

Letters

GEN'L WM. J. PALMER

1853 - 1868





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LETTERS, 1853-1868
GEN'L WM. J. PALMER



Yours Sincerely
Wm. E. Miller

Letters

1853-1868

Gen'l Wm. J. Palmer



Compiled by

Isaac H. Clothier

PHILADELPHIA

1906

LETTERS

KETTERLINUS, PHILA.

EXPLANATORY.

A RECENT visit to General William J. Palmer at his delightful home, Glen Eyrie, Colorado, and a week's social intercourse under his hospitable roof, has, not unnaturally, renewed the remembrance of old associations and freshened memories of long ago.

It was my privilege during our youth and early manhood, to maintain with him a correspondence, of which his letters in this volume form a portion. That they have been highly valued is evidenced by their careful preservation for so many years, and it is believed that the limited circle of his friends and mine, to whom this little volume may come will coincide in the judgment that the letters were worthy of preservation and of being gathered now into a volume for private circulation.

Beginning when the writer was a youth of seventeen years, and maintained during the subsequent eventful years preceding, during, and following the great Civil War, these letters form an important part of the biography of one who became one of Colorado's pioneers, a leader and potent force in her settlement; in the conception, organization and construction of her great Railway System, and consequently in the development and growth of her material resources; one whose name must thus always be prominently associated with the history of the State, and honored as among her most eminent citizens and benefactors.

These letters also form a part of the history of a crucial period in the life of the Nation.

On re-reading them since my return from the visit referred to, I feel that, notwithstanding a number of our friends who are named therein, have joined the Great Majority, that those of the narrowing circle who survive, and others of General Palmer's present friends and mine, will value them, both from their interest in him, and because of their undoubted literary merit and historic significance.

Written as a very young man to another very young man, they indicate a maturity of observation and thought quite remarkable.

As for myself, having treasured these letters for about half a century

“And while in life’s late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,”

my thoughts at times revert to incidents of my early life, and with this feeling, coupled with the belief that the letters are of quite unusual value, I put them now into permanent shape for his family and my own, and for a number of his friends and mine.

I would add that I alone am responsible for this publication; that General Palmer has no part in it; also, fearing to impair their freshness and originality, I have thought it best not to make any revision whatever, but to print the letters precisely as they were written, and without changing any crudities of expression consequent on hasty writing sometimes in camp life, or personal references which would be out of place if other than the most limited circulation were intended.

ISAAC H. CLOTHIER.

BALLYTORE, WYNNEWOOD, PENNA.,

December 31, 1905,

LETTERS

LETTERS, 1853-1868.

Washington, Pa., June 23rd, '53.

DEAR IKE:

Probably when thee finished writing thy acceptable letter of the 9th, folded it up and dropped it in the P. O., thee had no idea that it would have to come a few degrees further West of Greenwich than customary, to reach me. But no matter at what place thee had anticipated its arrival, it is the first letter I have received since I left home and its contents were devoured with avidity. I am a member at present of an Engineer corps, engaged in surveying, locating and leveling the line of the Hempfield Railroad. Washington, Pa., where I am now stationed, is a country village with between 5 and 10,000 inhabitants. It is situated in a rough hilly country West of the Allegheny mountains, about 30 miles from Wheeling, Va., the one terminus of our road, and 40 from Greensburg, the other

terminus. I am in the field nearly all the time, from early in the morning till late in the evening, tramping over hills and across valleys, through woods and through fields of grain. Nothing stops us—for a railroad line must be a straight one—a locomotive is not a proficient in turning corners. So a locating party travels in a bee line—it cannot avoid a hill or go round a pond or choose its own walking. It must tramp right over the one and ford the other and walk by the points of the compass. We sometimes get pretty rough fare too—we stop once in a while at a roadside Inn where they pack the whole corps—engineers, rodmen and axemen in the same sleeping apartment—and that one apartment none of the best. While we are stationed in Washington, however, we have pretty nice times in that respect. Each one has a room to himself and we manage to get along pretty comfortably at the Railroad House, though the bedbugs are as plenty and as wild as rattlesnakes in the bayous.

I am sorry Ike, that I didn't get thy letter sooner, since thee wanted an answer to thy query about the autographs. It did not reach me until yesterday evening and I sit down this morning at 5 o'clock to answer it. Will Cox was slightly mistaken in his statement about the

method of obtaining those letters from distinguished persons. It was not by merely writing to them and requesting their autographs. A little chicanery was necessary. I doubt if a written request for their signatures would bring them. The *modus-operandi* was as follows—Taking advantage of that inherent quality in the souls of our great statesmen, Ambition, and being aware of that love of distinction and that desire for office which characterizes all our politicians, myself and another interesting juvenile formed ourselves into a society for the diffusion and perfection of the intricate science of wire-pulling. This much being premised, what follows is plain. At a meeting of the members of the Seward-ambian Society of Philada. for the promotion of the political and much to be lauded art of wire-pulling, Hon. Wm. H. Seward was unanimously elected an honorary member of the same with the privilege of participating in the discussions, and with all other privileges guaranteed to active members. In a few minutes a letter is dropt in the P. O., that goes post haste to Washington and into the Senate chamber—informing the Honorable member from N. York, as he sits at his congressional desk, of his election to such a desirable post. The next mail brings with it a

franked letter to Wm. J. Palmer, corresponding Secretary of the Sewardambian Mutual Improvement Society of Philada. The two ingenious members constituting the latter corporation, chuckle over the contents that evening and laugh at the very easy manner in which our Representatives are gulled. But meanwhile another letter is despatched informing the Hon. Henry Clay of his election with but two dissenting voices to the post of Honorary member of the Claytonian Society of Philada. and another franked letter from the disappointed aspirant for the Presidency thanks the Society for the honor conferred upon him and for the kind affable manner in which Mr. Wm. J. Palmer, the corresponding secretary, has informed him of the proceedings of the meeting. And the two ingenious members chuckle again as they add another document to their pile of literary morceaux. And so on till you've caught as many as will bite. Then the Society makes a move at one of its stated meetings to dissolve—the move is seconded—the President puts it before the meeting with all due formality and it is unanimously adopted—the members divide the plunder, separate, and find themselves possessed of a nice parcel of autograph letters from distinguished people.

This is the way, and now you and Josiah Chapman can form yourselves into a society for the purpose of fillibustering or extending the Union indefinitely or for any other object. To be sure the acting members would be small but the Honorary department would I hope be well filled and that would be sufficient. Josiah might be President and yourself corresponding Secretary. Tell the President to write to me. I did know the residences of the congressmen you mention but have unfortunately forgotten them. You had best wait till Congress is in session.

Your Friend truly,

WM. J. P.

Direct to Wm. J. P.

Hempfield R. R. Washington, Pa.

OFFICE

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD COMPANY,

Philadelphia, April 19th, 1859.

DEAR ISAAC:

Thy long and interesting letter from Louisville did not reach me until yesterday when I returned to the office for the first time after our meeting and parting at Altoona.

I expect Breckenridge frequently has an inward jollification when he thinks of the manner in which he was mistaken for the Vice head of the Penna. R. R. Company. He of course appreciated it at once. I knew that Breckenridge was at the Logan House on that evening, but I did not know of the amusing episode that had just before occurred in the cars. It was quite *juicy*. I thought that thee would enjoy the scenery in crossing the Alleghenies and in cutting through the Laurel and Chestnut Ridges with the gradually increasing Conemaugh, and finally in leaping across the rolling country that intervenes between Blairsville and Pittsburgh—to be set down at the portal of the West, on the site of old Fort du Quesne. But did thee relish any of it as much as our night ride up the mountain on the “Blue Ridge” locomotive the evening thee spent at Altoona? I find car-travelling quite tame now and one can certainly get tired in half the time boxed up in a long passenger car, that he would on the engine, watching the flame in the furnace or the black smoke wreathing out of the chimney and talking with the engineer and fireman of the wonderful machine which they control with such facility. In addition there is the wide open view over hill and valley—and “Kittanning,” and

“Allegrippus” and “Whippoorwill” (sealed volumes to the inside passengers) become as familiar to you in every outline, as the walls and ceiling of your own room at home.

I am glad to hear thee has sustained the reputation of the “Junior.” After a while we may perhaps fearlessly begin to engage in Chess matches by telegraph, with other cities. Say we try Cincinnati first!

I remained on the line at Altoona or Mifflin until last First day, and did not therefore have an opportunity of witnessing the fugitive excitement. Indeed the news hardly reached to Blair County. If it had been a “*petit morceau*” stating that the Penna. R. Rd. was coming off first best in its fight with the New York Central, the whole population would have been discussing it from morning till night, or if it had been that the “Camel-back” had run to Mifflin and back with less coal than the “Old Dominion” the subject would have been considered as of at least temporary importance. But a paltry fugitive case in Philada!—the pith had dropped out of the news before it passed Harrisburgh.—If Beecher should go to Altoona, he would find himself without a subject, unless he chose “Motive Power.”

I am glad that thee is enjoying thyself so highly in travelling. By the time thee returns, we shall probably be removed to Germantown. In regard to the Baltimore case no new developments have turned up. I have not had an opportunity of examining a directory of that city. There is hardly a doubt about the identity of the two characters.

After getting my business up here which has greatly accumulated during nearly 3 weeks absence, I expect to return to Altoona to finish the experiments which are yet incomplete.

Thine truly,

WM. J. PALMER.

Write again if thee has an opportunity.

Altoona, May 14, 1859.

DEAR ISAAC:

Not having heard from thee since leaving Philada. the last time, I am anxious to learn what has been done in the Morphy testimonial matter; and if convenient and thee feels disposed, write to me and let me know all about it. I have enjoyed this trip more even than the previous ones, in consequence of the weather being so much finer and the season more advanced.

The scenery along the Juniata, half the length of which I ride every day, is far more attractive than it was when thee saw it on thy western tour, and one could hardly believe that a month would make so much difference.

I hear but very little of what is going on in the great outside world—but believe that war is inevitable in Europe. If such is the case, the only possible good that I can see to result from it, is the chance that would be afforded to Kosuth and the other liberals of Europe to free the oppressed nations, and the slight possibility there is of blotting out Austria, with whose history the first traditions of European despotism and tyranny are connected.

Whether Hungary and Italy have the right sort of stuff in their population to avail themselves of this glorious chance is a question.

I suppose Yearly Meeting is now beginning or over. (I have lost the count of it). But in either event I feel assured that thee has enjoyed thyself in “breezing up” (to make use of a Western expression) that fair sex, to whose charms the wisest are not proof. Pray tell me what particular divinity now engrosses thy energies. Is it Ruth, or Rachael or Rebecca, Mary or Margaret or Matilda? But I pause from a

dearth of names. When I recall to mind the brilliant galaxy of youth and innocence that yearly lines the modest-colored benches at Cherry Street, I cannot expect that the few names which might casually without a moment's warning flit through one's cranium should include a tithe of the legion that would be honored with thy flattering attentions.

By the way, has thee heard from Harry Lam-born lately? The last letter I had he was preparing to leave Giessen and extend his tour through Germany and other parts of Europe. There may be a letter for me at Philada. but I cannot get it in consequence of the abstraction of my revered patron, until I return to the office.

Remember me to all my friends whom thee may meet. I close hastily for the train. Write soon.

WM. J. PALMER.

Altoona, June 12, 1859.

DEAR ISAAC:

Since my arrival here Wednesday morning, I have been so continuously occupied, sometimes till late in the night, that I have had no time to redeem my promise to send thee a letter. This

glorious cloudless morning of Sunday, however, making rest more agreeable than activity, woos me to a communion with home friends—and I sit down in my room in the Logan House beside an open window through which the pure Allegheny air enters fresh from its journey over the hill tops, and propose to have a chat with thee of things and people.

There is a Mrs. B—— here, the wife of our Superintendent of Shops, who said to me this morning that she had seen a few weeks since, a young man with me at the breakfast table here—a Mr. Clothier, whose sister Lizzie she was acquainted with, having been old schoolmates together. Does thee remember her? She was born somewhere on the Delaware River, and is quite well acquainted in Bristol. She is an agreeable lady, and I doubt not would put thee through the ladies society of Altoona (what there is of it) if thee would come up. Moreover, she loves to play chess—at which game I intend to test her skill some evening this week if “way opens.” Is there not a superior satisfaction in playing chess with the ladies? If you beat them, what more fine than obtaining a victory over a being purer and better than yourself; and to the lady what disappointment is there that she has

not been able to cope with the superior (because more constantly exercised) intellectual force of man? If on the contrary they beat you, what a sweet satisfaction to the lady it is, and how encouraging that in a conflict with the stronger vessel, she has realized her hopes—and to you, how the pleasure of her victory and sympathy with her delight, cheat you out of the ugly sense of defeat, and leave you under a dim, half-formed impression that it's a drawn game or at least a stale-mate.

Pray inform me whether this is not a philosophical statement of the case—or does your mettle prefer a more fiery contest—gloves off, breast to breast and hand to throat with some well-tried Turk who gives no mercy and asks none.

While on the subject of chess, I must ask you whether Morphy has come to Philada. yet, and if so, have you feasted him; and enjoyed that honor from which England's champion shranked, of playing a game with him? When you write, you must tell me of it, and be not afraid of going into details.

If you were here to day, we would obtain a pair of sure-footed but fine-spirited mountain horses, and ride over to "Sinking Valley" or

perhaps to "Wapsunnonnack." The latter place is about 8 miles distant on the verge of one of the Allegheny cliffs. From the edge of this bold escarpment, we would look off for 20 miles into the blue ether—and then down beneath us into the valley of the Juniata. From such an elevation, the high hills that break up the valley and appear so steep and great when you are below, are softened down into mole-hills, hardly rising above the surface of the vast basin that spreads out before you, to the foot of the next Range. If the Reverend War Horse, Chambers, who preaches here to day, would mount a racer, and lead his congregation, big and little, from the little Presbyterian Altoona Church up the rugged road, inadmissible for carriages, to Wapsunnonnack and from that solid pulpit point out to them the sublime scene before them, I think they would be more impressed with the insignificance of man and the greatness of God, than ever they could be, if Calvinism were steam-hammered into them diurnally for a life-time.

Man has to go to the mountains for health, and he must go there likewise, if he would get a true insight into things. There is a refraction in the atmosphere of cities and low lands like

that the traveller meets with on the desert or in the equatorial seas, when a long coast line or a city with steeples and turrets loom out of the horizon—to vanish the next day into vapor.—Mankind as a general thing cannot see through brick walls. To be sure I have gazed myself through an instrument hawked about our Philada. streets by an individual whose conversational powers were tolerably developed—the object of which was to enable one to see through a brick. But the majority of minds are not furnished with cameras, and it were better to take the brick away and look straight and clear. This they can do in the mountains.

But, Mercy! I am getting serious. Forgive me. How is Miss S—— and the other Miss S—— and the Miss of Chester County, and all the girls of Riverton? And how did you enjoy your last hurried trip to Longwood—that bulwark against conservative fanaticism, and how did you leave Will Cox, on whose soul, benignity was spread thick, when I saw him, by the recurrence of this epoch of happiness? Charley L—— is doubtless by this time up to his elbows in Algebra and Geometry and deeply immersed in the mysteries of his *hic haec hoc*. The engrossing Miss H. can no longer

monopolize the affections of her *Charley*—they are divided between College tricks and Minerva.

I have been up here a week now and have no news. For the sake of friendship, enlighten me. Some one charitably sent me a newspaper—but it is the London Times, redolant of Sardinia and the Ticino—but not a word about Philadelphia or the Delaware.

Did Mr. Higginson stop over on his return to New England, and play that proposed game of cricket with the Philada. boys? From the soul with which he enters into Prisoner's Base, I should judge he would be a competitor worthy of one's steel at cricket.

If thee has fixed up no place to spend thy vacation, I think thee would find it very pleasant at Altoona and Cresson. Excursion tickets at half price will shortly be issued I think, and I hope thee will come up while I am here. I shall remain at least two weeks longer.

Write to me whenever thee feels like sitting down to pen, ink and paper. Thy letters are always interesting and welcome.

Thine truly,

WILLIAM J. PALMER.

Altoona, June 25th, 1859.

DEAR ISAAC:

Thy letter was duly received, on my return from Mifflin to-day—and was perused with pleasure. I should have been glad to have had thee spend a few days with me on the Juniata this summer, but as society is, I believe, in thy estimation a standard necessity of enjoyment (and it certainly is a very agreeable accompaniment to any plan for pleasure) thee has perhaps chosen more wisely, in selecting the pretty hills of Montgomery and the level plains of Jersey for the scene of thy summer vacation. I hope to hear from thee frequently during the progress of thy rambles—and trust that thee will have no fear of going into details.—Always direct to Altoona—from which point a letter will reach me, wherever I may chance to be on the line.

I have a letter from Charley Lamborn now at Ann Arbor, Michigan. His vacation comes off about the 31st after which he will immediately come east. He spoke something of stopping over at Philada. His letter encloses one from Harry, chiefly however on business matters—and

only referring briefly to his life at Giessen, in connection with the experiments on coal and other carbonaceous matters which he is prosecuting.

What a terrible thing this *coal* is—and how many energies and thoughts it absorbs to the detriment, I have no doubt thee will say, of more important affairs.—However, if it is pardonable in any one to bestow a little concern upon this sooty substance, it surely is so in a Pennsylvanian. The foundation of the material prosperity of our State rests in a great measure thereupon—as any Politician will tell thee, and as hundreds of Politicians will busy themselves with telling thee over and over again about this time a year hence, in connection with the closely-allied theme of the Presidential chair.

We have had a great meeting of the Masons in Altoona—which has enlivened things and particularly the Hotel-keeper, who has been regretting that such a great mistake was made in the construction of his house, as to leave it only 2 stories in height.

The particular grand Body which met here was one started by a former Superintendent of the Road and composed almost entirely of Rail Road men. Col. Lombaert, the originator, was here, for the first time since his resignation and

had a happy day in revisiting his former associations and shaking hands with his old men who crowded around him in the shops.—Among a host of others, conductors, etc., was Father Funk, the Emigrant Agent of the Company—all the way from Dock street. This is the gentleman whose parental care of the unfortunate European Israelites extends even to the shores of the old world. His sympathy for the emigrants is so wide that he must needs have a watchful eye on them from the moment they leave “Maxwelton’s braes,” or the banks of the Rhine, or Killarney. Nor does his solicitude cease with their safe importation into New York. That same affectionate interest which was displayed before they left the Fatherland, is still manifested in their welfare. Not even when they reach the quiet city of rectangles does Mr. Funk’s eye stray from his charge—for there is a rival concern known as the Catawissa Rail Road,—a great ogre who would snatch the child of Europe from his fatherly grasp were he to unloose it. It is only when he beholds his children safely ensconced in the cars on Dock street, and their tickets paid for to the great West, that his responsibilities end. Then it is truly wonderful how little interest he evinces in them afterwards. They might be so much freight or live

stock—they may be blown up, meet with collisions, drowned or burned on the Ohio, for all he cares. In some respects it is shocking to think of the sudden change in his attentions to these immortal souls, after they leave that point of space, Dock street. Daily the cars pass by me on the Road, laden with them, all radiant with hope that the golden West may fulfil their expectations. But Father Funk is off to Europe by deputy or letter, after a fresh lot—whom he will put through the same mill and turn them out in the shortest notice, approved Yankees—and so the work goes on.

When I look at the man, and consider that through his instrumentality, the fate and after-history of so many souls is diametrically changed from what it would have been, I am surprised at the power of man over his fellow-creatures.

The Juniata, along which I daily travel, looks more beautiful than ever now. It is one complete vista of splendid and harmonious colors. From the deck of the engine, I look out on it, as we wind in and out of the rocky bays in the mountain. One would suppose that these engine drivers and stokers would insensibly have their tastes elevated and refined by the contact with such beautiful scenes, but I cannot see that such is the case.

I shall be at home in about a week—when I hope to see thee—and at any rate, I shall call in on Jim and thank him for the papers.

Thine truly,

WM. J. PALMER.

OFFICE

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD COMPANY,

Philadelphia, July 7, 1859.

DEAR ISAAC:

I attended the Morphy meeting the other evening, and am glad I did so, as the result would very likely have been different from what thee and I would desire for the credit of Philadelphia chess players, and the rebuke of ungentlemanly pretensions. The meeting passed by a vote of 10 against 9 a Resolution calling upon the Managing Committee to abolish itself, which of course implies the refunding of the money and the dropping of the entire affair. So ends the proposed Philada. testimonial to the services of Morphy. Thee will perceive that the vote was very close, and I fear that if I had not been able to attend, the question would not have been so decided. It would have gone to the Chairman

with a tie vote—and I hardly think he was prepared to go so far—being an undecided man and apparently a lawyer, Jno. P. Montgomery.

The matter was argued very closely and there were some good speeches made especially by *Wells* for our view of the case. Thomas, Floyd, Milligan and others spoke eloquently in behalf of Morphy and against the “slight” proposed to be offered to him, but common sense I am happy to say, triumphed. The meeting occupied three hours.

I have not time to write thee more fully in relation to the subject. When I see thee, I will give thee all the particulars.

I do not go to Altoona, and should be glad to hear from thee at this address.

Pray, do not chase any more run-away nags for Miss Manderson during thy stay in Delaware County. It is too severe exercise for this warm weather, and if thee should contract the heart disease, just to reflect on the maidens who would pine away by sympathy. Of them it shall be written—“they did not tell their love,” etc.

Give my respects to George and thy other cousins and relatives, and write to

Thy friend truly,

WM.

Altoona, July 20th, 1859.

DEAR ISAAC:

Thy interesting letter from Montgomery County reached me before I left home—but it is only now that I have been able to answer it.

I regretted very much to hear of thy illness—which was not entirely unknown to me before receiving thy letter; as Charley Lamborn, who dropped into our office on Wednesday or Thursday of last week informed me that the people at your store had told him you were lying sick in the country. I hope by this time the symptoms have entirely disappeared, and left you with the appetite of a convalescent. Once able to take nourishing food, and you will pick up wonderfully. But I am sorry that you lost so much of your vacation.

I came up here last Monday by the fast train to which was attached a special car for Mr. Thomson and his family, etc. who were on their way to Bedford. There were about ten in the party, who enjoyed themselves in gazing out of the car windows at the beautiful hills and valleys, the stony and rugged mountains and the forests that

dotted the landscape more gracefully than art could possibly have arranged them.

Yesterday, the whole party went up to Cresson in my experimental train, where we partook of an excellent dinner, rolled a couple of games of ten-pins, drank from a spring of mountain water as pure and cold as I have ever tasted; and then like the King of France (having gone up the hill) turned our faces eastward and came down again. We stopped at the eastern portal of the tunnel, and the ladies having succeeded in getting Mr. Thomson's assent, mounted the locomotive, where some stood beside the boiler and others sat on the tank, and thus we descended the side of old Allegheny getting a better view of his many features than could be gained from any other position on a train. This morning they have gone over to Bedford via Huntingdon and Hopewell—a distance of 91 miles from Altoona, 20 of which are by stage. There was one little girl amongst them—a delicate, fragile little bairnie “Lottie,” they call her, who is one of the sweetest little girls I ever saw. She is a daughter of Mr. F——. Her mother died a few years ago of consumption (I believe). Since then she has lost a younger brother—while the blue veins on her temples and the occasional

gloom of sadness which passes over her fair face warn you that she has inherited the delicate constitution of both her father and mother, and has not many years to live. But while she lives, she will be loved, as Eva was in Mrs. Stowe's story. There is a sacredness about her girlish beauty which makes all who see her wish they were better and purer than they are. You know there is another style of beauty, but you have undoubtedly met with that to which I have referred, in the course of your extensive acquaintance amongst the ladies. Have you not? or is it rare, like all of Heaven's blessings.

I have begun once more this morning in earnest (yesterday was play day) at the Coal Burners—and now for a week, I am doomed to be smoked and sooted, and choked with Sulphuretted Hydrogen and Carbonic Acid—between Altoona and the tunnel and between Mifflin and Altoona. During said week there will hardly be a dirtier person on the Juniata than your humble scribe. A gentleman to-day told me I looked rather “rough.” The adjective is altogether too moderate.

And now Isaac, I hope thou art well enough to write and let me know what engages thy attention and how thy health has improved. If weakness has supervened on the sudden and painful

sickness which thee dates from our pleasure of the 4th of July and the Sunday previous, try to get Friend Parrish to give thee an extension of thy holidays—and come up to Cresson, where health and strength are wafted from the swaying boughs of the pine trees, and well-up in the transparent springs of pure water. All the children on the Allegheny Mountain are Venuses and Adonises—in my rides up and down the side of it I see faces which no Painter would hesitate to transmit to his canvas in connection with the finest scenery of Allegrippus or Kittanning. What is this due to—what but the fresh, invigorating mountain air in which they roam about hatless and bonnetless, and the unsurpassable water? And above all when you write do not forget to mention the latest Idol that you worship, the last daughter of Eve, in whom your soul has seen written perfection.

Write soon.

Your friend,

W. J. P.

Altoona, July 24th, 1859.

DEAR ISAAC :

Your letter informing me of your convalescence was received this morning and perused with much interest. The Humorist, Hood, used to say that no man could be essentially bad, who was often sick. You will no doubt agree with him that the thoughtfulness created by a painful or severe illness has a mellowing and humanizing influence upon the character, which tends to make the man more conscientious and less reckless in his actions. I think, in accordance with this theory, that perhaps either you or me—sinners as we are—might be washed comparatively white were we occasionally to lounge without our coats on a warm Sunday or take 4th of July excursions on the banks of the Wissahickon. There may be something in Hood's fancy—but I fear the effect of such solemnizing, like that of attending Revival meetings, is very transient—and only lasts as long as the sickness. You, for instance, although but recently well of a dangerous disease, instead of writing to me in a sober and devotional style as becomes one of Hood's Christians, have exhibited



KINSALE, NEAR DOVER, DELAWARE

BIRTHPLACE OF GEN'L PALMER

Altoona, July 14th, 1859.

DEAR ISAAC:

Your letter informing me of your ~~convalescence~~ was received this morning and perused with much interest. The Humorist, Hood, used to say that no man could be essentially bad, who was often sick. You will no doubt agree with him that the thoughtfulness created by a painful or severe illness has a mellowing and humanizing influence upon the character, which tends to make the man

KINSALE, NEAR DOVER, DELAWARE

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so much of the old Adam in your letter that I had a merry laugh over it for at least five minutes. What right have you, Sir, to seize hold of my words in that barbarous manner, and retort upon me with such Turkish ferocity. Can't one ask you a civil question without being drawn and quartered?

I was hoping that the state of your health would require a trip to the Alleghenies, by which I would have some company here—but it is now manifest to me that you have stopped your pills and discharged your Physician. It is a pity too; as the scenery continues to remain of unabated magnificence, and the weather is cool and invigorating. I do not know how much longer I shall stay here, but it will be a week at least. I am very much obliged for the "Press," from which I have derived much profit and amusement this sweet Sunday morning in reading the letters from the Watering places, and the discussions in regard to Sunday travel.

You must not let the Morphy protest die by inanition—but keep a sharp lookout on the different members of the Committee as they return to the city and take a decided move at the earliest moment. I was anticipating some such difficulty in the way of carrying out the close resolution of the subscribers as that you mention.

You desire me to tell you what is new about Altoona. Suppose I do. Engine "156" has been fitted up with a fire brick deflector, and on being tried up the mountain yesterday, performed with great satisfaction. Her bonnet and spark-arrestor having been taken off her, she ran with a straight stack, and made steam much more freely with a $3\frac{7}{8}$ nozzle than she did before with one of $3\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch. This, of course, was extremely satisfactory—so also was the fact of her producing very little smoke and an inconsiderable amount of dirt, although using the gaseous Pittsburgh coal. *Mike*, the engineer, was of the opinion that she would bear a 4 inch nozzle—But on the trial being renewed in the afternoon, with Broad Gap Coal, it was found impossible to sustain the pressure. From some unaccountable cause, either bad firing, or the character of the fuel, the steam sank down and down, until it reached 75 lbs. and it was feared that we would come to a halt. This was all the more vexatious, as we had Mr. Scott the Superintendent along, with two young ladies, who as they rode on the locomotive, could see everything that was going on. Moreover, in consequence of this great reduction in the draught of the engine, much more smoke was produced, and the ladies had their pretty faces tolerably well

blackened — while the Superintendent was kept pretty busy with his fingers pulling the upper lid of his eye over the lower, to remove sparks. When they got off at the Tunnel (to descend in a hand car), the party looked very much as if a dexterous Bootblack had been manœuvering with his brush over their countenances.

I could tell you that 207 is having Gill's improvement applied to her ; and that the variable exhaust on 114 is doing well, and has already saved, the engineer estimates, a half cord of wood in the round trip ; and that the new turn-table in the Round House is finished, and works to a charm — and that the Vandevender Bridge has only her piers half-way up although the Boiler makers finished the trusses some time ago—but I feel doubtful whether these things will interest you. Nevertheless they form the staple of the conversation here, and as a faithful correspondent, I must depict things as they are—not as we would have them.

If you want to learn here what any one thinks of the Patent Brake, you can quickly get it. But if you want to know what is thought of the last article of the "Autocrat," you will have considerable difficulty.—By the way, if you have read it, tell me what you think of it when you write.

Charley Lamborn, I presume will be kept pretty busy at the crops for some time after his return. Neither the attractions of the city, nor the encouraging smiles of the Chester County girls, will be able to allure him from his rustic seclusion. There was a friend of Will Cox's here the other day, and we had some talk about the "Athens of America." His name is Speakman; probably you know him also.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain

Very truly your friend,

WM. J. PALMER.

Altoona, Augt. 9th, 1859.

DEAR ISAAC:

I received thy letter of yesterday, on returning this evening from Mifflin. I would say, accept Mr. Curtis' offer—making the time the first week in December, with no intervening lecture by him in Philada. after that for the charitable association he names.

Thee might state in writing to him, that we do not think that with the lapse of a month, his name would be any the less acceptable to a Philada. audience in consequence of his previous lectures.

I expect to be in Philada. on Friday morning, but lest something should occur to detain me, please write me anything else that may come to thy knowledge in relation to this business, sending it not later than 11 o'clock A. M., on Thursday, by our train from 11th & Market, care of T. A. Scott.

Truly thine,

W. J. PALMER.

OFFICE

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD COMPANY,

Philada. Aug. 17, 1859.

DEAR ISAAC:

I came down late this morning, having been sick and somewhat doubtful until the 10 o'clock train as to the propriety of coming to town to-day.

I find on my desk your favor enclosing letter prepared for Bayard Taylor, which I have signed — and Curtis' manly and honorable note. Of course we will reply, *that* we have no special anti-slavery object in view, and that we will pay him the fifty. Thee had better write him to that

effect at once. Of course there is no objection to the topic which he alludes to.

If we get both Curtis and Bayard, we have a splendid beginning—and must look out for some one to complete the trio. Wendell Phillips has been making himself so famous with his scathing Junius-like letter to the high Dignitaries in Massachusetts, that I am more and more inclined to have him. If he won't accept, how will Starr King do?

I regret that my sickness will prevent me from going to Riverton with thee this evening.

Truly,

W. J. P.

Aug. 19, 1859.

DR. ISAAC:

I came in town to-day and called at your store, but thee was out. I think before going to New York, it would be well to call at the Musical Fund Hall and ascertain in regard to negroes—also at Concert Hall in regard to the time that Hall is let to the Fair people. Also on the Fair people to see if it would be practicable for them to vacate their room for one night. With these

data, thee could, if thee could find time, call on Curtis while in New York and endeavor to fix the precise week for his lecture.

Tell Beecher we want to get up an anti-slavery or at least a liberal course—that we have secured *Curtis* and want Phillips and himself to complete the trio. That the effect would be beneficial on the minds of citizens of Philada. &c.

Thine truly,

WM. J. P.

If thee knows any one who could introduce thee by letter to Beecher it would be better. Try Lucretia Mott.

DR. ISAAC:

I have thought of a good name for our proposed course of lectures (of course it ought to have a name and a distinctive one—or we should get confounded with the other Concerns).

If thee likes the name of “The Young Men’s Liberal or the *Philada. Liberal Course of Lectures*,” use it in thy negotiations at New York.

If thee sees Chapin, tell him our object is to get up a course of liberal lectures in Philada.—

that we have engaged Curtis, and that our main purpose is to liberalize. — But I forbear. Don't forget about the evidences of our good faith and responsibility.

Very truly thine,

W. J. P.

St. Louis, Planters House,

Sep. 14th, 1859.

DEAR ISAAC:

Thy interesting letter was duly received last evening. I reached here last Saturday, having stopped on my way from the East, at Columbus, Cincinnati, and Louisville long enough to take a peep at the streets and inhabitants of those cities. From Cincinnati, I of course, came by the Ohio & Mississippi Rail Road. It is one of the pleasantest Roads in the Western country. If Dickens comes out to St. Louis, I think he will insert a special chapter of astonishment in his forthcoming "American Notes," at the energy and daring which has constructed a Road 340 miles long through a comparatively uninhabited expanse like this. Of course the Ohio & Miss. cannot compare in engineering obstacles with our

Pennsylvania Roads, but then we expect greater things from the East.

The newness of everything out here, is what prepares us for astonishment. When we see structures of such magnitude in the prairies and forests of Indiana and Illinois, it is just as if the aboriginal savages had joined and put up a St. Paul's Cathedral in the swamps of Cairo.

I had a most interesting expedition on Sunday and Monday last. In company with a young gentleman of St. Charles, Mr. Cunningham, I rode over to the point at the junction of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers to examine Mr. Thomson's land. It is an immense belt of over 3000 acres running across the neck from one river to the other, close to where they unite. We had to ride 20 miles across the prairie before reaching it. The soil was a black mould as rich as the Delta of the Nile—and like it, subject to annual overflow, and every seven years, to the "great rise" which does not leave very much of it visible except to the mermaids (if there are any in such muddy waters)—or at least to the alligator-garfish. A nephew of Mr. Thomson's came out to report on the property, last spring was a year. He was rowed over the tract in a boat, and by soundings, assured himself that the property was

beneath. He left with the opinion that the water-privileges were undeniable. On the occasion of my visit, however, the water was low—and I had visual demonstration of the existence of the tract, as far as the dense forests of magnificent trees would permit. The inhabitants of the “Point” are not such as one would choose for neighbors, if selecting a site for a country residence. I am afraid they would not pass muster at Germantown or Staten Island. The isolated situation of the neck, its liability to overflows, and to fever and ague, and the uncertainty of the titles of most of the land, have created a prejudice against it—and it has been passed by, by decent settlers, although it is within 25 miles of St. Louis, and immediately opposite Alton.

It has consequently been peopled (at the rate perhaps, of one man to every ten thousand trees) by thieves and scoundrels—some of whom would esteem it a happiness to be able to rid you of your purse, at the small risk of taking your life. Mr. Cunningham carried his Colt’s revolvers in a belt around his waist—otherwise there were some of Mr. Thomson’s tenants (don’t imagine that they ever paid any rent or that Mr. T. was ever aware of their relationship to him), whom I should much have preferred

regarding from the bluffs of Illinois across the River, than to visit them in their own eligible mansions.

We did not go quite down to the forks, but we took dinner with the man whose farm extended to the point of union. Our dinner by the way consisted of crackers and cheese with a dessert of peaches, eaten in the log store of this gentleman. Bread was a luxury not to be thought of. I took especial interest in Mr. Perkinson, our Landlord. It was something to be the owner in fee simple, of the angular deposit that divides the largest river on this Continent or in the world, from the next largest. The individual that could boast of this distinction was an old man with silvery locks, a face yellow with exposure and with continued attacks of the "ager," and of a quiet assured manner and slow, slightly tremulous voice. He would not take any remuneration for his provender, and we left pleased with his hospitality, and with finding a human being that was too high-toned to skin us. He told us, on our inquiring the character of some of his neighbors (tenants of Mr. Thomson), that he did not associate with them. Bless the old man's aristocracy. He was a gentleman of the "Point," by a patent of nobility issued by Nature.

Well we got belated that night, as we were returning, by one of our horses foundering, and were obliged to put up all night at a little cabin in the woods, where the children had the “dumb ager”—and the grown people the more ordinary type of this disease. In fact, everybody on the point was enjoying this malady at the time of our visit—including the whole town of “Portage des Sioux.” When we asked a man how he was, the usual reply was—“Oh pooty well—only a little ager that has weakened me a little.” If we asked one of our witnesses if he would be up at the trial he answered, Yes, he expected to, if his ager would let him. And the woman would apologize for their cooking by telling us that they “were down all day yesterday with a fit of the ague.” The following conversation passed, as we passed a native on the Road—*Mr. Cunningham*—“Hallo, Mr. ——— how do you do—how are you all over at Portage (an adjacent town)—all well?” *The gentleman addressed*—“No—we’re all sick.” The sickness was the inevitable *ager*. Between thee and me, Isaac, I wouldn’t live a year on Mr. Thomson’s big tract, if the Bonus was a gold piece under each tree. But Western people look at these things in a different light.

After this expedition, I am persuaded that "Eden" was not situated at Cairo, but at the forks of the Mississippi and Missouri. I could fancy that it would be some credit to a man to "be jolly," in a location like this.

I returned the next morning to St. Louis in a sail boat, 30 miles distant on the "Father of Waters." We passed the mouth of a river whose waters had rolled 3000 miles from their source, and had yet to flow a thousand more before reaching the sea. I go from here to Keokuk to-morrow, and expect to be in Philadelphia early next week, when we will talk about the Lectures.

W. J. PALMER.

Philadelphia, Apr. 7, 1860.

DEAR ISAAC:

I must beg a thousand pardons for having disappointed thee last evening.

I found, however, that after delays at the stable which I had not anticipated, I reached home too late to permit me to return by the 7 o'clock train. I should have come by the Passenger cars as a last resort, but on a close calculation found that

they would not put me at Arch St. Wharf by 8.15 P.M.—unless it proved to be an exceptional case, while there would of course be no time to fulfill the engagement I made to call on thee.

I would after all have come in town and seen thee—but that Father desired me to accompany him on a little matter of business.

Thine in haste,

WILLIAM J. PALMER.

OFFICE

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD COMPANY,

Philadelphia, Aug. 2, 1861.

DEAR ISAAC :

Your pleasant note in pencil from the shore was recd. this morning.

I am glad to hear that you have such agreeable quarters—but regret exceedingly for your sake, that those young ladies should have beat a retreat so early. Is there any chance of their rallying and returning to the scene of action after they have had time to rest and reflect on

the impropriety of the stampede? Perhaps they *will*, with re-inforcements.

I should indeed like to run down to the beach on Saturday and sniff some of the salt breezes,—particularly as you are there—but I do not see at present how I can manage to do so. In any event, I could only remain over Sunday, as Mr. J. E. Thomson leaves here this afternoon for a ten days vacation at the same place.

I suppose you have lost all interest in the Republic since you reached Atlantic City—news-papers you probably consider as part of the town vanities which you have temporarily renounced. As the ocean and the sky still obey the everlasting laws of Nature, you no doubt find it difficult to realize that Governments should be flying from their orbits. This is certainly a blissful state of mind and one well calculated to recruit the body and brain. How Gen. Scott or Gen. McDowell would have relished such repose after the Battle of Bull Run—if there had been no danger to the Capitol.

Tell Mr. Lamborn that Harry left here on Tuesday night for Altoona, where he will be hereafter stationed. Charley is at Annapolis.

Their Regiment is guarding the Branch Road. Col. Biddle's Regiment (the Wild Cat Boys)

has returned to Harrisburgh from Cumberland and will be sent imm'y. to reinforce Gen. Banks. You will remember that the Kennett Square Boys under Capt. Fred. Taylor are in this Regiment.

I suppose you have Ed. Lewis at Atlantic also. If so give him my respects.

Yours,

WM. J. PALMER.

OFFICE

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD COMPANY,

Philadelphia, Nov. 3rd, 1861.

DEAR ISAAC:

Your letter reached me at Carlisle. I was much pleased to hear from you. I have been in Philada. for a few days past, but have been so steadily engaged in efforts to facilitate the equipment of our Company, as to be unable to see any of my friends. I believe, I at last see daylight in regard to *arms*—and expect to have pistols and sabres at “Camp Kentucky” by Wednesday next.

It is needless for me to say that I shall *always* be glad to hear from you wherever I am—but particularly when I get out to Kentucky, and become actively engaged in the Campaign. I shall no doubt have frequent opportunities of writing to you—if not, pray do not let that prevent you from letting me hear how you are and what your views are concerning daily events, whenever it is agreeable to you to write.

Come up and pay us a visit at Camp Kentucky before we leave.

My regards to Ed. Lewis.

Yours,

WM. J. PALMER.

Camp Buell,

Louisville, Dec. 19/61.

MY DEAR ISAAC:

I recd. your note as we were on the point of leaving Carlisle the last of November, and avail myself of this as the first opportunity of briefly replying to it.

I wish you could occupy for a half-hour a camp stool in my tent this splendid December afternoon and observe the scene which engages my eye as I lift it from this paper. There is nothing particularly striking about it—it is a view common enough nowadays. But it would lead you as it has me this afternoon into a train of thought which is not bounded by the picket rope with its five score horses on the right, nor the neat line of Sibley tents on the left—nor the guard tent in the foreground—nor even by the cloudless Kentucky sky which bounds the vision.

What does all this mean — what am I doing out here in Kentucky who so lately was proud to account myself an established denizen of the Quaker city? Why are these horses tied up to that picket rope where they paw and pull at their halters, and crowd up against each other and kick and bite when they are not eating their oats or hay—in place of being warmly stabled this winter weather—and why are bricks and mortar replaced by canvas in that line of habitations for human beings?

Alas! the answer to these questions is a solution of the great enigma of American History—and one might ponder on it for a day and find himself no less in a maze than at the start.

You no doubt must think that I should have abundant leisure, to be able to indulge in such speculations as these. But the truth is to-day has been a sort of little epoch for us—a review and inspection, with every man and all his effects on horseback, and the tents as empty as before we covered the ground with our white wigwams—an experiment to put every man in marching condition, and to satisfy the Inspector Gen'l. of this Department, Major Buford that we were to a certain extent soldiers and not a mere picnicing party, and this afternoon the ceremony being over and the men busily occupied in replacing their wardrobes in their tents, I caught myself in a reverie—thinking about old times and old friends and the change to present times and present things. So I naturally came to recall your unanswered letter, and concluded to make good the deficiency although you would no doubt have preferred that I should have given you a few facts in regard to our condition, occupation, &c. But when I think of facts, so many come crowding on my mind, that I hesitate and prefer to give you my good friend a few fancies. Please write, and remember me to all friends.

Yours,

WM. J. PALMER.

Camp Buell,

Louisville, Jany. 10/62.

DEAR ISAAC :

I read with a great deal of pleasure your letter of the last day of the old year.

I wish I could answer it at length, but you promised you know, to excuse brevity. Will you also graciously include in your forgiveness the scrap of paper upon which this is written. It was not intended to be *in mourning* but our Quarter Master brought it from Louisville in a wagon along with the ink, and on the route the ink seceded considerably to the detriment of the paper. However, the effect is not altogether displeasing, and if you please, you can imagine me in sackcloth and ashes mourning for all my friends, from whom I am compelled to be absent.

To morrow we leave here, or at least expect to, bound South by sou-west — but where we shall next pitch our canvas houses, I do not know. Such is one of the prerogatives of being a soldier. When a man is in the Dry Goods or Railroad business, he has a faint impression that to

morrow he will be in some particular locality. But a soldier only knows that he will be where the orders may direct him to go to—if he can get there. There is one other thing, I believe determined upon, viz that wherever Gen'l Buell goes, there will we go also. If this rule takes us to Nashville within a month or two, all I can say it's a place I have never visited before, and never expected to visit in such good company.

Write to me frequently, and direct as heretofore—Your letters will be forwarded to wherever we may be.

Remember me to any friends—and when that speck of war with England enlarges into actual conflict (if it should), and camps in this country become even more numerous than they are, remember there is a berth for you in the Anderson Troop to fight either negro-driving secessionists or cotton-crazed Englishmen.

Yours,

WM. J. PALMER.

In answer to your question I have the honor to inform you that at present I am Captain of the Troop.

Up the Cumberland,

Feb. 26/62.

DEAR ISAAC :

As I expect to be pretty busy after reaching Nashville, I have concluded to put in the time aboard this fine boat, or that portion of it not occupied with military duties, or in viewing the sunken forests that line this river, in replying to the unanswered letters of my friends. We left Louisville on Monday with the General's staff, and should by this time have been very near Nashville, but for the necessity of laying up to coal at one point and at another to avoid the dangers from drift and snags attending a night voyage on this swollen stream. The Cumberland is now higher than it has been for probably a dozen years, and is navigable for over 400 miles. Nearly all the houses along its banks are immersed—the people having scows moored to their porches ready to embark for the back country should the deluge increase, also for the purpose of communicating with and receiving their necessary supplies from terra firma. They nearly

all cheer us, and the women wave their handkerchiefs at us as we pass—sometimes close enough almost to look down their chimneys—We have not yet, it is true, been invited to “a ball” by these aborigines—but this little omission we conceive to be due to the fact that they have no foundation solid enough for a cotillion party within a convenient distance and therefore willingly excuse them.

I feel puzzled to know how the Nashville people are going to receive us—whether as if they had determined to make the best of a bad bargain—with a sort of constrained civility—or morosely and sullenly as men whose pride had reached a deep mortification but whose interest and the force of circumstances had forced them to bear the result, or with a quiet and humble joy as a penitent child would greet the father who had been compelled to punish it but with whom it had now made its peace—or lastly with loud exultation and noisy demonstrations of loyal feeling long repressed but now breaking irresistibly through the floodgates sweeping them to oblivion. Perhaps we may have a mixture of all these. But the deep genuine happiness which the arrival of our army will confer upon those sincere Union hearts whose faith has never wavered—who have

steadily adhered to the despised cause amidst persecution, doubts, Bull Run victories and all manner of discouragements—the joy of these faithful souls will compensate us for all lack of welcome on the part of the rest.

But after I have been in the Tennessee Capitol long enough to find out I will write and let you know all about it. I can then also tell you how the ladies behave—a matter which must always be fraught with interest to a young bachelor like yourself. My regards to Ed. Lewis, Jas. Parrish and any of my friends you may meet.

Yours,

WM. J. PALMER.

Scott Barracks, Nashville, Tenn.

March 16th, '62.

MY DEAR ISAAC :

Your very agreeable letter of the 8th inst., reached me as soon after it was written as we expect the mails to reach us here.

I am glad to learn that your business is moving along so prosperously. If you can stem the

current at all now, the flood tide which will follow the successful closing of this war, will certainly lead you on to fortune. You know what I prophesied for Ned Lewis and yourself when you embarked on your business career. I am very happy to learn that the result of your first year's trial has exceeded your expectations.

We are still quartered at the Hotel which we invaded the first night of our arrival in Nashville. We do not trouble the honest Landlord with attending to our personal comfort—but have allotted his good wife and himself *one* room, which experience in the field—twelve men to a tent—has satisfied us is ample for two rebels. The old fellow behaves very well however, and the other day presented me with some sweet potatoes from his farm in the country—which were quite an addition to our pork, beans and crackers. He has confessed that the Yankee soldiers are a great deal better behaved than those of the Confederacy, and that he never had any particular fault to find with the “old Union.”

We haven't many friends in the “City of rocks,” as they call Nashville—our staunchest and most reliable ones are those of the despised race. The negroes here fairly and fully realize the *situation*. They come into me every day to

inform of concealed rebel soldiers or contraband supplies hidden away in town. Our Troop is at this moment indebted to one for being on full allowance of forage for its horses—instead of half commons. He informed me of a large lot of Confederate corn concealed at a livery stable. I got authority to seize it, and in the course of a morning, wagoned away ten or twelve days supply for our Company. The other day a mulatto washerwoman came in to report some Alabama soldiers concealed at a rich man's house on Spruce St. They were found and two of them seized—the others were too sick to remove—These colored people give us this information solely from the love of the thing and because they desire in every possible way to confound the rebels. The information is frequently given at the risk of detection and punishment hereafter. "You Northern people have some heart," the mulatto washerwoman said when she called to inform me of the concealed rebel soldiers. "You's different from our people—they haven't got any heart, at all."—Better wait my good woman and see the sequel before putting your whole trust in the Northman.

Since I began this letter this afternoon, I have met in the course of a tour of duty a sister and

niece of Gen'l. Pillow who reside in a fine mansion some five miles South of Nashville. The young lady invited me into an adjoining parlor to shew me a portrait of her Uncle, whom she thought a particularly handsome man and as *brave* as he was handsome. "I see," she remarked "some of the papers are trying to make it out that he basely deserted his command at Fort Donelson." It's all false—Gen'l. Pillow is incapable of cowardice."

I like to see faith strongly developed in a young lady—it's the foundation of a great many good qualities.

Miss Narcissa stated they had been advised to fly by all their friends, before our army arrived, but had ventured to remain. I presume her Uncle at the last moment told them the truth in regard to the United States officers and Army—that they were not gorillas or anthropophagi or Marshal Haynaus and advised his sister's family to remain.

There was a younger sister of Miss Narcissa, an original artless little creature who said in the course of the conversation, she was such a poor shot, she did not believe she could hit one of us two paces off, if she had a pistol. I asked her if I should give her one and stand two paces off,

whether she would fire. "Oh yes, she said — that she would — but she was sure she couldn't hit me."

I was much interested by the visit. You must not think however, that we poor soldiers have many relaxations of this sort. This morning in church, however, I was quite amused. As I entered, a little girl three or four pews ahead, as soon as she caught sight of "them buttons" commenced making the most singular faces at me that I ever remember to have seen. One might have supposed that she had the jumping tooth-ache with all the other facial complaints under aggravated circumstances. It was quite in place with the sermon, however, for the parson who was a Presbyterian, prayed with much fervor for "their Excellencies the President and Vice President of these Confederate States." I felt very much inclined to exclaim "d — n traitors," both of them," — but Gen'l. Buell's policy does not admit of such liberties.

We shall probably leave here before another Sunday in the direction of Decatur or elsewhere. I shall always be glad to hear from you (letters will be duly forwarded from Nashville) but do not expect as long a letter as this again. I have been betrayed into "many words" from

the necessity of going through with what I had begun to tell.

Please keep me out of the papers. I have no objection to what you sent me—but I do not ever want to be on my guard in writing to you.

Yours,

W. J. P.

Direct via Nashville,

Camp near Huntsville, Ala.

July 5th, 1862.

MY DEAR ISAAC:

Your letter of June reached me at our camp near Florence, a place you will remember as having been visited by our gun boats on the Tennessee River immediately after the capture of Fort Henry. It seemed like romance *then* to hear of our soldiers being actually in the cotton states—but now it is nothing wonderful, and the Anderson Troop has scouted all about there within the last fortnight, while some of us have been far into the interior — almost a day's march South from the United States lines. The marines on that early

gun-boat must have been very credulous indeed, for we could not find or hear of but two Union men in Florence, and one of those was arrested by his neighbors and sent to jail as soon as the stern of our gunboat was turned down stream — and was only released therefrom by Gen. Mitchell's forces when they paid a visit here from Huntsville last April. The charge against the poor fellow was not *Unionism* of course, but *stealing*—just as the kidnappers on the track of some poor fugitive—get their warrant out for burglary and not a black skin. In a word the unanimity for the Richmond conspiracy is about as great in that North Western corner of Alabama as it is in Chester County for the United States Government. One planter who has just had 50 Bales of cotton (\$2,500) burned for him by some Cavalry, who had dashed into our lines from Beauregard's army, told me he "wished to God they'd compromise this business," meaning the War. I looked at him very seriously, as one would look in the face of a little boy whom it was necessary to reprove for getting off a good joke in Friends' Meeting, and told him there could be no compromise, — when the men who are in arms against the Government laid down those arms, the war would end of itself, and not before. —

Another Planter in the same rich valley, whose gin with 40 or 50 bales of cotton had been destroyed in the same foray, acknowledged that it made him feel rather "wolfish"—and seemed to think he would like to have a "hand in the business himself," whenever he considered that patriotism demanded an immolation of that sort of property. But at the same time it did not make a Union man of him by a long shot. On the contrary, I think he was rather *more* of a Secesh if anything, in consequence of this manifestation of the vitality and daring of the Confederate troops, and their ability to punish backsliders. Another saintly looking fellow with whom we stopped over night on one occasion—who did not own any land, but who had bought his cotton on speculation, besides having some in store, belonging to poor people back in the mountains—lost all he had, and the poor peoples' also—some 8000 dollars worth. I asked with some degree of inward exultation how it "made him feel"—expecting a very savage analysis of his sentiments. But the sly old fellow replied, as meek as Moses—"It makes me feel—very poo-o-or." If he hadn't looked so very innocent, I should have felt inclined to sabre him, for letting me down so suddenly. This magnanimous

individual who bore no malice against those who had stolen down in the night and in half an hour destroyed his little fortune, lived on the great "Dixon" Estate of 3000 acres—near Buzzard Roost—in a house rented of the hundred-negro-owning Landlord, Mr. Dixon. Dixon's son is a Lieutenant in the rebel army.—"They wanted to make him Colonel," said George, a faithful servant on the plantation—"but he said he didn't list for the position—so he went in the ranks." If so, I expect he wishes he was out of them—for he must be pretty well tired of being trotted from swamp to swamp in old Mississippi, and long to be back at his delightful Alabama home, supplied as it is, with every comfort and with negroes enough to execute every wish almost before he could anticipate it.

George was one of those few bondmen that one would not care to see free; a sort of Uncle Tom before leaving the Kentucky plantation—a steady, faithful old fellow whom his master would trust with the key to his bank—a practical, intelligent, sober-minded, clear-headed steward, who could see the path of duty in his humble sphere as well as any of his pale-faced masters in theirs and was more disposed to walk in it than they. George had charge of all the forage on his master's

plantation, and I bought the corn of *him* to feed the horses of our squad. He could neither read nor write, but he ran up in his head what the corn came to, sooner than I could. I feel tolerably certain that all the money I gave him went into the pocket of Massa Dixon—who by the way was scouting around somewhere in the woods afraid to come home by reason of a bad conscience while loyal soldiers were in the valley. George was as happy as any old and near friend of the family could be to hear that I was acquainted with Mr. Collins of Pennsylvania—a railroad man who had built a big bridge on the Memphis & Charleston Road near by, and who lived with the Dixons while here and was held in high esteem by them. They had even paid him a visit at Philada. George had picked up a few military words—which he thought he was in duty bound to use to soldiers. So when I bade him good bye he said—“I shall report you, Captain, to my young Massa (the Lieutenant aforesaid) as a friend of Mr. Collins.” I did not interdict him—but I thought to myself it would no doubt be more consonant with his “young Massa’s” views, as it would with mine, to pay our compliments to each other in person on another field.

But would you upset the quiet cheerful course of George's busy and self-respectful life—even to make him free? I don't think I would like to try the experiment—at least until his “old Massa” should get hard up and be compelled to sell him, or until his “young Massa” should gamble him away in some spree or stock speculation.

I am surprised at the intelligence and shrewdness of the negroes away down here in the cotton States, the inner dungeon of the great African prison house. Their quiet wit would not disgrace the “pisentry of ould Ireland.” You meet everywhere big, greasy fellows black as the ace of spades who answer you promptly and to the point—while a great many of the Whites are muddy-headed and slow. In casting about for a reason for this, I could only ascribe it 1st—to labor—they do all the work, and work is a great educator, 2nd—to greater social contact—just as men are ordinarily *brighter* in cities than in the country—there are more of them and they rub together, exciting and communicating the electricity of thought.

Lieut. Rosengarten and I were taking a ride near Tuscumbia the other day when we met a negro, whose wife had been sold away somewhere, and who had to take care of his children himself

between the hours of labor. It was Saturday afternoon, and he was half way on a walk of seven miles to see them, carrying on his arm a basket of gingerbread which he had baked himself for them. We asked him how he liked to be in bonds. He said he did not like it and he did not think the Good Lord ever intended it for any of his children. "But," said I, "don't the Scriptures say—"By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt earn thy bread?" "Yes," he said with energy, "but the Scriptures don't say that Massa shall earn *his* bread by the sweat of *my* brow." Sure enough Cuffee! it can't well be reconciled.

When we first came into this valley from the Corinthian woods, the negroes crowded in groups to the fences to see the soldiers march by. The Anderson Troopers were so happy at being once more able to "see a long ways," after having been penned up for two months in the aboriginal forests and swamps of Mississippi and Tennessee, that they set up Dixie and other songs, as they marched along, greatly to the delectation of the Africans. One happy looking dog showed his ivory from ear to ear, as our boys rolled out "I wish I was in Dixie," and then vented himself—"Well, here ye is"—as much as to say—

You've been wishing you were in Dixie for a good while—they told this dark you'd never get here—but it seems to be a mistake, from all appearances—and he yah yahed at his Massa's disappointment, until we all joined in out of sympathy.

I have run on so long with these yarns, that I have not retained enough room on my paper to thank you for your generous, patriotic, energetic, and successful exertions to fill up the thinned ranks of my Company. But it makes no difference. I could not thank you sufficiently if I had a whole sheet at disposal. I might as well fail with six lines therefore as with a greater number. I had no idea whatever of the difficulties you were encountering—but I appreciated all when you mentioned the character of the first one. I had some taste of the fruit last fall while organizing the Co., but I had at least, an official and recognized position, while you had nothing but a stout heart, unconquerable perseverance, a mind quick to expedients, and energy that scattered all opposition to the winds. It is one thing to have a friend who can chat away the hours of peace and leisure with you in agreeable, but idle society—but quite another to have a friend who puts his shoulder to the wheel for you at the moment

of rugged and earnest labor, and lends you his intelligence, his wisdom and energy to bridge over some gap in the path to success and honor.

Remember me to all our friends.

Yours,

WM. J. PALMER.

Burnett House,

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 4/63.

DEAR ISAAC:

I stopped here over a train to see Gen. Buell. He is attending the Court of Inquiry in his case, which is dragging its slow length along in this city.

The Genl. looks well and was glad to see me.

Isaac, I wish you would write to me frequently and without waiting for an equivalent. I will write whenever an opportunity presents. Please send me any newspaper, magazine or pamphlet that may contain at any time anything important.

You cannot imagine how difficult it is for us to keep posted in the field. We get to attach the utmost importance to matters of slight moment,

and perhaps hear nothing of events and opinions that stamp themselves upon the history of the age. Write often.

Yours,

WM. J. PALMER.

Camp Garéché,

Murfreesboro, March 28, '63.

MY DEAR ISAAC :

After a long interval, I sit down again to write to you.

I have received your letters of the 13th and 20th ult., and their perusal gave me great pleasure. I have also been frequently reminded of you since by the receipt of the newspapers which you have so kindly sent. Unfortunately the latter are given so little attention in these western mails that they only arrive after a long delay. For instance your copy of the Press with my letter to Rev. Mr. Stine to which you referred in your letter of the 13th Feby. has just reached me to day. I presume this is because they had on hand at Louisville such a large accumulation of mail matter during the breaks in the Railroads

North and South of Nashville—and that hereafter newspapers will come more regularly.

Lieut. Col. Lamborn arrived in due time, and his services have been invaluable to me. He is in command of the men left in Nashville, who are awaiting the arrival of horses to mount them, before being sent up to Camp Garéché. I shall probably take most of the men here and go down after them in a few days, doing a little runabout scouting on the way, as there are considerable numbers of what Gen'l. Rosecrans calls "scallawags" on the Road, or infesting the vicinity of the Road from here to Nashville.

The men are behaving as well as I could desire— in fact there should never have been any difficulty with such men, they are calculated to make the best possible soldiers, and but for bad management, would have fulfilled throughout, every anticipation that was formed concerning them. I pity the poor fellows—who mutinied—so many of them were led into it without reflection and in that careless accidental way by which it is so easy to stray from the right path into the wrong. These men take it very much to heart, now that the proper soldierly feeling has been restored, and seem abashed and down hearted. It is a good sign however and promises good fruits and

is much better than the bold, defiant, reckless air of audacity which characterized them when I first came out. As I write there is a man doing Private's duty as orderly at my tent door—a fine soldierly looking fellow named P—— of Bucks Co. He was a Sergeant before, but has been reduced to the ranks in consequence of being among the mutineers (all the non-com'd. officers were reduced who participated)—and has had to pull off his stripes since arriving at this camp. I have now no doubt but that they will all seek to prove that they are worthy of Gen'l. Rosecran's clemency, and that their one unfortunate step shall not prevent their Regiment from yet being what we all expected it *would* be when recruited.

I hope the general Conscription Act will enable us soon to fill the thinned ranks of the Regt. to its maximum. Now, all you "light, active, and hardy young men" in Penna. who desire special service, I give you fair warning. If you join the Anderson Cavalry, you must expect to behave as soldiers, to fare as soldiers, and to be treated as such. There is no special service in this army that I know of which exempts a trooper from cleaning his horse, or from living on hard crackers and pork occasionally, and sometimes more

frequently. The service is healthy to a *sedentary* man, interesting, and if performed well, highly honorable—but there is no exemption with this Regt. from the usual fatigue hardships and dangers of a cavalry man's life. How'd you like to join?

There are indications that the rebels purpose attacking Rosecrans here shortly—but I hardly know what to think. I hope they will postpone it a month, provided it makes no difference (unfavorably) to Gen. Rosecrans.

Give my regards to all friends, and write frequently.

Yours,

WM. J. PALMER.

Camp Garéché,

Near Murfreesboro, May 5/63.

MY DEAR ISAAC:

I find myself your debtor for two letters, the last dated Apl. 25th, both of which I was very glad to receive.

I presume you have now entirely recovered from the attack of illness which you were still suffering from at the date of your first letter—

and that you are again attending to your usual business avocations.

I have received the papers which you are so kind as to send—and always read them with great interest.

Charley Lamborn and I are particularly interested at this time in the results of Hooker's movement across the Rappahannock. We hear to-day that 16 guns have been captured and that 'Old Joe' expects to bag all the rebels north of the Pamunkey. I hope his expectations will be realized, but the dispatches are so muddy that we do not derive much comfort from them.

Mr. Horn certainly proved to be a very faithful messenger. I hope he did not exact a receipt of you before he would deliver up the innocent cap box.

No mutineer has yet been appointed to a single office, commissioned or non-commissioned in this Regt. Of course, when they have wiped out the stigma upon their character by faithful service as soldiers, the official memory will become dulled, and will fail to remind of the serious dereliction of last December.

The opportunity will not be wanting for this vindication. We have already been out on several scouts—and under fire—and the men have all behaved well. On one expedition towards

McMinnville about a month ago, we took 20 prisoners, and killed and wounded 5 of the enemy's cavalry.

Your friend Sergt. Isaac Bartram has just joined the Regt. to day. He is a good soldier and it is to be regretted that he was not here before, as he has lost the opportunity for drill and instruction which the rest have enjoyed. But I have no doubt he will shew himself worthy of promotion. Benjamin Bartram was sent for nearly a month ago, his parole not being deemed binding by Genl. Rosecrans, in consequence of the cartel not having been observed in his case. He has not yet reported—and his brother tells me he never received the notice. If you see him tell him to come out imm'y.

Lieut. Col. Lamborn is very well and desires to be remembered to you.

My friend Leonard Clark of Castle Thunder is here on a visit. He has posted me up on affairs in Richmond since I left. The Captn. Webster—who came near interrupting the serenity of my thoughts the night he entered our prison by walking up to me and saying in an abrupt and distinct voice: "I know you—you're Captn. Palmer of the Anderson Troop, 'aint you?"—has been hung. Richmond has been

pretty well cleared of citizen prisoners by the recent releases.

I recd. a letter from Harry Lamborn about a week ago. When you see him tell him I will answer it soon.

Charley and I were deeply interested in your account of the lamentable catastrophe that has befallen our friend John Will. We read it with the same mournful interest that we would an account of a grand shipwreck. As you learn further details, please inform us, as the most minute particulars of the going down of the Royal George are of absorbing interest to us.

Alack! Alas! what direful events this war has been the cause of. Will not the grim demon be satisfied by this last sacrifice—or must still another Curtius leap into the gulf.

(Entre-nous strictly—When will J. W. be able truthfully to be called a “conscript Father).

My light blue pants suited exactly. Thank you for making the selection.

Write often and excuse my long delays in replying. Will you have the kindness to insert the enclosed advsement in the Philada. Press. If possible have editors notice it.

Yours,

WM. J. PALMER.

Stevenson, Ala., Augt. 26/63.

MY DEAR ISAAC :

I was very glad to receive your two favors, the last dated Augt. 18th. I have also received various newspapers from you for which accept my thanks. From one of them I learned that Ned. Lewis and yourself had been drafted. I think with Lt. Col. Lamborn that you are just the boy for a Body Guard, and shall expect you out in Georgia with him. All you have to do is to ride out occasionally with Gen'l. Rosecrans, and the officers will let you do just as you please. How can you resist such a temptation? Tell Lewis we can provide a berth on this boat for him also. Why not come in out of the draft? The Southern Confederacy is all falling to pieces, and I am surprised that such ambitious and well disposed young gentlemen should not wish to be in at the death.

You will not be able to get here in time to help take Chattanooga, but you might "assist" at Atlanta.

I just returned with seven of our Companies this morning from the Sequatchie Valley, whither

they accompanied the General on a reconnoissance. While at Jasper on our return, the General received a dispatch (by signal lights) from the Secretary of War stating that Sumter had been reduced and that the bombardment of Charleston had begun the day before. The General was so delighted that he had General Reynold's troops ordered out and the five Regiments gave fifteen boisterous cheers for the result. The General ran on in this way—"Charleston! where they first fired on the American flag—where this rebellion began—I want to see it reduced to ashes—I want to see the old flag which waved over it in April '61 and which the Presidt. has carefully preserved, raised again over Fort Sumter by the hands of Gen'l. Anderson."

Burnside is in East Tennessee and Simon Bolivar Buckner will commence to hop soon.—10,000 men can live there without any supplies but what the country affords.

Remember me to friends and write soon. Tell Col. Lamborn I don't approve of the aristocratic ways he is getting into. Who would have suspected that he would so soon have begun to wear boiled shirts?

Yours,

WM. J. PALMER.

Camp near Nashville, June 30/64.

MY DEAR ISAAC :

It has occurred to me frequently of late that no letter has passed between us since my return from Philada.

Inasmuch as I do not wish this silence to continue, I take the opportunity afforded by the visit of one of our officers Lieut. Kirk (a member of the *Society of Friends*) to Philadelphia, to write to you.

I want to know how you are spending this hot and momentous Summer—what you think the prospects are of success for our armies—and what the spirit of the people is at home.

You have of course been to the Sanitary Fair, that marvel of shows. I have received several copies of that gossipy little sheet which is published at the Fair. If you have read it, you may have noticed some articles from a cavalryman. They are written by one of our officers, and embody some events in our Regimental experience.

Charley Lamborn is 32 miles from here engaged in confiscating horses to remount our men. Doubtless he is blessed by the Planters, their wives, and above all, their daughters. Perhaps the last does not trouble him however, as it might have done in "Auld Lang Syne," as I believe this gallant gentleman like yourself is among those who now count their title clear to mansions in—well certainly in no place lower than Heaven. All I have to say is "vive l'amour!"

Last Sunday, Col. Lamborn and myself had a pleasant ride of 30 miles to the Hermitage and back. The weather was very warm—so that about dinner time we could not resist the temptation of stopping in at the beautiful place of a sun-burned rebellious gentleman, and inviting him to take dinner with us. He accepted our invitation with all the grace with which it was extended, and we accordingly dined together—a fact which we will be the less apt to forget, from the circumstance of our having *cucumbers* on the table—these vegetables being a rare luxury with the Field and Staff of this Regiment.

The old gentleman turned out to be Mr. Donaldson, a nephew of Old Hickory's wife,

and a cousin of Andrew Jackson Donaldson former candidate for Vice President. He had also been a trusted young friend of Gen'l. Jackson, and intimated in a very mild way that the Gen'l. would have been a Secessionist had he lived until the present hour of the Rebellion.

I think so too. I never yet heard of a Politician that could be implicitly trusted.

Give my kindest regards to Miss Jackson when next you happen by the merest chance to be in the neighborhood of Darby—also to her sister. When does the happy event transpire?

Yours,

WM. J. PALMER.

Camp near Nashville,

Aug. 5/64.

MY DEAR ISAAC:

I was very glad to receive your interesting letter of July 20th.

We have received horses and marching orders at last, and shall start in two or three days for Gen'l. Thomas's camp near Atlanta. I avail

myself of the last opportunity to write you before starting, but you must not forget that mail communication is open to the vicinity of Atlanta, and that I shall expect to hear from you frequently after you have settled in your Eleventh street house—and by the bye, Ike, you couldn't have selected in my opinion, a more agreeable neighborhood to be at the same time central and convenient. I wish you and your fair consort a bountiful share of all those joys and blessings which Heaven showers upon the married life of those who love and live for each other. I do not hope for you, that the honeymoon may be perpetual, but that the burning love of this happy period may give place to that pure and steady flame which shall go out only with life. Be assured how gladly I would have welcomed the opportunity of standing by you on the 1st of September—had not something more imperative than mere distance prevented. Consider me there, however, and leave a vacant place for me on the right of the third groomsman. I cannot fill it, corporeally speaking—but you know what Goethe says:

“The spirit with which we act is the greatest matter.”

You may leave therefore a tolerably large space—and while on this subject, Col. Lamborn says you may leave another vacant place for him. He sends his hearty congratulations, and while neither he nor myself approve altogether, or are desirous of encouraging the too extensive adoption of this practice of getting married until the soldiers are mustered out, yet on a full consideration of the whole matter, we have concluded out of motives of particular friendship, to grant a special dispensation in your case.

We *shall* therefore not forbid the bans—but shall stipulate as a condition precedent, that you shall, in addition to the number of kisses legitimately accorded to you on that occasion, imprint two hearty ones on the cheek of the fair bride in our behalf—we being necessarily absent—and you will consider this as our power of attorney for you to do all and singular the above things.

Charley says, after listening to a portion of your letter that I read him, he feels very much like sailing away from this stormy ocean and going into port on the “peaceful tide” himself. Indeed from all that I see of the young officer that helps to occupy this room of canvas, such an event is not at all unlikely to happen very

soon after the expiration of his term of service, or the ratification of a treaty of peace with the so-called confederates. With a pardonable deception he appears to be still carrying on the siege of Troy—but I really believe he is inside the wooden horse and within the gates.

It will take us between two and three weeks to reach Atlanta — marching steadily, but we look forward to the prospect of this march with great pleasure. No doubt some of our recruits will wish that the “Gate city” was moved several degrees northward before we get there. Our army is within 4 miles of the city, but it may be some time before they enter it. It’s defender Hood, will fight always. He is the “fighting Joe” of the Rebel army.

I hope Penna. has decided by the recent vote to allow soldiers in the field the right of suffrage. What does this reported movement among the Republicans in favor of giving McClellan a command mean? *Better not!*

Write to me care of Gen. Thomas’ Hdqrs. near Atlanta—and be sure to give my kindest regards to your Lady Love and to all friends.

Yours,

WM. J. PALMER.

St. Louis, April 19, 1867.

MY DEAR ISAAC :

I received your kind letter but ever since have been such a wanderer that I have found no fitting opportunity to answer it.

I have been thinking a great deal over the subject which the Committee of Friends have written to me about, and intend as soon as I can sit down calmly and reply to their communication to do so. I have every desire to retain my connection with the Society, and hope they will look upon my case in that liberal and charitable spirit which I think distinguishes them from most other sects and which is one of the strongest incentives in my mind towards remaining a member of the Society.

I think my views on the subject of Peace can hardly differ in essential points, from those of our Meeting, or at least of a majority of the members as I have incidentally learned them through their conversation and actions during and since the War. Of course under the same circumstances as existed in the Summer of '61 I would act precisely as I did then, and I do not

understand that Friends desire me to think or say otherwise—as they would be the last to believe that principle should be compromised for the sake of avoiding troubles. They might say however that they would not sacrifice one principle for the sake of another—but in regard to this it seems to me that one of the most essential principles of Friends is obedience to conscience—much more essential than a belief in non-resistance.

I do not ask more than that my case should be treated in that light. I think that Peace is holy and should be encouraged constantly—and that an unjust War is only legalized murder. But the inner light made it very plain to me in the Summer of '61 that I should enter the army.

With kind regards to Mrs. Clothier and all the members of your family, I remain

Yours,

WM. J. PALMER.

Willard's, Washington, D. C., July 6/68.

MY DEAR ISAAC :

I was very glad to get your interesting letter of the 22nd ult. and to be informed of the important

change in your business prospects. I prophesy for you the same success on a large scale that you have met in a more limited range hitherto.

I will call and see you when I pass through Philada. on my way to St. Louis. I do not think I shall be detained here more than two weeks longer—possibly not so long. The only hope I have left is of getting additional aid for about 76 miles to a proper point of divergence for New Mexican and Denver trade. This point is called Cheyenne Wells—and there is abundant water there. Congress will not give us through aid at this session because of political timidity. Our Radical Senators and Representatives would be willing to jeopardize the most important practical interests of the Country, rather than run the slightest shadow of risk to their political schemes. Being selfish, they are consequently narrow and do not know that these measures are more popular than anything else with the people.

I think you would enjoy a trip to the end of our track—and hope I may be going up to Kansas when you come out—altho there is no certainty about that. Some of our friends may be going however. If you reach St. Louis before I get there, say to Col. Lamborn that I wish him to pass you to Ft. Wallace and return—that is about

700 miles west of St. Louis, and a little beyond the end of our track.

I think you would find the "Great Plains" interesting—altho *monotonous* after continuous acquaintance.

You shall be admitted into any future contract, if you desire. It will be necessary for our Road to reach the base of the Rocky Mtn's before it will be very profitable or have a flourishing traffic. The business this year has not I believe been proportionately so large as last. If we had reached the mtns.—we should have had an immense amount of coal and timber to carry—besides supplies for the gold and silver mines. The weather is quite exhausting here and I long to be once more in the Rocky Mtns. I often find myself doubting that a kind Providence ever intended man to dwell on the Atlantic slope.

Please give my compliments to Mrs. Clothier.

Yrs. truly,

WM. J. PALMER.

[The two following papers relating to the organization of the Anderson Troop, which afterward became the noted Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, are copied from the originals in General Palmer's own hand-writing, in my possession.]

PLAN.

"THE ANDERSON TROOP."

A picked body of light cavalry from Penna.—composed of young men of respectability, selected from nearly every County of the State.

The men to be light, active and hardy and more or less acquainted with horses—and to be chosen for these qualities, and for their intelligence, good character and patriotic spirit.

Each man to pledge himself not to touch intoxicating liquor (except for medical purposes) during the term of enlistment.

Particular attention to be paid to *drill*, the ambition of each member of the Company being to make it as soon as possible, a model light Troop, as the "Chicago Zouaves" were a model light infantry Co. It is believed that this may be accomplished in a comparatively short time, with good instructors, from the superior intelligence and enthusiasm of the men.

The special duty of the Troop (in addition to service on the field of battle) will be to perform *detachment service* of all kinds in Brig. Genl. Anderson's Department—to serve as escort or *Body Guard* to the General when desired—make reconnoissances—escort trains and convoys—make arrests—seize Railroads &c.—perform advanced-post or patrol duty; and generally, to be attached to the General for the performance of any special service required by him involving delicacy or danger.

If desired, a squad of men from the Railroads of Penna. with telegraph operators, &c. will be included in the Company to expedite the transportation of troops and supplies, and repair and operate Railroads that it may be necessary to seize or control in the prosecution of the campaign in Kentucky and Tennessee.

The advantages of such a corps for the various duties above specified, would be unusual intelligence, trustworthiness on duty, nervous energy and courage, and patriotic spirit. While the members would be gentlemen, they would be of the kind who would feel proud to submit to the strictest military discipline, hard drill, and any hardships uncomplainingly for the sake of their country. They will go determined to take

everything roughly, and nothing like dandyism or dissipation will be tolerated.

Arms—to be a light sabre, Colt's Revolver worn on the person, and (in consequence of the *detached* character of the service) a rifled carbine slung to the shoulder.

Accoutrements so arranged that sabre can be hung to saddle, when Trooper dismounts to serve on foot.

The horses to be got in Central Kentucky and to be light, active and hardy.

The command to be given to such person (of cavalry experience if possible) as General Anderson may select. The remaining officers and non-commissioned officers to be elected by the Co. after it shall have been filled up.

Respectfully Submitted

WM. J. PALMER,
of Philada.

Approved by Brig. Gen'l. Anderson at Louisville,
Sep. 20/61.

OFFICE

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD COMPANY,

Philadelphia, Sept. 24th, 1861.

DEAR SIR :

I take the liberty of enclosing to you herewith a plan for the organization of a picked Company of light Cavalry composed of Pennsylvanians, which Brig. Gen'l. Anderson has requested the War Department to accept as an *independent Corps* for special service in the "Department of the Cumberland." The Company will be called the "Anderson Troop," and will be under the immediate eye of the General Commanding—its special duties being those of a *Body Guard to General Anderson*, to make reconnoissances, escort trains, make arrests, and perform such other service of a detached character as he may assign it.

In the letter which he has furnished me to the War Department, the General says "I particularly desire the acceptance of this Company, and I will be obliged if the Department will give such facilities to Mr. Palmer as will enable him to perfect its organization in the shortest possible

time. Such a Corps will be almost indispensable to me in conducting the Campaign which is already opened in my Department.”

After this earnest statement of his wants, it is not doubted that the Department will unhesitatingly accept the Company. I shall proceed immediately to Washington to secure this result, and to procure the requisite orders for the mounting, arriving, and equipping of the men, but not to lose any time I have addressed this note to you as a gentleman of influence, and one well acquainted in your section of the State, to ask that you will aid me in making this Corps, one that will fairly represent the intelligence, respectability, and patriotic spirit of the young men from Penna. The honor and fair name of the State will be in its keeping in the campaign in Kentucky and Tennessee—it is therefore desired that its ranks should be filled with the very best of our youth, taking physical as well as moral considerations into view. The troop will be commanded by an officer to be appointed by Gen'l. Anderson—the Lieutenants and non-commissioned officers to be elected by a fair vote of the Compny, after it shall have been formed. It will be as much a matter of pride however to be a private as an officer in this Troop—and no member will be

bound by his acceptance, unless he chooses, until after he has seen his comrades, and been mustered into service.

As soon as 85 men have been accepted, they will be sent to Louisville, Ky.—the remainder of the Troop to be selected from the counties of the State which may not at first have responded, and for which more time will be admissible.

It is not expected however that more than a week or ten days will be required for the enlistment of 110 men in the State of Pennsylvania of the character referred to—in response to this call and most flattering compliment from the gallant Hero of Fort Sumter. And let Penna. shew by this little contribution, if in no other way, her appreciation of and desire to repay the debt which the West has put us under by the recent detachment of several regiments from Fremont's command to reinforce the army of the Eastern Coast.

I have therefore to request that you will nominate for the county in which you reside, and for each of the adjacent counties, *five* young men, or any less number, aged between 18 and 30 years (the younger the better) who may in your opinion answer the description given above and in the enclosed plan; and who may be willing to go from a patriotic motive solely, and with a

determination to submit to the strictest drill and military discipline, and to endure any hardships for their Country's sake.

The men to be light, active, and hardy—and more or less accustomed to riding—and the names to be mentioned on your list (with their addresses) in the order of your *preference*, so that in case all the counties respond, the best may be taken from each.

I will personally see, or address a note similar to this, to influential and well-known gentlemen in nearly every section of the State, and make no doubt but that they and you will heartily cooperate in this endeavor to furnish Gen'l. Anderson a mounted Body Guard from Penna. worthy of him and of the State.

Please let me hear from you with as little delay as practicable, at the office of the President of the Penna. R. Rd. Co., Philada.

Yours Respectfully,

WM. J. PALMER.

P. S. In order to comply with the existing legal form, the Troop if accepted, will be commissioned by the authorities of the State of Penna. in obedience to a requisition made upon them by the War Department for such a company.

RITTENHOUSE MANSION.

DAVID RITTENHOUSE, the celebrated astronomer, who had lived at Norriton, came to Philadelphia, in 1770. He was appointed Treasurer of Pennsylvania, in 1777, and held the office till 1789. He was appointed Director of the United States Mint in 1792. In 1787 was finished upon the lot upon which he had erected his observatory, at the northwest corner of Seventh and Arch Streets, the substantial house shown in our view. He removed there from his previous residence at the southeast corner of these streets. He died June 26, 1796, and was buried near his observatory. The tomb was afterward removed to the Old Pine Street burying-ground. His daughters continued to reside in this house and that adjoining, and here in 1809 the United States and the State of Pennsylvania nearly came into armed collision. Rittenhouse, while State Treasurer, became the custodian of a fund in a prize-money case which was claimed by the State of Pennsylvania and by the United States. The latter



HOME OF GENL PALMER—1856

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obtained judgment, and called on Rittenhouse's executors, his daughters, Mrs. Elizabeth Sergeant and Mrs. Esther Waters, for payment. The State ordered them *not* to pay, and to prevent service of the writ upon them, armed State troops were posted around this house from March 23rd to April 18th, when John Smith, the United States Marshal, obtained access to the premises by stratagem and made service of his writ. There was considerable legal trouble over it afterwards. From the circumstances the house afterward obtained the nickname, still known to old Philadelphians, of "Fort Rittenhouse."

This historic old house was the home of William J. Palmer for a few years, about 1856, and here he and Isaac H. Clothier roomed together for some time prior to the writing of the 1859 letters.

THE GLEN EYRIE HOME OF 1905.

THE picture of General Palmer's home in Colorado is necessarily imperfect on the small scale which the pages of this book permit. It is reproduced from a photograph taken last summer.

The house was originally built in 1871, but rebuilt in solid masonry on precisely the same architectural lines, during the past two years, with the addition of Book Hall, a large library building.

The house, itself, is most attractive as an ideal American home on a broad scale, but the site on which it stands, and the immediate surroundings, are of the most interesting and unique character.

Glen Eyrie is equi-distant—five miles—from both Colorado Springs and Manitou, the latter at the very base of Pikes Peak, where the road up the mountain starts. This grand natural park was almost unknown until visited by General Palmer in 1870, before the founding of Colorado Springs. He was charmed with the beauty of the spot, and took prompt measures, under the Homestead Act,



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to occupy and become the owner of 160 acres, where the house now stands. The Garden of the Gods, immediately adjoining, was afterwards similarly occupied under the Homestead Law. By purchase of tracts adjoining Glen Eyrie, from time to time since, he has acquired a large area of mountain and park lands among the foot-hills of the "Rockies," perhaps approximating 3000 acres in the aggregate.

Glen Eyrie proper is a valley, but the grand Rocky Mountain Chain, with Pikes Peak dominating all, is in full view from various parts of the estate. The scenery throughout the property, and immediately about the house, within easy walking distance, is of a varied grandeur not to be described. Queen's Cañon, beginning a few hundred feet away, affords a walk of some miles through striking and impressive scenery, reminding one of the world-renowned Grand Cañon of Colorado, or that of Yellowstone Park on a smaller and more accessible scale. Driving roads, well-constructed paths, and mountain trails have for a number of years been gradually laid out, so that to-day they aggregate perhaps twenty miles in extent on General Palmer's estate alone. The public are admitted and freely welcomed to the driving roads on the estate, excepting perhaps a

hundred acres immediately about the house; and during the tourist season long lines of carriages drive through and about the roads, affording at points excellent views of the buildings and private grounds.

On the whole, the Glen Eyrie home is altogether unique, so far as my experience and knowledge go. There are undoubtedly more costly and pretentious houses, but the combination of such a house with such surroundings in the midst of scenery unexcelled in the Western Hemisphere, causes it—I believe—to stand alone among American homes.



IT is deemed appropriate to insert the following poem as a great favorite of both General Palmer and myself, concerning the great President in whom as young men we both thoroughly believed during the stress of the Civil War, and who soon afterward came to be regarded in the South as in the North the Father of the Nation.

Those whose memories reach back far enough can recall how during his four years of labor and sacrifice he was mercilessly reviled and caricatured with pencil and pen by the English "Punch," followed soon after his career was tragically closed by this magnificent recantation made in one of the greatest poems of the times.

One reason for its insertion is that it appears to be not generally familiar to the community and is not included in usual collections of verse, perhaps because of its impersonal and unknown authorship.

I would add that whenever I look at the face of Lincoln, with its expression of profound thought and unspeakable sorrow, an old couplet of the war time almost always comes into my mind—

" We are coming Father Abraham
Three Hundred Thousand more."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Assassinated April 14th, 1865.

From "Punch."

You lay a wreath on murder'd Lincoln's bier,
 You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
Broad for the self-complaisant British sneer,
 His length of shambling limb, his furrow'd face,

His gaunt, gnarl'd hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
 His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
 Of power or will to shine, of art to please ;

You, whose smart pen back'd up the pencil's laugh,
 Judging each step as though the way were plain ;
Reckless,—so it could point its paragraph,—
 Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain,—

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
 The Stars and Stripes he liv'd to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
 Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you* ?

Yes: he had liv'd to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learn'd to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows;

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work,—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work His will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might,—

The unclear'd forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie hiding the maz'd wanderer's tracks,

The ambush'd Indian, and the prowling bear,—
Such were the deeds that help'd his youth to train :
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destin'd work to do,
And liv'd to do it ; four long-suffering years,
Ill fate, ill feeling, ill report liv'd through,
And then he heard the hisses changed to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood,—
Till, as he came on light from darkling days,
And seem'd to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reach'd from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplex'd and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame.
Sore heart, so stopp'd when it at last beat high!
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

A deed accurs'd! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

AS this volume is partly historical, I conclude to add a little campaign song written for a Republican meeting in Newburyport, Mass., October 11, 1860, just after the Pennsylvania State election then held a month before the presidential election.

THE QUAKERS ARE OUT!

By JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Not vainly we waited and counted the hours,
The buds of our hope have all burst into flowers;
No room for misgiving—no loophole of doubt—
We've heard from the Keystone! the Quakers are out!

The plot has exploded—we've found out the trick;
The bribe goes a-begging; the fusion won't stick.
When the Wide Awake lanterns are shining about,
The rogues stay at home, and the true men are out.

The good State has broken the cords for her spun;
Her oil-springs and water won't fuse into one.
The Dutchman has seasoned with Freedom his krout,
And slow, late, but certain, the Quakers are out!

Give the flags to the winds, set the hills all aflame!
Make way for the man with the Patriarch's name!
Away with misgiving—away with all doubt—
For Lincoln goes in, when the Quakers are out!

In explanation to the young people of the allusion to the Wide Awake lanterns, I would say that in the Presidential campaign of 1860, many thousands of young Republicans all over the North formed associations under the general name of "Wide Awakes," and wearing oil cloth caps and capes, and carrying torches, marched in military array to the political meetings of the times. These clubs were a unique feature of the campaign, and helped infuse a spirit into the Republican movement which perhaps contributed largely to its success. Many a night during that exciting autumn General Palmer and I marched in uniform with the local Philadelphia body—the Republican Invincibles—to meetings held in Philadelphia and different points within fifty miles of the city, where we went by train, reaching home oftentimes in the early morning. I distinctly recall the night of the Pennsylvania State election of 1860, when the returns showed unmistakably the success of the Republican party, and presaged the sure election of Lincoln in November, how with the Republican Invincibles I marched up Chestnut Street after midnight, and the street scenes of delirious joy can never be forgotten. I remember as we passed the Continental Hotel, that the then Prince of Wales, now

King Edward VII., a pale, slender youth, stood at the window watching the wild street scenes, and I saw him with the utmost distinctness.

Those uniformed and marching companies were the precursors of the regiments, which, carrying the musket and bayonet instead of the torch, sprung into being six months later at Lincoln's call, and were the advance guard of the vast armies which stood for liberty and union, and through untold loss and sacrifice, purged the nation of slavery, and paved the way for a national future, the grand possibilities of which we cannot even yet forecast.

All this reminds me of the only times I ever saw Lincoln—on the afternoon of his arrival in Philadelphia on his way to inauguration, and the next forenoon when I was one of a company which stood at the Ninth Street door of the Continental Hotel, and saw him enter his carriage, and then, shoulder to shoulder, with one of the reserve policemen, a cordon of which surrounded the carriage, I walked precisely opposite him and within six feet of where he sat, listening to his occasional conversation, down Chestnut Street to Sixth, where the pressure of the crowd caused me to lose my place.

The party alighted on Sixth Street below Chestnut, and proceeded through Independence Square to a platform erected in front of the State House, and from a little distance, although I could not hear what he said, I saw him address the great crowd and watched every gesture with the utmost interest, and afterwards saw every movement of his as he raised the flag to the top of Independence Hall. Later he departed for Harrisburg on that day which soon became historic.

I have often remembered since that he had on his mind that morning the information which came to him the night before, of his sure assassination if he passed through Baltimore the next day. I do not think I ever saw him again in life, but four years and one month later, I saw his great funeral procession pass down Arch Street, and that night preceding the day when his body lay in state in Independence Hall, I was privileged to have a somewhat deliberate view soon after the coffin was opened.

LINES SENT BY A NASHVILLE (TENN.) LADY,
TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN, THE SECOND
YEAR OF THE CIVIL WAR.

These lines were recited to General Palmer by a prisoner of Castle Thunder, Richmond, Va., and by him recited to me on his return, and put into writing recently from memory, at my request. I have never forgotten the profound impression they made on me at the time, as evidencing the spirit and determination of the Southern people, and their sincere devotion to their cause. As I have never seen them in print, I insert them here as another memento of the war times.

You can never win them back,
Never! Never!

Though they perish on the track
Of your endeavor;

Though their corses strew the earth
Which smiled upon their birth,
And blood pollutes each hearthstone
Forever!

They may fall before the fire of your legions,
Paid with gold—murders' hire—
Base allegiance,

But for every drop you shed,
You will leave a mound of dead,
And the vultures will be fed
In our regions!

The battle to the strong is not given
While the Judge of right and wrong rules in Heaven,
And the God of David still

Guides the pebbles
With His will,
There are Giants yet to kill,
Wrongs unshriven!

APPENDIX

APPENDIX.

AS some of the letters in this volume refer to a course of lectures of which General Palmer and myself were managers in 1859, it is deemed best to add some account of those lectures, which from the circumstances attendant on their delivery became a part of the history of the city and of the times.

The subjoined account was printed in the *Public Ledger* of December 14, 1902, written by a reporter from notes made in an interview sought by him with me, and without any preparation or revision on my part. While it is therefore naturally somewhat rambling and imperfect in expression, it is in the main correct as to facts, and is submitted in place of a more carefully prepared account.

I would add, the young people of this generation can form little or no idea of the state of the public mind in those exciting times, or of the intensity of the feeling which existed just before it burst into the flame of Civil War.

I. H. C.

MR. CLOTHIER'S REMINISCENCES.

From the Philadelphia *Ledger* of December 14, 1902.

EXTRACT FROM AN ARTICLE ENTITLED

“ PHILADELPHIA IN SLAVERY DAYS.”

THE most exciting episode of all this ante-bellum period was unquestionably the effort on the part of a pro-slavery mob to break up a meeting at which George William Curtis delivered his powerful address on the burning question of the hour. The person most active in bringing Mr. Curtis to Philadelphia on this occasion was Isaac H. Clothier,

* * * * *
* * * * *

then a young man who had scarcely reached his majority.

Mr. Clothier was recently induced by the writer, after some persuasion, to tell the story of this remarkable episode in his own way, which is modesty itself. As he talked Mr. Clothier grew warm with the generous enthusiasm of more than forty years ago, and the mere words themselves convey only a partial idea of the interest which he enkindled in his listener in the course

of the narrative. He was seated at the time in his study at Ballytore, his beautiful chateau-residence at Wynnewood.

“I was deeply interested in the important questions of that time,” said Mr. Clothier. “I had always a particular fondness for oratory. The great speakers then were mostly on the side of the anti-slavery movement, and chief among them were Wendell Phillips and George William Curtis. In my thirst for listening to the discussion of great questions I used to attend lectures and meetings of all kinds. A young friend of mine and myself finally concluded that we would have a lecture course of our own in Philadelphia. (This friend was William J. Palmer, who afterward entered the army in '61 as Captain of the Anderson Troop, a Company organized for special service under General Robert Anderson, and which afterward became the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry Regiment. He has since the War been a prominent railroad man, President of the Denver & Rio Grande and Rio Grande Western Railroads, and a noted figure in Colorado life). This was in the summer of 1859, and we planned to have the course the next winter. As my friend was the private secretary of J. Edgar Thomson, President of the Pennsylvania R. R., and was much confined to his office, the executive business of the enterprise was mostly in my hands. You can imagine with what vim I, as an enthusiastic young man, entered into the work. I wrote to Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips,

George William Curtis and others. I took journeys to see some of them. Mr. Curtis I visited at his residence on Staten Island, and Mr. Beecher at Peekskill. We found that George William Curtis and Wendell Phillips were the only speakers, among those whom we wanted, that we could engage. Our arrangements were made in August; one lecture was to be delivered by Wendell Phillips in November, and one by George William Curtis in December. There was then no particular anti-slavery excitement in this city, and we had no especial object in view in connection with that movement. But between that and the date of the first lecture John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry took place in October. Instantly the whole country was aflame. The lecture of Mr. Phillips was appointed for the 28th of November in National Hall, on Market Street, between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets, on the south side. His subject was Toussaint L'Ouverture. We had no reason to anticipate any particular disorder until a little before the time for the lecture. A notorious Alderman, McMullin by name, came to the hall with a crowd of roughs prepared to break up the meeting by force. But Mr. Phillips's wonderful eloquence overcame them. They were charmed with it, and sat as if spellbound until the end. Not a hostile word or sound did they utter, and the affair was most successful.

MOB VIOLENCE THREATENED.

“The next occasion, however, was very different. The date of George William Curtis's address was two

weeks and a half later, the 15th of December, 1859, or a little less than forty-three years ago. John Brown had been hanged on the 2d of December, and the Abolitionists had held what I have always thought was a most unwise meeting at National Hall, at noon of that day. It was a very lively meeting, and came near being broken up. The lecture by George William Curtis was on 'The Present Aspect of the Slavery Question.' It was powerful, but there was nothing fiery about it; and the subject and date, you must remember, had been fixed in the previous August. When the time arrived the whole city was in a turmoil. We tried to get two men of some prominence to introduce Mr. Curtis to the audience, but they refused. Judge William D. Kelley, however, accepted the proposal with alacrity. He was perfectly fearless, and he enjoyed doing things that were a brave vindication of principle.

"That day, the 15th of December, was one of the most exciting I have ever seen. Alexander Henry was Mayor of the city. It was evident that there was going to be a riot. That morning a number of people came to see me, as the only person accessible to them who had the right to put the meeting off. My associate and myself both had a decided conviction that it would not do to obey the behests of the mob, but to hold the meeting at all risks. Judge Kelley, who strongly supported us in this resolve, took me that morning to call on the Mayor. Mayor Henry said, that while it was

his duty to maintain free speech, it was a very dangerous time, and he wished the meeting could be given up, but manfully added, that if we insisted on holding it, he would protect free speech to the full extent of his power. He added in a most earnest manner that lives might be saved by giving up the meeting. But I felt that we had no right to do that. It would be pandering to the passions of the mob and a surrender of free speech. Of course, in all this I had the advice of older persons, who confirmed me in my views. Mayor Henry made a personal appeal on the subject. Prominent citizens were present, including Eli K. Price, W. Heyward Drayton and others, who came to urge that something be done to avert the danger. They were afraid that blood would be shed. They besought the Mayor to stop the meeting, with the result as stated above. I went from the Mayor's office to the house of Rev. Dr. William H. Furness, on Pine street, where, in the meantime, Mr. Curtis had arrived. He had not heard anything as yet of the impending trouble. While we were talking a gentleman rang the door-bell. He was a well-known and very estimable citizen. He said that he had just come from the office of the Mayor, to whom he had made a personal though unavailing appeal to prevent the meeting, for fear that there would be bloodshed; and now he had come to make a personal appeal to Mr. Curtis himself in the interest of safety and humanity. Mr. Curtis asked me what I had to say in the matter, as I represented those who had wished

him to come here to lecture, and to whom he was responsible. I told him that while I certainly did not want him to go to that hall without knowing what he was doing, and I regretted that we were confronted with this danger, I saw no way out of it except to face it without shrinking. Dr. Furness said: 'If it costs the lives of all of us we ought to go on.' Mr. Curtis acquiesced, and so it was decided.

600 POLICE ON GUARD.

"Quite a party of us left Dr. Furness's house together a little before the time for the lecture. We walked from Pine street up Thirteenth, and went into National Hall from the little street in the rear. There was a terrible noise in Market street and a great crowd. Mayor Henry had 600 armed policemen posted in front of the hall and within it. A passageway was kept clear for people who wished to enter. They came in great numbers. It was surprising, the pluck they displayed. After entering by the back way we sat for a while in a little room behind the platform. Chief of Police Ruggles was there, and he took me downstairs and showed me the array of police. It looked to me more like war than anything I had yet seen. Every policeman had a loaded revolver. I felt the greatest confidence in the outcome. I felt that free speech would be vindicated. Pretty soon we marched in upon the platform. The sight was something I can never forget. The Mayor had ordered that the Anti-Slavery Fair, which was being held in Concert

Hall, on Chestnut street, should be closed for the evening, in order that all the available police not already on guard could be kept in readiness for service at National Hall, if needed. This order also swelled our audience. Among the noted persons present were James and Lucretia Mott, Mary Grew, Charles Wise, Henry C. Davis, Rev. William H. Furness, D. D., and Mrs. Furness, Robert Purvis, Dr. John D. Griscom and Mrs. Griscom, Clement M. Biddle, Edward M. Davis, Caleb Clothier, Daniel Neall, Warner Justice and his wife, Theodore Justice, Abby Kimber, Sarah Pugh, William Still, James Miller McKim and George A. Coffey, District Attorney.

“George William Curtis had walked to the hall, with Mrs. William H. Furness leaning on his arm. A self-constituted bodyguard of young men kept close to him all the way and throughout the meeting. Many have since become prominent in public affairs. Those whom I remember were William J. Palmer, Clement A. Griscom, James C. Parrish, William W. Justice, Edmund Lewis, Frank L. Neall, Henry C. Davis and the Steel brothers, Edward T., William and Henry M.

“Other persons than the police were prepared to give an account of themselves if free speech had been seriously retarded or the lives of law-abiding citizens had been assailed. Mr. Coffey, the District Attorney, sat on the platform with a loaded revolver in his pocket. I remember him saying on that day: ‘There will be hundreds of armed men in the streets to-night, ready

to back the posse comitatus in behalf of free speech.' Judge Kelley had a billy, or small cudgel, up his sleeve. It is now in my possession.

A MOST EXCITING HOUR.

"In introducing Mr. Curtis, Judge Kelley gave his listeners to understand that free speech would be vindicated, and that the orator of the evening would be protected. He further said (the words are securely graven in my memory):

'It is my privilege to introduce to you my friend, George William Curtis, who is here this evening in pursuance of an engagement made more than three months ago, to present to you his views—the views of an accomplished scholar, a polished gentleman and, withal, a great-hearted lover of his race and kind—upon the subject which God is pressing closer and closer upon us every day of our lives—the great question of slavery.'

"Mr. Curtis did not speak as long as he would have done, perhaps, if disorder had not been so rampant. His lecture lasted a little less than an hour. It was an hour of menace, noise and confusion. The building would have been torn inside out and burned to the ground if it had not been for the police. The mob on Market street made several charges upon the entrance, but the police charged them in turn and kept them out. Brickbats were thrown through the side windows of the hall. A bottle of vitriol was also thrown, and the sight of one person was destroyed by its contents. The mob had its delegates in the auditorium, too. Two or three attempts

were made to stop the lecture. Rough-looking men jumped upon the benches and gave cheers for the Union, to drown the voice of the lecturer. The police rushed at them, seized them and carried them out through a doorway under the platform. Robert E. Randall, brother of Samuel J. Randall, who became Speaker of the National House of Representatives, was one of the ringleaders, and was arrested.

RIOTERS AS HOSTAGES.

“Underneath the hall was a wholesale flour store, into which freight cars were run for the purpose of unloading. The prisoners were taken down into this store and were locked up in an empty freight car. Their confederates in the auditorium and in the street were then informed that if the building was fired the prisoners would be sure to be burned to death. To show how tense was the suspense of those on the platform while the lecture was in progress, I will mention a little incident. My associate in the management of the course of lectures, William J. Palmer, did not know Mr. Henry by sight. At one stage of the tumult, the Mayor appeared suddenly beside Mr. Curtis, as he stood near the edge of the platform, and made an appeal to the audience for order. Mr. Palmer leaned over to me and asked: ‘Who is that man?’ He afterwards told me that, supposing at first Mayor Henry was an accomplice of the mob, he came very near seizing him from behind and pushing him off the platform.

“In spite of the menacing interruptions the lecture was delivered, and was heard, and free speech was vindicated.”

Almost one year afterwards to a day, George William Curtis was again invited to speak in Philadelphia. But Lincoln had meanwhile been elected President, the secession agitation in the South had reached its highest pitch, and the anti-slavery advocates in the North were held by many thousands to be directly responsible for the great troubles which threatened the nation. The condition of public sentiment in Philadelphia was more dangerous even than it had been immediately after the execution of John Brown. The Mayor was strongly opposed to the delivery of the lecture, and Mr. Andrews, the lessee of Concert Hall, refused to allow its use for that purpose.

In connection with the above reminiscences and as an instance of the whirligig of time, it may be interesting to observe that during the past week the Hon. Grover Cleveland, twice elected President by the Democratic party, presided at a meeting in Philadelphia held in behalf of an African industrial school, and was presented to the audience by the author of these reminiscences, Mr. Isaac H. Clothier.

ADDENDUM.

Since this volume was issued, it has been ascertained that the author of the lines on Lincoln was Tom Taylor, a writer for "Punch," and subsequently its well-known editor.

The lines were included in "Parnassus," a collection of poems published in 1876, compiled by Ralph Waldo Emerson, and also in Stedman's Victorian collection published in 1895.

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