

MARCHING HOME.

HENRY HOWARD BROWNE.

Under the Nation's Dome,
They've guarded so well and long,
Our boys come marching home,
Two hundred thousand strong.

All in the pleasant month of May,
With war-worn colors and drums,
Still, through the livelong summer's day,
Regiment, regiment comes.

Who shall look on the like again,
Or see such host of the brave?
A mighty River of marching men
Rolls the Capital through—
Rank on rank, and wave on wave,
Of bayonet-crested blue!

How the chargers neigh and champ,
(Their riders weary of camp),
With carrol and with caracole—
The cavalry comes with thunderous tramp,
And the cannons heavily roll.

Greatest of mortal sights
The sun-browned ranks to view—
The Colors ragged in a hundred fights,
And the dusty Frocks of Blue!

And all day, mile on mile,
With cheer, and waving, and smile,
The war-worn legions defile
Where the nation's noblest stand;
And the Great Lieutenant looks on,
With the Flower of a rescued Land,—
For the terrible work is done,
And the Good Fight is won
For God and for Fatherland.

So, from the fields they win,
Our men are marching home,
A million are marching home!
To the cannon's thundering din,
And banners on mast and dome,—
And the ships come sailing in
With all their ensigns bright,
As erst for a great sea-fight.

Let every color fly,
Every pennon flaunt in pride;
Wave, Starry Flag, on high!
Float in the sunny sky,
Stream o'er the stormy tide!
For every stripe of stainless hue,
And every star in the field of blue,
Ten thousand of the brave and true
Have laid them down and died.

And in all our pride to-day,
We think, with a tender pain,
Of those so far away
They will not come home again.

THE GRAND REVIEW.

A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN SCENE.

BY J. S. SLATER.

Sixteen years ago, in the month of May, Washington was made the theatre of the finest military display ever witnessed in this country, and, considered in connection with the lesson to be drawn from it, the grandest pageant of modern times. The rebellion had been crushed; the vanquished foe had laid down their arms, and the victors, before departing for their homes, were to be reviewed in the Capital of the Nation whose integrity they had so valiantly and successfully defended. Having forced the enemy to surrender the weapons of treason, they, the conquerors, had come to lay down their own arms at the feet of Columbia, whose sworn defenders they had been through the years when sorrow rested most heavily upon her heart.

THE DAY OPENED AUSPICIOUSLY, and long before dawn the troops commenced assembling east of the Capitol, and when daylight began to creep over the city the reveille sounded from bivouac to bivouac, and the bugle-calls from Meridian Heights and the Capitol Hill came back in faint echoes from the Virginia shore in the vicinity of Arlington, where the remainder of the Potomac Army yet lay. It would be too great a task and require too much space to enter into anything like a detailed narrative of events, and it is deemed unnecessary to specify the organizations which formed a part of the pageant. It may be of interest, however, especially to those who were not present on the occasion, to know that

ON THE FIRST DAY, between the hours of nine a. m. and seven p. m., one hundred and eighty regiments of infantry, thirty regiments of cavalry, and thirty-two batteries, aggregating nearly two hundred guns, all belonging to the Army of the Potomac, yet constituting less than half of that organization, but all that could be spared from other duties, passed in review. On the 24th came Sherman's command, composed of the Armies of Georgia and the Tennessee, aggregating more than 75,000 men of all arms. With each army were a vast number of ambulances, hospital wagons, and the like, adding quite materially to the general interest as well as the length of the procession. The city was filled to overflowing with visitors. An hundred thousand strangers would not be too high an estimate of the number of those who had come to witness the closing scenes of the war.

IT WAS A HAPPY OCCASION, and yet a careful observer might perceive a saddened expression upon the face, detect a vein of sadness in the voice of even the most joyous. The evidences of mourning still adorned the buildings, public and private; officers and men yet wore the badge of sorrow for the lamented Lincoln, and, in consequence of these insinuations of bereavements and the memories they resurrected from the recent past, the general spirit of gladness, though frequently breaking forth in cheers and shouts of welcome, was nevertheless considerably subdued. As already intimated, the troops were set in motion at daylight, and began their triumphal march through the city at about eight o'clock. Long before that hour every foot of standing-room upon the pavements along the route, every window, balcony, and roof was a living mass of eager spectators. The intersecting streets and public reservations were also utilized, and there was

SCARCELY SUFFICIENT SPACE left unoccupied for another human being to stand, much less sit in. When the advance reached Fifteenth street the prospect, to one stationed near the south front of the Treasury and looking eastward, was magnificent beyond comparison. Winding down the hill to the northward of the Capitol, and extending along the avenue to the point of observation, marched the "Boys in Blue," company front, and at close distance, preceded

by the cavalry. The alignment was perfect. Above their heads was built a pathway of bristling steel, pierced here and there by flags and banners christened in the smoke and flame, and blood, some of them, of scores of battles, and along this pathway or bridge of sabres and sloped bayonets the God of Day drove his chariot, evoking, above the marching men below, gleams and flashes of golden and silvery light as the wheels of his triumphal car bore him onward toward the waiting west.

STRAINS OF STIRRING MUSIC

rose upon the balmy air and hung trembling above the heroes who inspired it with a soul. Upon either side of the way, far as the eye could reach, was built up from curb-stone to roof-top a wall of faces. Flags and banners waved on every hand. Cheer after cheer and shout upon shout of joy made silence quake and flee without the city. Wreaths and garlands of flowers were scattered everywhere. They hung from housetop to basement, were cast upon the moving panorama, upon the uplifted sabres, the shining bayonets, and thrown in the way to be trampled under the feet which, having plodded through years of suffering and sorrow, over toilsome roads, were now marching homeward, treading upon a soft, velvety carpet, woven by loving hands from nature's sweetest treasures.

WOMEN GREW HYSTERICAL

and stalwart men felt a choking sensation in the throat that would not let them speak without tears followed the utterances of the heart as the steady tramp, tramp, tramp of the legions of liberty passed before them in review, each step cadenced to the music of the Union. Hark! Yonder come the guns. Hear how they rumble, and grumble, and groan as if they, too, realized that the war was ended, their occupation gone, and were angry at the fact. How different from their masters! and yet, what a sympathy between them! The black-throated cannon and the bronzed and bearded cannoniers are kin. Look at them as they pass! Are they not fitted for each other? And the horses, even! See how proudly and gallantly they step, keeping time to the war-like music resounding from every side! And here come the cavalry! Thousands upon thousands, pennons flying, carbines clinking, and sabers clanging. Here they come with a galaxy of glorious chieftains in the van.

THAT YOUTHFUL-LOOKING,

slender, fair-haired, dashing cavalier, with blonde complexion and long silken mustache, is Custer himself, whose brilliant spirit shed its last flickering light on the banks of the Rosebud, in the midst of savages. He wears a broad-brimmed, gray slouch hat, and a jaunty, flowing scarlet scarf at his throat. That is his division following. You may know them by their long crimson neckties, floating in the wind. They are not idolatrous, and yet they worship him. Can any loyal heart blame them for so doing? Now step through the Treasury building and take a seat directly opposite the reviewing stand, upon which are to be distinguished those among living men whom the Nation most loves to honor.

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CABINET,

Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Howard, Slocum, Logan, and others—names now household words throughout the land. Then turn your eyes eastward. The column is wheeling to the left and coming into view from behind the old State Department, torn down years ago to make room for the north wing of the Treasury. See how the ranks close up as they approach the grand pavilion. Watch the swing of their shoulders; see how careless, and yet with what precision every movement is made. They are no holiday soldiers; they are veterans—the "Old Guard" of the Republic. Their eyes have looked again and again into the powder-blackened muzzles of the enemy's cannon; have seen the thin tubes of death leveled at their breasts by the foe; have beheld all the sights and heard all the sounds of fiercest battle. There is a firmness in the set of their jaws, a resoluteness in their demeanor, which distinguishes them from all those who only wear the military garb in peaceful times. And their uniforms! no imposing bearskins, no waving plumes, no gaudy dress. The plain frock or simple blouse and army blue pantaloons, ragged,

STAINED, AND BEGRIMED

by the elements of heaven, earth, and war, and the fatigue cap or regulation felt hat—these are their garments—garments which become them as completely as do the robes of royalty the kingly form. Beside us sits a man in a faded blue blouse. He has but one leg. The other lies buried somewhere in the Wilderness. His head is craned forward and he eagerly watches for the coming of—"There she is! There she comes; look at her; nothing but a rag; hurrah!" he shouts, and half slides, half tumbles from the bench, and is at the curb-stone by the time that which had once been a flag, but is now a mere fragment of tattered and smoke-begrimed silk, comes opposite. "Hallo, Bill! How are you, Dan? Where's Charlie?" The regiment, a mere handful, has passed; but the men, though they turned not a head or eye, had many of them recognized a comrade, and he knew it.

AS HE HOBBLER BACK

to his place he put up a hand, from which two fingers were missing, and wiped away the tears that, upon one side of his face, followed in the track of a deep sabre-cut running diagonally across it. "Them's bully boys," said he, as he climbed into his seat. "I used to carry that flag. I had it when a Johnny give me this lick on the mug at Gettysburg." "Fingers? Yes, they sort o' got away from me somehow down on the Peninsula. Lost 'em at Gaines's Mill in '62. Glad 'twant the right hand." Here comes Custer once more. See that gigantic wreath thrown at him from near the corner of Fifteenth-and-a-half street. He catches it and slips it over his head, making a baldric of it. In doing so his hat falls off, leaving his long yellow hair to float unrestrainedly upon the gentle breeze. His horse, a powerful stallion, unused to such gentle arts of peace, takes fright and dashes by with the speed of a whirlwind. Women shriek and the men—some of them—cheer, while yet others look on in breathless excitement. The rider sits his steed like a centaur. There is no dismounting Custer, and so in a few moments he rides back to his command, flushed and smiling, amid the vociferous cheering of the vast concourse of

spectators, resumes his head covering, and presently disappears, followed by the bold horsemen he had so often led to the charge.

WHEN DEATH BARRED THE WAY

to many a steed and rider. In front of us, upon the lowest seat, sit an elderly couple, who since early morning have been watching for a particular regiment. Their boy is in it, and they have traveled from the far North to see the grand review and him. Innocent souls, they little realized the changes wrought in the appearance of a man by a single campaign, and they had not seen their son since he volunteered in 1861. Over and over again they described him to those of us who sat near by—"a laughing, blue-eyed, fair-haired, rosy-checked boy, seventeen when he enlisted." The regiment came. The aged people and many another one beside looked for the fair-haired boy, but looked in vain. Tears came into the eyes of more than one looker-on upon witnessing the grievous disappointment of the chief watchers. Their boy was not there, they said; and yet he had passed.

WITHIN THE LENGTH OF A MUSKET

of them, and they saw him not. Next day it was our great good fortune to meet the same old couple again. Their son was with them, but he was no smooth-faced, laughing boy, as they had pictured him. He was a man; in stature taller than his father, broad shouldered, bronzed, and bearded like a pard. The laughter had long since died out from his blue eyes, and given place to the stern, determined look of one who had faced death often, and was ready, if need be, to do so again and again. They were proud of that son—one could see it from the almost reverential manner in which they looked up to and addressed him. He was only a common soldier; but, judged from his appearance, he was well worthy of their love—a man of whom even the Nation might well be proud. Meantime, while we have digressed to relate this incident,

THE COLUMN HAS MOVED ON,

and so it keeps moving on from morning until night. And the next day it is the same, only that the Western army of broad-shouldered, stalwart men who fought under Sherman are substituted in place of those who did so nobly under Grant. They march over the same route, greeted by the same enthusiastic demonstrations of joy, and salute their chiefs as did their brothers who preceded them; and then they, too, melt away in the distance, and soon the army of the Union is disbanded. The victors lay down the crown of might, but retain the laurel wreath, bearing it with them to their quiet homes to wear forever more.

GRAND OLD ARMY OF THE POTOMAC!

Glorious Army of the West! Tried soldiers and brave men all! Men who in the East saw the first as well as the last battle of the war; who were christened at Manassas in 1861; lay in the trenches under the dropping fire of the enemy's guns a Yorktown; passed through the fearful ordeal of the "Seven Days;" who climbed the deadly, fire-swept slope on that chill December day at Fredericksburg; who stood at Gettysburg and hurled Lee's legions back a broken and disheartened mass; who plowed a furrow through the Wilderness from the Rappahannock to the James with the bayonet; who dwelt under the canopy of shot and shell at Petersburg, and who were at Five Forks and Appomattox. Men who in the West stood at Shiloh, Vicksburg, and Stone River; who fought below the clouds, in the clouds, and above the clouds, wherever the enemy were to be found; who

CARVED A PATH TO GLORY

and the hearts of their countrymen when they cut their way from Atlanta to the sea, stopping only long enough on the route to win the glorious victories of Lookout, Mission Ridge, Chattanooga, and numerous other hot-contested fields; and men who, after the firing of the last hostile gun, journeyed over half a continent to clasp hands with their comrades of the Potomac Army and assist in paying homage to the genius of American liberty in the Nation's Capital. They were separated once by the necessities of war. Now they no longer belong to either the East or the West, but to the whole country—to the Union; and, as soldiers of the Union, we would thus call the memory of their deeds to life, so that a grateful people may not cease to do them equal honor. They are entitled to it, for they preserved the unity of the States. Long live the grand old Army of the Republic in the hearts of loyal men everywhere!

THE BUMMER BRIGADE.

The account of the grand review would be incomplete without some mention of the ludicrous winding up of the last days' proceedings. Following the stalwart and disciplined legionaries who had cut their way through the heart of the enemy's country from Atlanta to the sea, came THE BUMMER BRIGADE, a motley crew, excelling in picturesque appearance, dress, dirt, and deviltry, the ragged recruits of Falstaff, and which so sorely tried the patience of that redoubtable hero of romance. Almost every nationality under the sun was represented. There were Yankees from the East marching side by side with their Western prototypes, and red-haired Englishmen walking in loving proximity to blue-eyed men from the Shannon, who followed in the footsteps of Frenchman, Dutchman, Spaniard, Turk, or Russian. Africa predominated to such an extent that a dark shadow was reflected from the dusky faces and hung above the moving column like a thick cloud.

THE ANIMAL AGGREGATION.

In the way of representation on the part of the lower orders of creation there was an aggregation of animals rivaling in variety and numbers the grandest combination ever conceived by Barnum, Forepaugh, or other ring kings of the menagerie. There were game chickens from Georgia, mules from Mississippi, and 'possums from all along the line of march through Dixie. Pet monkeys, pigs, and parrots, cats, cows, and crocodiles grimaced, grunted, squealed, squalled, lowed, and kicked up the devil generally until the lookers-on found little difficulty in imagining Noah's ark had but just discharged its heterogeneous cargo in the streets of Washington.

CONTRABANDS FAVORED

on cadaverous specimens of horseflesh, carrying their household belongings and whatever else they were able to get away with in bundles, baskets, bags, and blankets. Curly-headed pican-

ninies peeped out from sacks alongside of turkeys, geese, and other feathered specimens, and, in fact, the rag-tag and bobtail of the army, with the riff-raff of the section through which the closing campaign of the war had led them, passed in review, evoking shouts of laughter as they moved to the music of dinner-horns, tin pans, braying mules, crowing cocks, and a perfect storm of curious cries and cat-calls.

THE BUMMERS WERE

a feature of each one of the Union armies, and consisted of those who had unbounded appetites for the good things of life, but no stomachs for fighting; who could smell a chicken or roasting pig across a twenty-acre lot, but never could get a sniff of gunpowder; who were every ready to forage on their individual accounts, but never were able to undergo the fatigue of drill or marching in the ranks; who were often under arrest, and as often mysteriously released; who were on good terms with some one or more officers having seeming authority over them, and whose messes were supplied from time to time with dainty tipples supplied by the free foragers, over whom they exercised a sort of protectorate; who were, in fact, reckless, brave men, worthless as soldiers, jolly dogs, good providers, passable cooks, full of humor and good feeling so long as they could have their own way.

THEY WERE USEFUL, TOO.

after a fashion. Scattering in front, upon the flanks, and in rear of the army, they rendered a surprise next to, if not quite, impossible. Poking into all sorts of out-of-the-way places, they gathered much important information, besides the vast amount of spoils they gathered in as they journeyed leisurely on. But, like the stalwarts who preceded them, the bummers at length passed from sight to be seen never again. They disappeared; but the memory of them will long live in the minds of those who saw them on that bright May day so many years ago. J. S. S.

OLDER THAN THE REPUBLIC.

Mrs. Hannah Cox, who died recently at Holderness, N. H., was the oldest person in that State, and probably in New England. Her birth occurred at Preston, Conn., June 25, 1776. There can be no question as to the time when she first saw the light, for her birth is plainly recorded in the parish register of the old Episcopal church at Preston. Up to ninety-seven, Mrs. Cox was unremittingly industrious at sewing or knitting, and only ceased such work at the request of her children. Up to the time of her death her senses, with the exception of impaired hearing, were perfect. She walked without a cane, read type of the long-primer size without glasses, and a short time before she passed away she repeated, almost faultlessly, the twenty-third Psalm from memory. Her exact age was 105 years 2 months and 4 days, and one can gain some idea of the great span which her life covered when it is realized that she was born nine days before the Declaration of Independence was made by the American Colonies.—*Bangor Commercial.*

GRAPESHOT IN THE SEA SAND.

Several days ago, while fishing with a party of friends off Cumming's Point, Major Mansfield, of the Post Office Department, found a human skeleton washed up on the sand. It is supposed to have been the remains of some soldier who fell at Battery Gregg during the war, whose resting place had been rudely disturbed by the encroaching waves. The skeleton was reinterred. Major Mansfield also gathered quite a number of shot and shell near the spot where the old battery stood, a bayonet almost eaten up with rust, a Parrott shell with the charge still in it, and an assortment of grape and canister, terrible witnesses of the scenes transpiring in our historic harbor nearly twenty years ago. It is said that when the tide is low grapeshot can be gathered in the sand at this point by the bushel.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

FAMINES.

In the year 272, the Britons were compelled to eat the bark of trees.
In 306, thousands of the Scots died from want of food.
In 310, 40,000 English perished from the same cause.
In 450, if we may believe Dufresnoy, so dreadful was the scarcity of food in Italy, that the parents devoured their own children.
In 739, in 823, and in 954, England, Wales, and Scotland lost thousands of their inhabitants by starvation. Famine again desolated these countries in the years 1087, 1195, 1251, and 1315. During the last visitation, horses, dogs, cats, and the most loathsome vermin were greedily devoured. We find at intervals of time six other seasons of famine, reaching down as late as 1795. A most dreadful calamity of the same nature visited the Cape de Verdes in the year 1775, when 16,000 persons died of starvation, and also in 1811, when some of the islands lost from one-third to one-half of their population.

MY LAST CIGAR.

'Twas off the Blue Canary Isles,
One glorious summer day,
I sat upon the quarter deck
And whiff'd my cares away;
And as the volu'm'd smoke arose,
Like incense in the air,
I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth,
It was my last cigar!

I leaped upon the quarter rail,
And look'd down in the sea;
E'en there the purple wreath of smoke
Was curling gracefully,
Ah! what had I at such a time
To do with wasting care?
Alas, the trembling tear proclaimed
It was my last cigar!

I watched the ashes as they came
Fast drawing to the end;
I watch'd it as a friend would watch
Beside a dying friend;
And, as the fire crept slowly on,
It vanish'd into air;
I drew it from me—spare the tale—
It was my last cigar!

I've seen the land of all I love
Fade in the distance dim;
I've watch'd above the blighted heart
Where once proud hope hath been;
But I have never known a woe
Which could with that compare,
When off the Blue Canary Isles
I smok'd my last cigar!

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ORATION.

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.
"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that Nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave up their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.
"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this Nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

RICH MEN OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Ex-Governor Curtin in the *New York Tribune*, in reply to the question "Which estate will net the most to the heirs, that of Colonel Thomas A. Scott or the estate of Asa Packer?" says: "I think that the Packer estate is the best. It is generally held to be worth \$7,000,000 without exaggeration. The estate of Colonel Scott is large, but I think the newspapers rate it too high. I should put it at about \$5,000,000. Considering everything, that is a very great result for such an active and venturesome mind as Colonel Scott's. Some of the largest fortunes in Philadelphia have been accumulated by manufacturers. There is Mr. Weightman, of the firm of drug manufacturers which monopolized the quinine. He is one of the richest men in Pennsylvania. The estate of Gillingham Fell is very large. Disston, the saw manufacturer, has made a large amount of money. Dobson, the carpet manufacturer, has done a great business. The Baldwin locomotive works, as you know, are the largest in the world. Sellers, the boiler-maker, is another great force with us. In Pittsburgh, the largest fortune I presume to be that of William Thaw, who is at the head of the Pennsylvania railroad lines west of Pennsylvania. He is now a director in the Pennsylvania Railroad. Some reckon his means at \$10,000,000. Hostetter, the bitters man, is also very rich in Pittsburgh. One of the most successful men in our State is A. J. Cassett, vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He was a boy of plain, respectable family in Pittsburgh. He entered the railroad service near the bottom, and has worked his way up till he is one of the great masters of railroad details, and by his address is considerable of a public and social man, and his sagacity has made him a large fortune."

SOME QUEER DEFINITIONS.

Few persons are aware how much knowledge is sometimes necessary to give the etymology and definition of a word. It is easy to define words, as certain persons satirized by Pascal have defined light: "A luminous movement of luminous bodies;" or as a Western judge once defined murder to a jury: "Murder, gentlemen, is when a man is murderously killed. It is the murdering that constitutes murder in the eye of the law. Murder, in short, is murder." We have all smiled at Johnson's definition of network: "Network—anything reticulated or decessed at equal distances, within interstices between the interstices."
Many of the definitions in our dictionaries remind one of Bardolph's attempt to analyze the term accommodation: "Accommodation—that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is being whereby he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing." Brimstone, for example, the lexicographer defines by telling us that it is sulphur; and then rewards us for the trouble we have had in turning to sulphur, by telling us it is brimstone.

SLAVES AS CONTRABANDS.

Mr. Thurlow Weed, in an article on the early incidents of the Rebellion, gives General Butler credit for first using the word "contraband" in alluding to slaves. The public also has been led to believe that General Butler displayed originality in applying so appropriate a term to the unfortunate negroes. The credit actually belongs to a distinguished opponent to slavery, long since deceased, and to a person whose anti-slavery sentiments were not as popular as when General Butler became a convert.
In Hildreth's History of the United States, volume 4, page 195, there is an extract from a speech made by Thomas Scott, a member of the First Congress, at its second session in 1790, in which, speaking of the power of Congress over slavery, he says:
" * * * If these wretched Africans can be considered property, as some gentlemen would have it, and consequently as subjects of trade and commerce, they and their masters so far lose the benefit of their personality, that Congress may at pleasure declare them contraband goods, and so prohibit the trade altogether."

DISCOVERY OF GLASS.

The discovery of glass-making was effected by seeing the sand vitrified upon which a fire had been kindled.
Blancort says that the making of plate-glass was suggested by the fact of a workman happening to break a crucible filled with melted glass. The fluid ran under one of the large flagstones with which the floor was paved. On raising the stone to recover the glass, it was found in the form of a plate, such as could not be produced by the ordinary process of blowing.

Man is the glory, jest, and riddle of the world.