GETTYSBURG.

Snapshot Impressions of a Great Battle as Told by the Chief of Orderlies.

By PATRICK McENEANY,

Headquarters Army of the Potomac.

When Hooker was relieved of the command of the Army of the Potomac and Meade placed in charge, the change was so sudden that none gave the rumor of it credence. The only fact that supported the rumor was that Gen. Hardy had appeared in our camp at Frederick, Md., fresh from Washington. A foot Orderly came down to the campfire and told me that Gen. Butterfield wanted to see me. When I reported he said we would leave for the front in an hour or so, and to see that all the Headquarters horses had their shoes on, and that none were loose, etc., and report again quickly. Just as I started off Gen. Ingalls said:

"Here, Sergeant," handing me an order; "give that to Mr. Crandall, and tell him your horses are to have preference over all others."

Not a word about any change in the commandership. After seeing that all the horses, including Butterfield's two, were all right, I reported. Gen. Butterfield said:

"We are going to have some hard riding, particularly you men; that is the reason we are so anxious about the horses being properly shod. Gen. Meade is in command of the Army of the Potomac now, and, as he will bring none of his Orderlies here with him, by what Gen. Hooker told him about you men, I think you will remain as you are. Who among the Orderlies would you recommend to follow the General himself?"

I said: "I know all are good men, but William Waters will go as far as any man at these Headquarters without any forcing; he never grumbles."

"How about your other men?"

"As good as any, if not superior to many, in the Army of the Potomac."

"To what regiments do they belong?"

"The 2d Cav., 5th Cav., McClellan Dragoons, and 6th Pa. Cav."

"How long will it take you to get in line in rear of this tent?"

I told him 10 minutes.

"Try it," he said.

We did, and when "Old Roof," as we called Ingalls, saw us whip into line at a gallop ahead of time he took off his hat to us.

We started for Chambersburg (it was the latter part of June), where some houses were burning, kept on some distance, and then suddenly got the news of Reynolds's death and that the body was coming up the road in an ambulance. We turned into a field and the ambulance was turned into the field also on its arrival. Gens. Meade and Butterfield viewed the body, and were seemingly much affected.

After the ambulance and escort left, an order was issued to find Gen. Hancock. He was found, and instructions given him from Meade. No one knew what they were, beyond what we read in a paper on July 5, in Frederick. Whatever they were, he started to the front, the Headquarters following. We got in sight of the fighting, to the left, as we rode towards the Cemetery gate.

On the left of the road, before reaching the Cemetery was a small farmhouse, which was picked out for Headquarters. Some of the staff, Adj't-Gen. Williams, Capt. Payne, and others, stopped at the new Headquarters, and Meade and Butterfield, with the remainder, rode into the town, where we saw some of the wounded, mostly men of the old Iron Brigade. We returned to the farmhouse, and on passing by Cemetery gate noticed Battery B, 4th U. S. Art. Stewart looked as though he was still in the ring—full of dust, black with powder—and Mitchell no better.

We got to Headquarters, just a little way from Cemetery gate, and were ordered to keep in readiness to mount at a moment's notice. Nothing happened during the night, however. In the morning Meade rode along the front. On his return Warren rode up to him, and said excitedly, pointing to Little Round Top:

"Gen. Meade, may I use your name in order to get a sufficient force up there to hold that point? I've just come from there."

Warren was bleeding considerably from his neck, and Col. Dickinson remarked: "Gen. Warren, you are wounded." But Warren paid no particular attention, and with Meade's assent to his request dashed away again. Battery D (Griffin's) was the first artillery gotten on top of Little Round Top, and every one who was there knows how it acted that day.

In the afternoon every gun on the Confederate side opened on our left center and right center, and round shot and shell filled the air. There were a few batteries on the ridge over the General Headquarters that had to be replaced, and a great many men were wounded. The cannonade lasted for some time. The Staff and Orderlies were kept busy from right to left, but no other officer was so busy as Warren, he being Topographical Engineer at Headquarters. From right to left, night and day, he was on the go, with his Orderly, Dennis Ward, sticking close.

Suddenly the pack-mules and cooks of the Eleventh Corps came down the pike, making a great noise, alarming the staff inside the farmhouse. Gen. Meade came out, and when he saw the crescent badge of the Eleventh Corps on hats and caps, said to me:

"Find Gen. Patrick, give him my compliments, and tell him to have this stopped."

I found Gen. Patrick, mounted on Snowball, a black horse with one foot white. He wheeled and cried to the Provost-Guard to follow him. As they got on the pike the old man halted them and asked:

"Captain, are your men loaded?—Follow me, then."

The cooks were still on the advance. One big fellow exclaimed:

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, ef dah ain' Gin'ral Patrick er-comin'."

Every mule was turned from the direction in which Patrick and the guard were coming and went back. Many a straggler had occasion to remember Gen. Patrick.

The pickets fired all night, so we were kept on the move, in rear of the Second, Third and Fifth Corps. The wounded were suffering and moaning dreadfully, and I remember it as a distressing night.

The morning of the 3d came on very warm. Soon we heard that a young man of the 5th N. Y. Cav. had captured dispatches from Jeff. Davis to Lee. Every one was on the alert to find out what they contained, especially the newspaper men, and some of the Orderlies told them great yarns about them.

Gen. Meade was returning to Headquarters, after riding along part of the line, when a sharpshooter spotted him, and a rebel bullet just missed his thigh, passing through the flap of the saddle, and made a hole through haversack and blanket.

About noon we heard vigorous cannonading off towards Carlisle. Some said it was Couch coming. All at once the bands from left to right began to play. Headquarters soon came in for a good share of shot and shell, and there were some narrow escapes. Dickinson was wounded, Butterfield disabled, two horses of Ingalls were shot under him. Headquarters had to be moved.

Before moving, the two pack-mules belonging to Gen. Meade's mess stood for a long time without getting hit. All at once a round shot took one in the side and passed through both. There was a mixture of coffee, sugar and mule-meat on the ground in an instant.

Everything now was in an uproar. The infantry got into it, but the old Sixth Corps got in that day and moved towards the left. The rebels tried hard to force our right, too, but failed.

The artillery was at this time firing by battery, one would suppose, from the noise and smoke and no end of shot and shell. Meade and Hancock met near a big barn. A staff officer rode up to Hancock and said something. Hancock raised himself in his stirrups and cried:

"Go back, go back, and tell him to stay there, or I'll do with him as I did with the other fellow."

It was now getting late in the afternoon. The Confederate fire slackened, and when the smoke began to lift we could see the rebel line forming. Soon they advanced. When near enough the batteries on our side opened again, but on they came, making a great noise. Our infantry opened their musketry fire. The rebel head of column made a slight turn towards the left, and into our guns they came. Bayonet and clubbed musket were freely used. It beat any other hand-to-hand fighting the Army of the Potomac ever did, with perhaps the exception of the Bloody Lane at Antietam.

We found out afterwards to what commands these desperate chargers belonged. When the prisoners were marched back and those who were able had retired from our front, such a cheer went up from our fellows as fairly rent the air.

Dry and hungry, we returned to Headquarters. We begged some feed for our animals from the reserve artillery, and all hands lay down and were soon sound asleep. Towards morning I was awakened by some one calling and punching me with a scabbard: "Sergeant, wake up. Send me my tail Orderly." It was Gen. Meade, and he wanted Waters.

I was at Headquarters from December, 1862, until March, 1864, when I was relieved at my own request to join the scouts, being recommended by Gens. Meade and Humphries.

GEN. HOOKER'S STAFF.

The above is from a photograph taken at the camp on Potomac Creek, near Falmouth, in June, 1864, just before the start for Gettysburg. In front are Capt. Cox, Headquarter Commissary; Capt. D. W. Flagler, Ordnance Officer. In the middle row are Capt. Howard, Headquarter Quartermaster; Col. Crowder, Adjutant General of New Brunswick; Col. Jos. Dickinson, Adjutant-General; Lord Abinger, of the British Army. In the rear row are Col. Warner, Inspector of Artillery; Lieut. McKenzie, of Gen. Warren's Staff; Col. Ulric Dahlgren and Maj.-Gen. Ludlow, Aids.

RAID ON A BEEF TRANSPORT.

A Windfall for Hungry Soldiers, Caused Through a Captain's Obstinacy.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: During the Summer of 1864 the 22d Ky. was stationed at Morganza Bend, La. The 22d at this time was a small regiment, having been greatly reduced by absences, sickness, and casualties. Our post commander was M. K. Lawler. Four companies of the 22d were detailed for headquarters guards. Our duty was to guard general headquarters, prison, and steamboat landing. A large force was now stationed at the Bend. This was shortly after Banks's unfortunate expedition into Texas. The tented field, spread far and wide, presented the appearance of a city of snowy whiteness. Such a force required lots of rations. The General Commissary was well supplied, excepting with beef.

One day by some means our men learned that a large wheel-boat was on its way to New Orleans, loaded down with fine beef cattle. When she came down the Mississippi she had on full head of steam. She thrashed in the water wonderfully, and paid little attention to headquarters, which was not at all nice, and it was contrary to the rules for a private boat to pass without reporting to the post commander.

I recollect being at headquarters as Duty Sergeant. The General was sitting before his tent-door watching the fast-receding steamer, thickly studded with horns. The General arose to his feet and called the Captain of the battery. Posted near headquarters for such occasions was one section of steel guns. Said he:

"Captain, hail that boat."

The cannoneers, who occupied tents near the guns, promptly replied, not waiting for the Captain to give the order. A blank shot went across the bow of the steamer, but failed to stop her. Another blank shot failing, shell was brought. Suddenly, just as they were about to fire again, steam was seen to puff from the pilot-house, we heard the whistle, and the vessel put about.

The boat had now to return against a fierce current for nearly two miles. When she got to headquarters landing the General gave her Captain to understand that he must report hereafter. The Post Quartermaster being present, said:

"General, we must have some of those cattle put off at our slaughter-yard."

"I cannot do it," returned the steamboat man. "I have orders to take them to New Orleans."

He had gone aboard, and was about to put off when the cannon belched forth once more, as a warning not to start. A great crowd of the boys had now gathered, and there was much guying of the poor Captain. But we got our beef all the same.

While at Morganza the 16th Ohio's term expired, which was sad for us, as the 22d Ky. and that regiment were the best of friends, being in the same brigade for two years or more. We felt pretty bad when the 16th Ohio band played a parting tune as they took the steamboat, wishing we also could go to "God's country."—A. J. JACOBS, Co. D, 22d Ky., Smoky Valley, Ky.

EVERETT, WASH., Jan. 17, 1900.

EDITO NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The Dewey watch arrived promptly and is certainly very unique in its make-up, and also well worth the trouble it cost to get it. The loyal fight your paper is putting up single-handed in behalf of the old vets is alone an incentive to help the good cause with a few new subscribers. J. P. BUDD.

PICKET INCIDENTS.

Waiting for the Black Horse Cavalry—A Dangerous Nap on Post.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Sketches of "boy sentinels" have reminded me of a bit of picket duty I performed during the early part of the war. The regiment to which I belonged, the 24th N. Y., left our camp on Meridian Hill, Washington, on the morning of July 22, 1861, and crossed the Long Bridge into Virginia. All the way out we met stragglers of McDowell's army returning from the battle of Bull Run.

We passed over Arlington Hights in the drenching rain, and after going up hill and down for a few miles crossed the Loudoun & Hampshire Railroad at Arlington Mills, and about a mile farther emerged from the timber and stopped at Bailey's Crossroads, where Cos. E and K took possession of a blacksmith's shop, and proceeded to cook coffee and fry meat.

After supper I fixed myself as comfortably as I could on a couple of wagon wheels in one corner of the shop, and was flattering myself on having a good night's sleep, when the Orderly sang out eight or 10 names for picket, mine among them.

"Picket! What's that?" asked one of the boys. We had not advanced that far in military life then.

"You'll find out mighty quick," replied the Orderly. He hustled us out of the shop into the rain.

Well, we marched out (a hundred of us, more or less) about a mile or so, when we came to a small frame schoolhouse, where the reserve was established. We found a fire in the old-fashioned box-stove, which had been made by some of the retreating soldiers.

After counting us off into three reliefs, and the first relief being posted, the rest of us made ourselves as comfortable as we could, considering the wet condition of our clothing.

Finally, at 11 o'clock I was taken to a beech tree under which stood Joe Chiler, of my company.

"What are your orders?" I asked.

"To stand under this tree, keep a sharp watch in that direction (pointing towards Fairfax Court House), and shoot without halting any one who comes from there."

So there I stood, with my head through the hole in my poncho and my Enfield at "secure" under my arm, the rain pelting down on me, and my eyes in the direction from which we were looking for the famous Black Horse Cavalry to "swoop" down on us, accounts of which formidable body of troopers had been "dinged" into our ears by bedraggled men we had met on the way out.

I felt that our little handful of men in and around the schoolhouse was the only defense between the victorious rebels and the Capital of our country. I learned afterwards that all the roads leading out into that country were picketed in like manner, but not being in the confidence of the War Office I had no means of knowing that then.

I remained under the beech tree for two long hours, my teeth chattering with cold and—I will admit it—fear. Could I have been allowed to walk around it would not have been so bad; but no, I must not move.

Finally I was relieved, and never was a schoolhouse more welcome. I went on the same post again at 5 o'clock the next morning. The rain had ceased and daylight was over the face of the earth.

Nothing had occurred during the night to cause alarm, and at 7 o'clock we were withdrawn from the place and returned to the regiment. Just before we started a few horsemen came into sight on a rise of ground, but soon moved back.

The regiment retired to Arlington Mills, where we intrenched just back of the railroad, remaining there for 21 days, performing picket duty to our right and left. It was two days off and one day on during that three weeks, and I don't know that I ever enjoyed myself any better in my 51 months of soldiering than at that time.

I must relate another picket incident that occurred on the night of July 24, just two days after the former experience.

Serg't Pat Flemming, of our company, took a squad of us back on the road towards Washington, perhaps one-fourth of a mile, then turned off into the country towards Alexandria. He said we were to guard against the possibility of spies entering our lines. He established a reserve and posted a part of the boys, then said:

"Chan, you can come with me."

We stumbled through the oak woods until finally we reached a field of 10 or 15 acres, near the center of which was a knoll not very high, but rising gradually from all sides. When we were near the highest point he said:

"Now, Chan, you lie down here just back of this knoll and keep your eye peeled across this field."

"Can't I walk around a little to keep from going to sleep?"

"No, not by any means. Just lie still and keep watch, and I'll try to bring a relief about 2 o'clock; still, I may not be able to spare any one."

He left me. The night was just warm enough for comfort. I lay there peering over the slight rise of ground. Ever and anon my eyes would close, to be wrenched open again. Now and then a musketo would whisper the countersign in my ear and pass on. Then some other insect would chirrup a soothing melody that would send me nearly to the land of dreams.

How long this lasted I cannot say, and I cannot tell how it happened, but after one of these desperate efforts to keep awake, I realized that I had been asleep sure enough, for as I opened my eyes daylight was creeping up from the east.

I was wide awake now, sure. To say that I was scared is putting it mildly. Had Pat been there during the night and found me asleep? Would I be court-martialed and shot?

After lying there for a half hour or so I saw Pat approaching from the rear, and as he came up I scanned his face for a sign. "Well, Chan, how did you make it last night," he asked cheerily. "I tried my level best to spare a man to relieve you about 2 o'clock, but could not do so."

I never heard such gratifying remarks in my life.

Flemming, poor boy, was killed at the affair at the Weldon Railroad. Neither he nor any one else except myself before now knew that I took that dangerous nap on July 24, 1861.—S. E. CHANDLER, Co. E, 24th N. Y. Cav., Minneapolis, Minn.

Magazines and Notes.

Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson, the author of "Wild Animals I Have Known," and whose "Biography of a Grizzly" will soon be published by the Century Co., has written for *The Century Magazine* several articles on "The National 'Zoo' at Washington," the first one of which appears in the March number, with illustrations by the author.

"*Everybody's Magazine*" for March is rich in that sort of pleasant reading that combines instruction with quick and easy interest. Published at New York.

The *Ledger Monthly* for March has as a frontispiece a beautiful engraving of "Washington at Valley Forge," from an original design by Charles Kendrick.

The March number of *McClure's Magazine* contains another of Tighe Hopkins's unique stories of prison life, and also another of Shan F. Bullock's charming humorous stories of the Irish fields.

The Spring announcement number of *The American Queen* shows a variety of excellent fashion plates—wraps, suits, fancy waists and hats—illustrated by Alice May Gillam that would do credit to a journal devoted entirely to fashions. Patterns of a number of these designs are furnished.

Dr. John Watson gives us, in the March *McClure's*, an impressive and illuminating account of the beginning of Christ's active earthly ministry—a beginning so unpretentious and simple, as Dr. Watson's account forcibly brings out, that only the few who could appreciate its divine exaltation and sincerity at all apprehended its universal import.

Mrs. Edith Wharton, whose short stories, collected in "The Greater Inclination," have made her reputation as a clever writer, will publish in the next two numbers of *Scribner's Magazine* a short novel, entitled "The Touchstone," which exhibits her remarkable skill in satirical analysis of motives. The plot moves around the love letters of a distinguished authoress.

EVERYDAY LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(Continued from first page.)

This evidently pleased her. I suggested that a full beard from the underlip down (his face was shaven), would relieve and help him very much. This interested her, and we discussed it and the character of his face quite fully. The impression I then formed of this most unfortunate lady was only deepened by the pleasant acquaintance she permitted, down to the time of the national calamity, which unsettled her mind, as I always thought."

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO ADVISED MR. LINCOLN TO RAISE A BEARD.

In the journey through the State of New York, the train was delayed for a short time at a place called Westfield; and Mr. Linclon was, as usual, called out by the crowd and asked for a speech. In his remarks he alluded humorously to the fact that soon after his election he had received a letter from a little girl in that very town, in which she said that she had seen his picture and thought he would be a better looking man if he would let his beard grow. Then stroking his face, he added, dryly, "I intend to follow her advice." He then said if his little correspondent were present, he would like very much to speak with her. She came forward, and was very pleasantly greeted by Mr. Lincoln.

IN NEW YORK CITY.

Dr. S. Irenæus Prime gives the following description of the New York visit and speech: "The country was at that moment in the first throes of the great rebellion. Millions of hearts were beating anxiously in view of the advent to power of this untried man. Had he been called of God to the throne of power at such a time as this, to be the leader and deliverer of the people? As the carriage in which he sat passed slowly by me on the Fifth avenue, he was looking weary, sad, feeble, and faint. My disappointment was excessive; so great, indeed, as to be almost overwhelming. He did not look to me to be the man for the hour. The next day I was with him and others in the Governor's room in the City Hall, when the Mayor of the city made to Mr. Linclon an official address. Of this speech I will say nothing; but the reply by Mr. Linclon was so modest, firm, patriotic, and pertinent, that my fears of the day before began to subside, and I saw in this new man a promise of great things to come. It was not boldness, nor dash, nor high-sounding pledges; nor did he, in office, with the mighty armies of a roused Nation at his command, ever assume to be more than he promised in that little upper chamber in New York, on his journey to the seat of Government, to take the helm of the ship of state then tossing in the storm."

PERILS OF THE JOURNEY.

Before the end of the journey was reached, strong fears prevailed in the minds of Mr. Lincoln's friends that an attempt would be made to assassinate him before he should reach Washington. Every precaution was taken to thwart such endeavor; although Mr. Lincoln himself was disturbed by no thought of danger. He had done, he contemplated doing, no wrong, no injustice to any citizen of the United States; why, then, should there be a desire to strike him down? Thus he reasoned; and he was free from any dread of personal peril. But the officials of the railroads over which he was to pass, and his friends in Washington, felt that there was cause for apprehension. It was believed by them that a plot existed for making away with Mr. Lincoln while passing through Baltimore, a city in the heart of a slave State, and rife with the spirit of rebellion. Detectives had been employed to discover the facts in the matter, and their reports served to confirm the most alarming conjectures. A messenger was dispatched from Washington to intercept the Presidential party and warn Mr. Lincoln of the impending danger. Dr. Holland states that the detective and Mr. Lincoln reached Philadelphia nearly at the same time, and there the former submitted to a few of the President's friends the information he had secured. An interview between Mr. Lincoln and the detective was immediately arranged, which took place in the apartments of the former at the Continental Hotel. Mr. Lincoln having heard the officer's statement in detail then informed him that he had promised to raise the American flag on Independence Hall the following morning—the morning of the anniversary of Washington's Birthday—and that he had accepted an invitation to a reception by the Pennsylvania Legislature in the afternoon of the same day. 'Both of these engagements I will keep,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'if it costs me my life.' For the rest, he authorized the detective to make such arrangements as he thought proper for his safe conduct to Washington."

A CHANGE OF PROGRAM.

In the meantime, continues Dr. Holland, General Scott and Senator Seward, both of whom were in Washington, learned from independent sources that Mr. Lincoln's life was in danger, and concurred in sending Mr. Frederick W. Seward to Philadelphia, to urge upon him the necessity of proceeding immediately to Washington in a quiet way. The messenger arrived late on Thursday night, after Mr. Lincoln had retired, and requested an audience. Mr. Lincoln's fears had already been aroused, and he was cautious, of course, in the matter of receiving a stranger. But satisfied that the messenger was indeed the son of Mr. Seward, he gave him audience. Nothing needed to be done but to inform him of the plan entered into with the detective, by which the President was to arrive in Washington early on Saturday morning, in advance of his family and party.

On the morning of the 22d, Mr. Lincoln, as he had promised, attended the flag-raising at Independence Hall in Philadelphia, the historic building in which had been adopted the Declaration of Independence. The occasion was a memorable one, and Mr. Lincoln's address eloquent and impressive. "All the political sentiments I entertain," said he, "have been drawn from the sentiments which were given to the world from this hall." He spoke calmly but firmly of his resolve to stand by the principles of the immortal Declaration and of the Constitution of his country; and, as though conscious of the dangers of his position, he added solemnly: "I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, *and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by.*"

From Philadelphia Mr. Lincoln went immediately to Harrisburg, and attended the reception given him by the Pennsylvania Legislature, in the afternoon of the same day. Then, leaving his hotel in the evening, attended only by Mr. Lamon and the detective (Mr. Allan Pinkerton), he was driven to the depot, where he took the regular train for Washington.

ARRIVAL AT THE CAPITAL.

The train passed through Baltimore in the night, and early the next morning (February 23) reached the Capital. Mr. Washburne, who had been notified to be at the depot on the arrival of the train, says: "I planted myself behind one of the great pillars in the old Washington and Baltimore depot, where I could see and not be observed. Presently, the train came rumbling in on time. When it came to a stop I watched with fear and trembling to see the passengers descend. I saw every car emptied, and there was no Mr. Lincoln. I was well-nigh in despair, and when about to leave I saw slowly emerge from the last sleeping-car three persons. I could not mistake the long, lank form of Mr. Lincoln, and my heart bounded with joy and gratitude. He had on a soft low-crowned hat, a muffler around his neck, and a short bob-tailed overcoat. Any one who knew him at that time could not have failed to recognize him at once; but I must confess he looked more like a well-to-do farmer from one of the back towns of Jo Daviess County, coming to Washington to see the city, take out his land warrant and get the patent for his farm, than the President of the United States. The only persons that accompanied Mr. Lincoln were Pinkerton, the well-known detective, and Ward H. Lamon. When they were fairly on the platform, and a short distance from the car, I stepped forward and accosted the President: 'How are you, Lincoln?' At this unexpected and rather familiar salutation the gentlemen were apparently somewhat startled, but Mr. Lincoln, who had recognized me, relieved them at once by remarking in his peculiar voice: 'This is only Washburne!' Then we all exchanged congratulations, and walked out to the front of the depot, where I had a carriage in waiting. Entering the carriage (all four of us), we drove rapidly to Willard's Hotel, entering on Fourteenth street, before it was fairly daylight."

THE DANGERS AT BALTIMORE NOT IMAGINARY.

General Stone, who was in command at Washington at that time, states that both General Scott and himself "considered it almost a certainty that Mr. Lincoln could not pass through Baltimore alive on the day fixed," and adds: "I recommended that Mr. Lincoln should be officially warned; and suggested that it would be best that he should take the train that evening from Philadelphia, and so reach Washington early the next day. Gen. Scott directed me to see Mr. Seward, to whom he wrote a few lines, which he handed me. I did not succeed in finding Mr. Seward until past noon. I handed him the General's note. He listened attentively to what I said, and asked me to write down my information and suggestions. Then, taking the paper I had written, he hastily left. The note I wrote was what Mr. Frederick Seward carried to Mr. Lincoln in Philadelphia. Mr. Lincoln has stated that it was *this note* which induced him to change his journey as he did. *The stories of disguises are all nonsense.* Mr. Lincoln merely took the sleeping-car in the night train."

There is little doubt that the fears of Mr. Lincoln's friends, regarding his passage through Baltimore, were well grounded; and that, but for the timely warnings and precautions, the assassination of April, 1865, might have taken place in February 1861. Who can contemplate that dreadful probability without a shudder, in the light of subsequent history?

(To be continued.)

Law a Hard Mistress in New York.

The Hon. John S. Wise, one of the most picturesque members of the New York bar, makes an interesting statement, in the March *Success*, as to New York being the graveyard of village reputations. He says:

"Men who dominate their towns, and even their States, men who have cut great figures as Governors and Senators, come to New York and open a law office, and almost immediately they sink out of the public recollection. The fact is, New York is the one place in this country where politics and law will not mix. Politics is now as much of a profession as law, and each must let the other severely alone in this city. There was the late Daniel W. Dougherty, who dabbled in both, and made a conspicuous failure. Ex-Speaker Reed has joined a big law firm in this city on a stated guarantee of money. Had he come here without such a guarantee, he might not have succeeded, even with his National reputation, at least for years. No, the only road to success for the average man as a lawyer is hard work, the patience to wait long years, and the ability to endure great privations. A great many have not the patience and endurance, and so become promoters. Now the moment it gets abroad that a lawyer is promoting some scheme or other, he loses all caste in his profession.

"One of the great difficulties in getting a foothold in the law is the present organization of its practice. There is the Carter, Coudert type, the highest type of lawyers, whose practice is confined to great estates and great constitutional questions; there is the Cromwell type of lawyer, the great corporation lawyer; and there is the mercantile agency lawyer who makes a specialty of collections. This latter business is now almost exclusively in the hands of Hebrews. But each is a closely-organized association or trust with a high barrier around it, and working so as to get all the business in its particular field. The young lawyer, to get a hold, must scale the walls of one of these circles. The practice of criminal law is not lucrative, and does not attract the best legal talent."

A Lady Tells How She Supports Herself and Family.

"I often read of ladies who work hard trying to earn enough to keep body and soul together, and for their benefit I will relate how easily one can get along in the world if they only know how. There is a big firm in Pittsburg that manufactures flavoring powders. I had tried them myself and knew they were splendid, so sent for samples and tried selling them. I found it so pleasant and easy that I have kept right at it, and never make less than $3 a day and often clear more than $5. The powders go twice as far as the liquid extracts sold in stores and are much stronger. I sell from one to eight different flavors in each house. They are used for ice cream, custards, cakes candies, etc., and are so delicate and give such a rich flavor that everywhere I go I gain a permanent customer. Those of your readers who would like to make money can get full particulars by writing to Baird Mfg Co., 181 Baird Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa., and they will give you a good start. I support myself and family nicely and we have a good many comforts we never had before." MRS. L.

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