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TO JOURS AMOUR.

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

Prithee tell me Dimple Chin,
At what age does love begin?
Your blue eyes have scarce-y seen
Summers three, my fairy queen.
Not a miracle of sense,
Soft approaches, sly retreats,
Show the little archer there.
Hidden in your pretty hair
When did that rear a heart to win?
Prithee tell me, Dimple Chin!

Oh! the rare Love-Spring!
I can't tell you it I try.
"It so long I can't remember,
Ask some younger lass than I."

Tell, O tell me, Grizzled Face,
Do your heart and head keep pace?
When does hoary love expire
When do frosts put out the fire?
Can its embers burn below
All that chill December snow?
Care you still, soft hands to press
Roony leads to smooth and tress?
When does love give up the chase?
Tell, O tell me, Grizzled Face!

"Ah!" the wise old lips reply,
"Youth may pass and strength may die;
But of love I can't foretelow.
Ask some older sage than I!"

Military Resources of China.

The Hong Kong *Daily Press* asserts that there is no country so wretchedly weak and helpless, in proportion to its size and resources, as China. The command of an unlimited supply of men she has comparatively few soldiers, and these are, for the most part, undeserving of the term. Miserably armed, and almost entirely undisciplined, they could not stand five minutes before a well ordered regiment of European soldiers. As a rule, too, they consist of the scum of the population, and by their insolent bearing and ruffianly habits are the terror of the people wherever they are stationed. Here and there a little improvement has been effected in the drill and morale of the "braves" when subjected, as some battalions have been, to military training under European instructors. But these instances are the exceptional. China has plenty of raw material, but it is not easily convertible into effective troops. With regard to ordnance, the Chinese government are not much, if any, better provided. They have spent a good deal of money in purchasing guns which they are not able to use with effect, and they have erected a great number of useless fortifications, chiefly on the Peiho. They would find these poor defenses if they were mad enough to go to war with even a third rate European power. Li Hung-chang has, during his administration, considerably reduced the imperial exchequer by his lavish expenditure on these useless fortifications and munitions of war. He is not by any means alone in the belief that he is thus greatly strengthening the country against the possibility of war. There are a large number of believers Chinamen who firmly believe that it is only necessary to obtain European arms to render their legions invincible. It is this belief that prompts them to go on increasing their armaments, and it was no doubt with a view to gain favor with this, the noisy party, that the late Customs Taotai at Tien-Tsin recently made a gift of 20,000 taels to one of the military requirements of Chihli. It will be remembered that this was the official whose exactions caused such a panic in trade at Tien-Tsin not long since. Doubtless he has his own purpose to serve in offering this large donation for works in which so many of his countrymen take an interest. If the Chinese, pluming themselves on a fancied increase of strength, are, therefore—as seems but too apparent—waxing insolently defiant of foreigners, and indifferent with regard to the observance of the treaties, they will have to be taught another lesson, though their warlike brethren may be anxious to provoke strife, and perhaps be allowed to insult and outrage Europeans, the former seem fully determined to guard against an open rupture. There are some Chinese statesmen, at all events, who must be acquainted with the real weakness of their country, though they would be loth to confess it. It was this consciousness of inability to meet trained troops in the field, doubtless, that mainly contributed to induce the government of Pekin to listen to the wise and pacific counsels of Mr. Wade, and to agree to an amicable settlement of their difficulties with Japan anent the Loochoosans shipwrecked on the coast of Formosa. The real interests of China all lie in the maintenance of peace and the development of her mineral resources, at present almost untouched. The great mass of the people are very poor, and the burdens which a war would impose would infallibly cause great and widespread distress.

The Olden Rings.

One of the most interesting of the historical rings that come down to our times is the signet one of Mary Queen of Scots, which is now in the British Museum. The general opinion is that this was her nuptial ring when she was married to Bemley. Another celebrated ring is the one Queen Elizabeth is supposed to have sent to the Earl of Essex, but which, as all know, he failed to receive. It is of gold, with the Queen's head cut on onyx, and is now in the possession of the Rev. Lord John Thynne, a descendant from Essex's daughter. In 1765, in the prison where John Bunyan was once confined, was found a ring bearing his initials, "J. B.," and also an engraving of a death's head. This ring, after passing through several hands, finally came in possession of a curator of Bedford, where Bunyan was born. The signet ring of Cesar Borgia was on exhibition a few years ago at a meeting of the British Archæological Association. It is gold, slightly enameled, with the date "1503" and a motto on the inner ring. At the bezel is a slide, within which, it is related, he carried a powerful poison, the habit of dropping into the wines of his guests.

BRUTUS BOOTH.

The committee met,
And a solemn was set
Before it, whereon and Chairman Marr,
To we know just where we are
And whether the people think us more
Than a set of idiots or ass—
A tombstone of that old illusion
That charmed us by the name of Fusion,
Or rather a melancholy kind
Of ass, with Liberal's left behind.
A name of Re arm, and with noble ears,
Comely docked to Conservative shears;
Off with the pro term, tail and mate;
Let us have the original ass again,
And we Dems alone are adequate
To restore the ears to their normal state!"

Then uprose Booth,
And said "In truth
I must commend the chairman's zeal,
I am a Democrat true as steel,
And must inform you that I feel
That it now has come to pass
We should befriend the gloomy ass.
Now gone, alas
Almost to a pass,
Off with the chignons on its neck
And rump—reclaim the solemn wreck,
Engraft the glory of the United States
Over the hills and far away,
Arouse the people to the fray,
Ha! ha! ha! 'tis true I'm one of a dozen Booth
First dabbled in coy and beauteous youth
He a loved the boards, for earn, the ass
Can have a Brutus more and Marr's."

Then member Burke
Plumped out—"There lurk
Within me some sense of doubt
Whether you know what you're about!
You Booth, are rich in the resource
You offer—that is plain, of course.
But is it clear, when party rule
Converts your ancient spavined mule
Into a derrier's ass—a steed,
At least in semblance—when indeed,
The tail's grown up—why, then pertinent,
The beast will be transferred to lower
And being so, it isn't fair he
Should be ball-tailed by this committee.
The kicks that a mule has been known to evoke
The body that can deal the stroke,
And any here will surely catch it
Who dare to be tailed out or docked hatchet.
For one I'll vote to check a hand
Like Marr's to threaten and command."

"The mule encumbered by its great
Long tail—its launch deadly heels the weight,
Then amble off, and as it wears
Heavenward its sleek amended ears,
Twill linge for what a amount seals
And snort and kick its feature heels.
Upon the beast I mainly dote,
Did not a more unpalatable goat
March in the old crusaders van!
Ain't onto a great crusade, too, man!
Ha, ha! d'ye think that I'm a fool,
I'll have my shorn and horned mule!
With all his spavins and his botts
He's equal to Brutus Booth any day
It is our duty in this manner
To succor our poor Louisiana."

"The decree 'tis,"
Said Brutus,
"I here announce I've no intention
To help overthrow a new convention—
If Booth and Marr don't like this crowd,
Why let them go, we are not proud.
We can do without a lot of that,
Part Liberal and part Democrat,
A sort of composite tweedledum
Without legs right to curtail the um
And since moreover, Marr committee
For one of the rows on which he thrives
And would tumble the Wheeler business o'er,
Reopen the sentence. Two and Four!
And to useless rage the people lash
I'll stand in his way—I will by dash,
I therefore move that we do not
Such a convention, friends, at all!"
Then Booth talked long as is his wont
But the subjects body voted 'Don't.'

So little Marr wept
And sorely crept
To Booth, who raised a loud boo-hoo
And relieved himself in tears—a few,
And borrowed Marr's kerchief then to lea
Of one one of his own and fiercely blew
Defiance. "I know what we will do;
Ha, ha! He, ha! I hate appeal
In the aforesaid name of the common weal
O'er your wooden heads and beyond this hall
To the noble people, one and all.
And Brother Marr,
Ha, ha! Ha, ha!
Shall see like a pathetic exam
Of reason for our tears we of Donelson
Won't you, Bobby?" "Yes, I will,
And that, too, with my cleverest skill,
And if I don't the people fill
With ardor for our port and thrill
Then so that they shall style as vil
Ass, as who Brutus Booth
Recognizes me with the biggest hat
In the booth of that noble Democrat,
And to my shoulders smash it flat."

Then, Booth, the giant,
All self-reliant,
With a shaved head tender pity
Looked around on the committee
While a kind wrat, his and eyes lightened,
And his lineaments slowly tightened
And the members, sorely frightened,
Looked aghast
Lest a
Proud dome of freckled brow
And gasped in whispers "Now
We to have a moral row."
He opened with a sweet composure
"Before you gentlemen shall close your
Session, I move it be recorded,
For credit's the thing to be awarded,
That in my sturdy diaphragm
There lingers a portentous "Damn"
For Brutus Booth and Charles Marr
Here sniff the battle from afar.
Farewell, we loved you once. Alas!
That you far wear our hobbie ass!
Nay, by the gods, since thus you balk
Our efforts, we'll have more than talk.
Slap on my word, politics put a chin
On this broad shoulder—who will strip
For fight?—my toddy nasal twaik,
And tempt the service of this fist
To lend him in the heavy mist
That blurs the 'middle of next week!'
Br-r-r-r-r-r!"

"Twas a grievous scene,
And awfully distinct
So shocked the members that they fled
With a pant of fright, heels over head,
Out of the window down the stairs,
To the floor above, nay one declares
That spite of bruises, rubs and tears,
He's glad the notion struck his nod
Die to slide off on the lightning rod!

Gone—gone,
Like a summer hour that's fled,
A hope knocked in the head,
Like a bird, never to be wooed
They all have flown
Save Marr alone.

Said Ned to Bob,
With a quiet wink,
"I rather think
Our little job
Is done at last—we've but to plan a muss,
To make a fight and then examine us."
And since our dear friends now have left us,
And of their counsel have bereft us,
You and I
Will not deny
The people that for which they'll plead,
We have shaped and have known the need.
Commend a toddy, and so first
Get up a devil of a thirst.
Then will I, with a sweet, complacent grin
Mix it and bid them taste it in.
They bless you for your fervid care,
Invite you in, ask how you fare,
And hospitably hand a glass
Now you want one, and so do I,
Go it, old boy—the day is nigh
When other tricks
The game may fix
For twenty-six.
So out with your flask, I'll paid scratch away
A high old pub. doc. to convey
To the people what we want to say.
We are to win,
My pretty twin,
I view with solicitude
The evident aptitude
Of our colleagues skulls, but Bob,
In my heart, I feel no throb
Of indigestion, and, all, if unopposed,
I move the session now be closed,
And with a stare
That was all a glare,
Lest some foe should dare
Still to be there."
The great and glorious Democrat
Clapped on his great and glorious hat,
And bore it off poised on his ear
With gentle Marr just in his rear.

N. B.—Search has been made, throughout the city, For several members of the committee;
And whether they've strayed,
Or been mislaid,
We're at this date
Unable to state.
But we learn that Booth's ferocious moods
Made some of the members take to the woods,
To save bon mots from harm
Their precious little lives,
And a handsome sum
To bring them home,
Is offered by their wives.
Booth is calm!

THE CAPTURE OF NEW ORLEANS.

What the Navy Did.

BY GIDEON WELLES.

It would be a difficult and probably an impossible task to correct the misrepresentations, misconceptions and perversions in relation to the transactions and events of the late civil war. Many of the mistakes are doubtless inadvertent—false impressions—which may be imputed to careless or superficial examination or inquiry, but not a few were and are designed and deliberate misstatements. The result of these misstatements has been, as was intended, the creation of false history, particularly as regards the navy and the Navy Department. During the rebellion these errors usually passed uncorrected, but the seeds, sown by jealous rivalry and malevolent partisanship, are bearing vitiated fruit. The fictions then planted and spread abroad are made the basis of history. Official documents of the highest character indorse, propagate and perpetuate them, so that twelve years after these events occurred the highest judicial tribunal in the land declares these errors to be "undisputed facts."

There has been recently published a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, which sends out to the world as truth one of the most flagrant of these errors. Of the merits or demerits, and of the disposition and the ability with which the court passed judgment, nothing need be said; but the opinion of the court opens as follows:

United States Supreme Court—Municipal Powers—Rights of Conquest—Military Occupation.—No. 5. October Term, 1874—The City of New Orleans, appellant, vs. the New York Mail Steamship Company.—Appeal from the Circuit Court of the District of Louisiana. Mr. Justice Swayne delivered the opinion.

The questions presented for our determination are questions of law. The facts are undisputed. On the first of May, 1862, the army of the United States captured the city of New Orleans.

Errors and inadvertences here get official indorsement.

When Mr. Justice Swayne asserts, as undisputed fact, that "on the first of May, 1862, the army of the United States captured the city of New Orleans," he commits a grave but doubtless unintentional mistake. Neither on the first of May, nor at any other time, did the army of the United States capture the city of New Orleans. That city was captured in April, 1862, by the navy of the United States. On the twenty-fifth of that month a squadron, under the command of Captain David G. Farragut, the flag officer, having passed the forts which guarded the approaches to New Orleans, appeared with his fleet off the city, and sent Captain Bailey, his second in command, ashore to demand the surrender. The rebel army immediately fled, and on the next day, the twenty-sixth of April, the Mayor of the city, John T. Monroe, informed Flag Officer Farragut that "General Lovell had evacuated it with his troops"—"the city is yours"—"it is for you to determine what shall be the fate that awaits her," and on the same day the Common Council of New Orleans "declare no resistance will be made to the forces of the United States."

At that time, and for several days thereafter, the army of the United States, which had been detailed to cooperate with the navy in the expedition under Farragut, and to garrison the forts and city when taken, was nearly a hundred miles distant, below New Orleans. Not a soldier of the United States was present or within eighty miles of the city when it was captured.

The expedition to New Orleans, and the capture of the forts by a naval force ascending from the Gulf of Mexico, was a naval expedition, planned and carried forward by the Navy Department. It was not in its conception or execution an army movement, but wholly naval, and for its success or failure the Navy Department was responsible. Such of the military gentlemen as were aware of the movement had little faith in its success. The Secretary of War and officials of the War Department were not made acquainted with the object or actual destination of the expedition for which preparations were being made until more than two months after it had been projected and determined upon, with the concurrence and approval of President Lincoln, in a conference at General McClellan's house, on the fifteenth of November, 1861. Our own officials, as well as the rebels, were given to understand, and really supposed, that the vast naval preparations on foot during the winter were destined for Mobile or Galveston. General McClellan, who was incredulous as to the successful result, and, subsequently, General Barnard, of the engineers, were the only army officers who were consulted and informed of the naval project and purpose. General Butler, who was selected by General McClellan to cooperate with the navy, to garrison the forts and take possession of and govern the city after it was captured by the navy, was not informed or aware of the ultimate destination of himself and the troops under him until the middle of January, more than two months after the expedition was determined upon and preparations were in progress for its accomplishment. Some of his force had been sent forward to Ship Island before he was let into the secret, which was throughout well observed.

The army or military plan for taking possession of and controlling the navigation of the Mississippi and capturing New Orleans, first projected by General Scott, was by a combined army and navy movement which was to descend from Cairo. When consummated, it would capture the Confederacy, cut off their Western supplies and open free communication from the Northwest to the Gulf. This general idea of the veteran General-in-chief was adopted and continued by his successors and the principal officers of the army. It was in fact the administration plan of operations, and was well understood by the rebels, who bent their energies to resist it.

While this was the army programme, and its designs were understood and appreciated by the Confederates, the Navy Department, after the success of Du Pont at Port Royal, in November, who passed the forts without serious injury to his vessels, proposed and commenced a movement for the capture of New Orleans by the navy, which should ascend the river from the Gulf. General McClellan, who a short time previously had succeeded General Scott, and Commodore D. D. Porter, who had just returned from blockade duty off the mouths of the Mississippi, were, on the fifteenth of November, taken into the confidence of the Navy Department, and consulted on the subject. Captain Farragut, a Southern officer, then undistinguished, modest, unpretending but brave, was some weeks later, in the latter part of December, selected to command the Western Gulf squadron, and the expedition to New Orleans—the most important trust committed to any naval officer. He entered into the views of the Navy Department, accepted the trust and proved himself equal to the position.

The original orders of the Navy Department to Captain Farragut, who was made flag officer—given on the twentieth of January—after detailing general blockade duties, were:

"You will collect such vessels as can be spared from the blockade and proceed up the Mississippi river, and reduce the defenses which guard the approaches to New Orleans, when you will appear off that city and take possession of it under the guns of your squadron, and hoist the American flag therein, keeping possession until troops can be sent you. If the Mississippi expedition from Cairo shall not have descended the river, you will take advantage of the panic to push a strong force up the river to take all their defenses in the rear. There are other operations of minor importance in view, which will commend themselves to your judgment and skill, but which must not be allowed to interfere with the great object in view—the certain capture of the city of New Orleans."

These were the orders deliberately prepared and given by the Navy Department, and faithfully executed by Flag Officer Farragut and the navy, so far as New Orleans was concerned, in April, and subsequently above that city. He wrote to me on the twenty-fifth of April of his successes, saying:

"We drove them (the rebels) from their guns (in Forts Jackson and St. Philip), and passed up to the city in fine style; and I now send this notice of our having taken possession of the city at meridian, or a few minutes past noon. I shall now send down with this letter Commander Smith, in the Mississippi, to look after General Butler. In conclusion, I hope I have done all I promised to do, which was to take the city of New Orleans."

Captain, now Rear Admiral Bailey, the second in command, wrote to me:

Immediately after anchoring in front of the city (on the twenty-fifth of April), I was ordered on shore by the flag officer to demand the surrender of the city, and that the flag should be hoisted on the Postoffice, Customhouse and Mint.

General Lovell, in command of the Confederate army, on the appearance of the naval force, immediately evacuated the city. We had no army to prevent his retreat or to pursue him in his flight. Mayor Monroe, who was both contumacious and vapid, informed Admiral Farragut on the twenty-sixth that he (Monroe) was "the military man," knew not how to command an army if he had one, "still less how to surrender an undefended place, held as she is at the mercy of your gunners and mouths of your mortars. To surrender such a place was an idle and unmeaning ceremony. The city is yours, by the power of superior force, and not by any choice or consent of its inhabitants. It is for you to determine what shall be the fate that awaits her."

It was under this state of things that the municipal authorities assembled on that twenty-sixth day of April, and declared:

"The Common Council of New Orleans, having been advised by the military authorities that the city is indefensible, declare that no resistance will be made to the forces of the United States."

On the twenty-seventh of April, the United States flag was displayed by the navy over the captured city. Admiral Farragut having, on the previous day, directed "that no flag but that of the United States will be permitted to fly in the presence of this fleet," etc.

On the twenty-eighth, the Mayor informed the Common Council that "the city has no power to impede the exercise of such acts of forcible authority as the commander of the United States naval forces may choose to exercise, and therefore no resistance would be offered to the occupation of the city by the United States forces."

"New Orleans," he said, "is not now a military post; there is no military commander within its limits." He did not think it any part of his duty as a civil magistrate to haul down the rebel flags which were still flying in several places.

Disgusted with the factious, frivolous and offensive conduct of the Mayor, Admiral Farragut declined further correspondence with him, and on the twenty-ninth of April informed him that "as soon as General Butler arrives I shall turn over the charge of the city to him, and assume my naval duties."

In the meantime, to enforce his orders and compel the removal of the rebel symbols, Admiral Farragut, on the twenty-ninth of April, directed Fleet Captain H. H. Bell to go on shore with a force of sailors and marines, and haul down such rebel flags as continued to be displayed in the captured city.

The following is an extract from the official report of Major Broom, at that time captain, commanding the marines of the Gulf squadron:

"On the morning of the twenty-sixth of April last, and immediately after the action with Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and the destruction of the rebel fleet, the marines under my command, by order of Admiral Farragut, landed and took possession of the quarantine, at the same time taking prisoners the rebel troops with their officers quarters in the quarantine buildings, and hoisting the flag of the United States on the same. Admiral Farragut having determined to take military possession of the city of New Orleans, until the arrival of the troops of the United States army under General Butler's command, a battalion of United States marines, under my command, about 250 strong, were disembarked from the fleet on the twenty-ninth of April last and marched to the Customhouse, when I detailed Captain Ramsay, with a detachment of marines, to occupy the Customhouse and guard the United States flag."

When the troops of General Butler's command landed at New Orleans, on the first of May last, the force of marines on duty in the city returned to the fleet."

General Butler and the troops arrived before the city on the first of May. On the evening of that day, and on the second of May, the army disembarked and took possession of the city, thereby relieving the navy, that had captured and held it from the twenty-fifth of April.

New Orleans had been captured by, and was in possession of the navy in April, but there was no army or soldiers present to whom the flag officer could turn over the custody of the city he had taken, to hold and govern it. In all this time, and throughout all this correspondence and discussion, involving the retreat of the armed rebels, and abandonment of the place by the Confederate General and his army—the surrender of New Orleans to the navy, and the capture and control of the city, which was taken possession of by the sailors and marines; the rebel flag hauled down and the United States flag hoisted, not a single soldier of the army of the United States participated or was present. Yet, thirteen years after these events occurred, it is authoritatively declared by the highest judicial tribunal in the country, in an official document, which is to be an enduring record, through all time, that "on the first of May, 1862, the army of the United States captured the city of New Orleans." The facts are undisputed."

It is a great wrong and most unjust that the gallant Farragut and our brave naval officers and sailors should be thus wholly ignored, and the credit of the result of one of the boldest and most remarkable events of the war and of all history should be taken from the navy and awarded to the army. I do not suppose, nor would I be understood to insinuate, that the Supreme Court and party litigants, who committed this error, intended to deprive the navy of just fame and give credit which it had not earned to the army. But such, unfortunately, is the fact. It is an indefensible truth that the most important, daring and successful achievement in our civil contest, and the most damaging and effective blow to the Confederacy was performed by the navy in the passage of the forts of the Mississippi and the capture of New Orleans. The expedition instituted for this purpose was, in its conception and execution, wholly naval. Neither the War Department nor the army had any part in its origin or execution, except to second and assist the navy in its operations by taking possession of and governing the place which the navy might capture. The movement when made and consummated by the capture of New Orleans was a surprise to the army officers of the Union, as well as to the rebels, who were each incredulous as to the success, or even of an attempt from that quarter. The blow inflicted was the first to shatter Confederacy and precipitate its downfall. It came upon the insurgents in the early days of the rebellion, while they were vigorous and confident of their power, with strength unimpaired by defeat, or weakened or discouraged by reverses. But down to their final overthrow, they never recovered from the effects of that blow.

In these remarks there is no purpose to detract one iota from the merits of the military. Far be it from me to rob the army of any of its well-earned laurels. I would not pluck a leaf from the chaplet that adorns their actual achievements, but would fain give them credit for deeds they never performed, and which rightfully belongs to the navy. The justice who says it is an undisputed fact that the army captured New Orleans, has undoubtedly been misled, as have others, by the partisan representations and historical fictions of the period. The statements which I present are from facts within my own knowledge and extracts from public documents and records in the archives of the government; they can also be verified by living witnesses, who participated in those deeds.

There is an undisclosed history of neglect or failure, on the part of the military, to cooperate with Farragut in the summer of 1862, and assist the navy in opening the navigation of the Mississippi above New Orleans, after the capture of that city, which should not be omitted in this connection.

In the original instructions of the Navy Department to Farragut, on the twentieth of January, it will be recollected he was directed, after the capture of New Orleans—"If the Mississippi expedition from Cairo shall not have descended the river, you will take advantage of the panic to push a strong force up the river to take all their defenses in the rear."

In pursuance of these instructions, Farragut, immediately after the capture of New Orleans and before the arrival of the army, pushed a strong force up the Mississippi—taking, on the twenty-eighth of April, the batteries at Carrollton, and, successively the forts, Baton Rouge, Natchez, Port Hudson, Grand Gulf, etc. The naval expedition and the success of Farragut astounded General Halleck, in command of that military department, who had not been apprised of the naval movement, but had fastened an entirely different plan of operations for a grand military descent from the north, in which the river squadron, under Admiral Davies, was to have performed a subordinate part. Of the practicability or final success of that military scheme, which he had prepared, but which the war had interrupted, little need here be said; but it is an unexplained fact and not to be controverted, that the Army of the West wholly failed to assist and co-operate with the navy in its demonstrations upon and when ascending the Mississippi. Through the months of May and June the navy captured the various places on the river below Vicksburg, and on the twenty-eighth of June, Farragut assaulted Vicksburg itself and passed above that city, but there was no assistance or cooperation from the Army of the West, 100,000 of whose men were under General Halleck at Corinth. On the third of July General Halleck wrote Admiral Farragut:

"The scattered and weakened condition of my forces renders it impossible for me at present to detach any troops to co-operate with you on Vicksburg." A few days later, General Halleck was ordered to Washington to supersede McClellan as General-in-Chief; but neither before his departure nor subsequently did he render, or attempt to render, military assistance to the navy in that great undertaking.

The force under General Butler was not so large, by several thousands, as had been promised by the Secretary of War, and was barely sufficient to garrison and hold possession of the forts and cities captured by the navy. It was wholly insufficient to make certain the capture of Vicksburg. The naval vessels which passed above that place remained several weeks after the receipt of General Halleck's dispatch, in expectation of promised army aid, until finally the low stage of water in the river, which was still falling, necessitated the withdrawal of the vessels and their return down the river. The failure of the army to support the navy was disastrous. The lost opportunity to take Vicksburg cost the country many lives and untold millions of treasure. It postponed the capture of that place, which the rebels soon fortified and strengthened, and doubtless prolonged the war for at least one year. The Secretary of War, in repeated consultations, expressed his regret that the army was not more in co-operating with the navy, as was understood; but I was not aware that the War Department or the General-in-Chief issued any orders or took any measures to carry into effect the original understanding of military co-operation.

The misfortunes of the armies, east and west, in the summer of 1862, appeared to discourage the military officers, and to so paralyze their efforts that they could not respond to the assurances which had been given and to the calls that were made. The naval successes under Farragut failed to inspire, if they did not actually dispirit the military zeal or energy of some of the leaders.

I am compelled to come to this conclusion, and it perhaps has contributed to the erroneous impressions of the Supreme Court, in consequence of a volume of over 100 pages, published by the War Department in 1866, as unjust to the navy, as the fictions of the hastily compiled histories of partisan writers. In that volume, elaborately prepared in the office of the Adjutant-General, and published by the War Department, which purports to be a "Chronological table of battles, skirmishes, etc., which took place during the rebellion of 1861," commencing with the evacuation of Fort Moultrie, Charleston harbor, December 26, 1860, and ending with the capture of Jefferson Davis, near Irwinsville, Georgia, May 10, 1865, no mention is made of the passage of the forts of the Mississippi or the capture of New Orleans. More than 500 names are specified in this volume, of officers, chiefly military, but the name of Farragut nowhere appears in this volume. No person in consulting this War Department volume would be informed of the battles he fought, or even that an officer of that name was ever in the United States service. The passage of the forts, the boldest and grandest deed of the war, and the capture of New Orleans, having been performed by the navy, are incidents not worthy to be alluded to in this official volume of the War Department.

It is stated, page 14—"April 28, 1862. Forts Jackson and St. Philip, Mississippi river, surrendered to Commander David D. Porter, United States Navy."

The battle and passage of the forts by Farragut, which rendered their surrender inevitable, find no place in the pages of this War Department volume.

It is also recorded, chronologically:

"May 1—New Orleans, Louisiana, occupied by the forces commanded by Major General Benjamin F. Butler, United States Volunteers."

It is not pretended, however, in this official volume of the War Department, as is asserted by the Supreme Court, that "the army captured New Orleans," but that the city was occupied on the first of May by the forces commanded by General Butler. The occupation was an incident deserving to be mentioned, but the capture, and by whom made, were passed without mention.

I have felt it a duty to the navy, to the truth of history, and to the most distinguished hero of the war, to correct the persistent misstatements which have been and still are made in regard to the capture of New Orleans, and to some of the attending circumstances and events of that period. The document which is sent out by the War Department as a "chronological table of battles, skirmishes, etc., which took place during the rebellion," is not truthful and reliable, insomuch as it suppresses or fails to make mention of some of the most important and conspicuous battles which took place, and wholly omits the name of the most distinguished hero of the war.

Hartford, August 20, 1875.

Novel Masonic Gathering.

The Virginia (Nevada) *Chronicle*, of the ninth instant, brings a long and interesting account of a notable Masonic event which took place in that vicinity on the day previous. Virginia Lodge No. 3 of Free and Accepted Masons, having lost their regular place of meeting by fire, determined to imitate their ancient brethren, who were wont to hold their meetings on the tops of high hills or in low valleys, and to this end selected the top of Mount Davidson, when, soon after the fire, a meeting became necessary. Of Mount Davidson the *Chronicle* says:

It is by actual measurement 7827 feet above the level of the sea. The summit is 3500 feet west of the city, and from a straight line from B street, corner of Taylor, to the foot of the a figstaff, it is not far from three-quarters of a mile. But by the traveled route the distance is long and tedious.

When the multitude had assembled upon the summit, the scene was the grandest that ever met a Mason's eye. "Never," says the *Chronicle*, "since the morning stars sang their lullaby over the cradled earth was there a more perfect representation of a Masonic lodge room than the one in which the sons were of Virginia No. 3 and their visiting brethren held their meeting yesterday. This existed not only in the Charter, the Greater and the Lesser Lights, and the number requisite to compose a lodge, but it was literally bounded by the extreme points of the compass. Its dimensions from east to west embraced every clime from north to south. Its covering was no less than the cloudy canopy; and it is only where this is wanting that the literal supports, the three great pillars of Wisdom, Strength and Beauty, are needed. But, metaphorically, they were all there, for where, in a lodge room, was ever seen such wisdom to contrive, strength to support and beauty to adorn? Verily, it was a meeting in the temple of Deity, and the wisdom, strength and beauty, which are about his throne were present in the symmetry, order and grandeur of the primitive lodge room. It was a lodge, the dimensions of which, like the universal chain of friendship of the order, included the entire human family. Upon the brow of the mountain, and a little south of the flagstaff, an altar of rough asblars had been improvised, whereon rested the three great lights of Masonry. Beside them stood the representatives of the three lesser lights. Rude chairs had also been built of rough granite for the worshipful master, senior and junior wardens, while the deacons found ample accommodations among the bowlders around. A large "G" had been cut from sheet metal and nailed to the flagstaff. The tyler was indeed in trouble, for in such a place how could the lodge be duly tyled in accordance with modern usage? But, under the direction of the worshipful master, a row of pickets, designated by white badges on their left arms, were stationed all around the summit. They were near each other, that none could pass or repass without permission. In that way the approach of cowans and eavesdroppers was effectually guarded against. On reaching the summit the brethren busied themselves with dispensing and partaking of corn, wine and oil. A bountous collation had been prepared by the lodge, and members were mostly well provided with the means of refreshment, nourishment and joy. These were dispensed with a liberal hand. All were welcome, and partook with an appetite sharpened by the labor of the ascent and the fresh air which swept the summit with a freedom known only to Washoe zephyrs. The jewels worn by the officers of the lodge have just been subjected to a fiery ordeal. They were made of Ophir bullion in the year 1863, at the order of the late Colonel W. H. Howard, and by him presented to the lodge. Their cost was $500. They were saved from the destruction which laid waste the Masonic Hall in the early summer, but the fire of last Friday morning found them in the hall of the Odd Fellows, where the lodge met after being burned out. They were mourned over as lost, but were finally dug out of the ashes nearly perfect, but a single one being missing. Some of those recovered have had portions melted away, but there is enough left to show the original design and to carry the identity on down to future generations.

The ceremonies of the day were of the usual order in form, but probably never in the history of the order have they been so impressive. The grand master in the course of his remarks gave accounts of some preliminary meetings which had been held on the coast on the top of hills. He spoke of one near Magtown, where the brethren had come together in that way to raise money and provisions for suffering immigrants, and over which he had the honor to preside. He also mentioned a similar gathering in Eureka in 1851, and at Auburn, California. He also gave an account of another preliminary meeting held in that way, when the first three degrees were conferred in the lodge were conferred on a bill. But none of these were gatherings like the present, and he thanked the brethren that he had been called upon to preside over their deliberations. After the close of the regular order of business C. E. De Long made an address from the altar to the surroundings within which they had conferred their altar. Beneath them was the wealth of Ophir, and around them the tumult of trade. The earth seemed cursed and rendered an unfit dwelling place for man, but it was to be redeemed through the intelligence of Masonry, each one had a part to perform in the work. The speaker then told how in Japan he had assisted in welding the link in masonry which made the chain complete around the world. Up to that time there had been one land where the order was not known. Now there was none. Masonry belted the globe. The lights of the altar had been lighted, and now there were six lodges in the empire, and the order was rapidly spreading.

When the exercises were closed a regular scamper commenced down the mountain. Most came down by Taylor ravine, some by Bullion ravine, and not a few enjoyed the beautiful ride over the Ophir grade. Very few mishaps were experienced in going up and down the mountain. Occasionally a bottle of water would come in contact with a stone and the contents be lost, and wrecks of unappropriated lunches were not unfrequently encountered on the way down. But no serious accident occurred, and all seemed happy in the event and contented with the result. Those who participated have a rare experience which will yield them a life-long satisfaction. The gathering on the top of Mount Davidson was not without its characteristics. The most conspicuously displayed was that of relic gathering. Before the altar—which had been rudely improvised—had been consecrated, these seekers for keepsakes of the occasion commenced a regular onslaught upon the stones composing it, and vast quantities were pocketed and carried off. It seemed to consider it a rare occurrence, such as never was known in this country, if in the world.

MARIANA.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Mariana in the moated grange."
—Measure for Measure.

With blackest moss the flower pots
Were thickly crusted one and all;
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden wall.
The broken sheds looked sad and strange;
Unlifted was the clinking latch;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

Her tears fell with the dews at even;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking, she heard the night fowl crow;
The cock sung out an hour ere light;
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her; without hope of change,
In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "The day is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blackened waters slept,
And the high wheel moldered in mass
The shattered marish mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark:
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

All day within the dreamy house
The doors upon their hinges creaked;
The blue fly sung i' the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,
Or from the crevice peered about.
Old faces glimmered through the doors,
Old footsteps trod the