WHILE THE RAIN CAME DOWN.

Georgia Roberts in The Boston Transcript.

While the rain came down they stayed
In the maples' kindly shade,
Leaning from the ferny shore,
Watched the dappled river-floor,
Where the raindrops gayly played.

Every leafy mountain glade
Felt the raindrops' rushing raid;
Lowering storm-clouds hovered o'er
While the rain came down.

Laughing, careless, man and maid,
With the wide umbrella's aid,
Sheltered from the drops that pour,
Love and youth their happy lore,
Naught cared they, though long delayed,
While the rain came down.

THOMPSON OF OURS.

THE CONFIDENTIAL REPORT.

Up there between Quetta and Candahar it gets very cold in January—a nasty, biting, blustering cold that nips the liver and shortens the temper; that comes whistling round your mud-hut with a northeast wind from off the snows, and cracks the shrivelled skin off you like old parchment.

The Colonel blew on his fingers, howled for fresh wood to be piled upon the fire, and fell to the contemplation of his thumbs, which was frost-bitten.

Before him upon the table lay the loathsome sheets of foolscap known as the "Annual Confidential Reports." Some of these were already filled in, some blank as yet. Each was headed by the name of an officer, and fringed by the impertinent personal riddles set yearly for Commandants to answer.

Now, even when forced to look from the point of view of disapproval upon any one of his "Boys," this honorable, kindly English gentleman held the system of confidential disparagement in horror. But really this morning, what with the cold and the maggots in the rice which had put him off his breakfast, and the extraordinary delay in the mail letters, he felt inclined to damn every man-jack of them, himself included. With a roaring blizzard searching your bones, and a suspicion of fever in your blood, and nothing decent to eat, you don't feel like certifying that every soul under your command is remarkable for all qualities that go to make saints upon earth.

Anyhow, the Colonel did not feel like it. He began turning over the sheets with that sickly, languid feeling of revolt with which monotony in its unpleasant forms is apt to inspire one after long years of patient grind. He hated these grim skeleton sketches in black and white. It was always the same thing—the same weary struggle to combine strict truth with fair words; to put "Yes" where it ought to be "No," and "No" where it ought to be "Yes." For were they indeed—all these youths—zealous in well-doing, all talented, all faithful, all of equable temper? Had they every one of them been endowed from their cradles with unnatural sagacity and aptitude for command? Were they, in short, ready-made generals from the moment they entered the service? Alas, no! The Colonel's eye wandered to his crippled thumb again and then back to the sheets under his other hand, and presently fell upon a certain name heading one of them. Whereupon he cursed the authorities in his heart for a pack of fools, and sighed. It was Thompson—Lieutenant William Thompson—known by the name of "Billy."

The Colonel took it in his hand and sighed again. There was not one, or hardly one, of those cut-and-dried questions that could be answered gracefully, yet conscientiously, as regarded this young man. "I could describe him in three words," groaned the Colonel; "harum-scarum young devil."

Then, for he liked the lad, he began to wonder how on earth he was to fill up that Report. He was a keen soldier himself, and, if truth be told, had a partiality for the type so pithily described in those three words. He would rather have such with him in the field than some others for whom perchance more could be said on paper. Of such he knew was the kingdom of heroes.

The ghosts of many haunting tragedies came crowding into the old soldier's mind as he sat fingering that infernal paper. Did any of these harsh moral photographs of them, with "Yeses" and "Noes" in the most unbecoming places, lie rotting still perhaps in the Adjutant-General's offices?

He got up shivering and kicked the logs into a blaze, then returned with stern determination to the study of the vexing questions in hand. What could he say for Billy Thompson? The lad had the temper of a game bull-terrier, the tact and judgment of a Newfoundland puppy, and about as much ability and acquirement as the average English schoolboy. The thought of Billy Thompson as ornamented with the complete list of "Confidential Report" virtues was nothing less than grotesque.

He glanced down the list. Why, that very morning he had spent a bad half hour in wigging the youngster for shortcomings in almost every item. Late again for parade. Violent with a Sepoy. Hadn't the faintest notion of his drill, and so on.

"What on earth am I to say for you, sir?" he had asked, angrily, tapping the bundle of uncompromising papers, at which Billy glanced with rueful despair in his honest eyes. "You are distinctly careless, wanting in tact, useless at office work—what's the use of complaining of your writers, sir?—inattentive and argumentative. Ride? Of course; and that's about all you're fit for. That and tennis; but unluckily these won't advance you in your profession, nor gain you respect, nor fit you for a command."

Then the Colonel had stolen a look at the frank, bright face, and thought for the millionth time how ridiculous it all was. The lad was honorable and brave. Why not trust to time and training to do the rest? He wanted a tight hand over him of course; but why be forced to send up a nasty, disparaging report of him to headquarters?

Somehow the Colonel could not find it in his heart to do it, and was still worrying over it, when a telegram was brought in addressed "To the Officer Commanding." This was followed shortly by a knock at the rough door opening outward on to the cold, wind-swept inclosure, a struggle to shut the same, and a tall, smart-looking officer entered, helmet in hand.

"Oh, that's you, Hamerton! I was just going to send for you. There's a row up Khunaz way. James of the police wounded. Ghazis again killed a lot of people. I'm ordered to send an intelligent officer to investigate the thing and report. You'll have a ticklish job, but I can rely upon you. I've been thinking whom you had better take. You see, I can only spare one of two, either Bates or Thompson. Bates has the longest head, and yet Thompson—well, if it came to blows, somehow I should prefer Thompson. But do as you like."

As he said this the Colonel instinctively glanced at the pile of papers beside him. Bates's name happened to lie uppermost, with its every question smugly and neatly answered. Thompson's had frisked off gayly in the draught of the open door, and was but just saved from being chewed under the table by Hamerton's puppy, who had followed his master in.

"It shall be little Billy," said Major Hamerton to himself; and proceeded to the discussion of further details concerning escort and commissariat arrangements for the small expedition.

A little before nightfall they started, a party of fifteen in all; the two English officers—Billy in a state of the wildest joy, and bursting with importance—a duffedar, and twelve Sowars of the Khunaz Horse. A second telegram had been received soon after the first saying that the Ghazis, who were few in number, had taken themselves off; that a native hospital assistant was in charge of James, the wounded police officer; and that he was to be brought back here, because there was no other European doctor nearer than Quetta.

"Hope we come across the beggars," Billy said, gleefully.

But the Colonel, who had ridden out a little way with the party, and had wished them "good luck," found himself saying something like a prayer in his heart for the safe return of the two men, who were, in his opinion, the very pick of the regiment.

In times of peace these inglorious little brushes with sneaking Ghazis are not among the pleasantest features of service in Afghanistan. To an old soldier they savor too much of that potting from behind hedges with which the Irish peasantry have familiarized us, and to which no military glory is attached. He does not care about sending out good men to furnish targets for skulking devils, who have no ground of quarrel, but are merely possessed of a fanatical desire to spill Ferringhee blood. Wherefore the Commanding Officer was ill at ease, and for the next two days there fell a dulness and a malaise upon everybody in camp. Like the influenza, it attacked them all, from the Colonel downward, only, as Kipling says, that is another story.

It was in the spring of 1890 that the influenza came sweeping over Afghanistan, death-laden from European cities. It was when April had cast its brief ethereal spell upon this barren spot, and had woven a fairy carpet of flowers all over the plain, teaching the grim landscape the meaning of a smile. Only for a few beautiful days in all the year is the ground moist and fragrant, and covered with delicate short-lived blossoms. Like lovely ghosts they come and go—the white wild hyacinth bells, the small red tulip, the exquisite purple iris. It was with these sweet visitors that the influenza came, dealing suffering and death among the lonely scattered outposts, where comforts are few and luxuries for the sick unprocurable.

But in this January, the plain was barren of any verdure or vegetation, save for a leafless scrub that grows low upon the earth and gives out a fragrance resembling that of wild thyme. And you could see right away to the horizon in one direction, and as far as a chain of low rocky hills in the other.

Upon the third day after the departure of the expedition the Colonel rode out to reconnoitre along with the doctor, who was always game for a ride. The Commanding Officer was more anxious than he allowed to appear. Somehow a two years' sojourn in those dreary wilds draws men very close together when they are made of good stuff. The party ought to have returned ere this, and the Colonel's heart was disquieted within him. He was scanning the horizon carefully, when suddenly he pulled up and shaded his eyes.

"What's that little cloud of dust, doctor? Is it a 'devil' or a couple of horsemen?"

The doctor, whose eyes were younger, answered that it was no "devil," but horsemen, and that they were making for camp.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the Colonel with his field-glasses up, "it is—it's Thompson and a Sowar!"

In another moment they were cutting across to meet them.

Billy was riding a length or two in front, and his jaded horse pulled up of its own accord as he neared the approaching riders. The Sowar saluted, and remained stolidly immovable in the background. Both men and horses were caked with dust, and wore a weary, dejected air.

"We're bringing in James all right, sir," answered Billy in response to the Colonel's questioning gesture. "But we had a fight—Ghazis, this side Khunaz. Hamerton's badly wounded. I've come on for the doctor; his only chance. The black fellow bolted who was looking after James. Can the doctor go at once, sir? This Sowar wants a fresh horse, that's all."

After a word or two with the Commandant, the doctor sped toward camp with the Sowar at his heels. He paused for a moment by the side of Billy, and looked him in the face.

"I shall be under way in ten minutes," he said. "Look here, old fellow, you've had about enough; go home and turn in." He was struck by the look of agony and mental strain on the boy's face.

After that the Colonel got very few words out of him. He saw that the young fellow was done up, and questioned him little. His mouth was parched, so that he could with difficulty articulate. His strong young figure was bowed over the horse's neck. As they were nearing camp the doctor with his escort rode out, and called back some cheering words to him. Five minutes later they were out of sight.

Once within camp limits the Colonel dismounted, and, giving his horse over to a syce, walked beside the young officer's horse with his hand on its neck. Several fellows came up with greetings and congratulations.

"Come straight to mess and have something to drink before you tell us anything," said the Colonel, taking hold of the horse's bridle as he spoke. At the same moment he felt it slacken within his grasp, and looking up he saw that Billy was reeling in his saddle, and that his lips were bloodless.

"I—I think I'm done," he muttered feebly and fell sideways off his horse into the Colonel's arms.

They carried him over to the mess and began taking off his military great-coat. Then something made him open his eyes, and his face took a little brave distorted smile.

"Hold hard!" he gasped; "I think I've got a bullet somewhere, and—and—my arm's smashed."

"Why, damn it!" groaned the Colonel, laying him gently down, and looking round upon the circle of horror-stricken faces, "he knew this, and he has sent away the doctor!"

It was some weeks before Major Hamerton was able to tell the story of Lieutenant Thompson's heroic conduct—how when he himself was wounded and at the mercy of the murderers, the young officer defended him single-handed; how afterward he pushed on into Khunaz and brought out James of the Police more dead than alive, and how, finally, while concealing the fact that he had been shot in the right arm, he rode forty miles in to get the doctor and thus for the second time saved the Major's life.

It was longer still though before Billy was out of danger. The wound had set up inflammation and fever from over-exertion and the long time that had of necessity elapsed before skilled care could be bestowed upon it, and for weeks it was feared it would go hard with Billy.

But in the end the "harum-scarum young devil" got well, and the Colonel had the pleasure of sending up a "Confidential Report" of a very superior kind, together with a brilliant pendant, which has resulted in the bestowal of the much-coveted Victoria Cross upon Lieutenant William Thompson, of Ours.—(Vanity Fair.

REGIMENTAL PETS.

OBJECTS OF BRITISH SOLDIERS' AFFECTION.

From The Art Journal.

The Welsh Fusiliers had a goat with them at Bunker's Hill, and they seem always to have had one since. In 1844 (Major Groves says) the then regimental goat died, and to compensate the 23d for their loss Her Majesty presented the regiment with two of the finest goats from a flock—the gift of the Shah of Persia—in Windsor Park; and since that date the Queen has continued to supply the Royal Welsh Fusiliers with goats as occasion has required. "Billy"—or "Her Majesty's Goat," as he is always styled—bears between his horns a handsome frontlet: a silver shield, surmounted by the Prince of Wales's plume and motto, upon which is inscribed, "The Gift of Her Majesty Queen Victoria to the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. A. D. MDCCCXLVI. DUW, A. CADWO. Y. FRENHINES." Billy always marches at the head of his battalion, alongside of the drum major. The 1st and 2d battalions of the Welsh Regiment (formerly the 41st Welsh and 69th South Lincolnshire) also have goats as "pets."

A famous regimental pet in days gone by was "Black Bob," a horse which belonged to the 8th King's Royal Irish Light Dragoons—now Hussars. Black Bob was foaled at the Cape, his dam being an Irish mare, his sire a Godolphin barb; and he became the favorite charger of Rollo Gillespie, colonel of the Royal Irish. The heroic Gillespie fell at Kalunga (1814); and after that affair Black Bob was put up for auction, "with his saddle and housings still spotted with the blood of his gallant master." Gillespie was greatly beloved by the Royal Irish, and they determined not to let his charger go out of the regiment. The upset price was 300 guineas, and an officer of the 25th Light Dragoons bid 400 guineas; but the Irish troopers subsequently subscribed 500 guineas among themselves, and so Black Bob became their property. Black Bob was indeed "made much of" by his new owners; he always marched at the head of the regiment, and could distinguish the trumpets of the 8th from those of any other corps. It is said that he was particularly partial to the air "Garryowen," always pricking his ears when the band struck up the National tune. At length, when the 8th were ordered home, circumstances rendered it imperative that their "pet" should be sold, and Black Bob was bought by a civilian at Cawnpore, to whom the Irish troopers returned half the purchase money on his solemnly undertaking that the old horse should pass the remainder of his days in comfort. As days passed by, and Bob saw no more the familiar uniforms and heard no more the trumpets nor the voices of his old comrades, he began to pine away, refusing his corn and any other food that was offered him; so his owner had him turned out into a paddock. But the moment he was free Black Bob jumped the bamboo fence and galloped off to the cantonments of the European cavalry. Making for the parade-ground the old horse trotted up whinnying to the saluting point and on the spot where he had so often taken post with Rollo Gillespie on his back, watching the squadrons of the Royal Irish defile past, Black Bob fell down and died.

The 95th Derbyshire (now the 2d Battalion Derbyshire Regiment), possessed at one time a highly prized pet. It was on the 30th of March, 1858, that Major and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Raines, of the 95th Foot, led the third assaulting column at the capture of Kotah, an important fortified city of Rajpootana. The assault had proved successful; Kotah was taken, and the 95th, under Colonel Raines, were engaged in clearing the streets, when a private of the Grenadier Company noticed a fine black ram tethered in a garden. It was a magnificent animal, with enormous curved horns—one, in fact, of the famous breed of Rajpootana "fighting ram." Colonel Raines's attention being drawn to this ram, it struck him how very well it would look marching at the head of the 95th; so, as there was no actual fighting going on at that moment, he ordered the Grenadier to take possession of the animal. The order was readily obeyed, and thus the 95th acquired this handsome representation of their county badge (the "Derby Ram"), for the ram proved a willing prisoner, showing not the slightest disposition to resent its compulsory enlistment into her Britannic Majesty's service. The 95th highly approved of their prize; the ram was forthwith dubbed "Derby 1," and handed over to the care of the big drummer, who from that time became his "comrade."

Many years ago the 25th King's Own Borderers possessed for regimental pet, a handsome deer. One fine morning this deer, in a fit of lightheartedness, so far forgot himself as to pin his commanding officer against a wall with his horns. The gallant C. O. was promptly rescued from this undignified position, more startled than hurt; but so flagrant a case of "insubordination, accompanied by personal violence," could not be passed over, and the rash deer suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

The Royal Warwickshire has an antelope for a badge and an antelope for a regimental pet; and the latter is as much prized and petted by the officers and men of the 6th as are "Her Majesty's Goats" by the Welsh Fusiliers. The antelope—"Billy," as he is named—always heads his battalion when marching past, he being led by two smart little drummers. Billy's horns are tipped with silver, and his neck is encircled with a handsome silver collar having two silver chains, one on each side, for his conductors to lead him. On grand occasions Billy wears a body-cloth of royal blue edged with gold lace and embroidered at the corners with the badges and "honors" of the regiment.

In the hot season of 1860 two officers of the 5th Lancers—Captains Chaffy and Thackwell—while on a shooting expedition in the Terai encountered a fine tigress with cubs. They killed the tigress, but not before she had severely lacerated Captain Thackwell's arm—so severely, indeed, as to render amputation necessary—the operation, unhappily, resulting in the death of the unfortunate officer. The two cubs were captured and taken to Lucknow, where they used to play about the 5th Lancers' mess. One, however, choked himself with a lump of raw meat which he had purloined. The surviving cub was presented by Captain Chaffy to the the Madras Fusiliers, who gave him the name of "Plassey," and constituted him their regimental pet. Plassey became very tame and was on most friendly terms with the men. He lived at the officers' mess, and when allowed to be at large he amused himself by stalking a small donkey which was wont to wander about the mess compound. He was also introduced to an antelope and a dog, with whom he lived amicably while the regiment remained in India. Plassey accompanied the 102d to England, being granted a free passage by the captains of Her Majesty's ships Jumna and Hemalaya. Two young leopards and his canine ally were his fellow-passengers. Plassey landed with the regiment at Dover, where suitable quarters were provided for him in the main fosse of the citadel, beneath the officers' mess. There Plassey lived a happy life with his friend the dog, his "personal attendant" being the adjutant's groom, who fed and looked after him. At meal-time Plassey always allowed the dog to have the first "go-in"; but when he thought his canine companion had taken a fair share he would give him a gentle pat with his paw as a reminder. When Plassey was nearly full-grown, and in the zenith of his popularity with the Fusiliers, an old lady resident of Dover wrote to the general commanding the district, and stated that she had "seen Plassey disembark," and that ever since she had remained a prisoner in her house, fearing to go out lest Plassey should have escaped and be roaming about the town! So frequent were this old lady's letters and complaints that at last the general felt compelled to take notice of them, and so poor Plassey was sent off to the Zoological Gardens, accompanied in his exile by his faithful dog.

There's a man in our club who invariably blackballs any clerical person who is put up for membership. We call him a pillar of the Church.—(Judy

"ON TO RICHMOND!"

THIRTY YEARS AGO—A REVIEW AND A RETROSPECT.

HORACE GREELEY AND THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN—WHAT DELAY MEANT AND WHAT THE RECORDS SHOW.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The celebration of the semi-centennial of The Tribune at New-York, General Beauregard's late book written to prove that he and not Johnston commanded the Confederate Army at Bull Run, some recent papers concerning that event—all these have served to remind me of Horace Greeley's celebrated war cry of thirty years ago, "On to Richmond," for which, after the Federal defeat and amid the ensuing gloom and chagrin, he was, at least for a time, fairly execrated from one end of the land to the other.

What survivor of that day has forgotten it? After the fall of Sumter, when the first scare at the National Capitol had been set at rest by the imposing and rapidly increasing "Grand Army" that General Scott was marshalling on the south side of the Potomac, and certainly as early as June 1, Mr. Greeley, the most powerful director of public opinion on the American Continent, an intensely earnest, honest and loyal man, began steadily and persistently to press upon Mr. Lincoln's Administration the military necessity and political wisdom of an immediate advance of the Union army southward. And especially after the rebel capital had been moved from Montgomery to Richmond into the very teeth of the North, so to speak, apparently both as a challenge and as a menace, but really from motives of highest policy, for effect at home and abroad, the great New-York editor made almost daily imperative demands for immediate offensive operations. The New-York Tribune kept flying at its masthead in large headlines a legend like this:

"The Nation's War Cry.
"Forward to Richmond! Forward to Richmond!

"The rebel Congress must not be allowed to meet there on the 20th day of July. By that time the place must be held by the National Army."

Many were the editorial variations from this stirring text daily fulminated to the country through The Tribune, all breathing the intense patriotism of their author, all fairly quivering with anxiety for the wisest policy and best advised action looking to the preservation of the Union. Oracle as he had been for years of the masses of the people, this Republican editor's appeals and demands soon brought "a responsive echo from all over the North." His slogan cry of "On to Richmond" was quoted everywhere; it was, as its author expected and desired, immediately effective in arousing an irresistible public opinion. Congress and the country began to chafe at military inaction. The loyal Governors of the Union said to Mr. Lincoln: "We see a necessity now, not only for the safety of the Government, but for the safety of the free border States, for immediate action."

In short, not only loyal Governors, but the Government itself, the public press, the people, and even the army, all of whom had at first—confronted as they were by tremendous difficulties of political policy and war—been drifting more or less, began to stiffen their spines, and to countenance the active military movements advocated by Greeley. It is true that for a time in the earlier stages of this fever the commander-in-chief, General Winfield Scott, was opposed to a "premature" movement on various grounds; among others, that he did not "believe in a little war by piecemeal," but wished to prepare for carrying it on from the outset on a scale commensurate with what seemed to him likely to be its ultimate magnitude. In fact, the aged hero at first favored operations in the West, moving down the Mississippi with the main Union Army, only defending Washington; and he actually believed the decisive battle would be fought at the capture of New-Orleans, which would end the war. (See McDowell's testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War.)

But much of the grand strategy proposed by the military authorities in the beginning of the war was, as is clearly perceived now, crude and faulty and subject to momentary change. Whatever General Scott's original plans were, he certainly changed them, and ultimately consented to the advance on Richmond, which was eventually determined upon. But this change of mind did not occur until some weeks after Horace Greeley began his editorial crusade. General Irvin McDowell, who had been designated by Scott to command the active army, was at first doubtful as to the feasibility of an early movement. He, too, had to be convinced. During the month of May his forces were rapidly increased by the arrival of new regiments, and by June 1 had assumed the proportions of an army. And then McDowell acquiesced in the "On to Richmond" movement. So, in "response to the imperative demand" of public opinion, organized and led by Horace Greeley, it was resolved that the army should go forward, "premature" or not.

Plans were submitted by McDowell for a campaign against Manassas and Richmond. They were considered by the President and the Cabinet in full meeting, at which Generals Scott, McDowell and Fremont were present, and were approved without a dissenting voice. Much time had been lost, and this was so late as June 29. McDowell was fearful that he would have to meet both Beauregard and Johnston, and doubted if he could beat their combined forces, but he only stipulated that Patterson should take care of Johnston. Scott assured him that if Johnston joined Beauregard "he should have Patterson at his heels." It may not be out of place to note just here that Scott himself had originally proposed a minor movement against Manassas about June 1, but only as a diversion in aid of Patterson's advance on Harper's Ferry, which, as I will presently show, he then considered the real and main line of operations.

At the time the plan was decided upon, viz., June 29, the rebel force in the vicinity of Manassas was very weak, but was rapidly being augmented. So on July 16, when the long-delayed advance of McDowell actually occurred, this was the military situation: In the Shenandoah Valley, about fifty miles from Manassas Junction, the effective Confederate force of about 10,000 men was commanded by that old fox Joseph E. Johnston, who had no difficulty in successfully opposing the dilatory and feeble advance of General Robert Patterson, at the head of a well-appointed Union force of 22,000 men. In front of Washington McDowell had 37,321 men of all arms, and a fine artillery. Beauregard at and in front of Manassas had not more than 23,000 men, all told, and his volunteer artillery was greatly inferior to that of his opponent. The Confederates had no regular troops whatever, whereas McDowell had several battalions of regular infantry and cavalry, besides his artillery, which was almost entirely made up of regular batteries. We had the advantage in numbers. We had the advantage in artillery.

The 4th of July was the date fixed upon for the great forward movement. It was to begin from Arlington and Alexandria. It actually began on the 16th, eight days later. Much of the delay was the result of a fussy elaborateness on Scott's part in preparation. Another was the jealousy of old General Mansfield, who held the command in Washington; he systematically delayed pushing forward newly arrived regiments to the south side as long as possible, in order to swell his own importance and his command, which had no field of operations or duty except to drill. McDowell was hampered in other ways. He was really an officer of parts, ambitious for active service; knew clearly what the occasion demanded, but he was more or less weighted down and overawed by his too great respect for Scott's name and years, and his pompous dignity. McDowell had long been Scott's favorite. The old lieutenant-general jealously dominated everything. General Patterson was ordered to begin active operations contemporaneously with McDowell, in order to "take care of Johnston."

McDowell's original general plan was faultless. So was the changed plan for the immediate battle, caused by unforeseen exigencies. Scott's grand strategy appears to have been correct, and it is absolutely certain we had sufficient troops at both ends of the line to overpower the rebels, operating independently. Everything looked fair, even promising. But while the Union leaders were slowly making ready for the advance the Confederates had become aroused to the necessities of the situation, and were rapidly taking successful measures to meet the attack, and thus when the movement was finally made the battle was lost.

The causes of this astonishing defeat are now pretty well understood. General Patterson utterly failed in his part. He permitted General Johnston to escape from his front in the Shenandoah Valley and join Beauregard on the battlefield of Bull Run with the flower of his army. But meanwhile Patterson did not in turn reinforce McDowell, as he should have done, in accordance with the promise of General Scott, and thus still have maintained the Union superiority. In truth, Patterson did not fully realize until the battle had been fought and lost that Johnston had left the valley. The chief cause of McDowell's defeat, then, was not the lack of numbers or preparation, but the loss of valuable time previously alluded to; not the fault of the plan itself, but of the execution. Plainly it was the result of a lack of vigor and energy and foresight, principally on Patterson's part, but somewhat also on Scott's and McDowell's. If the attack had been made but four days earlier Johnston's brilliant movement would have been forestalled. It requires little wisdom now to see that the battle should have been joined before Johnston's arrival, and the victory thus assured. Was it possible? I think there is no doubt of it. Fighting both armies, as he did, McDowell erred in not bringing forward to the attack his entire force of 37,000 men, instead of leaving 18,000 in reserve too far from the field and strung along the road back as far as the Potomac almost. And besides these 18,000, Washington swarmed with other troops. Hindsight is always good; it is now easy to point out how the campaign should have been conducted and to find fault. The foregoing, however, are the commonly accepted facts concerning this battle, and are sustained by the records, and I am warranted in citing them. We know that the Union army was disastrously defeated, whereas success was expected by its commanders and by the Government; victory was entirely probable if the dispositions were properly carried out, and I may say defeat was actually feared by Beauregard.

In the life of Lincoln by Nicolay and Hay the authors say:

"The Administration was responsible for the forward movement, Scott for the combined strategy of the two armies, McDowell for the conduct of the Bull Run battle, Patterson for the escape of Johnston, and Fate for the panic."

General William T. Sherman said of Bull Run:

"It was the best planned and worst fought battle of the war. Both armies were fairly defeated."

And General Joseph E. Johnston had this to say:

"If the tactics of the Federals had been equal to their strategy we should have been defeated."

Horace Greeley cannot, therefore, be held accountable for the mismanagement previous to the battle, which caused the delays, nor for the bad generalship on the field. He was simply responsible for the "premature" advance, and I will now proceed to show that it was not premature in so far as the chances, the probabilities and relative forces of the two belligerents were concerned. Evidence that General Scott himself really did not consider that it was prematurely made is found in his previous faith in its entire success. Referring to McDowell's crossing of Bull Run, he telegraphed on the 21st to General McClellan in West Virginia: "In two hours he (McDowell) will turn the Manassas Junction and storm it to-day with superior force." See Vol. 2, War Records.) Clearly, General Scott expected that the rebel army would be defeated and Manassas Junction carried, notwithstanding the "unprepared" condition in which McDowell marched. And the old general utterly refused to give credence to the first rumors of McDowell's defeat. In fact, the entire Government was perfectly sanguine of success.

The result was absolutely paralyzing, as may well be conceived. Horace Greeley was struck dumb at the magnitude of the catastrophe. He was immediately made the scapegoat of every shortcoming, every mistake; and upon his devoted head everybody of prominence, except Lincoln, shifted all responsibility. He was insulted and jeered at by his editorial opponents, and his "On to Richmond" was made, and has ever since been, a phrase of contempt and reproach. It was alleged to have been the fatal cause of all that happened on that black Sunday. War historians to this day take that view of it, and speak of it with contumely and sneers. General Fry says:

"On to Richmond was the cry; public sentiment was irresistible and in response to it the army advanced."

William Swinton remarks:

"People and rulers swelled the shout of 'Onward to Richmond' . . . and beset the leaders of the Union troops for a forward movement, until the latter, against their better judgment, and with plentiful protests of the necessities of further preparation, sent their army into the world literally 'before its time, and scarce half made up,' to seek its fortunes on the battlefield."

In a perfect rage of chagrin and disappointment, old General Scott said in Mr. Lincoln's presence:

"I have fought this battle against my judgment. I deserve removal because I did not stand up when the army was not in condition for fighting and resist it to the last."

In how much better condition, pray, were the rebels for fighting?

Edwin M. Stanton, July 26, 1861, wrote from Washington to James Buchanan:

"The dreadful disaster of Sunday can scarcely be mentioned. The imbecility of this Administration culminated in that catastrophe. . . While Lincoln, Scott and the Cabinet are disputing who is to blame, the city is unguarded and the enemy at hand."

It must be remembered that Stanton was a Democrat, and the foregoing was written before he became Secretary of War in Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet. Others not less prominent took a similar tone. In truth, things must have had a blue appearance around Washington for the first few days after Bull Run. Mr. Greeley himself, shocked by the defeat and doubtless greatly agitated by the malignant storm of reproaches aimed at him from all quarters by the military and his political enemies, seems to have been cowed into the temporary belief that he had committed an unpardonable sin. In a letter dated July 29, eight days after the battle, he used the following despairing language:

"This is my seventh sleepless night—yours, too, doubtless. . . . Can the rebels be beaten after all that has occurred, and in view of the actual state of feeling caused by our late awful disaster? . . . And if they cannot be beaten—if our recent disaster is fatal—do not fear to sacrifice yourself to your country. If the rebels are not to be beaten, . . . then every drop of blood henceforth shed in this quarrel will be wantonly, wickedly shed, and the guilt will rest heavily on the soul of every promoter of the crime. I pray you to decide quickly, and let me know my duty."

Mr. Lincoln, although greatly cast down, was about the only public man who preserved his balance and accused nobody. He immediately began to take measures for repairing the disaster.

The object of this paper, by showing the facts and conditions of affairs as they existed at the time he began what was sneeringly characterized the "On-to-Richmond crusade," and during the progress of the military campaign up to and including the battle of Bull Run, the relative forces of the combatants a month previous as well as at the time of the battle, is to vindicate the memory and judgment of Horace Greeley. He was undoubtedly right, and those who did then or do now condemn him for inspiring what they term an ill-prepared or premature advance on Richmond are entirely wrong and totally misapprehend their premises.

The bloodshed and the corpses on the field of battle unmanned The Tribune philosopher; his controversial aggressiveness left him entirely, and he bowed unresistingly to the storm of obloquy raised by McDowell's failure. In calmer moments, and after the real situation and facts connected with the battle began to appear, he soon resumed his original views. In his newspaper he pointed out many of the shortcomings of the military leaders. In the "American Conflict," a history which he published immediately after the war, he says the causes of the loss of the battle were "that spirit of hesitation, of indecision, of calculated delay, of stolid obstruction, which guided our military counsels, scattered our forces and paralyzed our efforts;" second, "the flagrant disobedience and defection of General Patterson;" third, "the failure of General Scott to send forward a sufficient force,"—there were 20,000 idle troops in Washington. Mr. Greeley further says that one week after the occupation of Alexandria and Arlington, viz., May 24, a Union army of 50,000 men should have advanced toward Richmond. His editorials in favor of an early offensive campaign against Richmond were based on the sound belief that the Government had at hand ample resources in men and material for a successful movement.

The inside history of the period, which is now within reach of all, makes it perfectly clear not only that his judgment in favor of an advance early in June was correct, but that victory was easily within reach of McDowell when the advance actually took place, six weeks later, if our forces had been judiciously concentrated at the point of contact, which was on the Richmond line. It furthermore appears that the chances of success were very much better in June than in July, because the relative strength of the opposing forces was then much more favorable to the Union side. There is very little doubt now in any quarter, as there was none at the time, that McDowell would have beaten Beauregard's army alone on July 21. Beauregard expressed alarm to the Richmond authorities lest he should be crushed by "overwhelming numbers" before Johnston could reach him, and urged the necessity of concentration. And finally, feebly as the movement was conducted, McDowell very nearly won the day over the combined rebel armies.

At the time of the advance, as I have pointed out, McDowell had 37,000 and Patterson about 22,000 men—a total of 59,000 soldiers. Let us admit that they were raw and undisciplined—were not their foes likewise equally raw and undisciplined. The Confederate forces consisted of Johnston's "Army of the Shenandoah"—10,000—and Beauregard's "Army of the Potomac,"—23,000—a total of 33,000 men, or 26,000 less than the Union force. This was the relative condition of strength when the battle of Bull Run was fought, July 21, 1861.

Can any reasonable person then hold it to have been absurd on Mr. Greeley's part to suppose that with such a preponderance in our favor General Scott could fail? Here was the greatest military man in America, serene and confident, at the head of the Union armies. Was Horace Greeley—was the impatient public—responsible for the miscarriage of General Scott's strategy? For the failure of Patterson to "take care of Johnston"? Who at the North or in Washington for an instant doubted Scott's capacity to cope with the untledged Southern generals, either in strategy or tactics? Who expected, or even remotely suspected, that he would be so easily outgeneraled?

For a temporary purpose, it was both easy and natural to call Horace Greeley a crank and General Patterson a traitor, but these misplaced epithets, though they did for a time deceive the country, did not alter the fundamental situation as seen from Greeley's standpoint previous to the enragement, and as they are presented to us now in the light of the official records of the period. When Mr. Greeley was wisely urging a vigorous forward movement early in June there were fully 30,000 men in and around Washington, whereas on June 1 Beauregard reported only 6,000 Confederates at and in front of Manassas. At this time Patterson's forces, in observation along the Upper Potomac, outnumbered Johnston's in the proportion of 20,000 to 8,000. Besides these troops, the Federals had 7,000 men at Fort Monroe under Butler, a considerable force at Baltimore and vicinity, and still another at Cumberland. June 4 McDowell wrote to Army Headquarters that 12,000 infantry, two batteries of regular artillery, and from six to eight companies of cavalry, with a reserve of 5,000 men, to be pushed forward by rail from Alexandria as needed, was a sufficient force to carry the position at Manassas. So it appears that General McDowell did not consider the Confederate force in his front at that date very formidable, nor that it was foolhardy to attempt to defeat and dislodge it.

It is almost impossible to fix the exact number of troops available to Scott opposite the rebel front during the first week in June, but I am perfectly satisfied, after a careful investigation of the returns still in existence, that by June 5 an advance could have been made toward Manassas with a force fully as large and, for that matter, as well equipped as that with which McDowell moved on July 16. Perhaps he would have been two or three regular batteries short. And what force would he have then met? Even if the two rebel armies had been concentrated, as was actually done six weeks later, their total force would not then have exceeded 15,000 or 18,000 men. But Beauregard alone could not have opposed the advance with more than 8,000. Mark that, 37,000 against 8,000. These were the relative conditions of the opposing forces at the date when Horace Greeley was urging the Government to inaugurate vigorous operations.

The true strategy at the outset was to do as the rebels afterward did, to consolidate the two armies of McDowell and Patterson. But the truth is, at that early date our military authorities were still in doubt as to the proper line of operations in the East. Scott thought it was by way of the Shenandoah Valley, and Patterson expressed the official belief that the great battle of the war would be fought at Harper's Ferry.

Now let us see what was the result of the six weeks' "further preparations" on the part of General Scott, dating from June 5. On July 16 the movable columns of McDowell and Patterson, as we have seen, amounted to 59,000 men, but meanwhile the forces of Beauregard and Johnston had increased to 33,000. That is to say, the relative conditions had changed very considerably to the advantage of the Confederates. And to me it is apparent, in the light of subsequent events, that if Scott had waited three months—six months—a year—no corresponding advantage would have accrued from his fine-spun preparations. General McClellan, after Bull Run, industriously tried the work of preparation and organization for the better part of a year, after which the "On to Richmond" movement was again essayed, and what was his experience? He found the Confederate army defending the rebel capital relatively stronger in numbers and discipline, to say nothing of the confidence begotten of success—for our delay was their success—than it was when McDowell's campaign occurred.

Like Horace Greeley, I think the golden opportunity was in June, 1861—a month at least before the battle of Bull Run was fought—and I am confident future historians will, by the process of ratiocination, arrive at the same conclusion. We outnumbered the Confederates at least three to one along the entire front; then our troops were not laboring under the depression caused by the blunders and defeats of Big Bethel and Vienna, out of which trivial events grew and magnified the unwarranted but potent terror of "masked batteries" and impregnable forts that for months afterward haunted the Union troops. General Scott had no faith in the three months' troops, and McDowell indicates that the efficiency of many of these regiments was seriously impaired at Bull Run by the impending expiration of their term of service. If so, would it not have been infinitely wiser to have fought them at the beginning or middle instead of near the end of their term of service?

It is true there were many weighty objections to be urged against an advance so early as June, as the same objections were urged to an advance in July, but these do not outweigh the arguments in favor of the first date. General Grant held the true theory—the more time you waste in preparation for attack when fairly ready, the more time your enemy has to meet it. He always held that the natural disadvantages were equal; that "impassable" roads, rain-storms, sleet and so on were as bad for his enemy as for himself. Hence, as soon as he arrived within reach at Donelson, and again at Vicksburg, he struck, and successfully. It is safe to assume always that a threatened enemy will gain more rapidly in relative strength, because his necessities are the more pressing.

Though not a military man, and hating war and bloodshed, Mr. Greeley clearly understood these general principles of offence and defence; furthermore, at the very beginning he saw clearly the necessities of the situation, and hence importuned for immediate and vigorous offensive action, that the war might the more speedily and surely be brought to a successful issue. And perceiving the relative preponderance of the Union forces actually in the field, he argued that our raw and undisciplined soldiers were more likely to overcome their weaker enemy in June than a much stronger one at a later date. And that is why he made the country ring in the spring of 1861 with the "Nation's War Cry, 'On to Richmond.'"

LESLIE J. PERRY.

Member of Board of Publication, War Records Office.

War Department, Washington, July 8, 1891.

*Since this paper was written, I have seen, in the current number of "The Century Magazine," "Greeley's Est