at the sight grows pale;  
The Old World groans in pain,  
And turns her eye to see,  
Beyond the Western Main,  
This emblem of the Free.

Hail to the Stripes and Stars!  
Hope beams in every ray,  
And through the dungeon bars  
Points out a brighter way.  
The Old World sees the light  
That shall her cells illumine,  
And, shrinking back to night,  
Oppression reads her doom.

\* This song has received the compliment of being the only one copied in the first volume of Horace Greeley's "History of the American Conflict," being given as a sample of the spirit aroused by the excessive exactions.

Hail to the Stars and Stripes!  
They float in every sea;  
O'er every ocean sweeps  
Our emblem of the Free.  
Beneath the azure skies  
Of the soft Italian clime,  
Or where the Aurora dies  
In solitude sublime.

\* \* \* \* \*

All hail the flaunting Lie!  
The Stars grow pale and dim—  
The Stripes are bloody scars,  
A lie the flaunting hymn!  
It shields a pirate's deck,  
It binds a man in chains,  
And round the captive's neck  
Its folds are bloody stains.

Tear down the flaunting Lie!  
Half-mast the starry flag!  
Insult no sunny sky  
With this polluted rag!  
Destroy it, ye who can!  
Deep sink it in the waves!  
It bears a fellow-man  
To groan with fellow-slaves.

Awake the burning scorn—  
The vengeance long and deep,  
That, till a better morn,  
Shall neither tire nor sleep!

Swear once again the vow,  
By all we hope or dream,  
That what we suffer now  
The future shall redeem.

Furl, furl the boasted Lie,  
Till Freedom lives again,  
With stature grand and purpose high  
Among untrammelled men!  
Roll up the starry sheen,  
Conceal its bloody stains;  
For in its folds are seen  
The stamp of rusting chains.

Swear, Freemen—all as one—  
To spurn the flaunting Lie,  
Till Peace, and Truth, and Love  
Shall fill the brooding sky;  
Then, floating in the air,  
O'er hill, and dale, and sea,  
'Twill stand for ever fair,  
The emblem of the Free!

To all of treason, disloyalty, or contempt for the national flag that the enemies of human freedom can find in the foregoing verses, we bid them heartily welcome. They have never heretofore published more than a few stanzas, and even those few were garbled and twisted out of their proper sense and connection. The copy now submitted is from a revise by the author; and as—for good or evil—this song has passed into the

history of our country and age, we think those who have misquoted extracts from it should let the whole of it be seen in its rightful shape.

And now for the last of the "tocsin-peals" rung out in the columns of the *Tribune*.

On the arrival of the Morris in the South, with her black prisoner duly fettered on board, there was tremendous rejoicing through all slavedom—late Jeffdom. All the orators and bards of the "Chivalry" made speeches and wrote songs in honor of their victory over the law-abiding citizens of the old Bay State. Joy-bells were rung, bonfires kindled, windows were illuminated, much whiskey consumed—and the friends of Franklin Pierce thought his renomination certain. There was joy in the White House, but mourning in the best hearts of New England. That a fugitive slave, duly proved to be such, should be returned, was a necessity in which very nearly all New England acquiesced. But that a Southern master should be sustained by the Federal Executive in seizing a man in the streets of Boston, and hurrying him away without any substantial proofs of his identity or former servitude—this cup was a bitter one, but President Pierce and Caleb Cushing made Massachusetts drink of it to the very dregs.

On the receipt of Anthony Burns in the Old Dominion, he was solemnly turned over from the

custody of National bayonets to that of the local militia, an organization with which the North has since become pretty thoroughly acquainted at Manassas, Antietam, Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg, the Wilderness, and elsewhere. By these military scions of First Families of Virginia he was ostentatiously escorted to the plantation of his alleged owner; and it was on the report of the joyous and triumphal ceremonies then and there enacted that the following verses were struck off and given to the public in the *Tribune*.

#### THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Hark! how the joy-bells of the South  
 Speak victory with brazen mouth!  
 What tyrant have they slain?  
 What conquered monarch comes to-day  
 Begirt by all this plumed array  
 Of proud and weaponed men?

Those joybells! Once I heard them ring  
 When Britain's dull and savage King  
 Loosed from our throat his grip;  
 Then sabres gleamed—then Kingship fell—  
 And are they pealed once more to tell  
 This Victory of the Whip?

Behold him in the centre, there!  
 The fettered image of despair,  
 While round him hotly flows,

That "Chivalry" the Southrons boast—  
 And on the flag that leads the host  
 The name of "Freedom" glows!

Aye! lead him where the lilacs bloom  
 Around Mount Vernon's silent tomb—  
 Green be those trees and fresh!  
 And there, with oaths as fierce as deep,  
 Salute the mouldering tenant's sleep  
 With bids for human flesh!

Who cares for Boston? though her cry,  
 Her wail of bitter agony,  
 Through all the welkin swells!  
 She dared not face our shotted guns—  
 We drown the murmur of her sons  
 With shouts and clanging bells.

No respite—no surcease of woe!  
 And shall it be for ever so?  
 Was this the Pilgrim faith?  
 Shall Freedom's votaries still despair,  
 And must the living North yet bear  
 This yoke with moral death?

From the foregoing history, it will be seen that the "Flaunting-Lie" story of the Copperhead journals and orators was a "flaunting lie" indeed. It will also be seen that, far from being an utterance in contempt of the flag, it was a cry of sorrowful indignation at beholding the desecration of that sacred emblem. This statement we have felt due to the truth of history, as also to relieve Mr. Gree-

ley from much undeserved obloquy ; and now the subject stands dismissed, with only this concluding remark: All four songs were tossed out, we believe, in the heat and hurry of daily journalism, and have this eminent value: that, however deficient they may be in literary merit or polish, they give a true, permanent, and intensified expression to what were the convictions of the popular mind on a subject which must for ever remain of the highest interest.

## LOUIS NAPOLEON'S "LIFE OF CÆSAR."

### DYNASTIC DELUSIONS OF THE EMPEROR.

THE many who will persist in regarding Louis Napoleon as merely an Emperor, in the common sense of the word, do him far less than justice, and take their observations of his character from a stand-point which must for ever prevent their forming a true appreciation of his motives and the probable outcome of his acts. He is essentially a philosopher who speculates in systems of government ; a literary man who, happily or unhappily for himself, has obtained power to test the various dynastic theories which he has formed during a dreamy life, by the arbitrament of fleets, armies, edicts, and schemes of finance—all the moral and material resources of a powerful but fickle people. To the subjects of government as a science, and the perpetuation of dynasties as an art, he would seem from his earliest days to have devoted all the energies of a plodding but not brilliant intellect—an intellect in which we find the infidelity and audacity which marked the France of twenty years before his birth, curiously contrasted with an almost reverential study of the

lessons of history, and a touchingly credulous acquiescence in whatever may appear to be the necessities which those lessons would impose.

That faith in the "Napoleonic star" which, with the stronger Uncle, was in great part a theatrical assumption, designed to give confidence to his followers in times of peril, would seem to have been accepted by the weaker Nephew as a religious truth—a truth both historical and philosophic, on the sufficient basis of which a permanent imperial dynasty for France may with safety be constructed. For this theory he seeks support in the analogies of history—his retrospection continually studying and reproducing the motives and maxims of his Uncle, as in the volume entitled "Napoleonic Ideas;" and his slow intellect never seeming to tire of analyzing the lives of Julius Cæsar and Charlemagne, as the two great military and imperial characters in whose designs and successes may be found the closest parallels to the achievements of the elder Napoleon. For the written results of his researches into the history and times of Charlemagne, Parisian rumor says we may have yet some years to wait; but already we know there is in press a "History of Cæsar" from Louis Napoleon's pen—the design of this last imperial literary effort being, as we imagine, to prove: that as the First Napoleon was, in his conquests and final fate, a rather close counterpart of the

First Cæsar; so in the Second Napoleon we may expect to see revived the peaceful glories, irresistible sway, artistic and material progress, and consolidating influences of the Augustan era.

For this conjecture as to the object and intended moral of the forthcoming work, we have no other ground than a pretty accurate study of Louis Napoleon's character and a just estimate of the circumstances under which he writes. Occupying the most perplexing and unstable throne in Europe, a prey to physical maladies and devoured by a desire to perpetuate his dynasty in the person of his son, the French imperial *littérateur* flies to his pen, at once as a relief from oppressing cares and as an instrument which may be made useful in giving popularity to his ideas. That the views which, we doubt not, his edition of Cæsar will be found to contain are plausible on their face, is not to be denied. As the Roman conqueror laid the foundations of his greatness by victoriously carrying the eagles of his country over France, Spain, Germany, and Britain, while at home all was mutiny and chaos in the expiring republic of the municipality of Rome; so the elder Napoleon dazzled the eyes of France by his successes in Italy and elsewhere, at a period when the democratic government in Paris had become the very incarnation of oppression without purpose, and imbecility from which there could be no appeal.

In the manner of their obtaining imperial power—for Cæsar had long held it in fact, though assassinated under a suspicion of desiring to assume it in title—there is the strictest possible analogy between the histories of the first Roman and the first French Emperors. Both were first-class military conquerors, and both poor statesmen; both had achieved triumphs abroad while chaos ruled at home; both were called upon to return and assume the direction of affairs by the all but unanimous cry of a people who could nowhere else see any hope of stability; both committed the mistake of believing themselves the creators and not the creatures of the circumstances by which they found themselves surrounded; and both paid the penalty of their lives—Cæsar, the more happy, under sudden blows, and Napoleon in the long exile of St. Helena—for having failed to realize that the time in which each lived was not the proper time for the experiment of personal aggrandizement which each attempted.

Different epochs and conditions of society call for and produce new forms of government. Rome had originally been governed by kings, of whom Tarquinius Superbus was the last. Then came four hundred years of a so-called republican government, which was just terminating, utterly effete and exhausted, when Cæsar stepped upon the stage. It was not a republic in any true sense—the muni-

cipality of Rome giving laws to the empire, but a few aristocratic families holding the votes of all other Roman citizens in complete subjection. Cæsar judged a change of government to be imminent, and in this he was right; but he contemplated a return in his own person to the former system of a kingship, and here was his error. Nations, no more than individuals, repeat in the progress of their lives the passions or the follies of past eras. Rome did not want a king; and, speaking by the hand of Brutus, Cæsar was bloodily rebuked for supposing he could make himself a successor to the last of the Tarquins. But Rome did want a change of government; the hour had become ripe for producing a new system of rule; and in the person of Augustus, and with the title of "Imperator," or general-in-chief, borrowed from the camps, and only suggesting military ascendancy, the Roman people passed cheerfully under the yoke of an empire—that being the form of government which most clearly realized their aspirations for universal conquest.

In France and with the elder Napoleon the case was different. There the kingship of the Capets, accompanied by the oppressions of a feudal aristocracy, had become effete, and all Frenchmen needed a change. The republic, in the days of its infancy, was assailed by powerful combinations of foreign foes and domestic traitors. It absolutely needed

for its guidance through that bitter period the firm hand and absolute will of a successful military chief. This want the elder Napoleon supplied: and history tells us how generous was his welcome, how boundless the homage, almost the idolatry, France poured at his feet. But as Cæsar, mistakenly, under similar circumstances, supposed Rome to need a king—so Napoleon, misled by his vanity and personal ambition, thought France must need an emperor. Here was an egregious folly, only to be pardoned for the severity of the penalty which it evoked. France, in making a republic in Europe, had fulfilled her needs. Her new system was not worn out: indeed, was only in its infancy, as it is even yet. That new experiment has since been interrupted by foreign accidents—a few generations in the history of a nation being comparatively as brief as the fainting fit of a moment in the life of a young child. In throwing off the Bourbon and Orleans dynasties, and accepting Louis Napoleon as emperor by the voice of universal suffrage, France well knows that she is returning fast towards her intermitted experiment of a democratic republic. It is her destiny, she feels, to live under the new form of government that she was the first to create in Europe—the present emperorship of Louis Napoleon being no more than a mask or curtain behind which the forces of her Nationhood are preparing for a

return to the completion of their interrupted dream.

Nations never go backward on their tracks: nor can dissimilar causes in their history, any more than in the history of individual lives, produce similar results. Charlemagne tried to revive the Roman imperial system in his own person, conquering all Europe west of the Danube and calling it the "Empire of the West"—the Roman Power having then removed its capital to Constantinople, and being well content with recognition as the "Empire of the East." That Western Europe needed a change of government Charlemagne clearly saw, and as a military conqueror he was accepted in the iconoclastic spirit. His revival of an empire was successful for his own stormy and troubled lifetime; but the moment that powerful repressive influence had been removed, the nations saw a new thing—the feudal system—rise up in Europe; that very feudal system which has since been swept away in blood and fire by the first throes of the French revolution. Like Cæsar thinking of returning to the ancient Roman kingship; like Charlemagne hoping to reconsolidate in his own dynasty the early Roman empire; like the First Napoleon, forgetting that his purple was but tolerated as a portion of his military uniform, and that his true character was that of the armed hand of a democratic republic—we now see Louis

Napoleon dreaming of a French empire which is to endure and be perpetuated in his family, and painfully writing books to prove that in himself is revived the Augustan era which only came to Rome after nearly four hundred years of an aristocratic republic.

If the present Emperor of the French be alive half-a-dozen years from now, he will be quite likely to appreciate the philosophic truth of this article—a philosophy not spider-spun from dreams, and discolored by personal aspirations, as is his own; but drawn with disinterested candor from an application of mere common-sense principles to the great teachings of historical experience. In the beheading of Louis Capet, France signified her conviction that a republican form of government was essential to her progress. That wish, in any orderly sense, has never yet been gratified, Europe conspiring to forbid the experiment, and France having for a brief time to accept an "imperator," or absolute commander-in-chief, as her only safeguard. The wish for the republic, however, has not died out, nor can France forego the idea until the idea shall—in the course of centuries, perhaps—have fulfilled its mission. Louis Napoleon may translate books and write commentaries to prove himself a new Augustus, and to convince the French people that under his dynasty alone can their happiness be thoroughly developed. The

whole thing is nonsense, however—the nonsense of a selfish and not large-minded dreamer, who has so much at stake in the game that he does not dare acknowledge, even to himself, how hopelessly and inevitably all the chances are against him. Whoever is alive ten years from now will see France peacefully and proudly pursuing the republican experiment from which she was compelled to desist more than half a century ago, by the arms of the Holy Alliance. Louis Napoleon, meanwhile, may fancy himself a new Augustus; and we have no doubt that, in this light, his forthcoming volume may prove extremely instructive and amusing.

Though not strictly in consonance with the general tenor of this article, we here subjoin a view of Napoleon III. from the easel of that most perfect and wonderful of the world's song-writers—Beranger—whose verses yet possess an interest and power in France that not even the Emperor can ignore. The lines here paraphrased, we may add, were written by Beranger at a time when Napoleon III. was attempting to excite the enthusiasm of the students and young revolutionary classes of Paris by representing that his reign furnished "a revival of the days of the First Empire, in which the armed soldier of Democracy led forth his legions in behalf of the Democratic idea, and to the downfall of all regal tyrannies."



## BERANGER TO THE STUDENTS.

Poor youths! and think you that the gag  
 Hath been removed from Freedom's lips,  
 Or that the old tri-colored flag  
 Is now revived from its eclipse?  
 My rhymes, I fear, are much to blame,  
 Forget them—I their sense discard;  
 If this they taught, I curse my fame—  
 Forgive a poor old witless bard!

What times are these they now "revive,"  
 Were such the days I once did sing—  
 I, who have never ceased to strive  
 With flatterer, pander, priest and king?  
 A mighty chief once claimed my songs,  
 But 'twas unsceptred, under guard,  
 When Ste. Helene avenged our wrongs—  
 Ah, pity an old witless bard!

Can hireling eloquence please our ears,  
 Leverrier fill Arago's place?  
 Or, in despite the despot's fears,  
 What spell can Hugo's love efface?  
 And can my king, all kind and good,  
 Require the spy's, the jailor's guard?  
 And is't for him Rome recks with blood—  
 Pity a poor old witless bard!

Aye, I have sometimes sung the sword,  
 The azure robes that victory brings—  
 But 'twas when Freedom's first-born poured  
 Their blood to break the league of kings!

But he—this cut-throat, bandit, spy,  
 Whose sword God's shrine could not retard,  
 With him hob-nobbing, what were I?  
 Forgive a poor old witless bard!

To Poland's—to Italia's cause  
 France owes a debt that blood must clear;  
 The cannon roars—let's on—but pause?  
 The ground is dangerous if so near.  
 Go carry freedom further yet;  
 The Turk—should we his prayer discard?  
 Behold the League of Kings is met—  
 Forgive a poor old witless bard!

## PARNASSUS REVISITED.

### MORE ABOUT PIRATICAL PRIVATEERING.

WHENEVER the history of Literary Larceny comes to be fully written, blackest upon the infamous record will stand the name of Miles O'Reilly, the *soi-disant* "Soldier-Poet." In the first number of *Mrs. Grundy*, we held up before our readers a Magic Mirror of Scorn, in which we showed them clearly the form of this Literary Profligate, engaged in the congenial task of burrowing into the grave of the late Claudius Claudianus, the last of the Latin Classic Poets, and the *protégé* of the Empress Serena. Subsequently, a lame attempt was made by him in the columns of *The Citizen*—a journal over which he appears to exercise but too much control—to throw discredit upon the statements made by us with regard to that flagitious transaction. He pretends to reject the idea of there being in existence any such edition of Claudius Claudianus as the one to which we referred, viz.: the "Amsterdam edition by Burmann, 1760." To this we reply, that immediately upon the publication of his "defence," we invited Mr. O'Reilly to visit us at our private residence, where the vellum-

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bound treasure in question reposed majestically upon our desk, ready for his inspection. To that invitation we have never received any response. The Literary Profligate, dazzled by the Calcium Light suddenly brought to bear upon his doings, retired for a while into the obscurity so necessary, at times, to the Owls and Bats by which the Republic of Letters has ever been infested.

But with characteristic audacity, the piratical Private O'Reilly again emerges from his cavern. Friedrich Gerstaecker is this time the victim of our Literary Profligate, whose "original poem," "The Waste of War," is a literal, though rather meagre, translation from the German poet. We give both poems in full, in order that our readers may judge for themselves:

### THE WASTE OF WAR.

[Translated from the German of Friedrich Gerstaecker, by Miles Au-Relius, and audaciously palmed off by him as an Original Poem.]

Three years ago, to-day,  
We raised our hands to Heaven,  
And, on the rolls of muster,  
Our names were thirty-seven;  
There were just a thousand bayonets,  
And the swords were thirty-seven,  
As we took the oath of service  
With our right hands raised to Heaven.

O, 'twas a gallant day,  
 In memory still adored,  
 That day of our sun-bright nuptials  
 With the musket and the sword!  
 Shrill rang the fifes, the bugles blared,  
 And beneath a cloudless heaven  
 Far flashed a thousand bayonets,  
 And the swords were thirty-seven

Of the thousand stalwart bayonets  
 Two hundred march to-day;  
 Hundreds lie in Virginia swamps,  
 And hundreds in Maryland clay;  
 While other hundreds—less happy—drag  
 Their mangled limbs around,  
 And envy the deep, calm, blessed sleep  
 Of the battle-field's holy ground.

For the swords—one night a week ago  
 The remnant, just eleven,—  
 Gathered around a banqueting-board  
 With seats for thirty-seven.  
 There were two came in on crutches,  
 And two had each but a hand,  
 To pour the wine and raise the cup  
 As we toasted "Our Flag and Land!"

And the room seemed filled with whispers  
 As we looked at the vacant seats,  
 And with choking throats we pushed aside  
 The rich but untasted meats;

Then in silence we brimmed our glasses  
 As we stood up—just eleven—  
 And bowed as we drank to the Loved and the Dead  
 Who had made us Thirty-seven!

### Uebersetzung von Friedrich Gerstäcker.

Drei Jahre sind es heut' gerad',  
 Da kamen zusammen wir  
 In diesem Saale, im vollen Staat  
 Siebenunddreißig Offizier';

Und tausend Mann, eine wack're Schaar,  
 Die führten wir zum Strauß.  
 Aus diesem Saale, 's nun drei Jahr,  
 Da rückten wir fröhlich aus.

O welch ein großer Tag war der,  
 Der uns dem Schwert getraut,  
 Wie funkelte so hell und hehr  
 Die scharfgeschliffne Braut!

Wie funkelten uns zu Stolz und Lust  
 In der Sonne Glanz und Strahl  
 Die tausend Rlingen von Eisen just  
 Und die siebenunddreißig von Stahl!

Von den tausend Bajonetten nun  
 Zweihundert halten noch Stand,  
 Denn Hunderte in den Sümpfen ruhn,  
 Und Hundert' in Maryland,

Und andere Hundert—treu und brav,  
 Die schleppen—verfrüppelt und wund,  
 Durch's Leben sich noch, und meiden den Schlaf  
 Der Todten im blutigen Grund.

Und die Klingen? Heut Abend im nämlichen Saal  
Da kam aus dem Schlachtgewühl  
Der Rest zusammen—noch elf an der Zahl,  
Für siebenunddreißig Stühl'.

Zwei hinkten an Krücken nur fürbaß,  
Zwei hatten je eine Hand,  
Aber hoch erhob die eine das Glas  
Zum Toast: „Unser Banner und Land!“

Und mit Thränen füllte sich jeder Blick,  
Zu viel Stühle standen ja leer—  
Die Teller schoben sie Alle zurück,  
Nur die Gläser langten sie her,

Und schweigend schenkten sie wieder ein  
Und hoben den Trank zum Mund;  
Den Todten brachten sie still den Wein,  
Den Schläfern im blutigen Grund.

And here a curious complication of literary crime presents itself. Turning over the leaves of our favorite Claudius, we stumble upon the following trumpet-tongued poem, which occurs in the *De Bello Gettico*—still referring, of course, to the Burmann edition of 1760—and from which Gerstaecker's production has audaciously been filched:—

#### DEVASTATIO BELL.

Circum ter orbis volvitur annuus,  
Postquam supinas sustulimus manus  
Septem et triginta, cuspidesque  
Mille acie micuere acutâ.

Dies dierum, nobilis, inclytus!  
Dies fideli pectore conditus!  
Dies coruscus nuptiarum,  
Cuspide cum gladio revinctâ!

Cantus tubarum, flamina tibiae  
Sub axe puro stridula personant;  
Clare nitescunt mille tela,  
Lucida ferra micant reclusa.

Ex mille duris cuspidibus ferè  
Restant ducenti, Virginiae tenent  
Multos paludes (heu! nefandum),  
Terra tenet Mariana multos.

Multi trahentes, sorte miserrimi!  
Confecta diro vulnere corpora,  
Campo cruento somniantes  
Invidia socios tuentur.

Sol lumen orbi septimus attulit,  
Ex quo dolentes reliquiae ensium,  
Undeni, ad integrum torale  
Conveniunt, dapibus paratis.

Fulti bacillis sunt miseri duo,  
Manus duobus singula, quâ tulit  
Cratera, quum vexillo amato,  
Et patriae cyathos dabamus.

Plena et susurris interior domus  
Sedes relictas visa tuentibus,  
Nec passus angor mentis ore  
Sumere delicias saporum.

Vinum coronant, surgimus undecim;  
 Stat quisque feno vertice, tristius  
 Propinat amissis, amatis,  
 Nec lacrymæ caruere amaræ.

The Germans are a people noted for their classical research, nor is Herr Gerstaecker an exception to the rule. If great wits jump with simultaneous instinct, so also of eminent Literary Profligates; and it is well for Miles O'Reilly that his name should appear on the docket of Literary Piracies, in juxtaposition with that of Friedrich Gerstaecker.

## RESIGNED.

Never again on the shoulder  
 To see our knightly bars;  
 Never again on the shoulder  
 To see our lordly leaves;  
 Never again to follow  
 The flag of the Stripes and Stars;  
 Never again to dream the dream  
 That martial music weaves.

Never again to call Comrade  
 To the men who were comrades for years;  
 Never to hear the bugles,  
 Thrilling and sweet and solemn;  
 Never again call Brother,  
 To the men we think of with tears;  
 Never again to ride or march  
 In the dust of the marching column.

Never again be a sharer  
 In the first chilly hours of the strife,  
 When, at dawn, the skirmish-rifles  
 In opening chorus rattle;  
 Never again feel our manhood  
 Kindle up into ruddy life,  
 'Midst the hell of scenes and noises  
 In the hot hours of the battle.

Crippled, forlorn, and useless—  
 The glory of life grown dim;  
 Brooding alone o'er the memory  
 Of the men who fell at my side;  
 Nursing a painful fancy,  
 And nursing a shattered limb—  
 Oh, comrades! resigning is bitter:  
 'Twere better with them to have died.

## NEW MOVEMENT AGAINST GRANT.

TRUE HISTORY OF A TEMPERANCE DELEGATION—  
THE TIPSIEST TOTAL ABSTINENCE PARTY EVER  
KNOWN.

ST. LOUIS, MO., *August 19, 1864.*

THE SECESH THINK IF GRANT REMAINS IN POWER  
THEY ARE GONE.

MY DEAR HUDSON: I have to announce a great moral revolution! John Secesh in these parts has turned temperance doctrinaire. He is for total abstinence. He is for cashiering any and every officer who can be proved to have imbibed more than seven thimblefuls of lager in any seven consecutive days! All the ladies who wear cherry and white ribbons in their bonnets are enthusiastic in the cause of anti-alcoholic imbibations. They are full of sincerest sorrow for the "unhappy tendency" of General Grant. They are eager that he may be at once relieved from command and sent to recuperate in some cold-water asylum. "It is the only way he can be saved," they say; and "the only way in which the falling fortunes of the rebellion can be saved," is at the bottom of their thoughts.

In a word, the John Seceshes of St. Louis have been busy for the last month in mysteriously but actively circulating rumors to the effect that the Lieutenant-General, on whose genius the fortunes of the Union are staked, has not been sober for a month, but that he continually dwelleth in the headquarters of "Beast Butler," who feedeth said Lieutenant-General upon forty-rod whiskey and aquafortis brandy—the "Beast" aforesaid hoping to inherit the three stars whenever Grant shall have "cashed in his checks" under the life-compelling sceptre of King Alcohol!

GEORGE N. SANDERS AND SENATOR CHANDLER AS  
TEMPERANCE DELEGATES.

So great is the agitation of John and Jeannette Secesh upon this point that they are preparing to repeat the experiment of a temperance delegation to wait upon the President, with a protest against his retention of "a common drunkard" in command of the chief army of the Union. It is said that Mr. George Noodle Sanders, at present of Canada, has been offered the chairmanship of this new temperance movement; and that Senator Chandler, of Michigan, will represent, as secretary, the extreme abolition total-abstinence sentiment of the entire country. A special train is to be hired for the use of the delegation, so that decent travel-

lers from St. Louis to the East may not be worried by the ultra-zealous temperance demonstrations of the members of the committee; and in the instructions of the "Total Abstinence Convention" under which the delegates are to act, it is resolved that "no member of the secesh temperance delegation to the President, for the removal of General Grant, shall carry with him during his journey from St. Louis to Washington, over six two-gallon demi-johns of Bourbon for his private use."

#### FIRST "TEMPERANCE DELEGATION" AGAINST GENERAL GRANT.

The fuss that is now being made here by the rebel sympathizers over the alleged backslidings of the Lieutenant-General, recalls to my mind very forcibly a scene of which I was witness, just previous to the capture of Fort Donelson. The actors in the matter were different; but the anecdote falls in as a capital illustration of the present hubbub. The thing is also memorable in itself, as embracing the only public joke of which Major-General Henry Wager Halleck has ever been known to be guilty.

While Grant was elaborating his preparations to pass down the Mississippi with that magnificent and resistless energy which finally tore open the rebel lockjaw of the river at Fort Donelson,

Columbus, Nashville, Pittsburg Landing, Vicksburg, and finally Port Hudson, the John Seceshes of those early days became alarmed at his deliberate and unceasing energy, and at once commenced reviving, with exaggerations, unspeakable old stories and old lies in reference to certain alleged indiscretions of his early habits. The lies "took" with the rapidity which is usual in such cases; and before a fortnight from their coinage in the rebel mint, we had a grave and dolorous editorial from the temperance and bran-bread philosophers of the *New York Tribune*, pointing out Brigadier-General Grant as a melancholy example of the debasing and ruinous effects of too much alcohol. The *New York Tribune* philosophers, in fact, made him very much like the drunken helot, who was exhibited by Spartan fathers to their children as the best argument in favor of a Neal Dow Maine Law.

#### GOVERNOR DICK YATES AND HIS ALLIES.

Well, the matter at length went so far that Gov. Dick Yates, of Illinois—himself a notorious temperance advocate—gave his sanction to the getting up of a "temperance delegation" from the State, charged with proceeding to Washington, where they should lay before the President an energetic protest against his allowing "forty-two thousand

sons of Illinois, then in the Army of the Mississippi, to have their lives placed in jeopardy under command of a common drunkard." This delegation was headed by Judge Davis, now of the Supreme Court, and had among its members such political friends of the President as Leonard Swett, Minister Judd, and other celebrated politicians of the Sucker State.

#### PRESIDENT LINCOLN ON THE RAMPAGE.

Mr. Lincoln did not know what to do with the matter. He had read the New York *Tribune's* article, and was now besieged by the first temperance delegation in regard to "General Grant's habits." He telegraphed in cypher to General Halleck, who was then in command of the Mississippi department, setting forth what the *Tribune* said, what the total abstinence committee said, and what he (President Lincoln) thought should at once be done. This was nothing more nor less, than that General Halleck should issue an order summarily and disgracefully dismissing Grant from the service for being afflicted with alcoholic habits.

#### GENERAL HALLECK CAN'T SEE IT, AND GROWS INDIGNANT.

Halleck at once telegraphed back an indignant reply. If the charge were true, or had a shadow

of truth in it, the first head to fall should not be Gen. Grant's—it should be General Halleck's. If he, commanding in chief the department, could expose his greatest army to defeat under such a person as the President seemed to believe General Grant, it was very clear that his Excellency should at once remove him (General Halleck) from the position he so manifestly was unqualified to fill. In conclusion, the Major-General commanding the Mississippi department would respectfully submit to his Excellency, that temperance delegations were very excellent things in their proper place—the editorial rooms of the New York *Tribune* and other synagogues of the saints, wherein the "total abstinence beverages" (not "spirits") of "just men were made perfect;" but that, so far as the Army of the Mississippi went, he wished to have nothing to say to them, and would prefer "Grant's little finger, even if tipsy, to the carcasses of the whole blessed caboodle!"

#### INTENSE DISGUST AT WASHINGTON—THE TEMPERANCE MEN VOTED A NUISANCE.

Intense disgust followed the receipt at Washington of this telegram. The temperance delegation from Illinois took "tall drinks all round" many times, and then acceded to the President's proposition (Mr. Lincoln being anxious to get rid



of them, as they were personal friends and a heavy drain upon his whiskey-cellar); and the proposition was this: They were to proceed in a body to St. Louis, Governor Dick Yates footing their travelling expenses and bar-room bills; and on their arrival there, such of them as were able to walk should walk, and such of them as could not walk should be carried in carriages or wheelbarrows to General Halleck's headquarters, where they should lay before said General their proofs and affidavits (mainly signed by members of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions, together with a raft of secessionists and cotton speculators) as to General Grant's "deplorable excesses" in the tipping line.

THE "TOTAL ABSTINENCE" MEN ARE TOTED IN  
WHEELBARROWS BEFORE GEN. HALLECK.

Well, to make a long story short, down they came, and were helped or carried by a strong delegation of porters, waiters, and all available black help, up the stoop of the Planters' House, and thence to their respective rooms, which were secured by Captain (now Colonel) J. Wilson Shaffer, of Illinois—then a quartermaster, and a very excellent one, on the staff of General Hunter. Had Shaffer not been there, the whole "temperance delegation" would, beyond doubt, have been

kicked into the street or sent for lodgings to the calaboose, as Palmer, the clerk, refused to give them entertainment unless they would duly register their names in the hotel book; and there was not a man in the crowd who could see less than a dozen pens and a small army of books when the clerk offered him a single quill and pointed to the solitary ledger.

THE TAR A-BOILING AND THE FEATHERS BEING  
COLLECTED.

Of course for that night there could be no formal visit to General Halleck, who was then staying in the hotel, accompanied by General Cullum, his Chief of Staff; Col. Kelton, his Assistant Adjutant-General; Col. Thom, his Chief of Topographical Engineers; the lamented McPherson; Col. Cutts, brother to Mrs. Douglas, and a young Major O'Reilly of the Adjutant-General's Department, whose first name I happen to forget. Captain Shaffer, however, gleaned enough from the tipsy hiccoughings and grunts of his old friends from Illinois to form a right estimate of their general business. Great was the fun at Halleck's table and in his adjacent headquarters that night; but when the matter came to be somewhat noised abroad, it was found necessary to place a guard of soldiers at the door of each slumbrous member of

the "Temperance Delegation," in order to prevent the officers and men of Grant's army who chanced to be in town from supplying said members with a coat of tar and feathers as an appropriate uniform in which their next morning's visit to General Halleck should be paid.

GRANT "MOVES ON THE ENEMY'S WORKS"—FORT DONELSON CAPTURED.

Next morning—Sunday morning—proved an eventful one. Long before the "total abstinence" representatives had commenced, with dizzy heads and trembling hands, to ring for Congress water and cocktails, great news had reached the busy headquarters of the general commanding. Fort Donelson had fallen before the unmatched prowess and resistless energy of General Grant. He had "moved upon the enemy's works," and they were his! He had fifteen thousand prisoners, the whole armament of the fort, which covered many acres, and Floyd was a miserable fugitive! This victory necessitated the evacuation by the enemy of Bowling Green and Columbus. It threw open the Mississippi to Pittsburg Landing, and was a verification in full of those fears of the secessionists within our lines, which had first prompted them to start the lie that "Grant was a common drunkard, and should be at once removed."

THE BULLETIN OF VICTORY, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

It was not until about ten in the morning that General Halleck had sufficient leisure from the more important and pressing cares of that critical moment to think of putting up on the bulletin board of the Planters' House the announcement of our victory. The bulletin was then written and handed to an orderly sergeant to be placed before the public.

By this time the John Seceshes of St. Louis were in full force in the office and main corridor of the hotel. They were anxious, for they had heard whispers of bad news to their cause; and they were also anxious as to the state of their friends of the "Temperance Delegation from Illinois." In truth, these gentlemen of the "total abstinence party" needed care and cocktails, baths and brandy-smashes, much barberizing and many juleps, before they could be revived into any appearance of respectability. The John Seceshes, however, were assiduous; and by the time the orderly sergeant, followed by General Halleck and staff, appeared in the corridor, the "members of the temperance delegation" had straightened themselves up into that condition of "unearthly sobriety" which your old toper (who has a pew in church and marriageable daughters) is always cer-

tain to assume when recovering from a last night's debauch, and with just enough "red eye" in his stomach to make breakfast a possibility.

GEN. HALLECK'S SPEECH AND JOKE—THE ONLY JOKE OF HIS LIFE.

On the posting up of the bulletin great was the hubbub and curious the varying sensations observable on the faces of the crowd. John Secesh was in despair; the "temperance delegation" looked as if no hole could be too small for the fattest man among them to crawl out through; the loyalists, in and out of uniform, rent the air with cheers; Halleck puffed his cigar with vigor, and General Cullum, just back from Cairo, rubbed his thin hands exultingly.

"Palmer," called out General Halleck to the clerk, "send up two dozen baskets of champagne, and open them here for the benefit of the crowd." (Loud cheers, the temperance delegation looking sheepish.) "And, Palmer," continued the General, "I want you to give public notice that I shall suspect the loyalty of any male resident of St. Louis who can be found sober enough to walk or speak within the next half hour."

THE "TOTAL ABSTINENCE" MEN GET A BRIGHT IDEA.

How the "total abstinence men" felt at this precise juncture I cannot say; but history gives full record of what they did. A bright idea seized Judge Davis that by cheering and yelling the loudest for General Grant, the character of their mission might be forgotten. Davis yelled and cheered. Leonard Swett saw the point at once, and joined in chorus. Minister Judd only blamed himself that the same happy thought had not occurred to him before occurring to Judge Davis; and, as the upshot of the whole, the entire "temperance party" became the most vociferous in the corridor in their mad huzzahs for the "Great River Horse of the Mississippi." The champagne provided by General Halleck, however, was too cold for their inflamed and furious stomachs. They secured, through Shaffer's aid, a large empty hall, sometimes used as a ballroom, in the back part of the Planters' House; and there, throughout that day, with many a pailful of "red eye" and many a bucket of spiced brandy, they held high revel, dancing like enthusiastic monomaniacs around the room and huzzahing for General Grant at the top of their voices—"Wilse Shaffer" meanwhile having turned the key on the whole party, so that none but friends should see their folly.

Thus ended the first "John Secesh temperance delegation" against General Grant. Are we now to have another, under the auspices of George N. Sanders and company? I have great hopes that, as a corollary of the new John Secesh temperance-movement against the greatest of our soldiers, we shall soon hear of General Grant quietly smoking his cigar in the mansion heretofore occupied by Mr. Jefferson Davis. It is only when the rebels are utterly hopeless and helpless, that they have resort to this miserable trick of personal assault and slander.

In this connexion, and as one of the jolliest camp drinking-songs that we can at this moment recall, perhaps Private O'Reilly's verses on "Winter Quarters," which are known to be favorites with Grant's staff, if not with the good and gallant General himself, may here be excused for their intrusion. It may be supposed they were written in that period of wintry repose when the vast camps of the Army of the Potomac were visited by swarms of ladies, and rang with the "sounds of revelry by night."

## WINTER. QUARTERS.

Comrades, 'tis a stormy winter,  
And the snow-drift rises higher;  
Quick, and fling a larger splinter  
On the fire!

Let the loud winds moaning o'er us,  
O'er the warm and shingled thatch,  
Hear our bacchanalian chorus,  
Glee and catch!

Comrades! List the wintry battle,  
See the white and hideous gloom—  
How the doors and windows rattle  
In the room!  
Draw the curtains, cards and drinking,  
Woman's lip and wit refined,  
These may save the sin of thinking  
Heaven unkind.

Comrades, till the dreary morning  
Shine above the waste of snow,  
Let delight, at prudence scorning,  
Rule below!  
Fill the flagon—each a brimmer,  
Ruby, fragrant, warm and strong—  
Blood is cold, but it will simmer  
Before long.

Comrades, fill a deeper flagon,  
See the golden apples gleam—  
Fruit of joy! Oh, slay the dragon  
Guarding them!  
Life's an auction; please the palate,  
Purchase every costly toy,  
And 'till death lets fall his mallet,  
Bid for joy!

Comrades, hear the hollow moaning  
 Of the tempest o'er the wold;  
 Earth is white with fright and groaning  
 In the cold;  
 Some there be, perchance, who wander  
 Shivering, houseless, loveless, lone;  
 These are thoughts to make us fonder  
 Of our own!

Clinking glasses—what surpasses  
 The rich melody ye chime!  
 How ye brighten, cheer and lighten  
 Winter time!

Woman's lip is ripe and melting  
 Sweeter far than bloom of rose,  
 For, when storms around are pelting,  
 See—it glows!

Woman fairest—Lydia dearest!  
 Love you not the whirling storm?  
 Let it mutter, while we utter  
 Whispers warm:  
 Nestle closer! Let thy tresses  
 Bathe and shade my panting heart—  
 Winter, bringing such caresses,  
 Ne'er depart!

Friends, brim up a richer beaker  
 Than ye e'er have quaffed before,  
 For the storm strikes, bleak and bleaker,  
 On the door;  
 Till the lightning cleave the shingle,  
 And the snow-drift chill the bowl,  
 Sing, and drink, and kiss and mingle  
 Soul with soul!

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF OUR FIRST BLACK REGIMENT.—HOW IT WAS STARTED WITHOUT AUTHORITY OR ORDER.

### CHAPTER I.

BLACK troops are now an established success, and hereafter—while the race can furnish enough able-bodied males—the probability would seem that one-half the permanent naval and military forces of the United States will be drawn from this material, under the guidance and control of white officers. To-day there is much competition among the field and staff officers of our white volunteers—more especially in those regiments about being disbanded—to obtain commissions of like or even lower grade in the colored regiments of Uncle Sam. General Casey's board of examination cannot keep in session long enough, nor dismiss incompetent aspirants quick enough, to keep down the vast throngs of veterans, with and without shoulder-straps, who are now seeking various grades of command in the colored brigades of the Union.

Over this result all intelligent men will rejoice

—the privilege of being either killed or wounded in battle, or stricken down by the disease, toils, and privations incident to the life of a marching soldier, not belonging to that class of prerogatives for the exclusive enjoyment of which men of sense, and with higher careers open to them, will long contend.

Looking back, however, but a few years to the organization of the first regiment of black troops in the department of the South—what a change in public opinion are we compelled to recognise! In sober verity, War is not only the sternest, but the quickest, of all teachers; and contrasting the Then and Now of our negro regiments, as we propose to do in this sketch, the contrast will forcibly recall Galileo's obdurate assertion that "the world still moves."

Be it known, then, that the first regiment of black troops raised in our recent war, was raised in the spring of 1862 by the commanding general of the department of the South, of his own motion, and without any direct authority of law, order, or even sanction from the President, the Secretary of War, or our Houses of Congress. It was done by General Hunter as "a military necessity" under very peculiar circumstances, to be detailed hereafter; and, although repudiated at first by the Government—as were so many other measures originated in the same quarter—

it was finally adopted as the settled policy of the country and of our military system; as have likewise since been adopted all the other original measures for which this officer, at the time of their first announcement, was made to suffer both official rebuke and the violently vituperative denunciation of more than one-half the Northern press.

In the spring of 1862, General Hunter, finding himself with less than eleven thousand men under his command, and charged with the duty of holding the whole tortuous and broken sea-coast of Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida, had applied often, and in vain, to the authorities at Washington for reinforcements. All the troops that could be gathered in the North were less than sufficient for the continuous drain of General McClellan's great operations against the enemy's capital; and the reiterated answer of the War Department was: "You must get along as best you can. Not a man from the North can be spared."

On the mainland of the three States nominally forming the Department of the South, the flag of the Union had no permanent foothold, save at Fernandina, St. Augustine, and some few unimportant points along the Florida coast. It was on the Sea-islands of Georgia and South Carolina that our troops were stationed, and continually engaged in fortifying—the enemy being every-

where visible, and in force, across the narrow creeks dividing us from the mainland; and mutual raids—they across to our islands, and we back to their mainland, and up their creeks, with a few gunboats to help us—being the order of the day: yea, and yet oftener, of the night.

No reinforcements to be had from the North; vast fatigue duties in throwing up earthworks imposed on our insufficient garrisons; the enemy continually increasing both in insolence and numbers; our only success the capture of Fort Pulaski, sealing up Savannah; and this victory off-set, if not fully counterbalanced, by many minor gains of the enemy;—this was about the condition of affairs as seen from the headquarters fronting Port Royal bay, when General Hunter one fine morning, with twirling glasses, puckered lips, and dilated nostrils—(he had just received another “don’t-bother-us-for-reinforcements” dispatch from Washington)—announced his intention of “forming negro regiments,” and compelling “every able-bodied black man in the department to fight for the freedom which could not but be the issue of our war.”

This resolution being taken, was immediately acted upon with vigor, the General causing all the necessary orders to be issued, and taking upon himself, as his private burden, the responsibility for all the irregular issues of arms, clothing,

equipments, and rations involved in collecting and organizing the first experimental negro regiment. The men he intended to pay, at first, by placing them as laborers on the pay-rolls of the chief quartermaster; but it was his hope that the obvious necessity and wisdom of the measure he had thus presumed to adopt without authority, would secure for it the immediate approval of the higher authorities, and the necessary orders to cover the required pay and supply-issues of the force he had in contemplation. If his course should be indorsed by the War Department, well and good; if it were not so indorsed, why he had enough property of his own to pay back to the Government all he was irregularly expending in this experiment.

But now, on the very threshold of this novel enterprise, came the first—and it was not a trivial—difficulty. Where could experienced officers be found for such an organization? “What! command niggers!” was the reply—if possible more amazed than scornful—of nearly every competent young lieutenant or captain of volunteers to whom the suggestion of commanding this class of troops was made. “Never mind,” said Hunter, when this trouble was brought to his notice; “the fools or bigots who refuse are enough punished by their refusal. Before two years they will be competing eagerly for the commissions they now reject.”

Straightway there was issued a circular to all commanding officers in the department, directing them to announce to the non-commissioned officers and men of their respective commands that commissions in the "South Carolina Regiments of Colored Infantry," would be given to all deserving and reputable sergeants, corporals, and men who would appear at department headquarters, and prove able to pass an examination in the manual and tactics before a Board of Examiners, which was organized in a general order of concurrent date. Capt. Arthur M. Kinzie, of Chicago, aide-de-camp—now of Hancock's Veteran Reserve Corps—was detailed as Colonel of the regiment, giving place, subsequently, in consequence of injured health, to the present Brig.-Gen. James D. Fessenden, then a captain in the Berdan Sharpshooters, though detailed as acting aide-de-camp on Gen. Hunter's staff. Captain Kinzie, we may add, was General Hunter's nephew, and his appointment as Colonel was made partly on the grounds of superior fitness; and partly to prove—so violent was then the prejudice against negro troops—that the Commanding General asked nothing of others which he was not willing that one of his own flesh and blood should be engaged in.

The work was now fairly in progress, but the barriers of prejudice were not to be lightly over-

thrown. Non-commissioned officers and men of the right stamp, and able to pass the examination requisite, were scarce articles. Few had the hardihood or moral courage to face the screaming, riotous ridicule of their late associates in the white regiments. We remember one very striking instance in point, which we shall give as a sample of the whole.

Our friend Mr. Charles F. Briggs, of this city, so well known in literary circles, had a nephew enlisted in that excellent regiment the 48th New York, then garrisoning Fort Pulaski and the works on Tybee Island. This youngster had raised himself by gallantry and good conduct to be a non-commissioned officer; and Mr. Briggs was anxious that he should be commissioned, according to his capacities, in the colored troops then being raised. The lad was sent for, passed his examination with credit, and was immediately offered a first-lieutenancy, with the promise of being made captain when his company should be filled up to the required standard—probably within ten days. The inchoate first-lieutenant was in ecstasies; a gentleman by birth and education, he longed for the shoulder-straps. He appeared joyously grateful; and only wanted leave to run up to Fort Pulaski for the purpose of collecting his traps, taking leave of his former comrades, and procuring his discharge-papers from Col. Barton.



Two days after that came a note to department headquarters respectfully declining the commission! He had been laughed and jeered out of accepting a captaincy by his comrades; and this—though we remember it more accurately from our correspondence with Mr. Briggs—was but one of many score of precisely similar cases.

At length, however, officers were found; the ranks were filled; the men learned with uncommon quickness, having the imitativeness of so many monkeys apparently, and such excellent ears for music that all evolutions seemed to come to them by nature. At once, despite all hostile influences, the negro regiment became one of the lions of the South; and strangers visiting the department, crowded out eagerly to see its evening parades and Sunday-morning inspections. By a strange coincidence, its camp was pitched on the lawn and around the mansion of General Drayton, who commanded the rebel works guarding Hilton Head, Port Royal, and Beaufort, when the same were first captured by the joint naval and military operations under Admiral Du Pont and General Timothy W. Sherman—General Drayton's brother, Captain Drayton of our navy, having command of one of the best vessels in the attacking squadron; as he subsequently took part in the first iron-clad attack on Fort Sumter.

Meantime, however, the War Department gave

no sign, and the oracles of the Adjutant-General's office were dumb as the statue of the Sphinx. Reports of the organization of the First South Carolina infantry were duly forwarded to army headquarters; but evoked no comment, either of approval or rebuke. Letters detailing what had been done, and the reason for doing it; asking instructions, and to have commissions duly issued to the officers selected; appeals that the department paymasters should be instructed to pay these negro troops like other soldiers; demands that the government should either shoulder the responsibility of sustaining the organization, or give such orders as would absolve Gen. Hunter from the responsibility of backing out from an experiment which he believed to be essential to the salvation of the country—all these appeals to Washington proved in vain; for the oracles still remained profoundly silent, probably waiting to see how public opinion and the politicians would receive this daring innovation.

At length one evening a special dispatch-steamer ploughed her way over the bar, and a perspiring messenger delivered into General Hunter's hands a special despatch from the War Department, "requiring immediate answer." The General was just about mounting his horse for his usual evening ride along the picket-line, when this portentous missive was brought under his

notice. Hastily opening it, he first looked grave, then began to smile, and finally burst into peals of irrepressible laughter—such as were rarely heard from "Black David," his old army-name. Never was the General seen, before or since, in such good spirits; he literally was unable to speak from constant interruptions of laughter; and all his Adjutant-General could gather from him was: "That he would not part with the document in his hand for fifty thousand dollars."

At length he passed over the dispatch to his Chief of Staff, who, on reading it, and re-reading it, could find in its text but little apparent cause for merriment. It was a grave demand from the War Department for information in regard to our negro regiment—the demand being based on certain resolutions introduced by the Hon. Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, asking for specific information on the point in a tone clearly not friendly. These resolutions had been adopted by Congress; and as Hunter was without authority for any of his actions in the case, it seemed to his then not cheerful Adjutant-General that the documents in his hands were the reverse of hilarious.

Still Hunter was in extravagant spirits as he rode along, his laughter startling the squirrels in the dense pine-woods, and every attempt that he made to explain himself being again and again

interrupted by renewed peals of inextinguishable mirth. "The fool," he at length managed to say; "that old fool has just given me the very chance I was growing sick for! The War Department has refused to notice my black regiment; but now, in reply to this resolution, I can lay the matter before the country, and force the authorities either to adopt my negroes or to disband them."

He then rapidly sketched out the kind of reply he wished to have prepared; and, with the first ten words of his explanation, the full force of the cause he had for laughter became apparent. Never did General and his Chief-of-staff, in a more unseemly state of cachinnation, ride along a picket-line. At every new phase of the subject it presented new features of the ludicrous; and though the reply, at this late date, may have lost much of the drollery which then it wore, it is a serio-comic document of as much vital importance in the moral history of our late contest as any that can be found in the archives under the care of General E. D. Townsend. It was received late Sunday evening, and was answered very late that night, in order to be in time for the steamer *Arago*, which sailed at daylight next morning—the dispatch-steamer which brought the request for "immediate information" having sustained some injuries which prevented an immediate return. It was written after midnight, we may add, in a tor-

nado of thunder and tempest such as has rarely been known even on that tornado-stricken coast; but loud as were the peals and vivid the flashes of heaven's artillery, there were at least two persons within the lines on Hilton Head who were laughing far too noisily themselves to pay any heed to external clamors. The reply thus concocted and sent, from an uncorrected manuscript copy now in our possession, ran as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH, }  
HILTON HEAD, S. C., June, 1862. }

"To the HON. E. M. STANTON, *Secretary of War*,  
*Washington, D. C.*

"SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of a communication from the Adjutant-General of the Army, dated June 13, 1862, requesting me to furnish you with the information necessary to answer certain Resolutions introduced in the House of Representatives, June 9, 1862, on motion of the Hon. Mr. Wickliffe of Kentucky—their substance being to inquire:

"1st. Whether I had organized, or was organizing, a regiment of 'fugitive slaves' in this Department.

"2d. Whether any authority had been given to me from the War Department for such organization; and

"3d. Whether I had been furnished, by order of the War Department, with clothing, uniforms, arms, equipments, and so forth, for such a force?

"Only having received the letter at a late hour this evening, I urge forward my answer in time for the steamer sailing to-morrow morning—this haste preventing me from entering, as minutely as I could wish, upon many points of detail, such as the paramount importance of the subject would seem to call for. But, in view of the near termination of the present session of Congress, and the wide-spread interest which must have been awakened by Mr. Wickliffe's resolutions, I prefer sending even this imperfect answer, to waiting the period necessary for the collection of fuller and more comprehensive data.

"To the first question, therefore, I reply: that no regiment of 'fugitive slaves' has been, or is being, organized in this department. There is, however, a fine regiment of loyal persons whose late masters are 'fugitive rebels'—men who everywhere fly before the appearance of the National Flag, leaving their loyal and unhappy servants behind them, to shift, as best they can, for themselves. So far, indeed, are the loyal persons composing this regiment from seeking to evade the presence of their late owners, that they are now, one and all, endeavoring with commendable zeal to acquire the drill and discipline requisite to

place them in a position to go in full and effective pursuit of their fugacious and traitorous proprietors.

"To the second question, I have the honor to answer that the instructions given to Brig.-Gen. T. W. Sherman by the Hon. Simon Cameron, late Secretary of War, and turned over to me, by succession, for my guidance, do distinctly authorize me to employ 'all loyal persons offering their services in defence of the Union, and for the suppression of this rebellion,' in any manner I may see fit, or that circumstances may call for. There is no restriction as to the character or color of the persons to be employed, or the nature of the employments—whether civil or military—in which their services may be used. I conclude, therefore, that I have been authorized to enlist 'fugitive slaves' as soldiers, could any such 'fugitives' be found in this department.

"No such characters, however, have yet appeared within view of our most advanced pickets—the loyal negroes everywhere remaining on their plantations to welcome us, aid us, and supply us with food, labor, and information. It is the masters who have in every instance been the 'fugitives,' running away from loyal slaves as well as loyal soldiers; and these, as yet, we have only partially been able to see—chiefly their heads over ramparts, or dodging behind trees, rifle in hand,

in the extreme distance. In the absence of any 'fugitive master law,' the deserted slaves would be wholly without remedy, had not the crime of treason given them the right to pursue, capture, and bring back those persons of whose benignant protection they have been thus suddenly and cruelly bereft.

"To the third interrogatory, it is my painful duty to reply that I never have received any specific authority for issues of clothing, uniforms, arms, equipments, and so forth, to the troops in question—my general instructions from Mr. Cameron, to employ them in any manner I might find necessary, and the military exigencies of the department and the country, being my only, but, I trust, sufficient, justification. Neither have I had any specific authority for supplying these persons with shovels, spades, and pickaxes, when employing them as laborers; nor with boats and oars, when using them as lighter-men; but these are not points included in Mr. Wickliffe's resolution. To me it seemed that liberty to employ men in any particular capacity implied and carried with it liberty, also, to supply them with the necessary tools; and, acting upon this faith, I have clothed, equipped, and armed the only loyal regiment yet raised in South Carolina, Georgia, or Florida.

"I must say, in vindication of my own conduct,

that, had it not been for the many other diversified and imperative claims on my time and attention, a much more satisfactory result might have been achieved; and that, in place of only one regiment, as at present, at least five or six well-drilled, brave, and thoroughly acclimated regiments should, by this time, have been added to the loyal forces of the Union.

"The experiment of arming the blacks, so far as I have made it, has been a complete and even marvellous success. They are sober, docile, attentive, and enthusiastic—displaying great natural capacities in acquiring the duties of the soldier. They are now eager beyond all things to take the field and be led into action; and it is the unanimous opinion of the officers who have had charge of them that, in the peculiarities of this climate and country, they will prove invaluable auxiliaries—fully equal to the similar regiments so long and successfully used by the British authorities in the West India Islands.

"In conclusion, I would say, it is my hope—there appearing no possibility of other reinforcements, owing to the exigencies of the campaign in the Peninsula—to have organized by the end of next fall, and be able to present to the government, from forty-eight to fifty thousand of these hardy and devoted soldiers.

"Trusting that this letter may be made part of

your answer to Mr. Wickliffe's resolutions, I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

"DAVID HUNTER,  
"Major-General Commanding."

This missive was duly sent, with many misgivings that it would not get through the routine of the War Department in time to be laid before Congress previous to the adjournment of that honorable body, which was then imminent. There were fears, too, that the Secretary of War might think it not sufficiently respectful, or serious in its tone; but such apprehensions proved unfounded. The moment it was received and read in the War Department, it was hurried down to the House, and delivered, *ore rotundo*, from the Clerk's desk.

Here its effect was magical. The Clerk could scarcely read it with decorum; nor could half his words be heard amidst the universal peals of laughter in which both Democrats and Republicans appeared to vie as to which should be the more noisy. Mr. Wickliffe, who only entered during the reading of the latter half of the document, rose to his feet in a frenzy of indignation, complaining that the reply, of which he had only heard some portion, was an insult to the dignity of the House, and should be severely noticed.

The more he raved and gesticulated, the more irrepressibly did his colleagues, on both sides of the slavery question, scream and laugh; until, finally, the merriment reached its climax on a motion made by some member—Schuyler Colfax, if we remember rightly—that “as the document appeared to please the honorable gentleman from Kentucky so much, and as he had not heard the whole of it, the Clerk be now requested to read the whole again”—a motion which was instantaneously carried amid such an uproar of universal merriment and applause as the frescoed walls of the chamber have seldom heard, either before or since. It was the great joke of the day, and coming at a moment of universal gloom in the public mind, was seized upon by the whole loyal press of the country as a kind of politico-military champagne-cocktail.

This set that question at rest for ever; and not long after, the proper authorities saw fit to authorize the employment of “fifty thousand able-bodied blacks for labor in the Quartermaster’s Department,” and the arming and drilling as soldiers of five thousand of these—but for the sole purpose of “protecting the women and children of their fellow-laborers who might be absent from home in the public service.”

Here we have another instance of the reluctance with which the National Government took up this

idea of employing negroes as soldiers—a resolution, we may add, to which they were only finally compelled by General Hunter’s disbandment of his original regiment, and the storm of public indignation which followed that act.

OUTLAWRY OF HUNTER AND HIS OFFICERS BY  
THE REBEL GOVERNMENT—HUNTER’S SUP-  
PRESSED LETTER TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.

CHAPTER II.

Nothing could have been happier in its effect upon the public mind than General Hunter’s reply to Mr. Wickliffe of Kentucky, given in our last. It produced a general broad grin throughout the country, and the advocate who can set his jury laughing rarely loses his cause. It also strengthened the spinal column of the Government in a very marked degree; although not yet up to the point of fully endorsing and accepting this daring experiment.

Meantime the civil authorities of course got wind of what was going on—Mr. Henry J. Windsor, special correspondent of the *New York Times* in the Department of the South, having devoted several very graphic and widely-copied letters to a picture of that new thing under the sun—“Hunter’s negro regiment.”

Of course the chivalry of the rebellion were

incensed beyond measure at this last Yankee outrage upon Southern rights. Their papers teemed with vindictive articles against the commanding general who had dared to initiate such a novelty—the Savannah *Republican*, in particular, denouncing Hunter as “The cold-blooded abolition miscreant who, from his headquarters at Hilton Head, is engaged in executing the bloody and savage behests of the imperial gorilla who, from his throne of human bones at Washington, rules, reigns, and riots over the destinies of the brutish and degraded North.”

Mere newspaper abuse, however, by no means gave content to the outraged feelings of the chivalry. They therefore sent a formal demand to our Government for information as to whether General Hunter, in organizing his regiment of emancipated slaves, had acted under the authority of our War Department; or whether the villany was of his own conception? If he had acted under orders, why then terrible measures of fierce retaliation against the whole Yankee nation were to be adopted; but if, *per contra*, the iniquity were of his own motion and without the sanction of our Government, then the foreshadowed retribution should be made to fall only on Hunter and his officers.

To this demand, with its alternative of threats, President Lincoln was in no mood to make any

definitive reply. In fact no reply at all was sent—for, as yet, the most far-seeing political augurs could not determine whether the bird seen in the sky of the Southern Department would prove an eagle or a buzzard. Public opinion was not formed upon the subject, though rapidly forming. There were millions who agreed with Hunter in believing that “the black man should be made fight for the freedom which could not but be the issue of our war;” and then there were other millions whose conservative notions were outraged at the prospect of allowing black men to be killed or maimed in company with our nobler whites.

Failing to obtain any reply, therefore, from the authorities of Washington, the Richmond people determined to pour out all their vengeance on the immediate perpetrators of this last Yankee atrocity; and forthwith there was issued from the rebel War Department a General Order—number 60, we believe, of the Series of 1862—reciting that “as the government of the United States had refused to answer whether it authorized the raising of a black regiment by General Hunter or not,” said General, his staff, and all officers under his command who had directly or indirectly participated in the unclean thing, should hereafter be maranatha—outlaws not covered by the laws of war; but to be executed as felons for the

crime of "inciting negro insurrections wherever caught."

This order reached the ears of the parties mainly interested just as General Hunter was called to Washington—ostensibly for consultation on public business; but really on the motion of certain prominent speculators in marine transportation, with whose "big things" in Port Royal harbor—and they were enormous—the General had seen fit to interfere. These frauds, however, will form a very fruitful and pregnant theme for some future chapters. At present our business is with the slow but certain growth in the public mind of this idea of allowing some black men to be killed in the late war, and not continuing to arrogate death and mutilation by projectiles and bayonets as an exclusive privilege for our own beloved white race.

No sooner had Hunter been relieved from this special duty at Washington, than he was ordered back to the South—our Government still taking no notice of the order of outlawry against him issued by the rebel Secretary of War. He and his officers were thus sent back to engage, with extremely insufficient forces, in an enterprise of no common difficulty, and with an agreeable sentence of *sus. per col.*, if captured, hanging over their devoted heads!

"Why not suggest to Mr. Stanton, General, that

he should either demand the special revocation of that order, or announce to the rebel War Department that our Government has adopted your negro-regiment policy as its own—which would be the same thing?"

It was partly on this hint that Hunter wrote the following letter to Jefferson Davis—a letter subsequently suppressed and never sent, owing to influences which the writer of this article does not feel himself as yet at liberty to reveal—further than to say that Mr. Stanton knew nothing of the matter. Davis and Hunter, we may add, had been very old and intimate friends, until divided, some years previous to our late war, by differences on the slavery question. Davis had for many years been adjutant of the 1st U. S. Dragoons, of which Hunter had been Captain Commanding; and a relationship of very close friendship had existed between their respective families. It was this thorough knowledge of his man, perhaps, which gave peculiar bitterness to Hunter's pen; and the letter is otherwise remarkable as a prophecy, or preordainment of that precise policy which President Johnson has so frequently announced and reiterated since Mr. Lincoln's death. It ran—with some few omissions, no longer pertinent or of public interest—as follows:



"To JEFFERSON DAVIS, *Titular President of the so-called Confederate States.*

"WASHINGTON, 20th Sept., 1862.

"SIR:—While recently in command of the Department of the South, in accordance with the laws of war and the dictates of common sense, I organized and caused to be drilled, armed, and equipped a regiment of enfranchised bondmen, known as the 1st South Carolina Volunteers.

"For this action, as I have ascertained, the pretended government of which you are the chief officer, has issued against me and all of my officers who were engaged in organizing the regiment in question, a General Order of Outlawry, which announces that, if captured, we shall not even be allowed the usual miserable treatment extended to such captives as fall into your hands; but that we are to be regarded as felons, and to receive the death by hanging due to such, irrespective of the laws of war.

"Mr. Davis, we have been acquainted intimately in the past. We have campaigned together, and our social relations have been such as to make each understand the other thoroughly. That you mean, if it be ever in your power, to execute the full rigor of your threat, I am well assured; and you will believe my assertion, that I thank you for having raised in connection with me and my acts, this sharp and decisive issue. I shall proudly

accept, if such be the chance of war, the martyrdom you menace; and hereby give you notice that unless your General Order against me and my officers be formally revoked within thirty days from the date of the transmission of this letter, sent under a flag of truce, I shall take your action in the matter as final; and will reciprocate it by hanging every rebel officer who now is, or may hereafter be taken, prisoner by the troops of the command to which I am about returning.

"Believe me that I rejoice at the aspect now being given to the war by the course you have adopted. In my judgment, if the undoubted felony of treason had been treated from the outset as it deserves to be—as the sum of all felonies and crimes—this rebellion would never have attained its present menacing proportions. The war you and your fellow-conspirators have been waging against the United States must be regarded either as a war of justifiable defence, carried on for the integrity of the boundaries of a sovereign Confederation of States against foreign aggression, or as the most wicked, enormous, and deliberately-planned conspiracy against human liberty and for the triumph of treason and slavery, of which the records of the world's history contain any note.

"If our Government should adopt the first view of the case, you and your fellow-rebels may justly

claim to be considered a most unjustly-treated body of disinterested patriots—although, perhaps, a little mistaken in your connivance with the thefts by which your agent, John B. Floyd, succeeded in arming the South and partially disarming the North, as a preparative to the commencement of the struggle.

“But if on the other hand—as is the theory of our Government—the war you have levied against the United States be a rebellion the most causeless, crafty, cruel, and bloody ever known—a conspiracy having the rule-or-ruin policy for its basis, the plunder of the black race and the re-opening of the African slave-trade for its object, the continued and further degradation of ninety per cent. of the white population of the South in favor of a slave-driving ten per cent. aristocracy, and the exclusion of all foreign-born immigrants from participation in the generous and equal hospitality foreshadowed to them in the Declaration of Independence,—if this, as I believe, be a fair statement of the origin and motives of the rebellion of which you are the titular head, then it would have been better had our Government adhered to the constitutional view of treason from the start, and hung every man taken in arms against the United States, from the first butchery in the streets of Baltimore, down to the last resultless battle fought in the vicinity of Sharpsburg.

“If treason, in other words, be *any* crime, it is the essence of all crimes; a vast machinery of guilt, multiplying assassinations into wholesale slaughters, and organizing plunder as the basis for supporting a system of National Brigandage. Your action, and that of those with whom you are in league, has its best comment in the sympathy extended to your cause by the despots and aristocracies of Europe. You have succeeded in throwing back civilization for many years; and have made of the country that was the freest, happiest, proudest, richest, and most progressive but two short years ago, a vast temple of mourning, doubt, anxiety, and privation—our manufactures of all but war-material nearly paralysed, the inventive spirit which was for ever developing new resources destroyed, and our flag, that carried respect everywhere, now mocked by enemies who think its glory tarnished, and that its power is soon to become a mere tradition of the past.

“For all these results, Mr. Davis, and for the three hundred thousand lives already sacrificed on both sides in the war—some pouring out their blood on the battle-field, and others, fever-stricken, wasting away to death in over-crowded hospitals—you and the fellow-miscreants who have been your associates in this conspiracy are responsible. Of you and them it may with truth

be said, that if all the innocent blood which you have spilled could be collected in one pool, the whole government of your Confederacy might swim in it.

"I am aware that this is not the language in which the prevailing etiquette of our army is in the habit of considering your conspiracy. It has come to pass—through what instrumentalities you are best able to decide—that the greatest and worst crime ever attempted against the human family, has been treated in certain quarters as though it were a mere error of judgment on the part of some gifted friends; a thing to be regretted, of course, as causing more or less disturbance to the relations of amity and esteem heretofore existing between those charged with the repression of such eccentricities and the eccentric actors: in fact, as a slight political miscalculation or *peccadillo*, rather than as an outrage involving the desolation of a continent, and demanding the promptest and severest retribution within the power of human law.

"For myself, I have never been able to take this view of the matter. During a lifetime of active service, I have seen the seeds of this conspiracy planted in the rank soil of slavery, and the Upas-growth watered by just such tricklings of a courtesy alike false to justice, expediency, and our eternal future. Had we at an earlier day

commenced to call things by their right names, and to look at the hideous features of slavery with our ordinary common eyesight and common sense, instead of through the rose-colored glasses of supposed political expediency, there would be three hundred thousand more men alive to-day on American soil; and our country would never for a moment have forfeited her proud position as the highest exemplar of the blessings—moral, intellectual, and material—to be derived from a free form of government.

"Whether your intention of hanging me and those of my staff and other officers who were engaged in organizing the 1st South Carolina Volunteers, in case we are taken prisoners in battle, will be likely to benefit your cause or not, is a matter mainly for your own consideration. For us, our profession makes the sacrifice of life a contingency ever present and always to be accepted; and although such a form of death as your order proposes, is not that to the contemplation of which soldiers have trained themselves—I feel well assured, both for myself and those included in my sentence, that we could die in no manner more damaging to your abominable rebellion and the abominable institution which is its origin.

"The South has already tried one hanging experiment, but not with a success—one would

think—to encourage its repetition. John Brown, who was well known to me in Kansas, and who will be known in appreciative history through centuries which will only recall your name to load it with curses—once entered Virginia with seventeen men and an idea. The terror caused by the presence of his idea, and the dauntless courage which prompted the assertion of his faith against all odds, I need not now recall. The history is too familiar and too painful. ‘Old Ossawatimie’ was caught and hung; his seventeen men were killed, captured, or dispersed, and several of them shared his fate. Portions of his skin were tanned, I am told, and circulated as relics dear to the barbarity of the slaveholding heart. But more than a million of armed white men, Mr. Davis, are to-day marching South, in practical acknowledgment that they regard the hanging of three years ago as the murder of a martyr; and as they march to a battle which has the emancipation of all slaves as one of its most glorious results, his name is on their lips; to the music of his memory their marching feet keep time; and as they sling knapsacks, each one becomes aware that he is an armed apostle of the faith preached by him

‘Who has gone to be a soldier  
In the army of the Lord!’

“I am content, if such be the will of Provi-

dence, to ascend the scaffold made sacred by the blood of this martyr; and I rejoice at every prospect of making our struggle more earnest and inexorable on both sides; for the sharper the conflict the sooner ended—the more vigorous and remorseless the strife, the less blood must be shed in it eventually.

“In conclusion, let me assure you, that I rejoice with my whole heart that your order in my case, and that of my officers, if unrevoked, will untie our hands for the future; and that we shall be able to treat rebellion as it deserves, and give to the felony of treason a felon’s death.

“Very obediently yours,

“DAVID HUNTER, Maj.-Gen.”

Not long after General Hunter’s return to the Department of the South, the first step towards organizing and recognising negro troops was taken by our Government, in a letter of instructions directing Brigadier-General Rufus Saxton,—then Military Governor of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, within the limits of General Hunter’s command—to forthwith raise and organize fifty thousand able-bodied blacks, for service as laborers in the quartermaster’s department; of whom five thousand—only five thousand, mark you!—might be armed and drilled as soldiers for the purpose of “protecting the women and children

of their fellow-laborers who might be absent from home in the public service."

Here was authority given to General Saxton, over Hunter's head, to pursue some steps farther the experiment which Hunter—soon followed by General Phelps, also included in the rebel order of "outlawry"—had been the first to initiate. The rebel order still remained in full force, and with no protest against it on the part of our Government; nor, to our knowledge, was any demand from Washington ever made for its revocation during the existence of the Confederacy. If Hunter, therefore, or any of his officers, had been captured in any of the campaigns of the past two and a half years, they had the pleasant knowledge for their comfort that every rebel officer into whose hands they might fall, was strictly enjoined to—not "shoot them on the spot," as was the order of General Dix—but to hang them on the first tree, and hang them quickly.

With the subsequent history of our black troops the public is already familiar. General Lorenzo Thomas, titular Adjutant-General of our army, not being regarded as a very efficient officer for that place, was permanently detailed on various services—now exchanging prisoners, now discussing points of military law, now organizing black brigades down the Mississippi and

elsewhere. In fact, the main object seemed to be to keep this General Thomas—who must not be confounded with General George H. Thomas, one of the true heroes of our army—away from the Adjutant-General's office at Washington, in order that Brigadier General E. D. Townsend—only a Colonel until quite recently—might perform all the laborious and crushing duties of Adjutant-General of our army, while only signing himself and ranking as First Assistant Adjutant-General. If there be an officer who has done noble service in the late war while receiving no public credit for the same—no newspaper puffs nor public ovations—that man is Brigadier-General E. D. Townsend, who should long since have been made a major-general, to rank from the first day of the rebellion.

And now let us only add, as practical proof that the rebels, even in their most rabid state, were not insensible to the force of proper "reasons"—the following anecdote:

Some officers of one of our black regiments—Colonel Higginson's, we believe—indiscreetly rode beyond our lines around St. Augustine in pursuit of game—but whether feathered or female this deponent sayeth not. Their guide proved to be a spy, who had given notice of the intended expedition to the enemy; and the whole party were soon surprised and captured. The next we heard

of them, they were confined in the condemned cells of one of the Florida State-prisons and were to be "tried"—i.e. sentenced and executed—as "having been engaged in inciting negro insurrections."

We had then some wealthy young slaveholders belonging to the first families of South Carolina in the custody of Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. Hall—now Brigadier-General—of this city, who was our Provost-Marshal; and it was on this basis General Hunter resolved to operate. "Release my officers of black troops from your condemned cells at once, and notify me of the fact. Until so notified, your first family prisoners in my hands"—the names then given—"will receive precisely similar treatment. For each of my officers hung, I will hang three of my prisoners who are slaveholders." This dose operated with instantaneous effect, and the next letter received from our captured officers set forth that they were at large on parole, and treated as well as they could wish to be in that miserable country.

We cannot better conclude this sketch, perhaps, than by giving the brief but pregnant verses in which our ex-orderly, Private Miles O'Reilly, late of the Old Tenth Army Corps, gave his opinion on this subject. They were first published in connection with the banquet given by General T. F. Meagher and the officers of the Irish Bri-

gade to the returned veterans of that organization on the 13th of January, 1864, at Irving Hall. Of this song it may, perhaps, be said, in verity and without vanity, that—as General Hunter's letter to Mr. Wickliffe had settled the negro-soldier controversy in its official and Congressional form—so did the publication and immediate popular adoption of these verses conclude all argument upon this matter in the mind of the general public. Its common sense, with a dash of drollery, at once won over the Irish, who had been the bitterest opponents of the measure, to become its friends; and from that hour to this, the attacks upon the experiment of our negro soldiery have been so few and far between that, indeed, they may be said to have ceased altogether. It ran as follows, and appeared in the *Herald* the morning after the banquet, as portion of the report of the speeches and festivities:

#### SAMBO'S RIGHT TO BE KILT.

AIR.—*The Low-Backed Car.*

Some say it is a burnin' shame  
To make the naygurs fight,  
An' that the thrade o' bein' kilt  
Belongs but to the white;  
But as for me, upon me sowl,  
So liberal are we here,

I'll let Sambo be murdered in place o' meself  
On every day in the year.

On every day in the year, boys,  
An' every hour in the day,  
The right to be kilt I'll divide wid him,  
An' divil a word I'll say.

In battle's wild commotion  
I shouldn't at all object,  
If Sambo's body should stop a ball  
That was comin' for me direct;  
An' the prod of a Southern bagnet,  
So libera! are we here,  
I'll resign, and let Sambo take it  
On every day in the year.  
On every day in the year, boys,  
An' wid none o' your nasty pride,  
All my right in a Southern bagnet-prod  
Wid Sambo I'll divide.

The men who object to Sambo  
Should take his place an' fight,  
An' it's bettther to have a naygur's hue  
Than a liver that's wake an' white;  
Though Sambo's black as the ace o' spades  
His finger a thrigger can pull,  
An' his eye runs sthraight on the barrel-sights  
From undher its thatch o' wool.  
So hear me all, boys, darlins!  
Don't think I'm tippin' you chaff,  
The right to be kilt I'll divide wid him,  
AN' GIVE HIM THE LARGEST HALF!

In regard to Hunter's reply to Mr. Wickliffe,  
we shall only add this anecdote, told us one day

by that brilliant gentleman and scholar, the Hon.  
Sun-Set Cox of Ohio:

"I tell you, that letter from Hunter spoiled the prettiest speech I had ever thought of making. I had been delighted with Wickliffe's motion, and thought the reply to it would furnish us first-rate Democratic thunder for the next election. I made up my mind to sail in against Hunter's answer—no matter what it was—the moment it came; and to be even more humorously successful in its delivery and reception than I was in my speech against War-Horse Gurley, of Ohio, which you have just been complimenting. Well, you see, man proposes, but Providence orders otherwise. When the Clerk announced the receipt of the answer, and that he was about to read it, I caught the Speaker's eye and was booked for the first speech against your negro experiment. The first sentence, being formal and official, was very well; but at the second, the House began to grin; and at the third, not a man on the floor—except Father Wickliffe, of Kentucky, perhaps—who was not convulsed with laughter. Even my own risibles, I found to be affected; and before the document was concluded, I motioned the Speaker that he might give the floor to whom he pleased, as my desire to distinguish myself in that particular tilt was over."

## THE FENIAN BROTHERHOOD.

WHAT DOES ENGLAND MEAN TO DO ABOUT IT?

[From the *Herald*, May 5th, 1865.]

THE British authorities have displayed much anxiety of late in regard to the doings, aims, and organization of the Fenian Brotherhood. They asked our Secretary of State for "explanations and such information as he could give;" and their demand was complied with, to the very limited extent of our Secretary's sources of knowledge. From our more ample fountain of Fenian information, however, we this day spread before Lord Palmerston, and the rest of mankind, all such particulars in regard to the Brotherhood as we deem of immediate public interest—only suppressing names, titles, and other important *arcana* of the Order as the same this day exist in Ireland and Canada, within grasp of the British authorities.

In return for these very full particulars given gratuitously to her most sacred Majesty's government, we have to request Lord Palmerston at once to lay before us, through some one or other of his journalistic organs in the London press, precise

data as to England's present policy of "neutrality;" also what England proposes to do in regard to the rebel conspirators and conspiracies in the Canadas; and finally, whether it is the immediate intention of her most sacred Majesty's advisers to send over to us, without fuss, the amount of our little bill for the damages inflicted on our shipping interests by the *Alabama*, *Florida*, *Georgia* and other Anglo-rebel privateers. We are not short of money just now, but would be obliged to Lord Palmerston for a settlement in gold without delay. He knows the alternative; and, if not, our Fenian developments may prove to him instructive reading.

TWO ORGANIZATIONS OF THE ORDER—ONE AMERICAN, ANOTHER IN IRELAND AND THE CANADAS.

"Full often when our fathers saw the Red above the  
Green,  
They rose in rude but fierce array, with sabre, pike, and  
skeen;  
And over many a conquered town and many a field of  
dead,  
They proudly set the Irish Green above the English  
Red!"

Of the organization called the "Fenian Brotherhood," generally recognised as mainly Irish in its elements and aims, much has been heard, and but,



little is known by the citizens of this country. It is by many thought to be a secret, oath-bound conspiracy, created for revolutionary purposes in regard to Ireland and the Canadas; and neither loyal to the government of the United States, under which it has been allowed to grow up, nor unwilling to violate the laws of this country, if by so doing its darling object—the liberation of Ireland from the British yoke—could be either accomplished or materially furthered. No errors more malignantly false than are contained in this view of the Brotherhood, could well be imagined; and in attempting to account for the general acceptance of such calumnies in the minds of large classes of our citizens, we are irresistibly forced to the conclusion that extraneous and well organized agencies, of British origin, have been at work in spreading these prejudicial and unfounded aspersions. The Fenian Brotherhood is loyal to the land of its adoption in every fibre; and none the less so because refusing to forget the land to which its members are bound by ties either of blood or birth. Is the British government so much the friend of the United States that to hope for, organize for, and labor for, the overthrow of its desolating power in Ireland must, of necessity, involve disloyalty to the Union? Or shall an organization which, within the past four years, has sent over twenty-eight thousand of its active

members into the armies of the Union, be condemned as unfaithful to the American cause, for no other reason than that it hopes yet to grapple with the tyrant of its native land, and to place "the Irish Green above the English Red," while at the same time aiding to avenge America's quarrel with the government which permitted a swarm of pirates to be sent forth from its harbors to prey upon American commerce in the hour of our sorest need?

The time has been in which to hate and strike against the red flag of England was no crime on this side of the Atlantic. The time may come again; and—should this happen—the Fenian Brotherhood, we prophesy, will be found a ripe and powerful auxiliary to the arms of the Union.

#### LOYALTY OF THE FENIANS TO THE UNION— SOME NAMES OF THEIR MARTYRS IN THE LOYAL CAUSE.

"Faithful here to flag and laws,  
And faithful to our sire-land,  
Fighting for the Union cause  
We learn to fight for Ireland."

That the Fenians, as a society, have been zealously and actively loyal to the cause of the Union during the whole civil war just terminated, we shall presently cite the names and numbers of the officers and regiments they have directly furnished,

to prove; while, for the present, we may content ourselves with pointing to the late Brigadier-General Thomas A. Smyth, Second Division, Second Corps, who was Centre of the Fenian Order for the Army of the Potomac; and the late Colonel Matthew Murphy, Sixty-ninth New York, Corcoran Legion, acting Brigadier-General in the same army, who was General Smith's associate both in the labors and perils of the field, and in the duties and direction of the Fenian Brotherhood. These are but two of the most prominent Fenians who have recently laid down their lives for the land of their adoption; nor did they fight any the worse for popular institutions in America, because actuated by the hope of one day assisting to give the same to Ireland. That among the members of this association, which, in its official capacity, ignores all questions of American politics, there may have been not a few holding the same tenets as Mr. C. L. Vallandigham and the brothers Benjamin and Fernando Wood, will be freely admitted. The doctrines of the "peace democracy" had, doubtless, a fair share of Irish believers; for all doctrines of such a character are always most popular wherever education has been most neglected. But we affirm, without fear of contradiction, that in the ranks of the Fenians the great majority of members are and have been actively devoted to the cause of the Union—many thou-

sands of them wearing swords or carrying muskets in its armies; and for evidence that the Brotherhood have been openly and steadfastly loyal to the government under which they live, we may cite the second resolution of the first Fenian Congress, held at Chicago in November, 1863—since reaffirmed, we may add, by the second Congress of the same Order, held at Cincinnati in the first month of the present year. This resolution first gratefully acknowledges that "the exiles of all countries, and of Ireland most numerous, have ever found a home, personal freedom, and equal political rights" in the American Union; after which the explicit declaration is made that "we (the Brotherhood) deem the preservation and success of the American republic of supreme importance, not alone to ourselves and our fellow-citizens, but to the extension of democratic institutions, and to the well-being and social elevation of the whole human race." In yet another resolution the society deplors in touching terms the "large number of its members who, as officers and men, have perished on the battle-field while defending the integrity of their adopted country," winding up with an expression of "unqualified admiration for their bravery and loyalty as soldiers of the American republic." In view of these facts, how infamous must appear the slanders which seek to impugn the fidelity of the Fenians

to the land of their adoption ! And how absurd, as well, when we remember that Colonel John O'Mahony, the Head Centre and original founder of the Brotherhood in both its branches—in this country and in Ireland—has always been, though taking no active part in American politics or party warfare, perfectly unreserved in his avowal of strong anti-slavery convictions. Colonel O'Mahony, after the abortive rebellion of 1848, retired to France, where he resided for several years in Paris on terms of intimacy with the most eminent philologists and men of science in that capital. He then came over to the United States, where he found the vast majority of his countrymen strongly democratic and pro-slavery. But from the hour of his landing to the present day, his voice, when he was asked for an opinion, has never ceased to condemn the former slave system of the South as a crime against humanity, and a fruitful source of injury to the progress of truly democratic ideas in this and other lands.

THE AMERICAN FENIANS NOT A "SECRET NOR OATH-BOUND" SOCIETY WITHIN THE CATHOLIC PROHIBITION.

"They smote us with the swearer's oath  
And with the murderer's knife;  
We in the open field will fight  
Fairly for land and life ;

But by the dead, and all their wrongs,  
And by our hopes to-day,  
One of us twain shall bite the dust—  
Or be it we or they !"

Another attempt to injure the Brotherhood has been made by certain of its enemies, who have denounced it as "a secret society bound together by an oath," and as such distinctly condemned by certain Catholic fulminations, originally levelled against the Carbonari, Freemasons, and other similar societies; while the facts, on the contrary, are : that no pledge of secrecy, express or implied, is demanded from any candidate for membership of the Fenians in America ; nor is any oath whatever required, at least on this side of the Atlantic and within the United States, to entitle an acolyte to all the privileges of becoming an accepted brother. Equally untrue is the vague allegation advanced by pro-British agencies against the order, that it is, in any American sense, an "illegal society," or has in view "illegal objects" likely to involve this country in a war with Great Britain. The members of the Brotherhood neither contemplate, nor have ever sanctioned, any breach of the laws of the United States, in their efforts looking to the liberation of Ireland from English thrall; and while they would most gladly take advantage of any conflict between the Red Flag and Banner of Stars, at once to prove their fidel-

ity and devotion both to the land of their adoption and that of their birth, the general plan of their organization (as will be more fully developed hereafter) does not depend for its hope of success on a war between Great Britain and this country; nor on the levying of a war against Great Britain by any foreign land whatever. For the Fenians it would be a happy chance if either France or the United States should go to war with England—thus at once offering a supply of arms and the necessary munitions of war to the one hundred and twenty thousand able-bodied brothers of the order who are now enrolled and being rudely but efficiently drilled high up in the mountain solitudes and far down in the moonlit raths of Innisfail. Should no such chance occur, the peaceful and semi-public efforts of the Brotherhood on this side of the Atlantic, acting in concert with the secret, spy-proof, and powerful organization of insurrectionary elements—already widely spread and daily spreading more widely—throughout Ireland, will not be without a very fair and flattering prospect of yet accomplishing its object. From this side of the Atlantic, the Fenians will only have to supply munitions, arms, and officers—matters perfectly open to legal private enterprise under the precedents established by the British government in favor of the Southern rebellion; while the more active Fenians, in

their native land, who are under an entirely different and admittedly revolutionary organization, are numerous and well disciplined enough, with such help as this, to drive every red coat and red flag beyond the limits of the "Isle of Saints" within a month from the kindling of the beltane fires upon her holy hill-tops.

THE FENIANS, AS A BODY, IGNORE RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES AND LOCAL AMERICAN POLITICS.

"And oh, 'twould be a noble task  
To show before mankind,  
How men of every race and creed  
Might be by love combined.  
Might be combined—yet not forget  
The fountain whence they rose—  
As, filled by many a rivulet,  
The lordly Shannon flows."

Our fellow-citizens of Irish birth have too often been made the prey of designing politicians and demagogues who have only sought their favor for the purpose of securing their votes—these traders in Milesianism, of whom we have far too many in the Democratic politics of New York, belonging to that well known class who are "only Irish on election-day;" but who—on that particular day, and to suit their own selfish purposes of place and plunder—are "as Irish as ——:" but no matter what! No such use of the Irish vote,

however, is contemplated by the chiefs of the Fenian Brotherhood, who in their corporate or organized capacity take no interest whatever in American politics—each member, of course, being left free, as an individual, to cast his vote on whichever side of any American political question may to him seem best or most expedient. As Fenians, their only thoughts are of Ireland; and their action as Fenians can have only one object—the independence and consequent happiness of the Old Land to which they are bound by ties either of blood, birth, or affection; and in order to exclude effectually any designs that might be entertained by political demagogues to turn their pure national organization to base party uses, connected with our local wranglings for office and “the spoils”—it has been wisely resolved and solemnly set forth in the Fenian constitution, “that every question relating to the internal politics of America and the quarrels of American partisans, together with all subjects relating to differences in religion, shall be absolutely and for ever excluded from the councils and deliberations of the Fenian Brotherhood, and be declared totally foreign to the objects and designs of the Order”—than which it would be difficult to find an instance wherein our impulsive Milesian fellow-citizens have arrived at a more wise conclusion. Every man of Irish birth or descent

who lives on the American continent, and all others who are friendly to the liberation of Ireland, are invited to join them, “without distinction of class or creed;” provided only that “their characters be unblemished,” and their devotion to the main aim of the Brotherhood admitting no reasonable question.

#### ORIGIN OF THE FENIAN BROTHERHOOD—HOW IT STARTED AS THE “E. M. A.”

“They will not fail, the Fenian race!  
They shall not fail, the ancient race!  
The cry swells loud, from shore to shore,  
From emerald vale to mountain hoar,  
From altar high, to market place,  
They shall not fail, the Fenian race!”

And now, having stated what the Fenians are not, and having briefly but sufficiently, we hope, refuted the pro-British slanders levelled against their organization, it is high time, perhaps, that we commence telling what they are; and what progress they have made in numbers, influence, and discipline since the year 1859—the year in which, after two previous years of drifting experiment by Colonel John O'Mahony and the late Lieutenant-Colonel Michael Doheny, their organization began to settle down into its present shape and with its present title. Previously, in 1857,

its inchoate germ had been planted by the gentlemen we have named, in an organization called the "Emmett Monument Association," or the "E. M. A."—the point of this name being that Robert Emmett, when about being hung by the brutal sentence of Lord Clare, asked of his countrymen that no monument might be erected to his memory until his country should have become free of British thrall—an independent republic.

"Far better the silent, unepitaphed gloom,  
Until Ireland, a nation, can build me a tomb."

An association, therefore, which proposed to build a monument to Robert Emmett on Irish soil, implied an effort for the overthrow of British power in Ireland; and this was directly the object of the "E. M. A.," as much as it now is of the Fenian Brotherhood. The term "Fenian" is, we suppose, an Irish translation or derivative from the word Phœnician—the Phœnicians having been the earliest colonists of Ireland, although other authorities trace the origin back to King Fion, one of the earliest kings of Ireland. Be this as it may, Colonel O'Mahony, the Head Centre of the Order, is a thorough master of the old Erse or Irish tongue, as witness his translation of Keating's History of Ireland; and in the term "Fenian" he has embodied the name recognised by Irishmen as that relating to the period in

which their ancestors were most cultivated, prosperous, happy, and independent.

#### ORGANIZATION OF THE FENIANS IN THE UNITED STATES.—THEIR HEAD CENTRE, HIS POWERS AND DUTIES.

"Remember with a pitying love the hapless land that bore  
you;  
At every gentle season be its gentle form before you;  
When the Christmas candles are lighted, and the holly  
and ivy glisten,  
Let your eye look back to a vanished land—to a voice  
that is silent—listen!"

The chief officer of the order in the United States and other countries is called the Head Centre of North America—an office filled, as before mentioned, by Colonel John O'Mahony, a gentleman of old and honorable Irish lineage, whose ancestors for a thousand years back have clung to the picturesque sides and fruitful valleys of the Comeragh mountains, in the southwest of Ireland. This Head Centre of the Order in the United States is elected annually by a general congress, composed of the various State Centres *ex officio*, and one delegate from each Circle in good standing, containing not less than one hundred members—with one additional delegate from each Circle containing two hundred members and over. This Head Centre has very

extensive powers, and is the only medium of communication between the Fenians on this side of the Atlantic, where their existence is legal and recognised, and the Fenians in Ireland and other provinces under the British government, where they are regarded as conspirators of the blackest dye, and would be transported if caught. All Circles, to be entitled to representation in this Congress, must be "in good standing"—i.e. must have made regular and satisfactory monthly reports for at least the two months preceding, through the immediate District Centre to the State Centre—the State Centre forwarding these to the headquarters of the Head Centre in this city. It is, in fact, a system precisely similar to the tri-monthly reports in our armies—the Adjutant of each regiment forwarding his report to the brigade Adjutant, who forwards it to the Assistant Adjutant-General of Division, who then transmits it, through corps and department headquarters, to the Adjutant-General of the Army.

CENTRAL COUNCIL OF FENIANS—THEIR NAMES,  
DUTIES, AND HOW ELECTED.

"Some on the shores of foreign lands  
Their weary heads have laid,  
And by the stranger's careless hands  
Their lonely graves were made;

But though their clay be far away  
Beyond the Atlantic's foam,  
In true men, like you men,  
Their spirit 's still at home."

The Head Centre is assisted by a kind of cabinet called the Central Council of Ten, who are nominated by himself, but must be confirmed by the next Congress of the Order; and the same mode of appointment holds good with regard to the Central Treasurer, and Assistant Treasurer, and the Central Secretaries—the financial officers of the Brotherhood having to furnish securities approved by the Central Council. This Council at present consists of the following eminent gentlemen, most of whom are Irish by birth as well as by blood:—James Gibbons, Esq., an extensive printer of Philadelphia; Henry O'Clarence McCarthy, of New York; P. W. Dunne, Esq., of Peoria, Ill.; William Griffin, a respected merchant of Madison, Ind.; William Sullivan, Esq., of Tiffin, Ohio; William R. Roberts, Esq., of New York; Michael Scanlan, of Chicago; Patrick J. Meehan, editor of the *Irish American*; and P. Bannon, Esq., of Louisville, Ky. Brigadier-General Thomas A. Smyth, recently killed before Richmond, under General Sheridan, was the tenth member of the Council—his brother in arms and Fenianism, the gallant General Matthew Murphy, dying in hospital at City Point of wounds previously

received in the movement on Hatcher's Run, a few days after hearing of General Smyth's untimely taking off. This Central Council elects its own President and other officers—its President assuming the duties of the Head Centre in case of the death, removal, resignation, or impeachment of that officer. This Central Council also may call conventions of all State Centres, or a general congress, in case of any emergency; and such bodies when called together have power to impeach or remove any officer. The Council, too, must audit and approve all financial transactions of the Brotherhood, and is further charged with the duty of reporting progress once a year to each session of the Fenian Congress. The Central Treasurer of the Order is Patrick O'Rourke, Esq., and the Assistant Treasurer is Patrick Keenan, Esq., both of New York city.

THE STATE CENTRES—HOW APPOINTED—THEIR NAMES AND OTHER PARTICULARS.

"The patient dint and powder shock,  
Can split an empire like a rock."

The State Centres of the order are appointed and commissioned by the Head Centre on the recommendation of a majority of delegates from the various Circles entitled to vote in their respective States. The Head Centre, however, has power to reject such nominations, being responsi-

ble to the next annual congress for his action; and with the assent of the Central Council may even remove such State Centres as may be agreed upon, and appoint other and more trustworthy men in their places. The State Centres are charged with establishing District Centres, and organizing circles in their respective States or Territories, settling all minor disputes and reporting twice a month to the Head Centre the progress, numbers, and financial condition of their charges. The names, occupations, and residences of the various District and State Centres, so far as we have been able to collect them, run as follows:—New York, D. O'Sullivan, of Auburn, lawyer; Illinois, Michael Scanlan, of Chicago, merchant; Indiana, Bernard Dailey, of Delphi, lawyer; Ohio, J. W. Fitzgerald, of Columbus, merchant; District of Columbia, P. H. Donegan, of Washington, lawyer; Missouri, James McGrath, of St. Louis, lawyer; Kentucky, P. Bannon, of Louisville, merchant; Pennsylvania, James Gibbons, of Philadelphia, printer; Massachusetts, Daniel Donovan, of Lawrence, engineer; Wisconsin, John A. Byrne, of Madison, farmer and merchant; Michigan, Judge Miles J. O'Reilly, of Detroit (own cousin to Private Miles, of the Tenth Army Corps); California, Jeremiah Kavanagh, of San Francisco, engineer; New Hampshire, Cornelius Healy, Captain United



States Volunteers; Iowa, Patrick Gibbons, of Keokuk, merchant; Oregon, S. J. McCormick, merchant; Nevada, Andrew O'Connell, Esq. (related to the Irish "Liberator"); and District of Manhattan, James J. Rogers, lawyer. For the Army of the Potomac, the late lamented General Smyth was Centre, having succeeded the late Brigadier-General Corcoran in that capacity; and in all our other great armies the commissioned and enlisted Fenians and men have elected similar officers.

NUMBER OF CIRCLES IN EACH STATE BY LAST REPORTS—CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR ARMY AND NAVY.

"They fought as they revelled, fast, furious, and blind,  
And they left in each battle some brothers behind;  
Till in far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,  
Slept the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade."

The Circles of the Brotherhood range in number of members from sixty, the minimum, to about five hundred—probably averaging throughout the States about two hundred and thirty members each. Of these circles, Connecticut, three months ago, had eight; California, thirteen; Delaware, three; Indiana, twenty-nine; Illinois, twenty six; Iowa, fifteen; Kentucky, eight; Kansas, three; Louisiana, one; Missouri, nine; Montana Territory, two; Maine, three; Michigan, nine.

Minnesota, three; Massachusetts, sixty-five; Nevada, three; New Hampshire, nine; New York State, forty-one, and in District of Manhattan (New York city), twenty-six; New Jersey, five; Ohio, twenty-two; Oregon, three; Pennsylvania, twenty-seven; Rhode Island, ten; Tennessee, four; Vermont, six; Wisconsin, eleven; Army and Navy, fifteen—the Fenians of this latter naval and military class, of whom there were 14,620 by last reports, voting by proxy on certificates of delegation supplied to them from the office of the Head Centre. In the United States to-day it is estimated that there are about eighty thousand Fenian Brothers\* in good standing, it not being required of members on this side of the Atlantic that they shall be able-bodied or take the oath of military service and obedience—two points which are the first pre-requisites in the Fenian Army of Independence which is being organized in Ireland, and already numbers over sixty-five thousand men. Of these, however, and their elaborate military and spy-proof organization, we shall speak hereafter. Of the contributions of men and officers made by the Fenians to our army we can only call attention to a few of the more prominent examples in regiments sent from New

\* Since this account was written, the numbers of the Fenian Brotherhood in the United States and Canadas have at least trebled.

York, the Central Secretaries of the Brotherhood in the various States being now engaged in compiling full statistics on this interesting point. Nearly all the officers of General T. F. Meagher's original and famous Irish Brigade, as also of the Corcoran Legion (including Corcoran and Meagher), were Fenians. Colonel McIvor, of the Sixty-ninth New York, belongs to the Order, as does also Colonel Gleason, of the Sixty-third, formerly of the Pope's Foreign Legion serving in Italy. In the Corcoran Legion alone, last year, twenty-four Fenian officers were killed or crippled, including Colonel Murphy. The One Hundred and Sixty-fourth New York was originally raised and officered by Fenians who had graduated in the Ninety-ninth New York State Militia, otherwise called the Phoenix or Fenian regiment—a regiment which has educated and sent into the army three full sets of officers within the past four years, together with over twelve hundred men of the rank and file. In Milford, Mass., out of a Circle of one hundred and fifteen Fenians previous to the war, eighty at once enlisted in a body under their Centre, Major Peard, and of these but twenty-three are now alive. In Connecticut one whole Circle, of about two hundred, volunteered unanimously; but, as their State quota was full, finally went off in the Tenth Ohio infantry, as the records of that State will show. Two-thirds of

the Ninth Massachusetts infantry were Fenians, who went off under a Fenian Colonel, who was shot through the head at the head of his regiment. The "Douglas Brigade" of Illinois, chiefly raised in Chicago, was also in greater part Fenian; as was also the brigade raised by the lamented Colonel Mulligan, who was high up in the Order. In the Excelsior Brigade, a large proportion of the officers were Fenians; and the Forty-second New York, raised by the late Colonel William D. Kennedy, was chiefly organized by Lieutenant-Colonel Michael Doheny, one of the original founders of the Fenian Order, whose two sons, both of the same faith, have since done gallant service and received glorious wounds in the Army of the Potomac. In the Committee on Military Affairs of the Fenian Congress, described further on, the names of some of the more prominent Fenian officers of our Western armies will be found; and when the reports of the various State Secretaries, now ordered, giving the numbers of men and the names of all Fenian officers who have served in the armies and war vessels of the United States shall have been received and compiled, the slander that the Brotherhood has been wanting in true allegiance to the land of their adoption will receive a withering refutation.

STANDING COMMITTEES OF THE ORDER APPOINTED BY LAST ANNUAL CONGRESS.

The Committee on Military Affairs of the Brotherhood consists exclusively of officers who are now serving or have served a full term in the army of the United States, and their names run as follows:—Colonel S. J. McGroarty, of Ohio; Colonel B. F. Mullen, of Indiana; Colonel John H. Gleason, Army of the Potomac; Lieutenant Colonel P. J. Downing, of New Jersey; Lieutenant Colonel Patrick Leonard, of New York; Major Matthew Donovan, of Massachusetts; and Captains Michael Bailey, of New York; Joseph Pollard, of Rhode Island; Michael Scanlan, of Massachusetts; Cornelius O'Brien, of Connecticut; Hugh Rodgers and Thomas Finley, of Pennsylvania; and Patrick K. Walsh, of Ohio.

The Committee of Foreign Affairs is composed of Lawrence Verdon, Michigan; P. A. Sinnott, Massachusetts; Captain Thomas K. Barrett, Illinois; W. J. Hynes, Massachusetts; J. O. O'Brien, New York; Thomas Heanie, Illinois; J. W. Fitzgerald, Ohio; and John A. Geary, of Kentucky. The Committee on Resolutions has but two members—Colonel W. G. Halpin, of the Army of the Cumberland, and James McDermott, Esq., of Kentucky.

The Committee on Ways and Means has six

members:—P. W. Dunne, of Illinois; Patrick Gibbons, of Iowa; P. Bannon, of Kentucky; Mortimer Scanlon, of Illinois; Patrick Keenan, of New York; and William Moran, of Missouri.

The Committee on Government and By-Laws consists of nine:—Miles J. O'Reilly, of Michigan; B. Higgins, of New York; P. A. Collins, of Massachusetts; Thomas McCarthy, of Tennessee; Thomas Hanley, of New York; J. McDermott, and P. F. Walsh. Central Organizers at large—A. Wynne of Pennsylvania, and J. J. Rogers of New York.

The Committee on the Fenians in Ireland has only three members—A. L. Morrison, of Illinois; J. P. Hodnett, of New Jersey; and James F. Finerty, of Indiana. The name of the American Chief Fenian Envoy to the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood of the Green Isle, is of course, for obvious reasons, not publicly stated—there being no inclination here to have the British government know any more than it already knows about his movements. All the reports of this officer and his subordinates, we may say, however, as to the cost of arms in Ireland, their quantity, and the kind and quality of ordnance and ordnance stores now in the possession of the "I. R. B.," or Irish Republican Brotherhood, together with his reports and accompanying documents on all matters pertaining to the military organization of the

said "I. R. B." in Ireland—all these matters are duly referred at each annual Congress to the Committee on Military Affairs, for their action and report to the Head Centre of the Brotherhood in North America.

CENTRES OF CIRCLES.—HOW ELECTED, AND THEIR DUTIES.—PLEDGE, INITIATION FEE, MONTHLY DUES, AND QUALIFICATIONS.

"Come trample down their robber rule, and smite its venal spawn,  
 Their foreign laws, their foreign church, their ermine,  
 and their lawn,  
 With all the specious fry of fraud that robbed us of our own,  
 And plant our ancient laws again beneath our lineal throne!  
 The green alone shall stream above our native field and flood—  
 The spotless green—save where its folds are gemmed  
 with Saxon blood!"

Circles are first formed by State agents, who visit different localities, beat up recruits, and initiate enough members to make a provisional organization. This organization then elects a provisional Centre, who must fill up the Circle to at least sixty before applying to the State Centre for his commission, which will authorize his Circle to send a delegate to the next Fenian Congress. The Circle numbering sixty, its members

elect a permanent Centre, who, if approved by the State Centre and Head Centre, will then be approved and confirmed by the latter. These centres, on the 25th of each month, make out in duplicate full reports of all their proceedings, receipts and disbursements, increase or decrease of members, etc.—one copy being sent to the State Centre and the other forwarded for file and comparison to the Head Centre's headquarters. Any Circle failing to report for three months will be set down as "in bad standing," and will be cut off from connection unless full and satisfactory explanations are forwarded. The initiation fees of each Circle shall not be less than one dollar—many rich and patriotic members having volunteered as high as five hundred dollars; and the monthly dues of each member shall not be less than ten cents—about fifty cents per month being the average actually paid in by each member. Candidates for membership must be proposed by one Fenian Brother and seconded by another. Their names, and evidence as to their good moral character, are then submitted to the Committee of Safety of each Circle—this committee consisting of not less than three nor more than seven of the most discreet and trustworthy members of each circle. This committee is nominated by the Centre of each Circle—but must be approved by a majority vote of all the members; and its report

on each candidate for admission has to be submitted for acceptance or rejection to a regular meeting of the Circle. If the candidate for admission be accepted, he then (in the United States) is only asked to make the following very simple declaration, which is as little of an oath as can safely be asked: "I solemnly pledge my sacred word of honor as a truthful and honest man, that I will labor with earnest zeal for the liberation of Ireland from the yoke of England, and for the establishment of a free and independent government on the Irish soil; that I will implicitly obey the commands of my superior officers in the Fenian Brotherhood in all things appertaining to my duties as a member thereof; that I will faithfully discharge my duties of membership as laid down in the constitution and by-laws thereof; that I will do my utmost to promote feelings of love, harmony, and kindly forbearance among all Irishmen; and that I will foster, defend, and propagate the aforesaid Fenian Brotherhood to the utmost of my power." All political discussions as to any but Irish national affairs are peremptorily excluded from the deliberations of Circles; while religious discussions of any kind are excluded altogether. Centres of Circles correspond with State Centres; State Centres with the Head Centre. All correspondence with the Brothers in Ireland, the Canadas, or elsewhere in foreign parts, has to pass through the

Head Centre—a law the more easily enforced, as only the Head Centre and Central Council know the true names and addresses of the officers of the "I. R. B." and other brotherhoods in England, the Canadas, and elsewhere. Members of the "I. R. B." coming from Ireland, must first be certified by the Head Centre, to whom they shall show their credentials as brothers in good standing when they left their native land. The names of all Fenian Brothers—or members of the "I. R. B." expelled for perfidy—are sent by the Head Centre to all State Centres, these latter communicating them to all their subordinate Centres of Circles. When brothers are about changing their places of residence, they must procure, for a trifling fee, letters of introduction from the Centre of their late Circle to the Circle they are about joining. If these are in different States, the introduction must be avouched as correct by the State Centres as well. The decision of the Head Centre, approved by a majority of the Central Council, is absolute upon all points within the association; and now we shall conclude this—the American—branch of our subject by giving the new charter-song of the cis-Atlantic Fenians, as the same is chorussed in their regular monthly meetings and other festive or business celebrations. It was written some years ago by a Fenian private soldier of the old Tenth Army Corps, and

goes glibly to the air of that one of Moore's Irish melodies commencing, "To ladies' eyes around, boys, we can't refuse, we can't refuse:" and its author called it:—

### THE FENIAN RALLYING SONG.

Where glory's beams are seen, boys,  
To cheer the way, to cheer the way,  
We bear the Emerald Green, boys,  
And clear the way, and clear the way;  
Our flag shall foremost be, boys,  
In battle fray, in battle fray,  
When the Fenians cross the sea, boys,  
And clear the way, and clear the way.

That home where valor first, boys,  
In all her charms, in all her charms,  
Roused up the souls she nurs'd, boys,  
And called to arms, and called to arms;  
One trial more 'tis worth, boys,  
'Tis worth our while, 'tis worth our while,  
To drive the tyrant forth, boys,  
And free our isle, and free our isle!

We love the generous land, boys,  
In which we live, in which we live;  
And which a welcome grand, boys,  
To all doth give, to all doth give.  
May God upon it smile, boys,  
And swell its fame, and swell its fame!  
But we don't forget the isle, boys,  
From whence we came, from whence we came.

Things soon may take a turn, boys,  
There's no one knows, there's no one knows,  
When the Stars and Stripes may burn, boys,  
Against our foes, against our foes;  
When Yankee guns shall thunder  
On Britain's coast, on Britain's coast,  
And land, our green flag under,  
The Fenian host, the Fenian host!

Oh, let us pray to God, boys,  
To grant the day, to grant the day,  
We may press our native sod, boys,  
In linked array, in linked array!  
Let them give us arms and ships, boys,  
We ask no more, we ask no more;  
And Ireland's long eclipse, boys,  
Will soon be o'er, will soon be o'er!

THE FENIANS, OR "I. R. B.," IN IRELAND—THEY  
ARE BOTH SECRET AND OATH-BOUND—THEY  
DRILL AND ARE RECEIVING ARMS—THE NEW  
IRISH REPUBLIC TO BE A STATE OF THE UNION.

"A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,  
Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow  
barley ear;  
There is honey in the trees where her misty vales  
expand,  
And her forest paths, in summer, are by falling waters  
fanned;  
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs in the  
yellow sand  
On the fair hills of holy Ireland."

In all the foregoing developments we have been speaking exclusively of the Fenian Brotherhood in the United States, where its aims, operations, and existence are strictly legal, and where its proceedings are, in consequence, comparatively open. We now approach that branch of it existing in Ireland, and known as the "I. R. B.," which is, in very deadly earnest, "a secret and oath-bound conspiracy," its mechanism being as nearly spy-proof as human ingenuity can conceive or make it; and its organization having thus far defied the whole efforts, money, labor, tyranny, and seductions of the British government to break it up, or even unravel to one-tenth of its extent any single one of the many thousand cords which are gradually being woven around that now corpulent and fast-failing monster—the British lion, in Ireland. If it be a sin to be "oath-bound" and "secret," where to be open is to court a felon's cell and transportation to Botany Bay, through means of a "perjured sheriff, packed jury, and partisan judge," then are there over sixty-five thousand very heinous and able-bodied sinners in Ireland this day. In the United States the Fenians are not required to be able-bodied, nor are they sworn into military service, nor are they compelled to drill as soldiers, because the object of the Order here is only to prepare Ireland by internal organization, and by furnishing arms, ord-

nance stores, and officers for the final struggle. But in Ireland each Fenian, or member of the "I. R. B.," has to be fit for the duties and trials of the camp; he must take the most solemn oath of military obedience and readiness to turn out against the "red-coats" whenever called upon by his next superior officer; and he must meanwhile attend regularly to the drill and other exercises which are now being vigorously enforced in every township and parish throughout the Emerald Isle by the officers, drill sergeants, and military sub-envoys sent over by the Order from America, and such other teachers in this line as may be otherwise provided for their instruction. Even with the present force of the "I. R. B." well armed, and with from three to five thousand veteran officers and non-commissioned officers of our late civil war to command them, it would not take a campaign of three months to leave no single red-coat or red flag from Kinsale to the Giants' Causeway. At present the great difficulty consists in smuggling arms and ammunition into the country, and distributing the same after they have reached the various secret depôts along the Irish coast. Any trouble between either France or the United States and England would at once obviate this at present great cause of delay and embarrassment—more than two-thirds of the Fenians, or "Irish Republican Brothers," in their native land,

now having to accept such drill as they can get with rude pikes, in the absence of the necessary muskets and bayonets. Uncle Sam, however, will soon have half a million muskets not needing employment at home, together with any conceivable amount of superfluous ordnance and ordnance stores. With one-fourth of these landed on the shores of Ireland—of course, in case of England's refusing to pay for the damages inflicted by her privateers on American commerce—not a year would pass before the delegates of an Irish Republic would be knocking at the doors of our National Congress for the admission of their State as the van-ward European outpost of American liberty and popular democratic institutions! Let there be war between England and France, and precisely the same thing will happen—Ireland first achieving her independence, and then flying (where her heart has ever been) to the shelter and sure, strong refuge of the mighty American Commonwealth.

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION OF THE "I. R. B." IN IRELAND—IT IS FLEXIBLE, POWERFUL, AND SPY-PROOF. HOW ITS COLONELS AND OFFICERS ARE APPOINTED.

"The Green, boys! the Green! 'tis the color of the true;  
Oh, we'll back it 'gainst the orange, and we'll flout it o'er  
the blue;  
For the color of our fatherland should here alone be  
seen,  
The color carpeting our dead—our own immortal Green!  
Then we'll up for the Green, boys, we'll up for the  
Green—  
Oh, 'tis down in the dust and a shame to be seen;  
But we've hearts, and we've hands, boys, full strong  
enough I ween,  
To rescue and to raise again our own immortal Green!"

The Fenians in their native land are organized on the French plan of secret political societies—a matter to which Colonel O'Mahony gave special and very useful attention during his years of residence in Paris; and which he some years ago transplanted to Ireland in one of his secret visits to that country, wherein he was long ago proscribed and outlawed, with a reward placed upon his head. This system we shall now briefly describe, taking care, however, while we seek to interest many additional thousands of born Americans and others in the great question of Irish Independence, that we give no information to our



British enemies which is not already in their possession through the spies they employ, and the developments already made to them in the innumerable trials they have had of persons charged with Fenianism. To everything additional, or that can benefit the British authorities and *mouchards* in our disclosures, we make them heartily welcome—the Irish organization being so perfect as almost to defy detection or punishment, with any semblance of legality; and these developments, as we hope, having a tendency to cheer all friends of the cause in Ireland, and to arouse to greater activity and more fervent zeal all sympathizers with the movement on this side of the Atlantic, when we shall have shown them how much has been already done.

The national power of the Fenians in Ireland is lodged in a Provisional Government, as we shall call it (though that is not the true Fenian name), consisting of four persons, who represent respectively the four Irish provinces, or principalities, of Ulster, Munster, Leinster, and Connaught. It is with these, and through these alone, that the Head Centre of North America holds correspondence in Ireland. These four members of the Provisional Government we shall describe for convenience as the Numerals One, Two, Three, and Four—the mode in which these officers have been selected and commissioned being secret and only known

on this side of the Atlantic to the Head Centre and Central Council. It is the duty of these Numerals, each in his own province—as of Ulster, Munster, and so forth—to search out and discover such prominent and reliable men, possessing local influence and the necessary education, as they may be willing to approach with a view to the formation of the *cadare*, or skeleton, of a regiment. The Numeral, for his own sake, must be very cautious. He then inquires the general views of the gentleman he may think of selecting to be his "A," as we shall call it—a rank equivalent to colonel. He sounds him gently as to his willingness to try one other chance and risk his life and property for Ireland's liberation; and if he finds him all right in these particulars, and a man deserving confidence so high, the Numeral then broaches his business more directly, shows the intended "A" so much of his credentials as may be necessary, and then swears in and commissions this "A," if he be willing and properly qualified, as a Colonel of the Irish Republican Brotherhood. Of these colonels, or "A's," there are from twenty to thirty in each province, but not one of them is officially known to the other, nor could give evidence against the other. Each "A" has been sworn in separately, and only knows the Numeral who swore him in. He does not know any one of the other three Numerals in

control of the three other provinces; and as the oath is administered in secret by the Numeral to each "A," with no witnesses present, and as the commission is couched in language of no legal significance, and is only signed with a seal, there can be produced neither oral nor written evidence against any member of the Provisional Government, even supposing (as has never yet happened) that some "A" should wish to prove a traitor, or, as they say in Ireland, "to sell the pass."

HOW THE CAPTAINS AND SERGEANTS ARE APPOINTED—ORGANIZATION OF THE MEN AND THEIR DRILL—THE SYSTEM SPY-PROOF.

"Deep let it sink in Irish hearts, the story of their Isle,  
And waken thoughts of tenderest love, and burning  
wrath the while;  
And press upon them, one by one, the fruits of English  
sway,  
And blend the wrongs of bygone times with this our  
fight to-day;  
And let it place beside our own the world's vast page to  
tell,  
There never lived the foreign race could rule a nation  
well!  
Thus, thus our cause shall gather strength—no feeling  
vague and blind,  
But stamped by passion on the heart, by reason on the  
mind.  
Let this go forth—a mightier foe to England's power  
than all

The rifles of America—the armaments of Gaul!

It shall go forth, and woe to them who strive to check  
its speed;

'Tis God's own light—all heavenly bright—it is the  
Fenian's Creed!"

Each "A," or colonel, thus appointed, next proceeds with equal caution and at equal personal risk to select nine subordinates, whom we will style "B's," holding the rank of captain. These are selected from men of his most intimate acquaintance, whom he can trust with his life. They are sounded, examined, and thoroughly tested before the direct project is opened to them. They are then sworn in separately as "Soldiers of the Irish Republic"—there being no one present at the time of such swearing in but the "A" (colonel) and the "B" or captain; nor are any of the nine "B's" ever brought together in official contact, so that they could swear against each other if traitorously inclined. Each "B" only corresponds with, or officially knows, his colonel; so that two "B's" might be next-door neighbors for ten years without either one suspecting the other's sentiments or affiliations. Each "B" or captain thus indoctrinated, has to select, sound, and swear in nine "C's," or sergeants, in like manner and at equal risk of his own liberty and property—these "C's," or sergeants, being the lowest officers of the Order; and each "C" has again to

select and swear in from among the neighbors he most intimately knows and trusts, nine "D's" or private soldiers, who are to form his squad. These "D's" are sworn in separately as in the previous cases, and therefore can bring forward no proof, if traitorously inclined, of the sergeant's having administered to them an illegal oath—which is said to be a high crime, amounting to felony under the "White Boy," "Croppy," "Captain Rock," and other Irish coercion-bills passed by the British Parliament. It is true the "D's" have to be brought together four times a month at least for drill, and can therefore swear to each other as having been drilled together by a certain man. This, however, compared with the administration of an illegal oath, is a venial offence; nor does England like to acknowledge that ten poor peasants coming together and drilling with long poles, or pike-staves, can fright her chalky isle from its propriety. Innumerable are the efforts her agents and spies have made during the past four years to pierce into the *arcana* of this secret and dangerous Order, but as yet wholly without success. Some few traitorous "D's" have been found, and a few "C's" or sergeants transported; but the treachery has never spread further. Two "C's" in two different provinces turned traitors and attempted to convict their "D's" or captains; but the prosecution broke down in both cases so

badly that *nolle prosequis* were entered by the Crown before either case went to the jury. No instance of a traitorous "B" or "A" has yet been discovered; nor if any traitor should lurk among them, could he produce any evidence against his next higher in authority, by whom, in secret, he was sworn in with no witnesses present, and with whom alone he holds official communication. This is the "hard nut" which English lawyers and the English Parliament have now to crack—every Irish paper bringing us new accounts of abortive trials in Ireland on the charge of Fenianism; and no debate in Parliament being complete without a demand from ex-Crown Solicitor Whiting to be informed by the "Honorable Minister for Foreign Affairs, what steps have been taken by her Majesty's government to bring the American government to a sense of its just responsibility for harboring the dangerous organizers in America of the vile and blood-thirsty Fenian conspiracy, which is now rampant in Ireland, for the overthrow of our beloved Constitution, and all the rights and safeguards of property and religion."\*

\* Pretty cool, this—isn't it? for the fitters-out of the Alabamas, Floridas, and other ocean scourges of our recent war? It is refreshing.

ORGANIZATION AND OBJECTS OF THE FENIANS  
IN CANADA—LET THE KANUCKS LOOK OUT, OR  
“THEY WILL ALL WAKE UP SOME FINE MORN-  
ING AND FIND THEMSELVES DEAD MEN.”

“Hurrah! hurrah! it can't be far, when from the Boyne  
to Shannon,  
Shall flash a line of freemen's flags begirt by freemen's  
cannon;  
That coming noon of freedom! those flashing flags of  
freedom!  
The victor's glaive—the mottoes brave—may we be  
there to read 'em!  
That glorious noon! God send it soon. Hurrah for  
human freedom.”

Upon the organization and objects of the Fenians in the Canadas and other British possessions it is not our present purpose to enter. That, wherever they may be, they are no lovers or admirers of the Red Cross of St. George is very certain. If the United States, for example, should desire to seize the Canadas as a material guarantee for England's making satisfaction in money for the injuries inflicted on our commerce by Anglo-rebel pirates, it is not immediately probable that the Fenians in the Blue-Nose Land would offer any very violent or decided resistance to annexation. Every blow against England is a balm to the true Irish nature. Every humbling of the “red flag,” everywhere and anywhere, is an

act of long-delayed retribution to “our own immortal green.” Let there be a war between the United States and England, and not a dollar in bounty would be required to enlist from seventy-five to one hundred thousand able-bodied and pugnacious Irishmen throughout the States in that holy strife. With all veritable Milesian natures, hatred of the British government is a part of their religion. Against the foreign usurpation which crushes, depopulates, and plunders their country, having long since disfranchised it, their hatred is as immortal as the mountains of their rock-bound island—as deep and wild as are the waves which lash the volcanic crags of Donegal and Antrim. Show a true Irishman the red flag or a red-coat, and you show him his native enemy and the symbol of that bloody rule which has either driven his race into unpitied exile or kept them slaves at home. There are massacres of six hundred years to be avenged; confiscations of James, Elizabeth, and Cromwell to be reversed; a tyrant church, hostile and foreign to the people, though fattening on their substance, to be blotted out; rights of the honest laboring tenant against the libidinous and cruel foreign landholder to be established; massacres by starvation in recent years to be avenged; penal codes and treason-felony bills, and hundreds—yes, literally hundreds—of fierce coercion-acts to be erased from the books of Ire-

land's renovated courts. There are tombs to be built to the martyred dead, and many graves to be filled on both sides before this can be done. Of a truth our fellow-citizens of Milesian birth or blood are not loyal in any sense that could give delight to the soul of ex-Crown Solicitor Whiting, or any of his breed. They did not turn out in honor of that serenest youth, the Baron Renfrew, *alias* Prince of Wales; nor are we at all clear that they sing or recite with any cordial spirit of unanimity "Croppies, lie Down," "The Boyne Water," the "Maiden City," or "The Health of our great and good King William," on the appropriate anniversaries of these "orange and purple" pæans. They are indeed a stiff-necked generation, and the sooner President Andrew Johnson goes to work and crushes them out, and kills them off, and utterly exterminates them, the better and happier will it be for our dear trans-Atlantic cousins, who equipped rebel corsairs against our commerce, and armed rebel armies against our lives; and also for those sweet, pleasant neighbors of ours—the Canadians—who have refused to surrender the St. Alban's cut-throats and burglars, and who have made their whole frontier for the past four years a Northern base of operations for our Southern foes. By all means let President Johnson take steps to crush out the Fenians at once; and let all loyal, British-loving Ameri-

cans take part with him in so doing in a hurry. Thus endeth the *Herald's* first epistle on the Fenian Brotherhood!\*

\* This article, copied in full in the *London Times*, was reproduced in nearly all the anti-British European papers, and created an immense sensation. At first the *Times* tried hard to laugh it down as "another of Miles O'Reilly's jokes;" but its truth has since been painfully confirmed to the British Government; and yet fuller and more painful confirmation lies in the immediate future.

GETTYSBURG, JULY 4, 1865.

THOUGHTS OF THE PLACE AND TIME.

*A Poem delivered by the writer on the occasion of dedicating  
a Monument to the three thousand five hundred Union Dead  
of that battle.*

As men beneath some pang of grief  
Or sudden joy will dumbly stand,  
Finding no words to give relief—  
Clear, passion-warm, complete, and brief,  
To thoughts with which their souls expand;  
So here to-day—these trophies nigh—  
No fitting words the lips can reach;  
These circling hills, the graves, the sky—  
The silent poem of the eye  
Surpasses all the art of speech!

To-day, a Nation meets to build  
A Nation's trophy to the dead,  
Who, living, formed her sword and shield—  
The arms she sadly learned to wield  
When other hope of peace had fled.  
And not alone for these who lie  
In honored graves before us blent,  
Shall our winged column, proud and high,  
Soar upward to the blessing sky,  
But be for all a monument

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An emblem of our grief, as well  
For others as for these, we raise;  
For these beneath our feet who dwell,  
And all who in the good cause fell  
On other fields, in other frays.  
To all the self-same love we bear  
Which here for marbled memory strives;  
No soldier for a wreath would care  
Which all true comrades might not share—  
Brothers in death as in their lives.

On Southern hillsides, parched and brown,  
In tangled swamp, on verdant ridge,  
Where pines and broadening oaks look down,  
And jasmine weaves her yellow crown,  
And trumpet-creepers clothe the hedge  
Along the shores of endless sand,  
Beneath the palms of Southern plains,  
Sleep everywhere, hand locked in hand,  
The brothers of the gallant band  
Who here poured life through throbbing veins.

Around the closing eyes of all  
The same red glories glared and flew—  
The hurrying flags, the bugle call,  
The whistle of the angry ball,  
The elbow-touch of comrades true!  
The skirmish-fire—a spattering spray;  
The rolling growl of fire by file,  
The thickening fury of the fray  
When opening batteries get in play,  
And the lines form o'er many a mile.

The foeman's yell, our answering cheer,  
 Red flashes through the gathering smoke,  
 Blithe cries from comrades tried and dear,  
 Swift orders, resonant and clear,  
 The shell-scream and the sabre-stroke;  
 The rolling fire from left to right,  
 From right to left, we hear it swell;  
 The varying charges, swift and bright,  
 The thickening tumults of the fight  
 And bursting thunders of the shell.

Now deadlier, denser grows the strife,  
 And here we yield, and there we gain;  
 The air with hurtling missiles rife,  
 Volley for volley—life for life—  
 No time to heed the cries of pain!  
 Panting as up the hills we charge,  
 Or down them as we broken roll,  
 Life never felt so high, so large,  
 And never o'er so wide a marge  
 In triumph swept the kindling soul!

New raptures waken in the breast  
 Amid this hell of scene and sound:  
 The barking batteries never rest,  
 And broken foot, by horsemen pressed,  
 Still stubbornly contest their ground;  
 Fresh waves of battle, rolling in  
 To take the place of shattered waves;  
 Torn lines that grow more bent and thin,  
 A blinding cloud, a maddening din—  
 'Twas thus were filled these very graves!

Night falls at length with pitying veil,  
 A moonlit silence deep and fresh;  
 These upturned faces, stained and pale,  
 Vainly the chill night dews assail,  
 For colder than the dews their flesh!  
 And flickering far through brush and wood  
 Go searching-parties, torch in hand—  
 "Seize, if you can, some rest and food,  
 At dawn the fight will be renewed,  
 Sleep on your arms!" the hushed command.

They talk in whispers as they lie  
 In line—these rough and weary men;  
 "Dead or but wounded?" then a sigh;  
 "No coffee either!" "Guess we'll try  
 To get those two guns back again."  
 "We've five flags to their one! oh!"  
 "That bridge—'twas hot there as we passed!"  
 "The colonel dead! It can't be so;  
 Wounded and badly—that I know;  
 But he kept saddle to the last."

"Be sure to send it if I fall—"  
 "Any tobacco? Bill, have you?"  
 "A brown-haired, blue-eyed, laughing doll—"  
 "Good-night, boys, and God keep you all!"  
 "What! sound asleep? Guess I'll sleep too."  
 "Aye! just about this hour they pray  
 For Dad—" "Stop talking! pass the word!"  
 And soon as quiet as the clay  
 Which thousands will but be next day  
 The long-drawn sighs of sleep are heard.

Oh, men! to whom this sketch, though rude,  
 Calls back old scenes of pain and pride :  
 Oh, widow! hugging close your brood,  
 Oh, wife! with happiness renewed,  
 Since he again is at your side;  
 This trophy that to-day we raise  
 Should be a monument for all,  
 And on its base no niggard phrase  
 Confine a generous Nation's praise  
 To those who here have chanced to fall.

But let us all to-day combine  
 Still other monuments to raise;  
 Here for the Dead we build a shrine;  
 And now to those who, crippled, pine,  
 Let us give hope of happier days!  
 Let homes for our maimed wrecks of war  
 Through all the land with speed arise;  
 Tongues cry from every gaping scar,  
 "Let not our brother's tomb debar  
 The wounded living from your eyes."

A noble day, a deed as good,  
 A noble scene in which 'tis done,  
 The Birthday of our Nationhood;  
 And here again the Nation stood  
 On this same day—its life rewon!  
 A bloom of banners in the air,  
 A double calm of sky and soul;  
 Triumphal chant and bugle blare,  
 And green fields, spreading bright and fair,  
 As heavenward our Hosannas roll.

Hosannas for a land redeemed,  
 The bayonet sheathed, the cannon dumb;  
 Passed, as some horror we have dreamed,  
 The fiery meteors that here streamed,  
 Threatening within our homes to come!  
 Again our banner floats abroad,  
 Gone the one stain that on it fell—  
 And, bettered by His chastening rod,  
 With streaming eyes uplift to God  
 We say—"HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL."



## A PICTURE OF LOBBY LIFE.

### THE BROADWAY AND CROSS-TOWN RAILROADS.

[*Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune, March 27, 1865.*]

ALBANY, *March 23, 1865.*

"BIG THINGS AROUND—HUSH! HUSH!"

SPEECH is silver, but silence is golden, says an old German proverb, which appears to have been adopted as their rule of action by the vast swarm of experienced and eager Lobbyists who are now here attempting to push through those two greatest swindles of the day—the Broadway and Cross-town Railroads. For the reporters of our various papers who are stationed here on duty to come out openly in favor of these measures, might lead to inquiries and involve said reporters in trouble with their respective editors—the editors, very likely, not being able to "see things in that particular light." A judicious silence, therefore, is the best aid the Lobby can hope for; and for the last few weeks the universal whisper of "Hush! hush!" has only been interrupted by, or rather mingled with, the crisp rustle of passing greenbacks. "Oh breathe not their names, let them sleep in the shade," have been the words of com-

mand from Major-General Jake Sharp's City-rail-road Headquarters at the Delevan; and for evidence that he has been in the main obeyed with military promptness and fidelity, you may consult the "Albany Letters" of the past three weeks in all the New York daily and weekly journals—the Tribune, of course, excepted.

### THE CURTAIN GOING UP—GRAND PROGRAMME OF PERFORMANCES.

This silence your correspondent, to his own financial prejudice and the public good, now proposes to break in a very decided manner—pulling up the curtain before the actors are all fully posed in their parts, and showing the whole details of pulleys, wires, trap-doors, dissolving views, and other machinery, which are already prepared for the Senatorial production upon next Tuesday, "with all the modern improvements," of the great Broadway and Cross-town dramas. The entire strength of both the Broadway and Cross-town companies will be exhibited in this letter—each actor being assigned to a part in which experience has made him perfect, and the whole being under the direct stage-management of that veteran supervisor of such arrangements who is known in the circles of the initiated as the "Old Man," but otherwise and more properly our "Lord Thurlow

Weed." There will be the "clear-grit Broadwegian and Cross-town Senators" coming up smiling for the first round, with Messrs. Law, Sharp, Kerr, Brennan, Develin, and Sweeney acting as their bottle-holders in a corner of "the ring;" while a delegation of "Central Railroad Senators" will also appear to assist them, these latter having their heads plastered and bandaged in all directions, their noses swollen to an unusual size, and their eyes in mourning—proud though unhappy mementoes of their recent campaign for "unlimited fares" under the "Old Man's" leadership.\*

#### PROPOSED BROADWAY, CROSS-TOWN, AND CENTRAL RAILROAD COMBINATION.

Next Tuesday is the day set apart by the Senate for the final consideration of the Broadway and Cross-town measures—it being quite likely, however, that a vote of further postponement may be carried on that day by a junction of the Broadway, Cross-town, and Central forces, in order to give the engineers of each concern more time for arranging the particulars of a bargain, which, carrying one measure, is to carry all three—the

\* The Central Railroad had just been beaten, very unexpectedly, in an attempt to have the clause of its charter restricting its fares to not more than two cents per mile abolished, so that it might charge what it pleased thereafter.

thirteen "clear grit" Broadway and Cross-town Senators being willing to go solid for the increase of fare on the Central Railroad, if the "Central fellows" can and will reciprocate the obligation by giving them enough votes to carry through their pet iniquities. The plot, you see, is a mighty pretty one if it will only work; but that it can't be made work, and certainly "won't wash," is the opinion of the longest and oldest heads in this vicinity—Dean Richmond being opposed to any such coalition, and swearing that, even if successful this year, it would raise such a storm next year against the "Central" that the very charter of the Company would be in danger. Behind all these petty intriguers, too, stands the shadowy figure of Governor Fenton, "grand, gloomy, and peculiar"—a mantle of mysterious silence wrapped around his thoughts, in his eyes a curious twinkle of amusement and curiosity, and in his red right hand a concealed weapon, which Jake Sharp now declares, with many epithets, he "believes to be a veto."

## HOW THE PREY IS PORTIONED OUT—"THE PARTIES IN INTEREST."

"One robber had his rights—the lights,  
Bile-duck and spleen to chew o' nights."

And now first to talk of the forces, resources, grantees, and Lobby-agents of the Broadway project. The proposed grant—never mind the names printed in it—is divided as follows: For George Law, because he has power to enforce his claim, two-twelfths; for Matthew T. Brennan and Peter B. Sweeney, on behalf of the corrupt Democracy, three-twelfths; for Jacob Sharp and John Kerr, in consideration of their advancing the sinews of war, three-twelfths; for the Weed interest, as the natural political owners of the Legislature, three-twelfths; and three-twelfths to be held in reserve for the coalition of which Senator Demas Strong is the representative—Senator Strong being the present Treasurer of the Belt City Railroad, for the passage of which he "worked hard and did good service;" and this Belt-road being the chief power and interest now pressing the passage of the Cross-town Railroad bill—a bill against which, therefore, we may of course expect Senator Strong to fight with every energy of his nature! This, however, is anticipating; and now let us return to our Broadway

"muttons"—who will soon, we predict, be as dead as any muttons ever sent down to New York over the Harlem or Erie lines.

## SUPPLY OF THE SINEWS OF WAR—GOLDEN CORDIAL FOR LEGISLATORS, AND WATER FOR THE STOCK.

Such being the men to be benefited by the bill, we find that the "sinews of war" for the campaign have been furnished by the Seventh Avenue or Parallel Railroad—this being the line which would be most seriously injured by the laying down of a rival railroad in Broadway, and which, therefore, wishes to protect itself by obtaining a share of the grant. Of this Seventh Avenue line, Jacob Sharp and John Kerr are now the two controlling proprietors; and, as an illustration of what these kind of people mean when they complain that a six-cent fare does not pay them any return upon their investment—we may briefly mention as follows: The Seventh Avenue Road runs from Fifty-seventh street to the Astor House, a distance of about four miles; and its probable total cost of construction, with buildings, livestock, and rolling-stock, may have amounted, at the extreme outside, to half a million dollars. It is, nevertheless, declared to have a capital of \$2,000,000, with a bonded debt of \$1,400,000—

about \$200,000 of this debt in extra bonds having been put out in Wall street not many months ago, and the proceeds of said extra bonds being now believed to be up here in Albany and employed in furnishing the fuel to get up steam for the passage of this Broadway measure—Mr. Jake Sharp in person being the grand almoner and lord-bountiful of this legislative charity!

#### THE GRANTEES AND THEIR DUMMIES—JACOB DOING A BIG BUSINESS.

"These dwellers of the woods and fastnesses—  
These plunderers of defenceless villages;  
These shadowy bandits, of whose names we hear,  
But never yet within the striking reach  
Of honest arm have they had heart to tarry."

The names used as grantees in the bill, are, of course, of no account; or of little more account than the "Peter Gries" and "J. Joseph Donnelly" of a former Broadway scheme; or the "John H. Doty" to whom your City Comptroller sold for \$101 the City bonds for which Mr. Andrew Mills, of the Dry Dock Savings Bank, had offered him \$105.\* In most of our City Railroad grants, the names of the grantees cannot even be found in the directory; but, in the present one,

\* The swindling transaction here referred to has since been made subject of charge before Governor Fenton.

the two last-named of these unknown gentlemen are supposed to be the representatives of the "Old Man;" while Messrs. Jacob Sharp and John Kerr have each placed the name of a son-in-law in the proposed measure. George Law has used, to protect his own three-twelfths, the names of one gentleman who is connected with his bank, and another gentleman who is the brother-in-law of his lawyer; while two other names are used as the representative "dummies" of the Brennan-Sweeney interest. "Live-Oak George," by the way, don't want the bill to pass at all, and has not been up here this year, despite all efforts to bring him; but he feels that if it does pass, it would never do for him, with his other heavy City Railroad interests, to be "out in the cold." He says he already has in stock of this kind all the money that he can beneficially manage—owning the Eighth and Ninth Avenue Railroads altogether, and some small shares in the Sixth and Seventh Avenue lines. He formerly owned a great part of the Avenue D. and Fourteenth street line; but this road—one of the most profitable in the city—has since been sold out by all the original grantees to their associate, Mr. Jacob Sharp, who is also sole proprietor of the railroad running from the Dry Dock, foot of East Eleventh street, to its terminus in front of Barnum's Museum—a road of brief route, large travel, very

light expenses, and enormous profits. In fact, if George Law don't look out, the vigorous Jacob will soon be the king of our City Railroads. As to the politicians, they only seek these grants to sell them again for whatever they will fetch; but Sharp is an excellent business man, and in more senses than one "a man of unbounded stomach," who is quite likely to absorb all weaker rivals.

ROLL-CALL OF HONOR—NAMES OF THE "CLEAR-GRIT BROADWEGIANS."

"We love them, we tell you, we love them a heap;  
Like fish of the stalest in darkness they shine;  
And when in their graves they lie down to their sleep,  
Above them the stinkweed shall genially twine."

We now come to the "clear-grit Broadway Senators"—the men who have proved their fidelity to this particular bill in many a desperate vote, and who may be relied upon, with perfect confidence, to go straight for this or any other similar measure in which "their friends" shall have been properly protected—by "friends" meaning those political combinations of outside operators who have been the carbuncle ornaments and jewels of our State Legislature during the last half-score of years. Of these there are thirteen considered "certain"—a fourteenth, probably; but, as this fourteenth man has not yet gone

too far to retract, we suppress his name for the present, hoping that he may, even at the eleventh hour,

"By penance done,  
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,  
With nightly tears and daily heart-sore sighs,"

prevent the necessity of our placing his name before the public in the same roll-call of honor with that to which his more advanced associates have already condemned their reputations. These thirteen "clear-grit Broadwegians" are named as follows: Senators Demas Strong and Henry C. Murphy of Kings county; Christian B. Woodruff, Thomas C. Fields, and Luke F. Cozans of New York; George Beach of Greene county; Orson M. Allaben of Delaware; Palmer E. Havens of Essex; Cheney Ames of Oswego; Frederick Julian of Chenango; Stephen K. Williams of Wayne; Stephen T. Hayt of Steuben; and Wilkes Angell of Alleghany—this last-named Senator being Chairman of the Committee having special charge of reporting these Broadway, Cross-town, and all similar measures.

ALLEGED HERMAPHRODITE SENATORS, WHO ARE  
NO HERMAPHRODITES AT ALL.

"You'll find them true unto the death,  
Bold comrades in the strife;  
I know the men, and on their faith,  
I stake my all—my life!"

Having given the Senators who are claimed and pretty well known to be "certain for the Broadway measure," we give next the list of those gentlemen who are insulted by the confident assertions of the Lobby that they "can be fetched whenever wanted," and that "whenever their votes can pass the Broadway and Cross-town bills," such votes will be forthcoming. These are Ira Shafer of Albany; James M. Humphrey of Erie; and Robert Christie of Richmond, Democrats; and Ezra Cornell of Tompkins, and George G. Munger of Monroe, Unionists. It is even added that an attempt is being made upon the political virtue of the honored Senator, George H. Andrews of Otsego—the "Old Man," a veteran in this species of seduction, having been "horse-shedding" him to this end ever since the Broadway iniquity of the present session was conceived in sin and brought forth under the obstetrics of iniquity. Such gentlemen as these, however—with perhaps one possible exception—are not the kind of men to "contami-

nate their fingers with base bribes," nor will they give to any Lobby agent, in their case, the pride of boasting—

"I did corrupt frail nature with some bribe."

Senator Christie has said publicly that "no man can live in New York and vote for the Broadway railroad: it taints everything it touches;" adding, that although he is "what is called a Central Railroad man," yet he cannot afford to help the Central at any such price as this. It is the same with Senators Munger, Humphrey, and Cornell—all gentlemen who value their own characters—Senator Ira Shafer being probably the only one of those claimed as "doubtful," whose devotion to the Central might possibly be so great as to carry him over to cast a Broadway vote. Whenever any amount of "horse-shedding" shall have drawn Senators Andrews, Munger, Cornell, and Christie into this business, then their friends will confess that there are several new things under the sun.

HOBBS HITS THE NAIL ON THE HEAD EVERY POP. HE TALKS LIKE A BIRD—LIKE TWO BIRDS.

"A man of solid argument,  
A man of just and great renown,  
Whose logic broadens slowly down  
From precedent to precedent."

The matter standing thus in the main body of the Senate, let us see how it stands in the Committee having more especial charge of the matter, and which consists of Senators Beach, Williams, Woodruff, Angel, and Hobbs. Upon last year's Committee, Senator Angel, although Chairman, was pushed "out into the cold," and that nice little job, "the Harlem Corner," went through without him. This year, however, he has fought his way in again, and is now in full accord and partnership with his Broadwegian brothers, Beach, Williams, and Woodruff. This leaves Senator Hobbs, of Franklin—a very upright and able gentleman—alone in his glory to fight the "ring"—a position so irksome that he was about applying to be relieved, but was induced to remain, possibly by the consideration that—

"If taken away, there would be none left  
To rail upon them, and then they would sin the faster."

Hobbs, therefore, stays in the Committee and fights his corner like a hero, perfectly regardless

of cutting against the grain of his "ring" associates, and notwithstanding the fact that the presiding officer of the Senate—Lieutenant-Governor William G. Alvord—is one of the heaviest stockholders in the Belt Railroad, which he so powerfully helped to "put through" while in the Assembly. Hobbs pleads that his associates all went against the Harlem-Broadway bill last year, although ten times a fairer measurer in its provisions than the present one, so far as regards the public. Also that any such grant should be given to a regularly constituted corporation, having a certain limited capital and recognised stockholders—men who would be responsible legally; and who would both arrange to compensate property-holders along the line for injuries done, as also to withdraw all stages from the route, giving to the proprietors of these vehicles full and just compensation. He points out that the present bill does not contain one single provision for the benefit or protection of the public, being another mere naked "gridiron grant" to a body of irresponsible individuals—not one of whom would retain any interest in the gift ten days after it had been made by the Legislature. Suppose the old Broadway Railroad bill had passed, and a person wished to commence an action against those two illustrious grantees—"Peter Griese" and "J. Joseph Donnelly," for damages! It is practically no better

in the present bill, as the names in the grant will not be those of the actual proprietors. If the members of the Legislature desire to vote Messrs. Law, Brennan, Sweeney, Kerr, Sharp, and the "Old Man," from one to two hundred thousand dollars each, let the vote be a clean and open one, and let the dotation be made out of the public treasury; but let them not add to the outrage of such a gift by utterly ruining the noblest street on the American Continent. The Seventh Avenue road has "watered up" its stock to \$2,000,000, with a bonded debt of \$1,400,000. How much "water" would the Broadway stock be likely to absorb, if granted to these parties? And how much would be its bonded debt in two years from the end of this session? Individuals can't be sued in such a connexion; corporations can. Individuals can issue as much stock as they please; corporations can be limited. If this Broadway iniquity is to go through at all, let it be consigned to the care of a corporation, with a limited capital, and with legal responsibility assured.

NEW YORK, WITH TWELVE STITCHES IN HER SIDE, AND HER BACKBONE TRAVERSED BY THE TERTIAN AGUE.

"The poor old woman was sick and sore,  
Plagued, she said, by those wicked witches;  
Her back the fell lumbago bore,  
And her sides were full of rheumatic stitches."

Thus—only much better—argues Senator Hobbs; but he talks to ears as deaf as if they were already stuffed with a rustling paper, the color of which we need not specify; and all of his arguments applying to the Broadway road, are of equal, or even far stronger, applicability to the intended "Cross-town Railroad." This latter project has for its pecuniary backer and banker the present Belt City Railroad, of which Senator Strong is Treasurer, and Lieut.-Gov. Alvord one of the original stockholders. This Cross-town scheme should really be called the Darning-Needle Railroad, being intended to give your city a "stitch in the side" every ten blocks or so, as follows: It is to run across Broadway from the foot of Courtlandt street, North River, to the foot of Maiden Lane, East River; then back again, across Broadway, from the East River to the North, *viâ* John street. It is to perform the same feat, charging across the city through Chambers street, and returning to the North River, *viâ* Duane.



Another stitch is to be given you at Ninth street, with a returning raid through Tenth street and Christopher. Ditto, repeated from the Hudson to the East River, through Twenty-Sixth street, with a reëntering darn from the East River to the Hudson, through Twenty-Seventh street. There are two other sets of darns higher up the island, the exact localities of which I have forgotten—the whole project, let me add, being literally “one of the darn’dest” that has ever yet been broached. The Broadway swindle is to run right down the backbone of your island, like a fit of the tertian ague; while this Cross-town abomination is to keep giving you a punch in the ribs every ten blocks you walk.

CHIEF OPERATORS OF THE CROSS-TOWN RAILROAD—ENTER MESSRS. PURSER AND CONOVER WITH TWO FLIP-FLAPS.

As to the *personnel* of this Cross-town affair, it is very numerous and greatly mixed up, being considered by many even a “bigger thing” than Broadway itself; for the fare is to be the same as on all other roads, while the distance traversed will rarely much exceed one mile. We therefore find in it the Belt Railroad people, who supply it with money just as the Seventh Avenue line supplies the Broadway project; and, as grand hidal-

gos of the Belt, we have Senator Strong, Lieut.-Gov. Alvord and John Butler. Also the “Sixth Ward family,” including “Peter Griese;” and the “Old Man’s family,” including your Corporation Counsel. Whether Kerr and Sharp are in it, is not known to your correspondent; but we have here to add to our original stock of actors in the Broadway scheme an entirely new and very interesting body of performers who are known as the “Tax Office family,” headed by Messrs. George H. Purser, Tax Commissioner, Assistant Corporation Counsel, etc.; Dan Conover and Company—Mr. Conover also carrying in his pocket the bill organizing the “Manhattan Land Company,” otherwise known as “the Great Dirt Bill”—a bill very much of the original Fort-Gansevoort pattern; but so vast that its prototype beside it would be but a wart beside Ossa—thus borrowing, and, we fear, rather injuring, one of Shakspeare’s most passionate metaphors.

QUOTATION OF ONE STANZA—COULDN'T STAND  
ANOTHER—FROM OUR "CRAZY POET."

On next Tuesday these Broadway and Cross-town monsters are to come up for judgment, being made the special order of the day; and, as they have been hideous in their lives—an idea somewhere used by another writer—in their deaths let us hope they will not be divided. They are the Siamese twins of the Lobby, and either both must live or both perish. There are some verses up here written by our "Crazy Poet"—the man, you know, wearing peacock's feathers in his hat and having his breast all covered with old coins and gimcracks, who stands on the steps of the capitol each day scrutinizing the faces of the members as they pass in or out. They are addressed "To the Most Honorable the Honest Senators of New York," and have evidently reference to the bringing up of the Broadway and Cross-town Railroad bills next Tuesday. They commence:

"When comes the day all hearts to weigh  
If true they be, or vile,  
Will ye forget the sacred debt  
Ye owe Manhattan Isle?  
Shall 'healthy beats' through all her streets  
Their swindling railroads hustle,  
While in your fobs, made rich by jobs,  
The bribing greenbacks rustle?"

GENERAL GAME OF EAR-WIGGING ALL ROUND—  
EVERY HORSE-SHED CROWDED, AND BUTTON-  
HOLES AT A PREMIUM.

This specimen must content you, as I have not time to copy the balance; and, besides, I do not think our "Crazy Poet" correct in believing that next Tuesday will be the final day. The "clear-grit" Broadwegians, as I said before, need a little delay, as they are trying to patch up a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, with the badly-beaten Central fellows—the Broadwegians offering to vote for giving the Central two and a half cents per mile, in return for the support of the following four gentlemen, which, if secured, would carry the Broadway and Cross-town bills—they being thirteen themselves, and the total number of the Senate thirty-two. They expect by this proffered bribe to get the votes of Senator Andrew D. White of Onondaga (Unionist), and Ira Shafer, Robert Christie, and James M. Humphrey of Erie (Democrats); but we tell them the thing can't be done at that, or any other price. It is quite probable, however, that these last-named gentlemen may join in voting for a postponement of the Broadway and Cross-town bills next Tuesday, in order to give time for further negotiation, and to see what may or may not be brought about by the permanent game of poker going on in

Jake Sharp's parlor at the Delevan—a very potent Lobby agency; together with the various "horse-shedding" operations which everybody in the interest of every scheme is now trying upon every one else who is not.

"Oh, I have seen corruption boil and bubble  
'Till it o'erran the stews. Laws for all faults;  
But faults so countenanced that the strong statutes  
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop—  
Things more in mock than mark!"

That we have laws intended to restrain bribery, and that the lobby-agent's business of corrupting the very fountains of legislation is a felonious calling, no one doubts; and yet who ever heard of a single case of the kind in this State being brought up for trial? The "strong statutes" are powerless against the apparently universal demoralization of this capital; and when we come to trace back whence all this villany has flowed out upon us \* \* \*. But that would be an endless consideration.

GOV. FENTON'S ATTITUDE—WE GO OUR ENTIRE  
PILE ON HIS FIDELITY.

"Amid the lewd passions of this heady time  
He stands unmoved; as, in the stormy swill  
Of the wild waves upon a rocky coast,  
Some granite column heaves its shoulder up,  
Crowned with a light which seamen bless afar."

This letter has not been a cheerful one. Let me conclude with something pleasant, to find which I pass out of the lobby and enter the Executive Chamber. No matter what takes place in the Senate or Assembly Chambers, or both, we have here a power too pure for the foul fingers of corruption to approach—too high to be influenced by any of the little mousing schemes which are in operation to entangle him. Personal honesty, and his veto of this very bill last session, were the redeeming features of Governor Seymour's administration; and the same quality, and a like act,—should the present bill pass the Senate—will doubly assure the people of our State that, in selecting Governor Fenton, they made a choice most wise in all particulars. He does not wish to be obliged to use his veto power in this matter, but hopes and relies that his friends in the Senate will not allow this poisoned chalice to be presented to his lips. If they do, he may still "love them," but they "will never more be officers of

his." With them the whole question rests; for although the bill passes from their House to the Assembly—in that body there is known to be a partly political, partly venal majority, only eager for the spoil—the price of votes being openly talked of as \$500 down for each vote on each of the two bills—Broadway and Cross-town—and \$2,500 additional on the signing of both bills by the Governor, being an aggregate of \$3,500 all told. Their thousand dollars each these unfortunate creatures may earn; but let them be well assured that, under no possible circumstances, can the balance promised ever become their due. If they think \$1,000 a fair price for their political lives, let them accept what is offered, and go down to the infamy of oblivion with the brand of this poorly paid iniquity upon their dishonored brows.\*

And now, my beloved brethren, this city railroad sermon will close with one brief extract from a pure Greek poet—an extract which can be sung melodiously to that divine Italian air, the "Groves of Blarney," and in the singing of which you are all respectfully requested to join chorus. It reads

\* This letter killed the bill for that Session; but as the proposed theft is of a franchise worth at least \$3,000,000, we shall see the same or kindred villains at work in the same scheme year in and year out until either their villany is accomplished or they are hung by an indignant people.

as follows, and the rank of its author was that of private soldier in the armies of the Union; and his name was—but I happen just now to forget it:

"Some people wondher  
Whin they see the plunder  
That is goin' on daily in full public view,  
That the town don't rise up,  
Fix a hundhred ties up,  
And do some lynchin' on the godless crew.  
But we say to the divil  
Wid all such dhrivel,  
The 'machines' is mighty an' they can't be beat;  
So let's all 'go in,' boys,  
'Tis the way to win, boys,  
An' let aich of us have a railroad in his private street!"

Very obediently your servant,  
M. O'R.

## HOME OF THE HIGHER BOHEMIA.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO ITS ALBUM FROM DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

MR. WM. STUART, of the Winter Garden Theatre, keeps for the benefit of himself and friends, a very delightful villa near New London, where one can pass a few days more agreeably than in any other house at present known to us. The villa is delightfully located, overlooking the broadest part of the Sound, and with very pretty garden and other grounds around it. The snipe, duck, and plover-shooting in the vicinity is excellent; while of the warm and refined hospitality of the occupier and proprietor we need not speak, nor of that eminent social genius which draws around him men of the most diverse opinions and stations, and can yet harmonize all otherwise warring and discordant elements into an agreeable mosaic of very pleasant and enlivening contradictions.

At this "Home of the Good Samaritan for the used-up children of Bohemia," as one guest called it, we meet every one that is any one, and nobody that is not something. We have bankers, journal-

ists, sportsmen, tragedians, poets, brokers, diplomatists, foreign celebrities, domestic representatives, warriors, lawyers, yachtmen, comedians, dramatists—an omnium gatherum, in fact, of all that is remarkable, queer, fantastic, or note-worthy within the extensive circle of Mr. Stuart's acquaintance.

Last year the institution of an album was started, in which each guest is requested to write his name during his visit and attach thereto any rhymes, sentiments, or other remarks he may feel prompted to leave behind him for the benefit of those guests who are to follow him in the revolving circle of manager Stuart's hospitality; and it is from this volume that we make the following extracts, the first of which, on opening the volume, we find to be in a handwriting that looks as familiar as our own:

### RULES

*For the government of the Home of the Good Samaritan, in which all worthy and used-up children of Bohemia find hospitable and happy welcome:*

In the home of the Good Samaritan  
You must be extremely nice,  
Emphatic and most precise,  
In doing exactly the thing you please:  
For the rule of the Good Samaritan  
Is "Every man at his ease."

In the home of the Good Samaritan  
 With the bright blue bay before you,  
 The shady veranda o'er you,  
 And the pleasant bottles in the room behind;  
 You must feel like a Good Samaritan  
 To all of human kind!

In the home of the Good Samaritan  
 Your talk may have all variety,  
 Save that politics or piety,  
 If gabbled about some grief may brew;  
 And to feel like a Good Samaritan  
 These topics we must eschew.

To the Home of the Good Samaritan,  
 From the dust and heat of the town,  
 Bohemia rushes gladly down—  
 The gifted, the witty, the wise, the queer;  
 "And oh!" says the Good Samaritan,  
 "You are all of you welcome here!"

By order of Grand Hierarch,  
 GULIELMUS STUARTUS.

MI-LES AU-RELIUS,  
 A. A. G., and Chief of Staff.

Following this introduction, there are verses and versicles, sentiments and sentimentalities, sage proverbs, capital toasts, pungent aphorisms, and judicious anecdotes—original and otherwise, but mostly original—in the handwriting and bearing the signatures of nearly all the most prominent

of that class whom we recognise in New York as belonging to the Higher Bohemia.

As samples of the contents of this really remarkable and valuable volume, which Mr. Stuart should be restrained by no *mauvais honte* from publishing, if only as one of the curiosities of our literature—we have extracted, and here append with the permission of their respective and distinguished authors, the following *jeux d'esprit* on certain passing topics of the day from the pages of the Good Samaritan's Album.

In the clear, large, and beautiful Italian chirography of the Hon. Horace Greeley, every letter like the best English copperplate, and every sentence ringing with the sharp, military, and militant spirit of that distinguished bard, warrior, journalist, philanthropist, and statesman of Printing-House Square, we find the subjoined stirring appeal in behalf of a then-much-needed household economy, dated July 4, 1865.

#### THE LEAGUE OF ANTI-BEEFERS.

Pass the word along the line,  
 Let the butchers come to grief;  
 When we breakfast, sup, or dine,  
 Let us shun the sight of beef!  
 Let it be as flesh of swine,  
 Unto Israel's strict believers;  
 And, till present rates decline,  
 Let us all be Anti-Beefers!

Lovely maid and tender wife,  
 Soon our butcher-foes we'll humble;  
 Join our league and share our strife,  
 'Till the beefy idol tumble!  
 Raise your glistening hands to heaven,  
 And swear—however fashion differs—  
 That, until meat is cheaper given,  
 You join the League of Anti-Beefers.

Nor with hunger need we pine,  
 While the trees their fruitage render;  
 Fish are juicy, fresh, and fine,  
 Salads, too, are crisp and tender.  
 Join the banner that we raise;  
 Already, see! the butcher quivers!  
 And victory's wreath, ere many days,  
 Shall crown the brows of Anti-Beefers!

After this, in the revered handwriting of Wm. Cullen Bryant, and with all the gloomy earnestness and poetic beauty of the author of *Thanatopsis*, we find the remarkable eulogy hereinafter set forth of Mayor Gunther, Recorder Hoffman, City Inspector Boole, Corporation Counsel John E. Develin, and Comptroller Multiply Taxes Brennan, for their official agency in giving the contract for cleaning the streets of New York to those three distinguished patriots—Messrs. Brown, Shepherd Knapp, and Devoe. While Bryant's beautiful *Lines to a Seagull* live, and they will live for ever, this touching tribute to municipal merit can never fade away from the recollection of our grateful citizens:

## SONG OF KING PESTILENCE.

I am monarch of all I survey,  
 No breeze my fierce ardor can cool,  
 I am King of Manhattan to-day,  
 Thanks to Brennan, and Develin, and Boole;  
 Nor be Hoffman and Gunther forgot,  
 Who nurtured my birth with their smiles—  
 And the weather's delightfully hot,  
 And the garbage rots rankly in piles.

Oh, cleanliness, comfort, and health!  
 Oh, summer-airs, laden with sweets!  
 To increase of some villains the wealth  
 Have you fled, and for ever, our street?  
 Must King Pestilence riot and rule  
 Unchecked and at will o'er the town,  
 To enrich Brennan, Develin, and Boole,  
 And contractors Devoe, Knapp, and Brown?

In the tenement-houses where thick  
 The poor, like red herrings, are stowed;  
 In the alleys where fever is quick,  
 And consumption hath made its abode;  
 Where the offal is foul as the "ring"  
 Of Tweed, Ottiwell, Farley and Co.—  
 I am king—I am king—I am king!  
 Thanks to Brown, Shepherd Knapp, and Devoe!

Oh, mother! with babe at your breast,  
 As its life flickers faintly and low,  
 Be sure your full thanks are expressed  
 To contractors Brown, Knapp, and Devoe!

Their gain is the object that keeps  
 Our gutters with ordure defiled;  
 And 'tis they pile the poison in heaps  
 That is strangling the life of your child.

The bright air of summer is dense  
 With glutinous odors and stench;  
 We breathe at a dreadful expense  
 Of olfactory tortures and wrenches;  
 But this comforting fact we should know,  
 And close to our hearts we should lock it—  
 That contractors Brown, Knapp, and Devoe  
 From this job two clear millions will pocket!

The graveyards will fill, to be sure,  
 Much faster than need would demand;  
 And a full double-crop of the poor  
 I will reap with my skeleton hand;  
 Oh, the widows may mourn for the dead,  
 And the orphans may snivel their woe—  
 But the purses will largely be fed  
 Of contractors Brown, Knapp, and Devoe!

Oh, Fenton, our Governor dear!  
 To you our entreaties ascend;  
 Let your guillotine, gleaming and clear,  
 On the necks of these villains descend!  
 The basket of saw-dust, we know,  
 Will keep the heads pleasant and cool  
 Of contractors Brown, Knapp, and Devoe,  
 And their "chums"—Brennan, Develin, and Boole!

The next contribution claiming special attention is in the sharp calligraphy of James Gordon

Bennett, Senior, of the *Herald*, and will at once recall to every lover of poetry the affecting *Lines to Marianne* from the same exalted source, which appeared some years ago in Bonner's *Ledger*. Mr. Bennett's admiration of the pure legislative character of Senator Demas Strong, of Brooklyn, is evidently as powerful as the distinguished legislator's name would imply, or as the aroma which surrounded certain of the Honorable Senator's votes on the "Cross-town," "Broadway," and other city-railroad operations in the lobbies of Albany. Thus run the lines, "suggested," as the author modestly remarks, "by Senator Strong's libel-suit against George C. Bennett, of the *Brooklyn Times*, to prove himself an honest legislator." They are headed in the album of the Home of the Good Samaritan:

#### REFRIGERATION INSTANTANEOUS!

All day the heat had been intense,  
 No cloud obscured the burning ray,  
 The air was sultry, close, and dense,  
 And what we suffered, so immense  
 That language never can portray;  
 When suddenly a coolness came  
 As some one cried, that "Demas Strong  
 Now purposed by the law to claim  
 An honest legislator's name"—  
 Our laughter brake forth loud and long!



And when again 'twas louder cried :  
 "Strong brings a libel-suit to prove  
 That never in corruption's tide  
 Have his white hands been blackly dyed"—  
 Chill currents o'er us seemed to move !  
 No iceberg drifting toward the line  
 Brings quicker chill to nearing ships;  
 The coolness grew so keen and fine,  
 'Twas piquant as some well-iced wine  
 Of bubbling foam to thirsty lips.

"Let now thy servant part in peace,  
 Oh! Lord," arose our humble prayer;  
 For never till the years shall cease  
 Can come a coolness like to this—  
 So fresh, so pure and debonnair!  
 But let the words not oft arise,  
 For such the coolness they unfold,  
 That, spoken oft, a woof of ice  
 Seems to have seized us in a vice,  
 And our souls perish in the cold!

Having quoted from so many editorial celebrities, we feel compelled to make room for the Hon. Henry J. Raymond's charming little compliment to a Balmoral Skirt and the wearer thereof—each reader being only cautioned that the correct accentuation of the word "Balmoral" is on the penultimate syllable "*or*," and not the ultimate "*al*," as is the common, but erroneous, pronunciation in this country. In all of Ruskin's essays on art there is nothing more absolutely perfect than the word-

coloring of this picture. We ask every able-bodied reader on this side of fifty—is there?

#### THE BALMORAL SKIRT.

Oh, contrast divine with the pale, saintly face,  
 And the blue eyes that beam, now in mirth, now in dolor!  
 Oh, Garment that blends picturesqueness and grace,  
 Suggesting sweet dreams full as warm as thy color!  
 Oh, feet flashing out from the roseate ring,  
 Like doves from a sunset that crimsons behind them!  
 Oh, flame still attracting each moth on the wing  
 To court the embrace which but dazzles to blind them!

As the pomegranate glistening, an apple of gold,  
 Invites every tooth with its flesh to make issue,  
 Yet contains richer coloring, fold within fold,  
 And the nearer its heart so the warmer its tissue;  
 Thus, Laura, to me a pomegranate thou art,  
 With thy rich golden hair and thy lips of red coral;  
 Yea! the dreamy similitude startles the heart,  
 When thy silken skirt raised shows the glowing "Balmoral."

We shall conclude our extracts—confessing that some of the imputed Authorships may be erroneous, as we only judge by handwriting, and handwriting, as the negro said of the white man, is known to be "berry onsartain"—by giving one very undoubtedly from the pen of Private Miles O'Reilly, which, having made its first

appearance in Mr. Stuart's album, has since been published in *Harper's Weekly*, and extensively copied from that paper:

## NOT QUITE IN VAIN.

How often in days of our sore distress,  
When we faint with an absolute weariness  
Of endless labor and endless pain,  
The sickening thoughts in our souls will rise,  
Clouding with gloom even the summer skies,  
And chilling the pulse and filling the eyes—  
‘We have lived—we have lived in vain!’

When hearts we thought golden and trusted best,  
Prove but shrivelling dross in the fiery test  
Which the Fates for all friendships ordain;  
As we turn the false picture with face to the wall,  
Or veil the lost idol with charity's pall,  
How cold on the soul seems the whisper to fall—  
“We have lived—we have lived in vain!”

When some prize of ambition, for years postponed,  
Is at length attained, yet we feel unatoned  
For the struggle that gave us the gain—  
Oh, spurning the dead-sea fruit we sought,  
“Must it ever be thus?” is the weary thought,  
And again to our ear is the whisper brought—  
“We have lived—we have lived in vain!”

Oh, friends! how rare in this workaday life  
Are the prizes, if won, that are worth the strife,  
The clangor, the dust, and the strain!

There is only one in the world below,  
But one, that, whatever its price of woe,  
Bids the soul in the veins to exultingly know—  
That we have not lived in vain.

‘Tis that moment unspeakable—best unsaid—  
When blushing downward the dear drooping head  
To our breast for the first time we strain;  
And the promise is given, not in words, but in sighs,  
And the sweet humid tenderness filling her eyes—  
“Oh, soul of my soul, if my love be a prize,  
Then you have not lived in vain!”

MILES O'REILLY.

In salient contrast with the loving and eminently human character of the preceding verses, are the subjoined quaint, tender, and pathetic stanzas in which Theodore Tilton of the Independent sets forth the longing of his soul for immortality, and pictures forth the kind of paradise to which his high-strung spirit so ardently aspires. Special attention is requested to the terse Saxon force with which this young but eminent theologian declares his wishes—no such complete mastery of brief expression being attainable by any one who had not thoroughly mastered and familiarized his mind with John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. We must all remember the striking view of a happy hereafter given by Charles Lamb when he stammered out, “I believe Heaven is a place where one lies on a sofa all day, and always has new novels;” but on comparing this unfi-

nished picture with Mr. Tilton's more elaborate sketch of the same thought, no reader, however dull, can fail to see in which direction the palm of merit should be awarded:

## MY PRIVATE HEAVEN.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

Well, talk of pleasures as you will,  
 'Tis all a point of taste;  
 Some like to scrape, collect, and fill,  
 Some like to spend and waste.  
 Some choose in love's young smile to bask,  
 Exchanging sigh and look;  
 But give to me—'tis all I ask—  
 My coffee, pipe, and book!

Some, led by fortune's fickle star,  
 All seas and countries roam;  
 And some—I think the wisest far—  
 Prefer to stay at home.  
 Some love the angler's tedious task,  
 The harmless fish to hook;  
 But give to me—'tis all I ask—  
 My coffee, pipe, and book.

Some love to hunt with gun and hound,  
 Some hunt for wealthy widows;  
 Some go geologizing round,  
 Some botanize in meadows.  
 Full many love to steal a kiss  
 In some not public nook;  
 But give to me—'tis all I ask—  
 My coffee, pipe, and book.

Yes! many men have many tricks,  
 To make a pleasant living;  
 And Tom takes up with politics,  
 While Dick does bolder thieving.  
 Full many tastes to us are given,  
 And each man's whim I brook;  
 But give me as my private Heaven,  
 My coffee, pipe, and book!

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

HUNTER'S RAID UP THE VALLEY.—STONEWALL  
JACKSON'S GRAVE.

### CHAPTER I.

OUR advance upon Lexington was in four columns—General Averell's cavalry on the extreme right; Crook's West Virginia infantry right centre; Sullivan's infantry left centre; and Duffié's cavalry on the extreme left, having in fact wandered over to the east side of the Blue Ridge and there lost its way—as was the custom of its General Commanding.

The enemy, under General McCausland—who succeeded General Wm. E. Jones, killed at Piedmont a few days before—fell back before our advance, but not without offering a vigorous opposition. The brigades of Imboden, Vaughan, Echolls, "Mudwall" Jackson, Jones, McCausland, and a cloud of guerillas under Mosby, Gilmer, and McNeil, broke down all bridges in their rear, obstructed the roads wherever feasible, and from every eminence played on the heads of our advancing columns with their artillery, while also doing a large bushwhacking business from the dense woods through which we had to pass.

But the weather was beautiful in that beautiful

valley, and our troops in the highest spirits. At Stanton we had sent back our prisoners, numbering about thirteen hundred Confederate soldiers, and had dismissed some five or six hundred other prisoners—old men and mere boys belonging to the Reserve Militia—as not worth any further thought. We had also sent back all our spare transportation and stores not absolutely needed—the guard for this train consisting of one Ohio regiment of volunteers whose term of service had expired, two regiments of Ohio militia only called out for one hundred days, and a battalion of cavalry—the whole under command of Major-General Julius Stahl, who had been slightly wounded in the shoulder some few days before at Piedmont, while leading the last charge in which the rebels had been broken. Stahl's orders were, on his return, to collect all the troops he could at Martinsburgh—probably about five thousand—and then to follow after us with a train of extra ammunition and supplies.

Never did an army advance through a lovelier country than was the Shenandoah Valley between Stanton and Lexington in that soft month of June. Vast fields of purple and white clover gave ample and delicious pasturage to our cattle; and from a pocket-book then carried, we extract the first stanza of a song commenced, but never finished—nor now ever likely to be:

The meadows are thick with clover,  
 Mottled the leaves and purple the flowers,  
 And the clouds that trail heavily over  
 The valley are big with showers.

Occasionally light showers just freshened the atmosphere; and the lofty peaks of the Blue Ridge on our left, clothed with foliage and verdure to their highest summits, looked lovely enough to deserve the pencil of Church or Bierstadt. The country around showed no signs of war, save here and there, at advantageous points, some rail-fence rifle-pits thrown up by the enemy the night before, and from which they were continually driven or outflanked by our advancing columns.

#### MARKS OF PREVIOUS CONFLICT, AND TEMPER OF THE PEOPLE.

Up the Shenandoah to Harrisonburgh, the country had been traversed and desolated in repeated campaigns—fields without fences, showing where armies had encamped; desolate and fire-blackened stone chimneys, standing up like pillars to mark where happy homes had ceased to be; long grave-trenches of red earth, recalling the legend that here Stonewall Jackson had whipped Banks, or Milroy, or given rude check to Fremont, or held his own and accomplished his purpose of retreat, despite the headlong fury of General Shields's attack.

Martinsburgh was a desolate and forsaken town, which had changed masters half a dozen times under the fluctuating fortunes of battle—soon to have two changes more. Winchester was much the same—aristocratic and bitterly rebellious—with vast earthworks and forts on the hills surrounding it, but utterly indefensible from the nature of the country in which it lay. At Strasburg and Woodstock the people were sullenly silent as we passed through the streets—only some shrill-tongued females having the boldness to cry :

“We’ve seen men with your colored clothes go up this valley afore; and we’ve seen ’em come back this way a mighty sight faster than they went up.”

All the bridges from Cedar Creek to Newmarket had been broken down by General Sigel, about ten or twelve days before our advance, in his headlong retreat from the latter place, fancying himself pursued all the way by the victorious forces of General Breckinridge, who had really only followed him in force as far as Edinburgh—also a bitterly rebellious and much-scourged town, famous in the South for its manufacture of patent medicines. At Newmarket, or rather at Rood's Hill, on this side of it, we came on the shocking *débris* of the recent battle, many scores of our men being so imperfectly buried that their blackened

and wormy limbs protruded through the earth, while the air was horribly impregnated with the *Bouquet de Rottenhoss*—as “Porte Crayon” used to call the dead remains of our cavalry and artillery animals.

#### ANECDOTE OF “PORTE CRAYON” AND GENERAL SIGEL.

And here let me give a little story of “Porte Crayon,” and then this digression shall terminate:

It was after the battle of Newmarket, while Sigel was in headlong retreat down the Shenandoah turnpike, that news reached his small and discomfited army of General Averell's success in destroying certain important railroads in South Western Virginia.

“Oh ho!” said Colonel Strother (“Porte Crayon”), who was then Sigel's chief of staff. “By Jove, boys! the Department of West Virginia is doing a big business. General Averell's tearing up the railroad, and General Sigel's tearing down the 'pike!”

To make the matter better, an innocent young staff officer tried to cheer his chopfallen General by repeating this story to him as “Porte Crayon's” last *bon mot*; but the General couldn't see it in any such light.

“By gar,” he exclaimed, “I vill not haaf beoples zayin' dem kind o' tings! By gar, I pelief dere are beoples on mein staff who are not grieved to zee me dearin' down de 'pike! By gar, Colonel Strodare must not zay dem kind o' tings, or he veel be court-martial!”

Let me add, in justice to our Teutonic General, against whom this story rather tells, that Colonel Strother was at all times emphatic in speaking of the perfectly reckless manner in which General Sigel exposed himself and staff in the last hours of the battle of Newmarket—the gallant Colonel, now Adjutant-General of Virginia on Governor Pierpont's staff, equally asserting that there was no trace of cowardice in General Sigel, as there certainly was none of generalship.

And now to return from our digression, and hasten on to Lexington as fast as possible.

#### BATTLE OF PIEDMONT.—A BAD CASE OF WHIP.

Quitting Harrisonburgh, which we had entered with only some inconsiderable skirmishing, we amused the enemy for a few days by some feints on their strong—indeed, nearly impregnable—lines at Mount Crawford, just in front of us; and then suddenly wheeling to the left—our movements covered by a cloud of cavalry, under the guidance of poor young Meigs of the Engineers,

since killed, son of the Quartermaster-General—we crossed the Shenandoah at Port Republic on pontoons and by wading; and then found ourselves in a virgin part of the valley, which had never previously seen our uniforms except on prisoners being sent to Lynchburgh by Lee or Jackson. This was on the 4th of June, 1864,—a miserable day, the rain pouring in torrents; and well for us that it did so, as it helped to mislead the enemy.

Next morning, at daylight, commenced the battle of Piedmont, or Stanton, as the enemy more properly called it—Stanton being the prize at which we aimed. The forces actually engaged were about equal, General Hunter having some nine thousand men actually in action, while the enemy had about the same—strongly posted, however, on a range of hills, horse-shoe shaped, and heavily timbered, and further protected by rifle-pits and rail-fence barricades, hastily thrown up the night before. The rebel morning report of the day previous, found on the dead body of General Jones that afternoon, showed that he had then under him 6,800 regular Confederate soldiers, while we knew that he was joined on the morning of the engagement by Vaughan's brigade from East Tennessee, and also by about fifteen hundred militia—old men and young boys, not worth the powder required to kill them—hurried

forward from Stanton and Lynchburgh on news of our advance.

The fight, though not large in numbers, was singularly obstinate and fluctuating, the enemy beating back repeated charges of our infantry and cavalry, under Generals Sullivan and Stahl—for neither the divisions of Crook and Averell had then joined us; and it was quite late in the afternoon, after a long and sweltering day of battle, when the movement of the gallant Colonel Thorburne's division across the narrow valley and its charge up hill upon the enemy's right flank, decided the contest in our favor. General Wm. E. Jones, their commander, was killed, as also five colonels, thirty or forty officers, and some seven or eight hundred men killed or wounded; and we had about eighteen hundred prisoners, including the worthless reserve militia, seventy regular officers, and twenty-eight hundred stand of arms, as the spoils attesting our success. But for the coming on of night, and the broken, heavily-timbered nature of the country, the famous feat of "bagging" that army—so popular with Congressional orators and enthusiastic editors—might have been easily accomplished; for a worse whipped or more utterly demoralized crowd of beaten men never fled from any field.

ALEXANDER H. H. STUART.—ONE LOYAL POLITICIAN IN VIRGINIA.

Next day we entered Stanton without any regular opposition, destroying the railroad thoroughly on each side of it, and also enormous quantities of quartermaster, commissary, and ordnance stores there accumulated; and, riding into town, the first person the writer had any conversation with was the Hon. Alexander H. H. Stuart, once a Whig member of the Washington Cabinet, and now again becoming prominent in Virginia politics. He was a handsome, portly, tall, middle-aged and gray-headed gentleman, a good deal resembling Mayor Berret, of Washington; and one observation that he made to us—indeed, almost the first—was memorable in that land of secession proclivities:

We were sitting, with Mr. Stuart, the Mayor, County Clerk, and other dignitaries of the town, on the stoop of the Stanton Bank, when the head of our infantry column appeared, preceded by a band of music, playing "Hail Columbia," and an enormous banner of the Stars and Stripes, almost breaking the long pole—for there was a thunder-storm just then—on which the soldiers carried it.

"That's a grand old tune," said Mr. Stuart, somewhat huskily, and with a slight quaver in his voice. "A grand old tune, and a grand old flag.

It's long since I have seen the one, or heard the other"—and he looked as if he were not sorry. It is but justice to Mr. Stuart to add, that he was one of those who had vehemently opposed the ordinance of secession, and was always regarded as being so much a Union man as it was safe for any one to be in those parts, during the entire rebellion.

A SONG BY OUR IRREPRESSIBLE ORDERLY.

While referring again to our field note-book for these particulars—hastily jotted down at the time, and jumbled up with all manner of army and private memoranda—we find in pencil, on the back of a rough morning report sent in by General Sullivan, the following lines, hastily scribbled, and which we now publish for the first time, as some indication of the kind of thoughts with which the mind amuses itself and seeks relaxation in the midst of scenes like these. It is a soldier-song in verity—a song of the rank and file, rough and wholly unpolished; but not, we think, without some true spirit of the camp in its hasty stanzas:



## THE CANTEEN.

BY PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,  
 Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,  
 And true-lovers' knots, I ween;  
 The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,  
 But there's never a bond, old friend, like this—  
 We have drunk from the same canteen!

It was sometimes water, and sometimes milk,  
 And sometimes apple-jack, fine as silk,  
 But whatever the tippie has been,  
 We shared it together, in bane or bliss,  
 And I warm to you, friend, when I think of this—  
 We have drunk from the same canteen!

The rich and the great sit down to dine,  
 And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine,  
 From glasses of crystal and green;  
 But I guess in their golden potations they miss  
 The warmth of regard to be found in this—  
 We have drunk from the same canteen.

We have shared our blankets and tents together,  
 And have marched and fought in all kinds of weather,  
 And hungry and full we have been;  
 Had days of battle and days of rest,  
 But this memory I cling to and love the best—  
 We have drunk from the same canteen!

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope,  
 With my blood flowing fast, and but little hope  
 Upon which my faint spirit could lean;  
 Oh, then, I remember, you crawled to my side,  
 And, bleeding so fast, it seemed both must have died,  
 We drank from the same canteen.

## MARCH FROM STANTON, AND CAPTURE OF LEXINGTON.

At Stanton we were soon joined by the infantry division under General Crook, and the cavalry under General Averell; our force being thus raised—allowing for what we had to send back from here with the prisoners and trains—to an effective body of some twenty thousand men; and it was with this force we were advancing against Lexington when this paper of "recollections" opened.

Our first day's march of twenty miles from Stanton brought us to a little hamlet variously styled Midway or Steele's Tavern; and the next day's march, notwithstanding all the vehement though irregular opposition offered by McCausland, brought us by noon on a hill overlooking the pretty city of Lexington.

Here we found that McCausland was making what promised to be a resolute stand—the Lynchburgh canal defending his right flank, while a branch of the Shenandoah river, sweeping round

a high perpendicular bluff of rock on which was situated the Lexington Military Institute, offered a serious barrier to our progress. The bridge by which he had crossed into the town was now a pile of smoking ruins, and all our efforts to find a ford or lay our pontoons were met with determined opposition. From every house and eminence commanding the river and its approaches, and from the windows and grounds of the Military Institute, a close and deadly fire both of musketry and artillery was kept up against us; and it was not until late in the afternoon that McCausland abandoned this defence, finding his left flank in danger of being turned, and his retreat cut off by General Averell, who had found a ford some miles higher up and crossed with his cavalry.

It thus came to pass that it was late that evening before we entered Lexington; and now, before speaking of Stonewall Jackson's grave, let the writer be permitted a few words of explanation as to two acts committed at this place, for which General Hunter has been most acrimoniously, and, as we shall prove, most senselessly and unjustly abused. We refer to the burning of Gov. Letcher's house and the Virginia Military Institute.

#### BURNING OF EX-GOVERNOR LETCHER'S HOUSE.

The West Virginia troops, forming, with some regiments from Maryland, the *élite* of our little army, were furious beyond measure against John Letcher. He had been a Union man, they said, who had sold his principles for promotion in the rebel service; and, as was the case with all apostates of this kind, had then signalized his devotion to his new faith by unheard-of oppressions and cruelties against all of his former associates who persisted in remaining faithful to their creed of loyalty. They charged against him gross and wanton outrages upon the liberties, lives, and property of all the loyal men within his reach; and so strongly was their desire for retaliation manifested, that General Hunter, in order to protect the family of the fugitive ex-Governor, who had only fled the night before, directed that a guard of two companies from some Ohio regiment—the 116th, if we remember rightly—should be detailed for the security of Mr. Letcher's residence. Several officers of General Hunter's staff, also—of whom Captain Towne, chief signal officer, was one, and Captain Prendergast, since killed, another—took up their quarters with the Letchers—partly as it was a pleasant, though small and rather modest mansion; and partly to give additional protection to the frightened family of females—ex-Governor

Letcher having fled the night previous to our entrance.

Thus matters stood until next day, when some soldiers of the 9th West Virginia, under Colonel—now General—Duvall, happened to find in an abandoned printing-office, already half set up in type—the manuscript in John Letcher's hand, and over his signature, of a proclamation to the citizens of "Rockbridge and other Counties," calling upon them to "arise and slay the foul Yankee invader;" and if unable to offer any organized resistance, then from behind every tree and stone in the valley, to kill us as they could. It was, in other words, a direct incitation to bushwhacking and murder; and if Mr. John Letcher had been caught, not only would his house have been burned—as the houses of four other bushwhackers, and only four, had previously been—but he would have been hung on the first tree with a little paper pinned on his breast bearing this brief but pregnant legend:

"Hung for organizing bushwhacking.

"By command of Maj.-Gen. Hunter."

What folly and something worse it is, while General Sherman goes blameless for having burned down whole towns and cities that offered any resistance, to censure Hunter for his course in this valley campaign, wherein—at least, so far as we

have knowledge—he only caused five private dwellings to be destroyed, and these on conviction that the proprietors were assassins and bushwhackers!

#### BURNING OF THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE.

As to the cry raised against "Uncle David" for the destruction of the Virginia Military Institute, that is still, if possible, more senseless and unjust. General Smith, commanding the Institute, as we have good evidence, protested to General McCausland against defending Lexington, and more especially against using the Institute as one of the points of defence—stating the town to be wholly indefensible, in his judgment, and that it would be made liable to bombardment and destruction by such a course; and especially pleading that to fire from the windows of the Institute on our troops, or to use it in any manner as a military point, would likewise, and still more strongly, necessitate its destruction.

To this McCausland replied by showing his orders from General Lee, which were to contest every mile of our advance with the utmost obstinacy, every hour gained against us being important, as the division of Breckinridge and the corps of Ewell under General Jubal Early, were then hastening forward by rail from Richmond to

his relief. General Smith, as we have heard, still maintained that using the Military Institute (of which, by the way, Vaughan, Imboden, McCausland, and nearly all the other Virginia leaders of prominence had been graduates,) could do no good, but would certainly result in its destruction; and finally, when McCausland persisted in his course, General Smith asked to be relieved from service under him, and marched away with his cadets down the canal tow-path to Lynchburgh.

As to the order of General Lee, we are certain—the original telegram having been captured next day in the house of General Smith, at which McCausland and the other generals had stopped over-night; and as to General Smith's protest and subsequent action in the matter, they were related to us next morning by a very intelligent and respectable old black man—General Smith's butler or steward—to whom we were indebted for many comfortable meals during the next two days.

This Institute, at the burning of which the writer looked with feelings of inexpressible regret though fully satisfied of the justice of the act, was an exact copy of the West Point Academy in architecture, and perhaps more handsome—certainly more modern, elegant and commodious in the houses of its professors, of whom the great Stonewall Jackson had been one. The more valuable books of its library, however, and instru-

ments of its scientific, astronomical, and chemical departments, had been removed before our advent. It contained large quantities of arms and ordnance stores, and it must be remembered that its students had been organized into a battalion of infantry and had fought against us, not many days before, at Newmarket. On its roll of graduates, too, could be found the names of hundreds of prominent rebel officers; and this, *en parenthèse*, opened our eyes to comprehend how it came to pass that the South had such good officers uniformly on the breaking out of the war, while ours, except the regulars from West Point, were then so ignorant—nearly all the young aristocracy of the South having been trained to arms in just such institutions as this of Lexington, Baton Rouge, and so forth. This burning took place on the 12th of June, 1864.

#### STONEWALL JACKSON'S GRAVE AND ITS PECULIAR MONUMENT.

And now for a visit to Stonewall Jackson's grave—Jackson who has always impressed us as one of the most veritable heroes of these degenerate days. We know not who wrote that magnificent soldier-lyric in his honor, entitled "Stonewall Jackson's Way;" but do know, despite its roughness, that it is one of the grandest tributes

ever paid by the Muse to the character of a Hero. It is fiery, and loving, and droll, and full of pathos—a song for the full appreciation of which, perhaps, one should have made a campaign or two in the Shenandoah, and beheld all the monuments of his genius. “Ah,” said an old rebel prisoner to us once, when we asked him which of their generals he had most faith in: “Ah, Colonel! Johnsing we guess to be the retreatin’est general we ever had; but the grittiest and the flankin’est was Stonewall Jackson.”

The churchyard in which poor Stonewall lies is just on the borders of the town, and must have been a pretty and neat little place of burial before the war. It has heavy borders of moss roses and the dark roses of the South along its walks, and these were in richest bloom when we paid our visit. Beautiful white marble monuments are scattered around in profusion; but looking at their dates it will be seen that few of these have been erected since the breaking out of the rebellion. Death has been since then too busy in the South to receive such honors; and the long, close rows of freshly-made graves—more especially those of a dozen young cadets killed at New-market—had no other trophy or memorial than a small shingle at the head of each, bearing a brief and rudely painted inscription.

Exactly in the centre of the churchyard is the

grave of the great rebel leader—a little bank of earth sodded over with green clover, and with two little dark boards (now probably chipped away by relic-hunters) at its head and foot. Near to its head, also, a tall pine flag-staff sprang nakedly up into the air; and on this, until carried away by McCausland in his retreat, had waved a Confederate battle-flag, worked in threads of silk, and gold, and silver, by certain secession-sympathizing peeresses of England—the Countess of Arundel and Surrey, if we remember rightly, having been prominent in the work. This battle-flag, with a sentry in gray walking up and down beneath it, had formed Stonewall Jackson’s only monument; and now both had disappeared!

Suppose McCausland had left both sentry and flag on guard by that solitary grave, who believes that either would have been disturbed? Would not both have been held sacred as portions of the tomb of a good and gallant soldier? At any rate this thing is very sure: that, if either or both had to be taken away, the writer would have striven hard to shirk in his own person that particular tour of duty; and this feeling, so far as he could ascertain, was unanimous amongst all his younger associates.

Just in rear of the flag-staff were two handsome white marble tombs enclosed within an iron railing—one sacred to the memory of the wife, and

the other to that of a beloved child of "Professor T. J. Jackson of the Virginia Military Institute." Doubtless had the rebellion prospered, a splendid tomb would in time have arisen to Jackson's memory; and, even as things are—so catholic is the admiration which valor rouses—we would gladly contribute our mite towards the erection of some substantial memento to the great Genius—as General Lee was the great Respectability—of the Southern war.

Let it not harm us in the esteem of our friends of the Loyal League if we confess the weakness of having pulled some dark roses of the South and strewed them on Jackson's grave, taking away in return—reverently and with uncovered heads—some few blades of clover which we have still preserved in a locket as one of the war's most precious relics,—our flagrant "treason" in this act having been shared at the time by an officer of far higher position, whose name as a cavalry leader on the Union side was then a terror throughout the Shenandoah and Kanawha valleys.

#### ODD TOMB OF AN ECCENTRIC OLD LADY.

It is when we feel most grave and sentimental that a sudden presentation of any ludicrous thought or object becomes most irresistible to the nerves of laughter; and of this we had an illustration on

letting our eyes rest for a moment upon the tomb of an old lady whose remains are deposited precisely opposite Stonewall Jackson's feet. This tomb is a square house of granite, probably ten or twelve feet square; and into its door-way this eccentric old dame—a Mrs. Hammond or Hammel, we think—had caused the hall-door of her house, painted green, with her name regularly engraved on a brass plate, and with a brass handle, a brass keyhole, and a brass bell-handle in the adjacent wall, to be inserted; so that it just looked as if we had nothing to do but pull the bell and ask was the defunct occupant within. No tomb more quietly ludicrous have we ever seen; and though it shocked us to laugh in the vicinity of Jackson's grave, we could not but laugh heartily in spite of all our efforts to be serious.

#### GEN. GRANT'S ORDERS.—IMPORTANCE OF THIS RAID.

As to what were General Grant's orders in this campaign, contrasted with what were General Hunter's acts, we find our space already so largely occupied by this hurried memoir, that we must hold over their consideration for another article; in which will also be given the two days of battle before Lynchburgh, with the engagements of

Liberty, Salem, and the retreat across the Alleghanies and up the Kanawha valley, terminating at Gauley Bridge. Of this raid—so much misunderstood by the public, for the reason that we had cut loose from communications, and the only reports that were heard of our “miscreancies” reached the North through the Lynchburgh and Richmond rebel papers—it must suffice for this chapter to say: that General Grant has borne his official testimony to its being, in his judgment, the greatest, most daring, and most ably conducted raid of the war up to that time, and the most important in its results. Hunter’s only fault was that his tender and noble heart did not allow him to execute one-tenth part of the severity of his orders; but of this in full hereafter. Let us also add that it has now been ascertained that General Lee, at the time of this raid, had set apart 35,000 picked men under General Early to hurry forward to reinforce Johnson, who was then facing Sherman opposite Atlanta, with nearly balanced forces; and that, had those reinforcements reached Johnson at that time, Sherman might have fared ill in the retreat he would have been compelled to undertake towards Nashville. It was Hunter’s success in the Valley, which was Lee’s arsenal and granary, that compelled Early with his men to be sent to save Lynchburgh; and thus it was, and thus only, that Sherman was enabled to carry out

his superb strategical conception of the march from Atlanta through the bowels of the Confederacy.

## CHAPTER II.

### CAUSE OF THE HALT AT LEXINGTON.—SHERIDAN EXPECTED.

HUNTER’S raiding party of about eighteen thousand effective men entered Lexington on the evening of the 11th of June last year, and remained there until the morning of the 14th—a delay for which the General has been blamed in certain quarters. This blame, of course, makes no difference, as had he not been censured for this—it being then the fashion to abuse him.—his candid accusers would readily have found some other source of accusation.

For the delay, however, there were many valid and peremptory reasons—General Duffié’s cavalry column of about three thousand men, detached at Stanton and sent across the Blue Ridge to cut the railroad between Amherst Court-House and Lynchburgh, having lost its way in the mountains, as was usual with its leader, and not rejoining the main command at Lexington until late in the evening of the 13th. This expedition had not been successful, only slightly damaging the railroad, capturing three hundred wagons and teams,

and taking some seventy or eighty prisoners. It brought news, however, that Sheridan had had a heavy fight with Fitz-Hugh Lee's cavalry at Charlottesville some two or three days before; and herein—that we were waiting for Duffié—lies a partial explanation of our delay at a juncture so critical. Cut off from our communications, and hearing only through Richmond papers and contrabands of Sheridan's march toward Charlottesville, Hunter naturally, and we believe rightly, supposed that Sheridan was attempting to join his expedition against Lynchburgh; and it was partly to await his arrival, and partly to give time for Duffié's cavalry to rejoin us, that the halt in question had been made.

#### REASONS FOR A NON-DIRECT ADVANCE.

But there were yet other and manifold reasons for the delay. From our central position while at Lexington, the enemy were puzzled to guess in what direction would be our next advance—whether still directly up the valley against Lynchburgh, or across the Blue Ridge to Charlottesville, and from thence across country to join General Grant, destroying all the railroads connecting Lynchburgh with Richmond on our line of march. It was also requisite at this point to still further strip the army of all superfluous stores and equip-

ments, placing it in the lightest marching order, as we were substantially with a railroad terminus in front of us at Lynchburgh, and another in our rear at Rock Fish Gap; so that if General Grant had been repulsed, of which we heard many and curiously circumstantial accounts, General Lee could in twenty-four hours have enveloped us with veteran forces more numerous than our own, in addition to the troops we were already contending with—and the forces thus united would be in communication with their base, while we were wholly cut off from ours, and already beginning to run short of everything which our foraging parties could not hunt up and bring in from the surrounding country.

For these considerations, and in order to destroy the enormous branch of the Tredegar Iron Works, then in full activity at Buchanan, General Hunter decided not to move directly up the valley against Lynchburgh, but to cross the James at Buchanan, thence strike for the town of Liberty on the Virginia and East Tennessee railroad, and so approach Lynchburgh on the south-west side, which was reported to be the side least heavily fortified. This would still keep open to us, if unsuccessful before our objective point, or forced to withdraw under pressure of superior numbers, two lines of retreat: one northward across the Alleghanies, and *viâ* the Kanawha to Parkersburgh on the Ohio;



the other towards East Tennessee, destroying the great salt works near Salem, of such vital importance to the rebels, as we passed. To retreat down the Shenandoah from Lynchburgh, as we had come up, would have been simply absurd and impossible—the country being thoroughly eaten out, for one reason, and the railroad on the east side of the Blue Ridge, running from Lynchburgh to Waynesboro', offering to whatever force might be able to repulse us the means of intercepting our retreat in the strong positions afforded by Stanton and its surrounding hills and earthworks.

#### BUCHANAN AND ITS FOUNDRIES.

Starting from Lexington on the morning of the 14th, and driving the routed valley-forces easily before us, we entered Buchanan that evening, and had much trouble in saving the town from a conflagration which McCausland's retreating and demoralized forces had left behind them as a souvenir. Here a vast branch of the Tredegar Iron Works, owned by Gen. Anderson, together with many other furnaces and foundries casting shot, shell, and ordnance for General Lee, was destroyed; and next day, though with severe difficulties, and at a great expense of pioneering labor and bush-fighting, our column crossed the Blue Ridge between the shadows of the Peaks of Otter

—the narrow road over which we trailed in serpent-fashion looking down continually over precipices of from five to fifteen hundred feet in depth, while immediately above us towered the highest and sharpest of the Otter peaks—forming the loftiest point of the Blue Ridge Range—clothed with dense timber and undergrowth to within some two hundred feet of its topmost pinnacle.

At Buchanan we captured, amongst other prisoners, Colonel Angus McDonald, formerly of the Union army—a cruel and hoary-headed rebel commissary, who had caused the death of Colonel Strother's father by arresting that gallant old patriot for his avowed Unionism, and casting him—an old man over seventy years of age, with whom his tormentor had previously held most friendly social relations—into a dark cellar-cell in the common jail of Martinsburg, there to languish on damp straw for a few days, until death put an end to his life and miseries together. "I can only regret my civilization," said the Colonel, when the capture of this miscreant was announced. "Just for this one morning, Miles, I should like to be a Camanche or Sioux Indian, and have their privilege of vengeance." Not being a Camanche but a gentleman, however, he took no other notice of the prisoner than to see that he was no better and no worse treated than his fellow-captives of higher and lower rank.

## THE BLUE RIDGE AND ITS BEAUTIES.

From the peaks of Otter the view over "the Piedmont of Virginia," as it is called, can nowhere be surpassed on this continent—perhaps not in the world. The lessening hills of the Blue Ridge, with many a lovely valley and brawling stream between, roll downward from our feet in woody and billowy undulations, ever diminishing until they merge and fade away in the noble champagne country beyond, dotted with still handsome villas and farm-houses that were both happy and prosperous before the war.

In our upward march that day the obstructions left behind by the enemy had been of the most annoying nature. At every five hundred yards a few strokes of the axe would drop enormous trees across the narrow road, scarcely wide enough to prop both wheels of a wagon; while at turning-points, or other places offering natural facilities for such work, this narrow and precipice-sided causeway would be either cut away altogether or blown up with gunpowder, leaving us no alternative but to rebuild the same before proceeding. It was not without severe bushwhacking and the loss of many wagons and ambulances that this march was accomplished—the mules and horses frequently becoming restive, either from harness-chafing or some other irritant; and in such cases,

where the drivers were not particularly nimble and steady, wagon and mules, or ambulances and horses, would go crashing down over the yawning chasms on our left, until either shattered and stopped against some trees, or rent into insignificant fragments by the downward process of attrition.

Despite all these annoyances, however, the view from the signal-station overlooking the Piedmont of Virginia was one that can never fade from recollection. Beautiful little farms in the vales between the spurs of the hills, nestling beneath us in frightened silence—so many doves with the hawks swooping in circles over their helpless heads. Beautiful sunlight patches floating over the massive and varying verdures of the mountains; clear springs bubbling out from beneath every moss-grown rock; rich flowers shedding brilliancy and perfume even from the topmost cliffs; and dense woods of unmatchable shadow and stateliest growth giving the coolness and repose of perpetual twilight, even in the noon and glare of that toilsome summer day.

## PREFACE TO A SKETCH.

And now, before describing our descent on the Virginia and Tennessee railroad at Liberty; the two days of engagement in front of Lynchburg;

the subsequent actions at Liberty and Salem, and the arduous withdrawal of our nearly starving and ammunitionless forces across the sterile tract of the Catawba and other mountain ranges of the Alleghanies, our route leading us through the famous Sweet, and White, and Red Sulphur Springs of the Kanawha, and past the Hawk's Nest, that loveliest and most unique of all the views in this region of rugged beauty—perhaps the writer may be pardoned a digression in order to answer the many inquiries that have from time to time been addressed to him in regard to the character and calibre of the remarkable officer who was the leader and supporting strength of this daring and most exhaustive expedition—his inflexible will seeming to supply continued energy and endurance to his whole command, and his soldiers being cheered by witnessing a veteran of sixty sharing all their privations, undergoing more than their share of labors, and apparently becoming fresher, hardier, and more light-spirited the more our prospects darkened, and the more lofty and unending appeared the hills we had to cross before either food or respite could be gained.

It is of Gen. David Hunter the writer desires to say some few words—words, indeed, essential to a full comprehension of this hurried narrative, and also designed to quiet the many of his Demo-

cratic friends who continually do cry, but not like the Seraphim and Cherubim: "What could you have seen in such a leader to excite your admiration? And why do you embarrass yourself by supporting one against whom so large a part of the public stand arrayed, either from judgment or prejudice?"

GENERAL DAVID HUNTER.—WHO HE IS AND WHAT?

To the questions thus roughly embodied, we now answer collectively and in writing, as we have grown weary of answering verbally and separately, that in our whole experience of human nature—and it has been considerably varied—the purest, gentlest, bravest, and most honest gentleman we have ever had the means of knowing thoroughly, is the officer in question. Too fearless and sincere to be politic—too warm to be always wise—too innately noble and truthful to be what is called "successful" in these miserable latter-days of intrigue and fraud—David Hunter yet lives in our memory, and must while memory lasts, as a character so free from any vice, so incapable of any baseness, that we have often thought four years of life not wasted, if only for enabling us by their experience to realize that such a manhood as his was yet possible in this soiled and dusty world.

"Hunter is the noblest of all noble fellows," remarked Fleet-Captain Ramon Rogers one day (during an interview, by the way, in which he and the writer were endeavoring to prevent a personal collision between Admiral Du Pont and "Uncle David"—both of sensitive and choleric tempers). "He is both gentle and fierce," continued Rogers, "if you can reconcile that contradiction of terms; and there can be no finer mettle for any soldier." Of course, with this spirit on the part of the officer representing Du Pont, and an equally sincere admiration of the Admiral on the part of the officer representing Hunter, negotiations on the point of difficulty were quickly adjusted; and thus the only breeze that ever ruffled, or even threatened to ruffle, the otherwise invariably pleasant relations of Army headquarters and the Navy flag-ship in the Department of the South, faded away, leaving the surface of conjoint operations as bright and cloudless as before.

General Hunter is a soldier—not a politician, not a writer, not a controversialist, not a lawyer; and as a soldier should be judged. He served over thirty years, in the saddle and on the frontier, as captain of dragoons; nor is there an Indian tribe from the Canadian line to Mexico that has not its own stories of his rule, and with whose habits and temperament he is not familiar. He

was in command of Fort Leavenworth and the Indian Territories nearly forty years ago; served on the staff of General Taylor as chief paymaster, and was his confidential officer during the whole Mexican war; fought several duels during his first year in the army, and was once dismissed for having challenged his superior officer, Colonel Snelling—being subsequently restored to the service by President Adams, in an order of high compliment, very damaging to Colonel Snelling, and one of the most remarkable General Orders ever seen. Jefferson Davis served many years under him as Adjutant of the First Dragoons, while Hunter was Captain commanding; and "Black David Hunter," as his West Point companions called him from boyhood, and General Nathaniel Lyon, were about the only two avowed anti-slavery officers in the army previous to the breaking out of the late rebellion. Both had gone to Kansas as tolerators, if not supporters of slavery; and both had been there converted to the anti-slavery faith by witnessing the atrocities of the Border Ruffians from Platte and Doniphan counties in Missouri, the frauds of Sheriff "Candlebox" Calhoun, and the open prostitution of all President Pierce's and Buchanan's power to coerce the reluctant residents of that Territory to accept a slaveholding constitution.

In appearance and physique, General Hunter

is a most remarkable illustration of how far and how long the good habits of a lifetime can preserve high spirits, virility, and vigor. Standing about five feet eight inches high, his shoulders are broad and powerful, his chest deep, and his limbs still sinewy and active. Swarthy and Indian-like both in complexion and of feature, his grey eyes dilate into blackness and brilliancy under excitement; his nostrils expand, while his lips are compressed tightly together under their curling moustache; and, taking him for all in all—not forgetting his perfect horsemanship—if there be any finer ideal of a veteran soldier the writer has never seen it, not even excepting Generals Hooker, Sheridan, or Hancock.

Not a Puritan, though of deeply religious convictions; not a strait-laced nor jaundiced moralist in judging those faults in others from which he has been free himself; one to whose lips a single phrase of profanity is as impossible as one of falsehood; one whose still white and perfect teeth give evidence of a stomach never disarranged by strong potations, a mouth never misused as a receptacle for tobacco or its fumes; able to share and even enjoy the roughest food and severest privations of the humblest private soldier under his command, although noted in civilized life for good-living and a generous hospitality; a pliant wrist for the sabre exercise, a

steady finger on the trigger; eyes of the farthest and keenest vision after sixty years of use that we have ever known; a heart overflowing with kindness, though liable to sudden fits of rage; always with a tendency to side with the "under-dog" in every fight,—misfortune and helplessness appearing to have the same attractions for his chivalrous nature that success and strength have for men of more worldly and prudent characters; endowed with an utter scorn of expediency, when opposed to his convictions of principle; and with a pride of character which can neither be purchased, bullied, nor cajoled into anything which his judgment or prejudice may regard as of questionable integrity,—such is Major-General David Hunter, as he was revealed to us in personal relationship and by correspondence, during a vicarious but most intimate association of over three years—the writer during about one-half of that time serving on his staff, and when not so serving, but on the staffs of other generals, being in the receipt of frequent and confidential letters from his old commander.

This eulogy is warm—the warmest and most unreserved we have ever written—the roseate ink of hero-worship not often suiting the hard and angular steel pens with which faithful verbiographs have to be drawn in this practical and unromantic age. That "Uncle David" has many

opinions wholly opposed to our own is quite sufficiently known; that he, for example, particularly disliked and distrusted McClellan, for whom the writer is proud to say he voted; as also that he is to-day in favor of extending the right of suffrage to every negro of the South, and disfranchising every white man in the least degree prominent on the rebel side—two points with neither of which the writer can agree.

There are, however, so many to find fault with this well-abused gentleman, and they appear to do their work so heartily, that we feel the darker side of his picture stands in no need of further shadowing from our hands; while, should any excuse be needed for the unrestrained and fervent admiration seeking brief embodiment in this hurried sketch, let it be found in the fact that the character of a loved and honored friend—the most absolutely pure gentleman of our entire acquaintance—has been made systematically the prey either of Southern traitors, or the meaner class of their Northern allies, seeking expression for their hatred of the Union by abusing one of the Union's most fervent, if not always wisest, champions; as also by the time-serving, vacillating, cowardly, corrupt, and shuffling elements of the Republican party, ever as ready to surrender any honest leader whose strides may have outstripped immediate party-expediency, as they subsequently were to

adopt the inspirations of his honest genius, and to claim credit for having originated those very ideas for the first announcement of which the true author had been both rebuked and punished.

We claim for Hunter that the most vital and conquering ideas of our late struggle had their origin in his tent, and that every forward step of our Government was but an acceptance—often slow and semi-reluctant—of some point of policy for which, on its first promulgation, said government had officially reprimanded its author. Hunter first armed and organized negro troops. His conduct was disapproved and his experimental regiment disbanded without the pay of soldiers. But we have had in the service since then not less than two hundred thousand black men. Hunter declared that slavery—only existing by civil and municipal law—was “incompatible with martial law,” and that slavery, therefore, must cease in all parts of Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida within the lines of his command. This order was immediately and publicly revoked by President Lincoln; and yet within a month after its recall, out came the first Decree of Emancipation, covering not only the three States named, but the entire South, with an announcement of the self-same principle!

General Hunter, too, was the first to declare that rebels could have no rights of property which

loyal men were bound to respect, and that our armies should subsist, free of charge, upon any country through which they passed. For this, though never officially rebuked, he was for a long time held up to public odium—all the rebel and rebel-sympathizing press denouncing him as a "barbarian;" while but few of the Republican journals had the courage or good heart to say ten manly words in defence of our ablest champion. The same journals, however, "saw a great light" some short time after, when the Confiscation Bill passed both Houses of Congress and received the Presidential signature.

Lastly, let us say, it was Hunter who introduced and pressed upon the authorities the importance of vast raids through the interior of the Confederacy, in lieu of that other policy of attacking the rebels in their strongholds and precisely where they invited and dared us to assault their works; and here, without wishing to take a leaf from Sherman's nobly-earned chaplet, let us only remark, in conclusion, that a programme similar to William Tecumseh's mighty raid from the southwest to the Atlantic was in the hands of the Hon. Secretary of War at least one year before Sherman undertook or even proposed it—its first proposer having been General David Hunter, and his only request in connexion therewith, that he might be allowed to make the experiment, of which he even

then foretold—as if endowed with prophecy—the magnificent and all but bloodless success that must immediately follow.

And now, are our many anxious Democratic friends, who have occasionally hinted that Hunter must have given us "love-powders," any better satisfied? Or can they now any more clearly understand why and how it is, that—without any effort "to fight an unpopular man into popularity"—we refuse either to give up or conceal our deep and heartfelt admiration of the very noblest and purest gentleman upon whose aspect we have looked since the coffin-lid was shut down over the cold face and straightened limbs of a father who sleeps his last sleep under the green turf and pleasant dews of an Irish hillside?

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE SOUTHERN GUERRILLAS.—REALITY *vs.* ROMANCE.

FROM the Peaks of Otter, through Fancy Farm to Liberty, our march was substantially unopposed, only McCausland's rear-guard of guerillas under Mosby, Gilmer, and McNeil, and some scattering squadrons of Imboden's cavalry offering any resistance; and these were quickly overcome—in fact, never amounted to enough to retard our movements. And here, perhaps, some few

words relative to those famed guerillas of the Virginia valleys may not be out of place.

It was the fashion in secession circles, down to the very closing of the rebellion, to magnify these free-lances of the Southern cause into little less than chivalric paladins, or knights-errant, all mounted upon high-mettled chargers gorgeously caparisoned, their persons sumptuously clothed from the spoils of a hundred forays, their swords glittering and their revolvers infallible; all heroes *sans peur et sans reproche*, and each not only able and eager to whip, but constantly in the habit of whipping, from ten to a dozen of our Northern mud-sills in open fight.

We have so few pleasant illusions left in connexion with the late war, that nothing but a strong sense of the reverence due to the truth of history could induce us to give another side to this picture, and paint these guerillas, both as they fell under our own observation and as they were uniformly described to us by scores of officers who had served for years against them in the Shenandoah and Kanawha valleys. Those Maryland ladies of secession sympathies, therefore, who crowned the "Noble Mosby" and "Brave Harry Gilmer" with flowers, while the followers of those illustrious chiefs were rifling trunks and picking pockets on the train between Baltimore and Washington, had better, perhaps, for their own peace

of mind, skip the following paragraph; as we mean it to be the simple truth told in language as plain as common decency and the respect due to vanquished foes will permit.

These guerillas, then, we say, as they appeared in fact, and not in the rhapsodical letters of such correspondents as "Druid," of the *World*, were about the filthiest, drunkenest, meanest, most ill-looking, ragged, mutinous, diseased, undisciplined, lousy, and utterly cowardly gang of horse and chicken-thieves, highway robbers, grand and petty larcenists, that the Lord, for some inscrutable purpose—probably to punish rebellion by a stick of its own growth and cutting—ever permitted to disgrace the noble calling of the soldier, or the fair surface of American soil, to which neither thieves nor cowards appear indigenous in any extended degree. They were terrible, indeed, to the stampeded muleteers, sutlers, and camp-followers of some unprotected train; but still more terrible to the wretched residents of their own section in the regions through which they operated.

As to standing up in fair fight, however, before any body of our troops, well-officered and even half so numerous as themselves, the thing was out of the question, and they never tried it. If a report came in that Mosby, or Gilmer, or McNeil were hidden at any gap in the mountains, waiting



for our troops to pass that they might swoop down without fear of molestation on our exposed train and sutler-wagons, the orders given to the famous Captain Blazer of West Virginia; or Captain Prendergast (since killed), of the 1st New York cavalry; or Major Timothy Quinn, of the same regiment; or that most dashing of all our young cavalry officers, Captain Berry; or Captain Elliott, of the Scouts, would be: "Take a company, or squadron, or platoon of your men, about so many"—never assigning for this duty more than one-third or one-fourth of what the guerilla strength was reported to be—"and go chase those scallywags over the mountains until our train has got well up." And chased in this manner they were, and always allowed themselves to be, without offering any soldierly resistance whenever and wherever our troops in pursuit, if even decently officered, were one-third as numerous as themselves. This, however, is a digression; and now to return to our lost sheep, from these rank-smelling, cowardly, and thievish mountain-goats.

#### DESTROYING RAILROAD TRACKS AS ONE OF THE "EXACT SCIENCES."

At Liberty we struck the Virginia and East Tennessee railroad, running south-east from Lynchburgh to Salem, and thence *via* Wytheville and Abingdon into the north-eastern section of that State which contains the grave of Andrew Jackson and the birth-place of Jackson's illustrious successor and fellow-confessor, President Andrew Johnson. It was a sight, indeed, worth going far to see—though one, we trust, never to be repeated in the history of this country—Crook's veteran infantry, consisting of twelve West Virginia regiments, all hurrying to the work of destruction on that road, with the same delighted hum and buzz that we hear from a young swarm of wandering bees when they settle down on the white and well-sugared table-cloth which the careful farmer has spread for their detention. Up went the rails for miles and miles along the road; soon the ties were gathered in separate piles and set on fire; next the rails were laid across these blazing bonfires, taking care to have the centre of each rail above the burning pile; and then, when the iron at a white heat was soft and ductile, one or more soldiers at each end would seize the cold extremity of each rail-bar, rush with it to the nearest tree, bringing the heated part against the trunk, and

twist the writhing metal into rings or semicircles, or true-lovers'-knots, as best pleased their fancy. The torch would then be applied to all trestle-work bridges along the line, while bridges of stone or iron would be "sent kiting" by gunpowder.

It was the illustrious Stonewall Jackson who first invented and taught our boys how to destroy a railroad scientifically and thoroughly; but the scholars soon improved on their teacher; and in the veterans of Crook's division—all infantry, for cavalry are but hasty hands at such a workmanlike business—he had pupils of whom any master could have found no reason to be ashamed. It was, indeed, surprising—the pleasure taken by our foot soldiers in this species of labor. Whether, if Lavater or Mr. Fowler had examined the rank and file of our armies, either would have pronounced the bump of destructiveness unusually developed in our men, or not, we have no means of judging; but of this fact we are sure: that no matter how long the march, how hot the day, how short the rations or water, how imminent and menacing soever might be the enemy's movements—the very moment our infantry struck a railroad their fatigue, thirst, hunger, and sense of danger all seemed to fall from them with their dropping knapsacks; and they buckled down to the business of rendering that line of transportation of no further avail to the enemy for at least some

months, with all the eager, joyous, and untiring energy of a flock of school-boys pelting snowballs at some detested usher.

#### ON TO LYNCHBURG ! THE MINERAL WEALTH OF THIS SECTION.

Marching from Liberty towards Lynchburgh along this line of railroad, and destroying it as we advanced, the indications became every hour more clear that General Lee had begun to pour down heavy reinforcements against us by the Lynchburgh and Richmond railroad, which General Duffié's cavalry column had been dispatched to destroy—a mission it had not been able to fulfil. At New London our friends in grey first showed in line of battle since Piedmont, but made no determined stand there—Averell's cavalry developing to feel and drive them, while Sullivan's infantry demonstrated as if for a direct attack, and Crook sought to wheel round on their right flank and rear—a movement only thwarted by their withdrawal after some few hours of rather heavy but desultory fighting. We halted that night on the Big Otter, and had headquarters at a house alleged to be haunted—a large, and once handsome, but now deserted red brick dwelling, of which the negroes in the vicinity told some tales that Mrs. Crowe might have been glad to gather

for any new edition of that banquet of ghostly horrors—her “Night-side of Nature.” It is at New London that the famous Alum-spring throws up its mineral and healing treasures; and indeed, many, if not most of the springs in this part of the country, are more or less strongly tinged with the same astringent chemical. Perhaps, in the new development of wealth which awaits this entire section, the alum bed, which evidently underlies the fertile surface for a distance of many square miles, may play no inconspicuous part. It was not far from here that the house of a Mr. Mosby was burned—he being some kind of a cousin to Mosby the guerilla, and the bodies of two of our men, treacherously shot in cold blood in his yard as they were drawing water from his well, attesting that he was not unworthy to claim kinship with his bushwhacking relative.

#### FIRST DAY'S FIGHTING BEFORE LYNCHBURGH.

Next day, the 17th of June, we started at earliest daylight in the direction of Lynchburgh, our way lying through a country more densely covered and obstructed by wood and underbrush than any we had yet seen. The roads were our only resource, even the skirmishers failing to make more than slow headway through the timber on either hand of them, and our advance being con-

sequently much delayed. Meantime, the enemy were not inattentive to our operations, their light batteries and sharpshooters incessantly annoying the heads of our various columns; and their skirmishers keeping up a continual crackle of musketry from behind the trees in the vicinity of our advance-guard and pioneers.

It was therefore not until about two in the afternoon that we came upon their first line of irregular rifle-pits and rail-fence barricades, at a place variously styled by the negroes Diamond Hill, or the Old Stone Church; and here they succeeded in holding us until about eight P.M. that evening, when they were finally broken by a dash in of Averell's cavalry upon their right, and a splendid charge of Crook's infantry, under a heavy fire of grape, across some open fields and over their defences—the West Virginia boys clearing the rebel barricades with a vault, and using their clubbed muskets and bayonets in close quarters.

Here, and at this moment, the rout of our grey-back friends became suddenly complete—two guns, four or five caissons, and many hundred prisoners falling into our hands; and had it not been for the rapid coming on of night, and the necessity of removing our own and the enemy's wounded out of the woods, which had caught fire during the action, and were now burning fiercely with a mighty crackling and roar,

only pierced by the terror-stricken screams of the mangled men who lay beneath the flaming canopy of leaves and branches—we might have pushed on into Lynchburgh that night, for as yet not more than a third of Early's corps (formerly Ewell's) had joined the forces under McCausland, and these were again as utterly beaten and demoralized as they had been on the fifth of the month, previous to our having been joined by Crook and Averell from the Kanawha.

BELLIGERENT RELATIVES.—A TRUE SOUTHERN  
BELLE.

That night we lay in line of battle before the enemy's second and main line of works for the defence of Lynchburgh, on the south-eastern side—two powerful and regular earthwork forts, carefully built in 1861 and mounted with siege artillery crowning the slopes in front of us; and a regular chain of heavy rifle-pits connecting these two together, and running off beyond them to join yet other regular forts on right and left. Our headquarters that night were at the beautiful residence of an aged gentleman named Hutter, formerly a major and paymaster in the United States army, and some kind of distant relative to General Hunter—as, by the way, in some degree of cousinship, more or less remote, were pretty nearly all the good families whose barns we had

been emptying, and whose cattle we had been eating and driving off during the entire march. Indeed it was often ludicrously, though painfully amusing, to hear Colonel David Hunter Strother ("Porte Crayon"), or the old General himself, inquiring anxiously after the health of "Cousin Kitty," "Aunt Sallie," "Cousin Joe," or "Uncle Bob," from some nice old Virginia lady with smoothed apron, silver spectacles, and in tears, or some pretty young rebel beauty in homespun, without hoops and in a towering passion,—our soldiers meanwhile cleaning out smoke-houses and granaries by wholesale; and the end of the conversation, as the affectionate though politically sundered relatives parted, usually finding those of the rebel side without a week's food in the house, without a single slave to do their bidding, and with horses, cattle, sheep, bacon, pigs, poultry, and so forth, things only to be recalled in ecstatic dreams.

This Major Hutter "had one only daughter, the divine"—but her name escaped us. For the inexpressible sweetness of her pure silvery voice and exquisite repose of manner, however, the lady's image is yet a thing of vivid force in our faithful memory—her eyes shedding no tear as she saw in that hour of the gloaming, all the refined surroundings of a costly and luxurious home swept into ruin; and her cheek blanching

no shade of its clear olive-pink, though aware that with the earliest dawn the heretofore splendid and happy home of her childhood—the shrine to which, we have no doubt, proud wooers must have come from far and near to court the sunshine of her smile—would in all human probability become the central position for which two infuriate armies must contend. “Oh, how I pray for peace,” she exclaimed, as we opened a blind in the drawing-room (metamorphosed the preceding night into an Adjutant-General’s office), to see if the east yet gave any signs of dawn. “Do not misunderstand me, however,” she continued, in that silvery voice of inextinguishable sweetness. “Do not think I crave, or would accept, that peace you talk about—the peace of subjugation; for I am Southern in every fibre;” and her bright eyes kindled brighter, her cheek took a deeper flush, and her musical voice swept upward into a yet higher treble as if to give assurance of her faith. “This dress I wear”—a plain grey homespun, but made beautiful by the womanhood it covered—“I have carded, and spun, and cut out, and put together with my own hands. Oh, we have given up *everything* for the cause, save the barest necessities of life; and I cannot believe that God would allow a people to suffer so much as we have done, if not intending to reward us with final victory.”

#### SECOND DAY’S ENGAGEMENT BEFORE LYNCHBURGH.

Next morning, at daylight, the skirmishers began amusing each other, and by seven o’clock the work was lively. All night long we had heard the incessant screaming of trains on the Lynchburgh and Richmond railroad, as the reinforcements sent by General Lee continued to arrive in steady stream—General Duffié’s attempt, made the preceding night, to destroy the long bridge across the James River, having been defeated by superior forces. Various charges that we made up the hills on which the earthworks stood were heavily repulsed—only part of one Ohio regiment getting over their works, and that part remaining therein—either from pride in their achievement, or because unable to fight their way out again. Our men, too, now began to suffer severely for want of proper food—General Sullivan having reported the night before that his men were then eating their last rations, a piece of information which General Hunter answered by the laconic remark: “Tell them there is plenty of food in Lynchburgh.” It is true we had yet with us plenty of beef cattle collected as we marched along, for we had been mainly subsisting on the country; but from the rapid movements of the past few days, and the activity all round us of

the enemy's cavalry, we had not been able to gather in any corn or materials for making bread. Our coffee and sugar, too, were giving out—and what are soldiers good for without their coffee?

By noon it became evident that the enemy's forces were gaining a large numerical ascendancy, a continual stream of Early's corps flowing from the railroad terminus to the scene of action, and their right flank beginning to overlap our left with some danger of turning it. It was then, after a brief consultation with Generals Crook, Averell, and Sullivan, that Hunter gave orders for our trains to commence falling back rapidly towards Salem, on the Tennessee and Lynchburgh railroad line; but of this—for the orders were secret, and the trains far in our rear—neither our own soldiers nor the enemy knew anything until nightfall, the battle being thereafter continued on our side with even greater activity, in order to cover this movement, and our men believing firmly that they were to enter Lynchburgh as conquerors if it cost them a week's steady fighting.

Our situation, however, was indeed critical, and fully justified the belief entertained both by Generals Lee and Grant, that none of Hunter's expedition could return save as prisoners. We were but fifteen or sixteen thousand effective men at the outside, cut off from our communications,

rapidly running short of ammunition, wholly destitute of forage and rations, operating in a country intensely hostile to us, with no hope of any reinforcements, no hope of supplies nearer than the far side of the Alleghanies, in presence of an enemy already amounting to thirty-two thousand well-supplied men, and at the terminus of a good railroad in working order, by which General Lee could have poured down upon us thirty thousand more of his veterans, had such been his judgment or pleasure. Back the road we had come we could not go, as the country was eaten out, in the first place; as an inferior force cannot collect supplies in presence of a superior, even if supplies lay around them as thick as in that mythical town whose roofs were of pancake, and through whose streets little roast pigs ran crying out, "Come eat me;" and lastly, because the enemy had another good railroad from Lynchburg to Stanton, or rather to Waynesboro', just twelve miles therefrom, by means of which they could throw any force they pleased across our front, while still pressing us in rear with equal or even stronger forces.

These were the considerations which caused the order, issued secretly at noon, for our trains to commence retreating toward Salem; and it was doubtless the hope of "bagging us," body and boots, when his full reinforcements should have come

up, and when (as he expected) we should commence to fall back down the Shenandoah, that induced Early not to press us any harder than he did during the balance of this 18th day of June, 1864—anniversary of that most memorable world-battle which sent the first Napoleon to St. Helena. Press us, however, and rather heavily, Gen. Early did on several occasions that day—more especially about 3 P.M., when, with a charge over his works and down the hill, he broke Sullivan's infantry on our left, and drove the gallant Thoburne's brigade (Thoburne since killed), and the brigade of Col. Wells, of Massachusetts (also "dead on the field of honour"), pell-mell through the woods. This disaster, however, was but of short duration, though extremely threatening at one time, two brigades from Crook in the right-centre reinforcing our left; and the engagement after that sullenly settling down into an artillery and skirmishing duel, with no charges though many demonstrations, and consequently no repulses or heavy losses upon either side. Averell's cavalry took no part in it, that officer wishing to keep his men fresh for a raid toward Danville which he projected under Hunter's directions, but failed to put in practice; and Duffié's cavalry doing but little on the extreme left, from the woody and broken nature of the ground, as also from the fact that there were earthworks to contend against, and that Early's

veteran infantry were not the kind of troops with whom it would be safe work for a forageless cavalry to play tricks.

Before concluding this chapter, we cannot forbear inserting here, though a little out of its place, the brief and simple, yet how significant dispatch, in which the great Lieut.-General of our Armies frowned down and quietly trod into the mire under his feet an attempt made in certain interested quarters to make Hunter a scape-goat for all the flurry and fuss of Gen. Early's subsequent raid into "Maryland, My Maryland," and the demonstrations of that bibulous, one-legged warrior in front of the walls of Washington. It was thus wrote our good and gallant Lieut.-General at a time when attempts were being made to blame Hunter, who was then crossing the Alleghanies with a starving command and with horses dying by the thousand for want of forage, for not checking in the Shenandoah with his fourteen or fifteen thousand worn, wasted, shoeless, and nearly ammunitionless troops, the thirty-five thousand well-supplied veterans under General Jubal Early, for whose proper reception in Maryland and around the District of Columbia, no proper provision had been either made or makable by the authorities:

"HEADQUARTERS, ARMIES OF THE U. S., }  
CITY POINT, VA., July 15th, 1864. }

"Hon. C. A. DANA, *Assist. Sec. of War* :

"I am sorry to see such a disposition to condemn a brave old soldier, as General Hunter is known to be, without a hearing.

"He is known to have advanced into the enemy's country towards their main army, inflicted a much greater damage upon them than they, with double his force, have inflicted upon us, and they moving directly away from our main army.

"Hunter acted, too, in a country where we had no friends, whilst the enemy have only operated in territory where, to say the least, many of the inhabitants are their friends.

"If General Hunter has made war on the newspapers\* of Western Virginia, probably he has done right.

"I fail to see yet that General Hunter has not acted with great promptness and great success. Even the enemy give him great credit for courage, and congratulate themselves that he will give them a chance of getting even with him.

"(Signed) U. S. GRANT, *Lieut.-General*.

"Official: GEO. K. LEE, *A. A. Gen.*"

\* The only newspaper General Hunter suppressed in West Virginia was one at Parkersburgh, the editor of which—a loyal

#### CHAPTER IV.

END OF THE RAID.—NOW FOR FOOD AND SAFETY.

HUNTER had done a noble work up the valley—how noble did not become known until the capture of the rebel archives showed that Early's corps of thirty thousand picked men, thrown upon us finally by Lee, had been collected and were designed as a reinforcement for General Johnson, who was then facing our Sherman before Atlanta—a reinforcement which, about equally balanced as the opposing forces in the south-west then were, might very materially, and to our detriment, have altered the results in that region, had Lee's primary intention been carried out.

But Hunter's successful raid beyond the barrier-lines of Mount Crawford, never passed before by any Union army, nor ever afterwards passed until the close of the war, summoned Lee to defend instantly and at any cost, the valley whose maiden soil—untrodden heretofore, at least south of Harrisonburgh—contained, in a very great measure, the granary and armory of the main rebel army holding Grant in check before Richmond. The cloth-mills to clothe his men, the

man—on being shown the falsity and public injury of his statements, fully and cheerfully acknowledged that he "had been served just right."



flour mills to feed them, the gun-stock factories, shoe-shops, saddle and harness factories, the countless furnaces and foundries from which came the main munitions for his army—ill-able to afford such a loss—all these had been “going up in a balloon” incessantly, with every mile of our march from Port Republic to Lynchburgh; and it was, indeed, as a picture of the scenes of this raid, considered in a generic light, and as symbolizing all other raids, that the following lines were subsequently written by our distinguished Ex-Orderly, in regard to General Sherman’s yet more famous march from Atlanta to the Atlantic:

#### THE SONG OF SHERMAN’S ARMY.

A pillar of fire by night,  
A pillar of smoke by day,  
Some hours of march—then a halt to fight,  
And so we hold our way;  
Some hours of march—then a halt to fight,  
As on we hold our way.

Over mountain and plain and stream,  
To some bright Atlantic bay,  
With our arms aflash in the morning beam,  
We hold our festal way;  
With our arms aflash in the morning beam,  
We hold our checkless way!

There is terror wherever we come,  
There is terror and wild dismay  
When they see the Old Flag and hear the drum  
Announce us on the way;  
When they see the Old Flag, and hear the drum  
Beating time to our onward way.

Never unlimber a gun  
For those villanous lines in grey,  
Draw sabres! and at ’em upon the run!  
’Tis thus we clear our way.  
Draw sabres and soon you will see them run,  
As we hold our conquering way.

The loyal, who long have been dumb,  
Are loud in their cheers to-day;  
And the old men out on their crutches come,  
To see us hold our way;  
And the old men out on their crutches come,  
To bless us on our way.

Around us in rear and flanks,  
Their futile squadrons play,  
With a sixty-mile front of steady ranks,  
We hold our checkless way;  
With a sixty-mile front of serried ranks,  
Our banner clears the way.

Hear the spattering fire that starts  
From the woods and copses grey,  
There is just enough fighting to quicken our hearts,  
As we frolic along the way!  
There is just enough fighting to warm our hearts,  
As we rattle along the way.

Upon different roads abreast  
 The heads of our columns gay,  
 With fluttering flags, all forward pressed,  
     Hold on their conquering way.  
 With fluttering flags to victory pressed,  
 We hold our glorious way.

Ah, traitors! who bragged so bold  
 In the sad war's early day,  
 Did nothing predict you should ever behold  
     The Old Flag come this way?  
 Did nothing predict you should yet behold  
 Our banner come back this way?

By heaven! 'tis a gala march,  
     'Tis a pic-nic or a play;  
 Of all our long war 'tis the crowning arch,  
     Hip, hip! for Sherman's way!  
 Of all our long war this crowns the arch—  
 For Sherman and Grant hurrah!

#### THE RETURN COMMENCES.—WAS IT A DEFEAT OR VICTORY?

That we could not capture Lynchburgh became very painfully evident during the operations of June 18th, some details of which were given in the preceding chapter. Indeed the question now to be considered—and with all the odds heavily against any answer in our favor—was: whether Lynchburgh would not capture us? Short of ammunition, cut off by hundreds of miles and two

ranges of mountains from our base, and wholly out of supplies save a little coffee and sugar left in the train of that excellent officer, Major-Gen-George Crook, we were in presence of an enemy already heavily superior to us in numbers, close to his main army, operating in his own country, and every moment being further reinforced from Richmond, as we could both see and hear by the trains incessantly arriving, and the steady stream of troops hurrying from the railroad terminus to the scene of action during the torrid day—day hot in a double sense: and neither pleasant.

It was in view of these facts, that our trains had been sent back on the road towards Salem at about noon on the 18th, although the fighting—sometimes furious, sometimes desultory—continued with but slight intermission until after sundown; every possible demonstration being made, and indeed our own soldiers firmly believing, that we meant to renew the attack next morning. But that night about ten o'clock, with our picket-line doubled and in the strictest silence, that nothing might be known of our movements, the march of our little army away from Lynchburgh and towards Salem began—our poor boys trudging along wearily enough, after a long day of incessant conflict, or preparation for conflict; and with the depressing conviction of defeat upon their spirits which soldiers can never shake off when failing to

attain any point against which their efforts—even in a feint—have been directed. It may only have been a feint or a diversion to the general, but all such matters are solemn verities to the rank and file. They knew they had not been either broken or beaten; but still they had not entered Lynchburgh; and this, therefore, was to them a defeat—an opinion in which the wise Northern newspapers seemed fully to agree.

But was it a defeat?—a question only, but easily to be answered by referring to the instructions under which the expedition had been organized, and the objective point at which it struck. The orders of Lieut-General Grant to Hunter, on that officer's relieving Sigel, were to the effect that he should "reorganize Sigel's beaten army, and with it readvance up the valley, demonstrating for the capture of Stanton, but not attacking it in case either the enemy or the fortifications, or both together, should appear too strong; in which case he was to avoid any general engagement, but keep his column moving, and find employment for as many of the enemy as possible, in various directions."

"ONE OF THE MOST BRILLIANT AND IMPORTANT  
SUCCESSSES OF THE ENTIRE WAR."

This formed the substance, and the whole substance, of Grant's original instructions; and with these data kept in view, the public will at once perceive how much better than he had been ordered to do, General Hunter did. He not only captured Stanton, as the result of the battle of Piedmont, but Lexington, Buchanan, Liberty, and all the intermediate towns from Port Republic to Lynchburgh—towns heretofore inviolable, and all busily engaged in pouring eastward to Lee supplies of everything that commander required for his army. He had not only employed all the Valley Forces, but beaten them into a disorganized rabble; and finally drew off to check him thirty thousand picked men of the veteran army of Northern Virginia under General Early, who had been collected and were designed by the rebel general-in-chief for the reinforcement of General Joe Johnson before Atlanta. He had given to the flames the better half of Lee's commissary, quartermaster, and ordnance departments—certainly all of these that lay between Harrisonburgh and Lynchburgh; and no wonder, knowing and appreciating the inestimable value of these services (as, it would seem, the Hon. Charles A. Dana did not), that General Grant wrote the very

noble eulogy of Hunter's success which was, for the first time, published in our last chapter.

As to the alleged barbarity of General Hunter in "burning private houses" during this expedition, we have already shown that he burned but five—each on a specific charge and proof that its owner was a bushwhacker; but what would the pensive public have thought had he received in time General Grant's subsequent instructions, or had he been able to retreat down the Shenandoah on his return, in which case they would have been most faithfully complied with? These second instructions were—in order to prevent another incursion by the enemy down the valley into Maryland, such as Early subsequently made—to "make the Shenandoah a wilderness over which the crow purposing to fly would have to carry his own provender in his claws"—orders afterward partly carried out by Sheridan, who never, however, got up the valley any further than Harrisonburgh, though a raiding party of his cavalry are said to have been for some few hours in Stanton. So, also, Hunter was blamed for an order that wherever any of his men or officers were assassinated by bushwhackers, the country for five miles around the spot should be laid utterly waste; and yet when young Lieut. Meigs, of the Engineers, was murdered by some roving miscreants, the gallant Sheridan caused that precise order to be pre-

cisely executed, and there was general approval through the Northern press; so true is it that "one cat will be praised for doing what another cat will be killed for looking at."

But now to cast aside these digressions, and resume the story of our return from Lynchburgh:

#### THE ENEMY AWAKE AT LAST.—ACTIONS AT LIBERTY AND ELSEWHERE.

So perfectly had our retrograde movement been concealed, and so fully convinced were the enemy of our determination to fall back; if at all, down the Shenandoah, that it was not until the morning of the 20th—as our rear-guard were repassing through Liberty—that their cavalry and mounted infantry came up in sufficient force to make us halt. General Averell held them, with his and Duffié's cavalry divisions, as long as possible; but finally Crook's infantry had to be sent back to his support—the carbines of the cavalry being of but little use against the long-range muskets of Early's mounted infantry, of course dismounted for action. At this time, taking our whole little army through, we had left but twelve rounds of cartridges per man, while at least one of the cavalry brigades was entirely out of ammunition; and as we had no means of judging how long, or in what force, the enemy would hang around our skirts to

harass us, the prospects were not encouraging. All efforts were now directed to making our lads reserve their fire as long as possible, so that not a cartridge might be wasted; and whenever a man fell, either killed or wounded, there would be a dozen squabbling over him in a moment for the precious contents of the cartridge-box which he could use no more.

That night we crossed the Alleghanies through Buford's Gap, and halted within some seven or eight miles of Salem, after a march of twenty-seven miles—some few dozen men and many hundreds of the horses giving out; but the spirits of the army, as a whole, being much better than might have been expected, when our destitute condition was considered, the mountainous and utterly sterile character of the country which yet lay before us, and the incessant heavy skirmishing, both by night and day, which the enemy—as if to harass us and drive away all sleep—kept up around our rear and flanks. At Salem we saw the *débris* and railroad ruins of Averell's famous raid made during the preceding January, in which he "rode, slid, climbed, and swam" seven hundred miles in an incredibly brief number of days—how many, or rather how few, we forget; but such is fame. That expedition, we may here remark, used up a great many hundred men, chiefly frost-bitten, and many thousand horses—indeed pretty

nearly every horse that was engaged in it; while its results—only such injury as cavalry could inflict on a railroad track in a few hours—were not, perhaps, in any substantial degree commensurate with its enormous cost; nor had it any military value otherwise than as a proof of what our Northern men could endure and yet survive.

The day following came rumors of the enemy at Fincastle in great force, threatening our right flank, and, indeed, to cut off our retreat altogether—a rumor rather supported by the increasing severity of the skirmishing—which soon amounted to quite a skirmish as we neared Newcastle, where some supplies were found; but only a mouthful, so to speak, for an army already beginning to starve. It was just beyond Newcastle, and while crossing Craig's mountain—a portion of the Catawba range—that we lost, though the enemy did not gain, six pieces of artillery belonging to Sullivan's division; and as this matter has been much discussed, and almost invariably misrepresented, we may as well here set the story at rest as allow it to travel further.

HUNTER'S ONLY DISASTER.—SIX OF HIS GUNS  
DESTROYED.

Our march was over wild, waterless, and abrupt mountains—forest-clad precipices yawning beneath us on either side of the road, while forest-covered mountains towered thousands of feet above us on the other. All the soft and beautiful characteristics of the Blue Ridge were missing here. The valleys were rocky, sterile, scrubby, and repulsive, and water could only be found in some of the largest creeks in the deepest ravines; whereas on the Blue Ridge clear springs gushed forth in cool and crystal abundance from beneath every jutting stone almost to the highest peaks of the mountains. But few tracts of reclaimed land could anywhere be seen except in the Catawba valley. The few houses along our line were for the most part deserted and in ruins—three years of incessant military operations, and guerilla and bush-whacking fighting, having apparently convinced the inhabitants that “green fields and pastures new” in some other region had become a necessity.

With the heavy skirmish or engagement near Newcastle, we appeared to have shaken off the greater part of the enemy's pursuing force, but flying squadrons or columns of their cavalry still appeared at intervals; and General Duffié, who led the advance, was ordered to strongly picket

all side-roads and bridle-paths leading in upon our main line of march. This duty in one instance he neglected; and the result was that the enemy, who could see all our movements from the surrounding hills, suddenly sent in a picked force of about two hundred mounted men, upon an unguarded side-road, to attack the artillery of Sullivan's division—said artillery having, by a blunder, got mixed up with the wagon-train. Of these mounted men, about fifty carried hatchets, with which they hacked the wheels of about ten pieces of the artillery train of our first division. While they were at work, however, a section of Captain Du Pont's regular battery wheeled into position and sent grape and spherical case through the bodies of over thirty of them. Col. Schoonmaker's brigade of General Averell's division also arrived quickly on the scene from the rear, which Averell was guarding; and of the two hundred picked men who formed the attacking force, it is questionable if over seventy got back to their camp. Four of the ten injured guns were immediately remounted on the spare wheels of the balance of the artillery; and the six guns that could not be toted away were so effectually destroyed as to remain mere lumber on the road, of no possible future use in warfare.

This disaster, so much paraded and prated about, formed the sole injury of *materiel* inflicted

by the enemy upon Hunter's command during the expedition. They never captured one of our wagons or ambulances, though we had to burn or destroy greater part of both on our return, in consequence of the horses that should draw them dying off for want of forage. They never broke our lines in any engagement, save the brief disorder on our left in the second day's struggle before Lynchburgh; and they never took a prisoner from us, except those of the Ohio men who got over their works and could not get back; and some wounded, sick, and starving stragglers who fell to the rear—in considerable numbers, it must be confessed—during the terrible marches of the next half-dozen days. What we lost of *materiel*, however, they did not gain. Even the saddles were taken off the dying cavalry horses—dying now by many hundreds daily—and either thrown into the empty commissary and quartermasters' wagons and brought along, or burned in convenient piles. None of the men threw away their arms. Nothing could be more admirable than their conduct; and nothing but the pinched faces of those who were continually falling out of line and to the rear, told the story of their hunger and weakness, for there was no grumbling save in the headquarters of one conspicuously grumbling brigadier; and even he too good, brave, and careful a soldier in other respects to be censured by

name even for this. But he *was* "an almighty grumbler."

CROSSING THE ALLEGHANIES.—TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS FROM HUNGER.

Beautiful, indeed, in its wild and forest-covered sublimity and ruggedness was the country through which we were now passing, had any of us been in the mood to enjoy such scenery. None of us were, however—at least not much; for some pounded corn, with a rasher of bacon or an onion, formed a feast only too rarely attainable even by the highest officers; while day by day the few cattle we had driven along ahead of each division began to fail, and there was literally no food—no cattle, sheep, hogs, or corn—in the ever-rising, ever-falling wilderness of mountains through which our diminishing column trailed its weary length like a wounded, all but dying, serpent. Each mountain-ridge that had risen before us seemed of interminable height; but to be—thank Heaven!—the last we should have to climb. "Meadow Bluffs" was the cry and thought in every heart. "Meadow Bluffs" where, as was reported, there were a million rations left by Crook and Averell only some fifteen or twenty days before under charge of a battalion of the Ohio One Hundred Days' Militia. "Never mind, boys! bear up as well as you can. Only three more—

only two more—only one more day's march to Meadow Bluffs, and then—a million rations!"

Ah, how the hunger-pinched faces brightened up at those glad but deceptive words! How the struggling men bent their breasts against the next hill, scorning to throw away the burden of arms or knapsacks—yea, even the burdens of useless relics or plunder which some of them had picked up along their line of march. We found one company, sharp-set by the pangs of hunger and half dead from fatigue, but carrying along with it a wooden-bedded billiard table which the boys thought would be "a nice thing to have in the house" if they ever got back to any Christian camp. "Hang me," said Captain Towne, our chief signal officer, "hang me, if I don't expect to see my rascals carrying a privy along with them, plank by plank, in hopes of setting it up for general delectation when they reach Meadow Bluffs!" It was the grotesqueness of the thought, perhaps, which impressed this sentence, as one irresistibly ludicrous, on a memory from which many brighter and better things have faded.

But mountain still towered above mountain, each apparently taller than the last; and from the top of each as we gained it, our saddened and sickening eyes dropped down into the deep gulfs of valleys, beyond which towered mountain-walls apparently blacker, steeper, loftier, more sterile

and waterless than any we had yet traversed. The limited diet of mere fresh beef, too, without salt, corn, biscuit, or vegetables of any kind, began to revolt the stomachs of the weary men, and cases of aggravated diarrhoea soon became an epidemic. Still, as a whole, the men bore up wonderfully, such of the infantry as were not actually sickened growing more rugged, sinewy, bronzed, and soldierlike—confident that their sufferings were not in vain; that they had inflicted far greater loss on the enemy than paid for all they were enduring; that Grant would not overlook the help their division had given to his main operations—as he did not; and that in a few days more—a few miles more—there would be plenty for all of them, and a fortnight's—perhaps a month's—rest in well-provisioned camps before any renewed assumption of the war-path.

SWEET SPRINGS AND THE WHITE SULPHUR.—  
SOUTHERN WATERING PLACES DURING THE  
WAR.

At length, on the 24th, we reached Sweet Springs—that loveliest watering-place of the inland, and with the sweetest water; and on the day following, after a long and tedious march over hills apparently interminable and through forests of the densest shade, we descended into the little valley of the White Sulphur Springs, where at



least and at last our horses were able to enjoy one day's good grazing. A glorious place the White Sulphur must have been—will be again—in days of peace, despite the sickening stench of its yet pure and wholesome waters. Surrounded by vast hills bearing the finest and largest timber conceivable, the nestling valley lies like an emerald bottom to a great bowl of green and purple porphyry. Here were immense hotels of red brick and white stucco-work, with terraces and rows of tributary Italian and Swiss villas farmed out to separate families, but all depending on the now empty hotels for such proud and joyous life as they contained in the happy days gone by. As to the waters—the main well was pellucid and pure, but emitted such an odor of sulphuretted hydrogen, as if a thousand baskets of the rottenest eggs or worst-decayed mackerel ever known lay festering at its bottom. The hotels had been closed and deserted from the commencement of the war—the largest one, able to accommodate with its sub-buildings over one thousand guests, standing open, but not inviting, as our soldiers crowded and shouted through its deserted rooms and corridors. The mirrors remained on the walls, as useless and not portable lumber. So the iron bedsteads and beds, pitchers and basins, remained in the multitudinous rooms; but the carpets and curtains had been long since cut up to furnish clothing or bedding

to the rebel troops, and the furniture had either been carried away or burned. Alas! there was nothing to eat in the vast dining-room, once so hospitable; and the scene, perhaps, appeared to the writer all the sadder for the reason that it was witnessed in company with "Porte Crayon," who never wearied of relating droll and varied anecdotes of its former greatness and splendor before the "chivalry" had determined that Southern rights must be achieved by war.

At Sweet Springs, the White Sulphur, and the Red Springs—all tenantless, all deserted—a contrast with our own Newport, Saratoga, and Cape May, not favorable to the men, nor eke the ladies of the North, was forced on the attention. These resorts had been abandoned from the first day of the war—as much abandoned in 1861 and 1862, when the South was practically triumphant and the North covered with disgrace and threatened with defeat, as in 1863 and 1864, when the tide began visibly turning. Was this so at Newport, Cape May, Saratoga, Lake George? Did not the women of the South give more help, more sympathy, more passionate devotion, more self-sacrificing denial and heroism to their side of the struggle than did our colder Northern dames? How often have we been told in various parts of the South, when asking some lady at whose house we had made headquarters, to sing: "You would not

like my songs. Since the war, we Southern women have sung only the songs of our country;" and then, when assured that those, of all others, were the songs we most wished to hear—with what dazzling passion—almost frenzy—of voice, eye, swelling figure, and gesture, as of an inspired Pythoness, would be sent shrilling forth "Stonewall Jackson's Way," "The Bonnie Blue Flag," "On to Richmond," or that noblest lyric of the war, "Maryland! my Maryland!"

Indeed the women of the South were the backbone—the life and soul of the rebellion. They made it disgraceful for any able-bodied man to remain out of the ranks. All members of the Home Guard Brigade were presented with bonnets, fans, petticoats, and rouge-boxes, by committees of patriotic belles. They wore no foreign goods, nor coveted any, throwing away their silks at the beginning of the contest, and writing "Shoddy" on the brows of all their sex who were too lazy to make homespun cloth, or too proud to wear it. Even hoops were discarded from an early date, and their jewel-ornaments were melted down in local treasuries for the equipment of volunteers. That our Northern women might not have done as well and as bravely, had we been the invaded side, the writer has no disposition either to question or assert. He only avers that they did not; and that few of them—save when

actually compelled by the absence of their male supporters in the ill-paid ranks of the army—made any voluntary, or even visible, reduction in their expenditures or style of living. "Madam," we once heard Major Sam Stockton say, with a graceful and well-turned compliment, to a beautiful young rebel girl who had just finished an exquisitely rendered but very furious song against the "Yankee Invader," and then asked him, as she rose with flushed cheeks from the piano, what he thought of it—"Madam, I think," said Sam, "that if we had only had a few such ladies as yourself in the North, we would have driven all your armies into the Gulf of Mexico before the second year of this distressing war."

And now to return to our muttons—or rather to our army which had neither mutton nor bread.

#### NO FOOD AT MEADOW BLUFFS.—GEN. GRANT'S REBELLIOUS AUNT.

But why enter in detail upon the sufferings of our further march across the Greenbrier river, through Lewisburgh, where we found some food in a few stores, and past Bunger's Mill, where also was a little corn-meal. We had a sickening disappointment at Meadow Bluffs, from which the stores had been removed—partly back to Loup's Creek on the Kanawha, and partly had been burned by the militia battalion left to guard them,

under some sudden stampede created by a hundred or so of mounted bushwhackers appearing in the vicinity. At the Bluffs, however, we got some score or two of sheep and a few hogs, the country now growing more level, and with more numerous signs (partly in the deserted fortifications thrown up by General Henry A. Wise) of having once been inhabited.

It was a tough ride and march across the last high spurs of the Alleghanies that brought us to Meadow Bluffs; but on the next day—June 26, 1864—a march of nearly thirty miles brought us to the house of “the widow Jones,” who is an aunt to General Grant, and was then—we fervently hope still is—a remarkably bright, hospitable, and kindly old body, though excessively rebellious, at whose well-furnished table for the first time in many weeks our nearly famishing party sat down to a meal having no stint of scarcity; and with such gorgeous accompaniments as iron forks, a table-cloth, sweet milk in glasses, and tea—actual tea—in cups, as made our recent existence seem only a preparative whetting of our appetites to this banquet of the immortal gods!

Next morning Generals Hunter and Crook, with an escort of such staff officers and mounted men as still had horses and could keep up, crossed the Big and Little Sewell mountains—Hunter being specially anxious to meet and hurry for-

ward the supply-trains previously ordered up from Gauley Bridge, or rather Loup Creek, which was our then base of supplies in the Kanawha, being close to the head of navigation on that river. Half way on the road we met the first of these trains, lumbering along under a guard of some Ohio militia—a train with 20,000 rations; and closely followed by another larger one with 75,000 rations more! Better and better! we learn that there are a million rations and 12,000 new and complete sets of uniforms and equipments—for our entire command was shoeless and in rags—only ten miles ahead of us, at Loup Creek; and here—at the Hawk’s Nest, looking down into the loveliest and most perfect triangle of scenery our eyes ever rested upon, and with the wild shouts of our poor boys, some miles yet in the rear, as they meet the first train and empty its contents into their stomachs, this narrative may most rightly and welcome be brought to its conclusion. Here ended Hunter’s campaign of the Shenandoah proper—the movement of his troops down the Kanawha to Charleston, and from thence up the Ohio to Parkersburgh, where we first heard of Early’s invasion of Maryland, and from thence to Harper’s Ferry and Maryland, forming a distinct episode or branch of history.

ROMANCE OF THE WAR IN THE SHENANDOAH.—  
END OF THE RAID AT THE HAWK'S NEST.

In conclusion, let us say that this narrative has grown upon our hands into far larger proportions than we either expected or have wished; and yet we have condensed and suppressed everything that appeared in anywise compressible or suppressible with due deference to truth and maintaining the interest of our readers. In our pocket-book—a very poorly-kept diary, briefly scribbled in the scanty moments of leisure that duty did not occupy—there are many passages of but a few lines that might well be expanded, with their surrounding circumstances, into chapters of absorbing and instructive interest. It is in the beautiful but bushwhacking, inviting but treacherous, mountain-girdled but yet most insecure valleys of the Shenandoah and Kanawha, that the romance writers of the war will hereafter find their most fitting ground and appropriate traditions and inspirations. Great armies like that of the Potomac, are monstrous hives of men, needing infinite quantities of pork and beans, wearing out infinite stacks of quartermasters' clothing, and covering an immeasurable space of country. They have, however, but few individual adventures, but few rapid transitions from scene to scene; and the men who composed them were brought but little into con-

tact with any of the Southern people residing on their own farms, as they lived before the war. In the Shenandoah and Kanawha valleys, on the contrary, every movement had the swift vibrations of a shaken kaleidoscope; forays, surprises, and feats of individual prowess or adventure were the order of the day; and love-making in the towns through which our banners and those of the rebels fluctuated in alternate waves, was a regular business with the soldiers on both sides—in which, truth to say, both seemed to become most perfect proficient under the tutelage of such able and charming mistresses as those valleys yield.

In another page of these Recollections, but not as a continuation of the Valley Raid, we shall describe the country from Gauley Bridge to Parkersburgh—the great oil, salt, and coal producing region of West Virginia and Ohio—in which Gen. Averell, Colonel Vance, the writer, and many others who took part in the expedition we have just described, now hold landed interests very large, and—as the writer fondly hopes—yet to become very lucrative. In this connexion, too, will come in the history of the transfer of Hunter's command from Parkersburgh back to Harper's Ferry, to resist, or try to capture General Early's column of invasion—the last rebel forces ever seen on Maryland soil; together with secret dispatches from General Hunter, President Lincoln,

General Grant, Secretary Stanton, and General Halleck, throwing much light over that still mysterious episode in our more recent history, and none of which have ever yet been published. Meanwhile let us conclude by advising all lovers of the picturesque, while there is yet time this Fall, and while the forests wear their richest and most varied verdure, to hasten up the Kanawha to the Hawk's Nest, where the last pages of this hurried and imperfect, but honest history may be supposed to be written. Here, outlying on a vast ledge of rock, they will look down over a sheer descent of fifteen hundred feet—the rock-base on which they rest forming the apex of a right-angled triangle, the sides of which are sharp precipitous mountains covered from ridge to foot with all the foliage of the forest, and with the dark, wild foaming waters of the New River or Green River, as it is variously styled, plunging on in mad and roaring race beneath them—the mountain-echoes multiplying and thunder-toning all the chafings and many-voiced leaps of the imprisoned stream, and the overhanging mountains for ever gloriously mirrored in the deep, swift, and narrow channel through which—striking against the foot of the Hawk's Nest, and then glancing sharply off—this impetuous river rushes to join the Gauley, a few miles further down; these united streams there—after forming the bright Kanawha.



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