"MENDING THE OLD FLAG."

WILL CARLETON.

In the silent gloom of a garret room,
With cobwebs round it creeping,
From day to day the Old Flag lay—
A veteran worn and sleeping.
Dingily old, each wrinkled fold
By the dust of years was shaded;
Wounds of the storm were upon its form;
The crimson stripes were faded.

'Twas a mournful sight in the gray twilight,
This thing of humble seeming,
That once so proud o'er the cheering crowd
Had carrried its colors gleaming.
Stained with mould were the braids of gold
That had flashed in the sun-ray's kissing;
Of faded hue was its field of blue,
And some of its stars were missing.

Three northern maids and three from glades
Where dreams the south-land weather,
With glances kind and their arms entwined,
Came up the stairs together;
They gazed awhile with a thoughtful smile
At the crouching form before them;
With clinging holds they grasped its folds
And out of the darkness bore them.

They healed its scars, they found its stars,
And brought them all together,
(Three northern maids and three from glades
Where smiles the south-land weather;)
They mended away through the summer day,
Made glad by an inspiration
To fling it high at the smiling sky
On the birthday of our Nation.

In the brilliant glare of the summer air,
With a brisk breeze round it creeping,
Newly bright through the glistening light
The Flag went grandly sweeping;
Gleaming and bold were its braids of gold,
And flashed in the sun-ray's kissing;
Red, white, and blue were of deepest hue,
And none of the stars were missing.

IN THE WILDERNESS.

OPENING OF THE "FORTY-DAYS'" FIGHT.

G. N. Galloway, in Philadelphia Times.

The battle of the Wilderness will always remain a mystery in the history of the late war. It was an action the very mention of which makes one shudder. My purpose in this narrative is to tell how General Getty, who commanded the Second division of the Sixth Corps, met and fought the enemy on the first two eventful days which opened Grant's forty days' battle. To a correct understanding of the country through which we were marching, and that in which we were about to bandy lead and steel, it will be necessary for the reader to glance a moment at the Wilderness and its environs. The Stevensburg plank road over which we had marched in reaching that point runs in a southeasterly direction from Culpeper Court House to Germania Ford on the Rapidan; thence extending to the "Old Wilderness Tavern," where it terminates in the Orange plank road, having crossed the Orange turnpike (called the dirt road) a short distance northwest. Five miles beyond the "Old Wilderness Tavern" is the old church, and what is known as the Brock road leads southeasterly from the Orange plank road to Spottsylvania Court House. Our points of crossing the Rapidan River were those chosen by Meade in November, 1863, and the locality the Wilderness, the same we had occupied at that time. Not far away was Hooker's Chancellorsville field, and there Stonewall Jackson, a name inseparable with that of the Wilderness, enacted a part which cost him his life. The locality known as the Wilderness is a tract of land about seven miles wide and thirteen miles long, situated in Spottsylvania county, Virginia, about sixteen miles west of Fredericksburg, and was owned at the time we are considering (May, 1864) by Major J. Horace Lacey, an officer of the confederate army, and whose fine residence opposite Fredericksburg General Hooker used as headquarters in 1863. It was in years past a flourishing section of the country, but the soil becoming exhausted it was abandoned and allowed to become what it really is—a wilderness. It is exceedingly broken up, and save a few fallow fields—clearings—is covered with a dense undergrowth of hazel and brier, traversed by numerous ravines and narrow roads which are entirely hidden by a remarkable growth of stunted pines and scrub-oaks. From many of the larger trees rank vines hang down, cable-like, nearly touching the ground, suggestive of a halter.

It will be remembered that as soon as the coming together of the two great armies was announced by a few spasmodic volleys in ragged succession General Getty was detached from the Sixth Corps and ordered to move with his division (three brigades) to the left a mile or two. He was to seize an important point, and if possible to hold it until assistance could arrive. On approaching the cross-roads, the Brock road and Orange Court House plank road, our cavalry—a portion of Wilson's troopers who had advanced a few miles after daylight towards the Catharpin road—were found retiring. Hastening forward with his staff, Getty reached the cross-roads just as the confederate skirmishers appeared, rapidly advancing to gain possession of this point. Gen. Getty says in his official report of this action: "The presence of my small retinue, consisting of my staff and orderlies, standing firmly at the point in dispute, although under fire, served to delay their advance." A few minutes later Wheaton's brigade (the First) was brought up at the double-quick, faced to the front and a volley poured in, which drove back the enemy's advance. Skirmishers were then immediately deployed and advanced a few hundred yards until they encountered the confederate skirmishers. The confederate dead and wounded were found within thirty yards of the cross-roads, so nearly had they obtained possession of it. Prisoners taken here reported Hill's corps, with Heth's division in advance, on the Orange Court House plank road advancing. The information was immediately forwarded to Major-General Sedgwick, then commanding the Corps, and Getty at once formed his divisions in two lines at right angles to the Orange Court House plank road with Wheaton's brigade on both sides of the road, Eustis on the right and Grant's Vermont brigade on the left. In obedience to orders several attempts were now made to establish connection with the left of the Fifth Corps, but without success, owing to the fact that the enemy was in force between Getty's division and that Corps. For two hours now, save a constant fire of skirmishers, everything was quiet. The enemy was evidently getting into position and forming his lines.

At half-past three in the afternoon, and just as the head of Hancock's column (which was marching by another route, the Brock road, and was rapidly getting into battle order) reached the field, General Meade gave orders to attack at once without waiting for Hancock. This order was reiterated by Colonel Lyman, of General Meade's staff, in person. Accordingly Getty's divison advanced at once. A section of artillery from the Second Corps, under Captain Ricketts, was planted on the plank road, advanced with the lines, and did good service. The enemy was found in strong force immediately in front. His lines outflanked the division, and though forced back some distance in the centre he held, in the main, his ground and repulsed every attack. The fighting was very heavy. About 5.30 in the afternoon the enemy charged and forced back our lines some fifty yards, where he was checked and repulsed. On the plank road he got up to and planted a color at one of the guns of Ricketts's section, which, the horses being killed, could not be withdrawn. However, the enemy was immediately driven back and the gun retaken by a gallant charge of portions of Grant's Vermonters and Wheaton's brigade. It was with the utmost difficulty and only by the most stubborn fighting and tenacity that we held our ground, outnumbered and outflanked as we were by the whole corps of A. P. Hill, which consisted of the divisions of Anderson, Heth, and Wilcox. But the Second Corps at length getting into position, advanced on the left and to a great extent relieved the pressure on our lines. Very heavy fighting, however, without either gaining or losing ground, was kept up until after dark. Getty was then relieved from the front line by troops from the Second Corps, and withdrew a short distance to the rear. At 6 o'clock on the morning of the 6th of May the Second Corps attacked. Getty's division, formed in two lines on both sides the plank road; Eustis on the right, Wheaton's in the centre, crossing the plank road, and Grant, with his Vermonters, on the left, and advanced in support to Birney's division, Second Corps. The enemy were again encountered immediately in front, but after a sharp struggle were forced back, and our troops pushed forward with renewed vigor. The confederates now lost ground rapidly and hundreds of prisoners and many colors came pouring in.

A mile and a half in advance of the cross roads the gallant Wadsworth, with his division of the Fifth Corps, swept in from the right, driving the foe in great confusion, and forming a junction with the troops which had advanced on the plank road. All pressed on after the now almost routed enemy. It was a fearful but joyous moment. Cheers rent the air and excited breaths through begrimed mouths and nostrils shook the foliage. Having driven the enemy three-fourths of a mile a heavy artillery fire was encountered from batteries on the left of the road, which were masked by the thick scrubs and pines. In compliance with orders from General Birney, Getty's division was at once moved wholly to the left of the plank road, but soon after, perceiving that there were but few troops on the right of the road, and that the enemy threatened an attack from that quarter, Getty moved Wheaton's and Eustis's brigades back to the right of the road. All this time we were steadily advancing, driving the enemy in some disorder, and capturing many prisoners, and had reached a point within half a mile of Parker's store. The threatened attack on the right now burst with great fury. The lines in front gave way. At this point the Thirty-seventh Massachusetts, Colonel Oliver Edwards, rushed forward, and in the midst of confederate elation at their little success beat back their advance about a quarter of a mile. It was at this moment that General Wadsworth fell pierced by a minie ball while in the act of complimenting Colonel Edwards upon his splendid achievement. Wheaton and Eustis also stepped into the gap, and by hard fighting held the enemy. Soon the extreme left was forced back. The confederates, it appeared, had brought up all of Longstreet's corps, and before the onset of these fresh troops our men, fatigued and disordered by their long advance in line of battle through the dense and almost impenetrable thicket which covers all this tract, gave ground. Getty's men were soon in the front line, but being outflanked by the breaking of the troops on the left, were forced back with the rest. Here the gallant Getty received a severe wound through the shoulder and was compelled to leave the field, turning over his command of the division to General Frank Wheaton, the senior brigade commander present. General Neill, with his brigade, having been detached, was fighting with Sedgwick on the extreme right of the line.

After a severe contest of some ten hours' duration, our troops were forced back to their original position at the cross-roads. The division, throughout all this fighting and falling back, held well together. Not a single regiment or organization was broken up. The brigades reoccupied nearly their original positions. Breastworks were hastily thrown up and preparations made to resist the enemy's further advance. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon he attacked and made the most desperate efforts to break our lines, but was handsomely repulsed, and after a struggle of half an hour withdrew, leaving the ground in front of our lines covered with his dead and wounded. Late in the evening the First and Fourth brigades rejoined the Corps on the right of the army. Grant's Vermont brigade remained in position on the right of the Second Corps until the afternoon of the 7th of May, when they rejoined the Corps, and all the brigades of the division were again united. Much joy was manifested at the return of the Second division to the Sixth Corps. The men broke into cheers and many shook hands as though meeting after a long absence.

Many brave and gallant officers and men yielded their lives. 1,232 of Vermont's bravest sons were killed and wounded in the two days' fighting, the Vermont brigade having crossed the Rapidan with 2,800 men for duty. Colonel Newton Stone and Lieutenant-Colonel John S. Tyler, of the Second regiment, and Colonel Elisha L. Barney, of the Sixth regiment, were among the slain. Colonel George P. Foster, of the Fourth regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel John R. Lewis, commanding the Fifth regiment, were severely wounded. The loss in the other two brigades, Wheaton's and Eustis's, was also severe, and swelled the Second division's loss to nearly 3,000 men. The loss in the Ninety-third Pennsylvania (Wheaton's brigade) was 162 killed and wounded, Major John J. Nevin being among the latter. The casualties in the One Hundred and Thirty-ninth Pennsylvania, which received the first shock in the confederate attack on the left, were fearful, and the regiment had scarcely one commissioned officer uninjured at the close of the fighting. In his official report upon the battle, General Getty says:

In wresting the possession of the crossing of the Orange Court House and Brock roads from Hill's corps when already occupied by his skirmishers, it is not claiming too much to say that the Second division saved the army from disastrous defeat, for that point was of vital importance to us, and its falling into the hands of the enemy would have cut our army in two, separating the Second Corps from the Fifth and Sixth, and would have exposed to capture the artillery reserve, then moving up from Chancellorsville on the Orange plank road. Throughout the terrible struggle that ensued this division held the key-point of the battle-field, the plank road. Their losses, all killed or wounded, and few or none prisoners, show how tenaciously they fought. The reports of brigade and regimental commanders mention many acts of individual gallantry. Captain Ricketts, commanding the section of artillery on this road, in the battle on the 5th, displayed great coolness and courage. The officers of my staff, Major Charles Mundee, Assistant Adjutant-General; Captain Hazard Stevens, Assistant Adjutant Inspector-General; Lieutenant John Faaon, Aid-de-Camp; Lieutenant Henry Murray, Aid-de-Camp, performed their duties on the field well and gallantly. Captain Hazard Stevens received a wound on the 6th, and had his horse killed under him. Lieutenant John Faaon, Aid-de-Camp, was also severely wounded. My horse was killed under me on the 5th. Lieutenant Cole, pioneer officer, merits great praise. He constantly kept his pioneers close up, and once when our troops were giving back he placed them in the front line and did good service until the close of the battle.

In a letter of a late date to the writer, relating to this action, Major-General Louis A. Grant, who commanded the gallant Vermont brigade during the sanguinary engagement, says:

There is no doubt that the Second division of the Sixth Corps on the first day of the battle, and possibly on the second day also, saved our army from rout. This may be readily seen by repeating a conversation had between General Getty and General Gordon, of the confederate army, a few days after the surrender, and this I had from General Getty's lips soon after. Generals Getty and Gordon were riding along together and talking over schoolboy days at West Point and the events of the war, when Gordon happened to remark that he was in command of the confederate forces on the plank road on the first day at the Wilderness. Getty replied by saying that he was in command of the Federal forces at that point that day, and inquired of Gordon how large a force he had. Gordon said that he had his old division of about seven thousand and Heth's of about the same strength, making in all about fourteen thousand. Getty replied that he had only three brigades of about six thousand muskets, and asked Gordon what his object was in forcing that engagement. Gordon said that he knew that our reserve artillery was parked only about two miles to the rear of the cross roads, and that Hancock encamped the night before at Todd's Tavern, and that it must be several hours before he could come up to form connection with the rest of the army, and that his object was to cut off Hancock from the rest of the army, capture our artillery, and strike us in the left flank and rear, and that he was pressing down rapidly in order to accomplish it, not supposing that there was any force in his front but a small force of cavalry, and that he was surprised on reaching the cross roads to find infantry skirmishers, and that he immediately formed his forces into line preparatory to attack us, but that our attack upon him was a few minutes before he was ready to move to attack us, and that our attack was so strong, violent, and persistent, that all he could do was to hold his own until dark, when he retired. He also said that a large share of his force was massed upon our left and his right of the plank road. Getty replied: "Why, I only had my little Vermont brigade there, of less than three thousand muskets." Gordon replied: "Well, the brush was so thick we could not see anything."

It is undoubtedly true that the Vermont brigade fought directly and almost hand to hand over ten thousand men that day. I was over the ground after the battle. The brush and small timber were very dense, so that it was next to impossible to ride a horse through, and yet almost every tree and staddle was marked by bullets. It is not strange that nearly one-half of the command fell, but it is strange how any of us escaped unhurt.

JOSEPH BARA, THE CHILD HERO.

The statue of the child hero, Joseph Bara, has been erected in the church square at Palaiseau, on which a chateau of the Condes, in which he was born and reared, looks down. It was in an inn near this residence that "the thievish magpie" stole the silver spoon for which the serving maid was sent to prison. Palaiseau is near that end of the valley of the Ivette where the fair vale of Chevreuse begins. The landscape is of a seductive character. There are fairy green meads, wooded knolls, a pretty stream, and everything appears to catch the sun. A very thin mist often rises over the undulating ground and gives additional charm to the scenery. Of the Conde chateau only a single ogive window exists. George Sand once inhabited Palaiseau, and wrote there "M'dlle La Quintinie." She bought an old house, and in attempting to improve it got into debt. M. Taine is very fond of the scenery round Palaiseau. He has a country house not far from it at Chatillon. His brother lives a few miles on in the Chevreuse direction. Joseph Bara's father was a woodranger on the Palaiseau estate of the Condes, and his mother was a domestic in the chatteau. She was a widow when her son, at the age of twelve, enrolled himself as a volunteer. His head had "taken fire" at a patriotic meeting where Carnot's appeal for 450,000 men was read before him.

The boy learned to play the fife and drum, and furbished the arms and cleaned the horse of a major of Spahis who had fought in India under Bussy. This officer "le petit tambour" followed to La Vendee. To harass and throw the enemy off the track, this major often sent his little drummer running through the *bocage* to beat here and there the drum or sound the fife. Bara was one day surprised by a band of peasants. He was a boy of delicate features and aristocratic air. The Vendeans thought him some nobleman's child who had been perverted, and told him that if he cried "Vive le roi!" they would let him off. He answered by beating his drum. "Are you deaf?" roared a country brute, who took aim at him. "I'm a republican," replied the boy. "Ah! young brigand, have a care! Give up your drumming, and, like us, cry, 'Vive le roi!'" "Vive la republique!" cried Bara. Twenty firelocks were discharged at him, and he fell dead. Horrified at the execution, the Vendeans fled. But some of them returned, picked up the corpse, and respectfully bore it to the camp of the blues. The convention declared a pension to Bara's mother, and ordered that an engraving of the little drummer's execution should be made and hung up in every primary school to show what a child can do when inspired by a noble sentiment. Chenier, in "Le Chant de Departe," alluded to Bara's execution, and David (d'Angers), who found one of the engravings ordered by the convention, chose his death as a subject for his chisel in 1837. The statue at Palaiseau represents the youthful hero in the uniform of a hussar. A drumstick has fallen from one of his hands, the other he still holds. The boy has been struck with the twenty bullets, but the expression of heroic exaltation still lingers on the delicate young face.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE LAST OF ELEVEN HUNDRED.

General Daniel Tyler, who went into the war of the rebellion as colonel of the First regiment Connvols., is the only survivor of a regiment of 1,100 men (the First artillery) which received Lafayette at Yorktown in 1824. General Tyler graduated at West Point in 1819 and was made second lieutenant in the light artillery. He served in garrisons at northern posts until 1824, when he was made first lieutenant in the First artillery and sent to Fort Monroe, where he was adjutant of the artillery school of practice. He was sent on professional duty to France from 1828 to 1830, and translated from the French "Manœuvres of Artillery," which for many years was the army text book. He resigned from the army in 1834 and was one of the most prominent civil engineers in the country until 1861, serving as superintending engineer and president of many different railroads. It is said of him that he has discovered and brought out more successful engineers and railroad managers than any other man in the country. During the rebellion he was, in 1861, made brigadier-general of United States volunteers, commanding a division in the Manassas campaign of 1861, was second in command at Bull Run, also in command of a division in the Mississippi campaign in the advance upon and seige of Corinth. He was in command of Harper's Ferry and Maryland Heights when the confederate army advanced upon Pennsylvania, and was afterward in command of the districts of Maryland and Delaware. He resigned in April, 1864, immediately after the death of his wife. General Tyler is yet living in one of the southern States.

HE CHANGED HIS NAME.

William North Steuben, of Monterey county, California, is a descendant of the Baron Steuben by a son adopted under the following circumstances:

As Steuben was reviewing Colonel Sheldon's regiment of light horse, on the call of the muster roll, the offensive appellation of Benedict Arnold met his ear. The person who bore the name, a private, was immediately called to the front. He was a fine-looking man, with his horse and equipments in perfect order.

"Change your name, brother soldier," said the Baron; "you are to respectable to bear the name of a traitor."

"What name shall I take, General!"

"Take any other; mine is at your service."

The offer was gladly accepted, the odious appellation erased from the roll and that of Frederick William Steuben inserted in its place. As a christening present the Baron immediately settled on him a perpetual pension of $5 a month, and after some years the gift of a considerable tract of land was added.

ANOTHER FROM PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 10, 1863.

Major-General HOOKER:

Your long dispatch of to-day is just received. If left to me, I would not go south of the Rappahannock upon Lee's moving north of it. If you had Richmond invested to-day you would not be able to take it in twenty days; meanwhile your communications, and with them your army, would be ruined. I think Lee's army, and not Richmond, is your objective point. If he comes toward the upper Potomac follow on his flank, and on the inside track, shortening your lines while he lengthens his. Fight him, too, when opportunity offers. If he stays where he is, fret him and fret him.

A. LINCOLN.

OLD BATTLE-FIELDS.

Long years of peace have stilled the battle thunder,
Wild grasses quiver where the fight was won.
Masses of blossom, lightly blown asunder,
Drop down white petals on the silent gun;
For life is kind and sweet things grow unbidden,
Turning the scenes of strife to bloomy bowers;
One only knows what secrets may be hidden
Beneath his cloud of flowers.

Poor heart, above thy field of sorrow sighing
For smitten faith and hope untimely slain,
Leave thou the soil whereon thy dead are lying
To the soft sunlight and the cleansing rain;
Love works in silence, hiding all the traces
Of bitter conflict on the trampled sod,
And time shall show thee all life's battle places
Veiled by the hand of God. *I. L. Cosham.*

WHAT GENERAL FRANKLIN SAID.

General William B. Franklin, in responding to the toast "The Army and Navy Club" at its recent meeting in New Haven, Conn., thus alluded to the fraternal feelings which exist in the hearts of soldiers who have faced dangers and death in one common cause:

"I congratulate you, gentlemen, on the flourishing state of the association. Its membership is increasing, the interest taken in it by the soldiers and sailors of the State in general has grown, and in all respects the club is on a better footing than it has been since its organization. The object of the club is so simple that it requires no explanation. We have formed it to meet one day in each year, to take each other by the hand, to touch elbows, sing the old songs, hear the old jokes, which, strange as it seems to those who have not served, some how do not get stale.

"The fact is, the spirit of military comradeship, so inexplicable to outsiders, which seems to those who do not share it as mere clannishness, is due to a high motive. It has grown up because we have faced death together in the same cause, because we have seen each other in places where to be meant death or honor, and because we know that we can depend upon each other should the necessity arise. This is the reason for the military comradeship which induces the foundation of associations like this club, and I believe that next to the affection a man has for the nearest and dearest family relations this comradeship feeling exceeds any one in the human economy."

SOMETHING ABOUT LYING.

[Dispatch.]

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
June 16, 1863.

Hon. EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War:

If General Cadwallader has gone to Pennsylvania, please request him to send me information of the rebel movement to the south of here; also please have the newspapers announce that I am moving on to the James River line. I will mask my real movement in these parts.

JOSEPH HOOKER,
Major-General Commanding.

[Reply.]

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON CITY, June 16, 1863.

Major-General HOOKER, Fairfax:

General Cadwallader has not gone to Pennsylvania, but is here waiting for orders. You will be kept posted upon all information received here as to enemy's movements, but must exercise your own judgment as to its credibility. The very demon of lying seems to be about these times, and generals will have to be broke for ignorance before they will take the trouble to find out the truth of reports.

EDWIN M. STANTON.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS IRISHMAN.

Near Fortress Monroe there is a little Catholic church, concerning which the following story is told:

While McClellan's campaign on the Peninsula was in progress the contrabands flocked down around Fortress Monroe by thousands for food and protection. One night a party of them, who had never seen a Catholic church, entered the building, admiring the altar and its equipments, and one, more bold than the rest, put on the priest's robes which were hanging in the closet. He stood before his fellows to receive their admiration, when there was a sound like the breaking of window-glass, and he fell dead on the floor. The superstitious negroes, thinking he had been stricken down by a bolt from outraged heaven, left the church in a tumult, and when the man was found there in the morning with a bullet in his heart, there was no one to offer an explanation. The man was buried and the incident forgotten.

Months afterward a message came from the fort that a soldier lay dying in the hospital and wanted to see the priest. The holy father answered the summons and went to the bedside of the dying man, who said he carried a great crime on his soul, which he wanted to confess. The priest then heard the explanation of the mysterious tragedy in the church. The soldier said that he was doing guard duty on the fort one night, and looking into the window of the church, he saw a crowd of negroes surrounding one of their number who had sacriligiously assumed the sacred robes. His musket was at his shoulder, and, being a true Catholic, he took careful aim and shot the negro through the heart.

"That was a terrible crime to carry on your soul so long," said the priest; "it is an awful thing to kill a fellow-being, although, through ignorance, he was doing wrong."

"It wan't killing the nagur that lay on my sowl, your reverence," replied the soldier, "it was so unceremoniously putting a bullet through the holy vestments."

A SHIP'S "LOG."

The speed of vessels is approximately determined by the use of the log and log-line. The log is a triangular, or quadrangular, piece of wood about a quarter of an inch thick, so balanced by means of a plate of lead, as to swim perpendicularly in the water, with about two-thirds of it under the water. The log-line is a small cord, the end of which—divided into three, so that the wood hangs from the cord as a scale pan from a balance beam—is fastened to the log, while the other is wound round a reel on the ship. The log thus poised, keeps its place in the water, while the line is unwound from the reel as the ship moves through the water, and the length of line unwound in a given time gives the rate of the ship's sailing. This is calculated by knots made on the line at certain distances, while the time is measured by a sand glass of a certain number of seconds. The length between the knots is so proportioned to the time of the glass that the knots unwound while the glass runs down show the number of miles the ship is sailing per hour. The first knot is placed about five fathoms from the log, to allow the latter to get clear of the ship before the reckoning commences. This is called the stray line. The log-book, sometimes called the log for brevity, is the record that the proper officer keeps of the ship from day to day, and of any and all matters that occur that are deemed worthy of note, of the winds and storms, and especially of ships that are sighted.