NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GENERAL BUTLER IN NEW-ORLEANS.

HISTORY OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF IN THE YEAR 1862. By JAMES PARTON. 12mo. pp. 649. Mason Brothers.

In preparing this singularly entertaining volume, Mr. Parton has had the advantage of authentic original materials, which he has wrought up into a brilliant narrative, in his own racy, off-hand, and muscular style. Soon after the return of General Butler from New-Orleans, he was informed of Mr. Parton's desire to write an account of his administration of the captured city, with notices of his previous military career, and was requested to lend his personal aid to the enterprise, so far as was consistent with the usages and principles of literary etiquette. The General consented to furnish his correspondence and order-books, and to make such verbal explanations as were necessary to elucidate the matter in hand, premising only that the writer should follow his own course, without the slightest restriction on his freedom of investigation and statement. Mr. Parton, accordingly, is responsible for the character of the volume. Although founded on evidence derived from General Butler, it is not indebted to him for a single suggestion. Every page is stamped with the peculiar impress of the author; and the result is a work, not only of remarkable interest as a biographical composition, but of permanent authority as a just and faithful record of an important portion of the history of the rebellion.

General Butler first appears upon the stage, in connexion with the bloody drama of which we are now apparently witnessing the last acts, at the democratic convention in Charleston, April, 1860. At that time, he was convinced that the Northern democracy would make no further concessions to the South, and that the nomination of Mr. Douglas for the Presidency by a national convention was impossible. After the adjournment of the convention to Baltimore, General Butler retired with the delegates in favor of Mr. Breckinridge, to whose nomination he gave his determined and enthusiastic support. Upon returning to his residence at Lowell, he found himself the most unpopular man in Massachusetts. He was identified with the party which threatened the dissolution of the Union in case of being defeated in an election. He was hooted in the streets of Lowell. A public meeting at which he was to give an account of his stewardship was broken up by a mob.

After the election of Mr. Lincoln, General Butler repaired to Washington in December, according to previous arrangement at Baltimore, in order to confer with democratic leaders upon the future course of the party. South Carolina had already seceded. Her commissioners were at the capital to negotiate the terms of separation. Excitement and alarm pervaded all circles. Upon visiting his Southern friends, Gen. Butler found that in the opinion of most of them, nothing remained but to arrange the details of secession. "'What does all this mean?' asked General Butler, of an old Southern democrat, a few hours after his arrival in Washington. 'It means simply what it appears to mean. The Union is dead. The experiment is finished. The attempt of two communities, having no interest in common, abhorring one another, to make believe that they are one nation, has ceased forever. We shall establish a sound, homogeneous government, with no discordant elements. We shall have room for our Northern friends. Come with us.' 'Have you counted the cost? Do you really think you can break up this Union? Do *you* think so yourself?' 'I do.' 'You are prepared, then, for civil war? You mean to bring this thing to the issue of arms?' 'Oh, there will be no war. The North won't fight.' 'The North will fight.' 'The North won't fight.' 'The North *will* fight.' 'The North *can't* fight. We have friends enough at the North to prevent it.' 'You have friends at the North as long as you remain true to the Constitution. But let me tell you, that the moment it is seen that you mean to break up the country, the North is a unit against you. I can answer, at least, for Massachusetts. She is good for ten thousand men to march, at once, against armed secession.' 'Massachusetts is not such a fool. If your State should send ten thousand men to preserve the Union against Southern Secession, she will have to fight twice ten thousand of her own citizens at home who will oppose the policy.' 'No, sir; when we come from Massachusetts we shall not leave a single traitor behind, unless he is hanging on a tree.' 'Well, we shall see.' 'You *will* see. I know something of the North, and a good deal about New-England, where I was born and have lived forty-two years. We are pretty quiet there now because we don't believe that you mean to carry out your threats. We have heard the same story at every election these twenty years. Our people don't yet believe you are in earnest. But let me tell you this: As sure as you attempt to break up this Union, the North will resist the attempt to its last man and its last dollar. You are as certain to fail as that there is a God in Heaven. One thing you may do: you may ruin the Southern States, and extinguish your institution of Slavery. From the moment the first gun is fired upon the American flag, your slaves will not be worth five years' purchase. But as to breaking up the country, it can not be done. God and nature, and the blood of your fathers and mine have made it one; and one country it must remain.'" Upon the withdrawal of Major Anderson from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, General Butler, regarding that as a decisive event and certain that war was impending, prepared to take his departure from Washington. He had, however, a final and protracted interview with the Southern leaders. For several hours, he reasoned with them, pointing out the folly of their course, and warning them of disastrous and disgraceful failure. The conversation, though warm and earnest on both sides, was friendly. He was once more invited to join their enterprise, and share in the "sound and homogeneous government" which they meant to establish. He left them no room to doubt that he was ready to risk everything in the cause of his country, and late at night they separated to know one another no more except as mortal foes. The next morning, General Butler went to Senator Wilson of Massachusetts, an old political opponent, though long a personal acquaintance, and urged him to join in advising the Governor of that State to prepare the militia of Massachusetts for taking the field.

General Butler left Washington with the belief that the war would soon be commenced by the seizure of the capital, and the inauguration of Mr. Breckinridge, or some other popular man, in place of Mr. Lincoln. He found the North anxious, but still incredulous. He lost no time in advising Governor Andrew to get the militia of the State in readiness to march at a day's notice. The Governor, though slow to believe that war was so imminent, adopted the suggestion. "General Butler further advised that two thousand overcoats be made, as the men were already provided with nearly every requisite for marching, except those indispensable garments, which could not be extemporized. To this suggestion there was sturdy opposition, since it involved the expenditure of twenty thousand dollars, and that for an exigency which Massachusetts did not believe was likely to occur. One gentleman, high in office, said that General Butler made the proposal in the interest of the moths of Boston, which alone would get any good of the overcoats. Others insinuated that he only wanted a good contract for the Middlesex Woolen Mills, in which he was a large shareholder. The worthy and patriotic Governor, however, strongly recommended the measure, and the overcoats were begun. The last stitches in the last hundred of them were performed while the men stood drawn up on the common waiting to strap them to their knapsacks before getting into the cars for Washington."

Resuming his practice at the bar, General Butler awaited, not without much inward chafing, the development of events. Upon the fall of Fort Sumter, a requisition arrived from the Secretary of War calling for four regiments of Massachusetts troops, and General Butler was appointed to the command as brigadier-general. He at once began his preparations for the field. "All that day he worked as few men can work. There were a thousand things to do; but there were a thousand willing hearts and hands to help. The Sixth Regiment was off in the afternoon, addressed before it moved by Governor Andrew and General Butler. Two regiments were embarked on board a steamer for Fortress Monroe, then defended by two companies of regular artillery—a tempting prize for the Rebels. Late at night, the General went home to bid farewell to his family, and prepare for his final departure. The next morning, back again to Boston, accompanied by his brother, Colonel Andrew Jackson Butler, who chanced to be on a visit to his ancient home, after eleven years' residence in California; where, with Broderick and Hooker, he had already done battle against the slave power, the lamented Broderick having died in his arms. He served now as a volunteer aid to the General, and rendered good service on the eventful march. At Boston, General Butler stopped at his accustomed barber-shop. While he was under the artist's hands, a soldier of the departed Sixth Regiment came in sorrowful, begging to be excused from duty; saying that he had left his wife and three children crying. 'I am not the man for you to come to, sir,' said the General, 'for I have just done the same,' and straightway sent for a policeman to arrest him as a deserter."

He was to conduct the Eighth Regiment to Washington, by way of Baltimore, no intimation of the impending catastrophe to the Sixth having yet been received. "The Eighth marched to the cars, and rolled away from the depot, followed by the benedictions of assembled Boston; saluted at every station on the way by excited multitudes. At Springfield, where there was a brief delay to procure from the armory the means of repairing muskets, the regiment was joined by a valuable company, under Captain Henry S. Briggs. Thence, to New-York. The Broadway march of the regiment; their breakfast at the Metropolitan and Astor; their push through the crowd to Jersey City; the tumultuous welcome in New-Jersey; the continuous roar of cheers across the State; the arrival at Philadelphia in the afternoon of the memorable 19th of April, who can have forgotten? Fearful news met the General and the regiment at the depot. The Sixth Regiment, in its march through Baltimore that afternoon, had been attacked by the mob, and there had been a conflict, in which men on both sides had fallen!"

The plan of marching to Washington by way of Baltimore having now become impossible, General Butler quartered his regiment for the night at the Girard House. Early in the evening, he decided upon his plan of operations, and summoned his officers to make them acquainted with it. They found upon his table thirteen revolvers. He explained his design, pointed out its dangers, and said, that as some might censure it as rash and reckless, he was resolved to take the sole responsibility himself. Taking up one of the revolvers, he invited every officer who was willing to accompany him to signify it by accepting a pistol. The pistols were all instantly appropriated.

The sequel of this movement shall be given in the graphic sketching of Mr. Parton:

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon of May 13, the Rebel spies at the Relay House felt sure that at length they were about to have something important to communicate to their employers at Baltimore. Two trains of cars stood upon the track, both headed toward Harper's Ferry, both loaded with troops. One was a short train, with a force of fifty men on board. The other was of immense length. It contained the whole of the Sixth Massachusetts, some companies of the New-York Eighth, and two pieces of artillery, in all nine hundred men. The Generals white horse, horses for the staff and artillery were on the train. When everything was in readiness, word was brought to the General that two fast Baltimore trotters were harnessed in a stable near by, which were to convey the tidings of the movement to Baltimore the moment the trains had started.

"Let them go," said the General.

The two trains moved slowly toward Harper's Ferry. The fast nags, at the same moment, were put on the road to Baltimore. Gen. Butler secretly resolved to give them plenty of time to reach the city. Except himself and a few members of his staff, every man in the train was ignorant of his real design.

Two miles from the Relay House, both trains halted a while. Then the smaller train kept on its way. It was bound to Frederick, where the troops were ordered to seize the millionaire, Ross Winans, and the machines then figuring ominously in the newspapers, on Winan's steam gun, a useless rattle-trap, as it proved. Winans was a thoroughgoing traitor, and one who, from his prodigious wealth (fifteen millions, it was thought), could give his fellow-traitors abundant aid and very solid comfort. Already, he had manufactured five thousand pikes for the use of the Baltimore mob against the forces summoned by his country to defend its capital. An arch-traitor, and an old, gray haired old what they could to "make his folly venerable." If ever treason was committed, he had committed it; for he had not even the empty excuse of the passage of an ordinance of secession by the Legislature of his State. Gen. Butler will interpret his orders with exact literalness, if this heavy-headed traitor falls into his hands, while he remains in command of the Department of Annapolis, including the City of Baltimore.

About 6 o'clock in the evening, the long train, with its nine hundred men, the artillery and the horses, backed slowly past the Relay House again, and continued backing until it reached the depôt at Baltimore.

A thunder storm of singular character, extraordinary both for its violence and its extent, hung over the city, black as midnight. It was nearly dark when the train arrived. No rain had yet fallen; but the whole city was soon enveloped in rushing clouds of dust. Flashes of lightning, vivid, incessant—peals of thunder, loud and continuous, gave warning of the coming deluge. The depôt was nearly deserted, and scarcely any one was in the streets. By the time the troops were formed, it had become dark, except when the flashes of lightning illumined the scene, as if with a thousand Drummond lamps. This continuous change, from a blinding glare of light to darkness the most complete, was so bewildering, that if the General had not had a guide familiar with the city, he could scarcely have advanced from the depôt. This guide was Mr. Robert Hare of Philadelphia, son of the celebrated chemist, who, after rendering valuable services to the General elsewhere, had joined him at the Relay House, and now volunteered to pilot him to Federal Hill.

The word was given, and the troops silently emerged from the depôt, the General, Mr. Hare and the staff in the advance. The orders were, for no man to speak a needless word; no drums to beat; and if a shot was fired from a house, halt, arrest every inmate, and destroy the house, leaving not one brick upon another.

When the line had cleared the depôt, the storm burst. Such torrents of rain! Such a ceaseless blaze of lightning! Such crashes and volleys of thunder! At one moment the long line of bayonets, the ranks of firm white faces, the burnished cannon, the horses and their riders, the signs upon the houses, and every minutest object, would flash out of the gloom with a distinctness inconceivable. The next, a pall of blackest darkness would drop upon the scene. Not a countenance appeared in any window; for, so incessant was the thunder, that the tramp of horses, the tread of the men, the rumble of the cannon, were not heard, or if heard for a moment, not distinguished from the multitudinous noises of the storm. As the General and his staff gained the summit of Federal Hill, which rises abruptly from the midst of the town, and turned to look back upon the troops winding up the steep ascent, a flash of unequaled brilliancy gave such startling splendor to the scene, that an exclamation of wonder and delight broke from every lip. The troops were formed upon the summit, the cannon were planted, and Baltimore was their own.

Except a shanty or two, used in peaceful times as a lager-beer garden, there was no shelter on the hill. The men had to stand still in the pouring rain, with what patience they could. When the storm abated, scouts were sent out, who ferreted out a wood-yard, from which thirty cords of wood were brought; and soon the top of the hill presented a cheerful scene and picturesque; arms stacked and groups of steaming soldiers standing around fifty blazing fires, each man revolving irregularly on his axis, trying to get himself and his blanket dry.

Gen. Butler established his headquarters in the German shanty. An officer, who had been scouting, came to him there in considerable excitement, and said:

"I am informed, General, that this hill is mined, and that we are all to be blown up."

"Get a lantern," replied the General, "and you and I will walk round the base of the hill and see."

They found, indeed, deep cavities in the side of the hill, but these proved to be places whence sand had been dug for building. After a thorough examination, the General said:

"I don't think we shall be blown up; but if we are, there is one comfort, it will dry us all."

Returning to his shanty, Gen. Butler, still as wet as water could make him, set about preparing his proclamation.

At half past eight in the morning, he received a note from the Mayor, which showed how completely his movements had been concealed by the storm. The note had been written during the previous evening.

"I have just been informed," wrote the Mayor, "that you have arrived at the Camden Station with a large body of troops under your command. As the sudden arrival of a force will create much surprise in the community, I beg to be informed whether you propose that it shall remain at the Camden Station, so that the police may be notified, and proper precautions may be taken to prevent any disturbance of the peace."

The Mayor had not long to wait for information. An extra *Clipper* of the morning, containing Gen. Butler's proclamation, advised all Baltimore of his intentions.

Passing over the interesting detail of events previous to the occupation of New-Orleans, we come to the scene of General Butler's most energetic action, and in which his conduct has been made the theme of the bitterest censure and the warmest praise. The landing at New-Orleans is thus described:

The troops had a joyful trip up the river among the verdant sugar-fields, welcomed, as the fleet had been, by capering negroes. The transport Mississippi, with her old complement of fourteen hundred men, and Mrs. Butler on the quarter-deck, hove in sight of the forts at sunset on the last day of April. The forts were covered all over with blue-coated soldiers, who paused in their investitures to cheer the arriving vessels, and, especially, the Lady who had borne them company in so many perils. It was an animated and glorious scene, illumined by the setting sun; one of those interesting moments which repay soldiers for months of fatigue and waiting. The general came on board, and, at midnight, the transport steamers started for the city. At noon on the 1st of May, the Mississippi lay alongside the levee at New-Orleans.

A crowd rapidly gathered; but it was by no means as turbulent or noisy as that which had howled at Captain Bailey five days before. There were women among them, many of whom appeared to be nurses carrying children. Mulatto women with baskets of cakes and oranges were also seen. Voices were frequently heard calling for "Picayune Butler," who was requested to "show himself" and "come ashore." The general, who is fond of a joke, requested Major Strong to ascertain if any of the bands could play the lively melody to which the mob had called his attention. Unluckily, none of the bandmasters possessed the music; so the general was obliged to forego his joke, and fall back upon Yankee Doodle and the Star Spangled Banner. Others of the crowd cried: "You'll never see home again." "Yellow Jack will have you before long." "Hallo, epaulets, lend us a picayune." With divers other remarks of a chaffing nature, alternating with malediction.

General Butler waited upon Captain Farragut, and heard a narrative of recent events. The general announced his determination to land forthwith, and Captain Farragut notified the mayor of this resolve, adding that he should hold no farther correspondence with the authorities of New-Orleans, but gladly yielded the situation to the commander of the army. Returning to the Mississippi, Gen. Butler directed the immediate disembarkation of the troops, and the operation began about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. A company of the 31st Massachusetts landed on the extensive platform raised above the levee for the convenient loading of cotton, and, forming a line, slowly pressed back the crowd at the point of the bayonet, until space enough was obtained for the regiments to form. When the 31st had all landed, they marched down the cotton platform to the levee, and along the levee to Bienville street, where they halted. The 4th Wisconsin was then disembarked, after which the procession was formed in the order following:

First, as pioneer and guide, marched Lieut. Henry Weigel of Baltimore, Aid to the General, who was familiar with the streets of the city, and now rose from a sick bed to claim the fulfillment of Gen. Butler's promise that he, and he only, should guide the troops to the Custom-House.

Next, the drum corps of the 31st Massachusetts. Behind these Gen. Butler and his staff on foot, no horses having yet been landed, a file of the 31st marching on each side of them. Then Capt. Everett's battery of artillery, with whom marched Capt. Kensel, Chief of Artillery to the expedition. The 31st followed, under Col. O. P. Gooding. Next, Gen. Williams and his staff, preceded by the fine band of the 4th Wisconsin, and followed by that regiment under Col. Paine. The same orders were given as on the march into Baltimore: silence; no notice to be taken of mere words; if a shot were fired from a house, halt, arrest inmates, destroy house; if fired upon from the crowd, arrest the man if possible, but not fire into the crowd unless absolutely for self-defense, and then not without orders.

At five the procession moved, to the music of the Star Spangled Banner. The crowd surged along the pavements on each side of the troops, struggling chiefly to get a sight of the general, crying out: "Where is the d—d rascal?" "There he goes, G—d d—n him!" "I see the d—d old villain!" To which were added such oaths as "shiloh," "Bull Run," "Hurrah for Beauregard," "Go home, you d—d Yankees." From some windows a mild hiss was bestowed upon the troops, who marched steadily on, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left. The general, not having a musical ear, was observed to be chiefly anxious upon the point of keeping step to the music—a feat that had never become easy to him, often as he had attempted it in the streets of Lowell. And so they marched; along the levee to Poydras street; Poydras street to St. Charles street; past the famous hotel, closed and deserted now, though alive with five hundred inmates three days before; along St. Charles street to Canal street and the Custom House—that vast, unfinished, roofless structure, upon which the United States had expended so many millions, one Beauregard being engineer.

The troops surrounded the edifice; Captain Kensel posted his artillery, so as to command the adjacent streets; and the general ordered the Thirty-first to enter and occupy the building. But Captain Bell had locked the door and put the key into his pocket. The door was forced, therefore, and by six o'clock the Thirty-first was lodged in the second story, making preparations for the evening meal. Strong guards were posted at all needful points. The general and his staff then returned to the levee, and went on board the Mississippi for the night. The Twelfth Connecticut, Colonel Deming, bivouacked upon the levee near the ship, happy to lie down once more under the stars, after being so long huddled in a transport ship. The evening was warm and serene, and the city was again as still as a country hamlet. General Phelps came on shore at twilight, and walked about the city unattended and unmolested. Nay, he reported that the people whom he had spoken to answered his inquiries with politeness, despite his uniform. "You did n't mention your name, did you, General?" asked an officer. "No," replied he, laughing; "no one asked it."

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The second day of the occupation of the city was crowded with events of the highest interest.

The landing of the troops was resumed with the dawn. Col. Deming encamped his fine regiment in Lafayette square in front of the City Hall. Other regiments were posted in convenient localities. Troops were landed in Algiers on the opposite bank of the river, and the railroad terminating there was seized, with its cars and buildings. Gen. Phelps went up the river several miles in the launch to reconnoiter, and select a site for a camp above the city. Capt. Everett was busy extracting the spikes from the cannon lying about the Custom-House, and preparing to mount some of them in it and upon it. He cast an inquiring and interested eye upon the eight hundred bells—church bells, school bells, plantation bells, fire bells, cow bells—which had been sent to New-Orleans upon General Beauregard's requisition, some of which now call the children of New-England to school; others, factory girls to their labor; others, rural congregations to church; for they were all sold at auction, sent to the North, and distributed over the country. The Quartermaster to the expedition had a world of trouble with the draymen of the city, whom he needed for transporting the tents and baggage. Not one of them dared, not many of them wished, to serve him. He was obliged to compel their assistance at the point of the pistol. Everything seized for the use of the troops, on this day and on all days, was either paid for when taken, or a receipt given therefor which was equivalent to gold. The behavior of the troops was *faultless*. No resident of New-Orleans was harmed or insulted. None complained of harm or insult. A stranger would have supposed, from the quiet demeanor of the troops and the arrogant air of the people, that the soldiers were prisoners in an enemy's town, not conquerors in a captured one. For the most part, the troops held no intercourse whatever with the inhabitants. It was, indeed, perilous in the extreme, for a resident of the city to speak to an old friend, if that friend wore the uniform of the United States. Major Bell mentions that he met several old acquaintances about the city, but they either gave him the cut direct, or else bestowed a hurried, furtive salutation, and passed rapidly on. Another officer reports that on accosting an acquaintance, the gentleman said, in an anxious undertone, "Don't speak to me, or I shall have my head blown off."

A gentleman connected with the expedition, but not in uniform,* tells me that he strolled into a market that morning, and bought a cup of coffee, for which he gave a gold dollar, and received in change nineteen dirty car-tickets, part of the established currency of the city.

Quarters were repaired for the commanding general and his staff. What could they be but the St. Charles Hotel, vacated five days before by Gen. Lovell? Major Strong, Col. French, and Major Bell, accompanied by Mr. Glenn, formerly a resident of New-Orleans, were dispatched, early in the morning, to make the preliminary arrangements. They found the building closed. Going round to the ladies' entrance they gained admission to the famous rotunda—bar-room and slave-mart, scene of countless "difficulties" and chivalric assassinations. There they met a son of one of the proprietors, to whom they stated their wishes. He replied, that both the proprietors were absent; and as to his giving up the hotel to Gen. Butler, his head would be shot off before he could reach the next corner if he should do it. He declared that waiters would not dare to wait upon them, nor cooks to cook for them, nor porters to carry for them. Moreover, there were no provisions to be had in the market; he did not see what could be got for them beyond army rations. These objections were offered by the young gentleman with the utmost politeness of manner. Major Strong observed, with equal suavity, that he need give himself no concern with regard to giving up the hotel. In the name of Gen. Butler, they would venture to take it, and as to the lack of provisions, they were used to army rations, had found them sufficient, and could make them do for an indefinite period. With regard to waiters and cooks, the army of occupation were chiefly men of the Yankee persuasion, who were accustomed to wait on themselves, and could do a little of everything, from cooking upward. The young gentleman had nothing further to offer, and so the St. Charles became the headquarters of the army. The General arrived in the course of the morning, and established his office in one of the ladies' parlors. Mrs. Butler still remained on board the Mississippi.

The interview of Gen. Butler with the Mayor of New-Orleans, enlivened by a sprightly episode in which a mob is summarily dealt with, is the subject of an edifying description, which we cannot omit:

The three officers and Mr. Glenn next proceeded to the City Hall in search of the Mayor. They found that public functionary, after some delay. They informed him, with all possible courtesy, that Gen. Butler, commanding the Department of the Gulf, had established his headquarters at the St. Charles Hotel, where he would be happy to confer with the Mayor and Council of New-Orleans at 2 o'clock on that day. The reply of the Mayor was to the effect that his place of business was at the City Hall, where any gentleman who had business with him could see him during office hours. Col. French politely intimated that that was not an answer likely to satisfy the commanding General, and expressed a hope that the Mayor, on reflection, would not complicate a state of affairs already embarrassing enough, by raising questions of etiquette. Gen. Butler was well disposed toward New-Orleans and its authorities; he merely desired to come to a clear understanding with them as to the future government of the city. The officers retired. The Mayor, upon reflection, concluded to wait upon the General. At 2 o'clock, accompanied by Mr. Soulé and a considerable party of friends, highly respectable gentlemen of the city, he sat face to face with Gen. Butler in the ladies' parlor of the St. Charles.

The interview was destined to be interrupted and abortive. The seizure of the St. Charles Hotel appeared to have rekindled the passions of the populace, who surrounded the building in a dense mass, filling all the open space adjacent. A cannon was posted at each of the corners of the building; a regiment surrounded it, and the brave Gen. Williams was in command. But it seemed as if the quiet demeanor of the troops, since the landing of the evening before, had been misinterpreted by the mob, who grew fiercer, louder, and bolder as the day wore on. The Mayor and his party had not been long in the presence of Gen. Butler, when an aid-de-camp rushed in and said:

"Gen. Williams orders me to say that he fears he will not be able to control the mob."

Gen. Butler, in his serenest manner, replied:

"Give my compliments to Gen. Williams, and tell him, if he finds he cannot control the mob, to open upon them with artillery."

The Mayor and his friends sprang to their feet in consternation.

"Don't do that, General!" exclaimed the Mayor.

"Why not, gentlemen?" said the General. "The mob must be controlled. We can't have a disturbance in the street."

"Shall I go out and speak to the people?" asked the Mayor.

"Anything you please, gentlemen," replied Gen. Butler. "I only insist that order be maintained in the public streets."

The Mayor and other gentlemen addressed the crowd; and, as their remarks were enforced by the rumor of Gen. Butler's order, there was a temporary lull in the storm. The crowd remained, however, vast, fierce, and sullen.

The interview having been resumed, the Mayor was proceeding to descant, in the high-flown rhetoric of the South, upon Gen. Butler's former advocacy of the rights of the Southern States. The South had looked upon him as its special friend and champion, etc.

"Stop, Sir," said the General. "Let me set you right on that point at once. I was always a friend of Southern rights, but an enemy of Southern wrongs."

The conversation was going on in an almost tilting strain, when another aid entered the apartment, Lieut. Kinsman of Gen. Butler's staff, who requested a word with the General.

This officer had been sent to the fleet that morning in search of telegraphic operators. On board the Mississippi (the man-of-war, not the transport steamer) he was accosted by Judge Summers, who had sought refuge on board the ship, as we have before related. The unhappy judge, who was anxious to get to the city, requested Lieut. Kinsman to take him on shore, and give him adequate protection against the mob, who, he said, would tear him limb from limb, if they should catch him alone. The lieutenant, who had left the city perfectly quiet, was disposed to make light of the danger; but said he could go on shore with him if he chose, and he would endeavor to get him safe to the St. Charles. On reaching the levee, Lieut. Kinsman impressed a hack into his service, and the two passengers were started for the hotel. Unluckily, the ex-recorder is a man of gigantic structure—six feet five, and of corresponding magnitude; a man of such pronounced peculiarity of appearance, that even if he had never set on the bench and thus become familiar to the eyes of scoundrels, he must have been known by sight to all who frequented the streets of the city. He was instantly recognized. A crowd gathered round the carriage, hooting, yelling, cursing; new hundreds rushed in from every street, for all the men in the city were idle and abroad. Several times the carriage came to a stand; but Lieut. Kinsman, pistol in hand, ordered the driver to go on, and kept him to his work, until they reached the troops guarding the hotel, where both succeeded in alighting and entering the building unharmed.

Judge Summers was thoroughly unnerved, as most men would have been in the same circumstances. A mob is of all wild beasts the most cowardly, the most easily managed by a man that is unscrable by phantoms. The mob that attacked Big Tom at his office last July, was scattered by the report of one pistol. I saw it done. Never have I seen the square in front of the building so bare of people as it was in ten seconds after that solitary pistol was fired. But a mob is, at the same time, the most terrible thing to look at, especially if its vulgar and savage eye is fixed upon you, that can be imagined. Mr. Summers felt unsafe, even in the hotel. "Give me some protection," said he; "they'll tear me all to pieces if they get in here," and it looked, at the time, as if the mob would get in.

Hence it was, that Lieut. Kinsman interrupted the general, and asked a word with him.

Gen. Butler came out, and heard the lieutenant's report. The ex-recorder said there was no place in the St. Charles where he could be safe.

"Well, then," said the general, "there's the Custom-House over yonder; that will hold you. You can go there, if you choose."

"But how can I get there? The mob will tear me to pieces."

The general reflected a moment. Then said, assuming all the "major-general commanding:"

"We may as well settle this question now as at any other time. Lieutenant Kinsman, take this man over to the Custom-House. Take what force you require. If any one molests or threatens you, arrest him. If a rescue is attempted, fire."

Having said this, he returned to the conference with the mayor, and Lieutenant Kinsman proceeded to obey the order. He conducted Mr. Summers to a side door, which he opened, and disclosed to the view of his charge a compact mass of determined men, held at bay by a company of fifty soldiers.

"Don't attempt it," said the judge, recoiling from the sight.

"I must," returned the lieutenant. "The general's orders were positive. I have no choice but to obey."

The company of soldiers were soon drawn up in two lines, four feet apart, two men closing the front and two the rear of the column. In the open space were Lieutenant Kinsman and Mr. Summers.

"Forward, march!" The column started. The crowd recognizing the giant judge, yelled and hooted around the slowly pushing column. The active men of the mob were not those within reach of the soldiers. The nearest men prudently held their peace and watched their chance. Consequently no arrests were made until the column had gone half way to the Custom-house. At that point stood an omnibus with one man in it, who was urging on the mob, by voice and gesture, with the violence of frenzy.

"Halt! Bring out that man!"

Two soldiers sprang into the omnibus, collared the lunatic, drew him out, and placed him between the lines, where he continued to yell and gesticulate in the most frantic manner.

"Stop your noise!" thundered the lieutenant.

"I won't," said the man, "my tongue is my own."

"Sergeant ——, lower your bayonet. If a sound comes out of that man's mouth, run him through!"

The man was silent.

"Forward—march!" The column pushed on again, but very slowly. After going some distance, the Lieutenant perceived that one man, who had been particularly vociferous, was within clutching distance.

"Halt—bring in that man," pointing him out.

The man was seized and placed in the column. He continued to shout, but a lowered bayonet brought him to his senses also. The column pushed on again, and lodged the judge and the two prisoners safely in the impregnable Custom-House, the citadel of New-Orleans. The company marched back, in the same order, through a crowd "as silent as a funeral," to use the Lieutenant's own language.

This scene was witnessed from the windows of the St. Charles by Gen. Butler and his staff, and by the Mayor and his friends, the conference being suspended by common consent. The General informs me that the firmness of Lieut. Kinsman on this occasion, aided by the soldierly steadiness of the troops, and the perfect coolness of their officers, contributed most essentially to the subjugation of the mob of New-Orleans. It was never so rampant again. The company was Capt. Paige's of the 31st Massachusetts.

We have no space to follow Mr. Parton at further length in his fascinating narrative of the General's administration at New-Orleans, but we must manage to make room for his account of the famous order, which has been so widely misunderstood both abroad and at home, concerning the rebellious "ladies" of the Crescent City:

The women of New-Orleans by no means confined themselves to the display of minute Rebel flags on their persons. They were insolently and vulgarly demonstrative. They would leave the sidewalk, on the approach of Union officers, and walk around them into the middle of the street, with up-turned noses and insulting words. On passing privates, they would make a great ostentation of drawing away their dresses, as if from the touch of pollution. Secession colors were conspicuously worn upon the bonnets. If a Union officer entered a street car, all the ladies in it would frequently leave the vehicle, with every expression of disgust; even in church the same spirit was exhibited—ladies leaving the pews entered by a Union officer. The female teachers of the public schools kept their pupils singing Rebel songs, and advised the girls to make manifest their contempt for the soldiers of the Union. Parties of ladies upon the balconies of houses, would turn their backs when soldiers were passing by; while one of them would run in to the piano, and thump out the Bonnie Blue Flag, with the energy that lovely woman knows how to throw into a performance of that kind. One woman, a very fine lady, too, swept away her skirts, on one occasion, with so much violence as to lose her balance, and she fell into the gutter. The two officers whose proximity had excited her ire approached to offer their assistance. She spurned them from her, saying that she would rather lie in the gutter than be helped out by Yankees. She afterward related the circumstance to a Union officer, and owned that she had in reality felt grateful to the officers for their politeness, and added that Order No. 28 served the women right. The climax of these absurdities was reached when a beast of a woman spat in the faces of two officers, who were walking peacefully along the street.

It was this last event which determined Gen. Butler to take public notice of the conduct of the women. At first their exhibitions and affectations of spleen merely amused the objects of them; who were accustomed to relate them to their comrades as the jokes of the day. And, so far, no officers or soldiers had done or said anything in the way of retort. No man in New-Orleans had been wronged, no woman had been treated with disrespect by the soldiers of the United States. These things were done while Gen. Butler was feeding the poor of the city by thousands; while he was working night and day to start and restore the business of the city; while he was defending the people against the frauds of great capitalists; while he was maintaining such order in New-Orleans as it had never known before; while he was maturing measures designed solely for the benefit of the city; while he was testifying in every way, by word and deed, his heartfelt desire to exert all the great powers intrusted to him for the good of New-Orleans and Louisiana.

It cannot be denied that both officers and men became, at length, very sensitive to these annoyances. Complaints to the General were frequent. Colonels of regiments requested to be informed what orders they should give their men on the subject, and the younger staff officers often asked the General to save them from indignities which they could neither resent nor endure. Why, indeed, *should* he permit his brave and virtuous New-England soldiers to be insulted by these silly, vulgar creatures spoiled by contact with slavery? And how long could he trust the forbearance of the troops? These questions he had already considered, but the extreme difficulty of acting in such an affair with dignity and effect, had given him pause. But when the report of the spitting was brought to him, he determined to put a stop to such outrages before they provoked retaliation.

It has been said that the false construction put upon General Order No. 28, by the enemies of the United States, was due to the carelessness with which it was composed. Mr. Seward, in his conversation on the subject with the English charge, "regretted that, in the haste of composition, a phraseology which could be mistaken or perverted had been used." The Secretary of State was never more mistaken. The order was penned with the utmost care and deliberation, and all its probable consequences discussed. The problem was, how to put an end to the insulting behavior of the women without being obliged to resort to arrests. So far, New-Orleans had been kept down by the mere show and presence of force; it was highly desirable, for reasons of humanity as well as policy, that this should continue to be the case. If the order had said: Any woman who insults a Union soldier shall be arrested, committed to the calaboose, and fined, there would have been women who would have courted the distinction of arrest, to the great peril of the public tranquility. If anything at all could have roused the populace to resist the troops, surely it would have been the arrest of a well-dressed woman, for so popular an act as insulting a soldier of the United States.

It was with the intent to accomplish the object without disturbance that Gen. Butler worded the order as we find it. The order was framed upon the model of one which he had read long ago in an ancient London chronicle:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
NEW-ORLEANS, May 15, 1862.

"GENERAL ORDER No. 28:

"As the officers and soldiers of the United States have been subject to repeated insults from the women (calling themselves ladies) of New-Orleans, in return for the most scrupulous non-interference and courtesy on our part, it is ordered that hereafter when any female shall, by word, gesture, or movement, insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, she shall be regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town plying her avocation.

"By command of Major-general BUTLER.

"GEO. C. STRONG, A. A. G., Chief of Staff."

That is, she shall be held liable, according to the law of New-Orleans, to be arrested, detained over night in the calaboose, brought before a magistrate in the morning, and fined $5.

When the order had been written, and was about to be consigned to irrevocable print, a leading member of the staff (Major Strong) said to Gen. Butler:

"After all, General, is it not possible that some of the troops may misunderstand the order? It would be a great scandal if only one man should act upon it in the wrong way."

"Let us, then," replied the General, "have one case of aggression on our side. I shall know how to deal with that case, so that it will never be repeated. So far, all the aggression has been against us. Here we are, conquerors in a conquered city; we have respected every right, tried every means of conciliation, complied with every reasonable desire; and yet we cannot walk the streets without being outraged and spit upon by green girls. I do not fear the troops; but if aggression must be, let it not be all against us."

Gen. Butler was, of course, perfectly aware, as we are, that if he had expressly *commanded* his troops to outrage and ravish every woman who insulted them, those men of New-England and the West would not have thought of obeying him. If one miscreant among them had attempted it, the public opinion of his regiment would have crushed him. Every one who knows the men of that army feels how impossible it was that any of them should practically misinterpret an order of which the proper and innocent meaning was so palpable.

The order was published. Its success was immediate and perfect. Not that the women did not still continue, with the ingenuity of the sex, to manifest their repugnance to the troops. They did so. The piano still greeted the passing officer with Rebel airs. The fair countenances of the ladies were still averted, and their skirts gently held aside. Still the balconies presented a view of the "back hair" of beauty. If the dear creatures did not leave the ear when an officer entered it, they stirred not to give him room to sit down, and would not see his polite offer to hand their ticket to the driver. (No conductors in the street cars of New-Orleans.) It was a fashion to affect sickness at the stomach on such occasions; which led *The Delta* to remark, that the ladies should remember that but for the presence of the Union forces some of the squeamish stomachs would have nothing in them. But the outrageous demonstrations ceased. No more insulting words were uttered; and all the affectations of disgust were such as could be easily and properly borne by officers and men. Gradually even these were discontinued.

I need not add, that in no instance was the order misunderstood on the part of the troops. No man in the whole world misunderstood it who was not glad of any pretext for reviling the sacred cause for which the United States has been called to contend. So far from causing the women of New-Orleans to be wronged or molested, it was that which saved them from the only danger of molestation to which they were exposed. It threw around them the protection of law, not tore it away; and such was the completeness of its success, that not one arrest under Order No. 28 has ever been made.

It was hardly to be expected that a biographer should be brought into such intimate and friendly relations with the subject of his memoir, without experiencing in some degree the influence of the spell with which a person of original and daring character always enchants the imagination of his admirers. Still, Mr. Parton's narrative is not liable to the charge of blind favoritism. We believe he has honestly attempted to paint his hero as he is. His book is free from special pleading; he makes no use of artful eulogium, skillfully disguised; the impression he leaves is produced by the exposition of facts, not by elaborate appeals; he founds the reputation, the glory of Gen. Butler, not on ingenious defenses of his conduct, but on the events of his career. After our extracts, it is needless to say that the volume combines the charms of a romance with