THE

MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 23

COMPRISING

WILLIAM ABBATT

410 EAST 32D STREET NEW YORK

1913

(As near a *fac-simile* of the original as possible.)

AN

IMPARTIAL REVIEW

OF THE

RISE AND PROGRESS

OF THE

CONTROVERSY BETWEEN THE PARTIES KNOWN

BY THE NAMES OF THE

FEDERALISTS & REPUBLICANS

CONTAINING

An investigation of the Radical Cause of Division; and of some of the Subordinate or Auxiliary Causes which have been instrumental in Enlarging the Breach, And inflaming The Minds of The Partizans

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM

A Partaker in the American Revolution

(CHARLES PETTIT)

To A

JUNIOR CITIZEN

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

The original of this political tract is very rare, and this is the first time it has been reprinted, or its author's name given.

Charles Pettit, (1736-1806,) a noted patriot of New Jersey, held various offices of trust before the Revolution, and in 1778 became assistant Quartermaster General of the army. He declined to succeed General Greene in the office of Quartermaster General. In 1785-87 he was a member of Congress, and held various positions of honor and trust in Philadelphia. He was the grandfather of Judge Thomas McKean.

LETTER I

WHEN, in compliance with your request, I promised to give you some information concerning the rise and progress of the party divisions prevailing in this country, I was not fully aware of the extent of the field it would lead me into, nor of the great variety of facts and circumstances necessarily involved in a due consideration of the subject. I had before thought of it but cursorily and in detached parts, as circumstances occasionally presented them to my view. To arrange and methodize the variety of matter necessary to give you a clear and concise view of the subject as it appears to me, would require more time and leisure than I can conveniently command. But as I mean not wholly to decline a compliance with my promise, I shall take the liberty of using a more dessultory mode of communication than I at first intended, as I can borrow opportunity from other avocations. You have undoubtedly learned from traditional as well as from historical information, that when the people of America were roused to form combinations to resist the measures of the British government, they were not actuated by a dislike to the constitution, nor by disloyalty to the King, whose constitutional authority was as universally acknowledged and respected in this country as in many other parts of his dominions.

You have also learned from the same sources the causes of that resistance, which at length arose to a revolution and ended in an entire separation of the political connection which had before subsisted between the two countries, by the independency of the United States, finally established and confirmed by the treaty of peace in 1783.

But as the party divisions which are now so conspicuous amongst us extend their roots beyond the acknowledgment of our independency by Great Britain in 1783 or even our own declaration of it [in] 1776, it may be proper to trace some of the principal

branches of these roots to origins more remote, in order to give you a view of the subject in the point of light in which it appears to me, and to enable you to judge the more clearly of the correctness of my ideas: for my design is rather to lead you into the paths of information by which you may form opinions from your own judgment than to attempt to model them by any other standard. So far as you find my ideas incorrect, you will of course reject or modify them as you find consistent with facts and fair reasoning. I may perhaps, as a party in the game, have imbibed some prejudices which may have occasioned me to overlook some points or considerations which deserve attention; and, as is customary in the ardent pursuit of a particular object, I may have given undue weight to other considerations. If you, as a less-interested spectator, discover any such errors, I shall be obliged to you to point them out to me, as I am not less desirous to correct my own opinions in whatever points they may be erroneous, than to enable you to form yours aright.

The *art* of government has been long known and practised by the administrators of it in the old world; but the true principles on which government ought to be founded and administered for the general happiness and good of the community, have been less attended to and understood than they ought to have been. Monarchies have generally originated in conquest and usurpation, and been supported by despotism, as being necessary to their preservation. And though this despotism has often been meliorated and attempered, sometimes by the liberality and good disposition of the reigning monarch and sometimes by the fear of exciting a revolt by an overstrained exercise of power; yet the existence of the power was always claimed to be in the possession of the monarch, and every relaxation in the exercise of it was to be considered as an act of grace and favour, claiming from the people an acknowledgment of obligation. This seems to be placing government on a wrong foundation, or upon the wrong end, like an inverted cone.

It was as colonists of England that the people of the United States acquired or imbibed their ideas of government, and of their rights and duties under a social compact. And for our present purpose it will not be necessary to look farther than to that country for the illustration of what I am about to say, nor to state more than a brief sketch of the leading points of their history as it relates to this subject.

As a Monarchy, the government of England had become, before our separation, the mildest and perhaps on the whole the best attempered, of any in the known world. The constitution, after the various modifications it had undergone, was comparatively a good one, at least a plausible one in theory; but its boundaries were insufficiently secured; it was founded on a set of maxims and precedents established by practice in a course of time, which resolved everything into the will of the King and Parliament to make it what ever they should please. Supposing the parliament to be a fair representation of the people, there might have been safety in it; and the plausible appearances of this safety has given rise to different opinions on the subject. The government, instead of deriving its source from the voluntary suffrages of the people, and having for its only, or principal object, their benefit and happiness, originated in monarchy acquired by conquest. The establishment of parliaments and of every other regulation whereby the people had any share in or controul over it, were obtained from time to time by extorted, rather than voluntary, grants and concessions from the monarch; and what was not so granted or conceded was supposed to remain in the monarch as the fountain or source of all honour, distinction and power. Hence the King retained influence enough to preserve a strong party attached to his interests and views, whenever they were placed in competition with those of the people at large. From hence arose the division understood by the appellations of Court and Country parties, Tories and Whigs, and other names of distinction.

At the well-known epoch, called by way of eminence *The Revolution*, the constitution of England became more definite than it had been before; and certain principles were established which it was supposed would secure to the people an efficient share in, and controul over, the government. But the restraints to which the Executive was subjected were found to be irksome to the party attached to the high claims of monarchy; and finding themselves unable to get rid of those restraints by direct and open measures, they devised means less direct and expeditious, though not less certain, than a revolution by force; and in time regained by corruption and influence what had been lost by compact and settlement at the revolution. So that the Executive, though nominally restrained by the legislature, became in reality as potent, and armed with as much efficient strength as before the revolution; and with greater security in the exercise of those powers, because its measures were apparently covered and sanctioned by acts of parliament, which were deemed constitutional authority because the people were nominally represented in parliament.

These leading points being observed, will be sufficient marks to point out to an ingenuous mind the train of investigation and reasoning necessary to a competent knowledge of the subject.

LETTER II

THE British Colonists on the continent of America, born and educated under the British government, and accustomed to view it with respect and veneration, gloried in their connection with it under the various modifications of their respective Colonial constitutions. Having parliaments of their own in which the people were represented by men of their own free and deliberate choice, they had less occasion than the people of England, to feel, and less opportunity to perceive, the effects of that undue influence which the executive had acquired in the mother country. But when they perceived a systematic design to extend that influence by hasty

strides to this country, by acts of a legislature in which they had not even the semblance of a representation, and especially when the right of such legislation to bind them in all cases whatsoever, was openly and formally avowed, revolt became a necessary consequence There were, notwithstanding, among the colonists many who were opposed to the revolt; some from the shackles of influence imposed on them or on their relatives and connections, by offices or grants from the Executive, or expectations or hopes of obtaining favors of that kind; others from apprehensions of danger to their persons, families or property in the contest, or fear of the consequences in case the revolt should be finally unsuccessful; and some perhaps believing that the British parliament had a constitutional right to exercise the powers they claimed. There was moreover a numerous class of people who believe or profess to believe, that they are not to intermeddle in the affairs of government, nor to resist the powers in being, nor even to enquire into the legitimacy of their foundation.

Under these heads may be found the principal sources of the obstructions interposed to impede resistance made to the encroachments of the government of Great Britain. There were undoubtedly many who took an early and decided part on what they deemed solid principles. But there were also many who, from various causes, continued in an undecided state, vibrating by the operation of contending passions, between hope and fear, patriotism and private interest, till the tide of patriotism became so strong as to overpower all opposition. Its momentum was increased even by the weight of matter which it carried on with it in a reluctantly quiescent state, till at length it brought on the crisis of the public declaration of independence. This induced a considerable separation of the particles. A number who had thus far glided on with the stream, some apparently aiding its impetus and others occasionally though feebly struggling against it, made their escape from it by flight or otherwise. Others, of less resolution, who thought they

had travelled too far with the stream to withdraw from it with safety, continued on in as quiet a state as they could, to take the chance of events and watch for occasions to profit by them.

Our constitutions and forms of government, which had been framed and adopted in the heat and confusion of revolutionary times, however well adapted to the times and circumstances under which they were formed, when zeal to accomplish the revolution and the pressure of common danger gave to the resolutions and recommendations of representative bodies the energetic force of penal laws, yet when the object was obtained and the external pressure of common danger abated, these constitutions and forms of government were found to be deficient in points essential to social order and political economy. Amendments therefore became highly necessary, especially in the federal constitution.

The evils arising from the imbecility of the federal government had become obvious to every attentive mind. System and order in many important and essential points of government, had fallen into decay and disarrangement; and habits of disorder, destructive of national character, were gaining ground in an alarming degree. Attempts were made at partial remedies, which generally failed of success and would probably have proved inadequate if they had been carried into effect. At length, by a kind of general consent, a convention was called of delegates from each state in the Union, to take the matter into consideration and devise a remedy. On a careful survey of the Constitution then in being, they found it defective in so many important points that they deemed it expedient to lay it aside as irreparable, and to constitute one entirely new and independent of it, except the use of such of the materials saved from the wreck as could be wrought into the new structure. When this new fabrication was exposed to the people for their approbation, it was seen in various points of view, according to the local situations, wishes, expectations and other circumstances of the beholders. It therefore gave rise to various opinions concerning its propriety,

fitness and utility. But so general was the opinion that a change from the former defective plan was necessary, that there was a prevalent disposition in favour of the adoption, in confidence that it would probably be a change for the better, but could not be for the worse, especially as it contained in it a provision for amendment or renovation if, on experience, either should be found necessary or expedient.

SOME however were apprehensive that the adoption as it stood would be a change too great, by going, as they conceived, from one extreme to another; that is, by giving the Federal government, which had been too weak, a degree of power incompatible with the rights and powers which were necessary to be preserved in the respective States; and that instead of being a federal, there might be danger of its becoming a consolidated general government, too unwieldy to be administered without the exercise of powers in a manner incompatible with the safety of individuals. On the other hand there were some who expressed an opinion that too little power was given to the federal government by the Constitution, and too much still reserved in the different States; insomuch that dangers might be apprehended that the general government would be thereby unduly impeded in its operations, and restrained in the exercise of the powers intended to be given by the Constitution.

These were the leading points of controversy in the debates on the question of adoption; and though in the extent to which these debates were ramified a great variety of subordinate questions were under discussion, they were generally derivable from the same source and founded on the same principles. The prevailing party, for the adoption, assumed the title of *Federalists*, and of course designated their opponents by the title of *Anti-federalists*. The minority, however, acquiesced in the adoption, and after having obtained the ratification of some amendments which they supposed added farther security to the separate rights of the respective States

and of individuals, considered it as a FEDERAL CONSTITUTION with which they were satisfied and which merited their support. But the *principles* which gave rise to the grand division of opinions before suggested, still remained. They were of earlier origin than any of our American constitutions, being the same which in all ages, and in all countries where the people have had any share in the government, have been influential in dividing the people into what are commonly designated by *Court* and *Country* parties, and which in England have been also denominated *High Church* and *Low Church*, *Tories* and *Whigs*, &c. It cannot be necessary to attempt to explain to you farther the precise meaning of these epithets; they have borne so conspicuous a part in history, especially in that of England, that you cannot mistake their common meaning. Neither do I suppose it necessary on this occasion to attempt to describe the different forms or systems of government to which these principles and opinions are severally best adapted, or are most likely to produce.

LETTER III

It has been commonly said, and no less commonly received as a truth in America, that the people in this country are generally more enlightened and better informed, especially in matters relating to civil government, than the mass of people in any other country. The opportunities they have had, and the duties to which they have been called in their respective colonial governments, afford much ground for the supposition. A people under such circumstances, free from external restraint and influence, and perfectly at liberty to frame a social compact according to their own choice, could hardly fail to give it a republican form, as most likely to admit of the exercise of a sufficient degree of power to preserve internal order and harmony in the community, and to combine and direct the concentrated force and strength of the whole to such points as may become necessary to national defence and pro-

tection, without endangering the safety of individual freedom and happiness. The Constitution of the United States, though perhaps short of that degree of perfection which would not admit of amendment, is justly deemed superior to any other system of government which has heretofore been adopted by an extensive nation. It embraces the principles necessary to social happiness and individual safety, and to the exercise of the national strength and power for the purposes of external defence and protection And if peace in Europe had continued a few years longer amongst the great maritime nations, it is probable that we should have been habituated to a more harmonious organization under this constitution than we have experienced.

But scarcely had our Constitution begun its operation when the Revolution in France drew the attention of the principal nations of Europe, and occasioned or furnished a pretence for, extensive combinations and hostilities which involved us, in some measure, in their consequences. Our situation and our interests made a state of perfect neutrality on our part a desirable object. But our treaty with France, under which we had received many important benefits, in a time of great need, gave that nation claims upon our friendship and hospitality which no other nation had an equal right to expect; and the remembrance of benefits recently derived from their efforts in our behalf, aided by the sympathetic feelings of individuals for a people labouring to emancipate themselves from a situation somewhat similar to that from which they had assisted us to extricate ourselves, created in the minds of the people of this country a general wish for the success of the revolution in France. This disposition was known and cordially felt in France: but being in the height of a revolutionary struggle themselves, in which the calm dictates of prudence are liable to be overborne by the effervescence of enthusiastic feelings, they did not make due allowance for our having recovered from the frensy of revolution, and subsided into a degree of order and constitutional

organization. They seemed to suppose us still in a revolutionary state, as fermentable as themselves and ready to accompany them in their flights, however fanciful or desperate. The early ministers of the French republic, especially the first,* assumed a conduct in this country which our government deemed incompatible with the dignity of an independent nation to suffer, and inconsistent with our declared neutrality to permit. On the complaint of the President to the government of France, the minister was superseded and removed from office. Our neutrality was announced by public proclamation, which also announced a prohibition of the sale of prizes, and of the arming, equipping and commissioning vessels of war in our ports, or raising troops by any of the hostile powers, in the United States. In the meantime, however, the British government, supposing perhaps that these measures of the French in this country had been more countenanced by our government than they really were, and perceiving, as they imagined, a general predilection in the minds of the people of this country in favour of France, and having moreover, by various means reduced France to a situation which they expected would produce a counter-revolution and the restoration of royalty in that country, under their auspices, they probably thought it not an unfavourable time to punish the Americans for the disgrace which they had suffered by the successful revolution of these republicans. They authorized, or at least encouraged, depredations to be made on the American commerce, incompatible with a state of amity and peace; and measures were taken in the British colonies bordering on the United States, and amongst the neighbouring Indian tribes, which manifested designs of farther hostility.

These circumstances, on the one side and on the other, were highly perplexing to the government of the United States, and to the people individually. A state of neutrality and peace was so evidently their true interest that it could not fail to be their desire.

*Genet.

But how this desirable state could be best maintained consistently with the honour and dignity of an independent nation, was a matter of difficulty. Some supposed it would be best, at all hazards, to repel hostile aggressions by force in their early stages, and to retaliate them by retort. Others were for a kind of commercial warfare, by withholding our commerce from the aggressing power: and some few of these proposed going so far as a sequestration of such property of the aggressing power as could be found within our reach. Others again seemed to suppose that we had given plausible if not just cause for the aggressions and threats we had experienced, and that we ought to acknowledge our errors, and shew our desire of amendment by taking part in hostilities against France. Of this last class, however, though the number was not inconsiderable, there were but few, if any, who were intitled to a voice in our councils by birth and by services rendered in effecting the Revolution. To carry any of these propositions into effect required the interposition of the legislature; and each of them were opposed by too many obstacles to be hastily adopted. The President thought it best to try the gentler mode of negociation and treaty, to which his constitutional powers were adequate without the intervention of the legislature; he therefore dispatched a minister plenipotentiary for this purpose, to the court of Great Britain.

In the meantime the tide of success had somewhat changed its course in Europe. The French, by extraordinary exertions, had become more formidable to their enemies, and clouded the prospect of their being subdued. The disposition of the British court respecting America was changed, and the American minister found little difficulty in coming to an explanation with them on the subject of his mission. A treaty was formed for settling and removing the subjects of discontent which had arisen between them and us. If this treaty had extended no farther than was necessary for this object, it is probable it would have received the general approbation of the citizens of the United States; but it contained also a

plan of amity and commerce, by which it was proposed to connect the friendship and interests of the two countries by an enlargement of their commercial intercourse. In this plan were interwoven stipulations which were deemed by many citizens, both within and without the doors of Congress, injurious to if not incompatible with our prior national engagements, and perhaps not perfectly consistent in other respects, with the dignity of an independent nation. One article in this treaty was deemed by the Senate so totally inadmissible that, although the majority were disposed to advise the ratification of the rest, they accompanied their advice with an explicit rejection of that article. It was also evident, from many circumstances, that difficulties occurred to the mind of the President concerning the ratification, without further corrections than the expunging of this article; but after deliberating some time on the various consequences of his determination either way, and probably considering that on the whole the consequences of rejection might be attended with greater evils than would be produced by adoption, and that in the latter case he was armed with the constitutional advice of the Senate for his support, whereas in case of rejection he should be singly and alone responsible, he decided in favour of the qualified ratification advised by the Senate.

LETTER IV

I do not mean by what I have said respecting the British treaty and the circumstances respecting it, to call into question either the wisdom or the patriotism of the President in the business; nor would the subject have obtained more than a bare mention on this occasion, if so much, were it not that I conceive it has been highly influential in marking the differences of the parties, and in exciting that spirit of animosity in opposing each other, which has given occasion to this communication. The parties have designated each other by various epithets and remarks, disgraceful to the character of Americans, on different occasions; and amongst other terms of

reproach "English Party" and "French Party" have been applied with Billingsgate freedom. These appellations, though they did not derive their origin entirely from this treaty, derived more currency and importance from it than they had obtained before; for previously to this æra the Americans, friendly to the revolution, were but little divided by the distinctions which these appellations indicate, however they might be divided in other respects.

It cannot be necessary to enumerate the various reproachful epithets which each of the parties in their warmth have bestowed on the other; they are numerous, and most of them intended to irritate and provoke; in this respect they have seldom failed of success and are perhaps nearly equally balanced. The distinction of the parties however, may be as clearly understood by a single appellation appropriated to each as by the variety they have used respecting each other. I shall therefore, when I have occasion to speak of them, distinguish them by calling one of them Federalists, and the other Republicans; not because I think either of them entitled to the exclusive appropriation, but because these are the appellations which they seem to have respectively chosen for themselves. For federalists, to be fairly intitled to the name, must be republicans; and republicans, according to the national constitution, must also be federalists. Both parties profess an attachment to and a reverence for, the Constitution as their guide, but from the principles and causes I have heretofore suggested, they frequently differ in opinion as to the modes and measures manifesting their attachment and veneration, and reciprocally charge each other with designs to warp, subvert and destroy the Constitution itself.

The government seems to be designated by the constitution as a government of laws, rather than of men; and in the framing and executing of the laws, as well as in the choice of men to perform the service, it is naturally to be expected in a community of freemen that diversity of opinion should frequently arise. It may indeed be said to be necessary that measures proposed by some should be

opposed or questioned by others, so far at least as to promote discussion; for the best of men are liable occasionally to err, and by collision of opinions the truth may be brought to light. One would imagine that in a community of enlightened and patriotic citizens these discussions would be conducted with decency, moderation and fair argument; and that constitutional decisions by a majority of suffrages, would be fairly obtained and peaceably acquiesced in, without breaches of moderation and decorum.

That the affairs of the United States have not on all occasions been conducted with a due degree of moderation and magnanimity —that debates and discussions have run into intemperate disputes and altercations, and exhibited unwarrantable demonstrations of envy, hatred and malicious animosity, is much to be lamented. These things cannot have been occasioned merely by differences of opinion concerning the construction and meaning of the constitution, or the measures necessary to support and carry it into fair operation. We must look to other circumstances for the causes of the extension, if not of the origin of these evils.

It is inherent in the nature of power, especially of executive power, to excite in its possessors a desire to increase the proportion constitutionally vested in them. It has been often said, and not uncommonly acquiesced in, that despotic power in an individual, or government by a single will, would be the best mode for the happiness of the people, provided security could be obtained that the person vested with such power, and his successors, would always possess superior wisdom and patriotism, with a constant desire to promote such happiness. But it is not necessary, in order to support this axiom, to suppose that every man in power aims at becoming a despot; nor to impute to him motives unfriendly to the people, by desiring to increase his own power. An honest man vested with limited power may suppose that if his power were enlarged he could use it more beneficially for the people, and he may

be honestly disposed to do so, and therefore may wish to remove some of the restraints which he finds impede the exercise of that disposition. But the experience of the world has shewn that the extension of power, even to the best of men, may become a precedent [of] which a successor, however unfit to be trusted with it, might and most probably would avail himself. And hence the inconveniences of the restraints which limit and controul the exercise of power in the hands of the executive are submitted to for the sake of safety; as the evils they produce are of less magnitude, and less to be dreaded, than those which might be expected from the relaxation of those restraints and the enlargement of such limits farther than is absolutely necessary for the due execution of the laws.

These observations will be considered as a qualification of and if necessary an apology for, what has been or shall be said concerning the executive of the United States.

The principles heretofore suggested as dividing the people of all countries enjoying any degree of freedom into what is commonly understood by Court and Country parties, I take to be the principal root or leading cause of division of the parties in this country called Federalists and Republicans. This, though probably the primary cause, does not in the United States, however, operate alone. To do justice to the subject it will be necessary to take into view several auxiliary causes which tend to irritate and inflame the parties, and to strengthen and confirm their prejudices against each other. These may be described under different heads, for which I must refer you to my next letter.

LETTER V

It was suggested in my last letter that some notice should be taken in this of the auxiliary causes which strengthen and confirm the prejudices of the parties, in aid of what was considered as the primary or leading cause of division; and these were to be arranged under several heads.

1. *The principles and prejudices which opposed the Revolution.*

The whole of the inhabitants, with very few exceptions, who were opposed to the Revolution and the establishment of the independency of the United States, and who remained or have been re-admitted as citizens, are here to be noticed as on one side of the party division. To which may be added the greater part of those who reluctantly yielded a passive submission to the general will and public measures in the time of the revolution, to avoid the consequences of opposition, but carefully avoided rendering any services, either in person or by their property, as far as they decently could. It may be just, however, respecting the persons included under this head to say that, since the treaty of peace with Great Britain, by which the independency of the United States was explicitly acknowledged, they have yielded obedience to the laws and shewn a disposition to support them in common with other citizens. But it may be remarked at the same time that in their ideas of government the principles of monarchy are still predominant; and they have generally manifested a desire to have our government assimilated in form and practice, as nearly as may be, to that of Great Britain.

2. *The accession of Emigrants from other Countries.*

The early part of the disturbances now existing in Europe occasioned many persons to change their places of residence. The fame of our rising empire as a peaceful asylum, and as affording rich sources of speculation in lands and commercial pursuits, drew the attention of some of them to this country. Their wealth, and the information they were supposed to possess, were esteemed by some and especially by those described under the preceding head, as valuable acquisitions. They were generally attached to governments of which monarchy was a prominent feature, and were cherished accordingly by those of similar sentiments. To these may be added a vastly greater number of the subjects of Great Britain, in-

vited hither by prospects of commercial and speculative advantages; some with views of becoming permanent settlers and citizens, others to make experiments on which they might form future determinations, and a class still more numerous, as agents to enliven the chain of commercial connections already established between the two countries, and to form new ones as occasion might offer. A considerable number became naturalized citizens, and attached themselves to this country for life; others may probably do the same, but a great number obtain their transitory views as British subjects and carry on trade with British capitals and on British account, intending hereafter to return with their acquisitions. The posterity of some [of] these may become attached to this as their native country; but it is probable that those who are natives of Britain will not generally so far relinquish the prejudices imbibed in early education and strengthened by habit, as to bestow on this country a preferable attachment, tho' the wealth they possess may have been chiefly acquired in it. With the aid of these auxiliaries, who have pretty uniformly been found on the side approaching nearest to the principles of monarchy in all political questions, the party choosing to be distinguished by the name of Federalists have acquired a degree of strength and influence which has enabled them to give the *tone* and *fashion* to political opinions and conversations in most places of public resort and convivial meeting.

Thus far the auxiliaries mentioned have been generally, if not wholly, an addition to the power of the Federalists. It may be proper, however, to mention that there have been also emigrants from other countries who have taken part with the republicans. Those of them who have been accustomed to mechanical and laborious employments have generally done so, as well as some few in the more fashionable grades of society; but these excepted the number has been comparatively small. Some of them however, have by their conduct manifested more zeal than prudence, and have been rendered more conspicuous and important than they would other-

wise have been, by the notice and remarks of their opponents. These, or at least some of them, have perhaps done more injury than service to the republican interest, by intemperate and incautious manifestations of their zeal, which has probably had an influence in turning a number of voters from the republican to the federal party, in the manner which will be suggested under the next head.

3. *The desire of being esteemed fashionable in genteel society, and the hope of preferment by the favourable notice of men in power.*

A considerable proportion of the people in all countries, even of those of respectable connections, appearances and standing, do not take the pains to investigate political subjects with sufficient attention and accuracy to form independent opinions with satisfactory correctness. They are apt to take it for granted that men in high offices must have obtained them by superior talents and fitness for their stations; that they must therefore be the most proper judges of the measures to be taken for the public welfare, and that any measures which they devise or approve ought to be adopted without scrutinous question, because question leads to debate and perhaps opposition, which may obstruct the wheels of government. Strange as an implicit belief in these ideas may appear to men of study and more thorough information, and however illy adapted to a free republic, they are so plausible as to find a sufficient number of advocates to make them fashionable; and the influence of fashion is too generally known to need description, especially when it is considered through what channels, on what motives and by what means such favours as the supreme executive generally has the power of bestowing, are usually distributed; and how great a proportion of the people of this country, now in the meridian of life and acting on the stage of politics have acquired the age of manhood since the Revolution and of course can have very little experimental knowledge of the trials, the feelings and the governing motives of that eventful era A farther remark under this head may not be inapplicable.

You will generally find that whenever a person takes part on either side of a contest, his passions, however dormant they were before, become agitated by opposition and strengthen and confirm his prejudices; his reasoning faculties become subservient to those prejudices and his judgment is in a great measure guided by the spirit of the party he is connected with. You will find this remark generally justified by observation on parties in a trivial contest, as well as in those of a more serious and important kind; as visible perhaps at a horse-race or a cock-match as at the election of a Representative or a principal magistrate.

LETTER VI.

Having in my last stated to you some of the auxiliary causes which have had a tendency to widen the breach between the parties and to inflame their passions and increase their prejudices against each other, I shall proceed to mention more of those causes as being worthy of consideration.

4. *The unhappy, misunderstandings which have taken place between this country and France.*

Without going into a minute enquiry concerning the origin and progress of these misunderstandings, it is admitted by moderate men of both our parties that there has been error on both sides, but that the greatest portion of it has been on the side of France. Many of their demands have been unreasonable and unjust in themselves, and urged in an unreasonable manner; and their national conduct towards us has been not only unfriendly but unjustly and injuriously hostile to a degree that demanded pointed expressions of resentment. But in the mode of expressing that resentment, and the circumstances preparatory to and accompanying some of the measures for the purpose, the parties have disagreed in opinion. The republicans did not generally suppose it was necessary, nor consistent with our national character and existing circumstances, to endeavour

to widen the breach between the two countries and inflame their resentment against each other, by other circumstances in the affairs and conduct of France than such as related to the matters in controversy between them and us; and especially by inflammatory speeches and publications respecting such other matters and circumstances in the conduct of France, as they may have deemed necessary to the success of the revolution, which the people of this country had from sympathy and other causes been or professed to be, generally desirous of seeing established. How far we have exceeded the bounds of propriety in this respect, and from what motives it has been made fashionable to do so, those who have laboured in the business and those whose opinions and conduct have been influenced by it, would do well to consider. On one side it has been supposed to be carried to a degree of excess and extravagance dangerous to the commonwealth and injurious to our national character, and it has consequently been a matter of acrimonious controversy between our contending parties, especially between the less moderate of them.

5. *The abuse of the freedom of the press.*

Amongst the causes which have, in a high degree, been instrumental in raising and disseminating the prevailing acrimony of party spirit, may be reckoned that highly-cherished guardian of liberty, the freedom of the press. The abuse of this instrument needs no farther evidence to prove it than the daily emanations from the presses in almost every town in the United States. But the abuse of a thing does not afford a fair argument against the proper use of it. Where to fix the blame of this abuse I do not pretend to determine. Neither of the parties seem to be sufficiently free from it to fix it exclusively on the other; and the votaries of each pretend to justify themselves on the principles of self defence. The public taste in this respect is unquestionably viciated by passions and prejudices. Printers and Editors are but men, subject to like

infirmities with others. As *men* they have rights and privileges equal with other citizens; but as *printers* they act in the appropriate character of instruments of communicating intelligence. It were to be wished that the distinction met with due attention. A free press under the absolute command of an indiscretely passionate man may be likened to a dangerous weapon in the hands of a madman, and may be at least equally injurious to the community.

6. *The peculiar construction of our constitutional frame of government.*

The essential quality by which this constitutional frame of government is supposed to claim a preferable distinction from any that has preceded it, may be summarily expressed by applying to it the title of a REPRESENTATIVE DEMOCRACY. The republicans profess to admire it as a social compact founded on the broad scale of freedom and the rights of man, by which these rights and the freedom of individuals are to be restrained so far, and no farther, than is necessary for the establishment of social order and decorum, and by which the whole force of the contracting parties may be combined for this purpose and for national protection and defence against external pressure and violence; leaving a sufficient degree of individual freedom for the pursuit of happiness and comfort unrestrained farther than is necessary to guard against injury to others or to the public. But these descriptions are too concise to be understood exactly alike in the whole extent they comprise, even by those who may approve the essential principles contained in them. Different degrees of information and of the powers of comprehension, necessarily diversify opinions respecting the details of an extensive system, however uniformly the compound whole may be esteemed and approved. The republicans may therefore be considered under different heads or classes. But as these divisions, chiefly formed by the causes just mentioned, are more or less distinguishable by the irritation of the passions, and from other circumstances incapable of accurate description, and do not necessarily imply a diversity of

political *principles*, they may be left to your own observation. The two parties, however, have found occasion to differ in opinion on these subordinate points or details sufficiently to thwart and irritate each other by opposition.

Having thus stated to you my ideas of the radical ground of division, as well as of the exciting causes of the rise and progress of the party dissensions which disturb the harmony of society in the United States, questions may naturally arise concerning the probable effects of the excess to which they have arisen; but these I must leave to time and to such conjectures as your own observation may suggest. If we were to believe that the two parties generally were governed by such principles, views and motives as are imputed to them respectively by the distorted imaginations of some of the inflamed partizans on the opposite side, we should have much reason to apprehend that, whichever side should gain the ascendency, the federal constitution would be in imminent danger of destruction. But I cannot believe in the highly-wrought charges made by either against the other as a party generally, whatever may be the eccentric notions or intentions of some individuals in the one and in [the] other party. There may possibly be among those claiming the title of Federalists, men who wish to establish a degree of aristocracy incompatible with the genuine spirit of the Constitution, or even to introduce monarchy; but I cannot suppose that such designs pervade the body generally as a party. They would do well however, to examine the conduct of members who are suspected of such designs, and if they find any manifestations or indications of the kind, to discard them as unworthy the name of either Federalists or Republicans. It is also possible that there are men claiming the title of Republicans, of a disposition too turbulent and factious to rest quietly under any established system of regulations for the preservation of good order in society; but their importance, whether considered in point of number or respectability, ought to be an object of contempt rather than of fear. The principles of anarchy cannot

steal into operation unobserved. They are of a nature to approach by overt acts, and can never gain strength in a well-organized and well administered government, especially in a community of freemen. The idea, therefore, that the Republicans as a body would countenance measures tending to anarchy as part of their system, seems inadmissible.

On the contrary I believe that if the two parties would exercise a sufficient degree of care and moderation to examine, with calmness and deliberation, into the motives and intentions of each other, they would find that, setting aside the factious and perhaps interested motives and views of a comparatively small number of demagogues on the one side and on [the] other, they have had the same general object in view, and that there would be but little difference of opinion as to the mode of pursuit, other than what arises from the principles stated as the primary cause of such difference, which might be so attempered by prudence and moderation as to avoid disturbing the harmony of society or interrupting the friendly intercourse of individuals.

FINIS

A

METRICAL DESCRIPTION

OF A

FANCY BALL

Given at Washington, 9th April, 1858.

DEDICATED TO

MRS. SENATOR GWIN

BY

JOHN VON SONNTAG HAVILAND

FRANKLIN PHILP,
332 Pennsylvania Avenue,
WASHINGTON,
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EDITOR'S PREFACE

Doubtless some will criticise us for including the description of a fancy-dress ball under the head of scarce Americana—yet there is reason for it. The item itself was privately printed, and is now very scarce. It is a graceful and witty effusion, written by a young officer of the Army, and full of very interesting allusions to prominent members of Washington society of the period; and all named are identified by foot-notes, while at the end are notes describing the costumes. To the original form of these we have added as much as possible; but have not been able to identify every person in the list.

The period of the ball was one of such peculiar political interest that the event itself was of more than passing importance. The struggle in Congress between Freedom and Slavery was daily becoming more intense. A violence of language on either side, but particularly on the Southern, was indulged in, such as would be impossible to-day. The armed conflict between North and South was rapidly approaching. In less than eighteen months John Brown was to appear at Harper's Ferry; in two years and a half South Carolina was to set the example of Secession; in three years almost to a day from the date of the ball, Fort Sumter was to be fired on.

While it would be far-fetched to compare the Gwin ball to the historic ball of the Duchess of Richmond, the night before Waterloo, it is a striking coincidence that the opening lines of Byron's poem on that famous event are quoted at the beginning of the "Notes". Well might any participant in the Gwin ball have quoted Talleyrand's famous *mot* of 1830: "We are dancing on a volcano".

Contemporary accounts agree that the affair was far above any similar entertainment ever given in Washington.. The "Four Hundred" of the capital were present. Diplomacy, the Army, the Navy, the Cabinet, Senate, House, the President himself—in short all of note were there.

The host himself was a character only possible during such a period. We are indebted to the encyclopedias for a summary of his career.

William McKendree Gwin, born in Tennessee 1805, died in New York city 1885, was first a physician in Mississippi, then a politician, a representative in Congress (1840) and settled in California in 1849. He was elected U. S. senator, with Fremont as his colleague. While in Washington his house became noted as a centre of hospitality. He was very successful in "log-rolling" and obtained many appropriations for the benefit of California. He was re-elected, and served until March, 1861. At the beginning of the rebellion he was arrested on an accusation of disloyalty, and imprisoned until 1863, when he went to France and tried to interest Napoleon III in a scheme to colonize the province of Sonora, Mexico, with Southerners. Succeeding so far as to receive a letter from, the emperor to Maximilian endorsing the idea, he went to Mexico, but receiving no encouragement from either Maximilian or Marshal Bazaine, he returned to California. From his connection with the Sonora scheme he was popularly known as "Duke" Gwin.

General E. D. Keyes, in his *Fifty years' Observations*, calls him "a seceder (secessionist) of the most refractory sort."

The versification and metre of the poem will remind historical students of the various similar productions of Major ANDRE—particularly his Prologue for the opening of the John Street Theatre.

For the identification of many of the characters, we are indebted to Mrs. Samuel Gouverneur, Jr., author of "What I Remember," who is now living in Washington.

ORIGINAL PREFACE

This graceful and witty effusion, evidently regarded as too much of a trifle to be acknowledged by its author, has by acclaim been considered far too good to be lost.

The polished mind of its author has evidently been inspired by the return of the age of hoops, to commemorate the fascinations of the Belindas of our day in verse breathing the spirit of the Bard of Twickenham.

A METRICAL GLANCE AT THE FANCY BALL

TO THAT gay Capital where congregate
The worst and wisest of this mighty State;
Where patriot politicians yearly wend,
The Nation's fortunes, and their own, to mend;
Where snobbish scribblers eke the scanty dole
By telegraphing lies from pole to pole;
Where bad Hotels impose their onerous tax;
And countless Jehus sport untiring hacks;
Where Murder boldly stalks, nor cares a straw
For useless Police, or unused Law;
Where shrieking Kansas whirls her frantic arms
To fright the country with her false alarms;
Where Gamblers bland with Statesmen freely mix,
And seem sometimes to make exchange of tricks;
Where Impudence and Pertness takes the floor,
While modest Merit waits without the door;
Where Party decks the brawling Partisan
With wreaths and spoils,—no matter what the man;
Thither, O Muse of Fashion, wing thy flight,
And shed the radiance of thy varied light:
Leave thy dear Limbo, in the changing moon,
And on thy newly-patented balloon,—
The swift aërial Crinoline,—repair
To regulate the new vagaries there;
For Lo! amid the night of Faction's din
A bright idea lights the mind of GWIN,
Bright as the Bow of Promise on the cloud,
Where flashed the lightning, rolled the thunder loud.
And see, responsive to her welcome call,
All parties vie to grace her Fancy Ball.

No carking cares of State can enter here
To damp the spirits or repress the cheer.
Frowns and annoyance are denied the door,
And pleasure rules upon the waxen floor.
No Slavery, but to Beauty, here is seen;
Nor Abolition, save of Discord's mien.
Chivalric sway all hearts and minds maintain,
From sunny Texas up to snowy Maine;
And Concord circles, with her flowery band,
All parts and sections of a happy land.
Come, and with me survey the motley crowd,
Partake the mirth, and join the laughter loud.
Fear not to yield to Pleasure's syren spells,
But gladly borrow Folly's cap and bells:
For know,—whate'er may be the general rule—
'Tis wisdom's part sometimes to play the fool;
And motley here you'll find "the only wear,"
With grave and gay, the homely and the fair.

Appareled thus, in form and spirit, now
To the bland Hostess[1] make your grateful bow—
Not California's produce would content
The large abundance of her kind intent!
Nor California's boundless mines command
The generous hospitality her hand
Would scatter lavishly, with liberal power,
To heap the gladness of the festive hour!
In regal guise, nor less with royal port,
She smiles sweet welcome to her gathering Court,—
The frolic subjects of a sportive Queen,
Whose kindness rules the gay, fantastic scene.
Close by her side, in form and stature great,

[1]Mrs. Senator Gwin.

As well becomes a pillar of the State,
With ready tact and all-attractive art,
The good Amphitryon plays his graceful part;
While near, the daughter of the house, arrayed
In the rich costume of a Grecian maid,
With charming frankness, and with winning grace
Reflects the kindness of the mother's face;
While yonder Page, in splendid Court array,
Bespeaks the triumphs of a future day.

Our Pegasus is but a sorry nag;
He stumbles oft times, and perchance will flag:
To mount Parnassus is but up-hill work,
Although one labor like a very Turk.
We cannot, therefore, hope to bring in line
One half the characters that claim our rhyme;
And so—although too like the stupid trick
Of that wiseacre who produced a brick
As specimen of his house—we're yet compelled
To give mere patterns of the things beheld;
And group together those who well might claim
A special place upon this roll of fame.
All those omitted we would but remind
That Cato's image once was left behind.
Our catalogue's not expected to be right,
But 'tis the best that we can now indite.
It may be meagre, and not understood;
But think, at least, that the intent is good.

Now gaze we round, to note, with dazzled een,
The rich ensemble of the brilliant scene;
Where every clime, and well nigh every age,
Send their gay delegates to crowd the stage;

Where myriad hues their gorgeous splendor lend,
And Art and Learning Beauty's steps attend,
To add fresh lustre to the radiant air,
By nature lavished on Columbia's fair.
How rich the medley, and how gay the throng!
Greek meets with Greek—Turk pushes Turk along;
Knights pair with Gipsies—Monks with stately Dames;
The Peasant Girl[2] the gallant Courtier claims;
The whittling Yankee,[3] all intent on gain,
Mates strangely with the azure blood of Spain.[4]
Here the gay Contadina's[5] eyes will thrill;
There the Vivandiére[6] your heart will fill
With thoughts more maddening than the joyous wine
Which pours its gladness from her native vine.
There meekly moves the placid Quaker;[7] here
Stalks Caledonia's gallant Mountaineer.[8]
There "Coeur de Lion"[9] winks at jovial "Tuck,"[10]
A Fortune-Teller,[11] here, will give your luck.

But mark attentively yon gathering crowd!
There cluster those of whom the country's proud;
Historic names and words of present power,
Who rule the fortunes of the passing hour.
Lo! in the centre, he who calmly bears,
Upon that snowy head, the nation's cares,
The people's chosen "Chieftain,"[12] simply great,
In that proud name, beyond imperial state!
Soldiers and Senators of large renown,
With Jack Tars,[13] Lawyers, Editor, and Clown,

[2]Miss Ouseley.
[3]Mr. E. Baylor of Louisiana.
[4]Mrs. Bowlin.
[5]Mrs. Senator Thomson.
[6]Miss Martin.
[7]Mr. Irving.
[8]Mr. Cameron.
[9]Major De Haviland.
[10]Mr. Odo Russell (later Lord Amberley).
[11]Mrs. Philips.
[12]The President
[13]Mr. John G. Clarke

Around him gather, a promiscuous troop;
There subtle Diplomats together group.
But now in various garb they gaily go,
From rich Court costumes down to Pierrot.[14]
Among them glitters, with his gallant suite,
The brave Commander[15] of the Turkish fleet;
From whose surroundings you may quickly scan
The novel era of the Ottoman;
No more a rude barbarian is he prized,
But claims his place among the civilized.

But this is not a time to moralize;
The buzz and glitter claim our ears and eyes.
We but attempt the merit of the dog,
Fidelity, in this our catalogue.
Exceptis excipiendis, as they say,
In Latin rather barbarous, by the way.
Of "Spanish Ladies,"[16] e'en the names, I wist,
Would be as long as Leporello's list.
Of "Spanish Cavaliers,"[17] there's a goodly store;
And two Rancheros,[18] and a Matador.[19]
"Italian Peasants" wander without fear,
Though "Fra Diavolo"[20] is hovering near;
And one there was whose eyes would murder more
Than that dark "Bravo"[21] from her native shore.
Sly "Gipsies"[22] lurk, with larceny in their eye,
Though pilfering hearts is not a felony;
As things of value they are not esteemed—

[14]M. le Vicomte de Treilhard, M. Dollfus, M. Guiot, M. Gau.
[15]The Turkish Admiral.
[16]Mrs. Senator Hale, Mrs. H. F. Clarke, Mrs. Luke Lea, Mrs. Nicholson, Mrs. George Sanders.
[17]Lieut. Richmond Aulick, and Mr. Smith.
[18]Mr. Trowbridge.
[19]Hon. John Cochrane.
[20]Mr. Nicholson.
[21]Mr. Parkinson.
[22]Miss Craig.

A mere rag currency that's ne'er redeemed.
So give fair play to "Bowlin"[23] and to "Beach,"[24]
And let them steal—we'll promise not to peach.

No more digression—let us go right on,
Or e'en this meagre list will ne'er be done.

See yonder Polish Maid,[25] her graceful bearing
Is yet more charming than the dress she's wearing,
Though that, in courtly circles, erst has won
The proper praise of taste from every one.
In contrast strong as that of night and day,
Lo! "Pompadour,"[26] and "Mistress Popinjay;"[27]
The "Druid Priestess,"[28] and the bright "De Stael;"[29]
Yon tiny Fairy,[30] and that Gallant tall
(Though "Harney's" "road to Heaven"* be rather rough,
The dashing soldier's made of the right stuff);
"Queen Isabella,"[31] and "Antipholus;"[32]
Dark "Ravenswood,"[33] with bold "Sir Lucius,"[34]
But no Lucia; and, in contact silly,
See "Falstaff"[35] huge, and the sweet "Milk-Maid Milly."[36]

But mark where, strayed from some bright sphere afar,
With mildest lustre, shines the "Morning Star!"[37]
Endowed with woman's best and dearest grace,
A soul seen sparkling through a radiant face,

[23]Miss Bowlin.
[24]Miss Beach
[25]Miss Legaré.
[26]Miss Porter.
[27]Mrs. Powell.
[28]Mrs. Major Sutherland.
[29]Mrs. Senator Jefferson Davis.
[30]Miss Withers.
[31] Mrs. G. H. Evans.
[32]Mr. A H. Evans, and Mr. Birney.
[33]Mr. Th. C. Cox.
[34]Mr. John Savage.
[35]Commander Nelson.
[36]Miss Winder.
[37]Miss Ready.

*A punishment resorted to by this distinguished officer during the Florida war, is said to have been thus designated.

That "Ready" smile the harbinger will be
Of dawning love in all that look on thee!
In kindred loveliness, with richer beams,
The bright "Aurora"[38] on our senses gleams;
Nor yields to that fair daughter of the Morn,
Whom Guido saw on car triumphal borne.
Amid such luminous splendor who could fail
To greet the "Sunrise"[39] with a joyous "Hail!"

Here "English Hunters"[40] run their game to earth,
And strike the "Key" note of their jovial mirth;
There the glib "Downing '[41] seeks his ranks to fill,
And proffers bounty-lands and wives at will
(When, Brigham Young defunct, his household chattels
Are at the mercy of the God of Battles);
While bright-haired "Folly"[42] shakes her cap and bells,
To find how fast her list of votaries swells.
Yon "Maid of Athens,"[43] if I rightly deem,
Will soon among her followers be seen;
For, though she boasts that proud and glorious name,
"Above all Roman and all Grecian Fame,"
Grace, youth, and beauty, all combine to warn,
Not long by her will that great name be borne.

In closest secrecy, to all unknown,
That "Arab Maiden"[44] wanders still alone,
Peers through her mantle with a curious eye,
And keenly notes the various passers-by;
While, sudden bursting from a listening throng,
With whittling tool, and sharper cutting tongue,

[38]Mrs. Senator Douglas.
[39]Miss. Hale.
[40]Messrs. P. Barton Key, D. Bradford, and Dr. W. H. Berry.
[41] Mr. Poore.
[42]The Misses Jennie Tyler and Winder.
[43]Miss Washington.
[44]Mrs. B. L. S. Bodichon.

Slick "Swipes," with facile pertness, jogs along
To where yon "Syren"[45] breathes her silent song—
That fluent music, that melodious grace,
Which guide the foot and animate the face.
The golden coins which bind her silken hair,
Are far less precious than her beauty rare.

Lo! "Clingman,"[46] from the *coming* century borne!
Its "glass of fashion," and its "mould of form."
Foreign Relations may admit his skill,
But in domestic he is minus still.
See saintly "Katherine,"[47] in her brilliant youth,
When fickle Harry won her plighted truth.
To her may bitter fortune ne'er impart
The sad experience of a wasted heart.
There "Grandison,"[48] with antiquated air,
Bows courtly compliments to every fair;
And yonder "Walker" shows, with graceful ease,
The beau-ideal of a "French Marquise;"[49]
While here, by proud hereditary right,
Our "Starry Banner"[50] floats in living light.
There "La Dame Blanche"[51] the sable "Denmark"[52]
meets;
Here courtly "Buckingham"[53] "Ophelia"[54] greets;
And "Winter"[55] shows us that sometimes her snows
Fall soft as leaflets of the summer rose.

And see, without regard to age or station,
A curious group, made up or every nation,
Besides such garbs as fancy may devise

[45]Mrs. Haywood.
[46]Hon. Mr. Clingman.
[47]Miss Mechlin.
[48]Mr. J. Buchanan Henry
[49]Miss Mary Walker.
[50]Mrs. Pendleton.
[51]Miss Greenhow.
[52]
[53]Mr. Banks.
[54]Miss Cheatham.
[55]The Misses Beale and Booth.

To give grotesque or picturesque surprise.
The "Nine of Diamonds,"[56] and the "Queen of May,"[57]
And the sweet Queen of Flowers, the charming Ray;[58]
"Midnight,"[59] and "Night,"[60] and "Bright Night,"[61] and
what not;
And of "White Ladies"[62] a delightful lot;
And one among them we might justly praise
As "tyrannously pretty"—(Browning's phrase);
The "Earl of Leicester;"[63] sundry "Quakeresses;"[64]
All sorts of "Peasant Girls,"[65] with flowing tresses,
Well-rounded ankles, and enchanting dresses;
"King Charles the Second,"[66] with his curling hair;
A tempting "Bar-Maid,"[67] and a fierce "Corsair;"[68]
"Vandyke,"[69] and "Rubens;"[70] "King of Prussia,"[71] too;
The "Lone Star,"[72] and a "Native of Lew Chew;"[73]
A Knight, in spangles and a helm of tin;"[74]
A "Country Gentleman,"[75] and "Harlequin,"[76]
An "Ellen Douglas,"[77] whom, to follow, must
Be to her Roland "hope and Heaven and trust;"*
The "Maid of Saragossa;"[78] "Claude Melnotte;"[79]
A scalloped "Palmer,"[80] and a "Monkish Sot,"
The "Lady Charlotte Berkeley;"[81] "Saint Pierre;"[82]

[56]Mr. Manley, British Legation.
[57]Miss Bascom.
[58]Miss Ray.
[59]Mrs. Senator Pugh.
[60]Miss Scott.
[61]Miss Bradley.
[62]Mrs. Butler and Miss Greenhow.
[63]Hon. Charles L. Scott.
[64]Mrs. Belser, and Miss Wetherell.
[65]Miss Smith, Miss Clayton, Miss Luke Lea, Miss Josie Underwood, and Mrs. Ward.
[66]Mr. Bridges.
[67]Miss Morgan.
[68]Mr. Craig.
[69]Mr. M. B. Brady.
[70]Mr. C. King.
[71]Col. Magruder.
[72]Hon. Mr. Underwood.
[73]Lieut. Hammond.
[74]Lt. Thomas Wilson.
[75]Mr. J. P. Levy.
[76]
[77]
[78]Miss Sue Johnson.
[79]Mr. J. D. Hoover.
[80]
[81]Miss Semmes.
[82]Hon Anson Burlingame.

*See *Lady of the Lake.*

While near them, see, "La Belle Cantiniére"[83]
Dispenses her intoxicating laugh,
Which many a Peter* would be glad to quaff!
A "Maid of Athens,"[84]—she's a duplicate,
And bears so well her Oriental state,
There's many a gallant quite content to go
The tender "*Zoé mou sas agapou.*"†
But here is something curious to be seen
In startling contrast to the crinoline;
"Saya y manta,"[85] it is called—Peruvian—
And quite improper, and ante-diluvian;
As queer and shocking as the strange bestriding
The Liman dames exhibit in their riding.
For those who are too matter of fact we add,
We do but jest,—the dress is not so bad;
But on the contrary, despite our fling,
'Tis, for a handsome figure, just the thing.

But we digress, and must retrace our way
"A nos moutons," as writeth Rabelais.
We note "Count Wintersen,"[86]—yon "Fillibuster"[87]
Must find his place amid this cluster,—
A handsome "Housekeeper,"[88] whose "humble home"
You'd find so "sweet" you would not wish to roam;
"Egyptian Soldier,"[89] and a "Chinaman;"[90]
"Albanian Chief;"[91] "Don Cæsar de Bazan;"[92]
A Court Belle, time of Henry of Navarre;[93]

[83]Mrs. Senator Thompson.
[84]Miss Boyle.
[85]Mrs. Bridges.
[86]Mr. G. T. Adams.
[87]Mr. S. W. Gillet.
[88]Mrs. Greenhow.
[89]Mr. H. Ledyard.
[90]Lieut. Hammond.
[91]Mr. R. B. Bayard.
[92]Major W. W. Russell.
[93]Madame de Stoeckl.

*See *L'Etoile du Nord*, Act 2, Scene 9.
†My darling, I love thee.—*Maid of Athens*.

The "Knight of Gwynne,"[94] at a worse Court, by far;
A gay "Ranchero," from Brazilian plains;
A part of President Monroe's[95] remains:
That is, the very dress and sword he had,
When to the Court of France accredited;
And *apropos* to this, we will go on
To name with reverence "Lady Washington."[96]
'Tis scarcely right to note with the same pen,
A "Maltese Boatman,"[97] sundry "Highlandmen"[98]
(From the true Cameron Tartan, bran and braw,
To play-house costumes, scarcely worth a pshaw);
Two "Oxford Men,"[99] in academic gown;
And one male Savage, done up very brown;
And sundry "Antique Dames,"[100] whose name and station
Are truly worthy of commemoration,
But that the Muse, a stubborn, wilful jade,
And somewhat jealous, will refuse her aid;
However, she's but mulish, yet might pass
For beast more stupid if she named not "Cass."[101]

"Lo! the poor Indian!"[102]—"poor, indeed! nay, come,
Why, that's the richest costume in the room!
It made, pray let me tell you, a commotion
At some great ball on t'other side the ocean."
Imported praise is like imported stuff,
It brings its price—the home-made is too rough;
But still this costume richly merits praise;
The wearer would, although she dressed in baize!

[94]Lieut. Mowry, of Arizona.
[95]Mr. Kingman.
[96]Mrs. Steadman.
[97]Mr. Rodgers.
[98]Mayor Magruder, Major Sutherland, and Mr. Shaw.
[99]Messrs. Hughes and Phillips.
[100]
[101]Miss Cass.
[102]Mrs. Berg.

"Why, here's another—La! she makes me start,
She is so like an Indian! see the part
Of her dark hair—'tis painted red and blue—
The spot upon her forehead,—she's a Sioux;
Her dress is perfect, and the knowing tell
That it was made by a Dacotah belle."
Ah, "Minnehaha!"[103] there be those who say
There is combined beneath that blanket gay,
Of wit and beauty, and all woman's pride
Enough to furnish richly a whole tribe!

Pray, Monsieur "Cent-Garde,"[104] see you take good heed,
Or that stout cuirass will not serve your need;
For triple steel is not sufficient arms
Against the witchery of yon Peasant's[105] charms;
Call to your aid the Goddess of the Free,
And pay your homage to sweet "Liberty;"[106]
Under that charming banner, well I wist
"Prince Rupert"[107] would not hesitate to 'list.

Buoyant, and fresh, and fair, and full of grace,
"As Eve with nature's day-break on her face,"*
Are those two sisters of the storied name,
The saddest on the rolls of British fame.**

See, where, in vain illusion, sweetly moves
That soft "Diana"[108] from the western groves,
But sheds around her such a roseate light,
"That birds would sing, and think it were *not night.*"

[103]Mrs. Rogers.
[104]Dr. Maury.
[105]Miss G. Parker.
[106]Miss Parker.
[107]Dr. Raney.
[108]

*Mrs. Browning.

**Did the writer refer to the Parker sisters? We are unable to explain his mysterious allusion. [ED.]

Lo! little "Riding Hood,"[109] with artless grace,
Reveals the sweetness of her childish face;
And if the wolf's not driven from the door,
She knows precisely how to treat a *bore;*
And they who "pull the bobbin, lift the latch,"
Will find a hostess very hard to match!

Mark how the grace that gilds an honored name
Gives a strange zest to that loquacious dame
Whose ready tongue, and easy-blundering wit,
Provoke fresh uproar at each happy hit!
Note how her humour into strange grimace
Tempts the smooth meekness of yon "Quaker's"[110] face.
You'd scarcely guess, beneath that cap so prim,
Which decks, not hides, the handsome head within,
There lurks a wit as keen, for fools to feel,
As is her name to sharpen blunted steel.
But denser grows the crowd round "Partington,"[111]
'Twere vain to try to name them one by one.
Among them, he[112] whose quick and genial mind
By "diplomatic napkin's"* ne'er confined;
And she[113] whose sweet and ever-beaming smile
Is ne'er assumed in diplomatic guile;
There, too, the Knight of the Mysterious Mission[114]
(For e'en the press don't know his true position):
As he "annexed" his gracious Lady[115] here,
'Tis hoped he won't oppose our fast career.

[109]The Mrs. Sickles and Hughes.
[110]Mrs. Major Emory.
[111]Mrs. Senator Clay.
[112]Lord Napier.
[113]Lady Napier.
[114]Sir William Gore Ouseley, K. C. B.
[115]Lady Ouseley.

*Vide Speech of Lord Napier (at St. George's Dinner, N. Y., 1857.)

But turn we now to take a parting glance:
We cannot note the Supper, or the Dance,
Although the banquet richly might avail
To swell the marvels of a fairy tale.
'Tis drawing near the gray and mystic hour
When elves and goblins flit and lose their power;
So turn we, ere she chance to fade away,
Before the brightness of approaching day,
Where proud "Titania"[116] trips with spritely feet,
And smiles in triumph o'er the heart of "Keitt;"[117]
Who would not don, for that sweet smile she wears,
The longest ears that Donkey ever bears!

But pause we here—in vain my Muse would try
To paint the various shapes that meet the eye—
Turn where you may, and gaze where'er you will,
The gorgeous combination changes still;
A rich kaleidoscope of dazzling forms
Enchants the eye, and the rapt senses warms
Till, pained with beauty, the full heart, oppressed,
Demands the kind relief of nature—rest.

[116]Miss Withers. [117]Hon. L. M. Keitt.

FINIS

NOTES.

NOTES.

The Poem was originally written for "The Star," of Washington.

The description of costumes is taken from the "Weekly States" of April 17, 1858, and other papers.

> "*The*" "Capital had gathered then
> Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
> The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
> Hundreds of hearts beat happily; and, when
> Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
> Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
> And all went merry as a marriage bell."

Some of the happiest costumes of the evening were unavoidably omitted in the Poem; those, for instance, of

Mr. E. H. Wright,* of New Jersey, whose elegantly-formed legs displayed to advantage in the dress of a *Bulgarian Peasant*, will not soon be forgotten by those having an eye for form: and

Mr. W. Bodisco, of the Russian Legation, in the appropriate and elegant costume of a *Muscovite Postillion*.

1.

Mrs. Gwin received her guests with a courteous affability that set them at ease at once, and removed the embarrassment naturally attendant on enter-

*This was probably Edward Wright, whose sister Katharine Maria married Baron J. C. Gevers, the Dutch *Chargé d'Affaires*. She was a daughter of Senator William Wright, of New Jersey.—[Ed.]

ing lighted saloons in fancy dress. Her dress was that of the queen of *Louis Quatorze*, composed of a skirt of white *moire antique*, trimmed with flounces of *pointe d'aquille;* bodice of the dress trimmed with lace to match flounces; train of cherry satin, trimmed with a ruche of white satin; coiffure of the time of Louis XIV., which added to the fine effect of the costume, so admirably adapted to the noble figure of the lady-like hostess.

Miss Gwin, who aided in doing the honors, looked charmingly in the costume of a *Greek Girl.* White satin skirt and full white satin pantalettes; boots of silver and blue satin. Over the white satin skirt, which is trimmed with strips of cherry satin, was a skirt of tulle trimmed with silver. Tunic and bodice of blue satin, trimmed with silver and blue satin. Necklace of pearls. Hair plaited with pearls, and a Greek cap of blue and white satin, trimmed with silver and two silver tassels. It was a bewitching costume, and charmingly worn.

Miss Carrie Gwin was dressed as a *Page;* white satin trowsers, full to the knee; long stockings of silk; boots of black; coat of maroon velvet, trimmed with gold; cap of velvet and gold, with white plumes.

Senator Gwin, in citizen's dress, was ubiquitous, and unceasing in his endeavors to promote the enjoyment and amusement of his guests, exhibiting a genuine California hospitality.

2.

Miss Ouseley, *an Italian Peasant Girl.*

"A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."

3.

Mr. Eugene Baylor, of Louisiana, came as *Hezekiah Swipes*, from Vermont, in ra'al Down-east style, and kept a whittlin' just as tho' he was tu hum.

4.

Mrs. Bowlin, of St. Louis, *Spanish Duchess*, an effective and brilliant costume.

5.

Mrs. Senator Thompson, of New Jersey, as the "*Belle Cantinière,*" in "L'Etoile du Nord," was universally admired. Her appearance easily explains the conquest of a throne from the rough Peter, by her prototype.

5 John Renshaw Thompson (1800-62) was a senator from New Jersey 1853-62.

6.

MISS MARTIN, *a Vivandière.*

7.

MR. RICHARD IRVING, *A Male Quaker.*

8.

MR. CAMERON, in his own Tartan.

9 and 10.

MAJOR J. DE HAVILLAND, late U. S. Army, as *Coeur de Lion;* O. RUSSELL, Esq., British Legation, as *Friar Tuck;* and DON T. MORENO, Spanish Legation as *Robin Hood*—forming a group from "Ivanhoe." Major De Havilland wearing a veritable suit of massive steel, which became his stalwart frame as though it were clothed in the summer costume of our own times, as he moved with ease through the maze of the dance, "towering as a monarch" over his frolick subjects. Mr. Russell was capitally dressed as *Friar Tuck*, and sustained his part with jovial decorum, as became that rollicking anchorite. And Mr. Moreno looked the free forester to perfection. This group was considered the most successful among the male costumes of the evening.

11.

MRS. PHILLIPS, of Alabama.

12.

THE PRESIDENT wore citizen's dress.

13.

MR. JOHN G. CLARKE, in a sailor's costume. His open, honest countenance admirably suited the character of the frank tar.

8 Probably J. Donald Cameron, afterwards Senator, and Secretary of War in 1876; son of Simon Cameron, who was Secretary in 1861.

9 Although the author's name is given thus in the original, he appears in the Army List as John Von Sonntag Haviland, lieutenant Third Dragoons, resigned in 1847.

12 "To whom Fortune offered one of the finest chances to win a great name by simply doing his plain duty with resolution and energy—(but) managed to make himself the most miserable Presidential figure in American history." CARL SCHURZ—*Reminiscences.*

In January, 1861, he came into General Scott's private office while I was present, and dropping heavily into a chair, exclaimed, "The office of President of the United States is not fit for a gentleman to hold." GEN. KEYES.—*Fifty Years' Reminiscences.*

14.

M. Le Vicomte de Treilhard, First Secretary of the French Legation, sported a *Pierrot's* dress, trimmed with pink satin.

M. Dollfus, Secretary of the French Legation, *Pierrot*, trimmed with blue satin.

M. Alexandre Gau, of the Prussian Legation, *Pierrot*, trimmed with purple satin.

M. Guiot, Chancelier of the French Legation, *Pierrot*, trimmed with yellow satin. A merry *Quartette* did these gentlemen form.

15.

The Turkish officers were present *en grande tenue*, the costume of the Admiral almost hidden by heavy gold embroidery. M. Oscanyan, their dragoman, wore a dashing Suliote costume.

16.

Mrs. Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, as a *Spanish Duenna*, attracted much admiration; the high comb and veil giving a fine effect to her expressive features.

Mrs. Horace F. Clark, a *Spanish Lady*. Perfect!

Mrs. Luke Lea, a *Spanish Lady*—a most elegant and effective dress.

Mrs. Nicholson, a *Spanish Lady*.

Mrs. George Sanders, of New York, a *Spanish Lady*, in satin and lace, with high comb and mantilla.

Miss Luke Lea, a *Spanish Peasant Girl*. As captivating as Zerlina!

17.

Lt. Richmond Aulick, U. S. N., as a *Spanish Student*.

Mr. Smith, of Washington, a *Spanish Cavalier* of the court of Philip II.

14 Herr Gau afterwards married Miss Margaret Campbell, sister of Mrs. Samuel L. Gouverneur, Jr.

15 Hutchik (Christopher) Oscanyan (1818-18—) was afterwards Turkish Consul at New York where he established "Oscanyan's Turkish Museum", a well-known place of resort.

16 John P. Hale (1806-73) was Senator from New Hampshire, and Chairman of the Naval Committee during most of Lincoln's administration. As such he greatly annoyed Secretary Welles, who paints him in the blackest colors in his *Diary*.

16 Mrs. Augustus S. Nicholson, daughter of General Thomas S. Jesup, U. S. A.

17 Richmond Aulick (1840-68), Lieutenant U. S. N., 1854.

18.

MR. TROWBRIDGE, of Louisiana, a *Ranchero.*

DON E. DE MURUAGA Y VILDÓSOLA, *Ranchero.* Ready to "lasso" the hearts of the daughters of America.

19.

HON. JOHN COCHRANE, of New York, a *Matador*, and a most gallant-looking one.

20.

MR. NICHOLSON, *Fra Diavolo.*

21.

MR. PARKINSON, of New York, *Italian Bravo.*

22.

MISS CRAIG, of Washington, *Gipsy Girl.*

23.

MISS BOWLIN, of St. Louis, *Jenny the Gipsy.*

24.

MISS BEACH, of Hartford, a *Gipsy*, and a most bewitching one at that, dressed with great taste, and creating a decided sensation.

25.

MISS LEGARÉ, *Polish Maid.* The costume alluded to was, however, worn by

MLLE. DE MONTHOLON. A dress designed, originally, for a Fancy Ball at the Tuilleries, by Her Majesty the Empress Eugenie.

26.

MISS PORTER, of Lancaster, Pa., *Madame Pompadour.*

27.

MRS. POWELL, *Mrs. Popinjay.*

19 John Cochrane of New York (1813-88) was a member of Congress from 1851 to 1861, and became a brigadier-general in 1862. He was prominent in New York politics for many years.

28.

MRS. MAJOR SUTHERLAND, of Washington, *Norma;* and with such a priestess, who would not worship at a Druidical altar?

29.

MRS. SENATOR JEFFERSON DAVIS, as *Madame De Stael,* wore the most correct historical costume of the evening, and very becoming it was. Necker himself would have recognized the mind, as well as the costume, of his daughter.

30.

MISS WITHERS, as *Titania,* caused many a "Mid Summer Night's Dream."

31.

MRS. A. H. EVANS, of Texas, as *Isabella, Queen of Spain,* wore a robe of royal blue velvet, trimmed with white ermine and gold lace, with flowing regal sleeves and cape to correspond. On her Catholic Majesty's head was the crown of Spain, studded with jewels, from beneath which hung a profusion of dark rich curls. The long train, as it swept by, attracted general admiration.

32.

MR. ALEX. H. EVANS, of Texas, as *Antipholus of Syracuse* (in the "Comedy of Errors"), was dressed in a scarlet velvet jacket and breeches, puffed with blue silk and trimmed with gold lace; cap, feathers, and cape to correspond. This was one of the most becoming and brilliant dresses in the room.

MR. BIRNEY, *Antipholus of Ephesus.*

33.

MR. THOMAS C. COX, of Georgetown, as *Edgar of Ravenswood* (in "Lucy of Lammermoor"), a showy costume, worn with great ease and grace.

34.

MR. JOHN SAVAGE, of Washington, *Sir Lucius O'Trigger.*

35.

COMMANDER NELSON, U. S. Navy.

34 John Savage (1828-1888) an Irishman, was a noted journalist and prolific author, editor of Stephen A. Douglas' organ, *The States.* He served in the 69th New York during the Rebellion.

35 William Nelson (1825-62) afterwards a Major-General, and killed by General Jeff. C. Davis, at Louisville in a private quarrel.

36.

Miss Winder, *Milly*, the "Maid with the Milking Pail."

37.

Miss Ready, of Tennessee, beamed brightly as the *Morning Star*, and was pronounced by a veteran judge of beauty the most attractive young lady at the ball.

38.

Mrs. Senator Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, as *Aurora*, was decidedly *la Belle du bal*, and elicited universal admiration.

"Her presence was as glorious as her state;
Her beauty of that overpowering kind,
Whose face description only would abate:
I'd rather leave it much to your own mind
Than lessen it by what I could relate
Of form and features: it would strike you blind
Could I do justice to the full detail—
So (luckily for both) my phrases fail."

39.

Miss Hale, of New Hampshire, as *Sunrise*, scattered bright and joyous glances wherever she moved.

"I marvel not, O Sun! that unto thee,
In adoration, man should bow the knee
And pour the prayer of mingled joy and love."

38 Mrs. Douglas, as Miss Rose Adèle Cutts, was one of the noted belles of Washington. After Douglas' death she married General Robert Williams, U. S. A.

39 Daughter of John P. Hale.

40.

P. BARTON KEY, Esq., of Washington, an *English Hunter.*

D. BRADFORD, *English Hunting Dress.*

HON. I. T. HATCH, New York, *Huntsman.*

DR. WILLIAM H. BERRY, of Washington, *an English Hunter;* and a most complete costume it was, in every part.

41

MR. POORE, of Massachusetts, *the Merry Monarch,* and, later in the evening, as *Major Jack Downing,* enlisting for the Utah army.

42.

MISS JENNIE TYLER, of Washington, looked charmingly as *Folly.*

MISS WINDER, of Washington, was a bewitching representative of *Folly,* and was justly admired.

"Whom to call
Pretty were but to give a feeble notion
Of many charms in her as natural
As sweetness to the flowers or salt to ocean."

43.

MISS WASHINGTON, *Maid of Athens.*

44.

MRS. B. L. S. BODICHON (*née* MISS BARBARA LEIGH SMITH, daughter of BENJAMIN SMITH, Esq., late M. P. for Norwich, England), *Arab Maiden,* certainly one of the best sustained characters in the room.

40 Israel T. Hatch (1808-75) was a member of Congress from New York, 1851-59, and afterwards Postmaster at Buffalo.

Philip Barton Key (1818-1859), brother of the author of the *Star-Spangled Banner,* was U. S. Attorney for the District of Columbia. Less than a year later (February 27, 1859) he was shot and killed by Daniel E. Sickles, in the historic tragedy of Washington society. Mrs. Senator Pendleton was his sister. "I recall Mr. Key as the handsomest man in all Washington society. In appearance an Apollo, he was a prominent figure at all the principal fashionable "functions". He was even more popular with other men than with women."—Mrs. Clay: *A Belle of the Fifties*".

41 Ben Perley Poore was the Washington correspondent of the Boston *Journal,* and one of the best-known men in the capital, where he lived from 1854 to 1887, and where he died (1887). His *Reminiscences* are a mirror of the period.

44 Bodichon was a nephew of the Russian Minister.

45.

MRS. HAYWOOD, *a Syren.*

46.

HON. MR. CLINGMAN, of North Carolina, as a *Gentleman of the 20th Century,*

47.

MISS MECHLIN, of Washington, as *Catharine of Aragon,* looked magnificently.

"She in sooth.
Possessed an air and grace by no means common;
Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman." (*Byron.*)

48.

MR. J. BUCHANAN HENRY (nephew of the President), as *Sir Charles Grandison.*

49.

MISS MARY WALKER, of Washington, as a *French Marchioness,* dressed in the elaborate Court costume of Versailles, with hair powdered, and elegant lace, was one of the most charming and noticeable ladies present, and elicited general admiration.

50.

MRS. GEO. H. PENDLETON, of Cincinnati, the *Star Spangled Banner.*

51.

MISS GREENHOW, of Washington, appeared to great advantage as the *White Lady of Avenel.*

46 Thomas L. Clingman (1812-97) was then a member of Congress from North Carolina. Afterwards he was a Confederate officer. His costume on this occasion was "a blue coat with metal buttons, faced and lined with white satin, except the velvet collar. Two vests, the outer one white, under one red, white satin breeches with red bands at the knees, white silk stockings and black pumps."

The editor of the *States* said: "If all those beaux who live in the twentieth century look as well as did the honorable and gallant member from North Carolina, the appearance of ball-rooms will be improved." The twentieth century is with us, but all the efforts of the tailors since 1858 have not yet effected any substantial change in the waiter-like dress of gentlemen on festive occasions.

50 George H. Pendleton (1825-1889) was member of Congress from Ohio 1856-65, and Senator in 1878. Of his wife the British Minister, Lord Napier, said: "She had the most classic head I have seen in the United States."

53.

Mr. Banks, of Virginia, the *Duke of Buckingham*, an attractive and dashing costume.

54.

Miss Cheatham, *Ophelia*—a most becoming costume, admirably adapted to the wearer's charms.

55.

Miss Beale, *Winter*.

Miss Booth, Stonington, Conn., *Winter*.

56.

H. Manley, Esq., Attaché of the British legation, appeared as the *Nine of Diamonds*—a trump card.

57.

Mrs. Bascom, of Kentucky, looked charmingly as *Queen of May*.

58.

Miss Ray. *Queen of Flowers*.

59.

Mrs. Senator Pugh, of Ohio, represented *Night* with great effect, as "she walked in beauty."

60.

Miss Scott, of Baltimore, as *Night*.

61.

Miss Bradley, of Washington, appeared as a *Bright Night*—

"Unveiled her peerless night,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle flew."

62.

Mrs. Butler, of South Carolina, *White Lady of Avenel*.

59 George E. Pugh (1822-76) was a member of Congress from Ohio 1858-61, a pro-slavery Democrat, living at Brown's Hotel, so largely patronized by Southerners that Mrs. Clay says of it, "We keep Free-Soilers and Black Republicans on the other side of the street. They are afraid even to inquire for board at this house."

62 Andrew P. Butler was then a senator from South Carolina. He was uncle to Preston S. Brooks, who assaulted Sumner.

63.

Hon. Chas. L. Scott, of California, *Earl of Leicester.*

64.

Mrs. Belser, *Hannah Prim,* of the Society of Friends.

Miss Wetherell, a *Quakeress* of most demure and fascinating appearance.

65.

Miss Smith, of Washington, as a *Swiss Peasantess,* looked charmingly, as did her guest,

Mrs. Ward, *Paysanne.*

Miss Josie Underwood appeared as a *French Peasant Girl,* in short white dress, trimmed with red, white and blue, fancy boots, a little hat on one side of her head, long black curls over her neck and shoulders.

66.

Mr. Bridges, California, *English Court Dress* of Charles II.'s reign.

67.

Miss Morgan, *English Bar-Maid* of the olden time.

68.

Mr. Craig, a *Corsair.*

69.

Mr. M. B. Brady, of New York, looked magnificently as *Vandyke,* in the court dress of his time; a most appropriate costume for an artist.

70.

Mr. C. King, *Rubens.*

71.

Col. Magruder, *King of Prussia.*

69 Matthew B. Brady, then and afterwards the noted photographer,—whom Bret Harte introduces in "Her Letter"—has lately been recalled to the mind of a forgetful public by the republication of his photographs of the Union Army. He was born Cork, in Ireland, in 1823, and died in New York about 1902.

71 John B. Magruder (1810-71) "(Prince John") the dandy of the "Old Army", destined to distinction as a Confederate general, and as the adversary who so long delayed General McClellan in front of Williamsburg, Va., by his skillful use of an inferior force, and the placing of "Quaker" guns in the defences.

72.

HON. MR. UNDERWOOD, *the Lone Star.*

73.

LIEUT. HAMMOND, *Native of Lew Chew.*

74.

LIEUT. THOMAS WILSON, U. S. A., a *Knight.*

75.

MR. J. P. LEVY, of Washington, an *English Country Gentleman* of the olden time.

78.

MISS SUE JOHNSON, *Maid of Saragossa.*

79.

MR. J. D. HOOVER, *Claude Melnotte.*

81.

MISS SEMMES, of Washington, *Lady Charlotte Berkeley,* a capital and most becoming historical costume.

82.

HON. ANSON BURLINGAME, of Massachusetts, *Julian St. Pierre*—a most becoming costume, gallantly worn.

83.

MRS. SENATOR THOMSON, of New Jersey, as the *Belle Cantinière,* "in L' Etoile du Nord," was universally admired. (This is a duplicate of No. 5.)

84.

MISS BOYLE, *Maid of Athens.*

85.

MRS. BRIDGES, in Peruvian Dress,—*Saya y Manta.*

86.

J. T. ADAMS, of Washington, *Count Wintersen.*

74 Lieutenant Fifth Infantry, afterwards Brigadier General. Died 1901.

82 Anson Burlingame (1820-70) was a member of Congress in 1858, and Minister to China 1861-67. He was challenged by Preston S. Brooks, and agreed to fight him at Navy Island, near Niagara Falls, but Brooks refused to go there.

87.

MR. S. W. GILLETT, of Washington, was a most fascinating *Fillibuster*, and wore one of the most complete and harmonious costumes at the ball.

88.

MRS. GREENHOW, of Washington, was a most comely *Housekeeper of the Old School;* and although the costume was not as showy as some, yet the *esprit* of the wearer made her "glorious as a diamond richly set."

89.

MR. HENRY LEDYARD, of Michigan, sported a genuine *Egyptian Uniform*, of the pattern worn by the troops of Mahomet Ali.

90.

LIEUT. HAMMOND, U. S. N., *Chinese.*

91.

MR. BAYARD, of Washington, *Albanian Chief.*

92.

MAJOR RUSSELL, *Don Caesar de Bazan.*

93.

MADAME DE STOEKEL, as a *Lady of the Court of Henri Quatre*, with high standing ruff, appeared magnificently, and attracted general admiration.

88 Of all the personages of the ball, none was destined to a more remarkable experience than Mrs. (Robert) Greenhow (Rose O'Neill). She was an ardent secessionist in 1861, and it is said conveyed to the rebels information which led to the Union defeat at Bull Run. She was arrested, imprisoned in her own house in Washington, and finally sent South. She published a book about her experiences: "My Imprisonment, and the First Year of Abolition Rule at Washington" (London, 1863). Her end was most tragic: In 1865 she was returning from England upon a blockade-runner, which entered Wilmington in safety. Having with her a considerable sum in gold, the profits of her book, she had placed it in a bag, hung around her neck. Leaving the steamer in a small boat, she fell overboard, the weight of the gold held her down and she was drowned. (MRS. GOUVERNEUR: *What I Remember.*)

Mrs. Greenhow, who was reputed to be the most persuasive woman ever known in Washington, tried to persuade me not to take part in the war (1860)— GEN. KEYES.

91 Thomas F. Bayard, afterwards Secretary of State and Minister to England under President Cleveland.

93 Wife of the Russian Minister.

94.

LIEUT. MOWRY, of Arizona, *The Knight of Gwynne at Court.*

95.

MR. KINGMAN, of Washington, the respected Doyen of the "world of letters," wore a *Court Dress*, which belonged to and was originally worn by President Monroe.

96.

MRS. STEADMAN, as *Lady Washington*, not unworthily represented that honored name.

97.

MR. ROGERS, a *Maltese Boatman.*

98.

MAYOR MAGRUDER, of Washington, a *Highlander*, was a fine representative of "Bonnie Scotland." Among his clansmen was Mr. H. W. MUNDER, in full Highland garb.

MAJOR SUTHERLAND, *Highland Chief.*

MR. SHAW, of the New York Herald, *Rob Roy McGregor.*

99.

MR. HUGHES, of Virginia, an *Oxford Student*, wore his academical cap and gown with learned dignity.

MR. PHILLIPS, *Oxford Student.*

101.

MISS ISABELLA CASS, of Michigan, was dressed with great taste and elegance, as a *French Marchioness.*

94 Sylvester Mowry (1830-71) who had been elected a Delegate from Arizona Territory in 1856, but was unable to take his seat. He was author of "The Geography and Resources of Arizona and Sonora", and a frequent magazine contributor.

95 Eliab Kingman was the Nestor of the Washington press. His costume was that worn by Monroe while our Minister to France.

99 Mrs. Philip Phillips, whose husband was a member of Congress from Alabama, and later became a noted lawyer in Washington. She was a bitter Secessionist, and was, with all her family, sent to New Orleans, where General Butler was in command. Her conduct there was such that for a time she was confined under guard on an island near the city.

101 Daughter of Lewis Cass, Secretary of State at the time.

102.

MRS. BERG, of New York, *Indian Princess*. This was, perhaps, the most perfect costume worn, and everything about it was in keeping.

103.

MRS. ROGERS, *Minnehaha*, a beautiful Sioux costume, worn with graceful ease.

104.

DR. MAURY, one of the *Cent Gardes* who are the defence and ornament of the present French Court.

105.

MISS G. PARKER, as a *Peasant Girl*, was charmingly dressed.

106.

MISS PARKER, of Washington, *Liberty*, and a glorious-looking Goddess she made.

107.

DR. RANEY, of South America, wore a fine dress as *Prince Rupert*, that gallant soldier of merry England.

109.

MRS. SICKLES, of New York, *Little Red Riding Hood*.

MRS. HUGHES, of Virginia, was a bewitching *Little Red Riding Hood*, dressed faultlessly, and with great taste.

110.

MRS. MAJOR EMORY (MATILDA BACHE), a *Quakeress*. So much of heart and mind, mingled in each glance of her eye, that the enthusiasm of Lauzun and his comrades for the Newport belles of a former day was at once explained.

110 William H. Emory (1811-1887) was then a member of the Topographical Engineers, afterwards Colonel of the Sixth Cavalry and Major General; he was distinguished during the War.

111.

MRS. SENATOR CLAY, as *Mrs. Partington*, with knitting in hand, snuff-box in pocket, and Ike*, the inevitable, by her side, acted out her difficult character so as, perhaps, to win the unanimous verdict that her personation of the loquacious *mal apropos* dame was the leading feature of the evening's entertainment. Go where she would through the spacious halls, a crowd of eager listeners followed her foot-steps, drinking in her instant repartees, which were really superior in wit and appositeness, and, indeed, in the vein of the famous dame's cacoëthes, even to the original contributions of Shillaber to the nonsensical literature of the day; though Shillaber, as all know, made Mrs. Partington the historical and national character she now deservedly is.

112.

LORD NAPIER was, for the nonce, the Minister (George Hammond) of George III., first sent to this country after the close of our war of the Revolution. His costume was faultlessly arranged. From the powdered wig dressed as though by the hand of a friseur of that age (when that functionary at an European Court was of more importance to the happiness of his subjects than even the chief *artiste de cuisine* is now) down to the unexceptionable "water" of the diamonds in his shoe-buckles, he looked, indeed, the diplomatic courtier of a century ago.

"A cold, good, honorable man,
Proud of his birth, and proud of everything—
A goodly spirit for a state divan,
A figure fit to walk before a king."

111 Clement C. Clay, Jr. (1819-82), was then a senator from Alabama, and afterwards became prominent in the rebellion. His wife's book "A Belle of the Fifties" is an interesting chronicle of the period, to which we have been indebted for a number of these details.

112 Lord Napier became unacceptable to our Government, and was soon transferred to another post. Sir William Gore Ouseley (114) a veteran diplomatist, who had accompanied him as Mentor, had married a daughter (115) of Governor Van Ness of Vermont. As Sir William had been in the United States nearly thirty years before, and had followed the then British custom of writing a book (*Remarks on the Statistics and Political Institutions of the United States*, London, 1832) about us, he was considered, no doubt, to be the proper person to coach Lord Napier: but his efforts did not succeed.

*(A clever boy of ten years, son of John M. Sandidge, M.C., from Louisiana.)

113.

LADY NAPIER as Mrs. Hammond, *wife* of the first British Minister to America, appeared to great advantage, as she ever does.

114.

SIR W. GORE OUSELEY, *Knight of the Bath*, wore his official costume—and a handsome one it is, becoming him well.

"Tall, portly, form'd to lead the courtly van
On birthdays, glorious with a star and string,
The very model of a chamberlain,
And such I mean to make him when I reign."

115.

LADY OUSELEY, *née* Miss Van Ness, as a *French Marchioness*, would have been an ornament to the Court of Versailles.

116.

MISS WITHERS, *Titania*.

117.

HON. L. M. KEITT of South Carolina was *Charles XII.*, of Sweden.

117 Lawrence M. Keitt (1824-64) was a member of Congress from South Carolina (1852-60) Carl Schurz, in his *Reminiscences*, says: I heard Mr. Keitt, a rather handsome and oratorically flamboyant young man, rend the Union "from turret to foundation-stone". He was killed at Cold Harbor, while Colonel of the 20th South Carolina. The relations between the Southern Representatives and the Northern anti-slavery men in Congress in 1858 appear from the pages of Poore's "Reminiscences:"

Keitt to Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania: "You are a d—d Black Republican puppy."

Grow: No negro-driver shall crack his whip over *me*"—and they came to blows on the floor of the House.

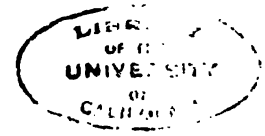
THE

MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 24



COMPRISING

WILLIAM ABBATT

410 EAST 32D STREET NEW YORK

1913

LETTERS

OF A

CONFEDERATE OFFICER

TO

HIS FAMILY IN EUROPE

DURING

THE LAST YEAR OF THE WAR OF SECESSION

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

IN introducing these Letters to the few friends by whom they will be read, it is unnecessary to say that they were written in the heat of conflict, and in the fullness of that patriotic ardour and enthusiasm which distinguished the southern man in support of the cause loved and lost.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

AMONG all the literature of the War of the Rebellion, we recall but two items which were published in Europe; both, obviously, from the Southern side.

The first of these we have already republished in our EXTRA No. 13, the "Right Flanker", and we now offer our subscribers the second: "Letters of a Confederate Officer to his family in Europe during the last year of the War of Secession."

So rare is the original that but the one copy from which we make our own, has turned up in many years: and this one was bought by the Library of Congress last May. It was issued from "Neal's English Library, Paris," and was doubtless privately printed in a very small edition, for the author's immediate friends—hence it is unknown to the general public.

Its picture of the South in 1864 is of great interest. The letters the author wrote and received were all carried by blockade-runners, and as some of these were probably captured, this accounts for the gaps in the series.

The author's name we ascertained, after making search in every direction in the South, was Richard W. Corbin, a son of a Southern family long settled in Paris.

LETTERS OF A CONFEDERATE OFFICER

59 Rue de Varennes,
February 9th, 1864.

My Dear Mother:

I was so painfully conscious of the grief you would experience when apprised of that which I am about to break to you now, that I tried to postpone the moment as long as possible of communicating what will be the subject of this letter. But the time has now come for me to procrastinate no longer, and to execute the saddest part of a determination fixed, final and irrevocable. This determination which I am resolved to carry out with little delay, is to make an attempt to get into the South, and when there to act as it becomes a man who wishes to earn the respect of his countrymen. It is not by frittering and dreaming away the best years of my life that I can expect to win that esteem, without which I feel I would be eternally miserable. Were my sensibilities dead, my conscience silent, this frivolous, good-for-nothing mode of existence would most likely suit me very well; but thank God I have not so far lost all self-respect as to hesitate any longer between the pleasures of Capua and the exigencies of what I consider to be my duty. What that is I think I am at an age to appreciate, and therefore my mind is made up.

My dearest mother, you must not take up the erroneous idea that all this is a mere freak, a transient ebullition of martial enthusiasm, which will simmer down and not be heard of in a few days. Disabuse yourself of that notion, I entreat you, for never yet have I been more inflexibly determined to carry out a resolve than I have been for the past three or four months. This plan, you see, is not the result of caprice, or of feverish impatience, but on the contrary the ripened fruit of mature reflection. Ah, how often have I tried to argue myself by the most ingenious casuistry into

the conviction that after all this cowardly inactivity was right and proper; but my conscience was not to be beguiled by such sophistry.

Sometimes I would try to suppress my inward yearning and by an air of levity and insouciance lead you to believe that I was content—yes, even in these stern times, with an horizon bounded by the Bois de Boulogne and the Jockey Club. But after these efforts I found that my aspirations to be up and doing only grew more and more ardent. You know too well that I am not so preposterously infatuated with myself as to imagine that I am compounded of very heroic materials, and consequently you will not tax me with inordinate conceit when I say that I feel I am fitted for higher things than a lounge on the Boulevards. My future happiness depends upon this step. If I don't shake off this dull sloth, my life will for evermore be embittered by the most galling and humiliating regrets. Having opened my heart to you I feel that you love me too much to impede a project so essential to my happiness. Just think that if you have now any affection for your idle, useless son, how much more that affection will be enhanced if it is mingled with a little pride at his manliness. I feel some hopes that if my pen lacks the eloquence, at any rate it is not deficient in the earnestness necessary to secure your approval for this enterprise. With it I shall set out rejoicing, without it I shall nevertheless persevere, although the load upon my heart will be a grievous one. I ought to have said all this at La Boulaye but the fact is I had not the heart to give you this additional pain just before separating. You have ere this learnt that the sad event which we all dreaded has just taken place, and that Madame de Paris is no more. It was this morning that she departed this life. Jean, unfortunately, was not present when death overtook her, having returned for some refreshment; but he was aware that her dissolution was inevitable, for Trousseau* told him that the poor sufferer could not live through the day. All this is so sad that I

*Dr. Trousseau the celebrated French physician.

have not the courage to prolong this letter; and so, with my fond love to dear Bella, who I hope is in a fair way of recovery, I embrace you with all my heart.

Your devoted son,

LONDON, APRIL 14TH, 1864.

My dear Mother:

Bessie deserves a heap of thanks for her delicious little note, and I hope you will tell her how grateful I am for it. I am happy to say that her assurances touching the passport difficulty have been verified, for, after demurring a little, the French Consul granted my request on the strength of the shooting license, which came very opportunely; and now, with this valuable document in my possession I am to all intents and purposes a *Johnny Crapaud*, and can snap my fingers at all Yankeedom. Pray thank Henry on my account, for all the trouble, although ineffectually, which he has given himself on my behalf. If I can't thank him for the deed, I do so most heartily for the will. Our passage over was very smooth, they say, but I knew nothing of it, as I began to snooze long before the boat left the wharf. We had some pleasant companions, amongst whom was Lawley. He told us that he was going out to Dixie on or about the 20th, in a small private vessel, the *Nassau*. I have pretty nearly got through all my work here, and therefore we shall start for Liverpool tomorrow, in order to have a good chat with Tom, who has secured my berth. I am going out with a magnificent outfit: Cook's clothes are capital, and he has obligingly undertaken to procure all the military accessories I shall require. This is a great advantage, as I get a reduction of fifteen to twenty per cent. on every article he purchases for me. Besides the two *cadeaux* you got for me, we have purchased three woolen cloaks, three woolen shawls and some other articles which I shall distribute amongst my kith and kin when I reach the sunny S. I shall

write to you from Liverpool in order to report my first impressions of the ship. In the meanwhile, adieu. With best love to the dear ones around you.

I tenderly embrace you.

STEAMER *Europa*, OFF QUEENSTOWN,
APRIL 17TH, 1864.

My dear little Mother:

We have just come in sight of the coast of Green Erin, and in a few moments I expect I shall be lying off Queenstown; I therefore avail myself of this temporary stop to tip you a few lines.

We left Liverpool yesterday at two P. M., the hour of our departure having been postponed from eight in the morning to that time on account of a change in the steamer. The *Arabia*, which was advertised to start yesterday, was unable to be ready in time, having just arrived from Boston when we left. It appears that she encountered some rough weather coming over, and was thereby considerably retarded: in fact all the steamers are overdue, amongst them the *City of Washington*, which we have just met. By her signals she informed us that she had been no less than three weeks and a half coming from New York. So far we are experiencing most delightful weather, and I trust that old Neptune's fury is spent by this time, and that he will not give us much annoyance. I cannot say that I am favourably impressed with the *Europa*; she is the oldest ship on the line, and consequently is deficient in the comforts and appliances of more modern vessels. They call her the tortoise of the line! I only hope she will make up for her extreme slowness by excessive safety. She is a very old friend of my father's, who was, you remember, on board of her when she ran into the *Charles Bartlett*. My travelling companion Captain Averell, is a trump; his manners are quiet, unassuming and gentlemanly; in this respect I am lucky. At Queenstown we expect

another Confederate; that will be jolly, for then we can defy the Yankee element, which is sadly preponderant. There are some sombre-visaged "down-Easters" who look Bowie knives at us, but we treat them with ineffable scorn. We are slackening speed, and in a few moments we shall come to a full stop—that must perforce be the case with this scrawl, and so adieu until Halifax.

Your devoted son,

HALIFAX HOTEL, HALIFAX,
APRIL 30TH, 1864.

My dear Mother:

I have this instant landed, and true to my promise I lose no time in announcing to you the safe arrival of your rebellious son in Halifax. But to my great disgust I find that the outward-bound steamer calling at this port has left. I shall have therefore to send these lines to New York, from whence there is no means of forwarding them to you before Wednesday next. I fully counted upon our hitting the aforesaid steamer when I started, but man proposes and [the Atlantic] disposes, for instead of getting in on Tuesday, as we might have done had the *Europa* been a boat of average speed, and had we also been favoured with ordinary fair weather, the welcome sound of "Land ahead" only gladdened our ears this morning at eight A. M. From the moment our poor old tub steamed away from Queenstown until within two days of our arrival, she had to contend with head winds, head seas—altogether the weather was as bad as it could be, in fact such a stirring up of the vasty deep at this season of the year has not been seen within the memory of that superannuated salt yclept the oldest mariner. The *Europa* indulged in a succession of saltatory eccentricities very unbecoming in one so aged; when so engaged I can only compare her to an oceanic *Rigolboche*. To give you an idea of the knocking and tumbling about we had to endure, I will merely say that for ten days consecutively I never sat down to dinner without

having a plate of soup deposited in my lap, or without being bowled out of my seat with a ponderous joint, which would every now and then break loose from its moorings and come thumping along like the most formidable of Druid's rams. But notwithstanding all these difficulties my appetite being exceedingly wolfish, I hardly missed a meal. Being rather a jolly, devil-may-care lot, we got to look upon the showering down of glasses and cruet-stands upon our heads as exhilarating little incidents. After our achievements in the feeding line I almost think I could cook and eat an omelette on the tight rope, *a la* Blondin. I think I told you in my scrawl from Queenstown that I was not prepossessed with the looks of most of my fellow-passengers; but I have had reason to alter my past impression of them, and to satisfy myself of the truth of the adage that appearances are deceptive. With a few exceptions the individuals whom I thought to be Yankees, turned out to be Nova Scotians and New Brunswickers; than whom no people are more sympathetic or kindly disposed towards the South. Judging from their twang, and also from the cut of their jibs you might almost fancy them to be unmitigated Down-Easters; but just get them on the great South question, and you will soon find that they are a hundred times more friendly than either the English or Canadians.

En route I made the acquantance of a very pleasant and gentlemanly Virginian, who was on his way over to this port in order to take command of the famous blockade runner, the *City of Petersburg*, which is now refitting here. Mr. Cameron (that is his name) has kindly invited us to go down with him to Bermuda in his splendid craft; an offer which Captain Averell and myself accepted most readily, seeing that the *Alpha* is a very slow and small boat, and that she was crowded with an unwashed set of passengers, and laden down to the water's edge with cattle. The *City of Petersburg* on the contrary merely carries out a supply of coal. She is one of the fastest Clyde built-boats. They tell me she averages a rate of fifteen and a half to sixteen knots an hour. This speed will enable

us to run round the Yankees, should they chivy us. Our sleeping accommodations on board of her will be infinitely better than in the *Europa*, and as to the cooking it will be unexceptionable, I am sure, judging from a sample which we have had of it at luncheon. The captain thought on arriving here that we would be able to get off this afternoon, but it appears that owing to extensive repairs required by the engines, we shall not be able to start before Tuesday. This delay does not distress me much, as it will enable me to purchase sundry articles much needed by the Confederates; and moreover time will not hang heavily on our hands, for thanks to the kindness of some hospitable citizens, I am sure that we shall live upon the fat of the land. Tomorrow we are going on a grand fishing expedition in the neighborhood, where we are promised great sport. Our cicerone tells us that the other day he caught in three hours twenty-seven trout, ranging from one pound to eight pounds. I wish Jean were to participate in the fun. When we came alongside the wharf we saw no less than four blockade-runners lying in different parts of the harbour, and amongst them the notorious *A. D. Vance*, or "Advance" as the sailors call her. She has been marvelously successful hitherto, having made as many as eight round trips between Bermuda and Wilmington. I have just spoken to her purser, who estimates the profits realized by her at fifteen hundred thousand dollars in gold. It did our hearts good to hear the lusty cheers with which the crew and passengers of the *Europa* responded to the salutation of this little Secesh flotilla as we steamed past it. The captain and officers did not attempt to restrain this manifestation of good feeling, for they are capital fellows and don't disguise their sympathies for our noble cause. I had just got thus far when, to my ineffable horror, Averell came in to tell me that this letter cannot possibly get away in time for the New York steamer. My letter will therefore have to wait for the Boston boat of the 10th instant.

I must now allude to a melancholy incident which happened

just as the *Europa* was getting under weigh. Some of the Boston-bound passengers had gone ashore, and when the signal gun was fired they were hurrying aboard. A nice young Scotchman, whom I had often spoken to during the voyage, was ascending the plank after shaking hands with me, when by some accident it tilted over and he nearly fell into the water. A Custom House officer who was standing on the wharf by my side seized hold of his coat collar, and I grasped one of his arms just as he was sinking. By this assistance we saved him from being mangled by the paddle-wheel of the steamer, but alas, we could not pull him up fast enough to rescue one of his legs, which was crushed into a jelly between the paddle-box and one of the posts of the wharf. Just picture to yourself the horror of the sight when my eyes fell upon his mutilated limb. He was instantly taken to the hotel, the best surgeon in this city was called in, who immediately amputated his poor leg below the knee. He bore the operation nobly: I did not hear him utter a groan, but big tears trickled down his cheeks as the surgeon was performing his bloody task. He had come out on a pleasure trip, and was on his way to the Western States. What a sad mishap for him at this distance from his friends. As he was quite alone and friendless, Averell, a ship companion and myself take it by turns to watch over him and to minister to his wants. My "watch" is coming on in a few minutes, and so I shall have to pull up. I don't know what he will do without us when we are obliged to go, as he does not know a soul in this place who takes the slightest interest in him. I am endeavouring to get a nurse for him, but with little success so far. One of the doctors has come in to tell me that gangrene has set in, and that his case is very dangerous and in fact that two days will decide it. Horrible, horrible, indeed.

I must now say good-bye to you, not however without sending my fondest love to my excellent father and to all the dear ones around you.

Your devoted son,

P. S.—I address this to Isabella. ———————

HAMILTON HOTEL,
HAMILTON, BERMUDA
MAY 11TH, 1864.

My dear Father:

At Halifax, as I was folding up the letter in which I gave that dear little mother an account of my trip from the "tight little island" to the black shores of Nova Scotia, I could not help muttering deep imprecations against the adverse winds that retarded the progress of the venerable but alas, not rapid *Europa*. I was then savagely ignorant of the golden opportunity which presented itself most unexpectedly, and which enabled me to despatch the missive in question a fortnight earlier than I had allowed myself to reckon on. I heard by accident that the steamer *A. D. Vance* was about to go to England on the sly, for repairs. The moment the welcome intelligence fell upon my ear I rushed in mad haste to her wharf, but she had slipped her moorings when I got there, and had already begun to steam off. However I was not to be discouraged by that mischance, and so I forthwith chartered a boat, and after an hour of superhuman exertions I managed to get alongside of her, and in the most touching accents I implored the first mate to mail my letter as soon as he reached England; this he agreed to do. If she does not fall foul of a Yankee cruiser you will receive these lines, but if the Fates decree otherwise, my "kakography" will be consigned to the flames, or in the deep bosom of the ocean buried. We were detained in Halifax until last Friday by a series of vexatious inpediments. Our captain had originally intended to put to sea at least on Monday evening, but at the last moment he was apprised of a plot hatched by the rascally Yankee Consul for the purpose of capturing the *City of Petersburg*. It appears that this bright-minded official had been tampering for sometime with the chief engineer and a portion of the crew, and had succeeded in bribing them by a combination of worthless greenbacks* and bad whiskey. But

*The author does not seem to have had personal knowledge of the value of Secretary Chase's famous first issue of National currency.—[ED.]

fortunately our skipper got wind of these machinations, and incontinently packed off the traitors. The present engineer is a good Southern man and thoroughly competent, but it took him a long time to get the engines (which had been probably put out of gear), again into working order. We were chased by a Federal steamer on leaving Halifax, but luckily we had sound men in the engine-room, and by piling on plenty of steam our good ship ran cleverly away from the Yankees. Our voyage hither was not marked by any very noteworthy incidents, except on the morning of the last day, when, a few minutes after sunrise, we espied a big man-of-war steering athwart our course. We fully expected to be peppered with shell and solid shot every minute. This rather uncomfortable state of suspense lasted for what I thought a little eternity; but to our intense relief the man on the lookout at the masthead informed us that she was a British frigate. I drew a long breath and as the visions of Fort Lafayette, green pork, with "Beast" Butler in the background gradually vanished, I felt, like falling down and worshipping the Union Jack. We put into Hamilton, a beautiful little seaport, situated on the gem of this lovely group of islands. The group consists of no less than three hundred and sixty-five islands of every imaginable shape and size, and all within a pistol-shot of one another; but some of them are so small that it is by mere courtesy they can be dignified with the name of islands.

Nature must have been in one of her gayest moods when she decorated this coral reef, for at every step one comes upon a charming view, or upon some sweetly scented plant which would turn the heads of all the Parisian perfumers. The horticultural resources of this place are immense, and if the lazy negroes who constitute three-fourths of the population would only assist Nature a little, in consideration of the immeasurable riches she has so bountifully showered upon them, I am sure that the vegetables of the "vexed Bermoothes" would beat all creation. By the way, I protest

indignantly against the injury which the immortal "Swan" did to these gay and sparkling islands by making them the local habitation of that horrid old monster *Caliban*. They came into the world with the best auspices, but like many of Nature's spoilt children they have missed their vocation, and instead of becoming the abode of Dryads and Fairies a swarm of the ugliest and "meanest" darkies ever shipped from the coast of Africa have settled down here like a blight. Before the emancipation the Estates here were very productive, but soon after the manumission of the slaves these lands receded from cultivation, and now they yield literally nothing at all. With the exception of some very fine vegetables, all that is consumed, whether in the shape of eatables or drinkables, is imported.

A Bermudian was telling me this morning that it is impossible to get any work out of these rascally niggers as he contemptuously termed them. They are both indolent and insolent, and unless pinched with hunger they scornfully refuse the easiest employment. This blockade business suits them to a T for they get very liberal pay for the small jobs it necessitates, and after loading and unloading the steamers that may chance to dribble in, you will see them basking in the sun for hours and hours, like torpid alligators. I think the most rabid of Exeter Hall Ranters would confess that free black labour is a mad Utopia and that it is incompatible with thrift and industry. But distance lends enchantment to the view, and with some three thousand miles of salt water between them and their colonies these fanatics fancy they have conferred a great blessing on the negro race, whilst in fact their ill-timed philanthropy has proved the curse of the blacks and the ruin of the whites.

It is really too bad to see the munificent gifts of Heaven squandered away because these benighted wretches are too slow to turn them to account; and yet Bermuda is said to be hardly a fair criterion of the system. In Barbados and the other West India islands it is infinitely worse, for there Sambo has reached

the lowest pitch of demoralization. My Bermudan friend tells me that had it not been for this war the white population would have decreased, but as soon as this abnormal state of things is over, the decrease will go on afresh. He is confident that ultimately the descendants of Ham are to remain masters of the islands, and then it will not be long before they relapse into barbarism and fetichism. The deduction I draw from all this is that there is a good time coming for Bermuda, and that ere a century elapses cannibalism will be one of the prominent features of the place. Oh Wilberforce, you were an unmitigated humbug!

The two principal ports are St. George and Hamilton, but St. George is the more important business place of the two, and it is there that the blockade interest is concentrated; but I stopped here because the accommodation is better. I think it is likely I shall have to remain here for a week longer, for no steamer will venture out before the next moon. I am rather glad of that, for what with fishing, cruising and bathing I shall manage to kill the time pleasantly enough; however, as this missive is going in a vessel sailing for England in a few days, I shall tip you a line just before embarking, in order to tell you what steamer is to take me on to Dixie; for the present I am entirely in the dark as to that. The blockade-runners of late have not been so unfortunate, and I am in hopes that the blockading squadron off Wilmington, having been terribly scared by the sortie of a Confederate ironclad, will not hug the shore so close as it has done hitherto.

Captain Maffit[1] is expecting a very fast boat from England, and it is upon the cards that I may go in under his auspices.

The latest news from Dixie is of a satisfactory nature with the exception of one item, which speaks of the wound of Longstreet. It is said that he is very severely wounded, but we have not been able to make out whether his life is despaired of. Burnside has

1 John N. Maffit (1819-1886) originally an officer in the Navy, entered the service of the Confederacy in 1861, and commanded the "Florida."

been forced back with tremendous loss, and it appears that Grant has been pretty roughly handled on the Rappahannock. These advantages, coupled with the surrender of Plymouth and Banks' rout, show that Fortune has not quite deserted our good cause. Sanguine people here think that the war will come to a close this summer. They tell me that I have arrived just in time to be too late. These prophecies will give you some comfort perhaps, and I jot them down for what they are worth; but I confess they are very galling to my martial ambition. I have been obliged to put off all my winter clothing and to don the thinnest raiment I could fork out of my trunks. It is really very warm, and yet the heat is so delightfully tempered by the moisture of the Gulf stream, and the atmosphere is so delightfully impregnated with the perfumes of thousands on thousands of fragrant plants growing in rank luxuriance, that even with my strong dislike to very hot weather I cannot help enjoying this balmy climate. Under its influence I feel that I would very quickly become a regular lazzarone, and go in for nothing but the dolce far niente. I hear that the *Florida* has just arrived and that the natives of course are rushing off to see her, so as I have reached the foot of my twelfth and last page, I think I shall follow the crowd, and bid you adieu with a heap of kisses to my dearest mother and to all the good folks at home. Believe me, dearest father, Your devoted son,

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STEAMSHIP *Lilian*,
ST. GEORGE'S HARBOUR, BERMUDA,
JUNE 1ST, 1864.

Dear Father:

"Patience is bitter, but its fruits are sweet." Never has the truth of that saying been more fully exemplified than in my case; for after a few weeks of vexatious detention in the vexed Bermoothes, I had the ineffable pleasure of receiving your welcome missive enclosing those affectionate lines from Mother, Bessie and

Jean, just as I was on the verge of sailing hence for the land of cotton. You will be not a little surprised that at this late date I am still vegetating on this island, and you will take up the idea that like the whining schoolboy, I am creeping unwillingly to the Southern school of adversity. It is not my fault, but the cause of all this delay was the moon, whose indiscreet rays have betrayed many an ill-starred boat into the hands of *Messieurs les Yankees*.

We blockade-runners are a terrible unpoetic race of people, for the "Queen of the Night" is our bugbear, and instead of making odes to her like sentimental loons, we heap imprecations upon her of a decidedly profane nature. But at last the nights are pronounced to be dark enough for the timid crafts that nestle under the folds of the Union Jack to venture on their illicit errands. "Jove Juvante," I shall be off tomorrow in the crack ship *Lilian*, commanded by Captain Maffit. It was a toss-up whether I should pop into Dixie on board of the *City of Petersburg*, when she left on the 12th ultimo, or whether I should remain here until the present moon. I was strongly advised not to do the former, as the risks of capture would be very great, from the fact that most probably the moon would be shining brightly when she got off Wilmington. I abandoned that plan, and most luckily, for steamers just in from the south report that my friend the *City of Petersburg* has not been heard of, and the belief is spreading here that she has been nabbed by Lincoln's cruisers.

This is a painful conjecture, for Averell is on board of her. Nothing could shake his resolve of going in on her, and I fear that he is paying the penalty of stubbornness in some Northern Bastile. I have every reason to congratulate myself upon my decision of running the gauntlet under Maffit's auspices, for in addition to his courage, experience and general company, I shall have the advantage of enjoying the society of Lawley, Mr. Bowers, and Vizetelly, the correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, who are all three booked for the *Lilian*. She is considered by competent judges here

to be the finest boat of the kind which has yet been seen in this harbour. Her speed is said to be second to none, and as far as her commander is concerned, he is the best by far of all the officers engaged in the blockade; for he knows every inch of the North Carolina coast, and he has given up "splicing the main brace." Taking all these auspicious circumstances into consideration, I arrive at the conclusion that we must and shall get in; but there is many a slip between the cup and the lip, and therefore, *par le temps qui court*, it does not do to be too sanguine. The company to which this steamer belongs is connected with the State of Georgia, and through the instrumentality of Major Walker, the agent for the war department at this *depot*, I might have got a free passage in her; but then I could only have got this as a conscript. Now I have no wish of being considered as such, my action being entirely voluntary. I have therefore decided, in order to be as free and untrammeled as possible, to pay for my passage. The fare, considering the distance, is very high, but then I shall be quite independent, a position I consider worthy of a pecuniary sacrifice.

The charge is £30, but as the disbursement of that sum would make a considerable hole in my finances, I have drawn upon you for the amount, provided you do not object to pay a draft for that amount—if so, I suppose I can meet the liability with what money we have in the Confederacy. Of course the Yankee telegrams have undertaken to prove to the European public that the Federal armies have carried everything before them in Virginia, and that the rebellion is on its last legs. At the first flush those accounts seem very appalling, but divesting them of all their bounce and exaggeration, we here gather from them that the irresistible Grant has done very little during the past three weeks save lose seventy thousand men to advance five miles. According to the laws of arithmetical progression, at that rate the Army of the Potomac would be reduced to a corporal's guard before it reached the for-

tifications of the Southern Capital, even admitting that it consists of four hundred thousand men. Cool and long-headed men here, after comparing the reports of the Southern Generals with those of the Yankees, have come to the conclusion that the balance of advantages is on our side; and I can assure you that these blockade people are very matter-of-fact and dispassionate. I don't know where they may have been before they came here, but certain it is that now they are as free from fanaticism as any neutral I have seen. If I imagined they represented Southern feeling I would long ago have come to the conclusion that Confederates are a very impassive, apathetic race. It is wonderful how refrigerating the manipulation of dollars and cents is.

A gentleman here showed me a letter dated Richmond, the 24th, from a friend of his who is said to be a sagacious observer of events; well, the view he takes of the late fights is the reverse of despondent. I have lately made the acquaintance of the famous Colonel St. Leger Grenfell, who was for a long time Bragg's inspector-general of cavalry, and after that, chief of Morgan's staff. He is the man Fremantle speaks of in his book.[2] You remember he says this bellicose John Bull is a great talker; but that he is one of the rare instances where tall talking is commensurate with great deeds. The fact is, his life has been one long series of adventures and hair-breadth escapes, and I don't think there is a part of the world where he has not figured more or less prominently. This roving spirit has just left the Confederacy on account of a difference which has occurred between him and the President about John Morgan, who it appears is no favorite of the administration. I don't think this is his only motive for leaving Dixie, and I have taken up the notion that he conceives that he has not received promotion adequate to his services, or that he is jealous of Polignac, who has just been appointed Major General. Anyhow, I got on very well with the Dugald Dalgetty in question, and he gave me

2 Three months in the Southern States, by Lieut.-Col. W. H. Freemantle, an officer of the British Army.

some very good letters of introduction to some southern officers, and to Morgan in particular, who is evidently much attached to him, judging from the exalted certificate he has given to him, and which I had occasion to read. Mr. Bowns will give me the box you mention, in a few minutes: I anticipate great pleasure in opening it. I am delighted to hear that you have sent me my field-glass: it will be most acceptable, as I had begun long ago to appreciate the full extent of my forgetfulness. As to the epistolary envoy, I have never had such a treat, and as Maffit has just remarked, if I devour these tidings with such tremendous avidity after a separation of a few weeks, what shall I do when months and perhaps years intervene? I am jotting off these lines on board the *Lilian*, and when I began writing I was under the impression that we would get under weigh tomorrow; but I have been informed that in order to "muddle" the Yankees as much as possible, we shall leave in a couple of hours. For that purpose they are getting up steam in desperate haste. The hissing and boiling water causes the boat to quiver and vibrate in the most distressing manner to a man intending to write. If this scrawl is more than usually badly written I must plead extenuating circumstances, for if dancing on a volcano is a ticklish pastime, caligraphy on board a blockade runner is an utter impossibility. I had hoped that I could chat with you a little longer, but alas they tell me I must fold this up without further delay. With the help of God, my next will be from Wilmington or Richmond. Until then adieu to all the dear folks at home.

Your devoted son,

WILMINGTON, C.(ONFEDERATE S.(TATES)
JUNE 5TH, 1864.

My dear Mother:

Veni, Vici, and as Julius Caesar remarked, we have gone in and won. Thank Heaven, I am at last on Confederate soil, having most successfully passed through that awful ordeal yclept the

blockade. There have been so many captures of late among the blockade-running squadron, that I have every reason fervently to bless my stars at having reached this haven of refuge, sound in wind and limb. I wrote to you a few minutes before sailing that the dear little *Lilian* was getting up steam for Dixie, We steamed out of St. George at six o'clock on Wednesday afternoon.

Amongst our live freight, or our live-stock—as the captain facetiously called your offspring and his travelling companions—were the amiable and accomplished correspondent of the "Thunderer," and a most amusing and jovial *bon-vivant* rejoicing in the name of Vizetelly, who came here on a mission from the *Illustrated London News*. It is his intention to draw what he sees by field and flood, for the special amusement and edification of those indifferent John Bulls. I trust that he will be the occasion of sending to his paper the sketch of many a Yankee stampede. But to return to our muttons, in addition to these Britishers were three Confederate officers belonging to the army of the west, and who had recently effected their escape from Fort Chase. This, for a boat whose everything is sacrificed to speed and freight-carrying capacity, was an awfully big lot of passengers: so much so that there was no accommodation, in the European sense of the word, for us. In fact at night, if the weather was at all fine, we would have to shift for ourselves on the quarter-deck; if it was at all squally we pigged together on the floor of our small dining room, or in amongst the cargo.

You would have taken us without doubt for some of Lee's ragamuffins, had you witnessed our going condition when we disembarked this morning to report at the commanding general's head-quarters. My clothes were so weather-stained and seedy, my physiognomy was so thickly besmeared with a vile coating, composed of salt water and coal dust, that it required the closest observation and very keen powers of discrimination to distinguish

this child from the very blackest of firemen. *Mais à la guerre comme à la guerre*, and I assure you we're a very jolly albeit a very dirty set.

From the start until Friday evening everything was going on as merrily as a marriage bell. We were rolling off with ease our fourteen knots, or about twenty-four kilometres an hour. No Yanky was visible in the horizon, and it was the captain's intention, had we been able to keep this speed, to rush through the blockade on Saturday morning before sunrise.

We would have to grope our way about the coast until we saw the Cape Fear lighthouse—for, as is often the case in the Gulf Stream, the sky was cloudy at noon, and old Sol's countenance very indistinct; consequently an accurate observation was out of the question. As it turned out, we would have struck the coast twenty-five miles south of the entrance of the harbour, had we stuck to the same course, but a portion of our engines became so terribly heated that we were obliged to slow them. In that condition the captain thought that his boat was not fit that night for a dash through the fleet. He therefore determined to turn back and go out some sixty miles to sea, and there stop the ship. As there was no more excitement in store for us that night, I went to sleep on the deck. When I awoke next morning I found the *Lilian* going all round the compass, performing what the sailors call circular navigation.

To beguile the tedium of that species of navigation we devised all sorts of pastimes, and amongst them sea-bathing. Two of the Confederate officers jumped in, and just as I was preparing to follow suit one of the sailors shouted out that he saw a shark. In presence of such an enemy the rebels skedaddled in Bull Run style and hastily clambered up the sides of the boat. In a second after, a huge shark made his appearance. He was evidently awfully hungry, for he swam round the ship several times in quest of what

I think would not constitute a very first-class repast even for a shark; for after six months' incarceration in a Yankee dungeon a Southerner can scarcely be considered a very dainty morsel. The search proving fruitless, he gave his tail a flirt suggestive of intense disgust, and made himself scarce. This little incident had fluttered us a little, and we were gradually regaining our composure when the hand at the masthead sang out "Sail ho". All our glasses came into play, and after a time we discovered a large steamer straight ahead of us, that is to say between us and Wilmington. The only thing to be done was to put about and steam away from the fellow in the direction of Bermuda. He was bearing down upon us as fast as he could go, and at first seemed to be gaining upon us, but as the *Lilian* settled down earnestly into her working she flew through the water, and then it was evident that the pace was too much for the cruiser; she however, pegged away after us with all the dogged tenacity characteristic of the Yankee race.

When we no longer saw her, Maffit, after a little dodging, steered back in the direction of Dixie. It was then that I became convinced that his reputation as a consummate navigator was deserved, for notwithstanding all the zigzagging and doubling which we had to execute in order to elude our pursuer he brought the *Lilian*, soon after sunset, within a distance of some twelve miles off the coast and at the exact point when the steering of the ship devolved upon the pilot. We stood till nine o'clock, and then the pilot gave the order to go at full speed.

It was, I will confess, a very anxious moment, and with the exception of Maffit, who is the perfection of coolness and self-possession, and the pilot, we all looked rather nervous. As we were passing through the outer cordon of blockaders, I fancied like the Irishman that I could hear the palpitation of my heart a great many yards. They did not see, and so far we were unmolested. This gave us some confidence, and yet the hardest part

was to come, for the Yankee squadron comprising the inner semi-circle, lies close to the bar, and the distance between each ship hardly averages half a mile. Whilst we were tearing along flashes of lightning now and then illuminated a dense bank of clouds ahead of us. These we took at first to be the ominous precursors of a shell or solid shot. There was of course a good deal of what the Southerners call "flickering", that is to say, bobbing and dodging of heads. Just as we were about to go over the bar we passed within a biscuit throw of what seemed to be a floating monster on our starboard side. We every moment expected a broadside, but the Yankees were napping and thanks to God we gave them the go-by. This last danger being past a frantic shaking of hands ensued, and everybody congratulated everybody else. Whilst we were all crowding on the bridge the pilot told us to look out for a volley, as one of the enemy's launches was close to us. We all fell flat upon our faces; and whilst I was in the act of doing so I saw the boat, dropping astern of us. She appeared to be filled with armed men, and I fully expected they would pepper us with Minie bullets, but fortunately they did not take any heed of us.

Our surmise for thus escaping is that she took the *Lilian* for a Federal gunboat. Maffit now tells me that he fully expected a very warm reception; instead of which not a gun was fired at us; he is of the opinion that the vessels which ran out on the same night as we ran in must have drawn off the attention of the enemy. Without such a diversion it is impossible to understand their want of vigilance. The *Florse*, which came in a couple of hours after us had not our luck, for she received a *feu d'enfer*, but without doing any injury to her except to one of her smokestacks. I have just heard that one of the steamers which attempted to run in that night was sunk by the Yankees. I am most comfortably installed here, at the house of Mr. Colley, an owner of blockade ships, who lives in very good style indeed for the times. I esteem myself very fortunate at not being obliged to put up at the hotel, the filth

and nastiness of which baffles description. Here I have pleasant company, Lawley, who is decidedly a very pleasant person, being one of Mr. Colley's guests; a cuisine which in normal times would be pronounced very fair, and, what is very hard to be procured in the Confederacy, immaculate sheets.

This is a strange prelude, is it not, to the hardships which I have been led to expect when I undertook my journey; but this is no criterion of the poverty and the hardships in the South, for if any place in the Confederacy is at all thriving it ought to be Wilmington, which has the monopoly of the blockade business. To-morrow morning I start with Lawley for Richmond, as I am anxious what the real position of military affairs is, and that is the only point where any prompt and reliable intelligence can be procured. All the people I have spoken to express sanguine hopes in General Lee's gallant army, and his ability to hold the capital against Grant's forces, which are rapidly being decimated by this succession of frightful slaughters, as well as by disease. They don't look for a complete rout like that at Bull Run or Fredericksburg, but they think it probable that Grant will have to desist from sheer exhaustion.

Lee's army having been heavily reinforced, is stronger than it was at the commencement of the last campaign. General Whitney* puts down the whole of our losses at twelve thousand men, which is a small number compared with the carnage among the Yankees. I made that officer's acquaintance on landing, and was most favourably impressed by his quiet, modest manners. He commands this department and is looked upon as a very able general. He won, you remember, great distinction in the Peninsula, by his dashing conduct at the head of one of the crack divisions. He considers the military position as promising, but deplores the death of Jenkins, whom he looked upon as a splendid officer. Stewart† is

*This was undoubtedly General W. H. C. Whiting, the defender of Fort Fisher.
†"Jeb" Stuart.

greatly regretted, but I perceive he has greater prestige in Europe than in the Confederacy, where his military talent is rather disputed. If General Read's wound is mortal his loss will be the greatest loss of all, for he is regarded as a man of extraordinary ability.

The *City of Petersburg* was not wrecked after all; I found her lying near the wharf as we came in; she is going out tomorrow and will take this letter. I shall write to you as soon as I get to Richmond, and with many thanks to you and all for the glorious batch of letters handed to me by Mr. Ward, I fondly embrace you.

THE BALLARD HOUSE, RICHMOND,
JUNE 10TH, 1864.

My Dear Father:

My journey hither was certainly not one of bewildering rapidity, and yet I can hardly realize the fact that I am within the walls of the beleaguered capital of dear Dixie. It seems as it were an ugly dream that after all the comforts and frivolities of a luxurious life I should be surrounded by the stern realities of a hideous war. Yes, here I am in the hotbed of treason, which for the nonce is converted into a vast hospital for the accommodation of the wounded in the last battles in the vicinity. Almost at every step my gaze is met by the sight of trains of poor fellows maimed and mutilated by the brutal mercenaries of the North. Such is the pitch of callousness to which men and women have arrived here, after witnessing for three bloody years all the horrors of war, that now they eye these miserable objects with apparent indifference. This indifference does not arise, I am sure, from any dullness of sensibility; these people have shown too often by their acts of devotion how good their hearts are, for me to suspect that their feelings are at all dead. No, I think that as they are prepared for the same fate, that it comes from a wish not to render themselves miserable by an exhibition of compassion which would be of no use to the objects of

it. I have been struck very forcibly by the sense of security which seems to prevail here among all classes. The dangers which environ this city, the chief aim of Yankee malignity, are very great. Grant, at the head of his mighty force, is only some fifteen miles off; and yet such is the unbounded confidence of the people in Lee and his noble army, that you hear them talking not only of driving the enemy back, but gobbling him up. So far, all the charges of the Yankees have been repulsed with frightful slaughter and with comparatively little loss to the Southerners, who are now for the first time fighting from behind breastworks. I had last night a few moments' conversation with a colonel who had just arrived from the front. He told me that without any sort of exaggeration the enemy lost, in front of a brigade of Georgians, no less than six hundred men killed and about three thousand wounded, whilst the Georgians are only minus four men since that fight. It is thought that Grant is going to cross the Chickahominy, and that he will follow in McClellan's footsteps towards Richmond, if he does not attempt to cross over to the southern bank of the James River; but there the gallant Beauregard waits him with the splendid army which gave Butler so sound a drubbing the other day. Everything indicates that this is the supreme effort of the North to crush out the South. Never has their fighting been characterized by such desperation and recklessness. Their battalions have been repeatedly hurled against the Southern breastworks with unwonted impetuosity and dash, but each time they have reeled back in disorder and cut to pieces. I have not spoken to a single soldier here who was not convinced that the Yankee courage in the recent battles has been screwed up by means of the strongest whiskey. One of them who was slightly wounded in one of those engagements told me that some of the Yankees were so drunk when they charged that they could hardly stand upon their legs, and that they would roll harmlessly into the entrenchments, and there allow themselves to be disarmed. In some cases they were so mad with liquor that

they would throw away their muskets and run into the cannon's mouth. Nothing is too bad for these miscreants in Washington. They now cap the climax by hurrying their own men into eternity when beastly drunk. Horrible, horrible. I hope that the missive in which I gave my dear mother an account of our successful trip through the blockaders will reach her. I confided it to the care of the purser of the *City of Petersburg*, requesting him to mail it as soon as he got to Bermuda. It was a great relief to find this old friend of mine lying alongside the wharf at Wilmington, for I had some time before feared that she had been pounced upon by the Yankees. She was seen attempting to run in, and was therefore obliged to put back with a pack of cruisers at her heels. They chevied her right into Nassau. There she remained for a few days in order to get a supply of coal, and then she popped in, not however without getting a shower of shot and canister. Captain Averell, whom I have had the pleasure of meeting, tells me that they had a mighty hot time of it; it almost reminded him of Seven Pines. I trust that she will get to Bermuda safely, and as she is a very fast boat there is a chance the more in her favour; but the Federals have now so many fast cruisers lurking about the two cordons of blockaders, that I consider running out fully as risky as running in. Although we managed to elude the enemy with perfect impunity, I do not look upon the blockade as child's play; in my opinion it is awfully ticklish work trying to get through it. To do so successfully, speed coupled with skillful seamanship is absolutely requisite. These two indispensable qualities I found in the *Lilian*. I fear she will lose her able commander, Captain Maffit, who I judge is the best of fellows and the most skillful of navigators; for his return here has been hailed with delight, and the Secretary of the Navy has given him a practical proof of it by pouncing upon him with an important command just at the time when poor Maffit wanted to make a little money in blockade running; but as I tell him, such are the drawbacks to a too exalted reputation.

This will cause the light-heeled *Lilian* to go down terribly in the betting. I left Wilmington on Tuesday with Lawley, who has stopped there a day in order to pen a communication to the "Thunderer" in which he recorded his impressions in the *grandes emotions* which I shared with him. He gave it to me to read, and I can vouch for its being graphic as well as truthful; we were not a little loath, both of us, to leave the hospitable and comfortable residence of Mr. Colby, which is like an oasis in the desert of privation. It required no little force of will to give up all these luxuries and face the filth, tediousness and thousand discomforts of our Southern railroads.

Fortunately I stumbled on Mr. John Robinson, the son of Mr. Robinson of Philadelphia, who is now military superintendent of that line. He gave us permission to camp in the baggage car, a favour which we appreciated very highly, I assure you, for with our rugs we could lie down amongst the baggage. Our couches were not of the downiest, it is true, but anything is preferable in these times to the cars, which are densely packed with soldiers rushing to the front. After half an hour's experience of them I was able fully to realize the horrors of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

Our car was wedged in between two others containing ammunition; very unpleasant neighbors at all times, but more so with an engine which throws out a regular *feu d'artifice* of sparks. To make matters worse a terrific storm occurred, which became so violent that the train had to be stopped. The flood-gates of Heaven were opened to their widest extent. Never have I seen rain pour down with such fury; each drop seemed large enough to fill a bucket; the artillery of the gods, too, blazed and thundered forth in deafening peals. I saw the lightning, like an immense ball of fire, descend and fell a large tree. Remembering that I was sandwiched between these two very unpleasant cars, I felt inclined to observe the first part of Cromwell's apothegm, but slightly to modify the other part

of it* We passed through to the west of Petersburg, a district which had been the scene of the Yankee raid ordered by Butler, and when he was so handsomely repulsed by Beauregard. For miles and miles along the track the cowardly depredators had left behind them marks of their passage—the charred remains of once cosy cottages, the ruins of farmhouses, were visible in sad succession. I have been here only a few hours, and I have heard of more atrocities committed by these Vandals than I could attempt to narrate in the space of twenty sheets.

The advance of the Northern horse has been marked by more acts of wanton Vandalism than hitherto. Some counties have been entirely devastated, and among them I fear that Caroline county has been a heavy sufferer. I hear that a gentleman's house situated there was stripped of all its furniture, decorations and food. Some valuable rosewood tables and chairs were smashed into atoms and then turned into breastworks. These accounts make me very anxious to learn the fate of my uncle's estate; for that purpose I shall make enquiries not only respecting him, but also about the other members of our family.

In my next letter I shall communicate what facts I shall have been able to gather; this I shall do as promptly as possible. In future I intend writing very frequently, as that is, I think, the only way in these disjointed times of informing you of the state of my health and of my whereabouts. So far my health is all that can be desired. I have taken up my quarters at the Ballard House (Old Exchange) I here share a tolerably comfortable room with a Captain Wright, of Alabama, who plants on the same river as Lygon.

He was a fellow-passenger of mine in the *Lilian*, having just escaped from a Yankee prison to Bermuda. As he will pass on his way home through Montgomery, I shall entrust the present for my

*Put your trust in God, but keep your powder dry.

dear Aunt Randolph to his care. The prices here, owing to depression of the currency, are absurdly high. For instance, I pay three dollars for a couple of eggs, eight for a beefsteak, and fifteen for a small chicken. This is appalling at first if you don't bear in mind that the proportion of gold to paper is about one to seventeen. The late financial measure, however, has raised the value of paper, for now seventeen Confederate notes will buy a gold dollar, whilst a year ago twenty-seven would not do that—so you see there is an improvement, and I am told it is going on gradually—so much the better. Write very often yourself, and I beseech you to tell mother, Bella and Bessie to do the same. With this species of stimulant I know that my spirits will never be depressed.

Farewell. Your devoted son,

My last letter was dated Wilmington, 6th.

P. S.—I got here not one minute too soon, for a Yankee raiding party stopped the train which followed the one I was in, took the passengers prisoners, and after burning the cars and turning up some of the rails, returned to Norfolk with their captives. A little more and I was in the clutches of Beast Butler. This is what the people here call escaping by the skin of one's teeth.

BALLARD HOUSE RICHMOND,
JUNE 15TH, 1864.

My dear Father:

In my last week's letter to you I told you that I purposed making enquiries about our kinsfolk in Dixie in order to give a report which I know you are most anxiously expecting. I have at length been able to glean the following facts, partly from Mrs. Lewis, and partly from your nephew, Nicholas C., who has just arrived here from the Reed's, after running innumerable perils in getting through the enemy's lines. The Yankees, during their

occupation of Caroline County, burned and destroyed private property in their wonted barbarous style; but strange to say, although my uncle's neighbours were subjected to every sort of cruelty and indignity, yet he was treated with comparative clemency for the scoundrels contented themselves with carrying off some of his horses and oxen and with shooting those they could not take away; but they did not insult Aunt Virginia or my cousin Anna Munford, who were staying at the Reed's when Burnside's corps camped in its vicinity. Soldiers were constantly lounging into the house, but except upon the larder and the store-room, which they most effectually cleared out, they did not commit any other depredations.

Some of the negroes were induced to leave the farm, but the majority preferred remaining. Nicholas tells me that notwithstanding the presence of the enemy, they were perfectly civil and subordinate. All labour however is stopped by order of the Federals, who threaten to shoot the darkies if they do any work in the fields. Nicholas was stopping at the old homestead when the army of Grant marched through the county, and in order to avoid capture he had to conceal himself in the woods in the daytime. At night he had to creep cautiously into the house. The negroes offered him all the assistance in their power, and when asked whether he was on the place or lurking in the neighborhood, they pretended not to know what had become of him, notwithstanding the most awful threats if they were caught hiding the truth. My cousin finding this state of things unbearable, started, after taking leave of the inmates of the Reeds', for Richmond—a most hazardous undertaking. From the moment of his departure to the time he reached the fortifications of the city, five days and nights elapsed. During the journey he was frequently shot at by the Yankees, who took him for a bushwhacker. At one time they actually got within one hundred yards of him, and then blazed away—but happily without hurting him. His privations, poor fellow, were very great,

for he had only a scanty supply of bread with which to quiet the cravings of hunger; but like the immense majority of Southern people he bore these hardships cheerfully, and having got his discharge he prosecuted his studies in medicine, and now he occupies a position as surgeon in one of the hospitals appropriated to the Yankee wounded. Every one is in good health, I am glad to hear, at the Reed's.

Aunt Virginia, notwithstanding the propinquity of the Yankees, was doing very well. Your brother John is in Montgomery. Having succeeded in selling his Virginia farm he has bought a pleasant little place in that pleasant town, and is now engaged in superintending the cotton purchased by the government. The berth is said to be a good one. His eldest son occupies the post of quartermaster in a brigade of Longstreet's corps. He has the reputation of being a very efficient officer. His brother Lygon, who has no vocation for the military profession, is employed in the treasury department. My uncle Lygon has not left his plantation since the war broke out; the reports concerning him are satisfactory. Your sister Anna's sons, whom you expressed so much solicitude about, have both been providentially saved. The eldest one was taken prisoner at Fort Donelson, but after a few months' imprisonment he got his exchange and re-entered the army, I think in the capacity of an adjutant. Frank Randolph is now a Major in the cavalry, having distinguished himself on various occasions.

Ever since the beginning of the war he has been in the thickest of the fights. He received his last promotion after a brilliant cavalry charge. I expect that if his career is not cut short he will shortly be appointed to a colonelcy, for he is regarded as one of the most promising officers in the service.

So far the tidings I have communicated are not so bad for these sanguinary times.

We have of late been amused at the jubilant tone of the Northern press, which tries to make out that all Grant's movements hitherto have been great successes, where Lee has foiled him everywhere. It is clear that the disastrous repulses he has met within the Wilderness and Spottsylvania have compelled him to modify his programme, which was to march straight through the Confederate lines down to the city; instead of which his progress has been of a sidelong nature, and attended with the most awful carnage of the war.

His present point of attack might have been reached almost without firing a gun, and yet after butting his head unsuccessfully against the Confederate positions a number of times, and after losing seventy thousand men in the attempt to carry them, he claims a series of victories. Reports come in frequently that the Yankees are very much disheartened by the frightful slaughter in their ranks. It is even said that Grant has no little trouble in bringing them up to the scratch; but we will be able to estimate their demoralization in the next battle.

There is no sign of anything of the sort in the Confederate army—that I can vouch for; I have visited the different corps and have come to the conclusion that Lee cannot be whipped, for never have his troops been in better heart and spirits. They are roughly clad, it is true, but their clothing is better than it ever was and they have never been as well-shod since the war commenced. There are provisions in the army in this city which can be made to last seven months. The soldiers now, compared to that which they have had to endure hitherto, are bountifully supplied; they get full rations, have coffee and sugar, luxuries which up to the present time they had not often indulged in.

Some of the brigades are so abundantly provided for that they have frequently given their rations to the poor of the city, amongst whom there is really a great deal of suffering owing to the exorbi-

tant prices of food, caused by the proximity of Grant's army, and also by the cutting up of the railroads; but it is hoped that this pressure is only temporary.

I wish that some of the faint-hearted *soi-disant* Confederates, who no doubt think that the South is at its last gasp, could be transplanted here at the stroke of a magic wand. They would then see sights which indicate anything but fear or despondency.

There is no noise or agitation in the streets. The citizens pursue their daily avocations without evincing any signs of terror. The ladies in the evening sit on the doorsteps of their houses and there chat cheerfully, whilst their fingers are busily engaged in knitting or sewing for the soldiers. Were not the stillness of this doomed city broken at intervals by the distant booming of cannon, you would really little suspect that twenty millions of Yankees had concentrated all their fiendish ingenuity on its destruction. Although not hardened to these emotions like inhabitants, I have been infected by contagion of their serene confidence, and now if at all solicitous it is more about affairs in Georgia than about the fate of Richmond.

I have written to Mr. Hodgson and to Mr. Cowper, but I fear owing to the irregularity of postal communication that I shall not for a long time get answers from them. Nothing has been received from you, or from the dear folks at home, since I have landed in rebeldom.

With love to you all I fondly embrace you.

Your devoted son,

RICHMOND, JUNE 26TH, 1864.

My dear Mother:

More than three weeks have elapsed since I first set foot on the shores of Dixie, and yet, notwithstanding the most diligent enquiries

I have not heard of the arrival of a missive from you or any of my beloved correspondents. I don't, however, give myself up to despair, and I am buoyed up with the hope that when they do come they will come "not as single spies, but in battalions". I ought not, however, to be surprised at this long interval in our correspondence, for to the risks and uncertainties of the blockade must be superadded the dislocation of postal communication caused to Richmond by the enemy.

The Yankees have taken a leaf out of Morgan's and poor Stewart's book, and are now displaying more dash than we gave them credit for, in the shape of raid-making. They prowl about the vicinity, tear up the railroad tracks, cut telegraph wires, to the intense disgust of the post-office officials; so you see than even after arriving in the Confederacy letters are a very long time in reaching their destination. As an instance of this postal irregularity; I wrote to Mr. Cowper and to Mr. Hodgson immediately after landing, and yet I have not received any answer from either of those gentlemen. The only thing to be done is to peg away in the hope that out of a mass of missives one may perchance be received. This is what I am doing, but alas so far with little success.

Sheridan and his vile gang of plunderers, after a succession of discomfitures have at length been whipped out of the Peninsula, where they have perpetrated the most fiendish atrocities, and now, after a sound drubbing administered to them by Hampton, they are cowering demoralized and panic-stricken, under the protection of their gunboats. When Nicholas C—ran the gauntlet of the Federal pickets, as I related in my last letter to Father, Caroline County was occupied by Grant's army, and the poor old family homestead was hemmed in on all sides by the Federals, who pillaged and destroyed all the private residences within their reach.

Up to the time of his departure they had not molested any of the inmates of the Reed's or stolen anything from the interior of

the house; but to my inexpressible sorrow I have just heard that the comparative immunity of my poor uncle was of short duration; for when Grant, after that "overwhelming victory" of Cold Harbour, was obliged to resume his triumphant but crab-like march to Richmond, he was followed by Sheridan's shattered command, who revenged themselves on the defenceless women and children for the hard blows of the Virginian cavalry dealt them. Maddened by repeated defeats they entered the Reed's and proceeded to take all they could lay their hands on. They carried off or tore up most of the clothes that were to be found, and not content with robbing my uncle Robert, aunt Virginia and cousin Anne of all they had, the ruffians actually laid violent hands on the food and money belonging to the slaves. This is their new system of forcing the negroes, for having found the poor creatures loath to leave their masters they now destroy all their provisions, in the hope that the fear of starvation would make them follow the invaders. Some of the servants at the Reeds were induced by the threats and lying representations of the Yankees to run away, but the majority of them stubbornly declined to abandon their homes. I am constrained by decency from attempting to narrate all the abominable outrages which many unfortunate women have been the victims of in this last campaign. Outrages so horrible that we ought to blush now at the thought of having lived in amity and under the same government with such fiends incarnate.

Four of these Vandals entered the house of a gentleman in King William County. He was away at the time, but his wife and daughter had not had time to effect their escape. They were immediately seized upon and every species of brutal indignity was offered them. Their shrieks were happily heard by some of the negroes, who rushed to the rescue just in time to save them from the hands of the detestable Northern savages. The two women were locked up in a safe place by the slaves, who in order to mollify the incensed Yankees laid before them all the edibles and drinkables

that were in the house. In the meantime one of the darkies ran to headquarters of General Fitzhugh Lee, informed him of what had taken place, and the general sent a troop of cavalry under the guidance of the faithful slave, to the house. It was surrounded and the Yankee wretches were bagged whilst gorging. A rope was procured and they were hanged to the nearest tree. Things have come to such a pass now that forbearance ceases to be a virtue. The coarse and brutal natures of the Northern people are incapable of appreciating patience and moderation; in fact impunity only renders them more furious and malignant.

Reprisals have therefore become absolutely necessary, and it is only by striking terror into their black souls that their enormities can be stopped. These excesses of the enemy have so exasperated the people of the south that old men and the gentlest women all clamour for retribution, and the government is very much blamed for its weakness in submitting to Yankee barbarities and in not taking an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

I went yesterday to visit the battlefield of Cold Harbour, where the Yankees are said to have lost twelve thousand men. The battle had raged there about a month ago, and yet the ground was strewed with the corpses of Yankee soldiers festering in the broiling sun. The carnage must have been awful, for within the space of ten square yards I counted no less than thirty dead bodies clothed in the Federal uniform. In some cases the flesh had been gnawed away, and the skeletons alone remained, clothed in Lincoln's detestable livery. On some parts of the field the dead men were literally heaped up like stones. Perched on these mounds of human putrefaction were the sleek and sluggish buzzards of Virginia, engaged in a hideous orgie. Like the shoddy contractors of the North they have grown fat on the war. The last campaign of Grant's must have met with their approval, for never has the army of the Potomac supplied them with such copious meals.

Accoutrements and muskets were lying about in all directions, mixed up with cooking utensils and every description of *débris*. Notwithstanding these indisputable signs of a precipitate retreat, Grant and his employers have the audacity to claim a victory at Cold Harbour.

The scene of desolation was heartrending. Fields which before this deadly struggle were covered with waving crops, are now trampled under foot and devastated; the houses in the vicinity are battered down and abandoned; and the poor farmers will have nothing to gather this year but Yankee carcasses mowed down by Southern musketry. My guide and companion on this sad expedition was a young Frenchman, who lost an arm in one of the fights of the West.

As we were rambling over the battlefield we fell in with two stragglers belonging to Grant's army. One of them was broken down and was lying down almost dead with heat and thirst. Although tales of Northern ruthlessness were fresh upon my memory, I could not refrain from giving him some restorative in the shape of a little whiskey and water and a little liquid ginger, which is said to be an excellent thing for this climate. His comrade professed to be very contrite, and told me he had been entrapped into the service when drunk, and that a few days after his impressment he had been sent down to fight the south. He appeared very anxious to be taken prisoner, and swore solemnly that he would never re-enter the army. I had sallied out with the intention of joining the rear of Lee's army, but after hunting about for it all day, we met a cavalryman who told us that the whole of "Massa Bob's" force had crossed the James river in order to confront the invincible Ulysses, who had again changed his base. So we determined to retrace our steps to Richmond, and the next morning I left in a settler's wagon for Petersburg, where General Lee has established his headquarters. The railroad to that place had been cut by the enemy, therefore I had to choose this mode of locomotion, which

was none the pleasantest, seeing that the heat was intense and the dust exceeded anything of the kind I had ever suffered before. I reached Petersburg after a journey of ten hours and made straight for the headquarters of the great commander; but aides-de-camp and orderlies were rushing in and out so frantically that I thought this was not a seasonable occasion for an humble individual like myself to ask for an interview. I had brought out a letter from Mr. W. C. Rives (whose kindness let me tell you in passing I shall never forget) to General Field, now commanding Hood's famous division of Texans and Georgians, and so I determined to shape my course towards his division. In order to do so I had to make many enquiries but the civilians were too much flurried to give me much information, for the Yankees were shelling the city at the time and the noisy projectiles were tumbling about in a very alarming manner. I saw one in particular fall through the roof of a Yankee hospital, and the shrieks which followed the explosion were the most awful I ever heard. I don't know how long I should have been obliged to loaf about had I not met a civil young soldier who kindly volunteered to show me the way to Field's division, as he belonged to a Georgian brigade in that division. I followed him, and he first took me to his own regiment, which not having yet got into line of battle was taking it easy *pro tem.* in a cosy little valley well sheltered from the enemy's artillery. There I was asked by some of the privates to partake of their supper. The warm-hearted fellows pressed me so much that I consented to pitch into their grub, not however without some compunction, as I thought of the harrowing stories about starvation amongst the soldiers which have grieved us ever since this war commenced. But my scruples were soon quieted when I perceived they had plenty of corn-meal out of which they made capital cakes, an abundance of bacon and vegetables, and very fair coffee.

After supper the good-natured guide showed me the way to General Field's headquarters. I had a few moments' very inter-

esting conversation with the general, who is a very gentlemanly and well-informed man. He gave me permission to visit his lines. When we started for our breastworks night had come, and skirmishing was going on all along the front; consequently our progress thither, to say the least was very exciting, for minie balls whistled every now and then close to our ears, and shells burst, as I thought, very near to us. At last we reached the trenches. There I sat some time chatting with the Texans, who seem to be a jovial set of fellows and utterly unmindful of cannon balls and rifle bullets. Crack, crack went the enemy's rifles, and yet my Texan friends laughed and talked as unconcernedly as if they were enjoying themselves in a *café*. The enemy made an attack upon our right that night, and were repulsed with great loss, losing sixteen hundred prisoners. It is evident that after the carnage of the past six weeks they no longer charge on our breastworks with any dash. The Southern troops are dead tired of burrowing like moles in holes and trenches; they want to meet the foe in the open, and drive off Grant as they did McClellan. I am happy to say that so far my health is capital, although the heat is the most terrific I have ever experienced. There are in the room in which I am writing, no less than one hundred and five degrees, and yet it is supposed to be in the shade. But alas I have come to the end of my last sheet, so I must say adieu to you and my dear mother.

BALLARD HOUSE, RICHMOND,
JULY 1ST, 1864.

My Dear Father:

Uncle Sam's Grant, by his grand strategic movement to the south side of the James has sent the universal Yankee nation into ecstasies; but we think here that he will not justify his present position any more than he has done elsewhere the crazy exultation of the Northern papers. It is just possible that their gullible readers, who are still indulging in amiable hopes and visions of

Fourth of July jubilees in the doomed city of Richmond, the aspect of which is to be rendered ineffably festive for the occasion by decorating the lamp-posts round the Capitol with the dangling detested forms of Jeff. Davis and his rebel accomplices—it is just possible say I, that they may be disappointed and that their pleasant day dreams may not be realized. When (oh much-to-be-deplored event) we threw off the comparatively mild rule of King George, to submit to the loathsome rule of King Mob. I am happy to see that the Southern people, both high and low, are rapidly losing their admiration for dirty democracy. In the army a healthy reaction has set in against the unbridled license and brazen corruption inherent to our much-bepuffed institutions. By mingling amongst the men in the ranks one soon becomes aware of their distrust in the politicians, as they contemptuously call their representatives in Congress. I have often heard them express their determination, as soon as this war is over, of sweeping away all those fellows, and of taking the management of their affairs into their own hands. It will be an Augean task, but it is the only way of ensuring the peace and tranquillity of the country. I hope those intentions will be carried out, for the intelligence, wealth and respectability of the Confederacy are concentrated in the army; the men who have kept out of it ostensibly to control the destinies of this commonwealth, are not equal to the times; they are for the most part whiskey-drinking ranters of the old United States pattern. It is really painful amidst the heroism of the soldiers and the beautiful self-devotion of the women, to witness the same vulgarity and indecorum which converted the halls of the United States Congress into a bear-garden. We must change all that. This is too great a people to be represented by a parcel of rowdies who chew, spit and whittle while discussing questions of the greatest importance. Such men are fit representatives of Yankees but not of a nation endowed like the South with qualities so noble. It is a notable fact that those noisy fire-eaters, of the Wiggin* and

* Wigfall.

Toombs' stripe are now consigned to the limbo of oblivion, having been unable to stand the severe test of events. For the most part they have cut a very poor figure in the field, and now they are eclipsed by men who had no sort of notoriety before this war. These are my impressions on the foregoing subject, and I give them to you for what they are worth, as you asked me to communicate unreservedly the result of my observations. I thought that where there is so much to be admired and extolled I could well afford to make a few strictures on what I consider bad features of our political system. The defects can be easily remedied, and will be remedied I feel certain, for the people are fully alive to them and are not in a humour to tolerate such abuses. I have been most hospitably entertained by all the parties to whom I brought letters of introduction, and also by several of your old friends; Mrs. Stanard among the number has shown me every sort of kindness. She does the honours of her house in so genial and unaffected a manner that it is impossible not to feel at ease when under its roof.

You must tell your excellent kind old friend Mason that I feel most grateful for the hospitality which has been extended to me by his most amiable wife. Her anxiety to conduce to my comfort is really quite motherly, and I appreciate it the more because of the tenderness and maternal solicitude of one whom I love as never son loved a mother, and who yet deserves more love than that.

Aunt Virginia has at last arrived from the Reeds. She is not looking too badly, considering that ever since the last raid starvation has stared her in the face. The poor woman was highly pleased to see me, and although not very demonstrative, she was in raptures with the presents I brought her. I have made her promise that she would give you a recital of the great trials which she underwent whilst the Federals were prowling about Caroline County, and also of her plucky conduct under the circumstances. I have been constantly on the move for the last ten days, oscillating between the army and Richmond. Now having made several in-

dispensable arrangements, I shall go for good to General Field's headquarters, where I expect to stay some time, as he has given me the position of volunteer aide on his staff.

As I mentioned in a former letter, he is a noble fellow and very generally beloved, both by officers and men, on account of his genial and agreeable manners. The outfit I brought over from London will therefore come in very handy, and with the exception of a bag I was ready to take the field from the very first. Horseflesh is at a premium now in the Confederacy; it was therefore not without difficulty that I found a quadruped good enough to make a charge. Fortunately I stumbled on a wounded South Carolinian, who told me his horse was for sale. The animal proving satisfactory I decided to become its owner, which I did in the following manner: I had bought a barrel of sugar for five pounds in Halifax, with the intention of sending some of it down to Aunt Anna and some to the Cowpers; but railroad communications being so terribly uncertain and robberies of hourly occurrence, I thought my saccharine presents stood a very ripe chance of never reaching their destination. To sell the barrel was my first impulse, but upon second thoughts I proposed to swap my sugar, with three hundred dollars to boot, against the horse. The sugar was worth twelve hundred dollars; added to the abovesaid sum it amounted to fifteen hundred dollars, the price asked for him. The bargain has just been struck, and now I am in possession of a good cavalry horse, born and bred in the little secesh state. I straightway christened my purchase "Palmetto". I think that were this transaction to be related in the Jockey Club would create some amusement. I ought to tell you that fifteen hundred dollars in paper is only one hundred dollars in gold. I hear that the Wilmington road is again in running order. The person who agreed to take charge of this scrawl is in a hurry to be off; I must therefore, as they say here, "dry up".

My next will be dated from the front.

Your devoted son, _____

HEADQUARTERS OF FIELD'S DIVISION,
LONGSTREET'S CORPS, A(RMY) N(ORTHERN V)A
JULY 5TH, 1864.

My Dear Mother:

The links in our correspondence are destined, I fear to be so frequently snapped, that I fully expect you will be not a little surprised to hear that I am now part and parcel of the veteran Army of North Virginia. I wrote to my dear father on the eve of my departure from Richmond, informing him that in accordance with my long-cherished plans I had offered my humble services to the Confederacy, and that I had been fortunate enough to obtain a very acceptable position on General Field's staff, in the capacity of a volunteer aide. Don't frown, I beseech you dear mother, when you read this for I have been generally congratulated on my good luck in getting so desirable a place. I am told that I ought to felicitate myself on getting into this snug berth, for in addition to the opportunities which may offer of gaining a little credit for my zeal and other good qualities which I trust this strange and eventful phase of life may develop in me, I shall have in addition to these opportunities the advantage of agreeable association with gentlemen and men of the world. My general commands Hood's old corps, which has the pretension, and a well-founded one too, of considering itself the crack division of General Longstreet's corps. Lawley's letters and Freemantle's book have shown that after their exploits at Gettysburg and Chickamauga our boys have some grounds for being a little conceited. Our chief, one of Kentucky's noblest sons, was an officer in the old United States army. Like many Kentuckians, amongst whom are to be counted some of our very best generals, he committed his destinies to those of the "Wayward sisters," and helped to thrash the Yankees at Bull Run. He is a very tall, manly and handsome fellow. His manners are so quiet and refined that so far my relations with him have been of the most satisfactory nature, and I feel quite certain that time will improve this agreeable impression.

The other members of the staff are thoroughly good fellows and are doing all in their power to post me up, and to make me as comfortable as the times will admit.

I am for the present the General's only aide, the other two officers serving in that capacity being away; my position therefore is not a sinecure, for since my arrival here I have carried about a great many orders. Our headquarters are situated in a large farm-yard, well shaded by large trees, under which we stretch our blankets at night. I cannot assert that the soil of Virginia is quite as soft as the "sommiers elastiques" to which I have been so long habituated; but I have been able to ascertain from personal experience that Shakespeare was, as usual, in the right when he declared that

> "Weariness can snore upon the flint
> Whilst restive sloth finds his down pillow hard."

My snug berth is not by any means a bed of roses, but although I have to rough it a little my health was never better, and as to my appetite, it is perfectly wolfish. It would amuse you to see with what gusto I devour my rations of bacon and cabbage, just as if it was one of Maria's most masterly concoctions. Yesterday was the terrible Fourth of July, on which glorious anniversary the secesh nut was not only cracked to atoms, "*Mais petit bon homme vit encore*" and we are silently but confidently awaiting the Yankee onslaught. That we can well afford to do, as our position is a very strong and healthy one. The location of the Northern army is on the contrary very bad, the country in the rear of their lines being very marshy and sickly. The water they have to drink is said to be of the worst description and to have caused a great deal of sickness in their ranks. Fortunately for us the springs here are delicious. Early yesterday we were on the tiptoe of expectation lest Grant might try to console the North for the non-capture of Richmond by a furious assault on our lines, combined with a

grand bombardment of poor Petersburg. He, strange to say, was unusually quiet, and contented himself during the day with throwing some shells into the city, which did not do much damage beyond smashing some furniture in two empty houses and killing two mules. Along the enemy's breastworks there was a good deal of noise and cheering caused by whiskey and buncombe, which was very freely dispensed by their grog-shop Generals.* At night their festivities were wound up by a grand *feu d'artifice* of mortar bombs, none of which did us any harm. It is a very fine sight to see one of these huge balls of fire describing graceful parabolas in the heavens; but between ourselves, although Uncle Sam's little entertainment was very good of the kind, I prefer the fireworks of the fifteenth of August.† If this letter is more than usually badly written and stupid, you must blame the Yankees for it; they persist in keeping up a constant rattle of musketry, interspersed now and then with the booming of huge "Dahlgrens". Now this noise is rather apt to flutter a raw recruit, so be indulgent, to the emotion attending a first appearance. I am on duty now, and therefore this missive must be brought to a full stop.

FIELD'S HEADQUARTERS, RAGLAN'S FARM,
LONGSTREET'S CORPS,
JULY 8TH, 1864.

My Dear Mother:

In my last I told you that the great, the mighty the irresistible Ulysses had not come in time on the festive day consecrated by Yankeedom to brag and buncombe. Since then he has been tolerably quiet, consequently allowing us to take ease with dignity under the shade of the wide-spreading trees which do picket duty under the General's quarters against the ruthless rays of this relentless Virginian sun. Even in this comparatively cool spot the mercury

* When in the trenches I could distinctly hear their bands playing that abominably vulgar air "Yankee Doodle".

† The celebration in Paris of the fall of the Bastile.

stands at 98, but when my duties take me down to the trenches I generally come to the conclusion that this is a mild temperature, and that I ought to consider myself lucky at not having to endure their heat, rendered still more disagreeable by the total stagnation of the air behind our breastworks. To the left of Field's division our lines are so close to the Yankees that we not only hear their band plainly, but at times the voices of their officers, the nasal twang of which is very audible. Their sharpshooters—the best branch, by-the-by, of the Federal service—are always wide-awake and always ready to pick off the rash secesh who ventures to raise his "knowledge-box" above the parapets; a gulp of fresh air being only attainable at the expense of a broken skull. The men, with characteristic cheerfulness, allow themselves to be basted by the inexorable sun, not however without expressing the hope that "Massa Bob" will soon give them permission to charge the "blue-bellies," as they disdainfully designate their more abdominal adversaries.

Anything, in the opinion of our boys, is better than this detestable trench life which they have led for two months. They don't want to burrow much longer like moles in the sand, for this mode of warfare is to them very humiliating. But General Lee, by persisting in fighting behind dirt, has again given evidence of his wisdom and sagacity, for from the first battle of this campaign up to the present moment, our losses have only been about eighteen thousand, out of which a large proportion are prisoners and wounded men, a great many of whom have already returned to their respective commands. Now the Yanks themselves admit to have lost since the fight began no less than eighty thousand men. Strange to say, although our men are unable to take any exercise or to inhale fresh air, yet the sanitary condition of the army leaves nothing to be desired. This shows the immense superiority of veteran and seasoned troops over green ones, as in the case of Grant's army, which owing to the terrific slaughter in it, is now made up of

hundred days' men, and raw Paddies freshly decoyed from the Emerald Isle. Deserters are constantly coming in from the enemy's lines; they tell us that General Ulysses Grant really intended a grand assault of our lines on the Fourth of July, and for that purpose oceans of whiskey, the Yankee pluck-infusing specific, were administered to the soldiers. Orations of an intensely blood-and-thunder order were delivered by patriotic contractors and shoddy politicians who had come down to have some fun, and to enjoy at a safe distance the spectacle of a "right big fight". But alas—they were disappointed in their humane expectations, for all these stimulants failed to screw the courage of their mercenaries up to the sticking point. If I am not much mistaken the Yanks have had their fill of rebel earthworks and rebel bayonets. To pass the time the enemy's artillery had a little brush with ours last night; at one time their mortar shells came down so thick around our headquarters that we were obliged to retreat hastily but strategically to the farmhouse. When the fire slackened we emerged from our subterranean place of refuge, and again resumed our slumbers *sub tegmine fagi*, notwithstanding our explosive visitors. Such is habit. I am more and more struck with the traits which Man has in common with that most philosophical reptile, the cat. I am sorry I have applied the epithet "reptile" to those favorites of dear Isabella; she will never forgive me, I know. The soldiers have a strong aversion to those "mortal" shells, as they are called in the Confederate ranks. The fact is that at night they are very ugly customers, and pounce upon a poor body like a hawk upon a chicken. A burly Texan private told me that he had never been able to surmount his dislike of them. "I can stand Minie bullets and cannon balls" said he, "but them tarnal mortals air mighty unpleasant; they'd annoy a fellow if he were at the bottom of a well." My saddle, that masterpiece of English saddlery, and my boots, those masterpieces of French cordwainers, are the objects of never-ending admiration on the part of the officers of this army; but the men, who must be excused for not being so appreciative (poor souls) are

disposed to be a little sarcastic at my expense. When they are marching by they will sometimes say jocularly "Come out of them boots, I say, Mister; I see your head a-peeping out", or else "Get a corkscrew for the gentleman, he wants to get out of his boots". In the Confederate army officers of all ranks, whose faces are not known by the men, are equally exposed to a volley of chaff, for the Southern soldier is an inveterate joker—he even chaffed his idol, Stonewall Jackson, for his ungainly seat on horseback. And yet if you speak to them civilly they will always give you an intelligent and ready reply, Provided you are not arrogant or overbearing they will invariably try to oblige you with alacrity. As I was riding along the lines with the chief engineer of the army, General Smith, a very smart and stylish fellow, rather rigid in his attitude and carriage, we came to a Mississippi regiment, and I distinctly heard one of the privates remark to a comrade: "I say, Bill, look at that there officer; he's rather stiff and stuck up, ain't he?" "Yes," answered the other, with that drawl peculiar to some Southerners, "I reckon he had ramrod tea for breakfast". We are lost here in a maze of conjecture as to what will be the next move on the great Virginian chess-board. There are indications on the enemy's left of a movement towards or perhaps across the James river, for there is great bustling going on in that direction; but come what may we are prepared for his wiliest strategy. It is thought by some officers that Grant is about to pull up stakes and sneak off to Washington, which is said to be in jeopardy on account of Early's presence in Maryland. That general commands universal confidence, and is thought one of the best leaders of the Stonewall stripe in the army; he is at the head of thirty thousand men belonging to Jackson's old corps. If I am not mistaken he will give the North a big scare. In the meantime poor Petersburg is being ruthlessly shelled by the Vandals, who seem bent upon destroying it piecemeal out of their wantonness and malice, for it has no importance to us in a military point of view. I walked about the city this morning, and perceived that the exodus was now complete. All

the shops are closed and all the inhabitants who have nowhere else to go to, live in the cellars of their houses; it is melancholy to see nothing but battered walls and charred ruins. The hiss and explosion of the Yankee shells is followed by a few minutes of the most oppressing stillness, which is again broken by the bursting of another of these hideous projectiles. Soldiers, like naughty school boys, are sadly addicted to mischief; this is to a certain extent the case with our men, but their offences are very venial on the whole. The worst case which has come under my notice is that of a party of Alabamians, who killed a calf on the sly, but were caught by the provost guard in the act of butchering him. The men in their defence said that the poor beast had been severely wounded by the enemy while browsing in the neighbouring field. One of them with a wink remarked that they had solely been actuated by motives of humanity in killing him to save his life. The general confiscated the animal, and ever since we have fared capitally, thanks to the Alabamians. As the enemy manifests no inclination for the present of butting his head against our lines, I have obtained a twelve hours' leave of absence to go to Richmond. My principal object in going thither is to enquire whether anything has been received for me from you or from any of my dear correspondents. Oh how I long to revel on a fat batch of letters from sweet home. Tell father, Bella, Bessie and their worser halves that they must write often and not allow themselves to be discouraged by the risks to which their delightful communications are exposed. My love to Mister Bob, the same to my dear little namesake. Ask him whether he thinks that a gray tunic with buff facings and light gray trousers make a pretty uniform. I am very anxious to have the opinion of so experienced a judge of military dress on that point. I am afraid he will say that the *chasseurs* are much more *chics*, for if I am not very much mistaken they wear yellow jackets tucked up with pea-green, and sky-blue-scarlet pants. Adieu, dearest of mothers.

HEADQUARTERS FIELD'S DIVISION, I. R. CORPS, A. N. V.,
PETERSBURG, JULY 27TH, 1864.

My Dear Father:

My late *jucundus* comes in via Captain Averell, who has just written me to say that he is on the eve of returning to Europe and that he will kindly take charge of the letters which I may have to entrust to him; but alas, owing to the confusion worse confounded of the post-office and the impatient dilatoriness of southern railroads, his note has come to hand at the eleventh hour, thereby allowing me only a few minutes to fly you these hasty lines. Captain has the intention of going to Paris; when there he promises me that he certainly will put in an appearance at No. 59, and tell you how harmoniously we pulled together during our journey to the vexed Bermoothes. He will moreover, give you the latest news from the southern point of view. This will, I know, be most acceptable to you, for Yankee forgers of lies for the European market are striving harder than ever to throw dust into the eyes of the public. Last night we were on the tiptoe of expectation for orders to march towards the Shenandoah, as it was rumoured that Early, incumbered with his Maryland plunder and all sorts of impediments, was hotly pursued by a Federal force largely outnumbering his own. Some fears were felt lest he should be overpowered, and consequently we hoped to be sent to his assistance with Finnegan's men. This hope was knocked on the head by the glorious official intelligence just received that this worthy successor of Stonewall had suddenly wheeled round upon the Yankee General Crook (the man who superseded the vandal Hunter) and inflicted a crushing defeat upon him. This is one of the most brilliant victories of the war, and reminds me of Jackson's palmy days. The enemy are again wiped out from the Valley, which is still the consecrated ground of Yankee touts. This is a brilliant termination to the Maryland campaign we are all ready to admit, but still it condemns us to stagnation in these horrid Petersburg trenches. This life,

although not productive of sickness among the soldiers, as one might expect, is very trying to their patience, and they are longing to stretch their legs by a good long march, now that the weather has become cool and pleasant. You will have heard by this time of the removal of Johnston and the appointment of Hood to the Tennessee army. This change surprised the army very much, and has been the unceasing subject of favourable and adverse comments. For my part I am in favour of it, as I never have had a very brilliant opinion of Johnston as a general commanding Confederate troops; he carried prudence to an excess, and never would give battle until the victory was almost a certainty beforehand. Well, under the present circumstances such a condition of affairs is impossible, for when can it be expected that we shall have the advantage of numbers and position in this war? He had the latter at the commencement of the last campaign, but for some inexplicable reason he abandoned a formidable stronghold in Northern Georgia, and as the country south of that is as level as a billiard-table there is no saying how far the Confederate general would have fallen back. It was facetiously said that he intended to establish his base in the Gulf of Mexico and if necessary throw pontoons across to Cuba, preparatory to a retrogade movement to the land of fragrant "weeds". I herewith enclose a letter from Mr. William Cowper, received a little more than a week ago; I sent you a copy of it a few days ago in a letter to Bessie. You will be much pained to hear that in addition to Hamilton, his brother has also lost John, who died last winter, of fever, in hospital. I fear that the poor old gentleman, in the present state of his health will not be able to withstand these terrible blows. Since your letter of the 11th of June I have not received a line from any of you, but I live in the hope of soon getting another of those delightful batches which make me the happiest man in the whole Division.

My love to my dearest mother, and to all those nearest and dearest to you.

HEADQUARTERS FIELD'S DIVISION,
PETERSBURG, AUGUST 26TH, 1864.

My Dear Mother:

In any other times I would have felt very guilty at allowing the greater part of a month to elapse without writing to you; but in this instance it is regret and not compunction that I feel; for not being any longer master of my movements, I had to yield to the force of circumstances and anxiously long for a little crevice of time in which to resume my correspondence with you. It has at last come, and I joyfully avail myself of it.

Some three weeks have flown by since I wrote to you from the north side of the James river, whither this division had been sent at the time of Grant's grand subterranean operation before Petersburg, the strategy of which was characterized by the fiendish ingenuity of Yankee warfare; but fortunately the execution was not on a par with the conception of the scheme, and the engineer was hoisted with his own petard. As I told you from my headquarters near Chafin's Bluff, we fully expected to pitch into the Yankees immediately on arriving on the north side of the river, but when our division had got into position the enemy had disappeared from our front. As far as the fighting was concerned we had a little respite, but the staff did not profit much by it, for General Field having been placed *ad interim* in command of that division of the Richmond defences, our duties became very onerous; but we were to a certain extent compensated by the importance it gave us, for we literally became monarchs of all we surveyed. This comparative repose was however of short duration. Our scouts, a few days after, brought us the intelligence that the enemy had thrown a pontoon bridge across the river and that a large force was moving across it. We had but few troops with us, but preparations were made for a resolute defence of the line committed to our care. On Sunday they drove our skirmishers in, and in the afternoon they attempted to carry a portion of our intrenchments. For that

purpose they hurled against us two divisions of their Second Corps, which rushed towards our position with yells, banners flying and bands playing. When they advanced to within about seven hundred yards of our line two twelve pounders, loaded with canister, blazed away at them. Our artillery is not considered by any means the most efficient branch of our service, and of late has been rather sneered at in this army; but on this occasion if did terrible execution. The Yanks advanced in four lines of battle, and a magnificent spectacle it was to witness that mighty host bearing down upon our thinly-manned breastworks. Notwithstanding my emotion I could not refrain from admiring the sight. Our fire made wide breaches in their ranks, and after the third discharge the whole line wavered and fluttered like a flag in the wind; another shell exploding in their midst, they broke and fled in every direction without retaining a shadow of their former organization. In their frantic haste to get out of range of our murderous shots they threw away guns, equipments and all their warlike paraphernalia. Deserters told us that they lost very heavily in that abortive charge. They again renewed the attack, but with less vigour, on our left, and were driven back with great loss by our dismounted cavalry. This was the last of that day's fighting—with the shades of night there came a cessation of hostilities. The next day passed off quietly enough. There was a little picket-firing, but no general engagement; the enemy was evidently preparing for another desperate onslaught. We ascertained later that no less than three corps, numbering about thirty-five thousand men, had come over; we, on the other hand received a few re-inforcements and girded our loins for the coming encounter. In the morning of Tuesday the Yankees attacked us in heavy force, but we repulsed them very handsomely. Finding that these repeated assaults on that part of the line did not pay, General Hancock felt for a more vulnerable point, which he discovered on our left. After riding about ever since dawn, the general and his staff halted in a field in the rear of

Wright's brigade of A. P. Hill's corps. The day was a sultry one, and the heat, superadded to other exertions, made us so weary that we got off our horses and laid down for a few moments on the grass. We had not been there many seconds when we were aroused by a terrific cannonade, followed by heavy volleys of musketry. We mounted horses in a trice; presently squads of frightened men came from the front in anything but a leisurely manner. They informed us that the whole Yankee army had charged them, and that they had been obliged to give way. The firing increased; the air was alive with Minie balls; the ground was torn up by shells and cannon balls, and in a few minutes the whole of Wright's brigade was stampeding towards us. We strove to rally them by entreaties and by menaces, and with pistols drawn we threatened to shoot them if they did not go back, but it was of no avail; you might as well try to argue with a flock of affrighted sheep as with a crowd of panic-stricken soldiers. Up to this time we cannot account for this stampede. The attack, it was true, was sudden and unexpected, and the force of the enemy enormous, but the men who were now flying before the Yankees had always beaten them, and had invariably borne themselves on every battlefield with distinguished bravery. We are therefore much puzzled to find out what caused them to disgrace the name of their brigade in that manner. My poor comrade Captain Mason, was shot through the body during our fruitless efforts to rally the men; he fell into the hands of the enemy. We have since heard that he is not likely to live, although General Hancock, who was an old friend and classmate of General Field at West Point, promises to have him well attended to. The general, finding that nothing can be got out of these men, decided to fall back, for the Federals were swooping down upon us in overwhelming numbers; it seemed as though forty thousand men would be an under-estimate of the force. I was sent by him for reinforcements. I had orders to bring up without delay, two brigades of our own division, viz: Laws' Alabama and Binning's Georgians.

They came up at a double quick amid a very galling fire, they were formed right under the guns of the enemy, and then they rushed in with a deafening war-whoop. It was really splendid to witness the dash of these gallant fellows. I was so carried away with enthusiasm that I cantered along side of them, but alas I did not accompany them during the whole of their triumphant advance for my faithful charger, poor Palmetto, fell under me, pierced in the left hip by a Minie ball. I was a little stunned by the fall, and when I managed to extricate myself from under him our brave boys had beaten back the foe and recaptured theposition which they had taken from us. I am happy to say that our loss was relatively small, whilst that of the enemy must have been very heavy—the battlefield was literally blue with their dead and wounded; we moreover captured seven hundred prisoners. The fight was not a long one, not having lasted over an hour and a half, but old veterans tell me that for the time it lasted the battle of Darbytown was one of the hottest affairs they had ever been in. The shelling was positively infernal; all the woods at the rear of the battlefield were torn and chopped to pieces by the enemy's artillery; it is a wonder that any one should have survived such a tempest of shot and shell, but our brave soldiers did not mind it any more than if it had been a summer shower. I cannot say that I like these Yankee shells, but I have got used to them, for since I joined the army I have been plentifully regaled with them. But what I strongly object to are the Minie balls. Some buzz like hornets, others mew like cats, when they pass you; all these sounds indicate a great proximity to your knowledge-box, and if I was not afraid of being afraid I think I would skedaddle like Wright's men. All the wounded prisoners that we took concur in reporting the brutality and incompetency of their officers as flagrant. One of them, a Frenchman who was badly stuck in the thigh with a bayonet, told me that all the officers of his regiment were drunk, so much so that some of them could not stand when the fight commenced. On that oc-

casion I was able to convince myself that the native element in the Northern army was conspicuous by its absence alone; for out of ten prisoners that I questioned not one was a full-blooded Yankee. Among them there were a Frenchman, three Irishmen, four Germans a Belgian and an Italian. With the exception of the Irishry none of them understood English. Among other curiosities I saw some wounded gentlemen of African descent who had been spared by a merciful North Carolina brigade; had they fallen into the clutches of Hood's old division I doubt much whether they would have survived to tell the tale. They professed to be very penitent, and seeing I was rather disposed to protect them than to ill-treat them I got a good deal out of them. They addressed me in a much more humble or if I may use the expression, slavish manner—than any darkies I have hitherto come across in the sunny South. All said they had been forced into the army, and as at Petersburg they had been put in front at the point of the bayonet. The part of the line which they attacked was not broken, and stepping outside the breastworks a horrid spectacle met my gaze; hundreds of these wretched African soldiers had been mowed down, and were lying thick in front of our works. On the whole, notwithstanding the misbehavior of that brigade of Hill's corps, our achievement was a very brilliant one; for with a handful of men, say seven thousand at the outside, we drove back three of the enemy's largest corps; and as usual our division won for itself and its commander golden opinions. General Lee, towards the close of the fight, rode up and congratulated the general on the able manner in which he had handled his troops. At one time it was touch and go, and it required great coolness and skill on the part of our general to parry the attempts of the Yankees to turn our flanks; had they succeeded in accomplishing that the consequences might have been very serious. The reverse was a very heavy one to the enemy; by sending over the best troops they evidently counted on a success. We had several small artillery and picket engagements during the rest of the

week, but finally they sloped off without trumpet or drum, and on Sunday morning Hancock & Co., had "vamosed". Desertions from the Yankee army have been so frequent during this campaign that General Lee has desired to encourage them by circulating throughout Grant's army a paper in which kind treatment and protection is promised to those soldiers who come over to us voluntarily. This has produced the desired effect, for deserters flock into our lines at a monstrous rate, and the cry is "still they come".

Last week has been a very fatiguing one to us. For ten days we have not had time to pull off our boots; and as to sleep we have had to nap it, *à la grace de Dieu*, at one time sleeping in a slushy rifle pit, at another in a shaky morass. This is very rough work, it is true, and well calculated to try the mettle of a Parisian lounger. Well, wonderful to say, I have never felt stronger or more healthy. At one time I was a little annoyed by the scorbutic effects of our salt meat diet, but now I am all right again, owing to the splendid Maryland beef for which we are indebted to old Jubal Early, our efficient commissary. As a *pis aller* for their failure on the North side, the Yankees attacked and captured a portion of the Weldon railroad; a small force of our infantry was sent to dislodge them. It succeeded in driving them for the distance of three miles, taking over two thousand prisoners with the Yankee general Hayes. The enemy acknowledge a loss of no less than three thousand killed and wounded in that affair. Our people being exhausted with their exertions, had to stop. On Thursday a rear and flank attack was made by A. P. Hill which was eminently successful. We drove them from that part of the track which was of importance to us. They still retain a couple of miles of it, but they are welcome to it for we can do without it. Three thousand more were captured. I can vouch for the accuracy of that statement, as I saw them marching down the main street of this city, and a more cowed, grimy and forlorn set of fellows I have never laid eyes on. We had arrived here the night before to act as a corps of reserve in case the attack-

ing column had required any support. We were under arms for several hours, ready to start at a moment's notice; but A. P. Hill's men did their work so well as to need no reinforcement from Longstreet's corps.

Now for the first time since Saturday week I have been able to indulge in a complete course of ablutions, and to smoke a quiet pipe of fragrant Virginia tobacco; two most inestimable luxuries, for I was longing for a whiff of the delicious weed, and with respect to the other the external application of water was as necessary to me as it would be to those unclean animals that are called—*de soie* in Burgundy.

I think our successes of the past fortnight will give the peace candidate a great lift at Chicago, and may perhaps insure his nomination. The army and the people ardently desire a cessation of the carnage, but the idea of an armistice, as it is understood in the North, is scouted by every one but the faint-hearted. A very pretty sort of armistice 'twould be, with our territory occupied by the enemy, and ports blockaded. If it was accepted by us, all the advantages acquired by us during this campaign would be lost, and as we have to deal with the most slippery and cunning people in the world, there are a thousand chances to one that we would be circumvented and imposed upon. These Yankees are so utterly faithless, that I feel confident that if they found us off our guard whilst the negotiations were going on, they would without hesitation fetter us.

I am dying to hear from you all, but this wish has only been gratified once since I have been in the Confederacy, and yet scores of blockade runners have arrived, but without bringing me a line from you. I ought not to complain, for your case is analogous to mine, and I suppose that you will only receive a very small proportion of the many letters that I have written to you. If there is any likelihood of our being quiet at all, I shall apply for a leave

of absence to go to Richmond in order to ask my friends there, whether, happily, there are any missives for your forlorn son. My love to my dear father, to Bella and Bessie, and their excellent husbands, and with many kisses, I must now bid you good-bye.

Your affectionate son,

HEADQUARTERS FIELD'S DIVISION,
NEAR PETERSBURG,
SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1864.

My Dear Father:

A well-sustained correspondence between two loving souls is truly delightful, for then tidings of those nearest and dearest, and affectionate messages are reciprocally interchanged. By a little stretch of imagination one can almost fancy that it is a conversation, and figure to one's self that the familiar voice strikes one's ear. But when letter after letter despatched with exemplary regularity fails to elicit any response, then hope fades away and the heart sickens. The latter, I grieve to say, is my case, for after months of anxious suspense I have at length settled down into a state of sullen despair. I really think that if by a miracle, a line from any of you should ever reach me, I would not believe the evidence of my senses. I would not, however, have you to take up the impression that by those gloomy excogitations, I am inclined to put a bad construction upon your silence. I know that bales of missives from the dear folks at home have been shipped in unlucky blockade runners, and that they are wasting their sweetness in the briny waters of the stormy Atlantic, but that does not make my case any the less painful.

The army of Tennessee, as I feared, has met with a severe reverse; but bad as it is I have no idea that Georgia will be wrested from us by the invader. We still have some backbone left, no matter what the Yankees say, and if our authorities display proper en-

ergy, and for the nonce sacrifice their selfish prejudices and antipathies to the public weal, the enemy may yet be driven out of Northern Georgia, and be compelled to take the back track. We have just received the cheering intelligence that Kirby Smith has crossed the "father of Waters" with a portion of the army. This will be a valuable accession to those western forces. The public are down upon Hood for the abandonment of Atlanta. It is true he was out-generalled by Sherman (who, be it said in passing I consider the Napoleon of the North), but had his men fought as they ought to have fought, I am not sure but that the result would have been different. These western troops have been commanded so long by incompetent and nerveless generals that their steadiness in the field is not much to be relied upon. The men of this corps, who saw them fight at Chickamauga, all say their fighting is vastly different from ours. In fact, those Mississippians and Tennesseans resemble the Yankees a good deal: they bluster, brag, and lie before a battle, but whilst it is going on they are as meek as mice. Longstreet really won that victory for Bragg. There was some talk after the fall of Atlanta of sending two divisions, ours being one of them, down to Georgia; none of us relished the idea much of being separated from this army, which is really a happy family, in order to join Hood's uncongenial command, but, thank God the rumor did not take on reality. The Yanks are of course jubilant, and in their wild exultation last Sunday they fired a salute of one hundred shotted guns upon poor Petersburg, which resulted in the killing of a woman and two children. When Grant hears of the frightful execution that was done, his joy will doubtless, know no bounds. On the whole, I think that the moral effect of the fall of Atlanta on the Northern elections will be worse than the material effect on the South. After a season of unexampled drought rain has poured in torrents for several days, and now another change is setting in. The wind is furiously high, and the temperature terribly low; this change, of course, entails camp fires and lots of

blankets. With these and other expedients resorted to by soldiers in order to increase their creature comforts, we are able to bid defiance to the bleak north-wester.

Since the battle of Darbytown I am minus part of the "pride, pomp, and circumstances of glorious war" in the way of horseflesh, for my noble warhorse, the much-by-me-lamented Palmetto, was killed by a Yankee bullet in that memorable engagement. Poor Palmetto! he was a splendid charger; so willing, so spirited, and yet so manageable under fire, he combined all the steadiness of a veteran with the dash of a young soldier. The day before his death Palmetto had been hit by a shell, but this did not damp his ardour, for the gallant animal was galloping proudly with ears erect and nostrils open, when the messenger of death struck him. But let us stop! My feeling is getting the better of me; I am growing very pathetic over a very small event for these frantic times. I hope this letter will reach you—I am going to entrust it to the kind care of Mr. Cameron, the owner of the *City of Petersburg* and other successful blockade runners.

If you do not get it, *j'y perdrai mon Latin.*
With my best love to all the well-beloved,
Believe me, your devoted son,

HEADQUARTERS, FIELD'S DIVISION,
THURSDAY, OCT. 6TH, 1864.

My Dear Mother:

So mournful was the tone of my last missive to my father, that it might almost have been called a wail of misery; if you thought it too low-spirited, there was some cause for that, for after nine months of feverish expectation I had begun to dread that I was henceforth doomed to a terrible dearth of home tidings. But I have changed my tune, for now I have the happiness to thank you and my other

kind correspondents for two delightful communications which reached me within the last fortnight.

What a happy time for the rebel! The first to come to hand was the batch containing your and my father's letters of the 5th of August, together with the counterfeit presentment of dear little Rob; as a work of art I think it is a success, but with regard to the likeness I am not competent to speak, for to tell you the truth I should not have recognized the little cherub, so altered is he; why, when I left Sweet Home, Monsieur Robert was, as the Irishman would say, most unquestionably "barefooted on the top of his head;" and now the incipient *cocades* is blessed with a luxuriant head of hair, it might have been a wig it is true, but it looks remarkably natural; however, that does not signify, and I am immensely proud to have a nephew with such a splendid head of hair.

As neither of you alluded in those letters to the receipt of mine from Bermuda and Wilmington, I concluded that they were burned at sea; this annoyed me very much, because I thought that your anxiety at receiving no tidings from me would be great, but, much to my relief, your letters of the 9th of July announced a few days ago that you had got the news of my arrival in Dixie. I was longing to write to you *instanter* but that was not possible, on account of the constant marching and counter-marching that we have had to perform for the past three weeks; all day and sometimes all night in the saddle, is the sort of work we have had to do ever since the 20th of last month. When the first batch reached me, we were on a long tramp to support Hampton, and to amuse the Yanks whilst he operated in the rear; the whole thing was a success, especially the bovine part of it, for the enemy only perceived that Hampton's cavalry had gobbled up two thousand five hundred head of cattle, and horses innumerable, when it was too late to recapture them. After that we had a few little fights with the Yankees. On Thursday we suddenly received orders to march over to the north side of the James River. We got here just in the nick of

time to prevent the enemy, who had stolen a march upon us, from capturing the outer line of fortifications. We drove them back with huge slaughter, especially amongst the citizens of African descent, who are still lying as thick as blackberries on the battlefield. The prisoners all tell the same tale, *viz:* that they are placed in the front ranks, and are told that if they run back, the white troops will shoot them down. The Yankee advance was a surprise, and they consequently captured a small portion of the line which was held by local troops, who behaved in a far from gallant style; if they had been at all steady the enemy ought never to have got into those works. It is intended to retake that portion of the lines, and for that purpose we made a reconnaissance in force. In doing this, I had the misfortune to get my horse (dear little Torpedo) wounded, he fell so suddenly that I thought he was killed; I am happy to say that I was mistaken, I now entertain some hope of his recovery. He was struck by the bullet on the right side of the neck, it took a downward course and lodged near his left shoulder blade, but fortunately without injuring the bone. As it is merely a severe flesh wound, the Division Vet. says that with proper care, my poor little nag will probably get over it. I am justified in hoping so, for I have seen horses here recover from the most hideous mutilations. Fortunately, I was not on him, when the bullet hit him; had I been it is more than probable that my left leg would have been crushed, so sudden was his fall. The enemy had opened a desultory fire at the time, in order to stop the reconnaissance, and we had just dismounted to put our cavalry out of danger, when this Yankee bullet whizzed past us and buried itself in Torpedo's neck. I am literally afoot, having had one horse killed and another badly wounded in less than six weeks. Under these circumstances I have applied for leave of absence, in order to go down to Georgia, and to see for myself after our affairs in that state. My request has been granted, and I shall therefore set out for Columbia, S. C., to-morrow, and shall go thence to Savannah and Tibeauville.

The vicissitudes and uncertainties of every war, and of this one in particular, are so great that not possessing superhuman prescience or that clairvoyance which sees through millstones, I shall not attempt to prophesy what the issue of this campaign will be; this stroke of ill luck may not have run out, or, on the other hand, Fortune's wheel may soon be turned the other way. Come what may, I feel confident (mark! this is my personal opinion, uninfluenced by any reputed sages in or out of the army) that Richmond will not fall this year. The more narrowly I observe these momentous events, the more I am convinced that there is no greater game of chance than the bloody game at which we are now playing, and therefore to predict dogmatically that such and such a thing will happen is an idle waste of words. The times are out of joint, reason is unhinged, and everything generally going or gone off the track. How then is it possible for the most sagacious mind, North or South, to know that it will occur between this and the ides of November? The fact is, there is no longer any scope for farsighted sagacity, chance rules the hour, the tide fluctuates. Under the circumstances I cannot help comparing the man (be his reputation for prescience ever so great) who would have us believe he sees far into futurity, to those prophets of the turf who are regarded as unmitigated humbugs. Nothing has tended to convince me more than the recent fights in the Valley, that war is a big lottery. We never dreamt for a moment that Early's forces could be worsted, and we all looked upon victory up there as a dead certainty; we were doomed to be disappointed, Sheridan did whip us, but how did he do it? Through the superiority of his cavalry over our worthless Valley troopers; these must not be confounded with Hampton's cavalry, which is a very efficient body. The mounted forces of the Valley have been entirely demoralized by the predatory mode of warfare which they have been engaged in along the Maryland frontiers. Raids have proved the curse of a great part of our Southern cavalry; honest men before the war have been converted

into horse thieves and henroost plunderers, and in the course of time a well-disciplined regiment has become a disorderly rabble, fit only for pillage. I think Napoleon said in his usual sententious way, the greater the blackguard, the better the soldier! This aphorism does not hold good here, for I have noticed that the greatest thieves are the greatest cowards; they are a terror to the women and children, and often do more harm to friends than to the enemy. Of this kind was Morgan's command in the opinion of the regular army; it was nothing but an *omnium gatherum* of rogues and freebooters, the discipline was lax and the morality execrable. His Kentucky campaign was a failure through these causes alone, and thousands who would have flocked to his standard when he went there were so disgusted with the conduct of his men that they held themselves aloof. If these fellows have achieved any reputation, it is owing to the newspaper puffs. I have seen enough of this country to convince me that the pets of the newspapers are not necessarily good soldiers. Thorough soldiers, good patriots, are above currying favour with penny-a-liners, and bidding for their praises. The moral of all this is, that we lost the battle of Winchester on account of the utter insufficiency of these Valley marauders; our infantry never fought better, they had actually driven back the Yanks with great loss and were following up their successes, when their left flank was turned over owing to the stampeding of the above -named cavalry.

It is said that the western horizon is brightening, but seeing is believing, and in a few days I shall see how Beauregard, whom I look upon as a good though not brilliant general, will set about retrieving our fallen fortunes there. The hero of heroes, the worthy successor of Jackson, Forrest, is busily at work in Sherman's rear, and I think that those operations will be productive of some great results. My next letter will be penned at Columbia or Savannah.

In the meantime, adieu, dearest mother, don't forget to kiss all the family circle for me.

Your devoted son,

P. S.—In my last letter, I requested you to send me some of the latest French publications, should you have a good chance of doing so, I trust you will avail yourself of it, for I am dying to pore over a good French book.

TIBEAUVILLE,
OCTOBER 18TH.

My dear Father:

If, as I hope, my last letter from the front to my beloved mother reached her before these lines, then neither you nor she will be much surprised at this sudden change of base, for in it I apprized you of my intention of going down to Georgia for a few weeks, having succeeded in obtaining a short furlough. On joining Massa Robert's* army, I had made up my mind not to apply for such a permission until Christmas, but I had reckoned without the Yankee bullets which have spared neither of my poor horses. The last one (dear little Torpedo) came to grief in the Fort Harrison fight; he was shot in the neck, and is now *hors* [*e*] *de combat*, as the bullet has buried itself so deep that it cannot be extracted; I feel that he is lost to me. It is a grievous loss, the more especially as he was rapidly becoming the best charger in the army. A dismounted aide-de-camp is the fifth wheel to the wagon, and therefore this leave of absence was granted me without much reluctance, Torpedo's mishap being my opportunity. I left Richmond on the 7th ultimo. The scare caused by Grant's menacing movements having by that time greatly subsided, I got on board of the Richmond and Danville cars, and after a long and tedious journey of three days, in the most atrocious of conveyances (sometimes I had

*General Lee.

nothing but common trucks to lie on), I reached Columbia, S. C. I tarried one day in that pretty place in order to rest my cramped and bruised limbs. Columbia has not the blighted aspect of most Southern cities. When there I was advised to shape my course towards Tibeauville, *via* Augusta and Savannah, and not by way of Charleston, where the yellow fever is very rife. I accordingly passed through the bustling town of Augusta and thence went to Savannah, thus flanking "Yellow Jack." Hearing that there was still a good deal of sickness there, I only halted a few hours in Savannah and prosecuted my trip to Tibeauville, which I reached on the 13th. It is a new settlement situated about ninety miles from Savannah and the Gulf railroad. There I met with a very kind and hearty welcome, both Messrs. James and William Cowper, by their cordial greeting, seeming to be glad to see me; it is under the roof of the latter gentleman that I am penning these lines. In 1862, when the stampede occurred along the sea coast, several of our Altamaha neighbours determined to migrate to this spot, the inducement for doing so being the cheapness of the lands and the salubrity of the climate. The country is a wild one and the soil, it is true, is very light, but the impression then prevailed that the war would soon be over, and that if the lands produced just enough to feed the negroes during this temporary migration, it was all that could be expected. Messrs. Cowper considering the proximity of the railroad was desirable, after consulting together came to the conclusion that it was the best thing that could be done under the circumstances, and so they followed suit. Our land here was purchased for a mere song, but it was only partially cleared and is very poor indeed. It is situated in the midst of a vast pine barren. These trees are the finest I have ever seen yet, it is a matter of great wonderment to me that they should grow to such an enormous size in this inferior soil. Oh! would that they could be transplanted to *La Boulaye*, then they would be worth a magnificent fortune. Some of them, however, have been turned to account by Mr. Wil-

liam Cowper, who built his house entirely of pine wood, he was the architect, and our sable carpenters constructed it. A remarkably cosy and snug dwelling it is, I assure you, the doors shut well, the windows are fully as wind and wet-proof as those of your apartments in No. 59—and, mark! these are home manufactures; for little or nothing was bought that could be made by our people. The nail item being in these times a very heavy one, a substitute in the shape of pine-knot pegs was hit upon, and it has been found to answer very well. Nothing could have better exemplified than this war, the truth of the adage that "necessity is the mother of invention," for here is a colony of planters who, before these troubles, were dependent upon Yankees for necessaries as well as luxuries; they are forced to dispense with the latter, and their ingenuity supplies them with the former.

Food in these frantic times is terribly dear, but clothing is still more so, and to fit out a large gang of negroes is an enormous expense. Last year the whole of the gang was rigged out from head to foot with clothing woven, spun, and made up upon the place; the wool was shorn from the backs of a few sheep we happily owned, the cotton was grown here, and the dyes manufactured in Mr. W. Cowper's laboratory. I herewith enclose some samples of our homespuns, if they are not very elegant they at any rate have the merit of being strong and serviceable. Now, this is very creditable, is it not, for a set of effete and luxurious planters? Our textile manufactures are pronounced superior to any in the neighbourhood, and consequently the Hopeton darkies are very proud of their factory. You will be doubtless gratified to learn that the exigencies of the times have developed so much industry and ingenuity. I expect that you will be still more pleased and astonished, when I assure you that all the machinery from the cotton ginning and spinning wheel up to the loom itself was made here, and that the lathe with which they were turned was also a home manufacture. The operatives are becoming quite expert and very fond of the factory.

Considering the times we might have esteemed ourselves pretty lucky on the whole, had the corn crop only been tolerably good, but alas, such was not the case, and owing to the torrential rains that have prevailed throughout this region of country, the yield of corn on this property will not feed one-tenth of the gang; whereas if the crop had succeeded, we would have had a large surplus for sale. To supply that deficit, we shall have to buy a considerable quantity, and at present prices it will require the disbursement of no small sum. I have had the old steam-engine advertised for sale; it ought to sell well, if so, the proceeds will keep the estate out of debt. As there is employment here for only a small number of hands, it has been deemed expedient to hire out as many as we can, for in doing so we economize not only food but clothing. Each hand, on an average, produces about three hundred and sixty dollars a year, and he gets plenty of molasses and hominy and five pounds of bacon a week. The negroes are contented with this species of labour, seeing that they are well fed. Now the negroes who remain here don't get as much food, their bill of fare consisting of hominy, vegetables, and molasses (for we plant sugar cane here, this year we hope to make as many as fifteen barrels), but they are for the most part either very young or very old people, and submit to this scanty fare rather than be hired out. On my arrival the good creatures crowded around me and nearly shook my hands off, they were so glad to see me, and on account of the hairy appendage which now adorns my chin and cheeks, they all exclaimed "Oh! Massa, we would not have knowed you if we had not seed you," a truism which no Irishman would dare to dispute. I did not perceive any surliness amongst them, nor could I discern any signs of discontent. We have lost about thirty-five negroes by sickness and running away, since the removal from Hopeton, and amongst them some prime hands; lately two young men, Amos and Wilson, ran off to the Yankees. This was somewhat surprising, for they had always appeared very happy and contented, and had never

given any trouble whatever. They are a queer whimsical people, and where they are concerned it is impossible to build any theory. As an instance of this I will adduce the case of Doctor Fr——'s gang, which was considered the worst on the river; his darkies were all thought very inferior in every respect to any others, and yet he had not lost one by running away, whilst the Nightingale negroes, who were well cared for and petted, stampeded in a body at the outbreak of the war, and were only retaken with great difficulty; since then a great many have run away. The Butler estate has lost over one hundred. In the war of 1812 the slaves who were treated with the greatest kindness and leniency were the first to slope off; on the other hand, those who were under a strict system did not attempt to run off. This present war has been so fruitful of these discrepancies that the most enthusiastic theorists on both sides cannot but be discouraged in the long run. All the refugee planters round here say that their negroes have never been so submissive or docile, and yet the loyalty of these sons of Africa is not much to be counted on.

My chief inducement in coming down here was to pay Hopeton a visit, but I have been obliged to relinquish that project on account of the sickness which prevails along the coast. God willing, I hope to do so at Christmas. I am told that like all the plantations along the river ours is in the most horrible condition, owing to the freshets and neglect. All the banks and trunks have been swept away; to put them in order will cost us much time, money and labour. It is a consolation, but a meagre one, to know that the inundations having been so heavy we could not have made anything for two years; in the meantime, it is true the lands have been resting, and if we are not irretrievably smashed I hope that premium crops may still be raised at Hopeton. Mr. James Cowper's health, of late, has been breaking down under the weight of the cares and afflictions which have beset him; the hot weather, too, of this summer had sadly impaired it, and his family tell me that they have lost

all hope of his recovery, but fortunately a favourable change has set in, and I am happy to say that I found him, although very infirm, looking much better than I expected. The loss of his two sons, Hamilton and John, who both died of typhoid fever, has cast a sad gloom on himself and his family His three other sons are in the army—James in the Engineer corps, Alexander is with Early in the Valley, and Robert has been a prisoner at Fort Delaware ever since the battle of Gettysburg. I purpose staying here a few days longer, and then going on to Savannah, where I shall remain a short while provided there is less sickness, and then I shall retrace my steps towards Virginia with my servant Daniel, who has grown up to be a strong and hearty fellow. You remember his health was very bad when we were at Hopeton together, and then it was generally thought that he was too consumptive to live. He is a good faithful boy, and knows perfectly how to attend to a horse; I have therefore decided to take him up to the front as my camp servant. I meditate inflicting some more of my caligraphy on you at Savannah. Adieu, dear father; kiss my angelic mother, Bella, Bessie, and all their belongings for me.

Your devoted son,

CAMP, NEAR RICHMOND,
FIELD'S DIVISION,
NOVEMBER 24TH, 1864.

Sweetest Mother:

Profiting by my brief sojourn in the placid little city of Savannah, towards the end of October, I indulged in some ink-spilling, the results of which were a few fly tracks, which I addressed to my beloved father. As a particularly long hiatus in my correspondence gives you pain, I hope that fortune will favour the aforesaid fly tracks during their trans-oceanic flight. After an absence of about a month from the A. N. V., I returned to the Old Dominion early in the present month, and forthwith rejoined the command of

which I am proud to be a member. Although my trip to, and stay in Georgia, was on the whole as satisfactory as I could expect in these times, yet I was in great glee to turn my back upon the abominable cars of the Richmond and Savannah railroads, and to be once more rid of their indescribable discomforts. I do not hesitate to declare that I would a thousand times prefer to face the hardships of a winter campaign, or the privation of a Northern prison, than to undergo the horrors of a Southern car. Immediately on my arrival I went to my excellent friend Mrs. Mason, with the cheering presentiment that perhaps some letters from you and my other dear correspondents might be in her safe keeping. Picture to yourself my extasies of delight, for I received from her kind hands two gloriously fat envelopes containing your letter of the 17th and 28th; Bessie's of the 9th and 23rd; Jean's of the 11th; and dear little Richard's of the 8th of the same month. This was indeed a feast well calculated to cheer the heart of your ragged rebel of a son, who has not had many of those treats. I was glad to learn that you had received pretty regularly my letters of the month of June, I trust that those or the succeeding months will be as fortunate. My joy would have been well nigh marred by the intelligence you communicated to me of my dear Isabella's misfortune, had it not been palliated by the comforting assurance that she was doing well. Tell her, dear, dear mother, that my sympathy in this sad trial is proportioned to my love for her If her health is as you say in a satisfactory condition, I have not much apprehension for the *morale*, as she, in addition to her buoyant temperament, has her noble little boy to console her,—that diminutive sunbeam will, I warrant it, dissipate the lowest spirits. I must not omit to mention the pleasure I experienced at finding amongst the contents of the plethoric envelopes another of the dear little fellow's photographs, as well as two likenesses of my Scoto-Gallic namesake; say to the dear little Highlander that his pretty *cartes-de-visite* enhanced the deight I derived from his well-written, well expressed, and affection-

ate epistle. I am the proudest of uncles, and if a certain great gun on your side of the briny waters owes his success to the fact that he is the nephew of his uncle, how much more ought I to congratulate myself upon being the uncle of such nephews? I have been so courteously and so kindly treated by our most estimable General, by his staff and by officers of this glorious little division, on returning the other day I was so warmly greeted, that I now begin to regard this army as my second home. From the first I made many agreeable acquaintances in the command; since then they have ripened into sincere friendship, these I feel will be lasting and their fruits sweet, for they have taken root in the mellow soil of mutual respect and esteem, without which I contend that friendships are more or less hollow and fragile. Here there is not much room for imposture or hypocrisy, the fiery ordeal of this sort of life being a test which they cannot resist, danger is a touchstone which exposes cowardice, and privation in the long run will eventually tear away the mask of selfishness, and thus, war a hateful curse though it be, develops the good qualities of good men on the one hand, and makes the bad ones of bad men appear in all their hideous nakedness. Judge of my gratified astonishment when I returned, I was told my wounded nag had recovered, and instead of his being in *extremis* I found him alive and actually kicking. In a short time he will be I hope, perfectly well. He has got over a wound that would have killed nine horses out of ten. It is with animals like human beings, a powerful constitution and good blood give them many chances of recovery.

During my absence two pretty heavy fights occurred. The second one was a brilliant success, for we repelled a Yankee attack very handsomely. The first one would have been equally so, had Hoke supported us, but as usual he was slow or showed the white feather. We had to charge the portion of the Yankee works on the Newmarket and Darbytown roads, and we had got within forty yards of them, notwithstanding a withering fire from the front

(several officers have told me that they had never seen a more regular and beautiful advance, the brigades moved as if they were on the parade ground), but Hoke not coming up the Yankees who were in an advance work on our right gave all their attention to our advancing line, and poured a deadly flank fire into us; so terrible was it that General Field gave the order to fall back, which was done slowly and doggedly. The gallant General Gregg was killed in this affair by an enfilading shot; his loss is deeply lamented by both officers and men whose idol he was; he commanded the Texans. At his burial, which took place with all due pomp, there was hardly a dry eye in all that brigade. General Lee considered him the best brigadier in the army. Shortly before his death it was rumoured that he would assume the command of the lamented Rodes's division, and a worthy successor he would have made to that able general. The deaths in general officers, this campaign, that I regard the most to be deplored, are those of Rodes, Jenkins, and Gregg—they were all three men of the right stuff. The day after I got back the Yankees again thumped their heads against our line, and were most disastrously hurled back. They assaulted our breastworks in immensely heavy columns, but could not stand up against the well-directed fire of our artillery and rifles, and they fled helter-skelter, throwing away all that could impede their flight, much to the amusement of our boys, who enjoyed this affair as much as if it had been a cricket match or a horse race. Our losses on that occasion were very small, they did not amount to more than twenty at the very outside, in killed and wounded; whereas the enemy suffered very heavily. I saw myself four hundred of them surrender in a lump. In other parts of the field many prisoners were made. I feel confident that twelve hundred will not cover their losses in our front. The men fought with redoubled spirit and zest because Longstreet was there to inspire them with confidence, by his imperturbable serenity and admirable *sang-froid*. I have heard many soldiers say they love to look at the old war-

horse before going into battle, because he looks so composed and self-possessed that he never seems to be haunted with the fear of failure. If he had not been wounded at the most critical moment of the battle of the Wilderness, the flank movement which he was about to initiate would have most probably routed Grant's army. General Field assumed command of the corps, but before the general-in-chief's plans could be communicated to him, it was too late to execute them. It seems that the fates have ordained that some such untoward event should always neutralize our greatest victories. The glorious battle of Chancellorsville is another instance of that "*juighon.*" All was quiet when I left Georgia, as it was supposed that Sherman was going north in pursuit of Hood, but, since I left that state it appears that he has cut loose from his base and that he is flying about generally. The movement is an extremely hazardous one, and although it has sent the North into a state of crazy rapture, it is just possible that the hero of Atlanta may come to grief. But we are in a complete fog respecting what is going on in Georgia at present, as the newspapers are requested not to publish news from that quarter, which our inquisitive friends the Yankees might turn to account. For the nonce they are dependent upon us for intelligence from Sherman, and it is our policy to deny it them as long as possible. General Lee's army is fully larger by twenty thousand men than it was when I left, and if all the line is as strong as the one we now occupy, I do not think that a legion of three hundred thousand imps, headed by his Satanic Majesty himself, could carry it. Adieu, my beloved mother, thank my dear father and the other dear folks for their epistolary souvenir.

Your devoted son,

CAMP, NEAR RICHMOND,
HEADQUARTERS, FIELD'S DIVISION,
DECEMBER 9TH, 1864.

My Dear Father:

I seize with avidity a golden opportunity which has just presented itself of forwarding to you with perfect safety the following lines. My most excellent friend, Monsieur the French Vice-Consul at Richmond, has just apprised me of his sudden determination to leave poor bleeding Dixie in a couple of days, and to return to France as fast as steam could carry him. He has kindly offered to take charge of this letter to you, and as it is sure of reaching its destination I think that I had better embody in it a summary of several items of interest contained in my previous missives to you and my other beloved correspondents. These, owing to the thousand and one risks of the blockade, which is becoming every day more stringent, I doubt whether you will ever get. At the beginning of the month of October I wrote to my dear mother, saying that I purposed going down in Georgia in order to look after our interests there. I left the army after the very severe fight we had with the enemy on the 27th of September. At one time things had a very ugly look; the Yanks, by stealing a march upon us, had got alarmingly near to the rebel capital, and had not our division come across the river in the nick of time at a double quick I think that the cerulean abdomens could have played havoc in the city, but I have no idea of their having been able to effect a lodgment there. We had a very exciting race with them for Fort Gilmor, one of the most important links in the chain of defences around Richmond, but fortunately the game and high-mettled rebs reached that goal before Butler's motley crowd of niggers and Dutchmen. Enraged at being thus headed off, the "beast" ordered a charge, as usual putting his sable soldiery in front of the storming party; they came up very gallantly to within thirty yards of our works. I was in the fort at the time, and could not help admiring this solid and compact column with its forest of bayonets glistening in the sun. I might then

have felt nervous and anxious about the ability of our little band of men to resist such a mighty host had I not felt unbounded confidence in their indomitable courage and steadiness. At the distance of some thirty yards we poured a deadly volley into their midst, and with a yell mounted the parapets; then occurred a *changement à vue* almost without a parallel in this bloody drama, the defiant mass breaking up into a disordered mob, and scattering like chaff before the wind. Some of the negroes, who, by-the-bye, behaved much better than the white troops, still kept advancing, and attempted with much intrepidity to scale the parapets; every one of them was either killed or taken prisoner in the attempt. Officers helped their men to shoot them down; my Adams' repeater acquitted itself very creditably on that occasion. The next day we had a brush with them again; in it my dear little horse was badly wounded in the neck and shoulder. He fell so suddenly that we all thought he was killed, but I am happy to say that Torpedo is himself again, thanks to the care bestowed upon him by a kind Virginian farmer in whose hands I left him. I don't know what I would have done had I lost him, for good chargers are terribly scarce in Dixie now-a-days. In my horseless condition, I applied for a permission to go to Richmond, and thence to Georgia. I stopped a few days in Richmond, and then set out for the south. After a long and tedious journey, I got to Tibeauville. The Cowpers and our genial neighbours on the wild Altama* were very glad to see me, I found them squatting in a wild and barren forest of pine trees, but bearing their privations with that Mark Tapley-like buoyancy which characterises our brave people in this their fiery ordeal. They had to start from first principles, and went to work like pioneers in the far west, clearing lands and building up shanties. Mr. William Cowper has constructed a snug little house of pine boards, in it I assure you that I passed a fortnight very pleasantly; his ingenuity and untiring energy have, by this time, supplied many of

*The Altamaha River.

the inconveniences of the times. Had not the crops for the past two years been very bad in that region of Georgia we would have raised amply sufficient to feed our negroes, but unfortunately owing to the shortness of the corn crop, we have been obliged to purchase provisions for our negroes. This, at present prices, is a heavy expense. With regard to clothing we get on famously, for we raise our own cotton and wool, we spin and weave it. These homespuns make very excellent negro clothing; I enclose herewith some samples that I think do credit to Mr. Cowper's factory. You will appreciate them the more when I tell you that he made the lathe which made the spinning and weaving machines which made these textures. On arriving, I was literally mobbed by the negroes, young and old, who seemed as pleased to see me as if this Abolition crusade had never been thought of. Mr. Cowper told me that they are as docile as ever, and that unless some extraordinary inducement was held out to them he thought that they would not run off. We have lost a few in that way, and quite a large number by sickness when they were removed into the interior. As there is no employment for the majority of them upon the place Mr. Cowper has hired out a good many to private individuals, who are bound to feed them well, but this winter, provided that Sherman's incursion does not knock this project on the head, we hope to get a Government contract, together with Dr. Troop, for the employment of our hands at very good prices. Our gangs will jointly be placed under the supervision of Mr. Cowper. I hope that this arrangement will be better for our darkies and more lucrative to us.

After a stay of a fortnight with the Cowpers I went to Savannah and saw Mr. Hodgson, who took me to the Georgia State Bank. I was there told by the cashier that the sum of two thousand dollars in Treasury bonds, bearing an interest of four-and-a-half per cent, was to your credit. This amount had accumulated there before Mr. Teft's death, and was made up of sums paid in liquidation of some of the notes due to you. At that time the Treasury notes,

in which these sums were paid, were as good as gold; it was only later that they began to topple down. On the 17th of February last an act was passed for the purpose of amending the currency; pursuant to it the holders of Treasury notes were obliged to invest at (in) four-and-a-half per cent. Treasury bonds at par, or submit to a discount of thirty-three and a third per cent. if the notes of the old issue were returned. Now, Mr. Cowper, being at that time your only representative on this side of the water, was advised to fund this sum, a course approved of by Hodgson as they are worth from 70 to 75 dollars in the hundred, and as, moreover, they are receivable in payment of taxes at present prices; supposing that we had taxes to the tune of five thousand dollars to pay, three thousand five hundred invested in treasury notes would meet that charge. Your Albany and Gulf railroad bonds are considered a safe thing; you have, I think, twenty-five thousand dollars invested in them. Well, Mr. Hodgson told me that if they were to be sold now they would fetch over one hundred thousand dollars. Since the death of Mr. Teft none of the interest on any of your securities has been collected, and the directors of the bank will not receive any payments in depreciated currency on your behalf, unless ordered by you to do so. When in Savannah I had the pleasure of seeing a great deal of your amiable friend Mr. Hodgson, who, together with his wife and her sister, were extremely kind to me.

I got back to Massa Robert's army the day before one of the prettiest affairs it has been my luck to witness. The whole of Butler's large army assaulted the lines occupied by Field's division on the north side of the James, between the Darbytown and Williamsburg roads. They attacked us in six lines of battle, but we soon disposed of them, and they fled, leaving their dead and wounded upon the field of battle. They lost in front of us not a man less than two thousand, whilst we had only thirty killed and wounded. Since the fight a formidable line of breastworks has been thrown up,

running from the Chickahominy to the James; it is by far the most formidable line of entrenchments our men have fought behind since this war has commenced, every resource and device of engineering skill having been bestowed upon it to make it impregnable. If it is carried by the Yankees I shall be much surprised at their dash, and much disappointed with our men. The army is in fine spirits; this lull of six weeks in active hostilities has done our veterans a great deal of good. It is also wonderful how the army has increased. I have no doubt that it is larger by twenty thousand men than it was last September; if we have no more fighting this year Lee's forces will be as large as they were at the beginning of this campaign. Our men are very comfortably lodged in snug log huts of their own construction, they are well fed and pretty warmly clad and shod—a shoeless rebel is not often seen now. Two of our brigades have built large log theatres, and in a few days will begin their performances, provided old Ulysses allows them to do so. The Texian *troupe* is really very good, and as good in its way as the famous Zouaves of Sebastopol. Until very lately I thought that we would subside quietly into winter quarters, but certain indications portend warm work somewhere in front. I have an idea that we on the left will not come in for it, but that Grant will try our centre, for that is the only point against which he has not butted his head since he sat down in front of Petersburg. But on the other hand, all this stir among the Yankees may only be a feint to divert our attention from Sherman, who seems to be going on vigorously with his work of desolation in Georgia. The Government is very reticent as to the measures taken to oppose him, and, as the telegraph is silent, his movements are shrouded in mystery; I think however, that Savannah, or some point between that city and Charleston, is the object of his grand raid. It is pretty generally thought that if he reaches the coast he will be in a very shattered condition; some sanguine people think that he will be gobbled up, but those who live will see.

Early's men have just come down from the Shenandoah Valley, they marched past this corps in the morning; our boys jeered them piteously for their discomfitures near Winchester. They were considerably nettled at this chaff, and at one time I thought a row was imminent between the two corps.

You express so much solicitude concerning my health that I feel bound to reassure you touching it. My health has been, thank heavens, very satisfactory, ever since I reached Confederate soil. The campaign has been pretty rough and fatiguing, it is true, but no ragged rebel has stood it half as well as I have done. My appetite is wolfish in the extreme, and I devour bacon which outranks General Lee himself with a voracity that would horrify the gourmets of the *Café Riche*. Now we are in clover, for the General has established his quarters at a farm, where we are really comfortably installed. The owners, when the Yankees advanced, fled to town, but their negro servants are still here and from them we get an abundance of milk and good butter, two luxuries which are highly prized in camp. I hope that we shall not be moved this winter, for if we remain in our present quarters I shall be able to see something of Richmond society; a visit now and then to the capital of the Confederacy will be a pleasant break in the monotony of camp life. In some of my preceding letters I asked you to send me several articles, the list of which I appended to them, but as it is uncertain if they have or ever will reach you, I must be forgiven if I bore you with a reiteration of the same request. First and foremost, I would like about eighty yards of Confederate gray cloth (I send a sample of the colour along with this), also four yards of *gros bleu* cloth, two of buff cloth, and a few yards of gold lace, nearly one inch wide; a couple also of felt hats would be most acceptable. I should also require a pair of cavalry boots, as my present ones are decidedly the worse for wear. A dozen bottles of Cognac, safely landed in Dixie, and forwarded to your son, would cheer the cockles of his heart; a little inward fortification of that sort is necessary

these frosty mornings when we have to ride along the picket line. Should you be able to squeeze in a few Chester cheeses, they would be not superfluous. I am ashamed to treat of such homely matters, but the fact is soldiers are as greedy as schoolboys, and the present petition reminds me of the happy days when I used to beg for plum cakes at Mr. Alfrey's. Before bringing my scrawl to a close, I must thank you, my divine mother, dear Bessie, dear Jean, and my bright little namesake, for their epistolary souvenirs of the month of August. As usual, I devoured them with a light heart. The photographs of the two noble little fellows are charming, and as is proper, vastly admired here. Adieu, my dear father, give my love to all the dear folks.

Your devoted son,

HEADQUARTERS FIELD'S DIVISION,
ALLEN'S FARM,
DECEMBER 29TH, 1864.

My Dear Mother:

Opportunity being bald behind, I lose no time in grasping it eagerly by the forelock. An Englishman, who is about returning to the "tight little island," has kindly volunteered to bear this scrawl across the vasty deep. Conformably with the rule which I have laid down, of never missing the smallest chance of communing with you or some other of my dear correspondents, I have availed myself with pleasure of his offer. The missive which I entrusted to the care of Monsieur Tabonelle is doubtless near its destination, if it has not reached it by this time. I therein told my father to whom it was addressed, that my sanitary condition left nothing to be desired. Since then, that most satisfactory condition has not varied at all, and I am happy to say that I am still in a state of high preservation. At the time I was writing, I hugged the hope that all hostilities, as far as this army is concerned, were bottled up for the winter, but a change has come over the spirit of my dream, for

hardly had I handed the letter to its amiable bearer when we received marching orders, and I had to scamper off to get the division under way. On these occasions the post of aide is a dog's life and still more so at this season of the year, when the "Old Dominion" is one vast morass. It is not very jolly to have to leave one's cosy camp fire, and to flounder up to one's horse's girths in Virginia slush, than which the most vivid imagination cannot picture anything more atrocious, To cap the climax, you now and then run foul of a snag, lying treacherously hidden in mud and darkness across your path. This frequently entails a spill for both steed and rider; such was my luck on Saturday, the 11th ultimo, my only compensation for all these tribulations was to be savagely growled and scowled at by drowsy brigadiers who, having indulged in visions of repose, were terribly put out at being told to move out of the trenches with three days' cooked rations. The weather was as bad as it could be, a raw nor'wester scourged our faces, which were moreover battered by a fierce hail storm. This was not pleasant but it is all like war, and as Longstreet's orders were peremptory, when daylight began to struggle through the dull leaden clouds we sallied out of our works. The object of the movement was a reconnaissance in force, for the purpose of feeling the enemy's strength and position on the north side of the James. We splashed along through the mud and sleet, until we struck the enemy's pickets. A sharp little fight then ensued, but we soon drove the enemy back to their main line; in this engagement we captured a lot of prisoners and horses. I had also the good luck to take a prisoner, whom I eased of his sabre and also of a very fine water-proof coat, an article which I needed very badly, since my own had fallen into the hands of the cerulean abdomens.

After disposing thus of the enemy's outposts, we marched and countermarched until we came upon the Yankee line of works. These movements are very difficult of execution, as the country is densely wooded, the jungle at some places being so thick as to baf-

fle one's ingenuity in getting through it. These almost impenetrable forests, coupled with the tortuousness and rottenness of the roads have necessitated a departure from the old European system of warfare. Poor aides are invariably put to their wits' end in striving to get about to the different commands. Sometimes, such is the intricacy of the labyrinth in which they frequently find themselves, that before they are aware of it the enemy are all around them, and to their horror they discover that they are "turned round" and are riding bang into the opposite lines. Many of them have been gobbled up in that way. Having reached the Yankee line of battle, the General, his Adjutant, and myself rode on to reconnoitre the enemy, but owing to this horrible region we stumbled up against a party of the enemy's skirmishers, who upon seeing us blazed away at the party, and before we could see the fellows, Minies were singing around us rather spitefully. Under the circumstances the General rapidly came to the conclusion that discretion is the better part of valour, and so he wheeled round, stuck spurs into his horse, and skedaddled at a brisk pace; we followed suit, and after an exciting race, the danger was over. I drew a long breath, and congratulated myself sincerely upon having been missed. I then fully appreciated the feelings of the numerous rabbits which gave your muffish son the good-bye at La Boulaye, so much to his disgust. If the report of this not over-glorious stampede ever reaches them, they and their persecuted brethren will exult over my discomfiture. We sent out scouts and sharpshooters to feel the enemy, and proceeded to make preparations preliminary to an attack, but our scouts on returning reported that the position was so strong a one that it could only be carried at a great sacrifice. Longstreet and General Field, after some consultation, decided to fall back, and not a little to their satisfaction our wet and weary soldiers turned their faces campward. This expedition, barring the number of men engaged, bore some likeness to that of the "King of France who, with twenty thousand men, marched up a hill, and then marched down again."

It was late when I got back to headquarters, and not in a condition calculated to excite envy, but a delightful surprise awaited me, for, thank God, on dismounting my faithful steed Sambo handed me your dear letter of the eleventh of October, enclosing Bessie's from Plassac; both of them acted as powerful restoratives on this broken-down reb. The sad tones which pervaded your lines I can well appreciate, for, wrapped up as is your heart in the cause, you must have been depressed by this deplorable tide of Confederate reverses. Since you wrote more misfortunes have fallen to our lot, and a heavy gloom hangs over the country. The situation is one of great gravity, and I frankly confess that it gives me more concern than I have ever felt hitherto; but, if drastic measures be resorted to, it is time yet to purge the country of its invaders. Floyd's defeat in Tennessee, Sherman's raid through Georgia, have necessitated the employment of very violent remedies. The most important of these, but a desperate one, it is true, is the armament of the negroes. Ever since I first landed in the Confederacy I have heard the subject discussed, and have been surprised to observe how many men are in favour of that last resort. Before this dark hour in the history of our revolution, the employment of the African element as soldiers was regarded by many far-seeing men in the army as one of the necessities which the vicissitudes of war might force upon us; they admitted that such an event was much to be deplored, and hoped that we should not have to withdraw "Cuffy" from his peaceful avocations in order to make food for powder of him. But misfortunes of late have come upon us, not as single spies but in battalions, and we shall have to play our last card in order to restore the numerical equilibrium in this unequal contest. One hundred thousand negroes, say even only fifty thousand, thrown into the Southern scale, would perhaps turn the war balance and enable us to achieve our independence. Is not the prize worth the hazard? I think so, most decidedly. For we know what Mr. Lincoln's programme is; he very candidly told

us that subjugation involves the manumission of our slaves, and in order to secure that end he runs them off and puts arms into their hands; he therefore not only takes them from us, but uses them as a means to crush us. Under the circumstances, would it not be better for us to say to the negroes, "Fight for us, and you will not only be free, but you will retain your homes; if you go over to the Yankees they will either force you into their ranks or leave you to starve in the inhospitable cities of the north." The negro's attachment to his home would operate as a powerful inducement to remain with us and join his fortunes with ours; this will be an evil I admit, but at any rate it will be the lesser of two evils—"If ills be necessary, then let us meet them like necessities." These opinions will doubtless startle you, and when I left you all I little thought that I would ever hold such views, but the necessities of the case have forced me to adopt them too. I still say and think that the negro's happiest condition is slavery. You have only to go over the country to convince you of that; he is infinitely better fed and clad than our poor soldiers; he leads an easy and regular life compared with the ragged rebels. When free, the inherent thriftlessness and indolence of the African will preponderate over his better qualities, and will destroy his usefulness. All that is very true, and from a humanitarian point of view I deprecate the abolition of slavery; but, to use an Americanism, we must let humanity slide for the nonce, and resort to every expedient for saving our national existence. That is the sole object of this struggle, we are fighting for dear life, for nationality. Four years of blood and carnage have made all other questions subordinate to that one great issue, independence; if we could maintain with it the maintenance of our servile institution, 'twould be better for the whites as well as for the blacks, but if not, let us sacrifice even that on the altar of our country. To get his ship afloat again many a sailor has had to pitch the valuable cargo overboard. The simile is applicable to us; a flood of disasters has driven our straining and struggling ship

upon those hated banks from which she fled four years ago; to lighten her slavery must be thrown overboard, or she may perhaps become the prey of the wreckers of Yankeedom. At the outset of this conflict, southern dash, individual courage and self-devotion made up for a multitude of wants and deficiencies; for instance, Jackson's shoeless little band of heroic ragamuffins, consisting of less than twelve thousand men, routed and drove away four huge armies, numbering at the very lowest an aggregate of one hundred thousand Yankees. But since then the Northern armies, which are as large as ever, have been better disciplined, and are certainly much better commanded. The Yankee generals of the present period are very superior to the Milroys, Popes and Burnsides of the early part of the war, "*C'est en forgeant, qu'on devient forgeron,*" says the Gallic adage, and the Yankees have been hammering away for such a time at their military improvements that at last they have put into the field armies that are much tougher than they used to be. I have seen how these northern fellows fight, and that at unpleasantly close quarters, I have witnessed their charges, and I have vivid recollections of a hot little charge against them. Well, after six months' campaigning, I am ocularly satisfied that the Yankees are not very easy to thrash. Such is the opinion of military men over here, who are not so prone to underrate the fighting of their opponents as those bombproof heroes who swagger about the lobbies of Congress, or the *Café du Grand Hotel.* Things have come to such a pass that we must resort to a desperate extremity, in order to counterbalance the increased efficiency and replenished ranks of the northern hosts. Did not the Russians in 1814, burn Moscow to save their country? The sacrifice was an awful one, but the French invaders reeled back shattered and disheartened. Let the abolition of slavery be the Moscow of the South, for if we arm the slaves we shall have to free them; we cannot, in this 19th century, make them fight in bondage like the Greeks did, and we cannot put a musket into their hands as we would a spade or a hoe.

I think that were the war to cease to-morrow, with all our constitutional rights recognized, the life of our peculiar institution would be a very precarious one. In the States where it flourished before the war, and where the occupation by the enemy has given it so severe a shock, it can never be re-established. The docility and the submissiveness of the darkies are very remarkable; I was struck with that at Tibeauville, but the vicinity of the Yankees leads to their demoralization and disorganization. Some remain on the plantation, others—and they are mostly the bone and sinew of the gangs—go over to the foe, this leaves upon the hands of the planter a residuum of old people and young children, which is utterly unproductive. Rather than bear this incubus he has to sell them, (and who would have them now)? or to let them take care of themselves. I am not an enthusiastic admirer of the negro; I don't believe, it is true, that he is endowed with those truculent instincts the humane Northerners counted upon, but on the other hand, I have come to the conclusion that he is treacherous and slippery; there are exceptions, but in point of numbers, a drop out of an ocean of disloyalty. But well-officered and disciplined, our darkies would, I am certain, prove as efficient in our hands as in those of the Yankees. But to obtain this degree of efficiency, the organization of that new material would have to be very perfect and very complete, for after all discipline is the great condition of success in war, and infinitely more effective than individual gallantry without cohesion.

Poor little mother, I have inflicted a terribly long repetition upon you, and it is not improbable that your prosy son would still be "pegging away" at the same subject, were it not for the providential arrival of two batches of letters which have just come to hand. The first one contains two missives: one of the 22nd of September, from Bessie; and another of the 29th, from my dear father: the other and more voluminous bundle comprised delectable communications of November 9th, from you, sweetest mother, and

from my dear sister Bessie. This envelope was a most acceptable box of wonders for to boot the "Reb." had the inexpressible felicity of reading Jean's and Henry's epistolary souvenirs. Tell my dear little namesake that his uncle is in ecstasies with his last pretty little letter to me, as well as with the picture of the Confederate flag. I know not which to extol the more, the scribe or the artist, he is certainly a budding Raphael. I was greatly delighted to learn in Jean's letter that Isabella's health was again in a satisfactory condition. It was a great relief to me, for I had felt very anxious about that dear one, ever since I heard of her sad accident. I hope before long to have another treat like the last one, which was really a royal New Year's gift for my father mentions on a scrap of paper, dated November 18th, that he had received my missives of August 26th and September 13th, and that they would soon be replied to. Awaiting good fortune I must "dry up," and with a thousand affectionate messages to your beloved circle I fondly kiss you, my dearest little mother.

CLEVELAND, VA.,
MAY 6TH, 1865.

My Dearest Mother:

Since that dark day of humiliation on which the commander of the once victorious Army of Northern Virginia avowed himself vanquished, and bade us lay down our arms and give ourselves up as prisoners of war to the generalissimo of our enemies—since then, dear mother, I have made every effort upon earth to communicate with you, but with what success I am almost afraid to conjecture, but out of the three missives that I despatched to you from time to time, through different channels, I trust that one at least has reached you. As it is only too possible that they may share the fate of many of their predecessors, I ought to give you their substance over again, which is decidedly of an egotistical character. Thanks to a merciful Providence, I have come out of this last calam-

itous campaign without what may be called a wound, and with my health, if possible, better than ever. Now that the din of battle is hushed, and the excitement of the fierce contest at an end, painful thoughts crowd upon me at every instant, for I cannot refrain from musing over the calamitous events of the past month, and from thinking of all the noble souls that I have seen fall around me. And yet their blood has been poured out in vain. But the anguish of these reflections is soothed a little by the gratitude with which my heart is overflowing for my Maker's divine protection of me, amid all the perils which surrounded all those that did their duty, up to the last scene of the bloody tragedy which has just closed. Grateful, indeed, ought I to feel that my life has been spared, and that ere long, if God permits it, I may fold you in my arms. I am sound in body, it is true, but sick at heart, for there is not a hope left us to cling to, nothing but flat despair. After the surrender I left the hateful place of our disgrace,—Appomattox Court House, with General Field and several of his friends, and at his invitation I accompanied him to the Northern Neck of Virginia, where his father-in-law, Mr. Royal Mason, resided. It is in the house of that most excellent and hospitable gentleman that I am at present inditing this letter; I have been staying here nearly three weeks. My motive for making so long a stay was to get across the Potomac into Maryland as soon as the blockade was raised, and thence to N. York, from which place I intended sailing back to Europe; but an order has been published by the powers that be forbidding all paroled prisoners from going North until further notice. I have therefore decided to go to Richmond, from whence I shall take shipping to Halifax, as transportation is furnished us by the Federal authorities to that point. I shall apprize you of all my movements from Richmond, whither I proceed to-morrow. If by remaining I think I can be of use to our interests in this section I shall do so, but in the present chaotic state of things there is, I fear, little prospect of my being able to do anything of permanent advantage. As

there is a chance of my soon giving the rein to my garrulity when we two meet again, I ought for the present to bridle my pen; were I not to see you before long, I would incontinently commence a narration of the trials, exploits and admirable endurance of our noble old division. Whilst other commands were melting by disorganization and desertion, Field's division was as full of fight, and as compact, as it was at the meridian of our glory. The darkest cloud has its silver edging, and it is a proud reflection, amid all this gloom, to know that our brave boys are as much respected by friend and foe as the Old Guard was at Waterloo.

Adieu, dearest mother, I beseech you to kiss all the dear ones for me a thousand times over.

Your devoted son,

FINIS

As near a *fac-simile* of the original as possible.)

A

JOURNAL

OF THE

EXPEDITION

UP THE

River St. *LAWRENCE:*

Containing

A true and moft particular Account of the Tranfactions of the Fleet and Army under the Command of Admiral *Saunders* and General *Wolfe*, from the Time of their Embarkation at *Louisbourg* 'til after the Surrender of *QUEBECK*.

By the SERJEANT-MAJOR *of Gen.* Hopfon's *Grenadiers.*

BOSTON: Printed and Sold by FOWLE and DRAPER, at their Printing-Office in *Marlborough-ftreet.* 1759.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

The "Journal" which we give herewith is one of the rarest items of Americana. Prior to 1912 only one copy of the original was known to exist—that in the Library of Congress, which the Librarian furnished a photographic *facsimile* for our use.

Since then a second has been sold at auction in New York.

Never before has it been reprinted in the Unites States, and but once elsewhere; and as a plain, straightforward story of Wolfe's famous expedition, by a non-commissioned officer of his force—of the 40th Foot—it possesses a positive interest, quite apart from its rarity. It may not be superfluous to remind the reader that Americans had a share in the expedition: for among the transports were seventy-four vessels mainly American; nine hundred American "rangers" were among the soldiers, and two hundred and forty seamen had come from Boston, and won high praise from Admiral Saunders for their services.

A JOURNAL, &c.

Louisbourg, June 1, 1759.

WE EMBARK'D on board the Transport *Harwood*, bound on the Expedition to *Canada*.—The 4th Day we set Sail for the River *St. Lawrence*, which we made on the 9th Day, and there we lay 'til the 16th, before we got into the River; which is very wide and mountainous. For about forty Leagues up the River the Depth of Water is 100 Fathoms. The 16th Day we came into seventeen-fathom Water; and on the 23d we join'd Admiral *Durell*, who had 7 Sail of the Line, with some Frigates with him, which lay as a Guard to protect the River, at a Place call'd the Island of *Coudre*.—This Island is pleasantly situated, lies partly high, and was very well peopled before we came up:—And passing this Island about a League up, we anchor'd, and two of our Boats went in Shore and was attack'd by a small party of *Canadians* and *Indians*, and was obliged to retreat to their Ships.

The 25th we made the out End of the Island of *Orleans*, and on the 27th we landed on it without the loss of a Man.—A small Party of Rangers were almost surrounded by a large Party of *Indians*; but the Rangers rush'd through them with the Loss of only one Man; what Damage the Enemy sustain'd is uncertain.

On the 29th the *French* sent five Fire-Ships down among our Fleet; but, thank God, they did no Damage. The same Day we marched about 6 Miles, under the Command of Col. *Carlton*[1], and encamped that same Night in Sight of the *French* Army, and likewise in Sight of the Town.—Gen. *Monckton's* Brigade and a Party of Rangers landed on the South Side; we had a small Attack, by which we had 3 kill'd, 2 wounded and 4 taken Prisoners.

1 Carlton was the future Sir Guy Carleton. He was then quartermaster general.

July 1st, the Enemy came against our Detachment on the South-side of the River with floating Batteries; but our Shipping soon drove them off;—the Damage they suffer'd is not known. Same Day the *Louisbourg* Grenadiers[2] went a Foraging; we had two kill'd and scalp'd, belonging to the 22d Regiment. The same Day we marched to the West End of the Island, in order to join the *Louisbourg* Battalion: A Party of the Enemy fired out of the Woods, and wounded two Men.

July the 5th, a Barge came between the Island and the main Land, to sound the Depth of Water: The *French* fir'd four Cannon-Shot at her, and came down on a large Bar of Sand, from whence they fir'd small Arms; also five Canoes came down the River, loaded with *Indians*, who took the Barge, made one Man Prisoner, and wounded another belonging to the 22d Regiment. On the same Day their floating Batteries attack'd our Shipping; but was soon obliged to quit their Firing.—Gen. *Monckton* opened a small Battery upon the South Side: The first Day they cannonaded and bombarded on both Sides; but lost never a Man.

The 8th we landed on *Quebeck*-Shore, without any Interception, and marched up the River about two Miles; when the *Louisbourg* Grenadiers being order'd out to get Fascines, they had scarce sat down to take a small Refreshment, and detach'd a small Party of Rangers to guard the Skirts of the Wood, before a large Party of *Indians* surrounded them, kill'd and scalp'd 13, wounded the Captain-Lieutenant and 9 Privates; they likewise kill'd and wounded 14 of the Royal Americans, wounded 2 of the 22d and one of the 40th Regiment; we got only 3 Prisoners, and kill'd 2 of the Savages,—

The third Day our Shipping was drove off by the Enemy's Shells.—We got only some few Prisoners, 'til the 12th Day, when

2 The Louisbourg Grenadiers were drawn from five regiments the First (Royals), 17th, 22d, 40th and 45th, none of which were present as a whole. The total force of the Grenadiers was 241.

the *French* built a Battery against us, but had not Time to mount any Guns on it; for we soon demolish'd it with our Field-Pieces and Hauitzers.[3] The fourteenth Day their floating Batteries came out after our Boats, but we soon drove them back again.—The 16th, we set the Town on Fire, about 12 o'Clock, which continued burning all that Day.

On the 17th we went out a Fascining, and to make Oars, with a small Party to cover us;—5 were kill'd, of which 4 were scalp'd, and we was oblig'd to quit the Wood directly; the *Indians* came up very close, and kill'd and scalp'd one Man close by us; the Grenadiers of the 45th Regiment fir'd upon them, and I saw one drop, but the *Indians* took him off in a Minute: We had 5 kill'd belonging to the 35th Regiment, and one dangerously wounded; the 15th Reg. had one wounded; the 45th Reg. had one wounded very bad; but our People returning upon them, made them fly so fast that they were obliged to leave their Blankets and Match-coats, with several other Things, behind them; but we could not get one of them Prisoners. A Deserter came to us, from whom we had an imperfect Account of their Forces; which, however, gave us some Encouragement.

July 18th, the Deserter went out with our Light-Infantry, to show them a Place where to cross the Falls; the *Indians* fir'd on them, but hurt none: Likewise the same Night some of our Shipping pass'd the Town, and one run ashore on the South Side of the River. The 19th Day the floating Batteries came out to attack our Shipping round the Harbour; but our Batteries on the Land-Side drove them off, so that the Shipping receiv'd but two Shot.—On the 20th an Accident happen'd in the Light-Infantry's Camp; a Man sitting in his Tent, with his Firelock by him, taking hold of the Muzzle to pull it towards him, it went off and wounded him in the Thigh, so that he died the same Night.

3 "Hauitzers" and "Hauits" } howitzers.

The 21st Day of *July* all the Grenadiers cross'd over to the Island of *Orleans;* the *Indians* attack'd us very smartly, as we was marching to the Water-Side.—Same Day the Enemy open'd two Batteries on us, which raked our Camps. Our Troops, with Seamen, stormed a Battery on the S. Side, spiked the Cannon, broke the Mortars, broke into their Magazine, took all their Powder, and threw all the Shot and Shells into the Water.

July 22d we set the Town on Fire, which burnt all the next Day: Some of our Shipping went to pass the Town; but they fir'd so hot, that they were oblig'd to turn back.

The 23d 300 Provincials landed on the Island of *Orleans*, which was some Reinforcement.

July 25th, the *Louisbourg* Battalion and three more Companies of Grenadiers, with 3 Companies of Light-Infantry, went round the Island of *Orleans*.—The 27th we arrived at our Camp; and we receiv'd News, That our Forces on *Montmorancy* Side had been attack'd the Day before, and likewise got the better of the Enemy; we had an Account that we kill'd 300 of them, but the Number of wounded none of us could tell: Our loss was 5 Officers and 32 Privates, 12 of whom were kill'd, and the rest wounded. The same Day we went to get our Plunder,[4] which we discovered on our March round the Island, consisting of Gowns, Shifts, Petticoats, Stockings, Coats and Waistcoats, Breeches, Shoes, and many other Articles too tedious to mention,—and some Cash; which, if the Things had been sold to the Value, would have fetch'd upwards of 500 l. Sterl. The same Night the *French* sent five Fire-Floats down, which made great Confusion among our Fleet; but the Men of War sent their Boats and tow'd them ashore, where they burnt out without further Damage

July 29, *Otway's*[5] and *Hopson's*[6] Grenadiers went on board the

4 "Plunder" is usually considered an Americanism, but here we have an English use of it

5 Otway's was the 35th Foot.

6 Hopson's was the 40th Foot.

Three-Sisters, *Witmore's* and *Warburton's* on board the *Russell*, the rest in flat-bottom Boats and other vessels, with a full Intent to land on a Part of the *French* Shore; so as by that Means we might come at the Town: The first Push we made was on the 31st of *July*, with 13 Companies of Grenadiers, supported by about 5 Thousand Battalion-Men;—as soon as we landed we fixed our Bayonets and beat our Grenadier's-March, and so advanced on; during all this Time their Cannon play'd very briskly on us; but their Small-Arms, in their Trenches, lay cool 'till they were sure of their Mark; then they pour'd their Small-shot like Showers of Hail, which caus'd our brave Grenadiers to fall very fast: Brave Gen. *Wolfe* saw that our Attempts were in vain, so he retreated to his Boats again: The Number of kill'd and wounded that Day was about 400 Men;—in our Retreat we burnt the two Ships, which we had ran ashore on that Side to cover our Landing.

The 3d Day of *August* a Party of Capt. *Danks's* Rangers went from the Island of *Orleans* to *Quebeck*-Side, a little down the River; they were attack'd by a Party of *French*, and was smartly engag'd for the Space of half an Hour; but the Rangers put them to flight, kill'd several and took one Prisoner: The Rangers lost one Lieutenant, who died of his Wounds soon after, and 2 or 3 others. They got a great deal of Plunder.

Aug. 4th the *French* made an Attempt of crossing the Falls, but our Train fir'd Hauits and Cohorns so fast, that they were oblig'd to retreat without accomplishing any Thing;—what Damage was done them I know not.

On the 6th a Victualing-Ship sail'd from our Fleet, and went below the Falls, the *French* hove Shot and Shells in great Number at them; but did them no Harm.

The 8th of *Aug.* two Centinels being at the Falls, they took an *Indian* and bro't him Prisoner to the General, who sent him on board the Admiral. At 12 o'Clock at Night we threw a Carcass

and one Shell on the Enemy's Battery of 9 Guns, which blew up their Magazine, Platforms, and burnt with such Violence that some of the Garrison were oblig'd to get into Boats to save themselves from the Flames. The 9th Day we set the Town on Fire, being the 3d Time.

On the 10th the *French* floated a Thing down in the Form of a Floating-Battery; one of our Ships sent out a Boat to see what it was, and just as the Seamen were going to jump on board, it blew up and kill'd one Midshipman and wounded four Sailors.—The same Day about 30 Sailors went a Plundering on the South-side of the River, and as they were about their Prey, they was surpris'd by a Party of Indians and drove off; but they all got safe to their Boats, tho' not without the Loss of their Plunder.

The 11th Instant there was an Engagement between our Scouting-Parties and the *Indians*; our People drove them off; we had a great Number wounded, several very badly, but the most slightly; there was but few kill'd: There was one of the 35th Reg. told me, he saw an *Indian* who fir'd at him, but missed him; that he levelled his Piece and fir'd at the *Indian*, and miss'd him likewise; upon which the *Indian* immediately threw his Tommahawk at him and miss'd him; whereupon the Soldier, catching up the Tommahawk, threw it at the *Indian* and levell'd him, and then went to scalp him; but 2 other *Indians* came behind him, and one of them stuck a Tommahawk in his Back; but did not wound him so much as to prevent his Escape from them.

The 12th Day we had an Account of General *Murray's* going to land above the Town—He made an Attempt to land twice and was beat off; he made the third Attempt, and landed on the South-Shore with the Loss of about 100 kill'd and wounded; The same Day we had an Account from the Enemy, That Gen. *Amherst's* Army was taken very badly, and that they were oblig'd to turn back again.

On the 13th we had an Account by one of the *French* Gunners, who deserted to us that Night, That the Enemy had very little Provisions; he likewise gave an Account that a Body of *French* and *Indians* came over the Falls, the same Side that our Army was on, and that they had four Days Provisions with them, and remain'd there still.

The 14th a Sailor belonging to the *Dublin* Man of War, endeavour'd to swim over to the *French*, over the River; but the Current ran so strong, that he was driven on Shore on the Island-Side, and was taken up by one of *Hopson's* Grenadiers and carried to their Quarter-Guard, from whence he was carried on board his own Ship again, stark naked.

The 15th of *Aug.* Captain *Gorham* returned from an Incursion in which Service were employ'd, under his Command 150 Rangers, a Detachment from the different Regiments, Highlanders, Marines, &c. amounting in the whole to about 300, an arm'd Vessel, three Transports, with a Lieutenant and Seamen of the Navy to attend him; of which Expedition they gave the following Account:

"That on the 4th of *August* they proceeded down to St. *Paul's* Bay, (which is opposite to the North Side of this Island) where was a Parish containing about 200 Men, who had been very active in distressing our Boats and Shipping.—At 3 o'clock in the Morning Capt. *Gorham* landed, and forced two of their Guards, of 20 Men each, who fir'd smartly for some Time; but that in two Hours they drove them all from their Covering in the Wood, and clear'd the Village which they burnt, consisting of about 50 fine Houses and Barns; destroy'd most of their Cattle, &c.—That in this one Man was kill'd and 6 wounded; but that the Enemy had two kill'd, and several wounded, who were carried off.—That from thence they proceeded to *Mal Bay*, ten Leagues to the Eastward on the same Side where they destroyed a very pretty Parish, drove off the inhabitants and Stock without any Loss; after which, they made a Descent

on the South Shore, opposite the Island of *Coudre*, destroyed Part of the Parish of St. *Ann's* and St. *Roan*, where were very handsome Houses, with Farms, and loaded the Vessels with Cattle; after which they returned from their Expedition."

The same Day 1 of our Schooners went from the Fleet below the Fall, and the *French* fir'd 8 or 9 Shot at her; but miss'd her. This Day a Party of young Highlanders came to the Island of *Orleans* from Gen. *Monckton's* Encampment, on Purpose to destroy all the *Canada*-Side.—The same Day our People set one of the Enemy's Floating-Batteries on Fire;—and in the Night General *Monckton* set the Town on Fire, (being the 4th Time) and the Flames raged so violently, that 'twas imagin'd the whole City would have been reducd to Ashes.

August 18th, a Sloop and Schooner went below the Falls, the *French* hove Shot and Shells at them, but did 'em no Damage. The same Day the Enemy hove a Bomb from the Town, which kill'd one Man and wounded 6 more,—one Man had his Arm cut off by a Piece of the same Shell.

On the 20th the *Louisbourg* Grenadiers began their March down the main Land of *Quebeck*, in order to burn and destroy all the Houses on that Side.—On the 24th they were attack'd by a Party of *French*, who had a Priest for their Commander; but our Party kill'd and scalp'd[7] 31 of them, and likewise the Priest, their Commander: They did our People no Damage. The three Companies of *Louisbourg* Grenadiers halted about 4 Miles down the River, at a Church called the *Guardian-Angel*, where we were order'd to fortify ourselves till further Orders; we had several small Parties in Houses, and the Remainder continued in the Church.—The 25th began to destroy the Country, burning Houses, cutting down Corn, and the like: At Night the Indians fired several scattering Shot at the Houses, which kill'd one of the Highlanders and wounded an-

7 This is almost unique as an admission of scalping by British regulars.

other; but they were soon repulsed by the Heat of our Firing:—It was said that the Number of the Enemy consisted of 800 *Canadians* and *Indians*. *Sept.* 1st we set Fire to our Houses and Fortifications, and marched to join the Grand Army at *Montmorancy;* the 3 Companies of Grenadiers were ordered to hold themselves in Readiness to march at a Minute's Warning.

The 26th a Serjeant of the 35th Regiment deserted across the Fall, and our People fir'd several Grape-Shot after him; notwithstanding which he got clear off to the Enemy.

The 27th of *August* some of our Shipping went past the Town, which fir'd so hot at them with Shot and Bombs, that one would have thought it impossible for any Vessel to pass; but they receiv'd little or no Damage. The 29th, 5 Sail went to pass the Town, up the River; the Town fir'd very warm all the Time of their passing, and I was very well informed, That only 15 of their Shot took Place out of all their Firing: Likewise the 30th Instant four of our Ships pass'd the Town, where they kept a continual Firing; but did us very little Damage.

Sept. 1. all the Sick and Women that was on *Montmorancy*-Side, came over to the Island of *Orleans;* on the 2d Instant a large Body of *Wolfe's* Troops came over, with the *Louisbourg* Grenadiers, and encamped that Night on the same Island.

The 3d Day all the Army left *Montmorancy*-Side and we set all the Houses and Fortifications on Fire, and then we embark'd in flat-bottom Boats and came up above the Fall; the *French* fir'd very brisk all the Time of our passing, but did us no Damage, and we went over to Point *Levee* and encamped there.

Sept. 4th the *Louisbourg* Grenadiers and the Remainder of the Army, cross'd over to Point-*Levee* from the Island of *Orleans*, and encamped there.—The same Day 4 Men came from Gen. *Amherst's* Army; they was 26 Days on their Journey, and inform'd us, That we had got *Ticonderoga*, and likewise *Crown-Point.*

Sept. 5th about 5 or 6000 Men marched up the River, on Point-*Levee* Side, to go above the Town, and carried one Month's Provision up in Sloops. The same Day one of the *Royal-Americans*, who was taken Prisoner by the *French-Indians* the 31st of *July* last, made his Escape and came to the *Porcupine*[8] Sloop of War, that lay a little below the Fall; he informs us, That there is no more than about 300 *Indians* that carries Arms; but that there was a great Number of Women and Children, that they were very scant of Provisions; likewise that he himself had been 48 Hours without any Thing to eat; He further said, that the Enemy were very numerous in their Intrenchments, consisting of at least 14,000 Men, of which 11,000 were *Canadians* and the rest Regulars, the latter of whom were heartily tir'd with the *Siege*.

Sept. 6th the Schooner *Terror of France* went above the Town, in the middle of the Day, as she pass'd they kept up a constant Fire at her, and she receiv'd five of their Shot; one in her Jib, two in her Mainsail and 2 in her Foresail; but lost none of her Hands, nor did she sustain any further Damage.

The whole Army being on Point-*Levee* Side, the main Body were order'd to get ready to march above the Town, on the South Side, and to take only one Shirt and one Pair of Stockings, besides what we had on: We marched up the River about 8 Miles, and then embarked on board the Men of War and Transports that were up the River; the Number that embarked was 3349 Men, with a Party of the Train of Artillery.

Sept. 10 the Weather being very wet, and the Troops very much crowded on board the Men of War and Transports, the General thought proper to land us on the South Side again; which was a great Decoy to the *French:* We marched to the Church of St. *Nicholas*, under the Command of General *Monckton*, where we

8 The captain of the *Porcupine*, which was the smallest vessel—but one—in the squadron, mounting only fourteen guns, was John Jervis, destined to become Earl St. Vincent, and one of the great figures among Nelson's captains.

halted. The next Day we received Intelligence of a small Number of *French* and *Indians*, who were driving some Cattle;—we dispatched a Party of 500 Men, who took the Cattle, but the Enemy got off.

The 12th we received Orders to embark on board our Ships again.

The 13th we had Orders to land; so we fell down the River in the Ships and Boats till we came a little above the Town, where the Enemy least suspected us (for where the Enemy thought we should have landed, they had about 600 Horse; but what Number of Foot we could not say; we could perceive that they was intrench'd and had 5 Floating-Batteries to intercept our Landing).

On the 14th we landed, at break of Day, and immediately attacked and routed the Enemy, taking Possession of a Battery of 4 24-Pounders, and one thirteen Inch Mortar, with but an inconsiderable Loss. We then took Post on the Plains of *Abraham*, whither M. *Montcalm* (on hearing that we had landed, for he did not expect us) hasted with his whole Army (consisting of Cavalry as well as Infantry) to give us Battle; about 9 o'Clock we observed the Enemy marching down towards us in three Columns, at 10 they formed their Line of Battle, which was at least six deep, having their Flanks covered by a thick Wood on each Side, into which they threw above 3000 *Canadians* and *Indians*, who gauled us much; the Regulars then marched briskly up to us, and gave us their first Fire, at about Fifty Yards Distance, which we did not return, as it was General *Wolfe's* express Orders not to fire till they came within twenty Yards of us—They continued firing by Platoons, advancing in a very regular Manner till they came close up to us, and then the Action became general: In about a Quarter of an Hour the Enemy gave way on all Sides, when a terrible Slaughter ensued from the quick Fire of our Field Pieces and Musquetry, with which we pursu'd them to the Walls of the Town, regardless of an excessive heavy

Fire from all their Batteries. The Enemy lost in the Engagement, Lieut. Gen. *Montcalm* (who was torn to Pieces by our Grape-Shot) 2 Brigadier-Generals; one Colonel; 2 Lieutenant-Colonels; and at least 1300 Officers and Men kill'd and 200 taken Prisoners at their very Sally-Ports, of which 58 were Officers.—On our Side was killed the brave and never to be forgotten General WOLFE: with 9 Officers, 4 Serjeants and 44 Privates; wounded, Brigadier-General *Monckton;* Colonel *Carlton*, Quarter-Master-General; Major *Barre*, Adjutant-General; and 50 other Officers, with 26 Serjeants and 557 Privates.—This Action was the more glorious, as the Enemy were at least 12,000 strong, besides 500 Horse; whereas we, at the utmost, did not consist of above 3500, some of whom did not engage;—for at the Time of the Engagement Colonel *Scott*[9] was out burning the Country with 1600 Men; Col. *Burton*[10] was at Point-*Levee* with 2000 Men; and on the Island of *Orleans* there were 1500; whereas our whole Army, at our first embarking at *Louisbourg*, did not exceed 8240 Men.

At Ten o'Clock at Night we surpriz'd their Guard and took Possession of their Grand Hospital, wherein we found between 12 and 1500 Sick and Wounded.

We lay on our Arms all Night, and in the Morning we secured the Bridge of Boats which the Enemy had over *Charles* River, and possessed ourselves of all the Posts and Avenues that was or might be of any Consequence leading to the Town, and broke Ground at 100 Yards Distance from the Walls; we likewise got up 12 heavy 24-Pounders; six heavy Twelve-Pounders, some large Mortars, and the 4 8-inch Hauitzers, to play upon the Town, and we had been employed three Days, intending to make a Breach, and storm the City Sword in Hand, but we were prevented by their beating a Parley, and sending out a Flag of Truce with Articles of Capitulation, and the next Day, being the 17th of *September*, we took Pos-

9 "Colonel" Scott was Major Scott, who commanded the American Rangers.
10 Colonel Burton was Lieut. Col. Burton commanding the 48th Foot.

session of the City, where we found 250 Pieces of Cannon, a Number of Mortars, from 9 to fifteen Inches, Field-Pieces, Hauitzers, &c. with a large Quantity of Artillery-Stores.

M. *Vaudreuille*, the Governor-General of *New-France*, stole out of the City before the Capitulation; leaving only about 600 Men, under the Command of Mon. *Ramsay*, by whom the Capitulation was signed. The poor Remains of the *French* Regulars, with about 10,000 *Canadians*, retired to *Jaques Quartiers* under the Command of M. *Levy:* but the *Canadians* deserted him in great Numbers, and came in and surrendered themselves.

Sept. 19th the *French* Garrison were embarked on board Transports; Such of the Inhabitants as would come in and take the Oaths of Allegiance, were permitted to enjoy their Estates.

Brigadier General *Murray* is Governor of the Town, and the whole Army left to Garrison it.

During the whole Siege from first to last, 535 Houses were burnt down, among which is the whole eastern Part of the lower Town (save 6 or 8 Houses) which make a very dismal Appearance. We also destroyed upwards of Fourteen Hundred fine Farm-Houses in the Country, &c.

F I N I S.

THE

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Extra Number—No. 25

RARE LINCOLNIANA—No. 3

COMPRISING

WILLIAM ABBATT

410 EAST 32D STREET NEW YORK

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

IN THIS, the third of our EXTRAS devoted to Lincoln, are three of the rarest items relating to him—the Indianapolis Court resolutions, the Woods sermon, and the Bailey Greek Oration.

Of the latter the author says, in a recent letter to the Editor: "I should like to point out that the speech (which is imaginary) was written in Greek with the special object of illustrating the style of Thucydides in his speeches * * * I have attempted nothing but to make a faithful translation, and fear you will not recognize Lincoln's particular style! It can only be judged in the Greek."

We are sure our readers will find this a very interesting article.

It might be thought strange to call a public document "scarce" —yet as a matter of fact the celebrated Address to the special session of Congress—1861—is fairly entitled to that adjective. In it appears the celebrated phrase "sugar-coated," which occasioned Seward's famous adverse criticism and Mr. Lincoln's equally famous reply to his objection.

The various speeches by Englishmen of note, as well as Emerson's Address, have not been reprinted before; General Hamlin's account of the assassination appeared only in a volume of Loyal Legion papers,—which are unknown to the general public—and Mr. Malet's brief account of his interview in 1862 reports a statement by the President about his nomination which we have not seen reported by any other writer.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPECIAL SESSION MESSAGE

July 4, 1861.

Fellow Citizens of The Senate and House of Representatives:

Having been convened on an extraordinary occasion, as authorized by law, your attention is not called to any ordinary subject of legislation.

At the beginning of the present Presidential term, four months ago, the functions of the Federal Government were found to be generally suspended within the several states of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida, excepting only those of the Post Office Department.

Within these states all the forts, arsenals, dockyards, custom-houses, and the like, including the movable and stationary property in and about them, had been seized and were held in open hostility to this Government, excepting only Forts Pickens, Taylor and Jefferson, on and near the Florida coast, and Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, South Carolina. The forts thus seized had been put in improved condition, new ones had been built, and armed forces had been organized and were organizing, all avowedly with the same hostile purpose.

The forts remaining in the possession of the Federal Government in and near these States were either besieged or menaced by warlike preparations, and especially Fort Sumter was nearly surrounded by well-protected hostile batteries, with guns equal in quality to the best of its own and out-numbering the latter as perhaps ten to one. A disproportionate share of the Federal muskets and rifles had somehow found their way into these States, and had been seized to be used against the Government. Accumulations of the public revenue lying within them had been seized for the same object. The Navy was scattered in distant seas, leaving but a very

small part of it within the immediate reach of the Government. Officers of the Federal Army and Navy had resigned in great numbers, and of those resigning a large proportion had taken up arms against the Government. Simultaneously and in connection with all this the purpose to sever the Federal Union was openly avowed. In accordance with this purpose, an ordinance had been adopted in each of these States declaring the States respectively to be separated from the National Union. A formula for instituting a combined government of these States had been promulgated, and this illegal organization, in the character of Confederate States, was already invoking recognition, aid, and intervention from foreign powers.

Finding this condition of things and believing it to be an imperative duty upon the incoming Executive to prevent, if possible the consummation of such attempt to destroy the Federal Union, a choice of means to that end became indispensable. This choice was made, and was declared in the inaugural address. The policy chosen looked to the exhaustion of all peaceful measures before a resort to any stronger ones. It sought only to hold the public places and property not already wrested from the Government and to collect the revenue, relying for the rest on time, discussion, and the ballot box. It promised a continuance of the mails at Government expense to the very people who were resisting the Government, and it gave repeated pledges against any disturbance to any of the people or any of their rights. Of all that which a President might constitutionally and justifiably do in such a case, everything was foreborne without which it was believed possible to keep the Government on foot.

On the 5th of March, the present incumbent's first full day in office, a letter of Major Anderson, commanding at Fort Sumter, written on the 28th of February and received at the War Department on the 4th of March, was by that Department placed in his

hands. This letter expressed the professional opinion of the writer that reënforcements could not be thrown into that fort within the time for his relief rendered necessary by the limited supply of provisions, and with a view of holding possession of the same, with a force of less than 20,000 good and well-disciplined men. This opinion was concurred in by all the officers of his command, and their memoranda on the subject were made enclosures of Major Anderson's letter. The whole was immediately laid before Lieutenant-General Scott, who at once concurred with Major Anderson in opinion. On reflection, however, he took full time, consulting with other officers, both of the Army and the Navy, and at the end of four days came reluctantly but decidedly, to the same conclusion as before. He also stated at the same time that no such sufficient force was then at the control of the Government or could be raised and brought to the ground within the time when the provisions in the fort would be exhausted. In a purely military point of view this reduced the duty of the Administration in the case to the mere matter of getting the garrison safely out of the fort.

It was believed, however, that to so abandon that position under the circumstances would be utterly ruinous; that the *necessity* under which it was done would not be fully understood; that by many it would be construed as a part of a *voluntary* policy; that at home it would discourage the friends of the Union, embolden its adversaries, and go far to insure to the latter a recognition abroad; that, in fact, it would be our national destruction consummated. This could not be allowed. Starvation was not yet upon the garrison, and ere it was reached *Fort Pickens* might be reënforced. This last would be a clear indication of *policy*, and would better enable the country to accept the evacuation of Fort Sumter as a military *necessity*. An order was at once directed to be sent for the landing of the troops from the steamship *Brooklyn* into Fort Pickens. This order could not go by land, but must take the longer and slower route by sea. The first return news from the order was received

just one week before the fall of Fort Sumter, The news itself was that the officer commanding the *Sabine*, to which vessel the troops had been transferred from the *Brooklyn*, acting upon some *quasi* armistice of the late Administration, (and of the existence of which the present Administration, up to the time the order was dispatched, had only too vague and uncertain rumors to fix attention,) had refused to land the troops. To now reënforce Fort Pickens before a crisis would be reached at Fort Sumter, was impossible, rendered so by the near exhaustion of provisions in the latter-named fort. In precaution against such a conjuncture the Government had a few days before commenced preparing an expedition, as well adapted as might be, to relieve Fort Sumter, which expedition was intended to be ultimately used or not, according to circumstances. The strongest anticipated case for using it was now presented, and it was resolved to send it forward. As had been intended in this contingency it was also resolved to notify the governor of South Carolina, that he might expect an attempt would be made to provision the fort, and that if the attempt should not be resisted there would be no effort to throw in men, arms, or ammunition without further notice, or in case of an attack upon the fort. This notice was accordingly given, whereupon the fort was attacked and bombarded to its fall, without even awaiting the arrival of the provisioning expedition.

It is thus seen that the assault upon and reduction of Fort Sumter was in no sense a matter of self-defense on the part of the assailants. They well knew that the garrison in the fort could by no possibility commit aggression upon them. They knew—they were expressly notified—that the giving of bread to the few brave and hungry men of the garrison was all which would on that occasion be attempted, unless themselves, by resisting so much, should provoke more. They knew that this Government desired to keep the garrison in the fort, not to assail them, but merely to preserve visible possession, and thus to preserve the Union from actual and immediate dissolution, trusting, as hereinbefore stated, to time, discussion,

and the ballot-box for final adjustment; and they assailed and reduced the fort for precisely the reverse object—to drive out the visible authority of the Federal Union, and thus force it to immediate dissolution. That this was their object the Executive well understood, and having said to them in the inaugural address, "You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors," he took pains not only to keep this declaration good, but also to keep the case so free from the power of ingenious sophistry as that the world should not be able to misunderstand it. By the affair at Fort Sumter, with its surrounding circumstances, that point was reached.

Then and thereby the assailants of the Government began the conflict of arms, without a gun in sight or in expectancy to return their fire, save only the few in the fort, sent to that harbor years before for their own protection, and still ready to give that protection in whatever was lawful. In this act, discarding all else, they have forced upon the country the distinct issue, "Immediate dissolution or blood."

And this issue embraces more than the fate of these United States. It presents to the whole family of man the question whether a constitutional republic, or democracy—a government of the people by the same people—can or can not maintain its territorial integrity against its own domestic foes. It presents the question whether discontented individuals, too few in numbers to control administration according to organic law in any case, can always, upon the pretenses made in this case, or on any other pretenses, or arbitrarily without any pretense, break up their government, and thus practically put an end to free government upon the earth. It forces us to ask, Is there in all republics this inherent and fatal weakness? Must a government of necessity be too *strong* for the liberties of its own people, or too *weak* to maintain its own existence?

So viewing the issue, no choice was left but to call out the war

power of the Government and so to resist force employed for its own destruction by force for its preservation.

The call was made, and the response of the country was most gratifying, surpassing in unanimity and spirit the most sanguine expectation. Yet none of the States commonly called slave States, except Delaware, gave a regiment through regular State organization. A few regiments have been organized within some others of those States by individual enterprise, and received into the Government service. Of course the seceded States so-called (and to which Texas had been joined about the time of the inauguration) gave no troops to the cause of the Union. The border States, so called, were not uniform in their action, some of them being almost *for* the Union while in others, as Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas, the Union sentiment was nearly repressed and silenced. The course taken in Virginia was the most remarkable, perhaps the most important. A convention elected by the people of that State to consider this very question of disrupting the Federal Union was in session at the capital of Virginia when Fort Sumter fell. To this body the people had chosen a large majority of *professed* Union men. Almost immediately after the fall of Sumter many members of that majority went over to the original disunion minority, and with them adopted an ordinance for withdrawing the State from the Union. Whether this change was wrought by their great approval of the assault upon Sumter or their great resentment at the Government's resistance to that assault is not definitely known. Although they submitted the ordinance for ratification to a vote of the people, to be taken on a day then somewhat more than a month distant, the convention and the legislature, which was also in session at the same time and place, with leading men of the State not members of either, immediately commenced acting as if the State were already out of the Union. They pushed military preparations vigorously forward all over the State. They seized the United States armory at Harper's Ferry and the navy-yard at Gosport, near Norfolk.

They received—perhaps invited—into their State large bodies of troops, with their warlike appointments, from the so-called seceded States. They formally entered into a treaty of temporary alliance and cooperation with the so-called "Confederate States" and sent members to their congress at Montgomery; and, finally, they permitted the insurrectionary government to be transferred to their capital at Richmond.

The people of Virginia have thus allowed this giant insurrection to make its nest within her borders, and this Government has no choice left but to deal with it *where* it finds it; and it has the less regret, as the loyal citizens have in due form claimed its protection. Those loyal citizens this Government is bound to recognize and protect, as being Virginia.

In the border States, so called—in fact, the Middle States—there are those who favor a policy which they call "armed neutrality"; that is, an arming of those States to prevent the Union forces passing one way or the disunion the other over their soil. This would be disunion completed. Figuratively speaking, it would be the building of an impassable wall along the line of separation, and yet not quite an impassable one, for, under the guise of neutrality, it would tie the hands of the Union men and freely pass supplies from among them to the insurrectionists, which it could not do as an open enemy.

At a stroke it would take all the trouble off the hands of secession, except only what proceeds from the external blockade. It would do for the disunionists that which of all things they most desire—feed them well and give them disunion without a stroke of their own. It recognizes no fidelity to the Constitution, no obligation to maintain the Union; and while very many who have favored it are doubtless loyal citizens, it is, nevertheless, very injurious in effect.

Recurring to the action of the Government, it may be stated that at first a call was made for 75,000 militia, and rapidly following this a proclamation was issued for closing the ports of the insurrectionary districts by proceedings in the nature of blockade. So far all was believed to be strictly legal. At this point the insurrectionists announced their purpose to enter upon the practice of privateering.

Other calls were made for volunteers to serve three years unless sooner discharged, and also for large additions to the Regular Army and Navy. These measures, whether strictly legal or not, were ventured upon under what appeared to be a popular demand and a public necessity, trusting then, as now, that Congress would readily ratify them. It is believed that nothing has been done beyond the constitutional competency of Congress.

Soon after the first call for militia it was considered a duty to authorize the Commanding General in proper cases, according to his discretion, to suspend the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, or, in other words, to arrest and detain without resort to the ordinary processes and forms of law such individuals as he might deem dangerous to the public safety. This authority has purposely been exercised but very sparingly. Nevertheless, the legality and propriety of what has been done under it are questioned, and the attention of the country has been called to the proposition that one who is sworn to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed" should not himself violate them. Of course some consideration was given to the questions of power and propriety before this matter was acted upon. The whole of the laws which were required to be faithfully executed were being resisted and failing of execution in nearly one-third of the States. Must they be allowed to finally fail of execution, even had it been perfectly clear that by the use of the means necessary to their execution some single law, made in such extreme tenderness of the citizen's liberty that practically it

relieves more of the guilty than of the innocent, should to a very limited extent be violated? To state the question more directly, Are all the laws *but one* to go unexecuted, and the Government itself go to pieces lest that one be violated? Even in such a case, would not the official oath be broken if the Government should be overthrown when it was believed that disregarding the single law would tend to preserve it? But it was not believed that this question was presented. It was not believed that any law was violated. The provision of the Constitution that "the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended unless when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it", is equivalent to a provision—is a provision—that such privilege may be suspended when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety *does* require it. It was decided that we have a case of rebellion and that the public safety does require the qualified suspension of the privilege which was authorized to be made. Now it is insisted that Congress and not the Executive, is vested with this power; but the Constitution itself is silent as to which or who is to exercise the power; and as the provision was plainly made for a dangerous emergency, it can not be believed that the framers of the instrument intended that in every case the danger should run its course until Congress could be called together, the very assembling of which might be prevented, as was intended in this case, by the rebellion.

No more extended argument is now offered, as an opinion at some length will probably be presented by the Attorney-General. Whether there shall be any legislation upon the subject, and, if any, what, is submitted entirely to the better judgment of Congress.

The forbearance of this Government had been so extraordinary and so long continued as to lead some foreign nations to shape their action as if they supposed the early destruction of our National Union was probable. While this on discovery gave the Executive some concern, he is now happy to say that the sovereignty and right

of the United States are now everywhere practically respected by foreign powers, and a general sympathy with the country is manifested throughout the world.

The reports of the Secretaries of the Treasury, War, and the Navy will give the information in detail deemed necessary and convenient for your deliberation and action, while the Executive and all the Departments will stand ready to supply omissions or to communicate new facts considered important for you to know.

It is now recommended that you give the legal means for making this contest a short and decisive one; that you place at the control of the Government for the work at least 400,000 men and $400,000,000. That number of men is about one-tenth of those of proper ages within the regions where apparently *all* are willing to engage, and the sum is less than a twenty-third part of the money value owned by the men who seem ready to devote the whole. A debt of $600,000,000 now is a less sum per head than was the debt of our Revolution when we came out of that struggle, and the money value in the country now bears even a greater proportion to what it was *then* than does the population. Surely each man has as strong a motive *now* to *preserve* our liberties as each had then to *establish* them.

A right result at this time will be worth more to the world than ten times the men and ten times the money. The evidence reaching us from the country leaves no doubt that the material for the work is abundant, and that it needs only the hand of legislation to give it legal sanction and the hand of the Executive to give it practical shape and efficiency. One of the greatest perplexities of the Government is to avoid receiving troops faster than it can provide for them. In a word, the people will save their Government if the Government itself will do its part only indifferently well.

It might seem at first thought to be of little difference whether the present movement at the South be called "secession" or

"rebellion". The movers, however, well understand the difference. At the beginning they knew they could never raise their treason to any respectable magnitude by any name which implies *violation* of law. They knew their people possessed as much of moral sense, as much of devotion to law and order, and as much pride in and reverence for the history and Government of their common country as any other civilized and patriotic people. They knew they could make no advancement directly in the teeth of these strong and noble sentiments. Accordingly, they commenced by an insidious debauching of the public mind. They invented an ingenious sophism, which, if conceded, was followed by perfectly logical steps through all the incidents to the complete destruction of the Union. The sophism itself is that any State of the Union may *consistently* with the National Constitution, and therefore *lawfully* and *peacefully*, withdraw from the Union without the consent of the Union or of any other State. The little disguise that the supposed right is to be exercised only for just cause, themselves to be the sole judge of its justice, is too thin to merit any notice.

With rebellion thus sugar-coated they have been drugging the public mind of their section for more than thirty years, and until at length they have brought many good men to a willingness to take up arms against the Government the day *after* some assemblage of men have enacted the farcical pretense of taking their State out of the Union who could have been brought to no such thing the day *before*.

This sophism derives much, perhaps the whole, of its currency from the assumption that there is some omnipotent and sacred supremacy pertaining to a *State*—to each State of our Federal Union. Our States have neither more nor less power than that reserved to them in the Union by the Constitution, no one of them ever having been a State *out* of the Union. The original ones passed into the Union even *before* they cast off their British colonial

dependence, and the new ones each came into the Union directly from a condition of dependence, excepting Texas; and even Texas, in its temporary independence, was never designated a State. The new ones only took the designation of States on coming into the Union, while that name was first adopted for the old ones in and by the Declaration of Independence. Therein the "United Colonies" were declared to be "free and independent States:" but even then the object plainly was not to declare their independence of *one another* or of the Union, but directly the contrary, as their mutual pledge and their mutual action before, at the time, and afterwards abundantly show. The express plighting of faith by each and all of the original thirteen in the Articles of Confederation, two years later, that the Union shall be perpetual is most conclusive. Having never been States, either in substance or in name, *outside* the Union, whence this magical omnipotence of "State rights", asserting a claim of power lawfully to destroy the Union itself? Much is said about the "sovereignty" of the States, but the word even is not in the National Constitution, nor as is believed, in any of the State constitutions. What is a "sovereignty" in the political sense of the word? Would it be far wrong to define it "a political community without a political superior?" Tested by this, no one of our States, except Texas, ever was a sovereignty; and even Texas gave up the character on coming into the Union, by which act she acknowledged the Constitution of the United States and the laws and treaties of the United States made in pursuance of the Constitution to be for her the supreme law of the land. The States have their status in the Union, and they have no other legal status. If they break from this, they can only do so against law and by revolution. The Union, and not themselves separately, procured their independence and their liberty. By conquest or purchase the Union gave each of them whatever of independence and liberty it has. The Union is older than any of the States, and, in fact, it created them as States. Originally some dependent colo-

nies made the Union, and in turn the Union threw off their old dependence for them and made them States, such as they are. Not one of them ever had a State constitution independent of the Union. Of course it is not forgotten that all the new States framed their Constitutions before they entered the Union, nevertheless dependent upon and preparatory to coming into the Union.

Unquestionably the States have the powers and rights reserved to them in and by the National Constitution; but among these surely are not included all conceivable powers, however mischievous or destructive, but at most such only as were known in the world at the time as governmental powers; and certainly a power to destroy the Government itself had never been known as a governmental—as a merely administrative power. This relative matter of national power and State rights, as a principle, is no other than the principle of *generality* and *locality*. Whatever concerns the whole should be confided to the whole—to the General Government—while whatever concerns *only* the State should be left exclusively to the State. This is all there is of original principle about it. Whether the National Constitution in defining boundaries between the two has applied the principle with strict accuracy is not to be questioned. We are all bound by that defining without question.

What is now combated is the position, that secession is *consistent* with the Constitution—is *lawful* and *peaceful*. It is not contended that there is any express law for it, and nothing should ever be implied as law which leads to unjust or absurd consequences. The nation purchased with money the countries out of which several of these States were formed. Is it just that they shall go off without leave and without refunding? The nation paid very large sums (in the aggregate I believe, nearly a hundred millions) to relieve Florida of the aboriginal tribes. Is it just that she shall now be off without consent or without making any return? The nation

is now in debt for money applied to the benefit of these so-called seceding States in common with the rest. Is it just either that creditors shall go unpaid or the remaining States pay the balance? A part of the present National debt was contracted to pay the old debts of Texas. Is it just that she shall leave and pay no part of this herself?

Again: If one State may secede, so may another; and when all shall have seceded none is left to pay the debts. Is this quite just to our creditors? Did we notify them of this sage view of ours when we borrowed their money? If we now recognize this doctrine by allowing the seceders to go in peace, it is difficult to see what we can do if others choose to go or to extort terms upon which they will promise to remain.

The seceders insist that our Constitution admits of secession. They have assumed to make a national constitution of their own, in which of necessity they have either *discarded* or *retained* the right of secession, as they insist it exists in ours. If they have discarded it, they thereby admit that on principle it ought not to be in ours. If they have retained it, by their own construction of ours they show that to be consistent they must secede from one another whenever they shall find it the easiest way of settling their debts or effecting any other selfish or unjust object. The principle itself is one of disintegration, and upon which no government can possibly endure.

If all the States save one should assert the power to *drive* that one out of the Union, it is presumed the whole class of seceder politicians would at once deny the power and denounce the act as the greatest outrage upon State rights. But suppose that precisely the same act, instead of being called "driving the one out", should be called "the seceding of the others from that one", it would be exactly what the seceders claim to do, unless, indeed, they make the point that the one, because it is a minority, may right-

fully do what the others, because they are a majority, may not rightfully do. These politicians are subtle and profound on the rights of minorities. They are not partial to that power which made the Constitution and speaks from the preamble, calling itself "we, the people".

It may well be questioned whether there is today a majority of the legally qualified voters of any State, except, perhaps, South Carolina, in favor of disunion. There is much reason to believe that the Union men are the majority in many, if not in every other one, of the so-called seceded States. The contrary has not been demonstrated in any one of them. It is ventured to affirm this even of Virginia and Tennessee; for the result of an election held in military camps, where the bayonets are all on one side of the question voted upon, can scarcely be considered as demonstrating popular sentiment. At such an election all that large class who are at once *for* the Union and *against* coercion would be coerced to vote against the Union.

It may be affirmed without extravagance that the free institutions we enjoy have developed the powers and improved the condition of our whole people beyond any example in the world. Of this we now have a striking and an impressive illustration. So large an army as the Government has now on foot was never before known without a soldier in it but who had taken his place there of his own free choice. But more than this, there are many single regiments whose members, one and another, possess full practical knowledge of all the arts, sciences, professions, and whatever else, whether useful or elegant, is known in the world; and there is scarcely one from which there could not be selected a President, a Cabinet, a Congress and perhaps a court, abundantly competent to administer the Government itself. Nor do I say this is not true also in the army of our late friends, now adversaries in this contest; but if it is, so much better the reason why the Government which has conferred such

benefits on both them and us should not be broken up. Whoever in any section proposes to abandon such a government would do well to consider in deference to what principle it is that he does it; what better he is likely to get in its stead; whether the substitute will give, or be intended to give so much of good to the people. There are some foreshadowings on this subject. Our adversaries have adopted some declarations of independence in which, unlike the good old one penned by Jefferson, they omit the words "all men are created equal" Why? They have adopted a temporary national constitution in the preamble of which, unlike our good old one signed by Washington, they omit "We, the people", and substitute "We, the deputies of the sovereign and independent States." Why? Why this deliberate pressing out of view the rights of men and the authority of the people?

This is essentially a people's contest. On the side of the Union it is a struggle for maintaining in the world that form and substance of government whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men; to lift artificial weights from all shoulders; to clear the paths of laudable pursuit for all; to afford all an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life. Yielding to partial and temporary departures, from necessity, this is the leading object of the Government for whose existence we contend.

I am most happy to believe the plain people understand and appreciate this. It is worthy of note that while in this the Government's hour of trial large numbers of those in the Army and Navy who have been favored with the offices have resigned and proved false to the hand which had pampered them, not one common soldier or common sailor is known to have deserted his flag.

Great honor is due to those officers who have remained true despite the example of their treacherous associates; but the greatest honor and most important fact of all is the unanimous firmness of the common soldiers and common sailors. To the last man, so

far as known, they have successfully resisted the traitorous efforts of those whose commands but an hour before they obeyed as absolute law. This is the patriotic instinct of plain people. They understand without an argument that the destroying the government which was made by Washington means no good to them.

Our popular Government has often been called an experiment. Two points in it our people have already settled—the successful *establishing* and the successful *administering* of it. One still remains—its successful *maintenance* against a formidable internal attempt to overthrow it. It is now for them to demonstrate to the world that those who can fairly carry an election can also suppress a rebellion; that ballots are the rightful and peaceful successors of bullets and that when ballots have fairly and constitutionally decided there can be no successful appeal back to bullets; that there can be no successful appeal except to ballots themselves at succeeding elections. Such will be a great lesson of peace, teaching men that what they cannot take by an election neither can they take by a war; teaching all the folly of being the beginners of a war.

Lest there be some uneasiness in the minds of candid men as to what is to be the course of the Government towards the Southern States *after* the rebellion shall have been suppressed, the Executive deems it proper to say it will be his purpose then, as ever, to be guided by the Constitution and the laws, and that he probably will have no different understanding of the powers and duties of the Federal Government relatively to the rights of the States and the people under the Constitution than that expressed in the inaugural address.

He desires to preserve the Government, that it may be administered for all as it was administered by the men who made it. Loyal citizens everywhere have the right to claim this of their government, and the government has no right to withhold or neglect it. It is not perceived that in giving it there is any coercion, any conquest, or any subjugation in any just sense of those terms.

The Constitution provides, and all the States have accepted the provision, that "the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government." But if a State may lawfully go out of the Union, having done so it may also discard the republican form of government; so that to prevent its going out is an indispensable *means* to the *end* of maintaining the guaranty mentioned; and when an end is lawful and obligatory the indispensable means to it are also lawful and obligatory.

It was with the deepest regret that the Executive found the duty of employing the war power in defense of the Government forced upon him. He could but perform this duty or surrender the existence of the Government. No compromise by public servants could in this case be a cure; not that compromises are not often proper, but that no popular government can long survive a marked precedent that those who carry an election can only save the government from immediate destruction by giving up the main point upon which the people gave the election. The people themselves, and not their servants, can safely reverse their own deliberate decisions.

As a private citizen the Executive could not have consented that these institutions shall perish; much less could he in betrayal of so vast and so sacred a trust as these free people had confided to him. He felt that he had no moral right to shrink, nor even to count the chances of his own life, in what might follow. In full view of his great responsibility he has so far done what he has deemed his duty. You will now, according to your own judgment, perform yours. He sincerely hopes that your views and your action may so accord with his as to assure all faithful citizens who have been disturbed in their rights, of a certain and speedy restoration to them under the Constitution and the laws.

And having thus chosen our course, without guile and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God and go forward without fear and with manly hearts.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Gaisford Prize—Greek Prose

1893

Supposed Speech of Abraham Lincoln, on the occasion of his second election to the Presidency of the United States

(*In the style of Thucydides*)

BY

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1893

IMAGINARY SPEECH BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN ON THE OCCASION OF HIS SECOND INAUGURATION

IN THE STYLE OF THUCYDIDES.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

MY FRIENDS,

I am indeed rejoiced to be honoured by this numerous and enthusiastic gathering. It is a great token of your goodwill. And when a man is grappling with a task full of dangers and pitfalls, the encouragement of friends acts like a charm in strengthening his purpose to go forth with renewed zeal to his work; without it, his mind is paralyzed in the face of a crisis. It is because the reality and not the semblance of justice has been my constant ideal, that I have reached my present exalted station, one with which no poor man has ever been honoured by you before. And it would have been hard indeed if, having been elected by you when the state was in dangerous waters, I had been dismissed just as I was safely piloting her into harbour. For let no man think that I plunged the state into war. Our enemies were thirsting for a conflict and were the first to do us wrong, by dismantling one of our forts. Yet, granting to the full that *we* had been the first to act, it would still have been unfair to lay the origin of the dispute at our door. For I say that a war is stirred up not by the man who, smarting under an insult, strikes the first swift blow in self defence, but by him who, overriding all laws sacred and profane, tries to steal away his neighbours' possessions. We could no longer brook to see the enslavement of some an accomplished fact, that of others impending. Let me not waste words in relating the causes and progress of the war—They are matters of common knowledge. But there are some points upon which I should like to refresh your memory. Among other falsehoods to which they give currency about the slaves, is the fiction that

ΚΑΛΛΙΣΤΟΣ Ο ΔΗΜΟΣ ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΗΜΟΥ ΤΩ ΔΗΜΩ ΔΙΟΙΚΩΝ.

Καὶ ἀσμένῳ μοι, ὦ ἄνδρες, συνέβη ταῦτα ὑφ' ὑμῶν, πλήθει τε παρόντων καὶ θορυβούντων τιμᾶσθαι· μέγα γὰρ εὐνοίας τεκμήριον· τῷ δὲ δεινοῖς τε καὶ σφαλεροῖς προσομιλοῦντι, ἡ τῶν φίλων παραμυθία, ἀεὶ μετὰ κηλήσεως συνοῦσα, πολλὴν ἔχει γνώμης βεβαίωσιν ἐς τὸ προθυμότερον πρὸς τὰ ἔργα ἐξίκεσθαι· ἐν δὲ τῷ μὴ τυχόντι αὐτὴ ἑαυτῆς ἀσθενεστέρα ἡ διάνοια παρὰ τὰς ξυμφορὰς ἐγένετο. ἀεὶ γὰρ τοῦτο προύθυμήθην ὅπως τῇ ἀληθεῖ ἀλλὰ μὴ τῇ δικαιοσύνῃ δοκούσῃ εἶναι χρησαίμην. δι' ὅπερ οὐχ ἥκιστα ἐς τόδε ἀξιώματος προβέβηκα, ὥστε πλεῖστα εἰς ἀνὴρ πένης ὑφ' ὑμῶν τετιμῆσθαι· καὶ δεινὸν ἦν εἰ, μετεώρου τῆς πόλεως ἄρχειν αἱρεθείς, ἐς λιμένα ὅσον οὐ καταγαγὼν αὐτὴν παρελύθην. μηδεὶς γὰρ οἰηθῇ ὡς ἡσυχάζουσαν τὴν πόλιν ἐς πόλεμον κατέστησα. οἱ γὰρ ἐναντίοι δῆλοι ἦσαν πολεμησείοντες καὶ πρῶτοι ὑπῆρξαν ἀδικίας, τεῖχος τῶν ἡμετέρων καθελόντες, εἰ μέντοι τὰ μάλιστα οὐχ οὗτοι ἦσαν ἀλλ' ἡμεῖς οἱ δρῶντες, τῆς διαφορᾶς τὴν αἰτίαν ἡμῖν τις ἐπιφέρων οὐκ ἂν ὀρθῶς αἰτιάσαιτο. πόλεμον γὰρ ἐγείρει, οὐχ ὃς ἂν τὰ αὐτοῦ σώζων φθάσας προκαταλάβῃ ὑβρισθείς, ἀλλ' ὃς ἄν, πάντα θεῖα καὶ ὅσια προπηλακίσας, τῶν ἀλλοτρίων λαθὼν πλεονεκτεῖν πειραθῇ. οὐδὲ ἔτι ἐνεχώρει ἡμῖν τοὺς μὲν ἤδη καταδεδουλῶσθαι, τοὺς δὲ μὴ διὰ μακροῦ τὸ αὐτὸ πάσχειν. ἀλλὰ τὰ τοῦ πολέμου ὅπως καὶ ὧν ἕνεκα ἐπολεμήθη ἐν εἰδόσι τί δεῖ μακρηγορεῖν; ὅμως ἔστιν ἃ περὶ αὐτὸ προεπισταμένους ὑμᾶς ὑπομνῆσαι ἂν βουλοίμην. ὅσα γὰρ περὶ τῶν ἀνδραπόδων ἄλλα τε οὐκ ὄντα λέγουσιν ἐπικαταψευδόμενοι, καὶ ὡς, ὕβρει καὶ κακίᾳ ἐπαρθέντες, τά σφισιν ὑπάρχοντα ἀγαθὰ φθονήσαντες ἀποστεροῦμεν, πᾶν τοὐναντίον αὐτοὶ τῷ ἐγκλήματι τούτῳ μάλιστα ἔνοχοι γεγόνασιν. ὅσον γὰρ χρόνον τὰ σφέτερα καρπούμενοι τοῖς οἰκέταις ἐχρῶντο, καὶ ἡμεῖς, οὐ μὲν δίκαιον ἡγούμενοι εἴ τις ἄλλον τινὰ ἄνθρωπος ἄνθρωπον ὄντα καὶ τῇ γε φύσει οὐδένος ἧσσον ἐλεύθερον καταδουλωσάμενος ἔξει, ἀλλὰ τοῦ κατὰ μέρος δικαίου τὴν κοινὴν σωτηρίαν προτιμήσαντες, ἐνθυμούμενοι ὡς εἰ λόγῳ ἀποτρέψαι αὐτοὺς πειρασαίμεθα, οὐκ ἂν ἀνάσχοιντο νουθετούμενοι, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ κοινοῦ ἀποστάντες, οὐδὲν ἧσσον ἢ πρότερον ἐν τοῖς ἀδικήμασι διατελοῖεν, καὶ ἅμα μὴ περὶ τοῦ παντὸς ἤδη εἴη κίνδυνος, μὴ διασπασθὲν καὶ δίχα γενόμενον διαφθαρείη, τέως μὲν οὖν ἡσυχίαν ἦγομεν, ἀγαπῶντες εἰ τὸ ἐφ' ἡμᾶς γε ἀγαθοὶ γενοίμεθα, ἐπειδὴ δὲ οὗτοι ἐς τοῦτο ἀναισχυντίας προῆλθον ὥστε καὶ ἡμῖν τὸ σφέτερον μύσος ἐμποιεῖν ἐπιχειρεῖν, οὐκέτι περιοπτέα ἦν ἀλλ' ἀπροφασίστως ἀμυντέον καὶ οὐχ ὑπεικτέον. εἶτα ποίῳ σὺν δικαίῳ ἐν αἰτίᾳ ἐσόμεθα ὡς ἀλλοτρίων πλεονέκται ἐσμέν, αὐτοὶ πλεονεκτούμενοι; ἦν δὲ αὐτοῖς ἥδε περὶ τῆς ἀποστάσεως γνώμη· κωλύοντος τοῦ ἡλίου, εἴπερ τινὸς ἀγριωτάτου περὶ τὰ ταύτῃ χωρία κατέχοντος, πάντας ἀνθρώπους πλὴν Λιβύων γε, ἀναγκαζομένων δὲ καὶ τούτων, ἐργάζεσθαι, τῶν δὲ προσόδων σφισὶν ἐν τοῖς πρῶτον ἐκ τῶν ἄγρων τῆς ἐργασίας προσιούσων, δυοῖν οὖν θάτερόν σφισι παρασχεῖν,

out of sheer maliciousness and truculence, we are trying to oust them from their envied possessions; whereas on the contrary that is exactly the charge upon which they may themselves be convicted. So long as they confined their system of slavery strictly within their own sphere, though we regarded it as unjust for man to hold in slavery his fellow man, by right of nature no less free than himself, we set the common welfare before individual justice; we reflected that, if we tried to turn them from their path by persuasion, they would resent our reproof, and would desert the Union, while not departing an inch from their evil courses. And we feared for the general body politic that it might be torn asunder and perish utterly. So for a space we held our peace, content with the purity of our own actions. But when they carried their arrogant pretensions to the pitch of attempting to infect us with their own taint, then indeed the matter could no longer be overlooked; the time for concession was passed, the hour for uncompromising resistance had struck. How then in common fairness can we be set down as the aggressors, when we ourselves have been the victims of aggression? The way the secessionists looked at the matter was as follows: Such is the fierceness of the sun in those parts, that it makes manual labour impossible for any but negroes, and even those must be under compulsion. Now as their chief source of revenue lay in agriculture, they had two alternatives before them, to keep their slaves and survive, or to lose their all. On our side we had once let them have their way, now we were preventing them. "Would it not be better" they argued "if we left the Union altogether and formed a separate political unit of our own? We have land in plenty, of the finest quality, abounding in natural resources. If our manners and customs are so distasteful to them, well then, let us leave them to bask in the sunshine of their own self-righteousness, while we sin in peace." "Never" they said "did we enter into a voluntary partnership to be kept tied and bound by it against our interests. It was no in-

ἢ μετὰ δούλων περιέσεσθαι, ἢ τῆς γε οὐσίας ἐστερῆσθαι· ἡμῶν δὲ δῆθεν πρότερον μὲν ἐασάντων, τότε δὲ κωλυόντων, ἀμείνω αὐτοῖς συμβήσεσθαι, εἰ, ἀπὸ τοῦ κοινοῦ ἀποστάντες, καθ' αὑτοὺς τὸ λοιπὸν πολιτεύσουσιν, ἄλλως τε καὶ ἱκανῆς σφισὶ χώρας ὑπαρχούσης, καὶ ταύτης οὐδεμιᾶς τῶν ἄλλων λειπομένης, ἔτι δὲ χρημάτων ἀφθόνων ὅσων γεμούσης. ὥστε εἰ τὰ αὐτῶν ἐπιτηδεύματα ἡμῖν πάνυ ἀπαρέσκειν, ἡμῖν μὲν ἐξεῖναι κατὰ μόνας ἀνδραγαθίζεσθαι, σφισὶ δὲ ἁμαρτάνειν· οὐδὲ γὰρ τὴν ἀρχὴν τούτου ἕνεκα ἡμῖν ἑκούσιοι κοινωνίαν ποιήσασθαι, ἵνα παρὰ τὸ ξύμφερον ἐν αὐτῇ μένειν διάζοιντο, οὐδ' ἐς ἀεὶ ὥσπερ κῆδος ἀμετακίνητον συνάψασθαι μᾶλλον ἢ τοῦ ἐς τὸ παραχρῆμα καιροῦ ἕνεκα ξυνθήκην, ἣ μετὰ τοῦ ξυμφέροντός τε συντίθεται καὶ ἐκ τοῦ ἴσου διαλύεται, καὶ ὁμοία μὲν φρονούντων μένει, ἄλλα δὲ γνόντων παύεται. μέλλειν δέ που ἡμᾶς καλῶς τοῦτο ἐπίστασθαι, καπηλικόν γε ὄντας γένος καὶ τῶν περὶ τὰ ξυναλλάγματα οὐκ ἀπείρους, οὐδὲ εἰκὸς ἡμᾶς ἐπὶ πολὺ ἀντίσχειν αὐτοῖς ἀλλὰ πεισθῆναι. εἰ δ' ἄρα καὶ μεθ' ὅπλων διακριθῆναι τολμήσαιμεν, οὐκ ἐς μακρὸν σφισιν ἡμᾶς ἀμάχους μαχιμωτάτοις ὑποστήσεσθαι, ἀλλὰ ταχέως ἐν ἡμῖν αὐτοῖς περιπεσεῖσθαι, τὰ μὲν δειλίᾳ, ἔστι δὲ ἃ προδοσίᾳ. τά τε γὰρ ἄλλα πάνυ διαφέρειν σφεῖς ἡμῶν, καὶ ἐς τὴν τῶν βελτίστων ἀνδρῶν σωφροσύνην ἔννομον οἰκεῖν προτιμῶντες, πρὸς ἡμᾶς τοὺς ἐς πονηρίαν μᾶλλον ἐξάγοντας τὰ πράγματα, καὶ αὐτοὶ μὲν ἡγούμενοι ἐπὶ τοῖς ἀρίστοις δεῖν εἶναι τὸ κράτος, τῷ δὲ φύσει ὑποδεεστέρῳ ὑπακουστέον τε εἶναι καὶ τὰ μέτρια δουλευτέον, πρὸς ἡμᾶς τούς, ἰσότητος ὀνόματι εὐπρεπεῖ, ἔργῳ τὸ ἄμεινον τῷ χείρονι καὶ πλήθει καταδουλοῦντας· ἐνὶ δὲ κεφαλαίῳ ἐν μὲν τῇ συμμαχίᾳ διατελοῦσιν πάνυ ἀβίωτον ἂν σφισι γενέσθαι, ἀπόστασιν δὲ ἀσφαλείᾳ τε καὶ ἐλευθερίᾳ ἀϊδίῳ ταὐτὸν δύνασθαι. τῇ δὲ ἀληθείᾳ οὐχ ἡμεῖς τῆς γνώμης ἐξέσταμεν, οὗτοι δὲ μετεβάλοντο, ἡμεῖς δὲ οἱ αὐτοὶ ἦμεν. τὸ γὰρ κοινὸν σώζοντες εἰῶμεν αὐτοὺς κατὰ σφᾶς ἀδικεῖν, οἱ δὲ οὐκ ἤθελον, ἀλλ' ἢ καὶ ἡμᾶς ἀναγκάζειν ταὐτὸν ποιεῖν, ἢ αὐτοὶ ἀφεστάναι.

Τοῦ δ' οὖν πολέμου ἅπαξ κινηθέντος, οὐκέτι περὶ τῶν αὐτῶν οὐδ' ἐπὶ τοῖς αὐτοῖς ἦν ὁ ἀγών, εἰκότως· ὅσα γὰρ τὸ πρῶτον τοῦ κοινοῦ ἕνεκα ἀμείνω ἐδόκει μὴ κινούμενα, ταῦτα πολεμούντων ἤδη περιμάχητα ἦν, ὥστε καὶ ἡμεῖς ἐν μὲν τῷ πρὸ τοῦ τῆς τούτων ἀδικίας ἠμελοῦμεν, τότε δὲ καὶ τόδε ἐνικητέον ἦν, ὅπως τῆς καταδουλώσεως παύσωνται· ἄτοπον γὰρ ἦν εἰ οὗτοι, αὐτοὶ μὲν πρότερον ἠξίουν αὐτόνομοι εἶναι, ὡς πάντων δὴ ἀνθρώπων φύσει ἴσων καὶ ὁμοίων τυγχανόντων, ἄλλους δὲ τοσάδε ἤδη ἔτη κατεδουλοῦντο· ἀλλ' ἔδει ἢ καὶ αὐτοὺς ὑπακούειν ἐθέλειν, ἢ μηδὲ ἑτέρους ἀναγκάζειν. οἱ δὲ δὴ ἀδίκως ἑτέρων πλεονεκτοῦντες, οὐ μόνον ὧν ἐπεθύμησαν ἀπέτυχον τὸ πλέον, ἀλλὰ καὶ τὰ προϋπάρχοντα προσαπώλεσαν. ἃ καὶ οὗτοι ἔπαθον. ἡμῶν γὰρ προκηρυξάντων ὅτι «ἐάν τις κατὰ τὰ εἰρημένα χωρία ἢ ἄλλοθί που, ὅσης ἡμεῖς ἄρχομεν, ἔτι δουλεύῃ, οὗτος νῦν τε καὶ ἔπειτα ἐς ἐλευθέρους τελείτω,» οὐδεὶς διε-

dissoluble bond of marriage into which we entered, but a temporary contract, such as expediency binds and expediency looses, such as holds good when there is unity of purpose, but vanishes the moment disagreement arises. The Northerners should be the last persons in the world to deny this, a nation of shopkeepers, used to all kinds of commercial transactions. No, they will not hold out for long before they fall in with our views. But even if they should decide to put the matter to the test of the sword, they are an unwarlike race and will soon fall before the onslaught of such fighters as ourselves; before long cowardice or treachery will throw them into confusion." "Great," they declared, "is the contrast between the two peoples. *We* stand for the law-abiding reserve of an aristocratic *regime; they* lean towards the corruption and license of democracy. We believe in placing power in the hands of the best men, in making those naturally inferior learn to obey and to submit to a modified form of servitude; they, under the specious name of equality, in practice put what is best under the heel of the inferior, or, in other words, the mob." "In short," they said "if we remain in the Union, life will no longer be endurable for us, while secession will be tantamount to perpetual freedom and security." In point of fact it was not we who had altered our minds, but they. Our standpoint was unchanged. For the common good we tried to leave them alone in their wrong-doing. But they would not. Either we must be compelled to follow their example, or they insisted on secession.

However hostilities once began, neither the conditions nor the objects of the war remained the same—Naturally. There were questions which at first we considered best left untouched for the common good. Once we were at war, these questions must be fought out. Consequently while we had originally disregarded their course of action, now we were bound to carry through our purpose of putting a stop to slavery altogether. For their position was preposterous. They claimed autonomy on the ground

γένετο χρόνος καὶ ἤδη εἰκοσακισμύριοι μάλιστα ἄνδρες μάχιμοι πρὸς τὸ ἡμέτερον προσχωρήσαντες, τῶν ἐναντίων τὴν ἀνάλωσιν πρὸς τὴν ἡμετέραν προσθήκην συμμετρουμένην διπλασίαν παρείχοντο· ὥστε οἱ καλοκἀγαθοὶ καλούμενοι, πρὶν μὲν καταγνόντες ἡμῶν ἀσθένειαν, ὡς ἄρα διὰ δήμου τὸ ἀκατάστατον καὶ τὴν περὶ τῶν μεγίστων οὔποτε ὁμόνοιαν, δι' ὀλίγου στάσεως ἐμπλησθέντες αὐτοὶ περὶ αὐτοῖς πταίσαιμεν, (καὶ ἦν δέ τι ἐν τῇ πόλει οὐδὲν ὑγιὲς βουλευόμενον ἀλλὰ τοῖς ἐναντίοις τὰ πράγματα ὑποχείρια καθιστάν), καὶ ἅμα ὡς αὐτοὶ ἐς τὴν ἡμετέραν ἐσβαλόντες πάντα τάχα ἀνάστατα ποιήσεσθαι, νῦν δὴ περιέστη τὸ μὲν ἡμῶν ἐς τὰ κοινὰ ὁμονοεῖσθαι, τοῖς δὲ ἐς τὰ μάλιστα στασιάζεσθαι, μᾶλλον δὲ καὶ πάνυ διαστῆναι, ἔτι δὲ ἡμᾶς τὰ σφέτερα ἄγοντας καὶ φέροντας καὶ λείαν ποιησαμένους μηδὲν δεινὸν πάσχειν. τὴν γὰρ τῶν ἀνδραπόδων ἀπόστασιν ροπὴν πολέμου τις νομίζων οὐκ ἂν ἁμάρτοι· δίχα γοῦν ὄντων αὐτῶν τὰς μὲν ἤδη νενικήκαμεν μαχάς, τὰς δὲ καὶ νικήσομεν· λαμπρῶς γὰρ ἤδη κατὰ γῆν τε καὶ θάλασσαν ἐπικείμεθα, λιμέσι τε ἐφορμοῦντες καὶ κατὰ πόλεις ἀποκλήσαντες, ὥστε ἢν μὲν ἐς ἀπόνοιαν καταστάντες σφᾶς αὐτοὺς τάχα παραδῶσιν, εἰ δὲ μή, ἡμεῖς γε οὐ χαλεπῶς χειρωσόμεθα.

Ἀλλ' οὔπερ διὰ παντὸς ἥκιστα δεῖ ἐπιλανθάνεσθαι, μαθεῖν χρή· οὐ γὰρ πρὸς βαρβάρους καὶ ἀλλοφύλους, οὐδ' οὖν πρὸς πολεμίους πόλεμον ἠράμεθα, μᾶλλον δὲ πρὸς ξυγγενεῖς μὲν ὄντας, ἐχθροὺς δὲ γενομένους, ὥστε πρέπει ἡμᾶς ὡς τάχα διαλλαχθησομένους καὶ οὐ μνησικακήσοντας, οὕτω διανοεῖσθαι. αἰδὼς γὰρ μετὰ φειδοῦς μέγιστος ἀνδρείας κοσμός· τὸ δὲ εὔψυχον, οὐκ ἐν ᾧ τις τοὺς ἐναντίους κρατήσας, εἶτα ἰδίας ὀργῆς ἡσσηθεὶς ἐπὶ πλεῖστον φονεύων καὶ ληιζόμενος ἐπέλθῃ, ἀλλ' ὃς ἄν, αὐτὸς ἑαυτοῦ ἐγκρατὴς γενόμενος, πρὸς τοὺς νικηθέντας μετρίως καὶ πράως προσφέρηται. ὑμῖν οὖν, ὅσοι στρατηγεῖτε, ἐπισκήπτω καὶ ἐν τῷ αὐτῷ καὶ μαρτύρομαι μὴ χαλεποὺς ὑμᾶς παρασχεῖν, ἀλλ' ὅσα μὴ πάνυ ἐνδόντας ἐκείνοις, κατὰ τὸ δύνατον φόνου ἀπέχεσθαι· καὶ γὰρ πολλοὺς μὲν ἤδη ἐκεῖνοι ἐν τῷ πολέμῳ ἀποτεθνεῶτας ὁλοφύρονται, πολλοὺς δὲ καὶ ἡμεῖς, καὶ μέχρι τοῦδε ἡμῶν ἡ λύπη παυσάσθω· ἄλις τοσοῦτοι πενθοῦντες. ἐὰν δέ τις, κατὰ τὸ εἰκός, πατέρα ἢ ἀδελφὸν ἢ φίλον ἢ ξυγγενῆ ἐν μάχῃ ἀπολέσας χαλεπαίνῃ, καὶ τιμωρεῖσθαι γλίχηται, ἀνεπίφθονον μὲν αὐτῷ ἀγανακτεῖν, ὅμως δὲ μαθέτω μὴ κακοῖς τὸ λεγόμενον κακὰ ἰᾶσθαι· ἐπεὶ ὧδε σκέψασθε· πῶς γὰρ ἀνεκτόν, εἰ οὗτοι μέν, πρὸς τὸ κοινὸν σκοποῦντες, μὴ διαφθαρείη, οὐδαμῇ ἄλλῃ ἔχοντες τὴν διαφορὰν καταλύσασθαι, ἀκουσίως μὲν ἀναγκαίως δὲ τολμήσαντες ἰδίᾳ μεθ' ὅπλων διακινδυνεῦσαι ἐτελεύτησαν, ἡμεῖς δέ, παρασχὸν ἡμῖν, ἤτοι μετὰ βραχέος γε ἢ οὐδένος φόνου, ἃ βουλόμεθα μετελθεῖν, εἶτα, ἰδίων ἕνεκα ἐγκλημάτων, τοῦ μὲν κοινοῦ καὶ ἀριστοῦ ἀμελήσομεν, τοῦ δὲ κακοῦ μὲν ἀναγκαίου δὲ ἑκούσιοι παρὰ τὸ δέον ἐξόμεθα; δεῖ δ' οὔ, ἀλλὰ τῆς τούτων τιμῆς ἐπιμελεστέρους εἶναι, ὅπως ἀξία ὧν ἔδρασαν γενήσεται; ἡ δὲ οὐ δι' ἐχθρῶν τιμωρίας γίγνεται, μηδὲ

of the natural equality of mankind, yet they were all the time and had been for years holding others in subjection. They ought either themselves to submit to authority, or not compel others to do so. However men who are engaged in preying on their neighbour, are often found not only to fail in the attainment of the object they have coveted, but to lose their original possessions into the bargain. And this is what actually occurred—No sooner had our proclamation gone forth to the effect that "If any person is still kept in slavery in the said territory or in any other territory over which we have jurisdiction, such person is for ever hereafter to be regarded as free", than 200,000 fighting men came over to our side. The loss of the enemy was added to our gains and doubled it. These so-called fine gentlemen had convicted us of weakness on the ground that the fickleness of democracy, with its eternal conflicts of views on the most momentous questions, would fill us with strife and compass our ruin—(And I will not deny that there was a small party among us with sinister intentions, which aimed at delivering us into the hands of our enemies.) They further boasted that they would invade our territory and spread confusion everywhere. What has happened? Ours is the political unity, theirs the disunion or rather total disruption. And it is we who have spread rapine and plunder over the whole face of their country without suffering any injury in return—The fact is, the revolt of the slaves was the turning-point of the war. Ever since their division, we have won many battles and we shall win many more—We are pressing them hard and brilliantly by land and sea, we are blockading their harbours and cutting off their towns. Before long, if I am not mistaken, they will be driven to despair and hand themselves over to us. If not, we shall have no difficulty in overcoming them—Now there is one thing which you must constantly bear in mind. The war we are waging is no war against a savage or a foreign race, nor indeed against our natural enemies; rather it is a war against men who are our own kith and

ἐνθυμεῖσθε, οὐδ' αὖ στηλῶν καὶ τάφων ἀναθήμασι τὸ πλέον (τῶν γὰρ τοιούτων ἱκανὰ λήξονται), ἀλλὰ σωμάτων καὶ ψυχῶν, εἰ εἷς ἕκαστος ὑμῶν ἑαυτὸν τῷ ἔργῳ τούτῳ ἀναθήσει, ὃ ἐκεῖνοι ἀτελὲς ὑπέλιπον, τὸ τὴν ἐς ἀλλήλους ὁμόνοιαν ἐν ἅπασι βεβαιοῦν, καὶ μίαν πόλιν ἀλλ' οὐ δύο καταστῆσαι αὐτήν, ὅπως ἡ πατρὶς τοῖς ὑπὲρ αὐτῆς τετελευτηκόσιν ἀκέραιος σώζηται, ὡς οὐκ ἐν ἄλλῳ μείζονι τὴν προθυμίαν ἂν δεικνύντες. ἐπεὶ οὐ σμικρῶς ἀξία θαυμάζεσθαι, πρῶτον μὲν γῆς, ἣν κατὰ πάντα μεγαλοπρεπῆ οἰκοῦμεν, ἔς τε ποταμοὺς μεγέθους πέρι καὶ λιμένων χρῆσιν, ὁρῶν τε ὑψηλότητι καὶ ἅμα σίτου καὶ φυτῶν, ὅσα γῆ ἀνίησιν, ἁπάντων ἀφθονίᾳ. ἡ αὐτὴ δὲ θαλάσσῃ ἑκατέρωθεν περικλυσθεῖσα, τῆς οἰκουμένης ὥσπερ ὄμφαλος, μέσῃ Ἀσίας τε καὶ Εὐρώπης ἱδρυμένῃ, ἐξ ἑκατέρας τε τὰ πρόσφορα καρπουμένη, τῆς μὲν ἐς τὰς τέχνας δεινοτέρα, τῆς δὲ πλουσιωτέρα ἀμφοῖν δὲ αὐταρκεστέρα κατέστη. οὐκ οὖν μεγάλῃ ἀρχῇ καὶ ἀντιπάλῳ ὅμοροι ἐποικοῦντες, ἀεὶ δι' ἐπιβουλῆς καὶ ἀντιφυλακῆς τῶν πέλας, ἐς μεγάλα στρατόπεδα δαπανῶντες καὶ πράγματα ἔχοντες, μετὰ κινδύνων διάγομεν. πρόσετι δὲ οὐχ' ὥσπερ τὰ ἄλλα τῶν ἐθνῶν ὅσα μέγαλα, ἀρχὴν πολλὴν μέν, διεσπασμένην δὲ κεκτήμεθα, ὅλην δὲ ἤπειρον οὖσαν καὶ ἐς μίαν συμπεφυκυῖαν, πόλεων πλήθει πολυανδροῦσαν, καὶ μυρίαις ὁδῶν κατασκευαῖς ἐς πόλεμον καὶ εἰρήνην φορτίου κομιδὴν ἡ στρατιᾶς ἀγωγὴν εὐπορωτάτην παρέχουσαν.

Χρώμεθα δὲ πολιτείᾳ ἀγαθοῖς νόμοις ἡρμοσμένῃ, καὶ ἅπασι τὸ ἴσον νεμούσῃ, τάς τε ἀρχὰς οὐ κατὰ πλοῦτον ἢ προγόνων προτίμησιν ἀλλ' ἀξιώματος, καθ' ὅσον ἄν τις ἰδίᾳ ἑλλαμπρύνηται, μεταδιδούσῃ. ὥστε ἥκιστ' ἄν τις ἐν τῷ τοιῷδε τοῖς ἀεὶ ἐν ἀρχῇ οὖσι φθονήσειε διὰ τὸ κἂν αὐτός ποτε ἐς αὐτὰς προελθεῖν ἐλπίσαι· ἔτι δέ, ὅπερ ἀνάγκη πάσῃ πολιτείᾳ, ἥτις καὶ ἀξία του, προσεῖναι, μὴ ἐπὶ τοῖς αὐτοῖς εἶναι νόμους τε τίθεσθαι καὶ δίκας κρίνειν ἢ βουλεύειν, ἡμῖν, εἴ τισι καὶ ἄλλοις, σύμφερον ὄν, ὑπάρχει. εἰ δέ τι ἐξεκλίναμεν αὐτοῦ, ἄλλως τε καὶ τοὺς περὶ τῆς ἐν τῇ πόλει διοικήσεως παρανόμου εἰσαγγελθέντας διὰ τῆς βουλῆς μᾶλλον ἢ παρὰ δικασταῖς τοῖς εἰωθότι κρίνοντες, οὐδὲ μνησθῆναι ἄξιον. πρὸς γὰρ ὅλον τὸ ἀποβαῖνον ἀποβλέποντι ἡ ἐξέτασις τῆς γνώμης βέλτιον γίγνεται ἢ ἐκ τῆς περὶ ἕκαστα ἐπιμελεστέρας ἀκριβείας. τὸ γοῦν ὑπὲρ ἀνθρώπων ἀναριθμήτων τὸ πλῆθος καὶ γῆς ἐς μέγεθος ἀπείρου μίαν πολιτείαν ἀπὸ κοινῆς διανοίας γνώμῃ ἐπινοήσαντας καὶ ἔργῳ μετὰ βεβαιότητος ἀσφαλείᾳ ἐπιτελέσαι, πρῶτον ἐφ' ἡμῖν οἷόν τε ὂν δεδήλωται. οἱ γὰρ κτίσαντες αὐτὴν τῆς κοινῆς ἐλευθερίας ἴσαπερ μετέχοντες καὶ οὐδένος ὑπακούοντες, οὐδὲν ἧσσον ἠξίωσαν, ξυνθήκην ποιησάμενοι καὶ ἀρχὰς καταστήσαντες, διὰ τὴν πάντων σωτηρίαν ἰδίᾳ τι ἐλασσωθῆναι, ἵνα τε μὴ διὰ μέσου ἀμφίλογα γένοιτο, ἐς ξυγγραφὴν συνεστήσαντο αὐτήν, ὅρκους ὁμόσαντες καὶ πίστεις τὰς μεγίστας εἶναι δοκούσας διδόντες καὶ λαβόντες. ὥστε οἱ μὲν ἄλλοι τὸ σφέτερον πόλεως σχῆμα πολλῶν ἐμπειρίᾳ καὶ μελέτῃ ἐκ πλειστοῦ χρόνου ἔργῳ βασανισθὲν ἐπαινοῦσι, καὶ ὅτι ἀεὶ ἐκ παραδόσεως τῶν προγόνων

kin, but who have been estranged from us—We must therefore prepare our minds for speedy and ungrudging reconciliation. The greatest ornament of bravery is forbearance and mercy. True courage is not his, who having overcome his foe, falls a victim to his own rancour and goes to extreme lengths of carnage and plunder; rather it is his, who has the self-mastery to treat his enemy with gentleness and moderation. Those of you therefore who are in command, I beg, nay, I entreat, do not show yourselves hard masters. So far as you can without yielding your ground, refrain from bloodshed. Already they have many victims of this war to weep over, and so have we—Let this be the consummation of our grief. There are mourners enough and to spare—If any man, as needs be, who has lost a father or a brother or a friend or a kinsman in the war, is moved to wrath and thirsts for revenge, small blame to him for his anger; still, let him learn not, as the proverb goes, to heal evil with evil. For look you, the thing is intolerable —To preserve the commonwealth from destruction, when there was no other way of composing their differences, these men, reluctantly yielding to necessity, faced in their own private persons the arbitrament of the sword, and so went to their doom. And shall we, when we can gain our ends with little or no bloodshed, for the sake of our own private quarrels, disregard what is best and for the common good, and out of season cling to what is bad and only necessity can justify? Never. Let us rather see to it that the honour to which these men attain is worthy of their deeds. Such honour, believe me, is gained, not by revenge on the foe, nor by the dedication of monuments or tombs (of such they will have their fill) but by the dedication of bodies and souls, by each one of you devoting himself to the completion of the work which they have left unfinished, the consolidation of general unity amongst ourselves, and the welding together of the state into a nation one and indivisible. So will our country be preserved inviolate for those who perished for her sake. Be sure, in no worthier cause could

τοῖς ἐπιγιγνομένοις ἐπὶ τὸ βέλτιον καὶ τελειότερον προῆλθε, μεγαλύνονται εἰκότως· ἡμεῖς δὲ ἄνευ πόνου καὶ μελέτης παραχρῆμα τὸ αὐτὸ ἀπεδείξαμεν, ἔτι δὲ βέλτιον ὅσῳ καὶ οὐκ ἀρχαιοτρόποις τοῖς νόμοις καί σφισιν ἐναντίοις τοῖς πολλοῖς ἢ χρόνῳ ἀμελουμένοις κωλυόμεθα, ἀλλ' ἅπαντα σύμφωνά τε ἑαυτοῖς καὶ χρήσιμα καὶ ἁπλᾶ ἔχομεν. κατὰ ταῦτά τε οἰκοῦσιν ἡμῖν οὕτως ἐπηυξήθη τὰ πράγματα, ὥστε τὸ πρῶτον τριακοσίων μάλιστα μυριάδων ἀνθρώπων κοινῇ συμπολιτεύεσθαι συμβάντων, ὀλίγου ἐς ἑξακισχιλίας μυριάδας ἐπέδοσαν τὸ πλῆθος, ὧν οὐδείς ὅστις ὑφ' ἑτέρου ὑπερέχεσθαι καὶ καταφρονεῖσθαι δικαιοῖ. ἐντός γε μὴν τῶν τεσσάρων ἐτῶν τῶν δε, ὅτε τὸ πρῶτον ὑμῶν προστάτην ἐμὲ ἀπεδείξατε, ἤδη πολλὴ ἐς τὸ πλῆθος αὔξησις ἐπεγένετο, καὶ τοῦτο πολέμου ἰσχύρου καθεστῶτος. ὥστε ἦν τις ὑμῶν σωμάτων τε φθορᾷ καὶ χρημάτων δαπανῇ, εἴ τι καὶ παρὰ τὸ εἰωθὸς κατὰ τὸν πόλεμον ἀπαναλώθη, καταπλαγῇ, ἐνθυμηθήτω τε ὡς ἅπερ ἐν τῷ πρὶν χρόνῳ ἐκτησάμεθα καὶ αὖθις ἂν κερδάναιμεν, καὶ ἐς τῆς γῆς ἡμῶν τὴν φύσιν καὶ τὸ ἦθος τῶν ἐνοικούντων ἀποβλέπων (ταῦτα γὰρ ἀΐδια καὶ οἷα μηδ' ὑφ' ἑνὸς ἂν κατατριφθῆναι) θαρσείτω· τῶν γὰρ ἄλλων ῥᾳδία ἡ ἀνάληψις. καὶ γὰρ τριῶν πολέμων ἡμᾶς, ἐπεὶ συνῳκίσθημεν, καταλαβόντων, τὸν μὲν πρῶτον τὴν τῶν Βριτάννων ἀρχήν, τῶν τότε οὐδεμιᾶς ἄλλης ἐς ἰσχὺν καὶ παρασκευὴν τὴν πᾶσαν λειπομένην, μόνοι ὑποστάντες, τοσαύτην τόλμαν καὶ ἀρετὴν ἀπεδείξαμεν, ὥστε ἐνδεᾶ μὲν τῆς διανοίας τυχεῖν πράξαντες, πᾶσι δὲ διὰ τὸ εὔψυχον ἴσχυος ὑπόνοιαν παρέχειν. ἐν δὲ τῷ δευτέρῳ, ὃν πρὸς τοὺς Μεξικάνους καλουμένους ἠράμεθα, οὔτε τοῦ ἀξιώματος οὐδὲν ἀπεβάλομεν, γῆν τε πολλὴν καὶ ἄριστα ἐσκευασμένην ἐπεκτησάμεθα. τὸν δὲ ἄρτι γενόμενον καὶ ὅσον οὐ διαπεπολεμημένον, ἔκ τε τῶν στρατευομένων τοῦ ἀριθμοῦ τεκμαιρόμενος, ὅλων τε καὶ ὅσα ἐς ὅλεθρον χρήσιμα εὐπρεπείᾳ καὶ ἀκμῇ, οὐχ' ἥκιστα δὲ λογισμῷ χρώμενος περὶ ὅσων τῶν διαφόρων πολεμεῖται, πολλῷ τῶν προγεγενημένων τε ἀξιολογώτατον, ἡμῖν δὲ καὶ σύμπασι χρησιμώτατον ἡγοῦμαι. εἰ γὰρ αὐτόν, ὡς ἐκ τῶν παρόντων σαφῶς εἰκάζειν, εὖ θησόμεθα, σκέψασθε ὡς καλὸν ἡμῖν τὸ ἀγώνισμα, μὴ μόνον τριακοσίας ἀνθρώπων μυριάδας ἐλευθέρους καταστῆσαι, ἀλλὰ καὶ τὸ λοιπὸν ἅπασι κατάδηλον γενέσθαι, ὡς τὸ ἡμέτερον κοινὸν οὔτε στάσει οὔτε ἄλλῃ τέχνῃ οὔτε μηχανῇ οὐδεμιᾷ ἐκ τῆς καθεστηκυίας τάξεως μετακινεῖται. συνελόντι δὲ εἰπεῖν, τῆς ἀνθρωπείας φύσεως ἐπὶ πάσας ἰδέας χωρησάσης καὶ πολλὰ διαπραξάσης, οὐδὲν ὅτι, τοῦ θεοῦ μὴ συλλαβόντος, τῇ πολιτείᾳ ταύτῃ ὁμοιώθη· ἣν οὗτοι καταλύουσιν.

Ἀλλὰ μὴν ἐλευθερίας τε πέρι καὶ παρρησίας τῶν τε τοιούτων, ἐφ' ὅσον ἔργῳ καὶ οὐ τὰ μέν, τὰ δ' οὔ, ἀλλὰ τελέως μετέχομεν, οὐκ ἐμοῦ που προσδεῖ ἐξηγήτου, ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἂν εἷς ἀγνοήσειεν. οὐκοῦν εἰκὸς ἡμᾶς τοιαύτην χώραν οἰκοῦντας καὶ οὕτως ἐσκευασμένην ἀντιπάλους καὶ τὰς διανοίας καθίστασθαι. ὅπερ καὶ συμβέβηκε· ὃ γὰρ μέγιστον ὑμῖν τε ὑπάρχει καὶ δι' αὐτὸ πλεῖστον ἔν τε τῷ παρελθόντι καὶ ἐν τῷ

you show your zeal. For the country we live in is very wonderful. All is on a scale of grandeur, both in the size of its rivers, the utility of its harbours, the loftiness of its mountains, and the abundance of all the gifts of the earth. On either side it is washed by the sea. It is the navel of the inhabited globe and lying midway between Europe and Asia, reaping its harvest of benefits from each, it has grown more cunning in the arts than the one, richer than the other, more self-sufficing than either. Nor do we live on the flanks of some mighty rival, ever plotting or guarding against our neighbour, spending vast sums of money on huge armaments, and living in endless worry and danger. Nor yet, like other great nations, do we own a great though scattered empire, but a continent in itself, single and homogeneous, swarming with populous cities, with its network of roads, providing easy transport for armies in war or merchandise in peace.

We enjoy a constitution knit together with just laws, which gives to each his due, which distributes its offices, not according to wealth or noble ancestry, but in proportion to the distinction gained by individual merit—So it comes to pass that envy of those in high places is almost eliminated, since everyone feels that he has an equal chance of attaining to them himself. Moreover, what is a necessary qualification of every constitution worthy of the name, that the legislature, judicature and executive should be kept distinct, is our especial and valuable privilege. Slight deviations therefrom, such as the impeachment of men accused of maladministration before the senate rather than a common jury, are hardly worthy of mention. For a discriminating judgment looks at the general result rather than at overminute questions of details. At least it is a fact that, for the first time in history, it has been shewn to be possible to conceive by a common effort of will and to carry into execution with security for its permanence, a single constitution affecting such vast numbers of men and such an enormous extent of territory. The men who founded that con-

νῦν ἑτέρων προκεκρίμεθα, τὸ κόσμιον καὶ ἔννομον τοῦ ἤθους ἐστίν, ὃ κωλύει ἡμᾶς μὴ μετὰ νόμων καὶ σχήματος πολιτικοῦ κἂν πολλοστοῦ χρόνου μόριον διατρίβειν. καὶ ἕτεροι μὲν τάχα ἂν (οὐδὲ μεμπτοί οὗτοι ἔς τε τὸ ἀξίωμα καὶ τὴν ἄλλην ἐπιτήδευσιν) τὸν ἀεὶ ἐν ἀρχῇ ὄντα καὶ ὑπὲρ τῶν νόμων τὴν ἐξουσίαν ἔχοντα σέβοιντο, ἡμεῖς δὲ παρὰ τοὺς τῶν νόμων φύλακας, οἵτινες ἀεὶ ἀνθρωπίνως ἐκ διαδοχῆς μεταβάλλονται, αὐτοὺς τοὺς νόμους καὶ πᾶν ὅπερ ἀνδρῶν τε καὶ πόλεων ξύνδεσμος ὕπεστι, προσκυνοῦμεν. οὐκ οὖν ἄλλως καὶ ὅδε ὁ λόγος εἴρηται περὶ ἡμῶν, ὡς ὅποι ἂν γῆς, εἴτε ἐς ἐρημίαν εἴτε καὶ ἄλλοσέ ποι, ὀλίγοι ὄντες, τύχωμεν ἐκπεσόντες, εὐθὺς νόμους τε τίθεσθαι καὶ ἄλλους τοὺς κυρώσοντας αὐτοὺς καταστῆσαι ἄρχομεν. ὥστε, ὡς ἥ τε ἀλήθεια ἔχει καὶ ἐγὼ σημαίνω, παρ' ἡμῖν οἱ νόμοι κατὰ πάντα πάντων ὑπέρτατοι φαίνονται, καὶ οὐδεὶς οὔτε πλούτῳ οὔτε ἀρχῇ οὕτως ἐπήρθη, ὥστε ἀπὸ τοῦ ὑπερέχοντος ἀμελεῖν τι αὐτῶν ἔχειν. δι' ὅπερ φύσει τε ἡμῖν ἐγγιγνόμενον καὶ τροφῇ τε καὶ μιμήσει τῶν πέλας ἐπαυξανόμενον, τὰ πλεῖστα αὐτοί τε βεβαίως εὐνομήθημεν καὶ τοῖς ἄλλοις τι αὐτῶν μεταδιδόναι ἐδυνάμεθα.

Ἔτι δὲ τριῶν ὄντων τῶν ἐπὶ πλεῖστον ἐς ἀνθρώπων εὐπραγίαν φερόντων, ξυνέσεως τε καὶ τόλμης καὶ φρονήματος, οὐδένος ὅτου οὐκ ὄ,τι μάλιστα μετέχομεν· ἀλλ' ἐν τῷδε καὶ κίνδυνος μὴ πολλάκις ταῦτα ἄνευ σωφροσύνης ξύνεσις μὲν ἐς δεινότητα, τόλμα δὲ ἐς ἀκολασίαν, ἐς αὔχησιν δὲ φρόνημα ἐξυβρίσῃ· ὃ (δύναται γὰρ καὶ παρ' ἡμῖν τι τοιοῦτον εἶναι) μὴ ἡμεῖς πάθωμεν, μηδὲ τὴν παροῦσαν εὐτυχίαν σμικροῦ τούτου ἕνεκα κολούωμεν. τοῖς γὰρ διαφερόντως εὐπραγοῦσιν ἥκιστα τὸ σῶφρον συνοικεῖν ἐθέλει· καὶ οἶδα ταῦτα μὴ πάνυ τέρποντα λέγων, ἀλλ', οὐ γὰρ ἔδει πάντα ὁμοίως ἐπαινέσαι ἀλλ', εἴ που δέοι, καὶ ψέγειν, οὐκ ἀπεκρυψάμην. ὁ γὰρ ἅμα τοῖς προσφόροις καὶ τὰ ἀξυμφορὰ ἐν τοῖς οἰκείοις ἑνορῶν καὶ προφυλασσόμενος πλεῖστ' ἂν ὀρθοῖτο. ἀλλὰ τούτου γε ἕνεκα ἱκανὰ εἰρήσθω, σὺ γὰρ δὴ ἐν ἄλλῳ γέ τινι ἐλλείπομεν μὴ οὐ πάντας ἀνθρώπους ἀρετῇ καὶ σοφίᾳ καὶ εὐτυχίᾳ νικᾷν.

Οὐκοῦν τρία ταῦτα βέλτιστα ἔχοντες, ἀρχήν τε μεγίστην καὶ ἐν ποσὶ κειμένην, καὶ πολιτείαν τὸ ἰσόνομον ἅπασι πιστὸν βεβαιοῦσαν, ἐν ἤθεσί τε τοιούτοις πεπαιδευμένοι, καὶ ἅμα ὁμόφυλοι ὄντες καὶ ὁμόγλωσσοι, ποῖ δοκεῖτε σὺν τῷ θεῷ ἀξιώσεώς τε καὶ δυνάμεως καὶ αὐχήματος προβήσεσθαι, ἄλλως τε καὶ ἀεὶ ἐν τούτῳ ὑστερῆσαι δοκοῦντες, ἐν ᾧ ἂν μὴ μεγάλως τις προτερήσῃ, ἦν δ' ἄρα τι καὶ σφαλῶμεν, οὐκ ἐκπλαγέντες τὸ ζημιοῦν ὅσον γέγονεν ἐκλογιζόμενοι, ἀλλὰ πρὸς σμικρὸν τὸ παραλειφθὲν μέγα τὸ προκόψαν κέρδος ἡγούμενοι, τό τε αὐτίκα καλὸν πρὸς τὸ μέλλον ἔσεσθαι οὐδένος ἄξιον νέμοντες καὶ οὐκ ἀγαπῶντες εἰ τοῖς προγόνοις ἰσοπαλῆ ἀπεδείξαμεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἀγανακτοῦντες εἰ μὴ ἀξιολόγως αὐτῶν προείχομεν, καὶ ξυνελόντι εἰπεῖν ἀεὶ ἐκεῖνο ἐκπονοῦντες ὅπως ἄκροι τῶν τε νῦν καὶ τῶν πρὶν γενησόμεθα; ἐς ταῦτα δὲ ἤδη προαγαγόντων ἡμῶν αὐτά, εὖ οἶδ' ὅτι οὐδεὶς τοῦ πολέμου τοῦδε ἐκὼν

stitution, though sharing in a common freedom and independence, did not hesitate to sacrifice some portion of their individuality for the common benefit, by entering into a compact and appointing rulers over themselves. And, to avoid all possibility of dispute, they drew it up in the form of a written contract and swore to abide by it after exchanging the most solemn pledges. Other men then may vaunt their constitution which has stood the test of time, and is the result of ages of care and experience. They may boast that from generation to generation it has grown ever better and more complete—It is well. But we, without toil or experience, on the spur of the moment have produced the same result, nay a better, since we are not fettered by self-contradictory or obsolete laws, but all is consistency, utility, simplicity. Moving then in such a world, so great has been our progress that, whereas the original compact for common constitutional life was made between 3,000,000 souls, they rapidly increased to 60,000,000 of whom not one man would brook the domination or contempt of his fellow. Within these four years, since first you elected me President, there has been a mighty increase, in spite of the great war in progress. Therefore if any of you are disheartened by the destruction of life and expenditure of property, unprecedented as it may have been during the war, let him reflect that whatsoever we have acquired in the past we can win over again in the future; and then let him look at this noble land and the spirit of its inhabitants and take courage for, while other things are lightly spent, these things are eternal and indestructible.

Three wars have overtaken us since the Union. In the first, we stood alone against the British nation, at that time the mightiest and best equipped of all; yet we showed such courage and determination, that although, as it happened, we did not fully realize our expectations, still we gave an impression of strength by the vigour with which we fought. In the second, which we fought against Mexico, while losing none of our prestige, we acquired a

μνησθήσεται, οἱ δὲ ἔκγονοι τῶν ἡμῖν ἐπαναστάντων τὰ ἔργα τῶν προγόνων ἐν αἰσχύνῃ ἕξουσι καὶ εὐφημεῖν περὶ αὐτῶν ὡς ἀσεβῶν καὶ ἀθέων καὶ ἀφίλων τινῶν βουλήσονται, τῶν δὲ ἀνδραπόδων τὴν ἐλευθέρωσιν καὶ τὴν γενομένην ὁμόνοιαν ἀεὶ ἀνὰ στόμα ἔχοντες ὑμνήσουσιν, οὐχ' αὐτοῖς τὴν εὐτυχίαν ἀναφέροντες μᾶλλον ἢ τῷ δαιμονίῳ. ταῦτα δὲ ὑμῖν ὡς οὐ πολὺν ἔτι χρόνον ἐπιβιωσόμενος ἀλλ'ὅσον οὐκ ἐς βίου καταστροφὴν ἀφικόμενος, ὥσπερ μαντευόμενος προφωνῶ. πολλαί γάρ μοι καθ' ἡμέραν κρύφα φῆμαι ἐπιφοιτῶσαι θάνατον ἀπειλοῦσιν· τηρήσατε οὖν τοὺς λόγους καὶ ὅταν ἔργῳ τελεωθῶσιν, μὴ ἐμὲ τὸν προειπόντα τε ὑμῖν καὶ παντὸς πόνου συλλαβόντα ἄγαν ἀκλεῶς ἀφανίσητε.

large additional and valuable tract of territory. This late war, now rapidly drawing to a close, whether you judge by the numbers of combatants, or the high state of perfection of the arms and other engines of destruction, or last but not least, by the mighty issues involved, I reckon to be the most momentous of all, as well as the most profitable to ourselves. For if we bring it to a happy conclusion (as it is safe to infer) just think what a glorious prize we shall have won, not only to have set free 3,000,000 men but also to have proved to the world that the foundation of the Union cannot be shaken either by revolution or by any other means or devices whatsoever—In a word, amongst all the varied works which the genius of mankind has contrived, nothing yet without divine collaboration, has rivalled our constitution. That constitution our enemies would destroy!

I suppose there is no need for me to enlarge on such matters of common knowledge as the complete and unqualified freedom we enjoy, both of speech and action. What then more natural than that, living as we do in such a country and with such an organization, our characters should be found to match it. This is just what has happened. Our greatest asset, the quality by virtue of which we have towered above our neighbours in the past and present is the law-abiding, orderly spirit which animates us, a spirit which makes it impossible for us to exist for the shortest space of time without law or political organization. Other peoples, whose reputation and standard of life are worthy of all respect, may pay their regard to the man for the moment in authority, who exercises his power to carry out the law. We look beyond the guardians of the law, who succeed each other in the ordinary course of humanity, reserving our reverence for Law itself, for the underlying bond which knits together civic society. It is therefore no idle word which has been said about us, that wheresoever in the world fate casts out a handful of us, even if it be a desert, we start at once to make laws and appoint men to enforce them. Conse-

quently I am speaking nothing but the sober truth when I say that among us law is the supreme arbiter, and that there is no one exalted enough in wealth or station to take advantage of his position to disregard it. This spirit, bred in our bones, has been still further fostered by education and environment, with the result that not only have we ourselves enjoyed the full security of sound legislation, but have been able to impart some of it to others.

Now there are three things which contribute more than aught else to success—shrewdness, daring and pride. Of these we have our full share. But here there is some danger that without self-restraint, shrewdness may degenerate into cunning, daring into recklessness, pride into boastfulness. It is possible that some such process has taken place in us. Let us be on our guard against it and not mar our present good fortune for a minor defect such as this. Sobriety often fails to find a home in men unusually prosperous. I know well that what I say is not altogether pleasant, but I have not failed to call attention to it, lest my speech should become a mere panegyric, without blame where blame is due. That man is most likely to succeed, who in his own case can detect and guard against the defects of his qualities. But let what I have said suffice about it, as this is the only point in which we are not unrivalled in virtue, wisdom and success.

With these three great advantages of a mighty and homogeneous empire, a polity which guarantees equality before the law to all, a moral nurture such as those described, with the further advantage of unity of race and language, to what a point, think you, with God's help, of prestige and power and glory we may hope to attain? It is our habit to think we are left behind if we are not largely ahead of our rivals. Should we occasionally fail in some measure, we do not stop in dismay to reckon up the tale of our loss, but we set off the great advantages we have won against the small ground we have lost. We look upon the benefit of the moment as unworthy of comparison with that which is to be; we

are not content to equal our predecessors; we are angry if we have not largely surpassed them. In a word we are forever labouring to be first and foremost both of the past and present. I know well that when our progress has been such as this, not one of us will willingly recall this war. The descendants of the men who revolted against us will be ashamed of their ancestors' work, and will wish to hold their peace about them, looking on them in the light of outcasts, who were regardless of sacred or human obligations; they will forever have on their lips and glorify the liberator of the slaves and the subsequent national reconciliation, while laying the credit of their good fortune to Divine help. These last words I speak to you with a prophetic instinct, as one who has not long to live but has nearly reached his goal. Every day secret visions haunt me, whispering to me of my death. Bear then my words in mind, and when they are fulfilled do not altogether banish from your mind the name and fame of one who shared in all your labours and who foretold your future greatness.

SPEECHES
ON
THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

(These speeches appeared—after their first appearance in *Hansard*—in what was doubtless intended to be an annual publication, but which seems never to have issued its second volume: the "Oratorical Year-Book for 1865" (London, 1866). It is hardly known here, except to Lincoln collectors, and probably not to many of them. In fact, we were unable to find a copy in any of the great libraries in New York, and had to avail ourselves of that in the Library of Congress.

The address by Emerson does not appear in his collected "Works," and we believe it, too, has not been reprinted before.—[ED.]

[The following Speeches were delivered in the House of Commons on the 1st of May, 1865 —Sir G. GREY moving and Mr. DISRAELI seconding an address to the Crown expressing the sorrow and indignation of the House at the Assassination of the President of the United States, and praying Her Majesty to convey these sentiments on the part of the House of Commons to the Government of the United States.]

SPEECH OF THE RT. HON. SIR GEORGE GREY

MEMBER FOR MORPETH

I VERY much regret the unavoidable absence of my noble friend at the head of the Government, in whose name the notice was given of the motion which it now devolves upon me to ask the House to agree to. I feel, however, that it is comparatively unimportant by whom the motion is proposed, because I am confident that the Address to the Crown which I am about to ask the House to agree to is one which will meet with the cordial and unanimous assent of all. When the news a few days ago of the assassination of the President of the United States, and the attempted assassination—for I hope that we may now confidently expect that it will not be a successful attempt—of Mr. Seward reached this country, the first impression in the mind of every one was that the intelligence could not be true. It was hoped by every one that persons could not be found capable of committing a crime so atrocious. When the truth was forced upon us, when we could no longer entertain any doubt as

to the correctness of the intelligence, the feeling which succeeded was one of universal sorrow, horror, and indignation. It was felt as if some great calamity had befallen ourselves; for, in the Civil War, the existence and the long continuance of which we have so sincerely deplored, it is well known that the Government of this country, acting, as I believe, in accordance with the almost unanimous, or perhaps I may say in accordance with the unanimous feeling of this country, had maintained a strict and impartial neutrality. But it is notorious, and it could not in a great country like this be otherwise, that different opinions have been entertained by different persons with regard to the questions at issue between the Northern and Southern States of America; but still I believe that the sympathies of the majority of the people of this country have been with the North. I am desirous on this occasion of avoiding everything which may excite any difference of opinion. I may say, therefore, that in this free country different opinions have been entertained and different sympathies felt, and that in this free country the freest expression has been given, as should be the case, to those differences of opinion. I am sure I shall raise no controversy when I say in the presence of that great crime which has sent a thrill of horror through every one who heard of it, all difference of opinion, all conflicting sympathies for a moment entirely vanished. I am anxious to say at once, and I desire to proclaim that belief with the strongest confidence, that this atrocious crime was regarded by every man of influence and power in the Southern States with the same degree of horror which it excited in every other part of the world. We may, therefore—and this is all I wish to say upon this subject—whatever our opinions with regard to the past, and whatever our sympathies may have been—we shall all cordially unite in expressing our abhorrence of that crime, and in rendering our sympathy to that nation which is now mourning the loss of its chosen and trustful chief, struck to the ground by the hand of an assassin, and that too at the most critical period of its history. While la-

menting that war and the loss of life which it has inevitably occasioned, it is impossible, whatever our opinions or our sympathies may have been, to withhold our admiration from the many gallant deeds performed and acts of heroism displayed by both parties in the contest; and it is a matter for bitter reflection that the page of history, recording such gallant achievements and such heroic deeds, by men who so freely shed their blood on the battlefield in a cause which each considered right, should also be stained with the record of a crime such as we are now deploring. At length a new era appeared to be dawning on the contest between the North and the South. The time had come when there was every reason to hope that that war would speedily be brought to a close. Victory had crowned the efforts of the statesmen and the arms of the Federals, and most of us—all, I hope—had turned with a feeling of some relief and some hope for the future from the record of sanguinary conflicts to that correspondence which has but recently passed between the Generals commanding the hostile armies. And when we turned to Mr. President Lincoln, I should have been prepared to express a hope, indeed an expectation—and I have reason to believe that that expectation would not have been disappointed—that in the hour of victory and in the use of victory he would have shown a wise forbearance, a generous consideration, which would have added tenfold lustre to the fame and reputation which he has acquired throughout the misfortunes of this war. Unhappily the foul deed which has taken place has deprived Mr. Lincoln of the opportunity of thus adding to his well-earned fame and reputation: but let us hope, what indeed we may repeat, that the good sense and right feeling of those upon whom will devolve the most arduous and difficult duties in this conjuncture will lead them to respect the wishes and the memory of him whom we are all mourning, and will lead them to act in the same spirit and to follow the same counsels by which we have good reason to believe the conduct of Mr. Lincoln would have been marked, had he survived to complete the work

that was entrusted to him. I am only speaking the general opinion when I say that nothing could give greater satisfaction to this country than by means of forbearance, it may be of temperate conciliation, to see the Union of the North and South again accomplished, especially if it can be accomplished by common consent, freed from what hitherto constituted the weakness of that Union—the curse and disgrace of slavery. I wish it were possible for us to convey to the people of the United States an adequate idea of the depth and universality of the feeling which this sad event has occasioned in this country, that from the highest to the lowest there has been but one feeling entertained. Her Majesty's Minister at Washington will, in obedience to the Queen's command, convey to the Government of the United States the expression of the feelings of Her Majesty and of her Government upon the deplorable event; and Her Majesty, with that tender consideration which she has always evinced for sorrow and suffering in others, of whatever rank, has with her own hand written a letter to Mrs. Lincoln, conveying the heartfelt sympathy of a widow to a widow suffering under the calamity of having lost one suddenly cut off. From every part of this country, from every class, but one voice has been heard, one of abhorrence of the crime, and of sympathy for and interest in the country which has this great loss to mourn. The British residents in the United States, as of course was to be expected, lost not an hour in expressing their sympathy with the Government of the United States. The people of our North American colonies are vieing with each other in expressing the same sentiments. And it is not only among men of the same race who are connected with the people of the United States by origin, language, and blood, that these feelings prevail, but I believe that every country in Europe is giving expression to the same sentiments and is sending the message to the Government of the United States. I am sure, therefore, that I am not wrong in anticipating that this House will, in the name of the people of England, of Scotland, and of Ireland, be anxious to

record their expression of the same sentiment, and to have it conveyed to the Government of the United States. Of this I am confident, that this House could never more fully and more adequately represent the feelings of the whole of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom, than by agreeing to the Address which it is now my duty to move, expressing to Her Majesty our sorrow and indignation at the assassination of the President of the United States, and praying Her Majesty that, in communicating her own sentiments to the Government of that country upon the deplorable event, she will express at the same time, on the part of this House, their abhorrence of the crime and their sympathy with the Government and the people of the United States in the deep affliction into which they have been thrown.

SPEECH OF THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI

MEMBER FOR BUCKS

THERE are rare instances when the sympathy of a nation approaches those tenderer feelings which are generally supposed to be peculiar to the individual and to be the happy privilege of private life; and this is one. Under any circumstances we should have bewailed the catastrophe at Washington; under any circumstances we should have shuddered at the means by which it was accomplished. But in the character of the victim, and even in the accessories of his last moments, there is something so homely and innocent that it takes the question, as it were, out of all the pomp of history and the ceremonial of diplomacy,—it touches the heart of nations and appeals to the domestic sentiment of mankind. Whatever the various and varying opinions in this House, and in the country generally, on the policy of the late President of the United States, all must agree that in one of the severest trials which ever tested the moral qualities of man he fulfilled his duty, with simplicity and strength. Nor is it possible for the people of England at such a moment to forget that he sprang from the same fatherland

and spoke the same mother tongue. When such crimes are perpetrated the public mind is apt to fall into gloom and perplexity, for it is ignorant alike of the causes and the consequences of such deeds. But it is one of our duties to reassure them under unreasoning panic and despondency. Assassination has never changed the history of the world. I will not refer to the remote past, though an accident has made the most memorable instance of antiquity at this moment fresh in the minds and memory of all around me. But even the costly sacrifice of a Cæsar did not propriate the inexorable destiny of his country. If we look to modern times, to times at least with the feelings of which we are familiar, and the people of which were animated and influenced by the same interests as ourselves, the violent deaths of two heroic men, Henry IV. of France and the Prince of Orange, are conspicuous illustrations of this truth. In expressing our unaffected and profound sympathy with the citizens of the United States on this untimely end of their elected chief, let us not therefore sanction any feeling of depression, but rather let us express a fervent hope that from out of the awful trials of the last four years, of which the least is not this violent demise, the various populations of North America may issue elevated and chastened, rich with the accumulated wisdom and strong in the disciplined energy which a young nation can only acquire in a protracted and perilous struggle. Then they will be enabled not merely to renew their career of power and prosperity, but they will renew it to contribute to the general happiness of mankind. It is with these feelings that I second the Address to the Crown.

SPEECH OF MR. W. E. FORSTER

MEMBER FOR BRADFORD

[The two following Speeches were delivered by Mr. W. E. Forster and Mr. Stansfeld respectively at St. James's Hall, on the 29th of April, a meeting having been convened, under the auspices of the Emancipation Society, for the purpose of expressing indignation at the assassination of President Lincoln, and sympathy with Mrs. Lincoln and the people of the United States. Professor Fawcett, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, the Hon. Lyulph Stanley and others were also amongst the speakers on the occasion.]

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IN MOVING this resolution* I shall say but few words. There are many speakers here this evening, and you will agree with me that it is a time when many should have an opportunity of trying to express those feelings, though few can find words capable of doing so. This is a time when that tie of blood which binds Englishmen to Americans, and of which we so often talk, is indeed truly felt, and the thrill of grief and horror and indignation which has swept over the length and breadth of Europe upon the receipt of this news pierces the heart of almost every Englishman, as though some fearful calamity had fallen upon ourselves. It is to the credit of our country—it would, indeed, be to its shame if it were otherwise—that, with very few exceptions, rich and poor, friends of the North and friends of the South—all are anxious to show that they forget all differences with their American kinsmen as regards social or political arrangements, all disagreements with them in matters of policy, in the overpowering sympathy which they feel with them in this their sore trial. But while America has an especial claim upon the sympathy of England, it certainly does pre-eminently become the society of which you, Sir, are the chairman, and all of us who, though not members of this society, have advocated its principles, and have believed with you that the restoration of the American Union with emancipation for its condition and freedom for its bond will be a blessing to this country, and to the world, to hasten to come forward and try to show what we feel when this man is struck down; to whom of all men it would seem as though God had entrusted the duty of restoring the Union and of freeing it from slavery—struck down, too, just at that time when he had reason to hope that that task at which he had been toiling with such devotion and such single-minded earnestness was on the point of being accomplished. The handwriting on the wall was guiding

*"That this meeting desires to give utterance to the feelings of grief and horror with which it has heard of the assassination of President Lincoln and the murderous attack upon Mr. Seward, and to convey to Mrs. Lincoln and to the United States Government and people an expression of its profound sympathy and heartfelt condolence."

him, and in those words of solemn beauty which he was allowed to utter at his recent inauguration—though even then the knife of the assassin was hanging over his head—he showed, to quote those very words, that he saw that "God had willed that this offence should cease, though there was woe upon all those, whether in the North or in the South, through whom this offence had come." And if we can surely prophesy any one result that will follow from this foul crime, it is this—that that offence will all the more speedily cease, and that this foul deed has sealed the quick and irrevocable doom of slavery. Like you, Sir, I do not lay this crime to the charge of the slaveholding leaders of the rebellion. It would be unpardonable for any Englishman to add fuel to that fire of anger from the burning up of his heart by which every American must pray that he may be preserved, by saying or insinuating that any of those leaders either instigated this crime or were cognizant of it. But, Sir, I do trace it to the influence of that system of slaveholding which those leaders have thought to preserve. Doubtless, this assassin and his miserable accomplices were men of a morbid nature—abnormal monsters, the growth of a social system by which every bad passion, provided only it were wreaked upon the weak and the helpless, was legalized—a system by which assassination was organized, for what, after all, was the lynch law of the South, which burned black men alive, and murdered white men because they were Abolitionists, but organized assassination? I say it needed the influence of such a system as this to send such a man as that miserable Booth, as I see by *The Times* to-day, to gloat over the execution of John Brown, and train even him to this parricide. If there be any man left in the Free States whom the experience of the last few years has not taught that there is no peace, no safety for his country, until the sin of slavery is wiped out, that there are no terms possible between the Union and slavery, this crime will have convinced him. I have only one word more to add. We must not allow the ship which leaves our shores tonight to take merely the

message of our sympathy with the widow and the orphans—with that country which has truly lost its father. I am sure this meeting will not be content with the mere expression of their sympathy with our kinsmen in this their present calamity, but we should wish to add to it an expression of our faith in their future, our confident belief that they have learnt the lesson of our common history, that even in this hour of their trial they will show what strength a free and Christian people have to bear up against such a blow, than which none more severe ever fell upon any nationality, and to bear up against it, not only without their power being paralyzed, but without any diminution either of their self-reliance or their self-restraint. And, Sir, may we not also add an expression of our hopeful trust that those rulers to whom God has now entrusted their fate will be so imbued with the spirit of the patriot statesman whom they have lost—that spirit of mingled firmness and moderation, which, exercised as it has been under circumstances than which none were ever more trying, has made the name of Abraham Lincoln one that will be pre-eminent in all future history—that they will continue his work of restoring peace to their country and of insuring freedom to all who dwell in it, undisturbed even by that temptation to vengeance to which I believe they will not yield, but which must beset them with a strength proportioned to the unparalleled atrocity of the crime which has provoked it?

SPEECH OF MR. STANSFELD

MEMBER FOR HALIFAX.

The resolution which I have to move is in these words:—

"That this meeting desires also to express the entire confidence which it feels in the determination and power of the Government and the people of the United States to carry out to the full the policy of which Abraham Lincoln's Presidential career was the embodiment, and to establish free institutions throughout the whole of the American Republic."

SIR, we are assembled here to-night not so much that by speech—for who is there who does not feel his heart too full for fitting utterance?—as that by our common presence and our common acts we may express the horror and indignation with which we have heard of deeds so foul that history cannot produce their parallel—that we may express our deep, our heartfelt sympathy with the wife who has become a widow, and with the nation which staggers wildly moaning beneath the loss of its elect. But we are here, it seems to me, for a further purpose. I at least can take no part in these proceedings, at this the time of its direst trial, at its momentous crisis, without also expressing my sympathy for a cause which began by being noble, which grew to be righteous, and which, above all, by the acts, by the life, and by the death of the martyred President, has become consecrated in our eyes. The cause of the North was in its inception noble. One who ranks high among us in influence and in position, and whose opinion upon this very question as well as upon many others deserves our respect—Lord Russell—once said that the North was fighting for empire and the South for independence. He has himself upon many occasions supplied the omissions which rendered incorrect and incomplete that definition of this mighty struggle. The South was fighting for independence, but for independence with the sole, the avowed, the deliberate purpose of promoting and perpetuating the institution of human slavery. Jefferson Davis, at a time when some of us, perhaps even some who wished well to this great cause, doubted of the persistency of the North, was said to have established a nationality. But the nationality which he established had no right of existence, for it was founded upon a national crime, and it has met with the deserved fate of those who set themselves alike against the laws of God and man. The North was fighting for empire! No; the North was fighting for a common country, which it would share, but would not allow to be torn asunder. I am here to say that I for one should have justified the long persistence, at so much

cost of life and suffering, in that war, had there been no other question than Secession concerned in it. But the crime of the South was from the very first the justification of that great cause of which the North was, it may be, at first in some part an unconscious, or, if you will, in some part an unwilling instrument. Well, then, this cause, which began by being noble, grew, as I have said, to be a righteous cause. Step by step the North grew to the height of this great, this holy argument. Every fear, every hope of those who wished ill to the Republic was disappointed. Each delay, each difficulty, each defeat, seemed to serve but to render more stern the resolve to render higher and more pure the policy of the North, until from their original standpoint of the non-extension of slavery, up through the Emancipation Proclamation, to the final decree abolishing slavery throughout the States, the North rose to the full sense of that duty which perfected their right; and then, Sir, and not till then, victory was permitted finally to be theirs. We used to hear a good deal about the hypocrisy and the shortcomings of the North on this question of slavery. I have never been able to understand how this view, even if correct, could justify positive sympathies and flagrant acts in favour of a Confederacy based and founded upon the institution of slavery. But who, let me ask, made these men judges of the fitting appointments in a providential scheme? I for one cannot look back upon this mighty struggle without feeling that there was there a great and superhuman purpose, and without now rejoicing that it has been fulfilled and that by the task of its fulfilment, through all their efforts and their suffering, the Union has been purified, and this mighty convulsion of our race has been justified in the decrees of God and before the eyes of men. And now, who was it who from the first watched over and controlled for good the varying and progressive phases of this mighty strife? Who was the man who took his stand first within the Constitution and the law, upon the ground of the non-extension of slavery to the territories of the United States, who then came to feel that as an act

of war he might issue his Emancipation Proclamation, who next defeated the machinations of that party which loved the Union in such wise that for the Union they would sacrifice that sacred object which alone justified the war? Who was it who contributed more than any other man, perhaps, to the passing of the final abolition decree? Who was it who, when victory seemed already dawning upon the arms of the North before Richmond, was already there, thinking and busying himself about the work of reconstruction and of peace? Who was it whose face we have been told ever since those days seemed radiant and illuminated with blessed thoughts of mercy and peace? Who was the man who, commencing amid the suspicions and the unfavourable criticisms of the world, simply by dint of his own simplicity of character, his own steadfastness and faithfulness, and utter unselfishness of purpose, had won his way to the admiration of the world? Who was it but this man of the people, this uneducated man, without experience in great affairs, this man whose heart visibly before the world grew sadder and gentler to the last amid all the death and the suffering which he witnessed and which he might not allay to the end? Who was it but Abraham Lincoln—Lincoln, the martyr of his country's and of freedom's cause? Sir, it is right and it is necessary that we should say thus much. Great as has been the moral progress of the States, their greatest danger, their time of sorest trial and temptation, is not at an end. If anything can soothe and strengthen them for this trying time, I believe it will be the deep-felt, the spontaneous, the universal burst of sympathy which will crowd to them across the Atlantic from the nations of Europe. Let us ardently hope, let us devoutly and earnestly pray, that they may be equal to this great occasion, that they may disappoint all vain fears, and if it be possible that now a malicious hope be harboured in any human breast that they may disappoint it too, and that the President, the Government, and the people of the United States may be true, as I believe—and as I ask you to say that you believe—them to be true to the memory and the example of him who was the guide and the martyr of their cause.

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MR. RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S ORATION ON THE DEATH OF MR. LINCOLN

(The following address was delivered by Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, the orator, poet, and essayist, at Concord, Massachusetts, on occasion of the funeral services in honour of Mr. Lincoln.)

WE MEET under the gloom of a calamity which darkens down over the minds of good men in all civilized society, as the fearful tidings travel over the sea, over land, from country to country, like the shadow of an uncalculated eclipse over the planet. Old as history is, and manifold as are its tragedies, I doubt if any death has caused so much pain to mankind as this has caused or will cause, on its announcement; and this not so much because nations are by modern arts brought so closely together, as because of the mysterious hopes and fears which, in the present day, are connected with the name and institutions of America. In this country, on Saturday, every one was struck dumb, and saw, at first, only deep below deep, as he meditated on the ghastly blow. And, perhaps, at this hour, when the coffin which contains the dust of the President sets forward on its long march through mourning States, on its way to his home in Illinois, we might well be silent, and suffer the awful voices of the time to thunder to us. Yes, but that first despair was brief; the man was not so to be mourned. He was the most active and hopeful of men; and his work had not perished; but acclamations of praise for the task he had accomplished burst out into a song of triumph, which even tears for his death cannot keep down. The President stood before us a man of the people. He was thoroughly American, had never crossed the sea, had never been spoiled by English insularity or French dissipation; a quiet, native, aboriginal man, as an acorn from the oak; no aping of foreigners, no frivolous accomplishments; Kentuckian born, working on a farm, a flatboatman, a captain in the Blackhawk war, a country lawyer, a representative in the rural legislature of Illinois

—on such modest foundations the broad structure of his fame was laid. How slowly, and yet by happily prepared steps, he came to his place! All of us remember—it is only a history of five or six years—the surprise and disappointment of the country at his first nomination at Chicago. Mr. Seward, then in the culmination of his good fame, was the favourite of the Eastern States. And when the new and comparatively unknown name of Lincoln was announced (notwithstanding the report of the acclamations of that convention) we heard the result coldly and sadly. It seemed too rash, on a purely local reputation, to build so grave a trust, in such anxious times; and men naturally talked of the chances in politics as incalculable. But it turned out not to be chance. The profound good opinion which the people of Illinois and of the West had conceived of him, and which they had imparted to their colleagues, that they also might justify themselves to their constituents at home, was not rash, though they did not begin to know the richness of his worth. A plain man of the people, an extraordinary fortune attended him. Lord Bacon says, "Manifest virtues procure reputation; occult ones, fortune." He offered no shining qualities at the first encounter; he did not offend by superiority. He had a face and manner which disarmed suspicion, which inspired confidence, which confirmed goodwill. He was a man without vices. He had a strong sense of duty which it was very easy for him to obey. Then he had what farmers call a long head; was excellent in working out the sum for himself, in arguing his case and convincing you fairly and firmly. Then it turned out that he was a great worker, and, prodigious faculty of performance, worked easily. A good worker is so rare; everybody has some one disabling quality. But this man was found to the very core, cheerful, persistent, all right for labour, and liked nothing so well. Then he had a vast good nature, which made him tolerant and accessible to all; fair-minded, leaning to the claim of the petitioner, affable, and not sensible to the affliction which the innumerable visits paid to him, when President, would

have brought to any one else. And how this good nature became a noble humanity in many a tragic case which the events of the war brought to him everyone will remember, and with what increasing tenderness he dealt when a whole race was on his compassion. The poor negro said of him, on an impressive occasion, "Massa Linkum am eberywhere." Then his broad good humour, running easily into jocular talk, in which he delighted and in which he excelled, was a rich gift to this wise man. It enabled him to keep his secret, to meet every kind of man and every rank in society, to take off the edge of the severest decisions, to mask his own purpose and sound his companion, and to catch with true instinct the temper of each company he addressed. And, more than all, it is to a man of severe labour, in anxious and exhausting crises, the natural restorative, good as sleep, and is the pretension of the overdriven brain against rancour and insanity. He is the author of a multitude of good sayings, so disguised as pleasantries that it is certain that they had no reputation at first but as jests; and only later, by the acceptance and adoption they find in the mouths of millions, turn out to be the wisdom of the hour. I am sure if this man had ruled in a period of less facility of printing, he would have become mythological in a few years, like Æsop or Pilpay, or one of the Seven Wise Masters, by his fables and proverbs. But the weight and penetration of many passages in his letters, messages, and speeches, hidden now by the very closeness of their application to the moment, are destined hereafter to wide fame. What pregnant definitions; what unerring common sense; what foresight; and on great occasions, what lofty and more than natural, what humane tone! His occupying the chair of State was a triumph of the good sense of mankind and of the public confidence. This middle-class country has got a middle-class President at last. Yes, in manners, sympathies, but not in powers, for his powers were superior. His mind mastered the problem of the day; and, as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was man so

fitted to the event. In the midst of fears and jealousies, in the Babel of counsels and parties, this man wrought incessantly with all his might and all his honesty, labouring to find what the people wanted, and how to obtain that. It cannot be said there is any exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested he was. There was no lack of resistance, nor of slander, nor of ridicule. The times have allowed no State secrets; the nation has been in such a ferment, such multitudes had to be trusted, that no secret could be kept. Every door was ajar, and we know all that befell. Then what an occasion was the whirlwind of the war! Here was place for no holiday magistrate, no fair-weather sailor; the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years—the four years of battle-days—his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood, an heroic figure in the centre of an heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he walked before them; slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs; the true representative of this continent; an entirely public man; father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue. Adam Smith remarks that the axe which in Houbraken's portraits of British kings and worthies is engraved under those who have suffered at the block adds a certain lofty charm to the picture. And who does not see, even in this tragedy so recent, how fast the terror and ruin of the massacre are already burning into glory around the victim? Far happier this fate than to have lived to be wished away; to have watched the decay of his own faculties; to have seen—perhaps, even he—the proverbial ingratitude of statesmen; to have seen mean men preferred. Had he not lived long enough to keep the greatest promise that ever man made to his fellow men—the practical abolition of slavery? He had seen Tennessee, Missouri, and Maryland emancipate their

slaves. He had seen Savannah, Charleston, and Richmond surrendered; had seen the main army of the rebellion lay down its arms. He had conquered the public opinion of Canada, England, and France. Only Washington can compare with him in fortune. And what if it should turn out in the unfolding of the web, that he had reached the term; that this heroic deliverer could no longer serve us; that the rebellion had touched its natural conclusion, and what remained to be done required new and uncommitted hands—a new spirit born out of the ashes of the war; and that Heaven, wishing to show the world a completed benefactor, shall make him serve his country even more by his death than his life. Nations, like kings, are not good by facility and complaisance. "The kindness of kings consists in justice and strength." Easy good nature has been the dangerous foible of the Republic, and it was necessary that its enemies should outrage it, and drive us to unwonted firmness, to secure the salvation of this country in the next ages.

JOHN BRIGHT ON LINCOLN

(We take the following—including his letter to Sumner,—from Trevelyan's Life of Bright [London, 1913]. We believe neither has before been published here.)—[Ed.]

WHILST at Dolgelly on the 27th (April, 1865), heard of the shocking tragedy in Washington—the murder of President Lincoln. For an hour or near it, I felt stunned and ill .... I will not write an eulogy on the character of President Lincoln—there will be many to do that now that he is dead. *I have spoken of him when living* .... In him I have observed a singular resolution honestly to do his duty, a great courage—shown in the fact that in his speeches and writings no word of passion, or of panic or of ill-will, has ever escaped him—a great gentleness of temper and nobleness of soul, proved by the absence of irritation and menace under circumstances of the most desperate provocation, and a pity and mercifulness to his enemies which seemed drawn as from the very fount of Christian charity and love. His *simplicity* for a time did much to hide his *greatness*, but all good men everywhere will mourn for him, and history will place him high among the best and noblest of men.—*Journal*, April 29, 1865.

John Bright to Charles Sumner

April 29, 1865.

For fifty years I think no other event had created such a sensation in this country as the great crime which has robbed you of your President. The whole people positively mourn, and it would seem as if again we were one nation with you, so universal is the grief and the horror of the deed of which Washington has been the scene.

When I read that the President had gone to Richmond without a guard, I felt that he ran a risk to which he ought not to have subjected himself. In times of great excitement dangerous men become more dangerous, partly vicious and partly mad, and men of great mark become the objects of their hate and passion. The deed is done, and it is now too late to take precautions.

It is easy to kill a President, but it is not easy to destroy a nation.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT, INDIANAPOLIS, IN RELATION TO THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

This item is No. 803 in Judge Fish's "Lincoln Bibliography". The original is excessively rare—so rare that he himself wrote the Editor that he had never seen it. It is lacking in almost all Lincoln collections, and very seldom occurs for sale. We believe this is the first time it has been republished.—[Ed.]

YESTERDAY morning,* as we had previously announced, the District Court of the United States proceeded to take action in relation to the assassination of President Lincoln. The court was opened at half-past nine o'clock. The judges of the Supreme Court of the state and Judge Finch of the Circuit Court, together with Judges Davis and McDonald, occupied the bench. The venerable Judge Morrison, chairman of the committee appointed previously, arose and said: May it please the Court—

On behalf of the committee heretofore appointed to report to your honors resolutions touching the occasion of the death of President Lincoln, I now respectfully submit to your honors the following:

Posthumous honors, however gorgeous or imposing, do not always prove the sincerity of the tribute thus paid, offered in memory of the departed, nor even the presence of the sentiment which such honors are held to symbolize. But there is no danger of mistaking the import of those manifestations which but a few days ago shrouded this whole nation in the habiliments of the grave.

Never, it is believed, in the history of the world, has the demise of any man, or any ruler, called forth such profound sorrowing, such poignant grief, and such evidences of devoted attachment, as has the death of President Lincoln of the United States.

As the astounding intelligence of the atrocious assassination of the Chief Magistrate sped on lightning wing from city to city, and to town, and hamlet and cabin, the whole population gasped con-

*May, 19, 1865.

vulsively. The public mind was horror-struck, stupefied, stunned. Men held their breath, ejaculating hurried prayers that a life so precious might still be spared, and when the seemingly incredible story was fully confirmed, and the worst phases of the terrible tragedy began to be realized, the great popular heart sickened and almost ceased to throb; and then came reaction, and the stern resolve and vows of vengeance against the traitor-felon who had perpetrated the infernal act and his no less guilty accomplices.

And now that the solemn funeral train has passed, and all that is mortal of him whom the people delighted to honor has been consigned to its last earthly resting-place, there to wait the general resurrection at the last day, it has been deemed to be eminently proper that uniting with the judges of this court, the members of the bar should record their high appreciation of the distinguished public services, and exemplary private worth of the illustrious dead; it is therefore

Resolved, 1. That in common with our loyal fellow-citizens everywhere, we deplore as a great national calamity, the death of President Lincoln.

2. That in the discharge of the various and responsible duties of his high office, President Lincoln was ever guided by the inspirations of an unselfish and lofty patriotism, designing above all things and laboring for, the perpetuity of the union of the states.

3. That perfectly honest and upright in intention and act, possessed of rare practical wisdom and tolerant, lenient and forgiving, President Lincoln had gained and secured, as no other man had, the confidence and respect and love of his country.

"His was the upright deed,
His the unswerving course,
'Mid every thwarting current's force
Unchanged by venal aims, or flattery's hollow reed."

4. That in all the separate private and family relations, the dead President has left a record unsullied and worthy of imitation.

5. That the honorable and successful career of the departed President, in the profession to which the bench and the bar of this court belong, should serve as an incentive to us who remain, as well as to those who shall succeed us, to pursue our high calling with diligence, holding fast our integrity.

6. That the bereaved family of the deceased have our sincerest sympathy and condolence in their great and irreparable loss.

7. That the court and the bar will wear the usual badge of respect for the memory of the deceased for thirty days.

8. That the honorable the judges of this court be respectfully requested to permit these proceedings to be entered upon the minutes, and that the Clerk be directed to transmit a copy under the seal of the court, to the stricken family of the departed President.

After the reading of the resolutions, Hon. T. A. Hendricks seconded them, following in appropriate remarks, after which Mr. Ketcham, Judge Sullivan, Hon. A. G. Porter, Hon. J. E. McDonald, and Mr. Fishback spoke briefly concerning the character of the late President, which was listened to with the most profound respect by those present. After the members of the bar had spoken, Judge Davis, the personal and intimate friend of Mr. Lincoln, delivered a most touching and eloquent tribute to the memory of the departed, which we here give:

GENTLEMEN OF THE BAR: The death of Mr. Lincoln, by disease, at any period within the last four years, would have shocked the civilized world, but occurring at the time, and in the manner it did, it has produced an inexpressible feeling of sadness and gloom. A season of universal joy and festivity has been turned into grief and lamentation. Victories are no longer celebrated by bonfires and illuminations. Great disasters do not even arrest at-

tention, and the fact that armed rebellion has ceased, hardly excites remark. All hearts are touched, and the people mourn as no people ever mourned before. Sorrow is in every household, and throughout the country. The feeling is not alone for the loss of a great and wise ruler, but for that of a dear and well-beloved personal friend. That such a man, with the fruition of his hopes and labors near at hand, should be assassinated, is, to finite wisdom, an inscrutable dispensation of Providence. But as a Christian people we submit with humble resignation, knowing that God intends our good in all that He does, and all that He suffers to be done, and that, in His own proper time, he will make manifest what appears now so dark and mysterious.

I do not propose to deliver a eulogy on the life and character of Mr. Lincoln. The brief limits of a reply to the resolutions of the bar will not admit of it, and time has not yet sufficiently chastened this affliction to us, to do it wisely. His career in life was remarkable as well as glorious, and illustrates the beneficence of our free institutions. From the humblest poverty, without education, or the means of attaining it; unaided by wealth or influential family connections, he rose, solely by the strength of his intellect and the force of his character, to the highest position in the world. He died a patriot martyr, and the greatest man of the generation in which he lived. Hereafter history will associate him with the benefactors of mankind, and with the great and good men of every age. To you, gentlemen, it has seemed to me more appropriate to speak of Mr. Lincoln as a lawyer. Our profession trains men for greatness, and it is a high privilege to contemplate the character of a man who has dignified and adorned that profession. I enjoyed for over a quarter of a century the personal friendship of Mr. Lincoln. We were admitted to the Bar about the same time, and traveled for many years what is known in Illinois as the Eighth Judicial Circuit. In 1848, when I first went on the bench, the Circuit embraced fourteen counties, and Mr. Lincoln went with the court to every county. Rail-

roads were not then in use, and our mode of travel was either on horseback or in buggies. This simple life he loved, preferring it to the practice of the law in a city, where although the remuneration would be greater, the opportunity would be less for mixing with the great body of the people, who loved him, and whom he loved. Mr. Lincoln was transferred from the bar of that circuit to the office of President of the United States, having been without official position since he left Congress in 1849. In all the elements that constitute the great lawyer, he had few equals. He was great both at *nisi prius* and before an appellate tribunal. He seized the strong points of a cause, and presented them with clearness and great compactness. His mind was logical and direct, and he did not indulge in extraneous discussion. Generalities and platitudes had no charm for him. An unfailing vein of humor never deserted him, and he was always able to chain the attention of court and jury, when the cause was the most uninteresting, by the appropriateness of his anecdotes.

His power of comparison was large, and he rarely failed in a legal discussion to use that mode of reasoning. The framework of his mental and moral being was honesty, and a wrong cause was poorly defended by him. The ability which some eminent lawyers possess of explaining away the bad points of a cause by ingenious sophistry, was denied him. In order to bring into full activity his great powers, it was necessary that he should be convinced of the right and justice of the matter which he advocated. When so convinced, whether the cause was great or small, he was usually successful. He read law books but little, except when the cause in hand made it necessary, yet he was unusually self-reliant, depending on his own resources and rarely consulting his brother lawyers either on the management of his case or in the legal questions involved. Mr. Lincoln was the fairest and most accommodating of practitioners, granting all favors which he could do consistently with his duty to his client, and rarely availing himself of an unwary oversight of his adversary.

He hated wrong and oppression everywhere, and many a man whose fraudulent conduct was undergoing review in a court of justice, has writhed under his terrific indignation and rebukes. He was the most simple and unostentatious of men in his habits, having few wants, and those easily supplied. To his honor be it said, that he never took from a client even when the case was gained, more than he thought the service was worth, and the client could reasonably afford to pay. The people where he practiced law were not rich, and his charges were always small. When he was elected President, I question whether there was a lawyer in the circuit who had been at the bar as long a time, whose means were not larger. It did not seem to be one of the purposes of his life to accumulate a fortune. In fact, outside of his profession, he had no knowledge of the way to make money, and he never even attempted it.

Mr. Lincoln was loved by his brethren at the bar, and no body of men will grieve more at his death, or pay more sincere tribute to his memory. His presence on the circuit was watched for with interest, and never failed to produce joy and hilarity. When casually absent, the spirits of both bar and people were depressed. He was not fond of controversy, and would compromise a lawsuit whenever practicable. And I may be permitted to say here that the great qualities of his mind and heart preëminently fitted him to settle the questions growing out of this war, to readjust the displaced machinery of government, and to reunite a divided people. War with him was simply a necessity for the sake of peace. It has seemed to me that the atrocity of the crime which deprived him of life was only excelled by its folly. He loved his profession, appreciating the high services always rendered by it to the cause of good government and civil liberty. To elucidate truth was a precious privilege with him, and he was always glad to avail himself of it. He was kind and gentle in his nature, with sympathies easily awakened, "with charity for all, and malice to none," harboring no resentment to opposing counsel, and indulgent to his younger brethren.

Mr. Lincoln's whole life attests the strength and sincerity of his convictions. Although ambitious, yet office had no attractions for him if attainable through a sacrifice of principle. He attached himself to a party when satisfied that its views of public policy were correct, and the circumstances that the party was in the minority, and could with difficulty win its way to the confidence of the people, had no terrors for him. Had he loved principle less and place more, he would not have been without official station during the greater portion of his life.

He had faith—without which true greatness does not exist. Believing in certain great principles of government, he did not complain because for a season, they were unacceptable to the people—having faith in their ultimate triumph.

Mr. Lincoln was daily growing in wisdom, and greatness, and was fast gaining the confidence and attachment of the whole American people. He died at the most critical period in the history of the nation, when it was apparent that his country would be free from the curse and disgrace of slavery. Had he survived to complete the work he had begun, it is easy to see that the basis, which in his wisdom he should have thought proper to adopt to settle our difficulties, would have been accepted by the country, and that all factious opposition to his administration would have ceased. Hereafter the name of Abraham Lincoln will be associated with that of George Washington, and the present and all future generations will equally honor and revere them.

After the delivery of Judge Davis' remarks the court adjourned until this morning.

(Copied from the *Daily State Sentinel* (Indianapolis) of Saturday, May 20, 1865.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A SERMON DELIVERED BEFORE

WINFIELD SCOTT POST, No. 114

DEPARTMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

AT GETHSEMANE BAPTIST CHURCH

By REV. BYRON A. WOODS, D.D.

PHILADELPHIA

May 26, 1895

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Isaiah 5, 26-27: "None shall be weary nor stumble among them; none shall slumber nor sleep; neither shall the girdle of their loins be loosed, nor the latchet of their shoes be broken: whose arrows are sharp and all their bows bent, their horses' hoofs shall be counted like flint, their wheels like a whirlwind."

IT WAS March 4, 1865, dark, drizzly as stern November. The shameful spectacle by which Andrew Johnson disgraced himself and humiliated the nation was over. The President-elect attended by high officials, passed from the Senate chamber out to the inauguration platform, on the east front of the Capitol. The thunders of applause ceased as Abraham Lincoln stepped forward and began reading his second inaugural. "At that moment the sun, which had been obscured all day, burst forth in its unclouded meridian splendor, and flooded the spectacle with glory and with light." The last words of that matchless address fell upon the ears of the hushed, prayerful, tearful throng: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' " "With malice towards none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

The last word spoken, Abraham Lincoln turned to the Chief Justice; the Bible was opened: laying his right hand reverenlyt

upon the open page, he repeated the oath of office, then solemnly kissed the Book, saying, as he did so, "So help me God," and rose up inaugurated President of the United States for the second term. The Chief Justice himself had noticed the place where his lips had. touched the inspired page. Is it strange that he and others felt the significance of the words?

> None shall be weary nor stumble among them; none shall slumber nor sleep; neither shall the girdle of their loins be loosed, nor the latchet of their shoes be broken; whose arrows are sharp, and all their bows are bent, their horses' hoofs shall be counted like flint, their wheels like a whirlwind."

It was in the spirit of these words that Abraham Lincoln undertook the toil and burden, and the care of the Chief Magistracy for the second time. Experience had taught him how crushing was the load; but he had neither grown weary nor stumbled in bearing it; his loins were still girded, his shoes latched for the way.

Tonight I am to say something about this marvelous man—this man whose life is the consummate flower of American history, whose character is the ripest fruitage thereof.

It is a service from which many better fitted and furnished than I have shrunk. The name of Abraham Lincoln is sacred, baptized with the tears and blood of the best of our land. The story of his life is the sweetest, saddest, dearest among the archives of the Nation. As the great historian has said, "Abraham Lincoln went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows with a smiling face. As long as he lived he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets." In him nature was at its best,

> "For him her Old World moulds aside she threw,
> And choosing sweet clay from the breast
> Of the unexhausted West,
> With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
> Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true."

It takes an artist to paint a mountain crowned with snow, circled with cloud, gilded with the summer sun; to fill in the foliage

that drapes its noble form, to portray the snow-born streams that tumble down its tumultuous sides, and anon break in silvery veils, or glow with prismatic beauty; to represent the houses and barns, the flocks and herds, the harvest fields and pasture lands, that cover its fruitful slopes; and to outline the beautiful valleys and broad acres that lie at its base—it requires an artist to do that. And yet an humbler hand may sketch its heroic lines, intimate its beauties, and suggest its glories. Though I cannot do the one permit me to attempt the other. Permit me to lay a way-side flower—love's token—upon the altar of his greatness.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS GREAT IN NATURAL ENDOWMENT

It took six feet four inches of bone and brawn, of sinew and muscle to carry the load and endure the strain of his mighty intellect, and to house the great throbbing heart that beat for all humanity; the two engines that labored and toiled within that gaunt, homely frame of his.

He had great powers of perception. He saw things, truths, facts and men, what they were in themselves, and in their relations. He could "grasp the situation," whether political, military, philosophic or statesmanic. He could note the beginnings of great movements, calculate their progress, and foretell the issue, as few men have ever done.

He had unsurpassed reasoning powers. His addresses were not political harangues, but masterly arguments based upon fundamental principles. When professors and ministers from cultured New England asked him how he attained his marvelous way of putting things, a method such that the statement of his position was itself an argument, he replied that early in legal life he had spent weeks in mastering the problems of geometry, that he might know what the word "demonstration" meant. His was the power to demonstrate the truth he uttered.

This gave him marvelous influence over his hearers. He ap-

prehended the foundation principles himself, and then caused them to apprehend them also. Other men skimmed the surface, he went to the bottom; they saw the symptoms, he the disease. English statesmen visited him, and, referring to the great loss of life in the battles fought, were surprised to have him reply with statistics drawn from their own history showing their losses had been greater in proportion, and departing declared that he was a surprise to them, and that undoubtedly future generations would rank him among the greatest men the world had produced. Generals of the army sometimes spoke lightly of his military plans, only to awake at last to the realization that his plan of campaign, if adopted would undoubtedly have brought victory, when theirs was followed by disaster.

During the first months of his presidency men attempted to take from his hands the reins of government, but found in him a master-mind and an iron will before which they were compelled to bow, and finally to render glad homage. Even Mr. Seward, experienced, able, eminent in the nation, found his words concerning the adoption of a policy and the resolute prosecution of it, "either by the President" or "some member of the cabinet," met by the calm, dignified reply, "If this must be done, I must do it," and awoke from his dream of personal glory to realize that Abraham Lincoln was President, and he himself Secretary of State—nothing more.

This intellectual greatness has been one of the things men have been slow to recognize in the man. They knew that he was honest, kind of heart, true, devoted, but that he was incomparably, superlatively great they could not realize. Perhaps it was because of his humble birth, perhaps because of his deficient education, perhaps because of his homely but apt metaphors, perhaps because of his gaunt ugliness, perhaps it was because they stood so near him they could not apprehend his magnitude; be the reason what it may the fact remains, he was greater than their great-

est conceptions, nobler than their noblest thoughts. A generation has passed and we do not know him yet. A second, and possibly a third must come before men will fully appreciate his character, and properly estimate his work. When you are climbing Mt. Blanc, you do not realize its height, you must be miles away to see it in its totality and feel its magnitude.

The men who toiled by Lincoln's side did not know him. William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and Horace Greeley were great men, and each in his way did a great work for freedom and humanity. But they were not able to understand Lincoln. They could not rise to the mountain-height from which he surveyed the field. They could not comprehend the principles which were the A B C of his life. They never saw the present as he saw it. They never planned the future as he planned it, seeing the end from the beginning. And so they criticised and said and wrote bitter things: "He was slow, he was treacherous, he lacked moral earnestness, he must be supplanted."

Garrison and Phillips hurled poisoned arrows, and denounced him to his face, while Greeley plotted for peace behind his back, holding correspondence with the enemies of the nation and the cause, hindering by so much the speedy victory for which Lincoln was patiently, persistently, surely toiling.

And when the end drew nigh and the final triumphs were ready to drop, like ripened fruit, into the lap of the nation, because Lincoln went to Hampton Roads, and unofficially, informally, and at the earnest request of General Grant, met the men who had come from the Confederacy, and declared to them the only terms upon which propositions of peace or armistice could or would be considered—because Lincoln with wise foresight saw the opportunity of unmasking false pretensions and thereby strengthening the cause, and seized the opportunity, Senators and Congressmen denounced him upon the floor of the Capitol, and passed

resolutions demanding an account of his doings. It would seem as if they ought to have understood him better by that time, as if they ought to have had more confidence in the sagacity and honesty of the man who had so ably guided the affairs of the nation during the years that had gone. But no, they did not understand him, they did not understand the situation. And so they uttered words they gladly would have blotted from history, and brought pain and anguish to the heart of one who carried the burdens of the nation.

The abolitionists erred because they did not see that Lincoln was sworn to support the Constitution, and therefore could not emancipate the slaves until it became evident that only so could the Constitution itself be preserved. And Senators and Congressmen erred because they did not see, as he saw, the effect, the necessary effect, of putting the words "our common country" over against the words of Davis concerning "the two countries." They did not realize, and we are only too slow to acknowledge, that Abraham Lincoln alone embodied, not only the heart of the people, but the brains of the nation as well.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS GREAT IN UNSWERVING DEVOTION TO LIBERTY

He is twenty-one years of age. They are in the city of New Orleans. Slaves are being bought and sold. With his companions he visits a slave pen, while an auction is in progress. He marks how rough men handle young women and discuss in vulgar terms their merits or demerits. Turning to his companion, his giant frame trembling with righteous indignation, he registers his vow: "If ever I get a chance to hit that institution, I'll hit it hard, by the Eternal God!"

The first great opportunity to "hit" the institution came to Lincoln in the campaign of 1854.

In reply to Douglas, these burning words fell from his lips:

"This declared indifference to the spread of slavery I can but hate. I hate it because of the monstrous injustice of slavery itself. If the negro is a man is it not the destruction of self-government to say that he shall not govern himself? When a white man governs himself, that is self-government; but when he governs himself and another man, that is more than self-government, it is despotism. No man is good enough to govern another man without his consent. Slavery is founded on the selfishness of man's nature; opposition to it is his love of justice. These principles are in eternal antagonism."

"Never did a man," said Lincoln's law partner, Mr. Herndon, "change as did Mr. Lincoln. No sooner had he planted himself right on the slavery question than his whole soul seemed burning. He blossomed right out. Spiritual things became clear to him."

Again he meets Douglas; it is just after the Dred Scott decision. "In my opinion it (this agitation) will not cease until a crisis has been reached and passed. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand,' I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other." When friends remonstrated with him, saying those words would injure him politically, defeat his election and possibly ruin his party Lincoln listened, rose, stood erect. The old far-away look came into his face. "My friends, I have given much thought to this question. The time has come when these sentiments should be uttered. If it is decreed that I should go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked with it to the truth. Let me die in the advocacy of what is just and right." Listen again to his words, in reply to the same opponent. "Think nothing of me; take no thought for the political fate of any man whatsoever, but come back to the truths that are in the Declaration of Independence. You may do anything with me you choose, if you will but

heed these sacred principles. You may not only defeat me for the Senate, but you may take me and put me to death. While pretending no indifference to earthly honors, I do claim to be actuated in this contest by something higher than an anxiety for office. I charge you to drop every paltry and insignificant thought for any man's success. It is nothing. I am nothing. Judge Douglas is nothing. But do not destroy that immortal emblem of humanity, the Declaration of Independence."

I cannot repeat his many ringing words that echoed round the world in advocacy of the principles of liberty. Thank God, today they are household words.

I may be permitted, however, to refer to one other occasion upon which he gave proof even more strikingly of his steadfast devotion to the cause of freedom. It was near the close of his first term in the Presidency, 1864. It was one of the darkest periods of the war. People were clamoring for peace. Horace Greeley was imploring, begging, demanding, that he make overtures for peace, or at least an armistice for one year. There were divisions and dissensions in the Cabinet. Congressmen were angry because he had not signed the bill for the re-admission of seceded states into the Union. "Your re-election," wrote Thurlow Weed to the President, "is an impossibility."

Lincoln himself said to his intimate acquaintances, "I doubt if I shall be re-elected." August 23rd, 1864, was the day for the regular meeting of President and Cabinet. When the members of the Cabinet were assembled, Lincoln handed them a sealed envelope, with a paper folded within. "Gentlemen," he said, "will you do me a favor, will you please write your names upon this envelope?" He made no explanation; they asked no questions, but did as requested, and the package was laid away. What was written there, so carefully sealed, so surely certified? These were the words, written with his own hand:

"This morning, as for several days past, it seems probable that this Administration will not be re-elected. Then it will be my duty to so co-operate with the President-elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration, as he will have secured his election on such grounds that he cannot possibly save it afterwards." Here was devotion, pure and simply, unselfish and heroic. He might go down and his administration fall, but his last breath should be expended for the nation and principles he loved.

But Lincoln was re-elected, and lived, not only to give slavery its death blow—hitting it hard, as he had vowed—but also to celebrate the victorious ending of the struggle.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS GREAT BECAUSE OF HIS RELIANCE UPON ALMIGHTY GOD

"I believe," writes Ruskin, "the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by humility, doubt of his own power, or hesitation in speaking his opinion. But really great men have a curious undersense of powerlessness, feeling that the greatness is not in them but through them; that they could not do or be anything else than God made them. And they see something divine and God-made in every other man, and are endlessly, foolishly, incredibly merciful." Horace Bushnell says, "The great master-spirits of the world are not so much distinguished, after all, by the acts they do as by the sense itself of some mysterious girding of the Almighty upon them, whose behests they are set to fulfil." In harmony with these words of wisdom and of truth, Abraham Lincoln declared, "I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me. No human council has devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are of the gracious gifts of the Most High God."

Lincoln's religious nature was influenced by the Puritans on the one hand and the Quakers on the other. From his mother he

received instruction in the Bible and in the ways of righteousness, as well as a deep under-current of reverence and devotion, symbolized in them both by "that far-away look" that so often arrested attention.

Early in life, there came a religious crisis. It was just after he had failed to meet his engagement and marry her who afterward became his wife. A deep melancholy had come over him. Possibly the great brain was trembling on its throne. Anyhow, and happily, devout friends received him into their home, and into the inner circle of faith. An intelligent Christian woman speaks to him of God as a Father, and Jesus Christ as a brother, and new truths dawn, and the old Book receives diviner light. Little by little the bewildered wanderer is led out of the desert of despair and unbelief, into the light of life and glory. From that hour doubt is gone, never to return; from that hour the Bible becomes his rule of life and duty.

When the time of trial came he declared to his friends, "I know there is a God, and that he hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that His hand is in it. If He has a place for me, and I think He has, I believe I am ready. . . . With God's help I shall not fail."

Time passes, he is now leaving his home for Washington. A few last words are spoken ere the train departs: "I now leave, not knowing when or whether I may ever return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

And now the curtains of the White House are drawn low.

Little Willie lies near the river. The father's great heart is breaking. The nurse says, "Mr. Lincoln, a great many people are praying for you today." "I am glad to hear it," he replies, "I want them to pray for me, I need their prayers, and I will try to go to God with my sorrow." Later the minister tells him his Willie is alive. "Alive! alive!" he exclaims. "Yes, Mr. Lincoln, alive. Jesus Christ has said it." The old truth came into his soul no longer an abstract doctrine, but a blessed fact, to be accepted and realized. And Lincoln clasped in his arms the man who had opened his eyes to one of God's most precious promises.

Again, the time for the Emancipation Proclamation has come. Lincoln does not consult his Cabinet as to the question of its issue. A victory has been gained, and Lincoln says, "I have made a vow —a covenant—that if God should give us victory in battle I would consider it an indication of the divine will, and that it would be our duty to move forward with emancipation."

The battle of Gettysburg had been won. When a general asked Lincoln if he had not been anxious as to the result, he replied that he had been confident of victory. They asked, why? But he hesitated, and would not say until repeatedly urged to do so. "Well," he says, "I will tell you. Before the battle, I retired alone to my room in the White House, and got down on my knees and prayed to the Almighty God to give us the victory. I said to Him that this was His war, and that if He would stand by the nation now, I would stand by Him the rest of my life. He gave us the victory, and I purpose to keep my pledge. I arose from my knees with a feeling of deep and serene confidence, and had no doubt of the result from that hour."

At another time Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Fessenden were in confidential conversation. Mr. Fessenden asked him how far he believed the Almighty actually directed our national affairs. Slowly and solemnly, he replied, "That the Almighty does make use of

human agencies, and directly intervenes in human affairs, is one of the plainest statements of the Bible. I have had so many evidences of His direction, so many instances when I have been controlled by some other power than my own will, that I cannot doubt that this power comes from above. I am satisfied that when the Almighty wants me to do or not do a particular thing, He finds a way of letting me know it . . . . . At first, I used to lose heart sometimes. Now I seem to know that Providence has protected and will protect us against any fatal defeat. All we have to do is to trust the Almighty and keep right on obeying His orders and executing His will."

Lee surrenders, the war draws to its close. Washington is ablaze with glory. The universal joy cannot be restrained. The crowds gather; Lincoln speaks. "The tired spot" which he said "nothing touched" is rested. The man who declared "I do not think I shall ever be glad again" is gladdened. The country saved, the nation redeemed, all he has labored for, prayed for, lived for has been accomplished. His address to the people he so ably served begins with the reminder, "We meet this evening in gladness of heart . . . . In the midst of this, He 'from whom all blessings flow' must not be forgotten; a call for a national thanksgiving is being prepared and will be duly promulgated." It is his last public utterance. His official life closes as it began—with his face turned towards the Great White Throne. He has rounded out the circle of his greatness; henceforth Abraham Lincoln "belongs to the ages." And tonight, "The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land" do "swell the chorus of the Union, touched again, as surely they have been, by the better angels of our nature."

THE DARKEST HOUR.

EVERYBODY is more or less superstitious. However unwilling we may be to confess it, there are times when we cannot resist superstition, but yield to its sway. Examples from daily life are innumerable, beginning with the days of the emperor who could not endure the presence of a cat in the same room, and coming down to these days when the last guest finds that he makes the unwelcome thirteenth at the table and politely refuses to remain. The farmer who sees the new moon over his left shoulder, and the sailor who will not set sail from port on Friday, are common illustrations.

Without combating this common trait or endeavoring to reason away its cause, arising so largely as it does through illogical deductions from seeming coincidences, let me tell you of an instance in my own experience.

If any one can claim the right to be superstitious about a play at the theatre, I claim to be of the number. Three times I have purchased tickets for "Our American Cousin," desiring to see Sothern in it, but I have never seen it. The sickness of a star actor compelled a change in the title *rôle* the first time; I was called away out of town the second time: and the assassination of President Lincoln abruptly terminated the third time, under such circumstances, conditions and tragical surroundings that I called that night the "*darkest hour.*"

The winter of 1865 found me on duty with Major-General A. P. Howe, inspector of artillery, with headquarters in Washington. He also had command of Camp Barry, which was an artillery dépôt for instructing, equipping and repairing batteries of artillery.

—Read by the late Brevet Brigadier-General Charles Mamlin before the Maine Commandery of the Loyal Legion.

On that fatal night, accompanied by my wife and sister, I went somewhat early to Ford's Theatre both to hear the patriotic music of the orchestra and to witness the entrance of the President, who had accepted an invitation to witness the play, with a party of invited guests. We obtained seats only a few steps behind the orchestra on the side next to the box, second tier, assigned to the Presidential party,—being on your right as you enter the auditorium. We found the theatre already well filled· the front of the boxes beautifully decorated with flags. The orchestra lost no time in expressing the loyal joy of the jubilant throng in soul-stirring passages, comprising choice selection of all the National airs. These airs were repeated at the request of the audience which did not seem impatient for the curtain to rise. Then followed a long interval of silence The illustrious guest of the evening had not arrived. Whispers ran round the house that he would not come, and finally the manager yielded to the calls and the curtain slowly rung up and the play began. The first act, however, was only fairly beginning when it was suspended with a loud outburst of "Hail to the Chief," by the orchestra, in welcoming with the cheers of the audience,—all standing up,—the much-expected President, who modestly bowed as he quietly moved along the wall and with his wife and friends entered the box.

Quiet was resumed and *Dundreary* was soon lisping, in inimitable drollery, his opening words. The people now gave their undivided attention to the play, happy to share its humor, wit and gaiety with one who had earned that right, if ever relief, followed by relaxation, was due to one who had led the nation through the sea of trouble to a triumphant ending. It would be difficult indeed, to conceive of higher conditions for people's enjoyment and the chief magistrate's brief hour of freedom from care and anxiety. How often since have I recalled the scene! All eyes were radiant with the joy of life. "Grim-visaged war had smoothed his wrinkled front" and the bronzed veterans' uniforms, here and there, set off

in fine contrast the rich apparel and adornments of their fair companions. The air was redolent of peace and happiness. The scene was so impressive that it must have had its influence on the President himself, for he did not move after taking a seat in the front corner, next to the audience, whence he could see almost the entire auditorium and the stage.

The following events, but not the length of time, remain indelibly fixed in my memory. I am confident of the accuracy of their succession and I will now state them in their order:

After one or more scenes,—they may be all in the first act,—the actors had left the stage and scenery slides quite near the front were run out from each wing to represent one side of a room. They did not come together and join at the center with that ease and certainty which are found in well-managed theatres. They bumped together, shot past each other, were pulled back again at a short distance, and then hurriedly thrown together but not uniting. One form was lifted up once or twice when both forms seemed to be joined, but were suddenly pulled slightly apart again and remained so. Momentarily expecting, in this condition of bungling scene-shifting, that the defect would be noticed by the person in charge, and watching both ends of the stage for the entrance of the next actor, as well as the proper adjustment of the scene, the delay in both seems unusually prolonged. Suddenly a pistol shot is heard. To me its direction is from the stage, and I think it is part of the next act, never having seen the play and not knowing its plot. Still no actor comes out. The scenes remain unadjusted. A slight murmur runs through the audience,—it is the suppressed voices of the men and women criticising the delay or questions asking its cause. Time enough has now elapsed to arouse the curious and impatient who rise in their places just as a man is seen standing on the outer edge of the President's box. He suddenly jumps down upon the stage, landing, after a flight of nearly fifteen

feet, in a crouched position about six or eight feet from the side of the tier of boxes. He rises, and with his face to the audience he walks leisurely to the center of the stage as if he belonged to the troupe and was entering upon his part. As he faces the audience in the center of the stage, about ten or twelve feet from the footlights, we get a clear view of him. He is dressed in faultless black, the opening of his vest disclosing a white shirt front, then not often seen by us of the army. His face, surmounted by waving black hair, has a deathly pallor and his eyes are glittering bright, almost emitting fire. Spellbound, never dreaming of the awful tragedy which had already taken place, the audience intently observes the man in his every movement, and wondering still what his appearance means and how it is connected with the play.

Halting at the center with his face to the audience, as I have, already described him, he hissed out these words, *Sic semper tyrannis*, raising a dagger in his right hand above his head with the flashing blade pointing down. With these words that I have quoted, he dropped his hand, turned towards the right of the stage, the left of the audience, and deliberately marched with a stage gait from our sight and disappeared through the wings on that side.

It is not easy to describe the effect produced upon the audience nor the precise order of events. I now recall my sister's speaking to me and saying, "Why, that's Wilkes Booth!' Also my reply "It is not possible. He is not down on the bill." A voice in the audience cried out, "The President is shot." This was the first intimation to me of what had happened,—the awful tragedy itself. I started up from my seat to ascertain if it was true and to see what I could do. Several persons in my vicinity tried to cross over the orchestra to the stage. One of them, who proved to be a naval officer,—Flood, of the U. S. S. *Primrose*,—as I learned from his card which he gave me the next day at his hotel,—succeeded in the attempt and climbed into the President's box by clinging to the wood ornamentation overlaying its front.

There was immediate confusion, and cries of alarm and horror were raised as soon as it was stated that the President had been shot, and no one seemed to know what to do. A gentleman on the extreme left gained the stage, as I now remember, at nearly the same time with Flood. He spoke in an excited manner and passed at once behind the wing on that side. This was J. B. Stewart, of Washington, a dealer in real estate of some prominence. In his testimony afterwards before the military commission, he claimed to have been the first person to reach the stage, and to have been wounded by dagger thrusts or cuts given by the assassin.

As soon as I could make my way through the retiring audience I ran up the stairs leading to the second story and found they were just bringing the President out of his box,—his wife leading the way with her dress covered with blood, weeping and moaning and wringing her hands all the while with most heartrending sobs. Laura Keene, the leading lady in the play, had preceded me and stood in front of Mrs. Lincoln calling out from time to time as the sad procession moved on towards the stairway,—"For God's sake, gentlemen, let this poor woman pass." As her hands and dress were stained with blood it seems that she must have entered the box, as soon as the door was pushed open and assisted in removing the dying man. I followed the President across the street as far as the house where he was taken in, and where he breathed his last. Waiting to see how I could render service I encountered Lieutenant Parsons of the 4th United States Artillery, who told me that Grant, Stanton, Seward and Vice-President Johnson, had also been assassinated. This was, indeed, the *darkest hour.* It all foreboded insurrection, an uprising of rebels and assassins by night in the capital city. Instantly I thought of my duty and determined, at all hazards, to do what was in my power to prevent such a horrible atrocity. I ran to our headquarters, more than a mile distant, at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and H Street, and sent word to Major Hall, and in the name of General Howe ordered out

all the batteries at Camp Barry to take position immediately at all the street crossings leading from the great avenues, remaining myself at our office. The order was duly executed and the batteries remained in position until the afternoon of the next day. At frequent intervals I reported to the War Department until seven o'clock in the morning, when I learned by a daily morning paper of the President's death and the escape from the assassin of all others except Mr. Seward.

As I am giving a personal account only of the awful tragedy, but little more remains to be told. The rest is public history and I will add but one other event.

General Howe and General Augur were among the high officers who constituted the guard of honor at the Executive Mansion until the funeral, and remained in the room with the sacred body. I was called there early in the morning of the third day to receive orders from General Howe, who called me into the room. Mr. Stanton came in soon and seemed engaged in viewing the remains and their proper apparel. General Howe spoke to him of the discoloration of one side of the face and inquired of Mr. Stanton whether something could not be done to remove it before the public were allowed to take a last look at their beloved President. I shall never forget the reply, when turning to the general his eyes suffused and with trembling lips he gave a deep sigh and in gentle and subdued tones said, "General, it is best as it is. It is now part of the history of the case."

Turning slowly away, I took my last, long look at the great martyr, who now belongs to all the ages; who had always been to me personally as kind as my father; and the friendly grasp of whose hand will remain in my memory an eternal benediction.

The *darkest hour* passed away, but whether I shall ever see "Our American Cousin" I cannot say.

CHARLES HAMLIN.

MR. LINCOLN IN MAY, 1862

The writer of the following account was Rev. W. W. Malet, Vicar of Ardeley, Hertfordshire, England, who came to the United States in June 1862, to communicate with an English lady living in South Carolina on matters relating to her family in England.

Through a letter from Mr. Adams, our Minister to England to Mr. Seward, he was allowed to go to South Carolina, and on his return to England published an account of his experiences, under the title of "An Errand to the South"—now a rare book—from which the item is taken.—[ED.]

PRESIDENT Lincoln and Mr. Secretary Seward were both in the next room, and at my request Mr. Stanton introduced me to them.

The President, who was neatly dressed in a suit of black, is full six feet two inches in height, of spare and upright figure; his hair is black, his eyes have a remarkably calm expression; his features are strongly marked, his complexion dark, his address and manner betokening perfect self-possession; very ready to enter into conversation and to set you at once at your ease.

A perfect contrast is Mr. Seward; a man of small stature, rather grey, with prominent nose and penetrating eyes; reserved in manner. When I first saw him in the corridor he wore a broad-brimmed Mexican hat, and was smoking his cigar.

Next day I paid my respects to the President at the White House, and was most kindly received. He told me he was born in 1809; and remarked that when employed as a lawyer to settle the French claims in Illinois, he had met with my name. We pored together over a comparative chart of rivers, which showed that America had the two largest rivers in the world—Mississippi and Amazon—the former 4400 miles long! He told me they used hard unbituminous coal in the United States Navy, giving great force of fire without the slightest smoke, so that the approach of their men-of-war is not seen over the horizon or in rivers. He lamented the occurrence of the war, observing that "if he could have foreseen it he would not have accepted the office of President." After I had sat in conversation with Mr. Lincoln about twenty minutes Mr. Seward came in, when I took my leave, both shaking me cordially by the hand—Mr. Seward not speaking a word, but with an expression in his hand and look as if he knew my errand and wished me success.

LINCOLN PLAYBILLS

From the Boston *Transcript* of Sept. 3, 1913, we take this interesting account of the LINCOLN PLAYBILLS, as an appropriate addition to our EXTRA.

MOST collectors of Lincoln relics are familiar with the appearance of the playbill issued at Ford's Theatre in Washington on the evening when the President was assassinated, but many yet seem unaware of the different varieties, and which of these are genuine. Not a year passes without several being sold in the auction rooms or at private sale, and several collectors boast of copies "stained with Lincoln's blood," a brown stain on the bill being shown in proof. Needless to say, authentication in the latter cases is hopelessly lacking; they were all "picked up in the box the same night," and with that statement alone the owner is more or less satisfied, generally more.

Two genuine playbills only were printed, and those bearing the legend "This Evening the Performance will be honored by the presence of President Lincoln," or variations, are much later productions than April 14, 1865. Both the varieties of the genuine bill have imprint at bottom "H. Polkinhorn & Son, Printers, D street, near 7th, Washington, D. C." The rarer of the two can be distinguished by the omission at the bottom of the sheet of "The Prices of Admission," this omission, together with a little condensation above allowing the printer to insert a verse as follows:

PATRIOTIC SONG AND CHORUS

Honor To Our Soldiers

Honor to our soldiers,
Our nation's greatest pride,
Who 'neath our starry banner's folds,
Have fought, and bled, and died;
They're nature's noblest handiwork—
No king so proud as they,
God bless the heroes of the land,
And cheer them on their way.

Words by H. B. Phillips; music composed and arranged by Professor William Withers, Jr.; solos by Miss M. Hart, H. B. Phillips and George N. Arth and the ladies and gentlemen of the company.

This has been facsimiled, but they are not common and the facsimiles can with little difficulty be detected by the appearance of the paper and types when reproduced by photographic process; when reproduced with type the words "The Octoroon" prove a stumbling-block, as in the original the type used is a curious, almost outline capital, the centres of the outline dotted with marks resembling a curved "v," or precisely the marks a painter uses in representing flying birds at a distance. This type seems to have been a poser to all reproducers in type, for none of the facsimiles in type reproduce it, the nearest being one where the "T," for instance is the shape of the Greek "Upsilon," and the other letters having straight or convex sides instead of concave as in the genuine. This playbill was issued in the afternoon when it was known President Lincoln was to attend the evening performance.

THE FACSIMILED PLAYBILL

The commoner playbill, and the one usually occurring and facsimiled, is that printed in the morning of the day, before it was known that Lincoln would attend. The main difference is that it does not contain the verse and lines immediately above and below and has the prices of admission. Another difference is "Mr. John Dyott and Mr. Harry Hawk" occupy three lines; in the "verse playbill" the words are compressed into one line and the "Mr." omitted from each.

It is important in the detection of facsimiles and forgeries to note resemblances in these two bills, for both were evidently printed from the same form with the mere removal of the lines giving the prices of admission, and the condensation of the names of the two star actors from three lines into one, the rest of the type standing bodily in its place or removed bodily slightly without re-setting it. To distinguish the two we may call one the "morning bill" and the other with the verse the "evening bill".

In the fourth line from the top "whole number of nights 49 5"

is printed thus in both, the final 5 of the number separated by the space of a letter from the two preceding numerals; in eighth line the "H" in the name of the treasurer, H. Clay Ford, is directly beneath the "J" of the line above; in sixteenth line the "S" of "Supported" comes directly below the last stroke of the "N" in "Manageress" of the line above; in the twenty-seventh line the "H" in "Her original character" comes directly beneath the right hand upright of "H" in "Trenchard" in the line above; the first "H" of Harry Hawk in the cast is partly under "J" in the line above; in the line advertising the coming of Boucicault's drama, "The Octoroon," it is called "Great Sensation Drama." Moreover a few additional points can be gained from an examination of similar bills issued shortly before. These agree in not having a colon after the words "The Prices of Admission;" and they read "Orchestra Chairs" invariably. Both these bills measure—from a line drawn across the top of the words "Ford's Theatre" to the rule at the bottom above the printer's name and address,—eighteen and one-eighth inches. This morning bill is the one that usually occurs in facsimile state, but is nearly two inches shorter in length. It should also be noted, before going further that one character, "Rasper, the groom," appears in the morning bill that is omitted in the evening bill.

ANOTHER TYPE VARIATION

There is, however, another variation of this morning bill that has every appearance of having been printed with type, and by the same printer as the original and apparently about the same time. There is no doubt that a great demand sprang up immediately after the assassination for specimens of these bills as souvenirs. Those at the theatre on the night probably kept theirs, and those who did not attend and desired the bill had no recourse but to go to the printer and buy from him, and it may be that the demand was thus supplied. But though very carefully set up with the same types and having the same imprint, there are some variations that suggest it was hurriedly and not so carefully done, and later than April

14th. The main differences are that the advertisement of Boucicault's drama reads "Great Sensational Drama" instead of "Great Sensation Drama," that "Orchestra Chairs" has the word "Chairs" omitted, while it appears in the original and on other bills about the same date; that the separation of the numeral at the top "5" from "49" is corrected and the figures are closed together; and "Prices of Admission" has a colon (:) after it, while there is none in the original or other bills about the same date. Other slight changes can be found by comparing this variation of the bill or facsimiles of it with the resemblances given above of the two bills we have characterized as genuine. There seems to be no other conclusion possible in respect to this variation than that it was a later printing, and probably after the event. Yet it is this variation that is known as the "Buckingham" playbill, from the fact that J. E. Buckingham was doorkeeper at the theatre on the evening of the assassination and sold facsimiles of it as souvenirs.

FINIS