THE INDIANA STATE SENTINEL.

VOL. XXI, NO. 39. INDIANAPOLIS, IND., MONDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1862. WHOLE NO. 1,180.

WEEKLY STATE SENTINEL.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AT THE

NEW SENTINEL OFFICE,

NO. 2 SOUTH MERIDIAN STREET,

OPPOSITE THE POSTOFFICE.

ELDER, HARKNESS & BINGHAM,

Proprietors.

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One copy one year	$1 00
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Selected Miscellany.

A Defense of General McClellan—The Speech of Hon. S. S. Cox, of Ohio, in Reply to his Colleague, the Hon. and Rev. John A. Gurley.

Mr. Chairman, I obtained the floor on yesterday to give a prompt answer to the elaborate attack made by my colleague (Mr. Gurley) on Gen. McClellan. I was not unaware that my colleague had thus prepared himself. It was bruited about that we were to have a dissertation on the conduct of this war which would annihilate its present managers. I wish that my colleague could plead the impulse of the moment for his speech; but I give more significance to his labored effort because it betokens a plan—and in which my colleague plays his *role*—to get rid of the gallant Major General, in whom repose the hopes and the confidence of the people. If his speech had been made by a Democrat, it would have been said that it was an attempt to aid secession; to cripple our credit at home and our honor abroad; to undermine the popular faith in the power of the Government to conquer peace and restore the Union. It would have deserved, according to the practice now obsolete, a prison in a sea-bound castle.

I do not understand, nor will I attempt to analyze, the motives of my colleague. If I were to judge of his intent by the effect of his speech, he would discourage the army in their efforts, and the people in their payment of taxes. His speech will aid the rebellion, not so much because it was spoken by him as because it seems to be a part of a plan, outside and inside of this House, to beget distrust and sow discord. I do not know, sir, how much weight will be attributed to my colleague's military strictures. If his facts are no better than his conclusions—and I will demonstrate that neither are correct—his speech will only go for what it is worth—the scolding of an unmilitary Congressman.

My colleague began with the cry that Generals are nothing; that if any General was incompetent, to take him away. He read from the Richmond *Dispatch* to show the errors our Generals had committed. The article read was so full of slander and falsehood that he himself corrected a part of it. He charged the Commander-in Chief with causelessly holding back our eager soldiers for months. He charged him with denying to them the victory which was in their reach. He said that no man living was fit to command over three hundred thousand.

Mr. Gurley—I said six hundred thousand.

Mr. Cox—I have read the gentleman's speech in the *Globe*, and I am right. He further said that it was not only anti-republican and unwise, but alarming to the last degree. He found fault with his plan—as he claimed to know it—to attack the enemy's whole line at once at all points. He said this was unwise because it was impossible. He did not approve of the General's "nice and precise adjustment of military affairs" before the army moved. He wanted the army to overwhelm the enemy without waiting for orders from Washington City. He then undertook, by a statement of facts as to the affairs at Romney, in Missouri and Kentucky, to deprecate the character of that Commander in-Chief. He demanded that the army should move *at all hazards*, unrestrained by a single hand. He thought he saw in the accession of Mr. Stanton a streak of sunlight, for he (Mr. Stanton) was like brave Ben Wade of Ohio. He thought, if we did not move soon, our reputation as a military people would about equal that of the Chinese; and then my colleague wound up his speech by the figure of the anaconda, in which he tried to be humorous at the expense of Gen. Scott, who originated the trope, and finally he was for stirring up the anaconda, even though, like the snakes from Tenedos in Virgil, they wound their toils around the most sacred of our hopes to crush them forever. This is the analysis of my colleague's speech.

On the very eve, sir, of the most important movements, and when, too, our army in one section has already given earnest in carrying out successfully one part of Gen. McClellan's scheme, we have this most inopportune display of impatience against Gen. McClellan. I would rather have heard it from any other than an Ohio member. Ohio gave McClellan his first commission. I remember to have seen him when he came with alacrity to her capital to accept this mark of our Governor's trust. How well he repaid the confidence Western Virginia can answer; and if all his plans there had been carried out by the subordinates with a vigor equal to their wisdom, we would had less trouble and more glory in that campaign.

As to the advent of the new Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, whom my colleague hails as a "streak of light" in the gloom, I do not believe that he will delight in such hailing, coupled with such railing at his friend, the General. It is too much like the "all haill" of the witches to Macbeth. [Laughter.] There lurks a sinister object in this congratulation. It was intended as a depreciation of McClellan; as if the errors and incompetency of the late Secretary of War ought to be shared by the General. I, sir, as much and more sincerely than my colleague welcome the new Secretary. His advent is the harbinger of a better day, when the General's energy can be seconded by the determination and intelligence of an accomplished civilian and an honest man.

But my colleague would hurry the army into a movement now "at all hazards," because foreign nations may soon interfere. I do not understand this logic. He would have us risk everything for fear of trouble from abroad. We may have foreign war; but this nation should not hazard its own existence from a servile fear of England or France. If he had been a Democrat he would not have been so fearful of every movement abroad. Choate said he loved the old Democracy because they had a "gay and festive defiance of foreign dictation."

Mr. Gurley—That is the party of which I was a member.

Mr. Cox—Then my colleague has been a renegade to his ancient faith. I am sorry for it. We would be unworthy of our fathers and of our land, did we fire our own house over our heads because we may fear a neighbor will come some night to despoil it.

My colleague objects to the organization of an army with one head. He wants a many-headed arrangement, with, I suppose, distracting counsels. Utterly unconscious of the absolute necessity of unity of movement by our armies, under one direction, my colleague, to strike at General McClellan, would change the military system, which has obtained from the time war began or armies were levied. My colleague has a military wisdom beyond all human comprehension. Because our army is large we must, on this logic, dispense with its proper organization. There is the more need of one executive head to so vast an array as this army of half a million.

My colleague, in this attack upon the General in command, meant to attack also the President, or he meant nothing. He knew that the President was General McClellan's superior officer; that all that McClellan had done or had not done was approved by the President. He was, however, gracious enough to say that the President would not set up his opinion in military matters in an antagonism to his General-in Chief; and he would, no doubt, for this, commend the good sense of Mr. Lincoln, as I do. But if the President in thus acting was sensible, what sort of sense it is for a member of Congress, whose life has been passed, too, in thumping the pulpit desk, [laughter,] and whose thoughts have been less upon the eagle and more upon the dove, to set up his skill and education of the General in command? If it were not bad sense, sir, it would be nonsense. Why did not my colleague, if his motive was good, go to the President, and with his array of maps, telegraphs, facts of omission and commission, lay before the President his military conceptions? Why does he have them delivered here, before the nation? Was it to display his military erudition? Or was it to gratify what he thinks was the popular prejudice and impatience, to which he would administer, regardless of consequences? Why did he not go to General McClellan and verify his facts before he used them for the public disservice?

Mr. Chairman, if the gentleman had been a skillful commander, or had, like the gentleman from New York, [Mr. Roscoe Conkling,] the humane motive for investigating the confessed blunder at Ball's Bluff, in which many brave men were lost, I could tolerate this mischievous line of debate.

But, sir, my colleague compels me to examine into his merits as a military critic particularly, and the propriety of military "movements" here in Congress and elsewhere by civilians. My colleague will admit that he is not a military man by education, nor a soldier, like Falstaff, on instinct. [Laughter.] His profession was that of a gospeler. [Laughter.] His studies do not fit him to discuss martial subjects. We do not go to a blacksmith to have our watch repaired, nor to a watchmaker to have our horse shod. We do not go to Carolina for cheese, [laughter,] nor to the Western Reserve for cotton. I can well imagine how a fine scholar, as is my colleague, might, like Beaumont's "elder brother," sit in his study, and mount upon the wings of speculation, and

> "hourly converse
> With Kings and Emperors, and weigh their counsels,
> Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
> Unto a strict account, and in his fancy
> Deface their ill-placed statues."

But, sir, criticism on the art of war, to be valuable now, must be backed by specific study and experience. What has been the study and experience of my colleague?

The country was thoroughly disgusted with the part Congressmen played at Bull Run. (Laughter in the galleries.) It may be remembered with what jocund levity the House adjourned to go over to see our army march upon Richmond. Not one of us ever got there, except my friend from New York, (Mr. Ely,) (laughter,) who made his exile so conspicuously honorable in the use he made of it in behalf of his fellow-prisoners. The House may remember that I opposed the adjournment then on the ground that, by going over the river, we would only get in the way of the soldiers. It turned out that the soldiers got in the way of the Congressmen. (Laughter.)

I have a letter, written by a member of this House and published in an Ohio paper, which details, with graphic accuracy, the part displayed by truculent Congressmen on that day. I will have it read at the Clerk's table.

The Clerk read, as follows:

"Just as the dragoons turned back, a cry was raised that the Black Horse, a formidable body of the rebel cavalry, (and these were part of them,) were charging upon us, and it seemed as if the very devil of panic and cowardice seized every mortal soldier, officer, citizen, and teamster. No officer tried to rally the soldiers, or do anything, except to spring and run towards Centreville. There never was anything like it for causeless, sheer, absolute, absurd, cowardice, or rather panic, on this miserable earth before!

"Off they went, one and all; off down the highway, over across fields towards the woods, anywhere, everywhere, to escape. Whether it communicated back to the soldiers still in the woods, and so on back to the regiments who had just driven off the rebels, I do not know, but think it did to a part of them, for a share of our army seems to have been demoralized, if not broken up

"Well, the further they ran the more frightened they grew, and although we moved on as rapidly as we could, the fugitives passed us by scores. To enable them better to run, they threw away their blankets, knapsacks, canteens, and finally muskets, cartridge-boxes, and everything else.

"We called to them, tried to tell them there was no danger, called them to stop, implored them to stand. We called them cowards, denounced them in the most offensive terms, put out our heavy revolvers, and threatened to shoot them, but all in vain; a cruel, crazy, mad, hopeless panic possessed them, and communicated to everybody about, in front and rear. The teamsters all turned their heavy wagons, and lashed their horses to a run, and mixed and mingled with a crowd of running footmen, citizens and horsemen all raised an obscuring cloud of dust; and thus the dust filled the entire highway (a macadamized turnpike) with a heterogeneous mass of flying madmen, intent upon nothing but to escape.

"The heat was awful, although now about six; the men were exhausted—their mouths gaped, their lips cracked and blackened with the powder of the cartridges they had bitten off in the battle, their eyes starting in frenzy; no mortal ever saw such a mass of ghastly wretches.

"As we came on, borne along with the mass, unable to go ahead or pause, or draw out of it, with the street blocked up with flying baggage wagons before and behind, thundering and crashing on, we were every moment exposed to imminent danger of being upset, or crushed, or of breaking down; and for the first time on this strange day I felt a little sinking of the heart, and doubt whether we could avoid destruction in the immense throng about us; and nothing but the remarkable skill of our driver and the strength of our carriage and endurance of our horses saved us. Another source of peril beset us. As we passed the poor demented, exhausted wretches who could not climb into the high baggage wagons, they made frantic efforts to get on to and into our carriage. They grasped it everywhere, and got on to it, into it, over it, and implored us every way to take them on. We had to be rough with them. At first they loaded us down almost to a stand still, and we had to push them off and throw them out. Finally, Brown and I, with a pistol each, kept them out, although one poor devil got in in spite of us, and we lugged the infernal coward two miles. I finally opened the door, and he was tumbled out."

Mr. Cox—Now hear what these brave Congressmen actually did to stay the tide of retreat:

"The other side of Centreville we had overtaken Senators Wade and Chandler, or saw them in the crowd, the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, and a Mr. Eaton, of Detroit, with whom we were in company much of the way afterwards.

"Wade planted himself with a cocked 'Maynard' in the attitude of battle; [laughter] Chandler with a revolver near him; and we placed ourselves—except Morris—by them, and all with loud voices commanded one and all to halt, or have their brains blown out. Our action instantly checked them. Many on horseback undertook to dash by, and we seized the bridle-reins of their horses and compelled them to stop.

"Seven men staying a crowd maddened and desperate with fear; Wade firm and bold as an old lion; Chandler frantically excited, and the rest of our band struggling, commanding, entreating, and threatening. AS FOR ME, I ACTED JUST AS YOU KNOW I WOULD WHEN THOROUGHLY ROUSED, [laughter] caring for nothing and nobody, and determined, as we all were, that the men should stop there."

I do not mean to convey the impression that my colleague wrote it. It is a scrap of history written by a Republican Congressman.

Mr. Gurley—I desire to say that I am not the author of it.

Mr. Cox—But to the account given in this letter. It is this Wade, "firm and bold," whom my colleague eulogized as so "brave," and who was heralded in the New York *Tribune* as likely to succeed the sick and dying McClellan a few weeks since—who was urged by certain parties for the post now held by Mr. Stanton, and whose reelection to the Senate is so much desired now by a faction at home, and who is lugged into this debate to be glorified here that he may shine at home. It is this Wade, with the aid of Chandler, who "cocked his Maynard in the attitude of battle," [laughter,] and helped, with the "calls to order" from the other Congressmen, to stay the maddened crowd of fugitives. The people who have been under the impression that the crowd never stopped till they got into Washington, will now be gratified to learn that the Congressmen won the Bull Run battle against our own soldiers. [Laughter.]

I refer to this precious bit of history to show how Congressmen fit themselves for military criticism.

My colleague said yesterday he was at Bull Run, and made as good a retreat as Sigel. He was asked then about the battle of Fredericktown, in which he said he was present.

Mr. Gurley—I did not say I was present at the battle.

Mr. Cox—Very well. He showed in answer to the gentleman from Illinois, (Mr. Kellogg,) whose brave brother-in-law fought that fight, that he knew nothing about it. My colleague said he preferred not to go into "details." I wanted the details, sir. I needed them to estimate the military experience of my colleague. If his part has been as inglorious there as it was at Bull Run, I submit that I must be careful how I take his conclusions about McClellan.

There will be, Mr. Chairman, empyrics in medicine, pretenders in religion, pettifoggers in law, mushrooms in vegetation, secessionists in Government, snobs in society, and we must not be surprised at military wiseacres in Congress! [Laughter.] Since my colleague has hurled the glove at McClellan, I have a right to examine his claims as a critic. He admits to being at Bull Run. His masterly activity on the retreat he admits. How that retreat was effected I only know from rumor. I have seen it reported—and perhaps it is as apochryphal as some of the facts upon which my colleague arraigns Gen. McClellan—that my colleague, after his fatiguing race to Centreville, and having passed that point with the speed of Gilpin—and not having the benefit of a carriage like the Congressmen who kicked out of it the cowardly and tired soldiers besmutched with their cartridges in battle—was careering along like the devil [laughter] in Milton, where he is described as flying

> "O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
> With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
> And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies"—

until, luckily, he met—what think you, noble Representatives?—a herd of stampeded cattle, who were from my own beloved district—Texas cattle, sir, wintered in the Scioto valley, and selected by their keeper for their stampeding propensity [laughter]—when, seizing upon the extreme rear of a noble ox, he was borne from the field, holding on with vigorous prehension to the tail of the animal! [Great laughter.]

Mr. Gurley—That is a poetical sketch of my colleague. It is a thing that never took place.

Mr. Cox—I am glad to hear it. I will do justice to my colleague. I put this as an apocryphal case, which I heard as a rumor, I am glad to do justice to him, and to that noble ox, my constituent, and to whom the gentleman should have apologized if the story were true.

I was about to commend this strategy of my colleague; for his quick sense of its commissary advantages. I deprecate his drawing on that or any experience at Bull Run to read the gifted McClellan and this Congress a homily on military affairs. The ancient warriors rode in their scythed chariots; the warriors on the South American pampas dash off with their lasso on horseback; the ancient Germans went into battle as our Indians do with terrific yells, and in painted horror; the courtly knight dashed into the tourney with iron-clad armor and vizor down. Various as human ingenuity are the modes of human warfare, both in advance and retreat; but never, sir, in the account of Xenophon or Marshal Saxe; from the time of Joshua to Gen. Taylor; in the contests of Achilles or Garibaldi, have we so unique a performance as this suppositious race of my constituent and my colleague on the fields from Bull Run. [Laughter.] Does he claim that this, if true, would make him a military expert?

But my colleague was undaunted. As soon as Bull Run was over and Congress adjourned, the telegraph thrilled both in wire and pole to bear the tidings West, that "Colonel Gurley of Ohio," was about to assume the post of aid to General Fremont. Fremont was then in the ascendant. Before him lay what seemed to be the enchanted chambers of power. He had the magic lamp which made gold as common as the pebbles, and my colleague hastened to his side. Some men smiled. They thought it strange that a minister should forget the beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount for the disquietudes of a Missouri camp. [Laughter.] They thought that the affluent experience of Bull Run was not of that kind to excite confidence in the new field of Mars to which the patriotism of my colleague hurried him.

But I, sir, knew my colleague better. I admired his patriotism. I thought of Peter the Hermit. (Laughter.) I saw in his hand the crozier and the sword, and Bull Run did not obscure the sign in the sky—*in hoc signo vinces!* I had read in Ivanhoe of the priestly Knight of Malta; and I knew that the new "Son of Malta" (laughter) could carve out such a reputation that the muse of history would proudly stoop from her Parnassian seat to say: "*Let it be so recorded.*" (Laughter.) But, sir, disappointment followed close on expectation. A week—perhaps two, or three—and Fremont lost his magic lamp. He waned under the consuming lens of "Blair's rhetoric." (Laughter.) His ill-starred fate was perceived by my colleague.

At this critical juncture the only parallel I can find for my colleague is the description which is given of Job's war horse: "Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength. He swalloweth with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpeters, ha! ha! *and he smelleth the battle afar off.*" (Great laughter.) The parallel fails only in one regard. While the war horse of Job was advancing, that of my colleague was retreating. Leaving his campain in Missouri unfinished, he flew from Fremont to Ohio, with the "certainty, celerity, and security" of a star bid in the Post Office Department. (Laughter.)

What he learned in his bloodless campaign in Missouri; how much he perceived of the *value* of the fortifications around St. Louis—in cash I mean; what estimate he made of the strength of the Fremont horse; what martial achievements he witnessed in the ante chamber of the short-lived Western satrap, he did not, and we can not, tell. One thing he corrects to day, and we must deduct *that* from his military life, that he was not at the battle of Fredericktown, though I understood him yesterday to say that he was there. But has my colleague any actual experience? Has he ever killed any one? Did he ever see a man killed in battle? Did he ever speak to a man who saw a man killed in battle? Did he ever hear the whiz of deadly lead? Was his heart brave, and his face unblanched? My colleague quoted that fight to show that a battle could be fought and won without McClellan's orders, and in spite of orders. That was his point, if any. Now I happen to know that there was nothing in General McClellan's orders to forbid that movement on Fredericktown. As I understood the case, it was fought by Colonel Ross, who was sent by General Grant, of Cairo, to follow after Jeff. Thompson. He overtook him unexpectedly, and fought well. General Grant approved and complimented his action.

I wish that my colleague would cultivate some faith in General McClellan. He is a minister of the Gospel, and is full of faith in the salvation of all men. I glory in according to him the fullest "soul liberty" in religion. His creed includes the salvation of all—embracing in its comprehensive faith Jeff. Davis, Jeff. Thompson, Wigfall, and all that crowd of conspicuous sinners. [Laughter.] He believes that Zollicoffer is now in glory; he can even see Humphrey Marshall entering, as my colleague from Cleveland once said of John Brown, "the pearly gates of Paradise," and that too without the enlargement of the gates or the lessening of Marshall's bulk. He can, with his eye of faith, and in his universal benevolence, see the Falstaffian Kentuckian, this mountain of secession mummy, squeeze through the celestial doors, [laughter,] and larding the golden pavements of the New Jerusalem, [laughter;] but he can not exercise a little faith, just the size of a mustard seed, in the prescience, skill and sagacity of our accomplished young General.

Oh! if there is one thing more beautiful than another, it is that trust which we repose in another in dark hours of trial and death. It is said that reason was the first-born, but faith inherits the blessing. Reason is apt to be fallible, short-sighted, eager, impetuous and impatient of contradiction; while faith is gentle and docile, ever ready to listen to the voice by which alone truth and wisdom can effectually reach her. God has created two lights—the greater light to rule the busy day—reason; the lesser, to rule his contemplative night—faith; but faith shines only so long as she reflects something of the illumination of the brighter orb. Where a man has no faith he has no light of reason.

There are some things in which a man must exercise his trust. The American people, unlike my colleague, have read the history of Gen. McClellan. They know his military studies, his travel and observation, his practical railroad life, his mode of dealing with men and bodies of men, his prudential reserve, his unfailing patience, patriotism and confidence in his own resources. They know that the enemy would have been glad to have had him at the head of their forces. They know that he has never blundered that he is safe, if not brilliant; that his power to surprise and combine are rare qualities of his military genius; that his knowledge of topography, engineering and field strategy, his method and industry and his quick apprehension of military strength and weakness, eminently fit him for this high command. Knowing this and reasoning upon this, now that the night is upon us, they will keep their faith in him, and no hostile criticism of the gentleman here can shake that faith. The attack of my colleague is like that of the "pigmy with a straw against a giant cased in adamant."

My colleague is not satisfied with anything short of an advance at every hazard. He is not satisfied with the President, for he defers to McClellan; not satisfied with any commander-in-chief, for no one can command even three hundred thousand men; not satisfied with what has been done; not satisfied with what is to be done. He would discourage all our efforts, and make taxation weigh like a useless burden on an anxious and saddened people. His policy would disorganize the army, and realize his theology by making a hell on earth [laughter] without giving us the satisfaction of a future state, where secession may have its fit and eternal doom. [Laughter.]

So much for the critic. Now what is the criticism?

First: he carries us to Missouri, and says that General Curtis was sent with some ten thousand men against Price, when there was almost a certainty of Price's capture, when all at one an order came from a general officer, either there or here, which called a halt, and nothing was done. Now, either my colleague meant that General McClellan or General Halleck, by their hesitation and delay, have allowed the campaign against Price to be suspended, if not abandoned. I do not care which General he meant; it is simply not true that either of them have been thus derelict. The facts are these: Generals Curtis, Sigel and Asboth have been ordered towards Springfield to attack Price, if it was thought best in their judgment. They sent forward a large cavalry reconnoissance, and found that indefatigable and able General Price in such force that they concluded to hold a council of war, and decided that six additional regiments were needed. On notifying General Halleck, he at once ordered them from General Pope's command, near Sedalia, to move to the scene of operations. General Halleck's opinion, in a letter received by General McClellan only two days ago, was that they would either beat Price, or drive him out of Missouri. Perhaps my colleague never got as far as Springfield, and he does not know the almost matchless strategy of Price. He has ventured to appear in force in Southwestern Missouri, but he takes care to be in convenient range of the Boston mountains, where he can hide in that almost inaccessible locality, and where it is easier for him to go than our Generals to follow. But it is utterly unjust to General McClellan to say that he has restrained the eager impetuosity of the Missouri soldiers. General Halleck has received no orders inconsistent with the most prompt movements in Missouri.

When General Halleck took command of the army in Missouri, he found mountains of difficulty to overcome—as Buell did in Kentucky, as McClellan did here—in the organization and equipment of the troops. General Halleck found, it is true, a fine paper organization. He has labored with a statesman's foresight, a publicist's learning, and a soldier's skill to bring order out of chaos. He found troops without concentration, and required arms, transportation and supplies, which General McClellan has strained every nerve to afford. There has been no delay by any orders of General McClellan. His orders to Halleck, as to Buell, have been to hurry his movements as fast as it was safe and possible. I state these as the positive facts of the case; and if gentlemen want the facts, let them go to the headquarters and they can have them.

Again, my colleague makes the specific charge that he is informed, on authority which he is not permitted to question—and I suppose to quote—that some ten or fifteen thousand Confederate troops, near Romney, were in the power of our army of forty thousand, and that the capture so easy was not made, because an order came from headquarters here not to advance! This is a charge as sweeping as it is irresponsible and groundless. I do not care who is his authority, I question it here, and now. My colleague reads certain telegraphs which have strangely come into his possession, to show that Lander and Kelly dispatched that they could take the rebels, and all that was wanted was an order; and presto! here they are. We have had a good many such successes in anticipation. I believe we had one at Piketon. It is said that General Lander telegraphed and General Kelley sent a messenger to apprise each other of the absolute certainty of success. General Lander I admire for his caution and intrepidity; but I will state the facts to which I suppose my colleague refers. I state them correctly. General Lander went to relieve General Kelley at Romney—Kelly being sick. He reached Hancock on the 5th of January. He found the enemy, under General Jackson, on the other side of the river, in considerable strength—say fifteen or sixteen thousand. The enemy had driven a few of our troops across the river. When General Lander reached his post, the enemy were shelling, or about to shell, Hancock. General Jackson summoned Gen. Lander to surrender. Lander declined. Jackson shelled away at Hancock without effect. Lander sent for reinforcements. General McClellan sent one of Banks's brigades, by forced marches, at once. While there, General Lander sent two or three long dispatches, suggesting various movements to cut off Jackson. Gen. Jackson had a shorter distance to return to Winchester than General Banks had to march to cut off Jackson's retreat, besides the river, which it would take forty eight hours to cross, as they had no means of crossing. General McClellan refused to trust a command to cross the river under these circumstances, with no chance of retreat provided. General Lander then sent another dispatch to General Banks criticizing the President, General Banks, and others; to which McClellan replied that General Lander was "too suggestive and critical." I think here is the rub: McClellan had seen enough of the Ball's Bluff business—that affair which I do not refer to except to say that no one attaches the responsibility to General McClellan for that terrible disaster. He knew what the gentleman from New York depicted so graphically, that to cross a river like the Potomac, in the face of an enemy, and with no means of retreat, was almost insanity. He did what a prudent General, having own plans matured, ought to have done; and here I distinctly say that General Banks wrote a letter, in which, from his stand-point, he entirely commended the action of General McClellan. And now, and here, we have our General arraigned by my colleague on facts not authentic; and when, so far as we can see, my colleague's military experience does not reach so far as to tell, by practice, the rear rank from the front, or breech from the muzzle of a musket.

I have replied to these complaints in detail. Now for these general complaints of no movement, so glibly rehearsed by the gentleman.

It is complained that McClellan has not moved, that nothing has been done, and that nothing is about to be done; that he does not let curious people know what he is about. If he is doing nothing, as they allege, he has nothing to divulge to these curious gentlemen. If he is doing something, the very way to undo it is to let them know it, for they are as leaky as the present weather, or Oregon, where it is said to rain fifty two weeks of the year.

But has he done nothing? I say that he has done all that he could safely. McClellan has not merely perfected the defenses of Washington and the Potomac; but, considering the fact that the force and the spirit of the South are concentrated here on the Potomac, and near our Capital, and considering the untoward season, weather and roads, is it nothing that he has, as a Richmond paper asserts, held Beauregard and his army as in a vice; and that too when the enemy have all the advantage of an equal army, a railroad for concentration in the rear, and a power of combination impossible for our General.

But he delayed too long here; and he is taken to task now because he does not move his army to a certain destruction, by assaulting an enemy equal in number to his own, and that, too, in their intrenchments.

My answer to this querulous questioniong is, first, that my colleague himself gives a reason why no movement could have been made the past three weeks, because he says that the artillery would go under the mud. Very well; does he want that done? Had the roads been on the 21st of July last as they are now, my colleague would not have been able to have escaped the companionship of my friend from New York. When General McClellan took command here—I say it without any desire to reflect on General Scott—he found things disorganized, and no combinations between different parts of this grand army. He had to construct intrenchments, and make the army effective in many details. This he has done. Indefatigable even unto sickness, he has accomplished what my colleague's "brave Wade" could never have done, had he studied tactics and war for a century. And third, he never contemplated a move on the enemy's intrenchments. It is not too much to say here that he intended first to have General Buell get the Tennessee road; that for this end he has given all his energies to aid him and hasten him in this purpose. All that Buell asked for—arms, transportation, troops—have been furnished. When General Buell took command, he found his troops straggling and scattered. He had to gather them, and concentrate and form them into divisions. He has had bad roads and bad weather; but I speak knowingly, when I declare to this Congress and the people, that no delay of General Buell's movements are attributable to any orders from McClellan. On the contrary, he has ordered him to hasten with all dispatch; not to lose a day or an hour in the accomplishment of the design to seize the Tennessee railroad, to the end that not only shall Eastern Tennessee be opened to the army of the Union; not only to give relief to the Union men of Tennessee, about whom my colleague makes so injudicious a jeremaid, but to the grand aim, to cut off this rebel army of the Potomac, not alone from the line of their supplies, but from the line of their retreat!

In Kentucky we have more than one hundred thousand soldiers, ready, eager, active, and triumphant whenever they have had any chance in a battle. McClellan's orders are for the speediest movement there possible.

My colleague praises the recent victory of our troops at Mill Spring. I share with him, as my constituents did with his, the pride of that hard-fought encounter; but I will not shame my State, which called McClellan to her service, by plucking the laurels from his brow, when there is not a soldier in that battle who will not rejoice to see him wear them, as well for his conduct in Western Virginia as for the strategy by which even the Mill Spring battle was directed, though at a distance. It was, as I said, a part of his design upon the Tennessee railroad; and there is no impediment, but every encouragement from him, for Gen. Buell to forward the movement to that desired end.

In Eastern Kentucky Humphrey Marshall has proved that while his spirit was willing, his flesh was weak—[laughter]—before the Ohio soldiers under Garfield. Zollicoffer has been killed, and his forces routed; and nothing but the impediments of nature prevent our soldiers from lifting our ensign upon the mountains of Tennessee, North Carolina and Alabama. In fear for the fate of Memphis, Beauregard is hurried out to Columbus, Kentucky, to avert the Northern avalanche which impends there; while Buell, with consummate skill, is drawing his fatal lines around the Confederates, as the lines have been drawn in Virginia.

But it is said that the Potomac is blockaded. So it is; but it is of no practical disadvantage. For all the purposes of supply we are in communication with every part of the north. There are compensations, perhaps unknown to my colleague, for this seeming disadvantage. Would that he would exercise his faith in some things inscrutable to him.

But is there no credit to be given for the retention of Maryland; the rescue of the Virginia eastern shore; the constant preparation and discipline of an army of one hundred thousand men here? And all this with the Secretary of War dabbling in slavery questions and trafficking in contracts.

Western Virginia we have held against the hostility of the disloyal Floyd has been compelled to decamp, and from the mountains to the Ohio our right there is none to dispute.

But, sir, although General McClellan has had charge of all these matters, and is entitled to share their merit, it was not my purpose to paint a picture of our successes. We have gained as yet no great bloody battle commensurate with the armies in the field. Indeed, sir, I would prefer that the war should be carried on and ended by bloodless tactics than by bloody carnage, if it were possible. I would leave as little hate as possible as the legacy of this conflict. If it were possible to close this war by the melting away or the capitulation of the Confederate army, the country would prefer it; General McClellan is not making this a war of vengeance, but a war for the restoration of the Union!

To this end he has, by his comprehensive energy, seized the coast from Ship Island to Fortress Monroe. There is no example in history of a sea-coast so extensive, and a country of such area, surrounded and closed in by such a superior force as is the rebellious part of our land.

As the curtain lifts and this procession of facts transpire, we shall see the Union element of the South dilating and emerging from its despondency. We shall see the loyal men coming forth and gladly seizing the musket to rally to the old flag.

The great mistake on the part of these military fledglings, who criticise the conduct of the war, is, that they habitually underrate the extent and strength of the rebellion, just as they underrated and contemned the alleged or fancied grievances of the South and their hold on the southern mind. I venture to say that is the capital delinquency of the Administration, if they have been delinquent. Had they realized the fact, "that a considerable body of insurgents had risen against the sovereign," which Vattel alleges is the test of a civil war; with all its appurtenances of a humane code of warfare, the exchange of prisoners, &c., we might have had less difficulty and more honor in the conduct of this immense ordeal by battle. Those who do not recognize the fact of the immensity of this rebellion will find at every step difficulties about belligerent rights on sea and land, and inhumanities which would sicken the heart of a savage. We must learn by experience, if not *a priori*.

Even my colleague, with his Bull Run retreat, is yet in his nonage. He must resort to the Baconian system of induction, and by experience to learn, and begin to learn by being a "child in arms." [Laughter.] In surveying this grand field of action, from this capital to Santa Fe, he makes the mistake which the savan made when he supposed the moon annihilated, because an animalcule had crept over the disc of his telescope and obscured the view. Let him take another glass and clear his vision.

This presumptuous dictation to our Generals is only a small illustration of what we see here in a larger measure, when gentlemen undertake to interpret the inscrutable designs of Providence to sustain their finite views. These political "cuckoos, who breed in the nest of another trade," these civilians, who go on chirping about war as if they were trained to it, when, in truth, they are only trained in the political convention and the talk of Congressional Globes, can not apprehend that this revolution, which is the work of years and the movement of millions, is anything more than a little derangement of the political machine, which will regulate itself by some political compensation, or some act of revengeful confiscation; when, in truth, it can hardly be corrected without breaking the machine, or at least retarding its motion. It is so stupendous, sir, that it can only be likened to the ocean, which lifts itself up under a darkened sky and rolling thunder, and resists the exercise of anything short of Supreme power with an elemental force that defies all the little expedients of carping man.

These complaints about the war are getting as common in the press and the House as they were before they produced the Bull Run disaster. A few of these impatient people then learned a lesson from their incautious impulsiveness; but here we have it again. They belong to that class of skeptics who take everything incomprehensible to their feeble sight as unknown and non-existent. They can not see McClellan doing anything; therefore he does nothing. They are not partners in his confidence; therefore he does wrong. He has not rushed about in wild theatric style; therefore he is unfit. He has no retinue, no laced and gilded supernumeraries, no blast of trumpet and boom of guns to announce himself here and there. He does not dress his child up like the young Prince Imperial in the Tuilleries; therefore he lacks the esprit. He has no clan, no dash, no plumed nonsense; therefore the public faith in him must be sapped. Most of all, he regards this as a great war for the Union and Constitution, for the salvation of the white man's free Government of America; and because he does not play General Phelps in proclamation, or Fremont in deeds of manumission, he is abused and maligned.

Who are those that thus question McClellan's ability? Did they see and understand his masterly strategy in Western Virginia, the fame of which is the pride of the Western soldiery? Do they know the calm confidence and meritorious patience with which he now pursues his schemes by sea and land, by river and road, grouping whole sections in his comprehensive combinations of strategy, and striving, without irritating and inconsequential skirmishing, to end the war by "a sharp, though it may be a desperate struggle," and thus restore the Union? He has pledged himself to the President that, if he live and be allowed to carry out in action what he has matured in design, that we shall soon see our flag triumphant and the rebellion crushed.

These ready military critics have not even the militia training, which was so important years ago, to make them experts.

A former colleague of ours, in the days of 1840, when the campaigns of Gen. Harrison were discussed by a Brigadier General of the Michigan militia, with grotesque humor held up to the ridicule of the American Congress the peculiar military studies by which the member from Michigan was fitted to the subtle criticisms on strategy, and the careful reviews of battles. He ventured to believe that the militia General might have studied the title page of Baron Steuben enough to know that the rear rank stands right behind the front. [Laughter.] Besides, the critic on that occasion had the fortune to have been in the toils, privations, sacrifices, and bloody scenes through which a militia officer in time of peace was sure to pass. It is long since I read that graphic picture of a muster day in the West, touched by the tints of Corwin's facile humor. The troops in motion! the corn-stalks, umbrellas, hoe and ax handles, and other like deadly implements of war overshadowing all the field, when lo! the leader of the host approaches! Far off his coming shines. I need not describe his horse, the rising cloud, the rain, the retreat, the remorseless fury with which the water-melons are slaughtered, and the whisky drank in a neighboring grocery. [Laughter.] If, with such experiences, the member from Michigan was regarded then as the prince of military critics, what shall we say now of the member from Ohio, whose gentle life has been passed in the green pastures by the still waters of peace, and whose every prospect was the millenium, in which the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and the little child shall lead them!

Oh! how it jars to hear the voice so often raised in benediction and prayer, and tuned to the sweet accents of love and mercy,

> "Splitting with tremendous sounds our ears asunder,
> With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder."

[Here the hammer fell, Mr. Cox's hour having expired. Leave was granted him to print the remainder.]

If a militia General was so well fitted for the task of criticism on war, *a fortiori*, what heed shall we not pay to my reverend colleague, whose only experience has been that of a Bull Run retreat? Such critics ought at least to know a spear from a pruning-hook, or a sword from a plow-share. It is doubtful if they can tell an ambulance from a caisson. They could not bite a cartridge without biting their tongue. The only fuse they know is a political *fusion*; they can deploy around a convention or caucus, and fire the political thunder from the batteries of a demagogue, masked with the negro. If they fired a gun and should hit, they would do it, as did Winkle, when he killed the rook—he shut his eyes and blazed away in timid despair.

My colleague is one of those whose politics and prayers have ever been to be delivered from the men of war. In times past he has thought more of Saint Peter than of saltpeter. When the Mexican war was declared, the class to which he belonged echoed Sumner's "true grandeur of nations," when he said "there was no war which was not dishonorable." They sang the ironical Yankee slang of Hosea Bigelow to the recruiting Sergeant of Colonel Caleb Cushing:

> "Fife away, you fifin' feller,
> You may fife till you are yeller,
> 'Fore you get a hold of me."

There, away down in some New England village, "they kind o' thought Christ went agin war and pillage," and that eppyletts warn't the best mark of a saint." Now, they are willing to swear "that the apostles were rigged out in their swallow-tail coats, an' marched round in front of a drum and fife." Now, they agree to the ironical verse:

> "John P.
> Robinson—he
> Says they didn't know everything down in Judee."

These men whose lives have been dedicated to considering the horrors of war and slavery, and whose consciences were very tender about the downtrodden when they wanted votes, now undertake, by Congressional committees, declarations, and military diatribes here, to set squadrons in the field, and to show McClellan how he is not doing it at all, or how he might do it with the aid of armed blacks so bravely and at once. Not satisfied with the President of their choice; not content with that which they voted in the Crittenden resolutions as the object to which the war should be devoted; not happy in the calm progress of a campaign which, so far as General McClellan is concerned, has been comparatively successful, and certainly without blunders, they want a movement "at all hazards," even if it moves the country and the Government to secession, dictatorship, chaos, or *destruction*. Such political dyspeptics and martial zanies ought to be sent home to teach boarding school misses the doctrines that brought many members here—the beauty of John Brown's life, and the glory of his death.

Judging by the remarks made here, one would infer that these gentlemen were all ready to receive and provide for the four millions of blacks who are to be freed by the war power; that the corn bread and fat pork were all provided for the jubilee of freedom. But where will they get the food, or where will they fix the *locus in quo* for the festive scene? In Kentucky?—Ohio? Some of our soldiers, who have just fought so nobly under Gen. Thomas, have written me complaints that they get clothes through which they can put their fingers, and chickory for coffee. We do not even feed decently our white braves; yet these gentlemen, who reason so lunatically, think that there is some virtue in a colored child or woman, and that the Lord somehow will provide for them as he did by Elijah with the ravens.

Why, sir, the whole country will be swamped and deluged by taxation, without the double tax of having an *exodus* of four millions of blacks so fluently talked of in this chamber.

Why, do not these extreme gentlemen know that they are, in some part, responsible for this war? Does my colleague, from Cleveland, want me to prove it by his own speech? They are only fighting what we advised them would come by their action. We Democrats, with McClellan at our head, are now helping them; and how are we met by these ingrates? No, they are not fighting it; but they think they are moving the wheels, when they only sit on the axle and buzz their murmurs about McClellan and the forces which move the chariot of war.

What good comes of this sort of debate here and now? Talk about milking a he goat in a sieve—and it is sense to this.

Now, there is a little smack of propriety in this latter idea; but what can we say of this exhibition in a deliberative body, whose only duty is to increase the army and the revenue; discussing the disposition of the slaves before we get them, and the movements of General McClellan, with the blankest incapacity to understand them. It is too ridiculous for serious controversy. It can only be ridiculed. Yet we have these civil warriors, whose only fight is logomachy, barking at Gen. McClellan; and for what? Because he does not proclaim liberty throughout all the land and to all the inhabitants thereof. Ah, there is the trouble! Can you wonder that Wendell Phillips, whose speeches are hailed so rapturously by this class, declared that he should deplore a victory by McClellan, because the sore would be salved over, and it would only be the victory of a slave Union; and that he thanked Beauregard for marshaling his army before Washington, because it conferred upon Congress the constitutional power to abolish slavery? Nor would I wonder to see my colleague from the Cleveland district, who lectured us on our duty to the Union upon the slavery question, rehearsing again his contempt for the Union, which he expressed in his printed speech made at Cleveland on the day of John Brown's obsequies, when he said that no purer spirit than John Brown's had ever entered Paradise for the past thousand years; and that he would rend the Union to destroy slavery, though hedged around by the triple bars of the national compact, and though thirty-three crowned sovereigns with arms in their hands stand around it!

I wish these masters of the art of war, who quote so inappositely Joshua's writings, but forget how he won his battles, whose knowledge of Agamemnon and Achilles is purely poetic, would study some of the useful axioms of Hierocles, and would just go to sleep before a looking-glass to see how handsome they looked with their eyes shut and their mouths closed. The country would have a jubilee over their silence only second to that which greeted the outgoing of the late Secretary of War.

I did intend, Mr. Chairman, to review some of the bills introduced here for confiscation and emancipation, and to discuss their feasibility and constitutionality. But I am glad to announce to the country that there is no hope of such suicidal legislation passing the present session of Congress. That announcement, which the opinions here justify, will give relief to our army and to the Union men everywhere.

One of the bills of this black batch pretends to strike out the State of Florida. This bill has the paternity of my colleague, [Mr. Gurley.] It is a part of his military plan. While striking for the Union and the flag, with every star on its folds, he would blot out the Statehood of Florida. He would have its everglades and swamps devoted to the business of negro apprenticeship, with the Federal agents for taskmasters, and the republic as a cotton producer and speculator. Here is the spot where my colleague would imparadise the African. He would have a Federal master watch the negro apprentice, and see to it that he produced a living from that soil where dying is so much easier. He would have us drop down the little pickaninnies amidst the haunts of the alligator. He thinks he sees here an opening for the rising generation of colored children; knowing, as my colleague does, that they will all be saved in the other world, he is willing to risk their sudden disappearance here. I can well imagine the holy horror which will pervade the infantile African mind when it comes to understand the confiscating character of my colleague's bill. I can well understand how the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Campbell] must have startled the people of his State by his proposition to hang all the public plunderers, and thus depopulate so terribly his own State. But that was humanity compared to this scheme of my colleague, which is only paralleled in Dean Swift's plan to get rid of Irish children by eating them. Suicidal absurdity can go no further than this! All such schemes are in derogation of our whole system of polity. Their authors seem to be bent on prying away mountains of granite with levers of straw.

Such schemes as are here discussed will do no good to the blacks nor the whites, unless a scheme of forced expatriation be at once started; and that is attended with formidable obstacles. The North will become in turn the worse than masters of the slaves. For very self-protection, and to prevent such a ruinous and adulterous admixture of society, the North will rise to drive the freed blacks from their soil. Interest, which is stronger in society, in the end, than philanthropy, will issue its edict of expatration, and no good will accrue to the black or white. If you would barbarize the war, undignify its object and, indeed, make it a failure in every sense, you may follow the impractical schemes of New England politics, and their neophytes in the country.

These emancipation schemes will divide the North and create new dissention and rebellion in the border States. It will paralyze the efforts of the army, and make cold and indifferent the now ardent and anxious friends of the Union. Already we have seen that Fremont became the recruiting officer of Price, and such camp followers as the member from Illinois, whose speeches are quoted in Southern papers, helped to give aid and comfort to secession. This division of the North now, when all are united by State legislation and Federal action to defend our flag and sovereignty, would utterly destroy every hope which has buoyed us in this great conflict.

It would be an act of fraud on the soldiers and officers of the grand army of the Republic. They were called out by a proclamation of the 3d of May, whose preamble reads thus:

"Whereas the existing exigencies demand immediate and adequate measures for the protection of the national Constitution, and the preservation of the national Union, by the suppression of the insurrectionary combinations now existing in several States for opposing the laws of the Union and obstructing the execution thereof, to which end a military force, in addition to that called forth by my proclamation of the 15th day of April, in the present year, appears to be indispensably necessary."

The invocation of the soldiers called forth is as follows:

"In the meantime I earnestly invoke the cooperation of all good citizens in the measures hereby adopted for the effectual suppression of unlawful violence, for the impartial enforcement of constitutional laws, and for the speediest possible restoration of peace and order, and with these, of happiness and prosperity throughout our country."

The first law of the extra session, passed July 13, 1861, provided for an army to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions. The Crittenden resolutions were an explicit avowal of the only and legitimate object of this war. [House Journal of last session, p. 129.] They said:

"In this national emergency we would banish all feelings of mere passion or resentment; and would recollect only our duty to the whole country; and that this war was not waged upon our part in any spirit of oppression, nor for any purpose of conquest or subjugation; nor for the purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of the States; but to maintain the supremacy of the Constitution and preserve the Union, with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the several States unimpaired."

To divert it now into a warfare against the institution of slavery will be to make it the "violent and remorseless revolutionary struggle" which the President fears. Besides, it would make it a gigantic swindle upon the people, upon our votes for taxes, and upon the soldiers who imperil their lives in defense of the Union and its authority. It would be a fraud only measured, if not exceeded in atrocity, by the rebellion. The only object, if such a war is successful, which would be attained, would be the utter annihilation of the Union; perhaps worse, the destruction of the Government remaining in the fragmentary Union.

This was not the understanding of a large party in this country who rallied at the call of Douglas. He most distinctly disavowed such an object. He would not by a Federal army, any more than by a Federal Congress, interfere with State laws and institutions. So he declared over and over again. This forum is no place for its discussion, much less for its enactment. If the State Legislatures, in their sovereigns, choose to do this, it is for them, not for us. We have no right; and it is none of our business to make the Federal Government a moral reform society. This attempt has broken the Union; and the continuance of the effort will widen the breach until the separation is everlasting.

As most of our ills come by slavery discussions and laws, why may we not now pause? Why do not gentlemen on the other side, who have now before them the results of this most troublesome agitation, cease in their clamor? Those who keep it up are disunionists. Their talk is treason. They deserve a traitor's fate as much as Davis or Wigfall.

Is it not enough that a million of men are employed in violence and bloodshed; not enough

[CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.]