

Are these the high exemplars of our race—  
These crawling upstarts who go forth and  
claim  
The glory of the sweet republican name,  
Like brutes that bellow at the stars of space:  
Who find not any beauty in the grace  
And radiance of an honorable fame,  
But flaunt their braids a vanity and shame  
Before the Old World's worn and hallowed  
face!

Are these the heroes of our later earth,  
The very types of manhood that shall sway  
Nations and commonwealths of men unborn!  
Nay, though one bounteous mother gave us  
birth,  
We hold them not as brothers for a day—  
We who are loath to touch them with our  
scorn!

II.

Yet, O my country! thy true children know  
How great, and pure, and proud a heart is  
thine,  
How sacred and inviolably divine  
The soul that makes thee beautiful in woe!  
Night cannot quench the life and light that  
flow  
From the clear springs which bubble at thy  
shrine—  
Like mingled rivers rushing to the brine,  
Bearing the hopes of ages as they go.

Lo! these will serve thee with their loyal  
might,  
With hearts that do not falter in their trust  
Nor lose the noble splendor of their youth;  
For they would have thee glorious in men's  
sight,  
And shield thee from the cankering blight  
of rust—  
These who are pledged to freedom and to  
truth!

—George Edgar Montgomery.

BATTLES OF THE REBELLION.

Reminiscences of Famous Conflicts of the Late War—The Fight at Manassas—An Affair Which Ended in a Panic—McDowell's Generalship Contrasted With that of Johnston and Beauregard, New York Star.

After such a short lapse of time it could scarcely be that a history of the war between the North and South, giving impartial and comprehensive views, should exist; but that an event of such far-reaching importance will, in the course of time receive all due elucidation, may not be doubted. So far its narration has been confined within newspaper columns, for never before was a war so thoroughly chronicled while in progress as ours was throughout the length and breadth of this land. This editorial writing-up was certainly adequate to the day, perhaps a trifle surfeiting; and when the curtain fell upon the bloody drama people were glad to drop all things warlike. The consequence is that there has been a freshness about the late struggle quite calculated to deter the energetic pamphleteer, spite of reiterated attempts to turn a penny from his bellicose erst-*stuff*. Nobody chose much of the proffered article.

Hence it is not surprising that no original history or even philosophical memoir has appeared; the subject matter fresh in the memories, aye, lives of the people of both sections, after being so enormously spun out by the editors of the period, could not soon be rehandled in our midst, and Europe remained too indifferent and ignorant on American affairs to touch it. Each side possesses what is called "a history"—the Northern by Swinton, the Southern by Pollard—but neither work can lay claim to the title, being merely compilations from the newspapers, both writers having been active war editors. Grant and Lee issued no memoirs; only Sherman and Johnston have appeared in print, but within narrow limits, or with contributions of details rather after the newspaper modeling. The Comte de Paris' French History is the work not only of an amateur soldier, but of a mere explorer of the New World. Withal, the time is fast approaching when there will not only be a demand for thorough histories of the war, looking to the final judgement of posterity, but of good chronicles and sketches yielding some living outlines of the foremost personages who held the stage from April, 1861, to April, 1865, and preserving much of the "local coloring" ever so conducive to an interest in and understanding of past times and occurrences. The subject is really fresh, though the rubbish covering it may have faded and withered to nothingness. It cannot in itself fade, and already a new generation demand to know "all about it"—that is, to have the accurate sifted from the inaccurate—as far as other pressing requirements will admit.

Among the famous battles of our stirring epoch the very first on the list may surely be classed as the most famous, because the most dramatic in form and substantial in influence. Manassas, commonly known as the "Battle of Bull Run"—so-called, as Englishmen might say, from the prominent part taken by "Bull Run" Russell of the London *Times* in eagerly hastening to Washington to send off the news to "Lunnen Town." How vivid still must be the recollection of thousands who took part in those remarkable scenes! That spring emphatically had been era of greenness, the entire country had been as one huge pumpkin, and the national pie had to be baked. From the day of the call to arms until the day of the battle there had been only two months and a half of the drilling and organizing of the two armies, with a slight advantage of time on the Southern side, so when the tug of the fight did come, on the famous 21st of July, 1861, all the soldiers, except a few regulars, were mere raw levies, without the least notion of what war was. Some already wearied out with camp-life, bent on going home in two weeks, or at the precise expiration of their enlistment. The Commander-in-Chief and general officers were West Pointers, fairly educated, but raw to the field. Both Governments were pretty much at sea, while the people in their respective homes were boastful, enthusiastic and exacting. What drumming and piping, flag-decking of cities, waving of handkerchiefs when the boys in blue and gray moved from their homes

to shake bloody hands across the new frontier—what living witness can fail to recall those enthusiastic jubiliations? In the North the command was: "Kill the rebels!" "Hang J. D. to a sour apple tree!" &c. In the South: "Bring us a lock of old Abe's hair!" "Come home soon with some Yankee scalps!" &c. Impatience over inactivity became intense every where, and soon the cry of "On to Richmond" was rung out over all the land from Washington. Nobody looked forward to anything save an amusing military promenade, barring a few wisecracks, who have since confessed to the corn, yet every body happened to have entered upon a long lane, whose only turning was years afterward found at Appomattox Court-house.

In satisfaction of the popular demand for a decisive scrimmage, General Scott, against his own better judgment and Mexican experience, gave General McDowell peremptory orders on the 16th of July to leave Washington at the head of 53,400 troops for the capture of Richmond. The Confederates, numbering 30,000, stood their ground twenty miles off, spread out over an extent of eight miles along the banks of Bull Run, a very narrow, boggy little stream, running from the Blue Ridge Mountains into the Potomac River; and never was there a better, prettier plain for a free fight between two encountering hosts. The timber and undergrowth covering portions of the locality were not equal obstacles in the way of handling troops as were subsequently met in many battles. At that time the roads, fields, fences and vegetation presented to the view an aspect of innocence and comfort destined speedily to be obliterated for weary years in that peculiarly trampled corner of Virginia; while the blue chain of mountains in that distance formed a beautiful background, which was even still more striking after the roar of big and small guns had fairly opened. A wretched turnpike road led from Alexandria through Fairfax Court-house, Centerville, Warrenton, &c., on to Richmond, Manassas being left a little aside after the passage of Bull Run. The battle-field along the stream was about six miles equidistant from Centerville and Manassas Junction. General McDowell's army arrived at Fairfax early on the morning of the 17th, and as its glistening bayonets and white-covered wagons hove in extending and meandering line the brigade of Confederates stationed at Fairfax became suddenly impressed with the seriousness of things and hastily aware they were wanted elsewhere, viz: about ten miles away at Bull Run.

They were not to fight but to retreat, and this they proceeded to do with alacrity, many of them expecting on the march to be banged into by the pursuers. Orders had been given that they were to move expeditiously in dignified silence to the spot they were booked to fight, and during the night no pipes were to be lit or loud talking allowed, for fear of spies that might be lurking in the forest growths lining the road. The march of this exposed detachment was safely made with out the exchange of a shot; but a few hours after they landed on the safe side of Bull Run the head of General McDowell's column debouched on the hill a mile and a half opposite their position at Mitchell's Ford, when in a twinkling a battery of twenty-pounders opened a searching fire on their position. The Confederates reserved their masked batteries yet awhile; hence in front of the heavy guns a battery of light artillery was pushed out on the open declivity and rapidly got the exact range of the Confederates, when these, too, in their turn advanced a battery across the Run into the opening and compelled a withdrawal. This was the first little fire of cannonade, the first shot heard (eagerly watched almost in breathless awe on both sides) that precluded the skirmishing later on the same day (the 18th) at Blackburn's Ford, where General Tyler vainly reconnoitered to find a suitable passage of the stream. Upon finding the Confederates too strong on this end, General McDowell decided to look around a few days before again moving. The effect of this check on their advance was rather astonishing to the Federal side, while inspiring to the Confederate; at any rate, all were now seriously convinced that the pinch had finally come, and that a grand trial of strength was imminent; it was now that the best generalship on either side was not only in order, but in urgent demand; and how stood the heads of the two opposing forces?

General McDowell underestimated at several points during the day the strength of the forces immediately opposed to his subordinates, and this through his inexperience of war, thus failing at capital moments of the conflict to oppose the fitting tactics. He certainly showed himself brave and obstinate, and reviewed his lines for attack in the most creditable manner, but always too late to withstand the concentrated onsets of his opponents, who were from the start first class marksmen, and had been hunting and shooting all their lives. His early advantages in actually forcing the left flank of the Confederates, under General Evans, was due only to surprising it, and to the splendid fighting of the Regular regiments, whose men were mowed down in serried ranks, face to face to the foe, and affording as they lay a shining example to their comrades of the art of not running away to fight another day. On the Confederate side, generalship was latent, but on the spur of the moment very little of it was displayed, as both the pluck and pluck of the Southern shooters won for them. Generals Johnston and Beauregard were in command—the first chief; the second, subordinate. The only exhibition approaching generalship was the recall of Johnston with 8,000 men from Winchester in the Valley of Virginia to Bull Run on the 20th in time to take part in the fight of the 21st—but this was

truly the forced result of mere common-sense, however much of it may have been, as it was, the chief factor in the fight, as Beauregard alone would have lost it, possessing neither the capacity or numbers to win.

Prior to the 21st he had besought Johnston to adopt to very risky offensive movements, but they were declined at sight. On the morning of the 21st his plan of offensive operations against McDowell's right at Centerville, although sanctioned by Johnston and on the point of execution, was extremely hazardous, and it was, perhaps fortunately for his side, estopped by the Federal precipitation in attacking. After operations had begun to wax warm, when both Johnston and Beauregard found out they were five miles off the scent at Mitchell's Ford, they did very cleverly hurry up with reinforcements to the critical point, somewhat redeeming themselves in the eyes of their army, which knew that it had actually been fighting four hours without any General at all, and only guided at the most elementary notions of military expediency. In his narrative General Johnston, like a man, frankly admits, as a very great fault on his own part, that one third of his troops were not engaged in the battle, as they might easily have been, apart from maintaining the reserves. [He even admits that, in his opinion, Miles' brigade should not have been left by General McDowell at Centerville.]

The battle raged severely from 9 a. m. (skirmishing was opened at 6:30 a. m.) to 4:40 p. m., when, after the final charges, skillfully led in person by the two Southern commanders, the right of the Federal army fled in confusion from the field toward Dudley Ford, while the center and left unmolested marched off hastily by the turnpike to Centerville. Considering the length of time in which the troops were engaged, the losses were small, about 6,000 in killed, wounded and missing on both sides together. In spoils the Confederates captured twenty-eight cannon, half a million cartridges, a garri-son flag, ten regimental colors, sixty-four artillery horses, with their harness, twenty-six wagons, and camp equipages, clothing and other military property. The Confederates could not press the pursuit, because they had only two or three cavalry companies, and thus their victory was only as complete as one gained by infantry and artillery alone, and they raw, could be. The routed regiments and companies, though unpressed, feared interception and the belching forth of masked batteries on all sides, and quickly resolved themselves into a pell-mell mass of fugitives rushing headlong toward Centerville. Perhaps there never was before seen such a panic as there was visible on that Warrenton turnpike. Upon the heights of the northern side of Bull Run crowds of curious spectators had gathered since the dawn to enjoy the novel sight of a real battle; among them were members of Congress, politicians, editors and reporters, photographers, sutlers, sports, men and women, a gay party, in a word; betting, laughing, feasting and drinking from baskets of champagne, all collected to witness the defeat of the rebels. But, lo! Twenty minutes to five.

Hark! What's that? Only the victorious cheer ringing louder and louder down the Confederate side of the stream, until it reverberates deafeningly upon the idlers, rushing them frantically this time "On to Washington!" After that the road was not open—as it was closed, but furiously lively. The van of the fugitive troops immediately followed. Soon for three miles things became mixed up. On the run were teams, wagons and caissons, lumbering, until broken down and deserted; horses cut loose, sutlers' teams, private carriages telescoping upon each other amid clouds of dust and hubbub of sickening sights and pitiable, angry cries; jacks containing unlucky spectators were smashed like egg-shells, and the occupants lost in the *melee* (this French word suits just here, and no other); horses, wounded and wildly flying from the field, galloped at random in their death agony, increasing the horrors of the stampede; the wounded soldiers appealed, unheeded of course, to fleet riders to take them up behind; the saved artillery and cavalry thundered on and smashed all in their way; buggies and light wagons tried to pierce the rear of the mass of heavier vehicles, solidified and moving imperceptibly, while the cry of "cavalry is coming" added terror each moment throughout the huge, confused throng. Thus went on this rout until Centerville was reached, and the spectacle of well-formed reserves under General Miles gave hope of safety at last.

During the day couriers had been dispatched with reports to General Scott at Washington, and each one arriving was of course eagerly hailed in the streets and questioned as to the tide of battle. "How goes the fight?" asked a gentleman just from Boston of a dust-bespattered Governor who, on his part, had just "got in," and was leaning up against a lamp-post. As far as I am concerned," he replied, "the battle is going on very well." The Confederate soldiers, who afterward marched over the route, found and helped themselves to many luxuries, clothing, caps, boots, shoes, pistols, oranges, cakes, barrels of sugar, coffee and crackers, flasks of whisky, beer, soda and wines—such a profusion of good things as was spread out on either side of the road had not tempted them in their camps around Manassas and Bull Run.

Washington was in fear of an advance of the flushed victors while Richmond confidently expected it. But it was entirely out of the question, for a raw band of sharpshooters, almost as much demoralized by victory as their opponents by defeat, could stand the slightest chance of capturing Washington, because it really was well defended, naturally and artificially. In not even harboring the thought of such an attempt Johnston sawed the first clear sign of being an

able General (whose ability was afterward so signally tested). True, then and since he was blamed for not "taking Washington," by the partisans of Jeff Davis, who, he it is remarked, arrived from Richmond and rode upon the field about a half-hour after the termination of the battle, and the last of his foes had left it; but this attack was inspired by Mr. Davis himself, who managed to entertain throughout the war a special spite against the successful Confederate commander.

This memorable quarrel between Jefferson Davis and Joseph E. Johnston dated from the time the first was Secretary under Pierce. Floyd succeeded Davis in the War Department; but neither he nor Johnston (connected by family ties) then United States Quartermaster-General, were men to tolerate dictation, while Davis desired to run the machine even after he had quit office. Owing to their shoving him off, he from that moment fell afoul of both of them, and during the Confederacy he had the completely in his grip. After the fall of Fort Donelson he humiliated Floyd till death eased him, and endeavored hard to damage Johnston by crippling him when in command, and in removing him often and early about the somewhat scattered Dixiedom, thereby largely depriving his own side of a military talent equal, if not superior, to that which Lee was freely enabled to display; only, instead of being damaged, Johnston came out stronger every time.

The battle at Manassas had tremendous consequences. It seems to confirm the authority and lower claimed by the South, made credulous millions believe that the war was over. Many regiments broke for their homes, and never returned. In the North it brought forth that obstinate determination which finally culminated in triumph at Appomattox, and which otherwise might possibly have been substituted by soft compromise of some sort or another.

An Obtuse Man.

She was a stylish young lady about 18 years old, and to accommodate a friend she took the baby out for an airing. She was wheeling up and down the walk, when an oldish man, very deaf, came along and inquired for a certain person supposed to live on that street. She nearly yelled her head off trying to answer him, and he looked around, caught sight of the baby and said:

"Nice child, that; I suppose you feel proud of him?"

"It isn't mine!" she yelled at him.

"Boy, eh! Well, he looks just like you."

"It isn't mine!" she yelled again, but nodded his head and continued:

"Twins, eh! Where's the other one?"

Despairing or making him understand word of mouth, she pointed to the baby, at herself, and then shook her head.

"Yes—yes. I see: 't'other twin in the house. Their father is fond of them, of course!"

She turned the cab and hurried the other way, but he followed and asked:

"Do they kick round much nights?"

"I tell you 'tain't mine!" she shouted looking very red in the face.

"[I think you're wrong there," he answered. "Children brought up on the bottle are apt to pine and die."

She started on a run for the gate, but before she had opened it he came up, and asked:

"Have to spank 'em once in while, I suppose?"

She made about twenty gestures in a half a minute, and he helped the cab through the gate and said:

"Our children were all twins, and I'll send my wife down to give you some advice. You see—"

"But she picked up a flower-pot and flung it at him. He jumped back, and, as she entered the house, he called out:

"Hope insanity won't break out on the twins!"

A Gentleman of the Old School.

The late Dr. Sprague, of Albany, was a gentleman of the old school type, of remarkable courteousness of manner, and of corresponding reverence of feeling. He never trifled with the names of prominent men, and it is hardly probable that he could suppose any one would use his name with undue familiarity. One day, at the tea table, one of his sons, then in business in Albany, but living at his father's house, spoke of "Charley Bridgman." The name arrested his father's attention, and he said:

"My son, of whom are you speaking?"

"Of Mr. Bridgman, father," was the reply.

"Not of the Rev. Dr. Bridgman, surely, William?"

"Why yes, father; why not?"

"Why not, my son? Because such familiarity in connection with a prominent preacher is unbecoming. I am quite surprised and shocked at your freedom; and I hope he has no knowledge of it."

"Why yes, he has, father. I have called him 'Charley' to his face!"

"'Charley' to his face! and does he call you William?"

"Well, no, father, I can't say that he does."

"Well, what does he call you, then?"

"Generally he calls me 'Bill.'"

This was too much for the good doctor, and with ill suppressed sympathy with the mirth that rang around the tea table, he made good his retreat.

"Like a Rome urchin, a Liberty street youth, just ready for his first trousers, is familiar with bible history and careful of his playthings. The other day he asked his mother whether David, who killed Goliath, had taken good care of his playthings. 'Oh, certainly,' responded the encouraging parent. 'Well, said the ambitious youth, 'the reason why I asked was, I would like to borrow David's sling, if his folks are willing.'—*Rome Sentinel*.

Chaska Herald: Farmers all seem to be borrowing money—will not sell their wheat at present prices.

Hon. D. L. Bell, of Caledonia, has been nominated for the State Senate by the Democrats of Houston county.

The house of A. M. Case, of Elmira, Winona county, was entirely consumed by fire with nearly all its contents. Incendiary

Litchfield Independent: Otto Phillips, a German, of Danielson, Meeker county, had nine stacks of wheat burned by a prairie fire recently.

Henry Hutchins, of Morris, Stevens county, claims to have found a genuine peat deposit upon his farm. It burns well, but gives out but little heat.

A ruffian named Fitzgerald assaulted and shamefully abused a German woman in the town of Kellogg, Wabashaw county. The sheriff is in search of the scoundrel.

Albert Lea Enterprise: Scarcely any wheat is coming to market. Farmers don't like to sell their wheat at the ruinously low prices offered, and are holding it for better prices.

One of the sisters belonging to the Catholic school in Chaska, while attending to some duties about the building, fell from a platform, sustaining a fracture and dislocation of an ankle joint.

A few nights since the barn of Mr. Meyers, of Litchfield, Meeker county, was set on fire by an incendiary and entirely destroyed. A span of mules escaped from the barn. A double harness and other property were consumed with the building.

M. B. Williams, of Donnelly, Stevens county, had a narrow escape from fire. While absent from home, fire leaped across a narrow strip, and although Mrs. Williams fought it, she did not master it until assistance came. It was a close call, as the fire was within a few feet of his hay and barn.

Brainerd Tribune: Some miscreant, for cause unknown, displayed a wanton and cowardly disposition on Monday evening last, between the hours of 7 and 8 o'clock, by breaking the glass in all the windows in five of the Northern Pacific coaches standing in the yard at this place.

Waseca Leader: The two men, giving the names of Welch and Manning, who were arrested in this place last week by Marshal Rodde, charged with being the robbers of a commercial traveler named Frank Niles, in Albert Lea, had their examination last Thursday at that place. Mr. Niles was present and fully identified the parties. They were committed for trial.

Hastings Union: The residence of M. McHugh, on Tyler street, was entered by burglars, and property to the amount of about \$100 carried off. The entrance was effected through a back window, and the first knowledge the family had of the occurrence was the missing of the articles in the morning. Two watches, some silverware and jewelry constituted the captured swag.

Preston Republican: A man working about a threshing machine on the farm of Adam Marks had been in oiling the horse power and was struck down by one of the sweeps and carried between two wheels, passing through a space of about four inches, breaking his collar bone and pressing his heart over to the right side. The patient lived until Friday night, when death relieved him of his sufferings.

There was a shooting affray in Eyota the other night. Two men, Crooks and Luding, had quarreled and fought. Crooks entered complaint, and Luding was put under bonds to keep the peace. Meeting afterwards in a store Crooks very foolishly commenced to tease and tantalize Luding, butting him with his head and cutting up other silly antics, when Luding drew a revolver and shot Crooks twice through the body. The condition of the wounded man is critical.

Mantorville Express: Horace Russ alias Buck Mercer was arrested at Waseca on Thursday evening of last week, at 9 o'clock, on a charge of larceny from the store of Mr. Vinton, of that place, committed last spring; was brought before the court on the next day, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to two years in the State's prison, and was on his way to that place before 9 o'clock on Friday evening, all being done in less than twenty-four hours after the arrest.

Herman von Hadeln, of Perham, Otter Tail county, was in the woods hunting and saw two cub bears and were about to fire at them, when he heard a fierce growl behind him. Turning about, he found himself face to face with Mrs. Bear, and her ladyship seemed inclined to form a more intimate acquaintance with him. Von Hadeln was adverse to this, and shot her, killing her instantly, though his gun was only loaded with pigeon shot.

Long Prairie (Todd county) Argus: Clark Weeks informs us that recently, having finished a day's threshing, he and his brother were riding home after dark at a rapid pace. He inquired of his brother if there wasn't some danger in riding so fast, but his brother thought not, and they had proceeded but a short distance when the brother's horse stepped into a hole, throwing his rider violently on the ground, breaking his collar bone and dislocating his shoulder. The doctor was called, who considered the wounded man in a critical condition, but he has so far recovered as to again be able to mount the horse power.

Sauk Rapids (Benton county) Press: Andy McDonn's team and wagon were terribly wrecked at Stanton's mill. While McDonnell was assisting a friend to unload some wheat his horses became unmanageable, and backed the wagon off the platform into the water, some eighteen feet below, carrying the poor dumb brutes with it. One of the horses was frightfully maimed, and died a few minutes after falling, while its mate was severely injured but may recover. The wagon was a complete wreck, and a considerable amount of wheat was lost. McDonnell being a poor man a subscription paper was circulated here Friday evening, and over \$100 raised in his behalf.

Rochester (Olmsted county) Post: Some seven or eight weeks since, Mr. James Stewart, a farmer residing about six miles south of the city, while engaged cutting bands at a threshing machine, stuck the point of his knife into the wrist, opening, as is supposed, the radial artery. The blood flowed rapidly from the wound until Mr. Stewart, applying his finger to the incision, entirely stopped the flow of blood and the wound has never bled any since. Not long after the accident, the wrist and arm commenced swelling, becoming much inflamed and very painful, and now the injured man has a very bad arm and is under medical treatment. His physician has hopes that the arm will be saved.