



# ECHOES OF BATTLE

Bushrod Washington James



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# ECHOES OF BATTLE

BY

BUSHROD WASHINGTON JAMES

*Member of the Sons of the Revolution, Pennsylvania; Historical Society of Pennsylvania; American Academy of Political and Social Science; American Association for the Advancement of Science; American Public Health Association; Academy of the Natural Sciences, Philadelphia; The Franklin Institute; Historical and Ethnological Society, Sitka, Alaska, Etc.*

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## CONTENTS.

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### POEMS.

	PAGE
Antietam—After the Battle . . . . .	6
Gettysburg—After the Battle . . . . .	11
Missing . . . . .	15
March! March! March! 1861-1864 . . . . .	22
The Sunset Gun . . . . .	25
The Battle of the Brandywine . . . . .	29
Valley Forge . . . . .	33
Life's Battles . . . . .	38
The Yacht Race . . . . .	41
The Noche Triste Tree, Mexico . . . . .	44
The Hero of Johnstown . . . . .	48
Philadelphia—Then and Now . . . . .	55
On the Battle-Field—Antietam . . . . .	59
A Broken Bayonet . . . . .	62

### PROSE DESCRIPTIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. The Battle-Field of Antietam—After the Battle . . . . .	65
II. The Battle-Field of Gettysburg—After the Battle . . . . .	98
III. A Bird's-Eye View of the Causes and Progress of the Revolution . . . . .	125
IV. Miscellaneous Notes—Battle of the Brandywine . . . . .	155
Life's Battles . . . . .	165
Noche Triste Tree . . . . .	166
Missing . . . . .	167
Valley Forge . . . . .	169
The Sunset Gun . . . . .	171
Johnstown, Pa. . . . .	172
Philadelphia, Then and Now . . . . .	176
Fort Duquesne—Fort Pitt—Pittsburg . . . . .	178
V. Revolutionary Battle-Grounds . . . . .	184

Illustrations accompany each poem and chapter.

## PREFACE TO "ECHOES OF BATTLE."

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ENCOURAGED by the pleasant reception of "Alaskana," the author has selected from a considerable number of poems, these few which are of a martial character, originally intended to be published separately from time to time in the monthly magazines, the writing of which has extended over many years. He hopes that their perusal may prove interesting and some of them call to mind the unselfish patriotism of those brave men who were ready and willing to sacrifice much, even life itself, for the cause of Liberty and Union. As I ride over the Revolutionary fields of struggle and contemplate the sufferings and hardships of those noble men, I think the heroes of that day should never be forgotten, and the roads over which they marched and the fields on which they fought, victorious or not, should be revered in memory. No pen could ever produce pictures as vivid as

those which come back to me when I also recall the battle-fields of the Great Rebellion at Antietam and Gettysburg, when subsequent to the fighting several other surgeons and myself who had been furnished with the credentials of the Christian Commission, under which we volunteered, and others from the Sanitary Commission, hurried to the relief of the wounded and dying.

I believe that the more fully we realize at what fearful cost the independence of the United States, and the preservation of the whole Union were attained, the more surely the American people will always protect the country from a recurrence of distrust and rebellion. And I sincerely hope that no battle-cry shall ever again resound within our Union, and that no misunderstanding shall ever arise which a peaceful interchange of opinions may not rectify.

Trusting that a generous public will excuse the faults of this little book, and appreciate its merits, if there be any, I send it forth with the kindest respects of the

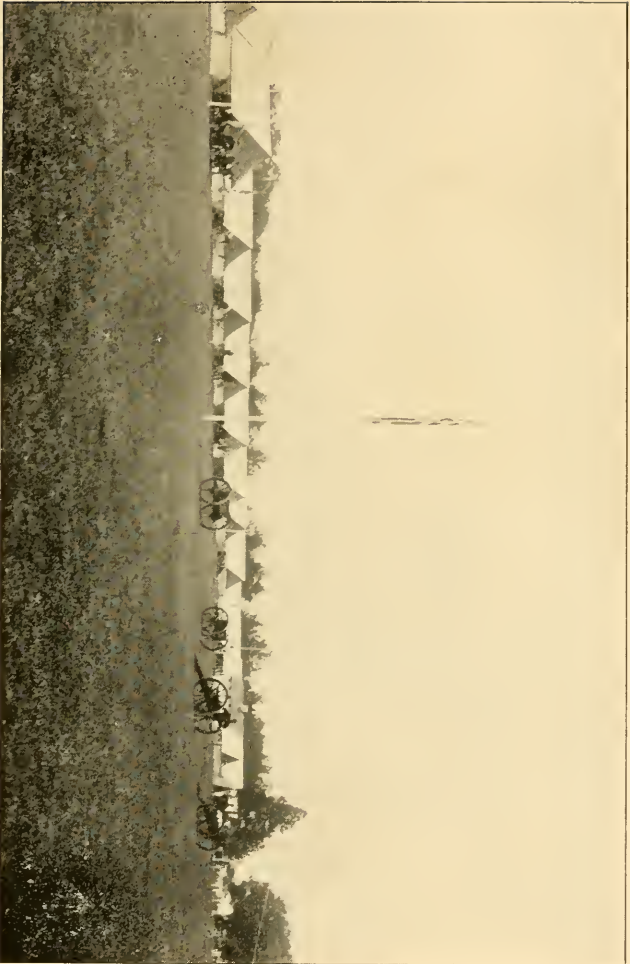
AUTHOR.

## ANTIETAM—AFTER THE BATTLE.

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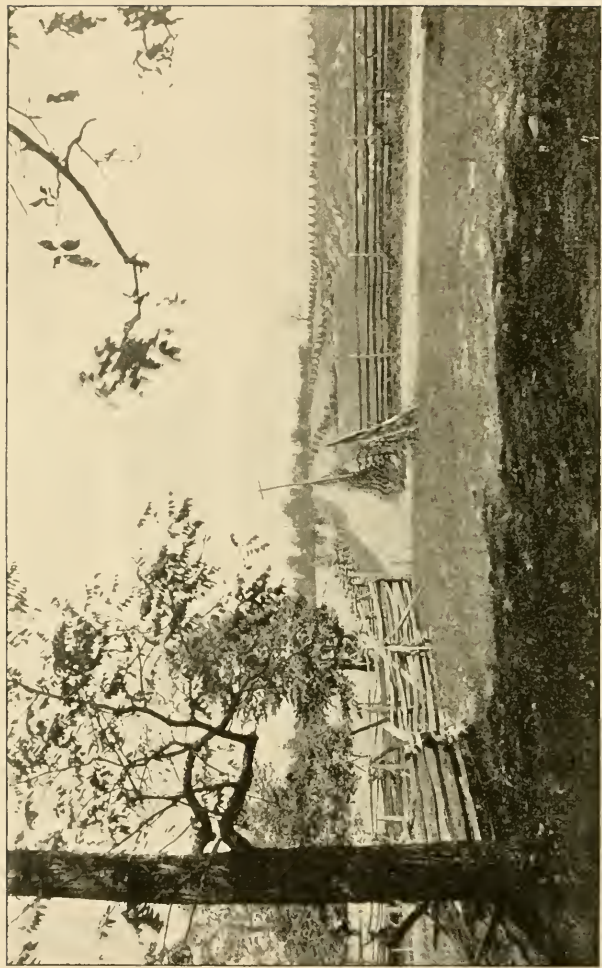
THE bugle sounded its welcome call,  
The echoes answered, and one and all  
Of the noble soldiers quickened  
To give response to the first command,  
To gird themselves and to firmly stand,  
Where the din of the battle thickened!

Their eyes were bright and their spirits true,  
Their banners waved as the light winds blew,—  
But the sky was already clouded  
With smoke from the musket and cannon's mouth,  
In the bitter strife, where the North and South  
Their sisterly Union shrouded



“The bugle sounded its welcome call.”

AN ENCAMPMENT.



“Must ever triumph and dim the light.”

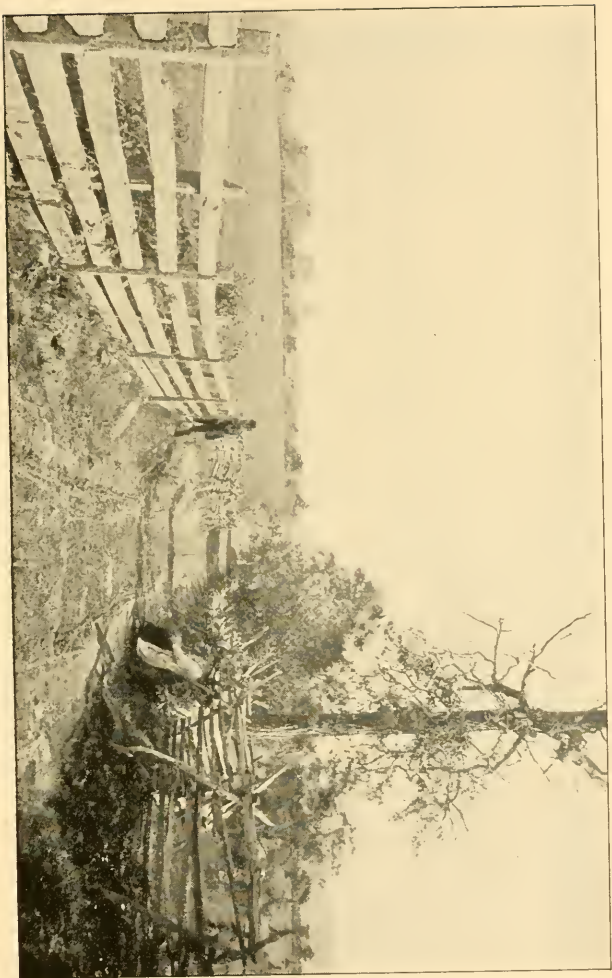
BATTLE-FIELD FROM OLD DUNKARD CHURCH, ANTIETAM.

In a pall so black that it seemed the night  
Must ever triumph and dim the light  
Of peace, and its joys attending ;  
For brothers challenged and brothers fell  
Before the thunder of shot and shell  
And the crashing of swords contending !

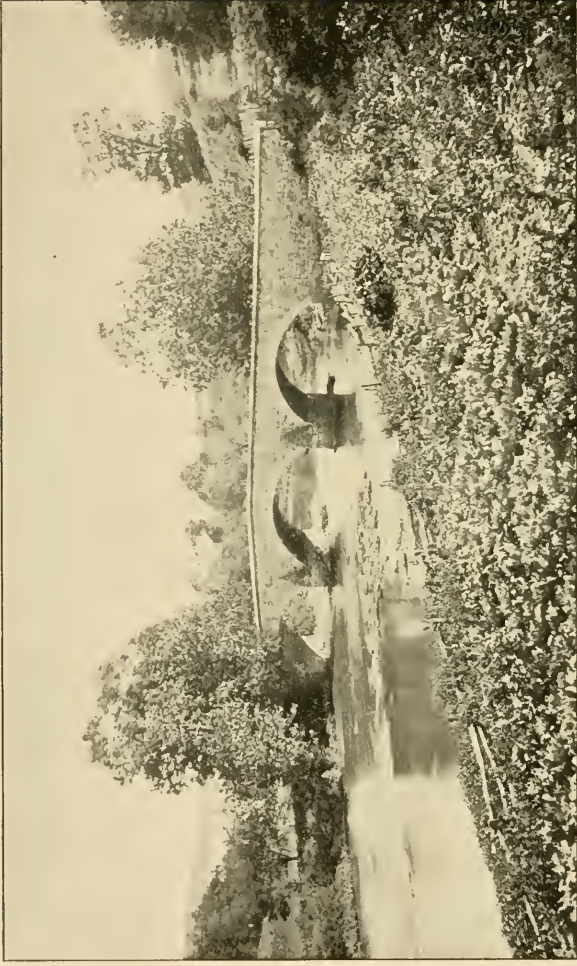
They met, they fought, and they closer drew  
As the glist'ning bay'nets became so few  
And their faces with blood were streaming ;  
'Til, but for their coats, they could scarcely know  
Which one was brother and which was foe—  
And the shells in the air were screaming,

As if to startle the ones who lay  
With their faces turned from the smoke-dimmed  
    day  
And wake them again to battle ;  
But they answered not, and some others dropped  
Across the breasts where the hearts had stopped,  
Nor stirred at the fearful rattle !

Both sides in numbers were growing small,  
At each fierce cadence were seen to fall  
Brave men with their weapons pointed !  
They fell like trees at the woodman's stroke !  
They died, and there, as the war-clouds broke,  
With blood they were found anointed !



“They fell like trees at the woodman’s stroke!”  
LOOKING DOWN BLOODY LANE, ANTIETAM.



“ But thousands were still in slumber ! ”

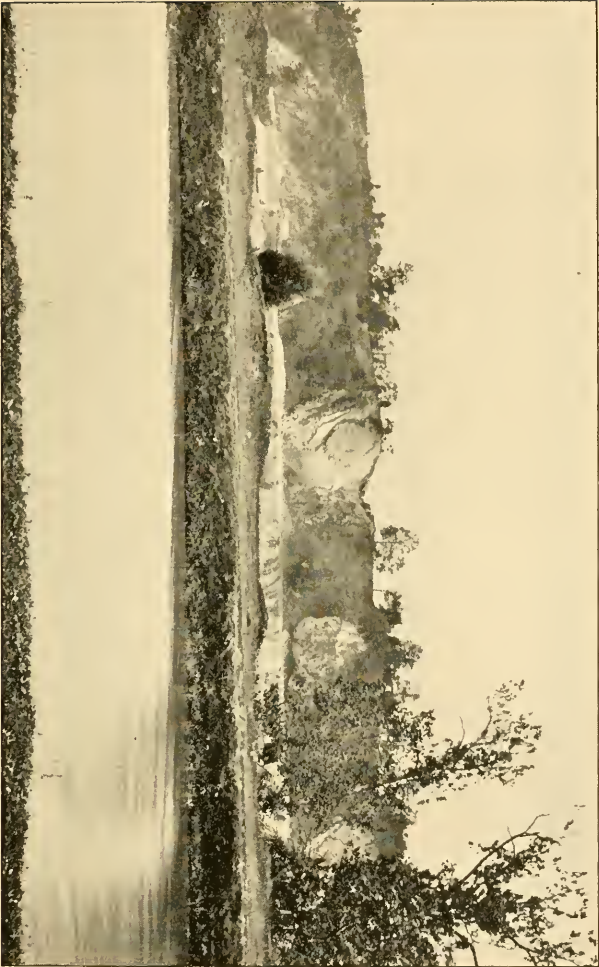
THE BURNSIDE BRIDGE OVER THE ANTIETAM CREEK.

One army weakened and turned away—  
The other followed—but there they lay,  
The best of the Nation's number !  
Some cried with pain, and some groaned and  
    turned  
While yet their spirits with ardor burned ;  
But thousands were still in slumber !

In slumber deep, which no waking knew,  
And the guns they held were silent too,  
But well they had done their duty !  
They had marred those faces and torn those  
    limbs—  
No wonder the glow of the sunlight dims,  
And the day is bereft of beauty !

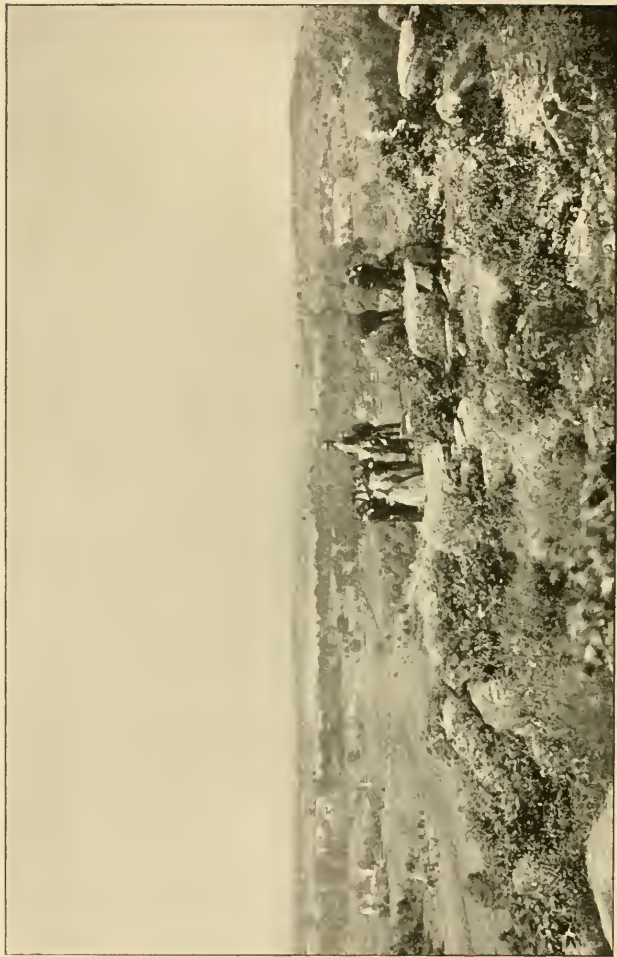
The smell of the powder and blood arose  
With the mingled sighing of friends and foes  
Who lay in the heaps of the dying ;—  
But ah, to think they were brothers all  
Beneath one flag, till rebellion's call  
Broke forth with its bold defying.

And brothers still, with the end of strife  
They yield together the gift of life ;  
While the banner, now floating o'er them,  
Is the thirteen stripes and the field of blue  
And the golden stars, that grew smoke-dim too  
As it beckoned and waved before them !



“ But ah, to think they were brothers all.”

THE POTOMAC RIVER NEAR THE ANTIETAM BATTLE-FIELD---SHEPHERDSTOWN BLUFFS.



“The grass alone their pillow ;  
The sunlit sky their canopy,  
Their shade the oak and willow.”

## GETTYSBURG—AFTER THE BATTLE.

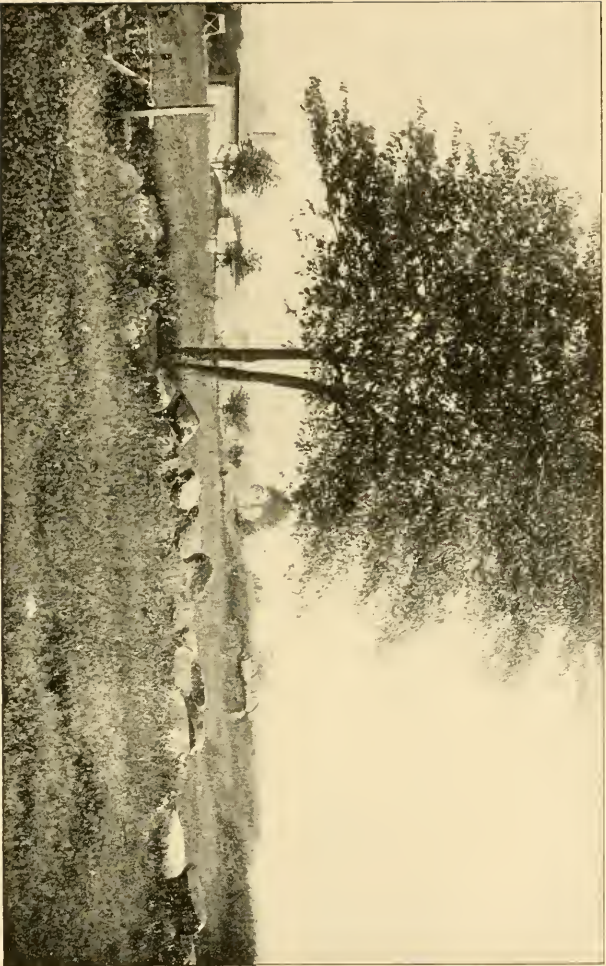
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BRAVE men lay low at Gettysburg,  
The grass alone their pillow ;  
The sunlit sky their canopy,  
Their shade the oak and willow.  
No comfort but the trampled sod !  
No voice to charm their anguish :  
They suffered on, they drooped and groaned ;  
We daily saw them languish !

Unaided? There were thousands there !  
In scores, we toiled to aid them !  
A handful we, against the hosts  
Who thus had marred and laid them,  
Blood-wet before the altar stairs  
Of Freedom,—and Secession !  
All one in pain and gaping wounds,  
All one in war's possession !

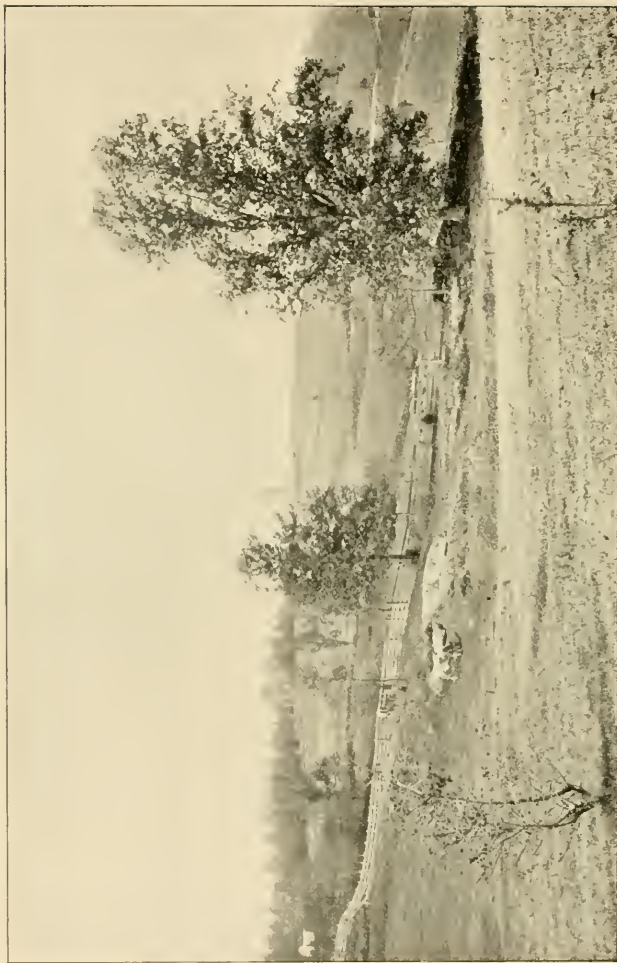
Though time had hushed the frightful roar  
Of cannon shot and rifle,  
These cries, these prayers, these dying moans  
And screams it could not stifle !  
The voice of God alone could still  
That surging sea of trouble !  
But we, could only haste to help  
And each exertion double !

Oh war ! Thy meat is sacrifice !  
Thy drink, the blood, warm streaming,  
From maimed and tortured human frames,  
From men of conquest dreaming !  
They rose to follow at thy call  
Each for the victory vying—  
They lie all broken 'neath thy car  
In anguish bleeding, dying !



“ Though time had hushed the frightful roar  
Of cannon shot and rifle.”

VIEW FROM EAST CEMETERY HILL.



“ Thy lips are reeking with the stains  
Of blood, thy proudest plunder !”

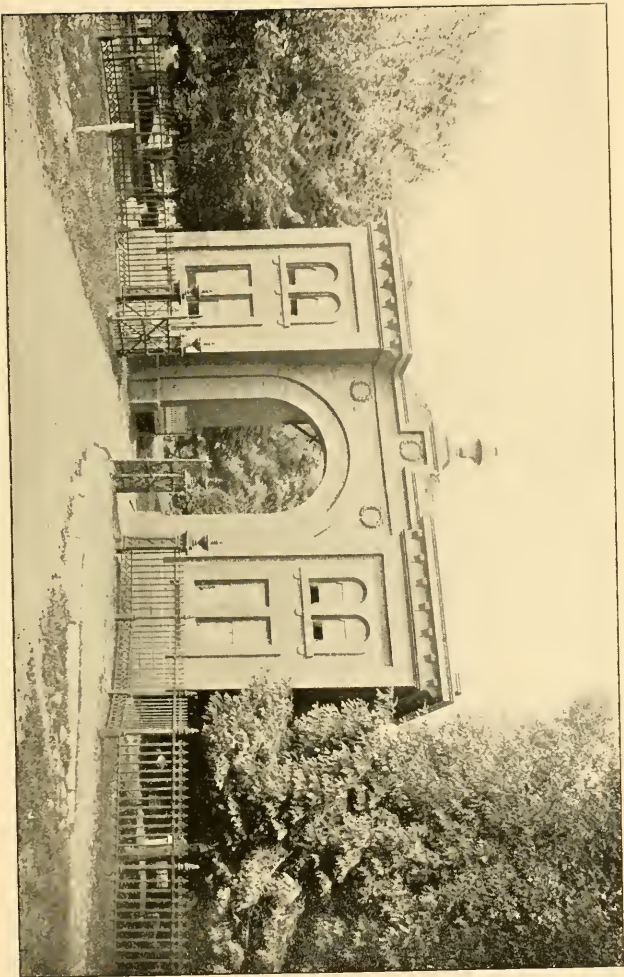
CEMETERY RIDGE, FROM CULP'S HILL.

Thy power is blacker than the night !  
Thy voice is fiendish thunder !  
Thy lips are reeking with the stains  
Of blood, thy proudest plunder !  
The glare within thine angry eyes  
Bids angels flee before them,  
But in thy track the lines of pain  
With swift impulse restore them !

They bend above thy victims there—  
Love, Mercy, Hope, and Science—  
And Grief looks on, and breathless Fear  
Stands awed by their alliance !  
Their strength is not so great as thine  
Thou, Death's unsated minion !  
The Power of Darkness holds thee slave  
Of all his dark dominion !

Men fall—but not to worship thee—  
    Thou soul of desolation !  
They give themselves a sacrifice  
    For love of home and nation !  
A Dove can sweep the reddened plumes  
    From off thy scowling forehead,  
An Olive Branch can break the sword  
    Thy reeking hands have borrowed !

Peace reigning, thou art chained in thrall !  
    Oh, may no spirit ever  
Arise to ope thy dungeon gate  
    Nor e'er thy shackles sever !  
Thy voice, now hushed, may never stir  
    The hearts of those now sleeping,  
Who gave their lives to save the flag  
    Entrusted to their keeping.



“Thy voice, now hushed, may never stir  
The hearts of those now sleeping.”

ENTRANCE TO EVERGREEN CEMETERY.



“ There were echoes of cannon rattle,  
And news of the fearful strife.”

## MISSING.

---

THE papers were scanned each morning  
With eagerly anxious eyes,  
For the war-cloud had frowned its warning—  
Had broken and dimmed the skies :  
There were echoes of cannon rattle,  
And news of the fearful strife,  
Where the gain or the loss of battle  
Was freighted with loss of life.

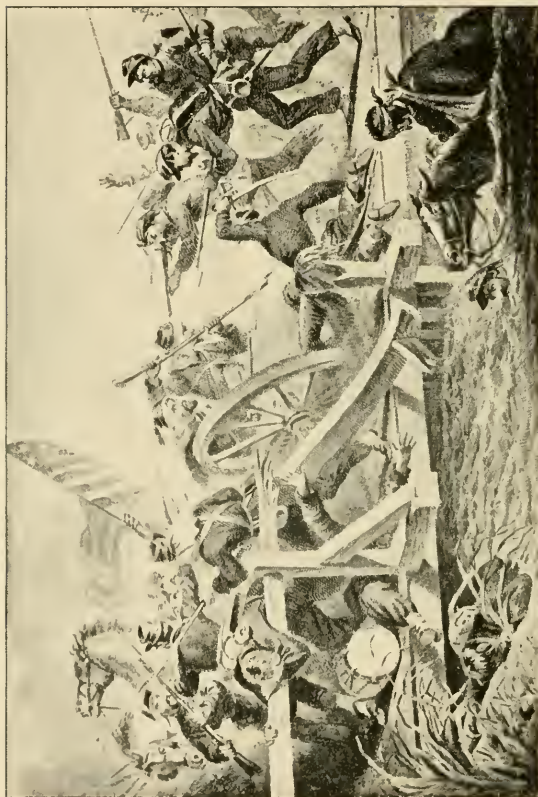
A victory won? Cheer madly !  
But gaze not the stained field o'er,  
For Freedom's fair robes are sadly  
Begrimed with the smoke and gore !  
There are faces in calmest slumber  
That never a sound shall wake—  
There are wounded and maimed whose number  
Will many a roll-call break !

There is shrieking, and sad, low moaning ;  
    There is agony all suppressed ;  
There are pitiful cries and groaning,  
    And sighs from the sore distressed !  
The banners are torn and spattered  
    With powder and trampled mud :  
And Oh ! there are garments tattered  
    And reeking with precious blood !

But the battle was won, and flying  
    The news of the war was sent ;  
While over the dead and dying  
    The pitiful moonlight bent.  
And over each long, slim column,  
    “The Wounded,” “The Missing,” “The Dead,”  
Bent eyes with expression solemn—  
    O'er-dimmed with the tears they shed.



“ But the battle was won, and flying  
The news of the war was sent. ”



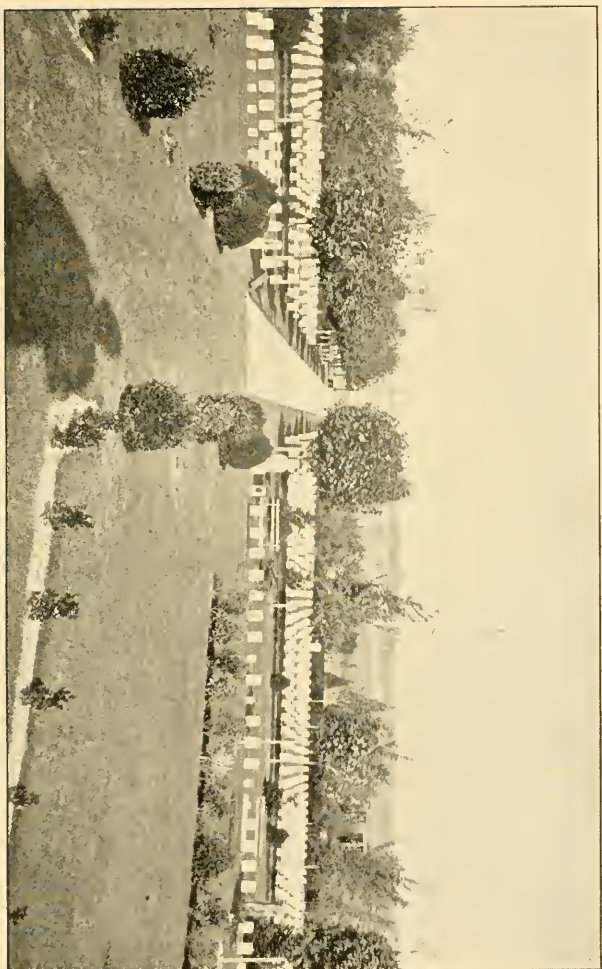
“ And cripples to tell the story  
Of all that the day had done.”

Dead! Swiftly the sad news greeting  
The heart that has hoped in vain  
Makes the lips, the one word repeating,  
Grow white in the grasp of pain.  
“Dead!” Ah! his life was given  
To honor his country’s fame!  
But sadly the hearts are riven  
Who weep o’er each martyr’s name.

“Wounded,” a strong limb shivered  
To shreds by a cannon ball!  
Hands gone that in pride delivered  
Their all to the Nation’s call!  
And cripples to tell the story  
Of all that the day had done—  
Of the fight and the field of glory  
Blood-red in the setting sun

Our dead we will bury sadly,  
    Above him the flag shall wave,  
Whose honor had won him gladly  
    To rest in the soldier's grave !  
We speak of him ever proudly,  
    Though never a word of fame  
May have shouted his praises loudly,  
    Nor hallowed the soldier's name.

Our wounded we ever cherish,  
    They were ready to fight and die !  
To some it were less to perish  
    Than broken and bruised to lie,  
And hear of the army spoken,  
    Of the fights that were won or lost—  
But they know not how fair a token  
    They are of Rebellion's cost.



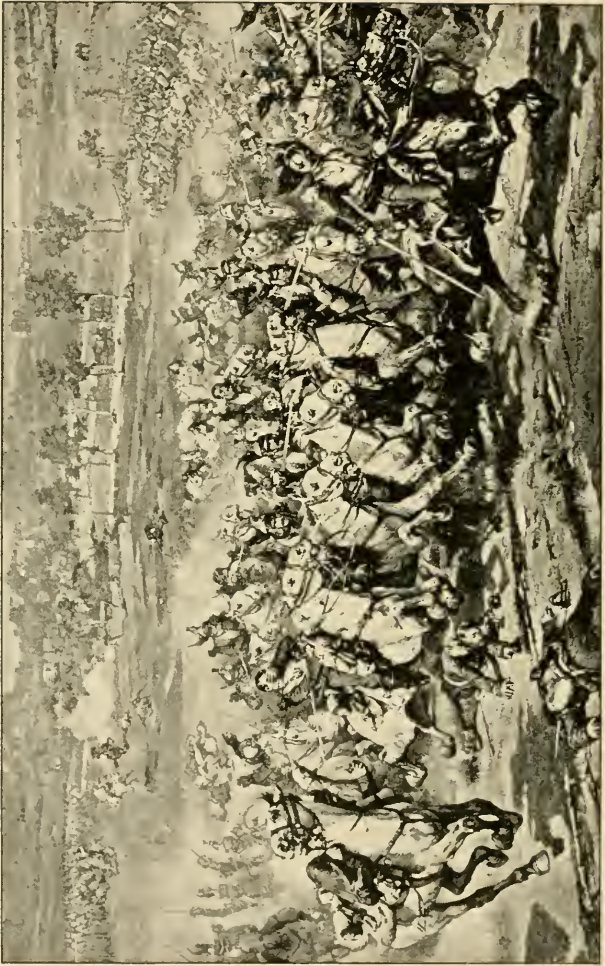
“Our dead we will bury sadly,  
Above him the flag shall wave.”



“ But tell us, where are the ‘ Missing ’ ?  
“ Are they lying within some valley ? ”



“Are they resting beneath the river,  
Forced down by the rushing foe?”



A CAVALRY CHARGE.

But tell us, where are the "Missing" ?  
In prison to pine away ?  
Or, when the fierce balls came hissing,  
Were they scattered so far away  
That their comrades could never know them  
By the fragments about the field,  
Did only their absence show them  
They too had been forced to yield ?

Are they lying within some valley,  
In reach of the tramping feet,  
That gladly in triumph rally  
Or stumble in swift retreat ?  
Are they raving for cooling water,  
And lifting their burning eyes,  
Away from that field of slaughter,  
Far up to the starlit skies ?

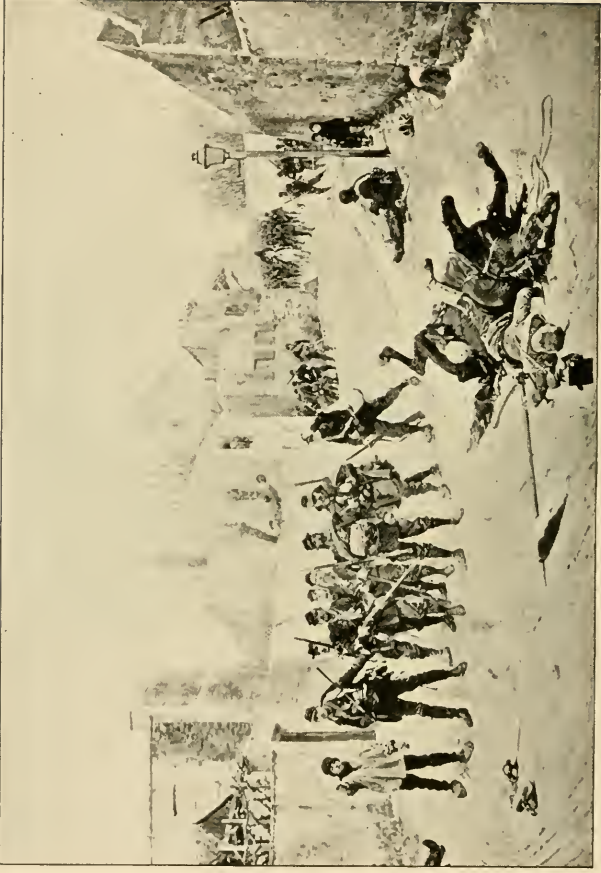
Oh, tenderly blow above them,  
Sweet winds of the gentle night,  
And whisper of those who love them,  
And soothe them till morning light  
Shall bring them relief and shelter,  
And ease from their racking pains—  
But Oh, must they writhe and welter  
And die on those blood-wet plains?

Are they resting beneath the river,  
Forced down by the rushing foe,  
With never an eyelid quiver  
To show that they feared to go?  
Some day will we see them coming  
Maimed, pallid, and almost dead?  
Ah, hope in the heart is humming,  
It lightens the aching head!



“ March ! March !! March to the drum’s loud roar.”

RALLY OF U. S. TROOPS AT WASHINGTON, D. C.



“ON! ON! EAGERLY GO!”

Oh, tell us where we may find them,  
Our brave ones who went away!—  
Whether chains of the foeman bind them  
Or Death holds them in his sway!  
We hope, and despair, and ponder,  
And search where the battle led,—  
Heart-weary our spirits wander!  
Ah, “Missing” is worse than “Dead”!



“ Ah, ‘Missing’ is worse than ‘Dead’ ! ”

MARCH! MARCH!! MARCH!!!

1861-1864.

---

March! March! March to the drum's loud roar,  
March! March! On to the foe!

Charge! Charge! Charge on the ranks before,  
Charge! Charge! Spare not the blow.

Fire! Fire! Now let the cartridge fly,

Fire! Fire! Whizzing they go—

Strike! Strike! Strike for your country, boys!

Strike! Strike! Spare not the blow!



“Ours the victory now !!”



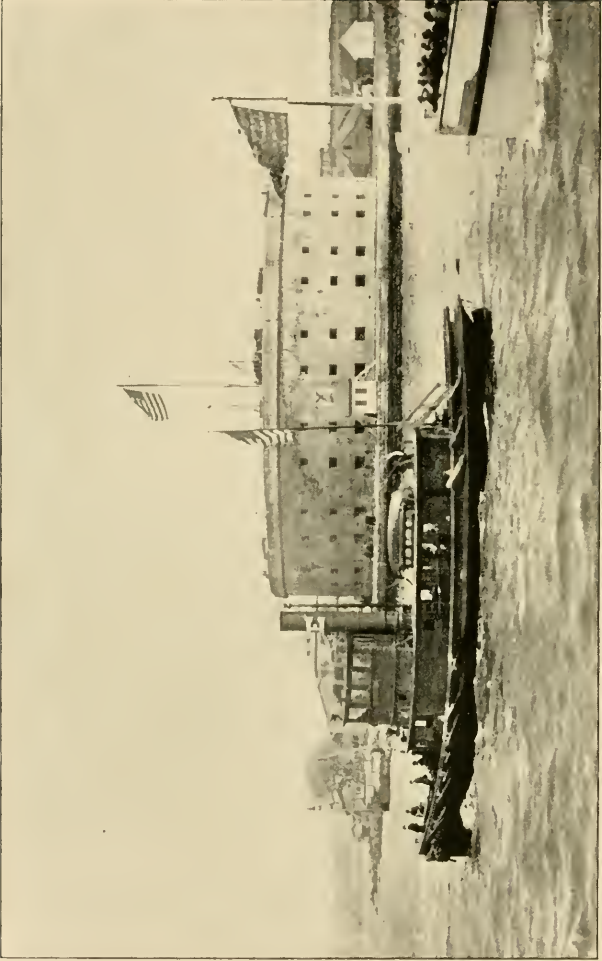
“ Its waves less restless move, its moaning tone  
Is almost silent as the day draws near to evening ”

See! See! See how their column breaks!  
See! See! Rallying now—  
List! List! Hear, your commander speaks.  
Look, men, on his brave brow!  
On! On! On! Now to victory!  
On! On! Eagerly go!  
Strike! Strike! Strike for your country, boys!  
March! March! Spare not the blow!

Hark! Hark! Hear now that frantic call,  
Hear! Hear that sounding cry—  
Oh, see! See their proud chieftain fall!—  
Look! Look! Now they all fly!!  
Cheer! Cheer! Three cheers for Liberty!  
Wave the flag in the sky—  
Shout! Shout! Shout for the Stars and Stripes!  
Ours the victory now!!



“The distant cities’ hum is almost hushed,  
Their steeples glow with brilliant sunset light.”



“The island trembles with the mighty strain.”

## THE SUNSET GUN.

---

THE sun has run his course, the daylight seems  
To gather all its glory for this hour,  
When, with his task performed, his golden beams  
Bid fair good-night in many a tinted shower.  
The last rays borrow from the banks of cloud  
Their vapor prisms, and set their jewels there,  
And earth lifts up her forehead, brave and proud  
To wear a little while a crown so rare.

The sea looks up, its surface polished bright,  
And painted in the rarest, purest hues  
Of sky and cloud, of shade and dazzling light,  
And living pictures of its shore-line views.  
Its waves less restless move, its moaning tone  
Is almost silent as the day draws near  
To evening with its shadows, which alone  
Can make the night-wind's song so sad to hear.

Slowly and radiantly the sun sinks down,  
While yellow shafts shoot up and pierce the blue  
And bid a bright farewell, before the crown  
Of night is lifted, bright with stars and dew.  
The distant cities' hum is almost hushed,  
Their steeples glow with brilliant sunset light,  
And where the busiest throngs have wildly rushed  
First reigns the silence of oncoming night.

Like spectres, far away the vessel spars  
Afloat on gilded billows seem to lie,  
And folded sails cling close as rosy bars  
Reach out to greet them from the painted sky.  
Now lower still the glorious, burnished disk  
Sinks till we see but one slim, dazzling rim,—  
And breezes wake along the shore and frisk  
With glittering wavelets on its sandy brim,—



“As, boom ! the evening cannon rends the air.”



“ Who fought to follow where he led.”

When through the waves of air a sound rings out,  
Loud as a thunder-bolt! and echoes tell,  
Like faithful heralds, of the cannon shout  
That speaks to waiting cities, "All is well!  
The sun has set! the land in peace assumes  
Its dusky garment from the hands of Night—  
No bold intruder waits—no danger looms  
To spread disaster ere the morning light!"\*

The island trembles with the mighty strain  
As, boom! the evening cannon rends the air,  
And sends to mainland shore its bold refrain,  
Whose hoarse reverberations wander, where  
Three cities listen to the sunset gun  
Announcing that the orb of day has sped  
To other lands, who wait the rising sun  
His gorgeous light and grateful heat to shed.

\* See descriptive notes.

Hush! now the last bright rays have passed  
below

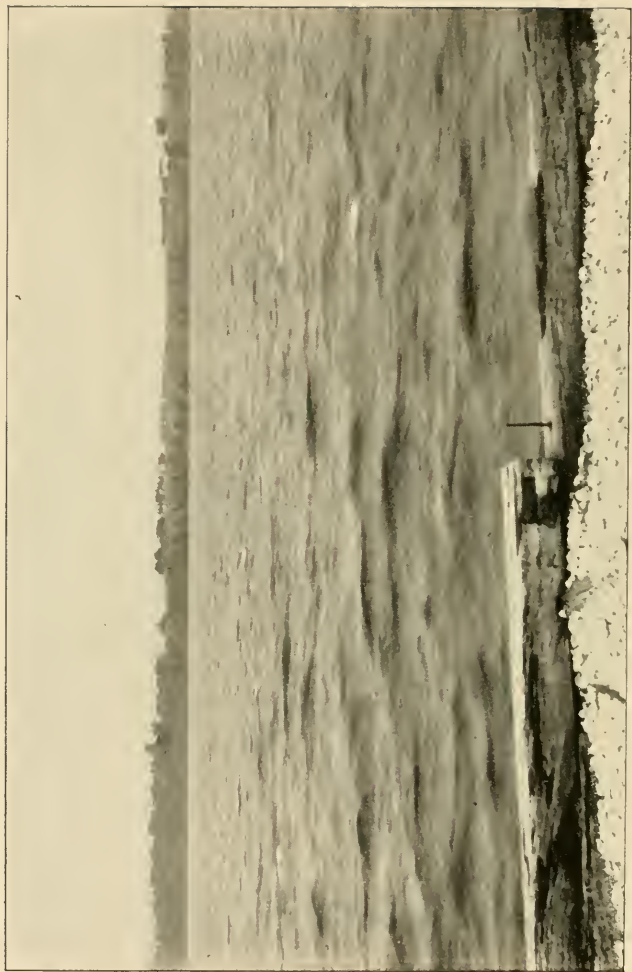
The far horizon, where the mellow lines  
Serenely linger with an afterglow

Like holy fires in sacred temple shrines!  
The echoes die, all weary with their flight,—  
The frowning fort looks out across the bay,  
A faithful guardian, while the dew-drenched night  
Holds in its brooding heart the gems of day.

One hemisphere takes on its starry robe,  
The other shimmers in the welcome heat;  
While far above, the radiant golden globe,  
With endless patience, turns each day complete;  
The light more glorious for the flitting shade,  
The day more perfect for the night of rest,  
And earth more lovely, as each charm is made  
By sunbeams traveling tow'rd the glorious west.



“As patriot after patriot gave  
His life, the glorious cause to save!”



The forest depression in the distance shows the site of the Old-Field Ferry where General Howe landed his troops from the transports. The foreground shows part of the old wharf at Old Court House Point where General Knyphausen's force crossed to march and forage through the country to Aikens' Tavern.

# THE BATTLE OF THE BRANDYWINE,

SEPTEMBER 11, 1777.

---

WEARIED with hardship and defeat,  
Disheartened, forced to wise retreat ;  
With hope uplifted but to fall ;  
And conquests, with the price of all  
The thousands, who upheld the fight  
Till life itself was put to flight :—  
The patriot armies pressed their way,  
Footsore and bleeding, cold and gray  
With hunger, and with loss of rest,  
They still held Freedom closely press'd  
Against their hearts, and in its glow  
The life-blood warmed to richest flow !

Led on by Washington, the true,  
Who swerved not, whether tempest blew  
Or blazing sun o'er-looked the dead  
Who fought to follow where he led.  
He plunged through waters icy cold,  
He stole through woods whose monarchs old  
Protected once the Indian horde  
And lulled them on the velvet sward.  
But now hope almost seemed to fail,  
Howe's prowess made some spirits quail  
While boldly on he pressed to spoil  
The cradle, in which freemen's toil  
Had won for Liberty a throne  
From which to sound great Freedom's tone.

To save the city, day and night  
Brave leaders planned, and soldiers' might  
Grew firmer, that their will was strong  
To raise the right, and crush the wrong!  
This remnant of a noble band  
Still swore to save the blood-stained land!  
For this the Chief drew up the line  
Beside the rippling Brandywine,  
Whose sylvan shores in sweet repose  
Feared not advancing friends or foes.  
They met, and muskets waked the birds,  
And frightened peaceful, grazing herds.

They met, and glittering eyes grew dim!  
They fought, but Freedom's line grew slim  
As patriot after patriot gave  
His life the glorious cause to save!  
Still face to face the hot balls flew!  
The powder burned its fierce track through  
To many a noble heart that day  
Before defeat had claimed its sway!  
And spirits triumphed when they knew  
The banner still in battle flew  
Where hottest fighting drew the flower  
Of brave colonial troops that hour.



“And Freedom finds a peaceful shrine  
Beside the silver Brandywine.”



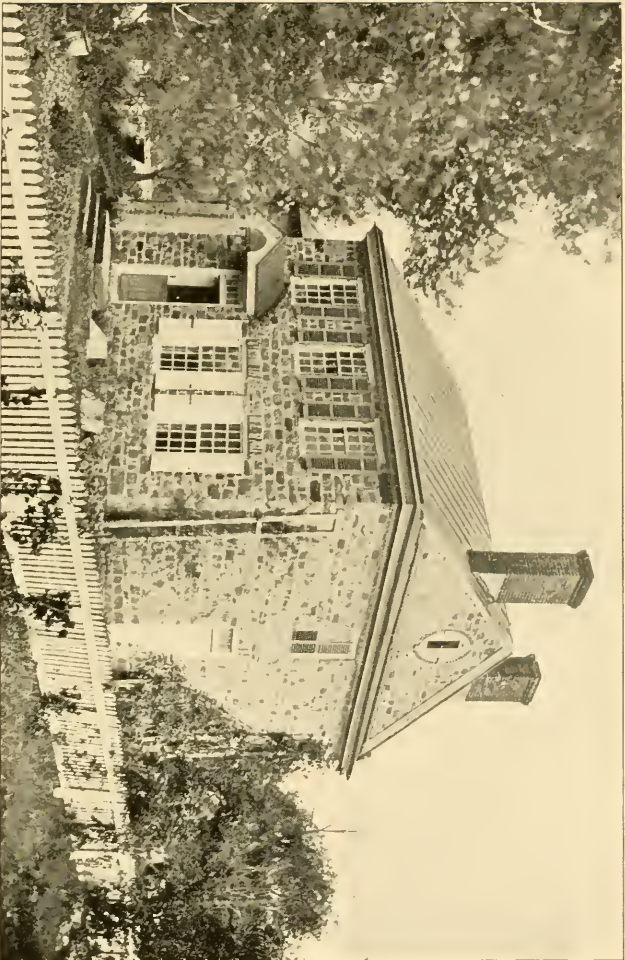
GENERAL WASHINGTON AND HIS STAFF.

And yet they faced with gun and sword  
The troops, who feigned to cross Chadd's Ford,  
Unconscious of the force that drew  
By stealth, to strike the patriots, who,  
Stretched out along their northern wing,  
Awaited but the work to fling  
Their strongest charges on the line  
That sought their freedom to confine.  
First warned, then cruelly deceived,  
Our Chieftain's anxious heart was grieved  
To find brave Sullivan's firm band  
Forced back upon the blood-wet land.

To find his slender force exposed—  
Against Howe's greater army closed—  
But brave and true, they fought the way !  
And step by step, the hopeless fray  
Was marked by dead and wounded men,  
By broken trees and blood-stained glen !  
With noblest courage on they pressed—  
Harassed, surrounded, foiled, distressed !  
Outnumbered, crushed, and forced to yield,  
They left that fateful battle-field ;  
And felt the shouts of triumph chill  
Instead of Victory's joyous thrill.

Unswerving still, the fainting few  
Held out against the force, that drew  
So close, that each could feel the breath  
That on one side must quit in death !  
And then came troops upon the rear  
Of those, who still, unconquered, cheer  
Their earnest Chieftain, whose calm word  
Was stronger than his glancing sword.  
He saw his bravest lying low,  
Where not the loudest trumpet blow  
Could call them to again unite  
To fight and die for Home and Right!

La Fayette bowed his noble crest,  
Pulaski owned retreat was best,  
To save the few brave hearts that still  
Were staunch to do their Leader's will.  
Defeated, they withdrew that day ;  
Unconquered by the tyrant's sway,  
They saw their city one day filled  
By troops no patriot voice had thrilled !  
Unconquered still, though every hope  
Seemed crashing on a downward slope,  
They rested, nursed their wounded braves,  
Consigned their dead to nameless graves ;  
And then they rose to braver deeds !  
They won triumphant Victory's meeds !  
And Freedom finds a peaceful shrine  
Beside the silver Brandywine.



GENERAL WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT VALLEY FORGE—ISAAC POTTS' HOUSE.



INTERIOR OF WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT VALLEY FORGE AT THE PRESENT TIME.

## VALLEY FORGE.

---

AND these are patriots! These with bleeding  
feet,

And hands all bruised and scarred by bitter toil!  
These who are shivering in the wind and sleet—

Who bend in sorrow o'er the frozen soil  
And hold their aching hands above the blaze  
Of smouldering fagots, borne by aching backs  
Bent low beneath the load, that winter-days  
Mark in the snow with piteous, wavering  
tracks!

This remnant of the thousands, starved and sad,  
Sick, weary and heartbroken with defeat—

Can ever martial music make them glad  
Or "march time" echo with their tramping  
feet?

Less than half-clad they toil to build their camp,  
Depressed, yet listening with unbroken trust

To orders, read while yet the ink is damp,  
From him whose heart is sore with sorrow's  
thrust.

From him, who, Chief of all, is proud to share\*  
The bitter hardships he cannot allay ;  
Who makes their comfort first his anxious care  
And cheers them with his presence day by day.  
The wounded suffer, but they make no sign—  
The hungry show it, but with no complaint—  
But some fall on the way and life resign,  
While others linger on, though sorely faint.

Encamped at Valley Forge, some thousands yet  
From tens of thousands left, who faced the foe,  
Reduced to sore distress, do not forget  
The haughty tyrants who have brought them  
low.

Beloved homes are trod by foemen's feet,  
Their noble city holds the victor troops,  
Who spoil the houses, tramp the dismal streets,  
While Freedom, wounded, o'er it fondly stoops.

\* See descriptive notes.



PRESENT VIEW OF A PART OF THE ENCAMPMENT GROUND AT VALLEY FORGE, PA.



MODERN VILLAGE OF VALLEY FORGE, PA.

Here Steuben found them, and he gazed in awe  
Upon this army, these poor, homeless men,  
Gaunt with distress,—but still without a flaw  
Their courage bounded at the call again !  
That bugle call rang long, and all aglow,  
The bare feet answered, and brave hearts  
looked out  
Through faces crimsoned with the blood's swift  
flow  
That marked each hero as he faced about.

Forgotten pain and hardship, all forgot  
The hungry day, and long, dark, cruel night !  
The musket shouldered as if gilded knot  
Decked every soldier braced to march and  
fight !  
“Beloved Country !” “Liberty !”—The sword  
From every scabbard sprung with each com-  
mand !  
And bullets flew as one, when Steuben's word  
Rang out to “Fire !” or when he bade them  
stand

No muscle moved, but every ear was tense  
To hear his broken accents, as he taught  
The way to compass foes,—how calm defense  
Would sometimes win, as well as battle fought.  
And Washington looked on with proud content  
To see his trembling forces bravely raise  
The ensign, for whose safety life was spent ;  
For whose sweet cause they faced grim battle's  
maze !

A bitter school was Valley Forge that year !  
When freezing fingers bound up wounds afresh,  
And quivering voices spoke such words of cheer  
As told of dauntless souls, though strength  
and flesh  
Too quickly fled before the fiends of want,  
Who made that camp the forage ground of  
foes,  
More subtle far than belching cannon's chant  
Or noisy warfare's host of painful woes.

‘Life is a round of battles bravely fought.’





“Not yet too late, he hopes to dream awhile.”

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Pain-conquered, hunger-baffled, forth they went,  
With hearts of purest gold, securely sealed  
Against the craft, which in fair message sent  
A pardon to all men who chose to yield.  
To yield like vassals! Not while lifted arm  
Can wield the sword or guide the flashing gun!  
Not while the blood of patriots coursing warm  
Thrills through the heart of each brave Free-  
dom's son!

And so they marched to battle—nerved to die,  
Or else to hold each step with soldier might,  
Invincible, against the hosts whose cry  
Would force submission against lawful Right!  
Nameless to fame—and yet forever more  
Will fame re-echo with the glorious meeds  
Of those brave few who boldly marched before  
And marked their way with bright, victorious  
deeds.

## LIFE'S BATTLES.

---

LIFE is a round of battles, bravely fought,  
Or weakly lost for want of noble will  
To meet each foe before the standard brought  
With weapons tempered with unerring skill.  
Wrong, gilded o'er, is still more deeply wrong  
In that deceit is welded with its taint ;  
So strength to meet it must be bravely strong  
In eyes that quail not, hearts too bold to faint !

Ease tempts the sluggard with its subtle breath,  
Then steals his nobler self and makes him prey  
To idle hours, so close allied to death,  
That objectless, his young years slip away  
As useless as the down which closely clings  
Around a seed, within whose empty shell  
No germ of life its tender offering brings,  
No sprout puts forth a gladsome life to tell.



“Far better to have fallen, pierced with blades.”



“Ye-o-ho ! we can fly in the summer gale !”

Not yet too late, he hopes to dream awhile,  
Then whet his blade, and clasp his armor bright;  
And then start out to fight the legions vile  
Who still were active while he courted night.  
Once they were legion ! Now a legion more  
Menace with deepening frowns and hissing lips !  
The hosts of evil that he meets before,  
Give cry to foes among whose snares he slips !

Well is it if he rises firm and brave ;  
If rust has not unhinged his bright cuirass !  
His arm may gain the power his head to save,  
His wakened soul lead on through thrust and  
pass ;  
But if he falls, himself, the one to blame,  
Must bear the sad defeat,—But oh, the pain !  
To feel the deep remorse, the quivering shame,  
The wish for youth that may not come again.

The wish for manhood—wasted in its prime :

For strength—grown weakness by its long dis-  
use :

The bitter longing for the precious time

Now tombed in shadows of its sad abuse !

But longings all are vain, the soul's low cry

Gives only deeper poignancy to pain ;

However deep the sorrow—moments fly !

The tears, the deep remorse, are all in vain.

Far better to have fallen, pierced with blades

Which valiant, ardent blood has deeply dyed,

Than thus to creep beneath desponding shades

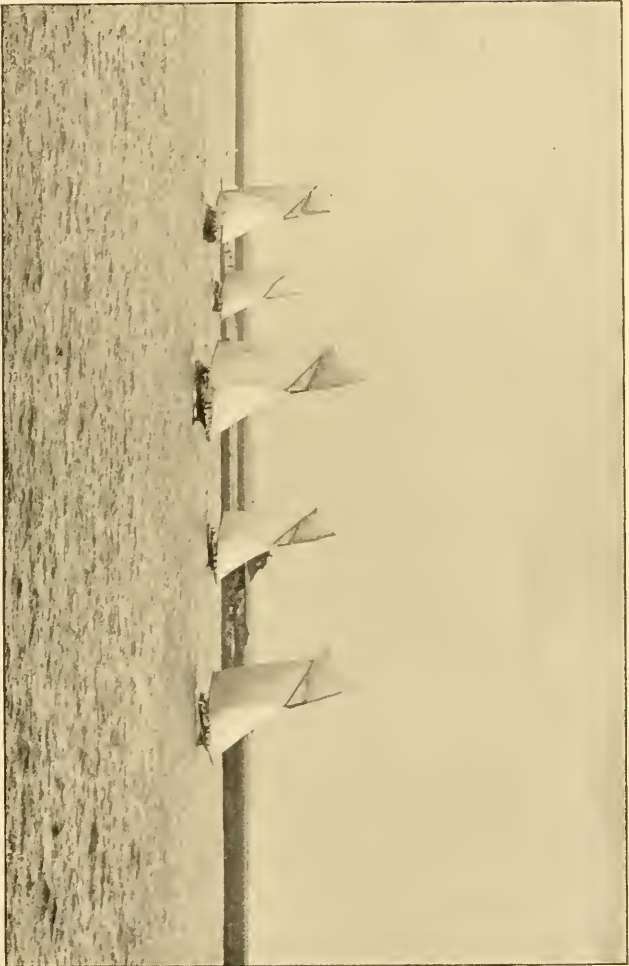
In hope that bloodless battle thus to hide.

Far better to meet life with noble scars

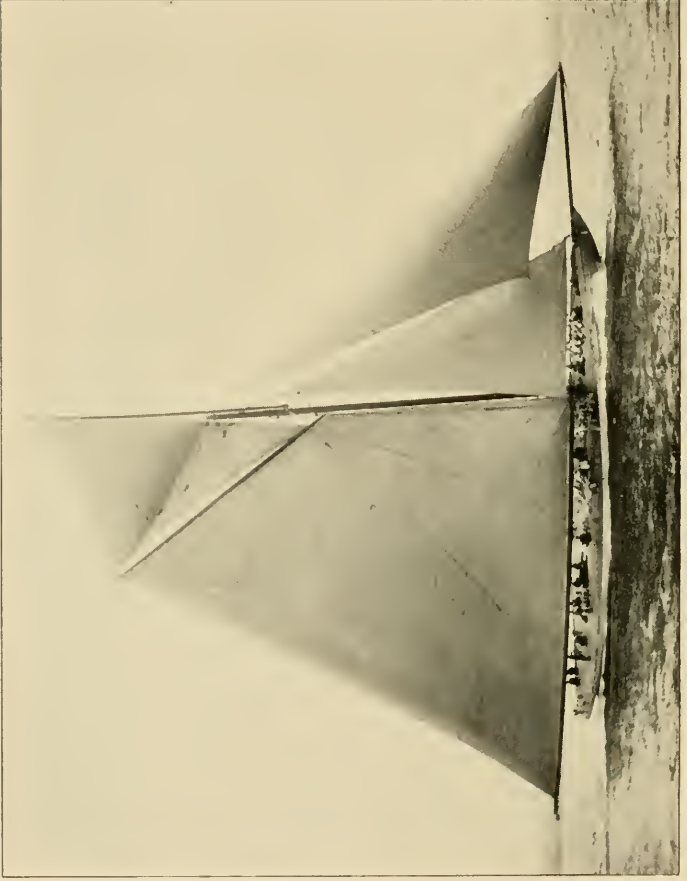
Than with weak hands to let the standard fall ;

And fiends of evil triumph, as if wars,

That gave them victory, gave to you the pall !



“Hurrah! we will fly in the summer breeze!”



THE VICTORIOUS YACHT.

## THE YACHT RACE.

---

THE sunshine shimmers along the quay,  
And dips its rays in the water dancing ;  
It tints the sand by the rolling sea  
And shines like gold where the boats are  
prancing,  
Now into shore, and now outward turned,  
Like eager steeds for their freedom panting,  
As if their spirits with ardor burned  
To ride the waves, and the sunbeams slanting  
Are making a golden highway where  
The sea is smooth, and the wind blows fair ;  
And still the hawsers are drawing tight  
And holding their sails from a joyous flight !

“Heave O !” They spring to the straining ropes,  
The sailors all at the first commanding !  
The yacht sways out and its longing hopes  
Make its timbers creak, as a moment standing  
It seems to gather its latent force,  
Then dips its prow in the golden billow  
Before it bounds on its onward course  
With graceful curves, like a drooping willow.  
The sails mount up with a joyous spring !  
The sailors pull as they gayly sing :  
“Heave O ! We are off for a jolly sail !  
Ye-o-ho ! we can fly in the summer gale !”

Another vessel has hove in sight !

A yacht as trim as a bird, and skimming  
The restless waves with a bound as light

And a keel as smooth as a sea-gull swimming !  
She sees us now, and with graceful swing

She sends her challenge across the waters,  
And with answering signal we bound and sing

“Success to the fairest of Neptune’s daughters!”  
That yacht is fair, but our jolly boat,

Though others fail, shall in triumph float !  
For her hull is trim and her prow is light,

And her speed is sure as the swallow’s flight !

Hurrah ! We will fly in the summer breeze !

Hurrah ! She bounds till our beams are level !  
The sails swell out, and the surges seize

And bear us on, while in laughing revel  
The waves spread out in our lengthening wakes,

And tiny caps from the sea are ready  
To toss in glee for the one who takes

And holds the race with a speed as steady  
As the winning horse on a beaten track :—

But hold ! Are we warily holding back ?  
Or can it be we have met our fate

In a boat that can sail at a faster rate ?



“Beneath a cypress down he sat and wept.”

THE NOCHE TRISTE TREE, MEXICO.



“ Across the mighty causeway.”

Ho! Tack a trifle, the wind has changed!  
Quick! Give her head, for the craft is gaining!  
A half length now, and her speed is ranged  
To push our crew to its utmost training.  
We gain, hurrah! see our snowy sails  
Are puffed with pride, and our keel is flinging  
The laughing waves, whom a thousand gales  
Have failed to break of their constant singing!  
Hurrah! we gain, and our vessels now  
Are speeding even with prow to bow,  
With halyards straining, and creaking mast  
We leave our rival behind at last!

Hurrah! we have won! Like a joyous bird  
We skim along with the wind behind us!  
We near the shore and a shout is heard:  
Three cheers! Defeat has not dared to bind us!  
Hurrah! for the yacht that has won the race!  
Three cheers for the boat that so nobly tried us  
With right good will, and with seamen's grace  
We bow to the yacht that so well defied us!  
A shout of welcome rings from the shore,  
It echoes back as we swell it more  
With a glad hurrah for the gallant crew  
That led our vessel so bravely through!

## THE NOCHE TRISTE TREE, MEXICO.

---

BENEATH a cypress down he sat and wept,—\*

The haughty soldier, humbled to the dust,  
Who watched his army by the heathen swept

Beyond the city, or by cruel thrust  
Hurled down to slowly ignominious death,

With no deep wounds to tell of noble strife ;  
No notes of valor for their latest breath,

Nor blood-bought triumphs in exchange for  
life !

With banners flying, and with martial tread

They came to conquer—but they staid to die—  
They followed bravely where ambition led,

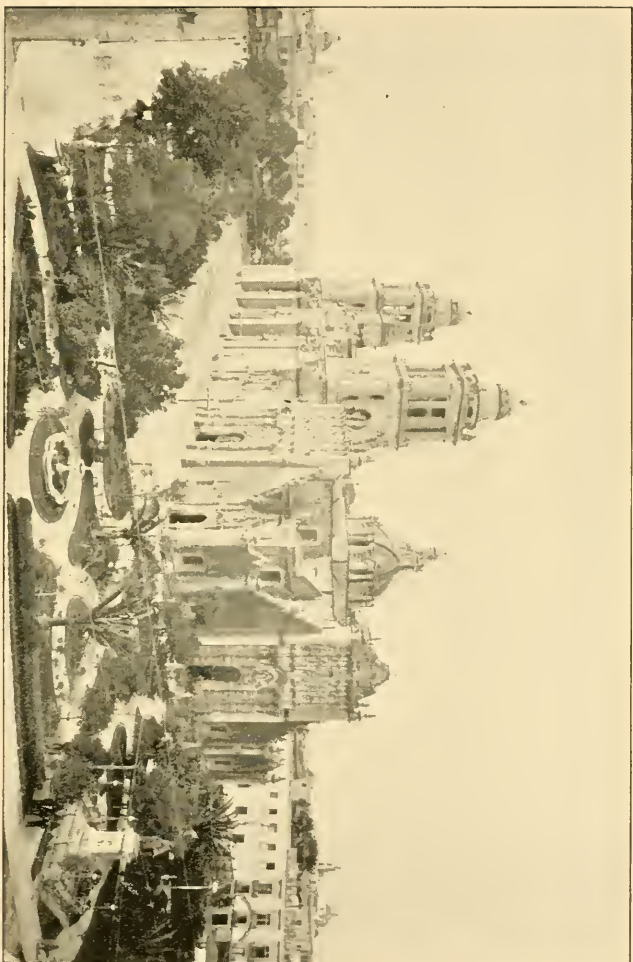
But fiercely vanquished, they were forced to fly !  
Dark faces menaced, with their blazing eyes,

No pity showing in their glittering light :  
And Spaniards, conquered, in their strange sur-

prise

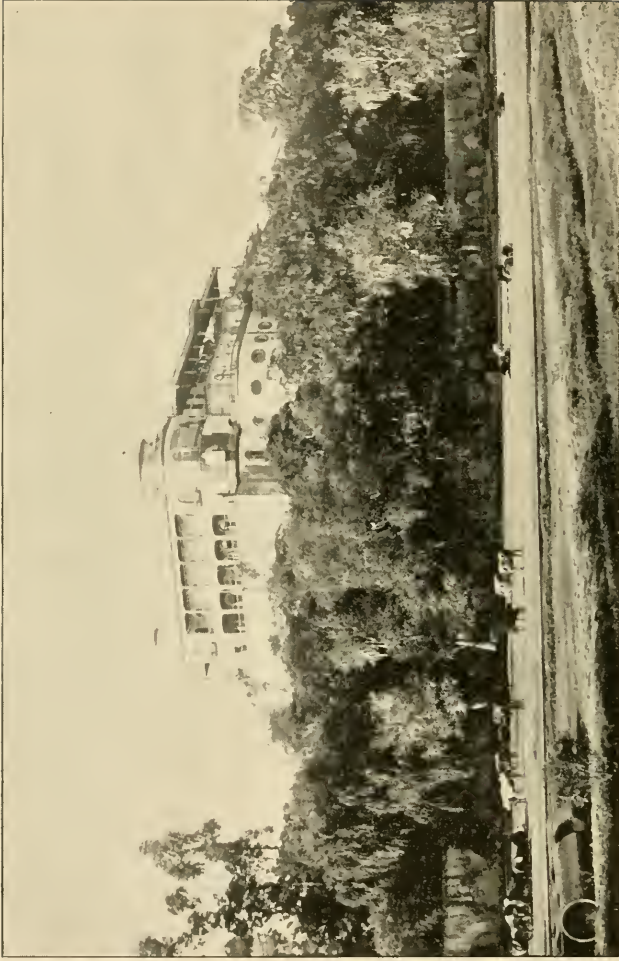
Like chaff were scattered in that dismal night.

\* See descriptive notes.



“ In grand cathedral and in sounding bell.”

CATHEDRAL, CITY OF MEXICO—PLAZA.



“In costly palaces and gems of art.”

MODERN CHEPULTEPEC.

The martial music had long died away,  
And curses mingled with the cries and groans  
Of noble soldiers, whom the light of day  
Will find all broken on the cruel stones,  
Or crushed with boulders that were fiercely cast  
By savage hands, among the fleeing horde,  
Each plunging, tramping, fearing to be last,  
And falling helpless on the reddened sword.

Where hope rang gayly, was the moan of woe:  
And Aztecs, smitten, proved that Aztec hearts  
Could burn with ardor, and their fiery glow  
Give swift-winged messages from poisoned  
darts!

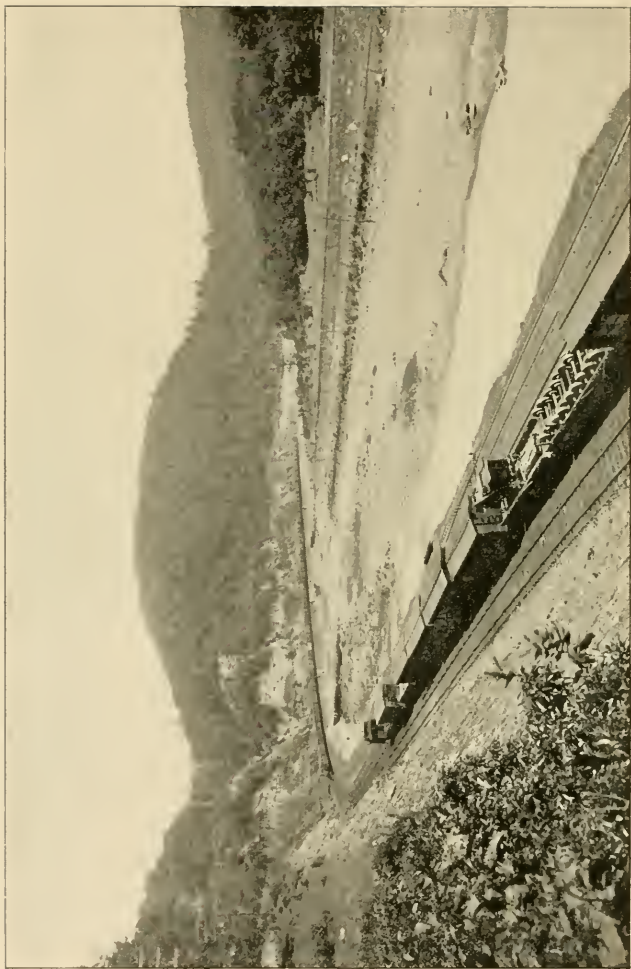
In heaps of agony were lying there  
Fierce Spanish soldiers, and the swarthy brave  
Whose wounds were nothing, but whose only care  
Their ancient city to protect—to save!

Oh, sad this ending to the bold attack  
With sounding trumpets and with flags unfurled!—  
His knights of chivalry all driven back!  
His failure noted by a watchful world!  
Deep lines of sorrow seamed his troubled face,  
Dejection shadowed o'er his care-worn brow;  
As night grew darker in the fated place  
More sad and lowly did his spirit bow.

The winds moaned for him in the chilling night,  
The branches whispered o'er his drooping  
head;—  
He could not stay the conquered armies' flight!  
He could not wake those who were lying dead!  
His soldiers, chosen from the flower of Spain,  
To flee in terror from a heathen horde!  
The swarthy tribes of Montezuma's train  
To quell the potency of the Christian sword!



“Close by the homes and near the mills  
Which nestled by the sloping hills.”



“So calmly still the country lay.”

Low bowed he, blinded with the keenest grief,  
The night not darker than his helpless woe !  
Ambition, wounded, could not bring relief,  
Nor tears, however bitter, heal the blow.  
He followed as his soldiers led the way  
Across the mighty causeway, through the night :  
And still this aged cypress marks the day  
When Cortez and his armies took their flight.

Through ages, that have seen his triumph swell,  
Through mountain passes, and where valleys  
part,  
In grand cathedral and in sounding bell,  
In costly palaces and gems of art—  
This living monument of woeful pain  
Has marked the sad defeat, that almost left  
His wounded spirit with the soldiers slain,  
His banners drooping and his heart bereft !

## THE HERO OF JOHNSTOWN.

---

At peace the lovely valley lay,  
The towns were draped in silvery grey,  
And swiftly fell the plenteous rain  
O'er fragrant wood and verdant plain.  
Beyond the towns a river swelled  
Against its banks, which closely held  
The waters, growing wildly gay  
And reckless, as they sang their way  
Close by the homes and near the mills  
Which nestled by the sloping hills.

Above the sounds of wind and rain  
A cascade rang a loud refrain,  
In such weird, voiceful monotone,  
It seemed to mock the dismal moan  
Of winds among the solemn pines,  
Or echoing blasts within the mines.  
Secure, the children laughed in play,  
Secure, each workman went his way,  
And women, on their plans intent,  
Securely on their missions went.



“That wall of waters onward strode  
And swept the fields along its road!”



“Nor did the horse nor rider swerve  
Until the furious waves drew near  
And drowned the voice, no longer clear.”

HORSE AND RIDER.

Sometimes a voice had sagely told,  
The breast-works were too frail to hold  
The floods which swell in every spring,  
And rush, and bound, and wildly fling,  
As if they longed to spread and keep  
The waking earth in death-like sleep.  
But warnings, without fateful end,  
Too surely fail, except to lend  
Strong links to hold wise care at bay,  
And let destruction work its way.

So calmly still the country lay—  
The rain had ceased, but far away  
Above the dam, a misty veil  
Made some men's sturdy hearts to quail!  
The waters piled in gathering might;—  
And first to fear the direful sight  
Were those who scoffed the warning cry  
Of danger in those earth-works high!  
Too late, the arduous task began  
To brace that weak'ning, flood-swept span!

With echoing roar the torrent spoke!  
The crumbling earth death's message broke!  
And like an ocean's towering crest  
The mastering column onward press'd!  
On lightning wings the message sped  
From town to town, but still ahead  
That wall of waters onward strode  
And swept the fields along its road!  
Trees broke like rattling straws and lay  
Where surges swept them from their way!

Bold men were told the dam would yield;  
And quick as thought, his courage steeled  
One noble heart to reach the town  
Before the thundering flood came down—  
To warn the thousands in the path  
The waves would follow in their wrath!  
Quick mounted then his trusty horse  
And urged him swiftly on his course—  
Loud shouting, with an eager will—  
“The flood! the flood! Quick, climb the hill!”

Some deemed him mad, some smiled to see  
A youth ride on so gallantly—  
But ah, too few believed his breath  
Was freighted with the news of death!  
On! on! he sped, his voice rang out  
In one continuous, warning shout—  
“The flood is coming! Climb the hill  
While life and strength are with you still!  
The flood! the flood! believe the worst!  
The lofty, treacherous dam has burst!”

Through town and hamlet, toward the bridge,  
Along a road, or slippery ridge,  
His noble horse sped like the rain  
Wind-swept across a level plain!  
He paused not as his rider broke  
The awful news, that sometimes woke  
An echoing cadence, like a wail,  
And sometimes made his hearers pale,  
As all confused, they turned to see  
Why all this furious haste should be.

And still the flood rushed on apace  
And sped the sad, unequal race!  
Its voice took up his frantic speech  
And bore it far beyond the reach  
Of ears, now deafened with the roar  
Of waves, engulfing as they tore  
With giant grasp, the homes and mills  
Once snugly sheltered by the hills,—  
They hurled the buildings 'round like chaff,  
And seemed in boisterous glee to laugh!

Now babes were from their mothers torn,  
And dying parents swiftly borne  
Just where their trembling babes could see  
Them dashed and hurled too helplessly  
To even wave a long farewell—  
Or one last word of love to tell!  
Homes turned to chaos! Churches wrecked!  
The flood's broad bosom closely flecked  
With shattered timbers, broken trees,  
With tumbling houses,—what are these?



“They hurled the buildings ‘round like chaff,  
And seemed in boisterous glee to laugh!”



“Look on that valley now, and tell.”

THE BROKEN DAM.

Oh, pitying angels! Faces dead  
Among that wild débris are spread!  
And quivering bodies plunge along  
In helpless rhythm to that fierce song  
The waters shout, as on they sweep  
And pile destruction high and deep!  
Look on that valley now, and tell  
How fair it slept beneath the spell  
Which falsehood o'er it firmly held,  
And serious doubt serenely quelled!

That noble courier urged his steed  
Who still responded, though his speed  
Already taxed each quivering nerve—  
Nor did the horse nor rider swerve  
Until the furious waves drew near  
And drowned the voice no longer clear.  
He turned to reach the friendly bank,  
But oh, that brave young martyr sank  
Beneath the weight of crashing oaks  
Felled by the flood's relentless strokes!

They found them, one the man whose soul  
Won by its ardent zeal, control  
To make that charger's bounding heart  
Break, ere he failed to do his part!  
They found them, pulseless, side by side—  
Both in their silence glorified!  
Both winning by their deed a name  
More fair than victory's sounding fame!  
His mission done, how peaceful lies  
That nobly faithful sacrifice.



“They found them, pulseless, side by side.”  
HORSE AND RIDER, AFTER THE FLOOD SUBSIDED.



“Beneath the weight of crashing oaks  
felled by the flood’s relentless strokes!”



"This city, built for peace, for brothers bound by love."

# PHILADELPHIA, THEN AND NOW.

1777-1895.

THIS city, built for peace, for brothers bound by  
love,  
For homes, where Friends oppressed in sweet  
content could move ;  
Once calmly held its way through war's tumultu-  
ous strife,  
Nor felt the bounding pulse of fashion's tinselled  
life.  
Plain buildings, quiet streets, quaint men in som-  
bre dress,  
All silent, unaware of warfare's fierce distress—  
And wives and maidens fair with gentle, modest  
mien,  
Scarce thought of ought beyond this peaceful,  
home-like scene.

The river either side sped swiftly on its way,  
And touched with glittering pride the banks with  
verdure gay ;  
Bright birds flew through the streets on fearless,  
joyous wings,  
And pools where wild fowls sailed were fed by  
limpid springs.  
Hills shone with brilliant green, and harvest rich  
with gold,  
In rustling, whispering tones their plenteous store  
foretold ;  
While only muffled sounds of battle touched the  
walls  
Where Justice held her courts in fair, unfrescoed  
halls.

But once the British hosts awoke the gentle  
Friends,  
With flashing scarlet coats and glittering bayonet  
ends,  
That caught the sunlight gleams, and blinded  
anxious eyes  
Who watched the marching lines in terrified sur-  
prise.  
They entered sacred homes, and halls resounded  
long  
With sounds of moving feet, with revelry and  
song.  
They came to take the State, the Capital, the  
Land,  
And sweep the rebels back with boldly daring  
hand!

Instead the courts had flown beyond their eager  
reach,  
The records safely housed,—the halls were still,  
and speech  
Re-echoed from the walls that answered to the  
tread  
Of clanking swords and spurs, which told the  
prize had fled.  
That winter, gay life marred the Quaker City's  
peace:  
Loud tones and tramping troops were sounds  
that did not cease  
Until the clock told forth small hours which never  
saw  
Friends stumbling through the dark and breaking  
slumber's law.



THE OLD "LIBERTY BELL."



THE OLD STATE HOUSE, WHERE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE  
WAS PROCLAIMED—RECENT VIEW.

The harbor bristled long with tide-swayed, idle  
ships

Whose hulks were scarred and bruised against  
the empty slips.

In gay and reckless mirth the hours sped on, nor  
heard

A brave commanding voice ring out the staying  
word.

But what the patriots saw was idle armies camped  
Within beloved homes :—they saw their gardens  
tramped,

And knew long years must pass before the tracks  
of harm

Would yield to earnest toil and peaceful nature's  
charm.

What then? when spring awoke and fighting  
time had come

Howe found his forces left behind far from the  
battle's hum !

While he had camped in ease the patriots left  
him there

To slumberous rest, while they, alert and led with  
care,

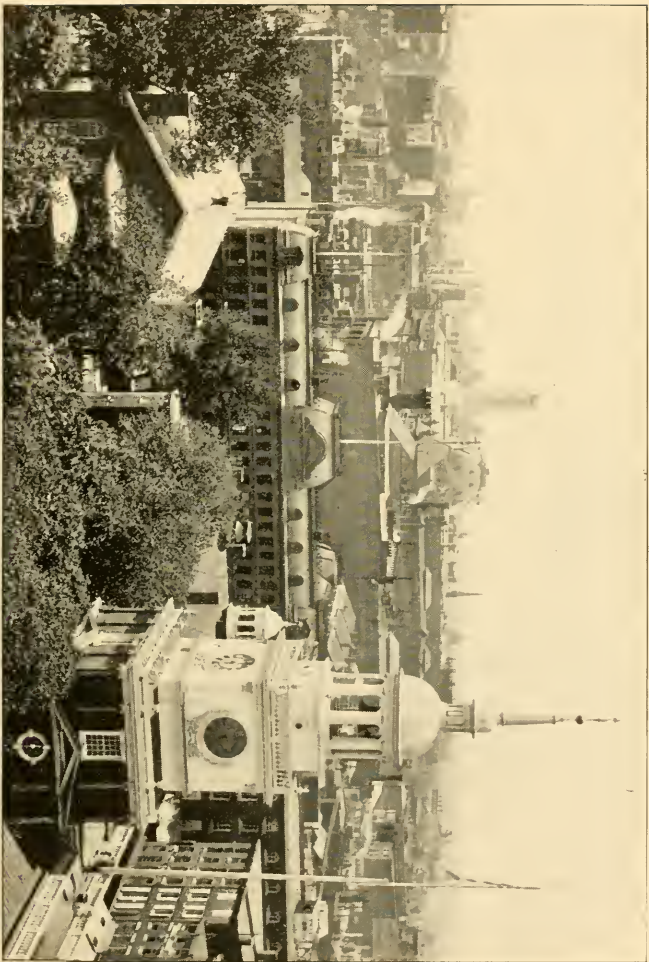
Rushed onward to the goal for which they gladly  
fought,

While he, in grim chagrin, viewed what his ease  
had wrought.

The city built in love no battle-ground could be,  
Nor shot nor cannon shell mar its tranquillity !

Withdrawn the troops and ships, once more the  
    wild bird sang,  
Once more the harvest ripe to meet the swift flail  
    sprang,  
And industry stepped forth and money flowed to  
    aid  
The cause that unjust laws a glorious Cause had  
    made !  
Might triumphed until Right braced hearts to  
    never yield,  
While iron wills gave strength, and nerve and  
    sinew steeled,  
Till Victory stood in joy upon the ensign spread  
Where Freedom, love and hope the patriot army  
    led !

That city, calmly still, looks out on Commerce—  
    ships  
Who swiftly come and go where ocean's current  
    dips  
Against far distant shores, who hail the banner  
    bright  
That dares to spread its folds where e'er the sun  
    gives light !  
Broad streets and noble halls, bright homes and  
    riches won  
Through honest careful toil, hail every morning's  
    sun,  
While peace and plenty reign, and honors brightly  
    shine  
Upon the Quaker town—Freedom's most holy  
    shrine !



MODERN PHILADELPHIA.



THE BATTLE-FIELD, ANTIETAM,  
SEPTEMBER 17, 1862.

---

I TRACED that red line of battle  
As it trailed through the troubled South,  
And I heard the wild cries that followed  
The roar of the cannon's mouth.  
I watched the gray shadows gather  
On faces just bright with hope,  
And I saw shattered men and horses  
Lie dead on the blood-stained slope.

Trees held out their broken branches  
And murmured as if in pain ;  
Their limbs, with those torn and bleeding,  
Were scattered across the plain.  
The hillside was strewn with soldiers,  
Some dead, and some wild to fight  
With foes who had left them wounded  
And robbed of their manhood's might !

There were men with their heads snow-laden  
    With years that had passed away ;  
There were boys with their cheeks unshaven,  
    Laid low on that fearful day.  
And men with their lips a-quiver,  
    Called out to their distant wives,  
Or spoke of the little children  
    Dependent upon their lives.

They could bear with the pain of dying  
    For the flag which they loved so well ;  
But oh, for the dear ones yonder,  
    What woe would their absence tell !  
It was sad to look on, and see them  
    So grieved that they scarcely knew  
The moment the still, pale Boatman  
    Swept away with his silent crew !

Oh, the cries of the crushed were fearful !  
But the silence was worse by far,  
For each dead one would cause a heart-break,  
Each absent would leave a scar !  
Blood-wet was the field of carnage,  
Tear-wet would be many a face  
When the morrow had told the story  
Of this terrible battle-place !

## A BROKEN BAYONET.

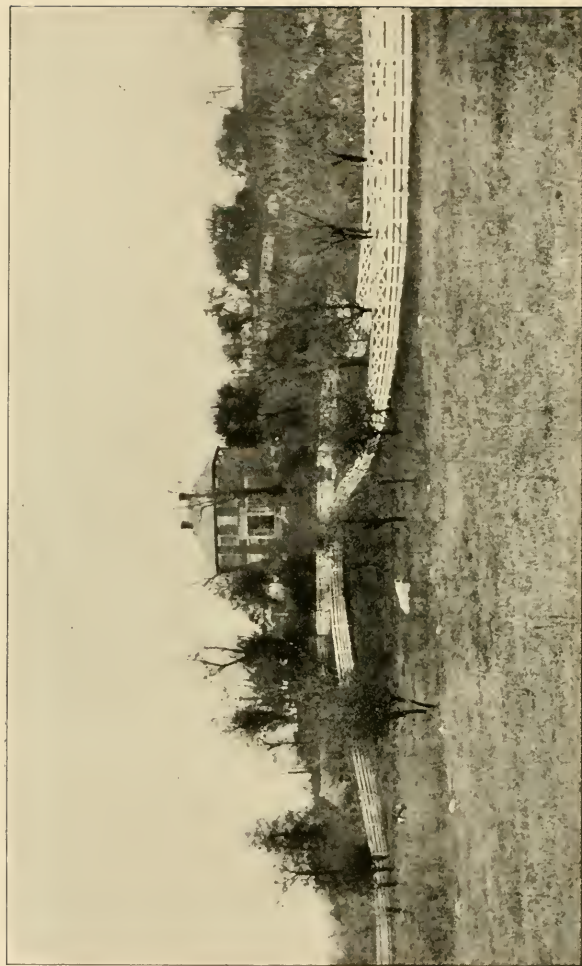
ALL rusted, blood-stained and broken,  
I took it from off the field :  
A silent, impressive token  
Of courage that would not yield !  
Was it steel matching steel that rent it  
As they clashed in the stormy fight ?  
Or, as the strong warrior sent it,  
Was it met with such monster might  
That the fibre of metal shattered  
As it quivered against the form  
Whose life-blood its blade bespattered  
Blood-crimson, and gushing warm ?

It tells of those years of danger  
Burdened down with their awful freight,  
Of sorrow where grief was a stranger,  
Of pain, and the sadder weight  
Of dead who had fought and perished  
Not knowing if after-years  
Could honor the flag they cherished,  
Or hide it away with tears !  
They died, but the stains still linger  
On the rusted, insensate steel,  
And Time points his warning finger  
At the cost of the Nation's weal !

I will hide it away with others—  
    A sword and a piece of shell—  
Away where the silence smothers  
    The woe of that fearful spell  
Which war and its frightful terrors  
    Spread over the fair, sweet land,—  
Taking blood in exchange for errors,  
    Throwing strife in a crimson band  
Over fields that were clad in beauty,  
    Over hearts that were once at peace,  
Until battle was only duty,  
    For liberty's swift release !







GENERAL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN'S HEADQUARTERS, ANTIETAM, MD.

# PROSE DESCRIPTIVE CHAPTERS.

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## THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

BY BUSHROD WASHINGTON JAMES.

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### CHAPTER I.

AFTER the Battle of Antietam, Maryland, fought September 17, 1862, about Sharpsburg and along the Antietam stream; the writer, then a young surgeon, sent out by the Christian Commission, under which he volunteered his services, will never forget the horror and the pitiful suffering that spread out before him when he arrived upon the field.

Through many vicissitudes General George B. McClellan led the portion of the army committed to his generalship to victory. But the cost of the triumph will never be definitely known, though the report of the battle stated a loss of at least 12,469 in killed, wounded and missing men on the Union side, while that of the Confederates was estimated at 18,472. These losses include those of the battles at Crampton's Gap and Turner's Gap, at South Mountain, which were

fought on Sunday, 14th of September, 1862, by the two wings of each of the contending armies.

Early on the morning of the 26th, in reconnoitering south of the Potomac River on the Shepherdstown road, after the retreat of the rebel troops across the river, the Philadelphia Corn Exchange regiment, recruited from the flower of Philadelphia's brightest young men, together with many other noble young soldiers sent to the field by the Union League, were surrounded in large force by the Confederates in ambush, and compelled to retreat over the bluffs on the Potomac. Many fell over the cliffs and were killed, numbers were shot in crossing the ford of the Potomac River, while many bodies of Union soldiers hung lifeless upon the breast of the dam, shot while escaping, where they lodged among timbers and stones for days afterwards, until the silenced guns betokened that, under the white flag of truce, it was safe to remove them for burial.

Who will ever be able to tell how the hearts of those at home thrilled with anxiety as they watched, day by day, the progress of the War of this Rebellion, each morning glowing with the triumphant hope that the trouble would soon be settled, and peace once more be restored between the partially divided States. Alas, matters grew worse; the enemy drew nearer!

When I heard of the battle of South Mountain, in Maryland, I was impelled to volunteer as a surgeon, although I had sent a willing representative to the front, and had agreed to render professional services to the

families of any of my patients who had enlisted in the Army, or who might do so. Willing to go to the front and render all the present assistance in my power to the wounded, or to act in any other capacity which duty to my country required, I obtained a commission from the United States Christian Commission, of which the late George H. Stuart was the President, which permitted me to go forward and work with the Army surgeons on the field, in the hospitals or elsewhere, as a judicious employment of time seemed to dictate. My long-time esteemed friend, the late Dr. Charles A. Kingsbury, of Philadelphia, was also delegated in the same manner. We were furnished with a carload of supplies, preserved foods and other necessities required upon the field during and after a battle, as well as those for the field hospitals.

When we reached South Mountain we found the hospitals well established, in good working order and efficiently supplied in every way. We were informed that a great battle was in progress, or perhaps just ended, down on the Potomac River. So we turned anxiously in the direction of the new field, although we were so unacquainted with the roads that it was rather a hazardous undertaking without a reliable guide. Fortunately we fell in with a surgeon of the Regular Army, who had been ordered to the front and to report at General Porter's headquarters, near Sharpsburg. He kindly offered to accompany our party and direct us to the front lines. We secured large wagons,

and very good teamsters, loaded our supplies and started with them to the outer line of the battle-ground. The following morning found us in the midst of the army and among the tents and hospitals of an active field. Yes, a battle had been fought, and reconnoitering parties were being sent out. And whatever the result in history of the great battle, just then it was lost in the contemplation of its accomplishment and realization in the men who surrounded us! There they lay in all positions—dead, dying, maimed, mangled! Men of both armies now powerless to fight! Silent and still—some of them forever still! Some frowning and bearing their agony with speechless heroism. Some praying for water! Many praying for death! I stood for a time fairly shocked with my first view of a glorious battle-field! Now and again the booming of cannon resounded, accompanied by the sharp, cracking sound of musketry across the Potomac, indicating that a reconnoitering party was doing active duty, or that another fiery engagement was possibly even then in progress: and in imagination I could see the gallant soldiers meet in solid columns, and waver and press on again over the bodies of friend and foe! And this was war! War, in which both fought for homes and country! War for the right! But, oh, the sacrifice! Strange sounds filled my ears and strange sights met my eyes at every turn, as I gazed on the frightful havoc which those contending armies left in their wake, as they each struggled for the victory! Every available house





GENERAL FITZJOHN PORTER'S HEADQUARTERS, ANTIETAM, AFTER THE BATTLE.  
ALSO USED AS AN ARMY HOSPITAL.

and barn was filled with the wounded! Men were lying in rows on the lawn under the umbrageous trees, waiting to be assigned to beds in some of the buildings as soon as it was possible to find places for them. Poor fellows! Rebel and Federal side by side. One here joking grimly at his wound, another with his lips close pressed to keep back the groans, and some with eyes tear-dimmed with pity for his companions and his loved ones at home! Some were so mangled that, even as they were being tenderly moved, they passed away. Oh, how painful and harrowing to one's sympathies was the sight! Where there was hope, however ghastly the wound, one could go to work cheerfully, but the suffering, the agony which could not be cured! the sad overshadowing gloom of death darkening the features! That it was which made the heart sick at the very name of battle! Beyond the tents, in places where the struggle was fiercest, were dead men and dead horses near together, as they had fallen when pressed by advancing battalions! The scene was beyond adequate description! And among them was the débris of the implements of war. Commissary wagons and artillery carriages dismantled, broken and useless! Swords, guns, muskets; entire, broken and bent! Whole shells, fragments of shells, musket balls, canteens, coats, blankets, hats and other articles dropped by the fleeing enemy or by those of the victors who could never fight again!

All nature had suffered in the contest and the

patient toil of years was immolated ! Trees were scarred by shells, pierced by balls, and torn and broken. Grain, corn and grass were trampled by the charging hosts until the harvest was worthless ! Houses and barns were riddled with shot and shattered with shells ! And stone fences and earthworks were baptized with blood ! The life blood of those for whom mothers had prayed, and who had been the pride of many a father's heart !

I found plenty of work to do among the wounded. They were brought in, and surgeons dressed or amputated limbs forever useless, sewed up gaping wounds, removed bullets, applied splints to fractures, arranged dressings and bandages, and administered refreshments, as they were required, until the wounded men were placed under the care of nurses and hospital stewards. I found several of the wounded with whom I was acquainted, old schoolmates and friends whom I had not met for years. The recognition was cordial and heart-felt under the circumstances, and such as I shall never forget.

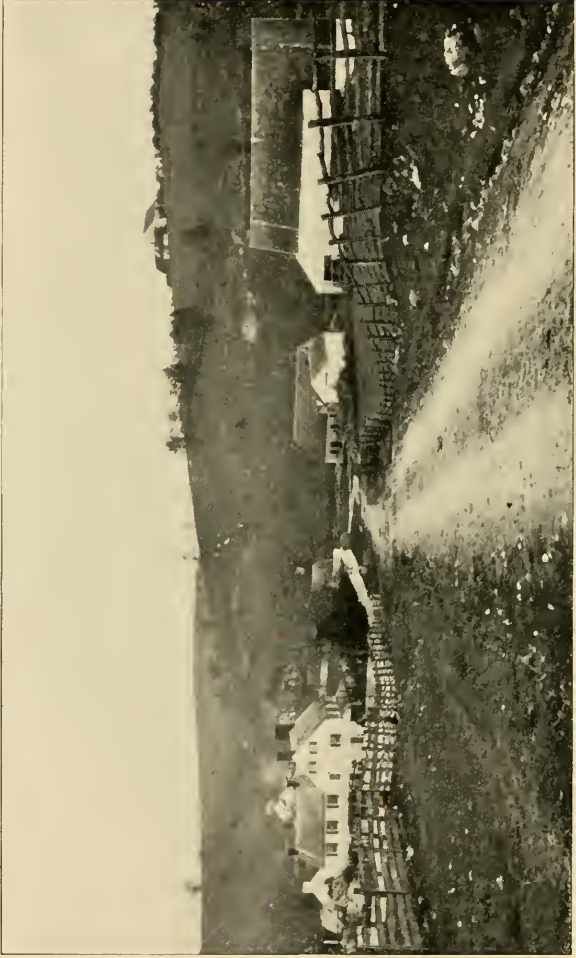
I worked with other surgeons among the poor, suffering, wounded soldiers until I was almost exhausted, and I felt that I must stop for a while, but not exactly to rest ; —I had a desire to ride over the battle-field, and to gain some idea regarding the extent of its territory. This part of the South was new to me, and I hope it may never be my misfortune to make the acquaintance of another place as I did that devastated neighborhood

of Antietam. Surgeon Thomas, in charge at General Porter's headquarters, very kindly loaned me his trusty horse, whose actions proved to me that he had carried his worthy owner through such scenes as these before. He did not swerve at the sounds, nor shy at the strange scenes which met our eyes in all directions—even the bodies of his fallen companions did not make him pause and tremble or turn back. Through what severe discipline must the gentle animal have passed before his nature was subdued to such calm stoicism!

As I rode on I felt the full realization of the results of a severe battle, and as if I was a moving figure in some frightful dream. Surely, Dante must have loitered among such scenes as this, else where had he gained his gruesome inspiration? Now and then a moan reached my ears, from whence I could not tell among all those strange surroundings. Perhaps it was the wind grieving for the beautiful trees, whose dismantled branches would never again answer to its voice. Perhaps it was the low, sweeping breeze mourning for the waving grain and rustling corn, now crushed and deeply dyed with color more costly than dyes of Persia. I only knew that I heard such sounds. If some poor, wounded fellow man saw me riding from him with no answer to his last call for aid, would he ever know that I was moving in a mysterious, cruel dream? Would he ever know that the awful reality of my surroundings were holding me in a hideous nightmare, and that I could not distinguish his voice from the sighing

of the wind? If that trampled, blood-wet ground had only been covered with discarded, ruined and tattered clothing and broken weapons, it would have been sad enough! If bruised and shattered trees, riddled buildings and the strange, ghostly silence of desertion had been all, it would have been solemn enough! Noble animals, still unburied, scattered around in tortured attitudes would have called forth deep sympathy for this fearful ending of their career! Then who can ever express by word or act the wave on wave of sorrowful pity that swelled my heart until it was ready to break with the weight? I rode on through that vast, new charnel-house. No! No! Over that broad altar of sacrifice! The God of War might well be pleased with his victims of that day! They were the flower of the contending hosts! But now they lay side by side—yes, occasionally even one upon another—the Grey and the Blue alike darkened with that deep stain! The sun glared down upon the scene with the heat and brightness intensified by the absence of shade or verdure! It was seemingly unkind, as it blazed upon the upturned faces and wide-open eyes! But there was no shrinking from the glow—no turning from the torrid heat! Death reigned all around, and I was alone with him and his entombed, and still unburied subjects! I and the faithful horse, who ambled along almost unguided by my hands. We, the two living things just there in the open fields among the fallen, whose names would be printed among the dead or missing in the war columns. Was





HILLS FORTIFIED BY THE UNION TROOPS, ANTIETAM.

this all real—or would I awake by and by to find that I had been held under a frightful spell? There were the yellow flags flying from the hospital buildings—there were rumbling teams and shouting men in the distance—and far away, along the roads and hillsides, a regular moving line showed where those who were left of the army were on the march. All of that long, dark line were infantry, artillery, cavalry, moving under the direction of one noble spirit and willing to face once more—aye, again and again, if need be—such a scene as this! The enemy had retreated—not conquered, but overpowered. They were down across the river, and ever and anon the sound of cannon told that they were even now apparently ready for another battle. Once in a while the sharp, quick report of a musket spoke of a picket, who was doing his part of a soldier's duty along the Potomac. Across the river, and over the hills, the sound of life and activity sped in never-to-be forgotten contrast with this forsaken field, whose only signs of life would soon be the men detailed to bury the dead and collect any remaining valuables. I stopped my horse and gazed around, fascinated by the death-like stillness of the very daylight above the field of carnage, and I grew sick of the sights and the sad, comfortless thoughts. Before, I was weary of work; now I was weary of the horrible accompaniments of battle and victory! The unreality of it all had passed from my brain. I knew I was riding over the recent battle-field and among the dead, and I

turned from it toward the hospital camp. Picture upon picture of woeful agony and death had passed before me until my soul was heavy with the burden that was laid upon my memory, to take with me as long as I should live. My ears almost welcomed the sounds preparatory to another scene of blood and agony and death. What mattered it that Rebel and Patriot lay side by side? They were all men with souls hurled into the presence of their Creator! With Him is Mercy and Love, and to His care we leave them, daring not to question which of all these are His chosen, or which will never behold His face? Urging my horse, I soon gained headquarters. I heard the loud hurrahs of the soldiers as their commander, General George B. McClellan, and his staff rode past. They cleared the clouds that recent scenes had thrown around my thoughts, and I returned to work among those in whom we found hope of recovery. I toiled with the other surgeons for hours upon hours at a time unremittingly. Evening fell almost too soon, but after a supper of hardtack and a diluted mixture of condensed milk and tea, I was glad when the gloom of night came, and I sought my bed, which was a little heap of straw and a blanket. Notwithstanding, I had a delightfully refreshing rest, until the new dawn waked me to another day of toilsome activity among the wounded and feverish sufferers.

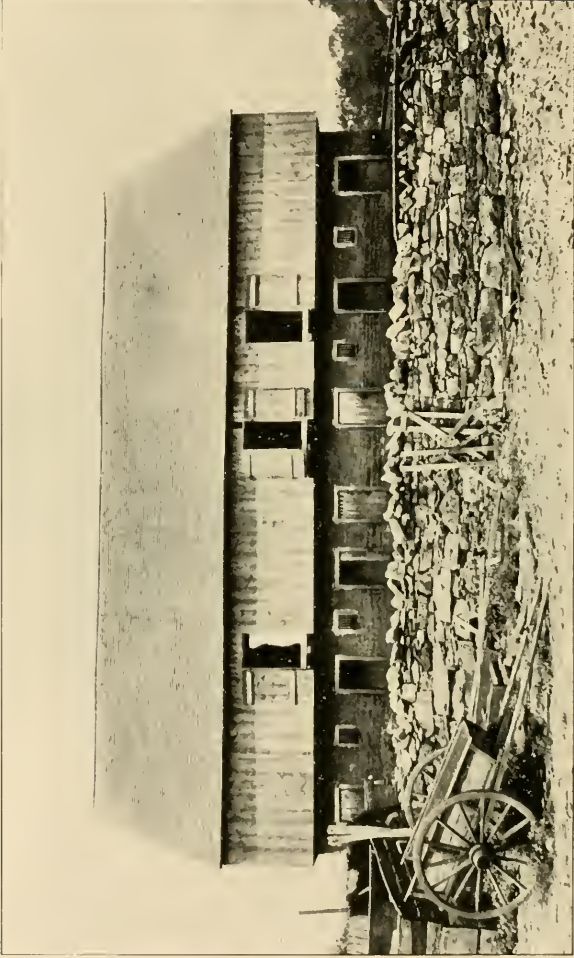
## SECOND DAY IN THE ANTIETAM HOSPITALS.

UPON the afternoon of my second day in the hospitals, after a morning of really arduous work among the sufferers, a party of us constituted ourselves a relief band, to go out across the river and bring into camp any wounded or sick men who might have been overlooked in the haste and confusion of collecting, and bringing in to the hospitals our fallen soldiers. We fastened a white handkerchief to a pole, went down to the bank of the Potomac River, and carrying our improvised flag of truce we crossed the large dam spanning the stream above the fording place, and marched up the road some distance in the neighborhood of the encampment of the Southern army, when we were met on the road by the river by a counter white flag, and a number of officers from the headquarters of General Longstreet or Stonewall Jackson, I do not rightly remember which, who responded to our request by a blank refusal to be permitted to go over the field and into the forest in order to find out if any of our men had been left there. They told us that if any had been left they were now under the care of their hospital corps; if any should be found they would likewise be cared for, and a search would be made for any who might be hidden in the thickets; as for ourselves, they gave us just thirty minutes to recross the river and get back to camp! We wasted no precious time in parley-

ing, but made rather better time in getting back than we did in going! As we recrossed the broad dam, we were compelled to wade through the overflowing waters in places, and to leave some of our dead soldiers dangling over its edge or lying ready to be swept away by the first flood! We had hoped to give them burial, but it was impossible to do so in the limited time, and we felt sure that we would either meet their fate, if we lingered, or have, if anything, a worse experience, in being made prisoners.

During that night several of our wounded men came out of the thickets, crawled across the ford below where the Confederate hospitals were situated and came in to ours for treatment. In the evening, after a supper of hardtack and tea, I crossed the Sharpsburg pike to visit the hospital there, and talk with my friend, the Regular Army surgeon, who had directed us to the outer lines. He showed me some cases of cowardly men, who had shot off the ends of their right forefingers, hoping it would be considered accidental. This, he said, was a trick often resorted to by the poltroons who were unwilling to face the enemy. That finger being the one used in pulling the trigger of gun or musket, its loss disqualified them for service, and they had to be sent to a hospital for treatment. The hospitals are always situated at the rear of the army in a protected location during an engagement, and these dastardly fellows inflicted ignominious injuries upon themselves so that they could be protected from the dangers of an engagement.





AN ARMY HOSPITAL, 1862. POFFENBERGER'S BARN.

One could not resist indulging a feeling of scorn for them and very little sympathy for their wounds.

I dignify the buildings in which our wounded were treated by the name of "hospitals," but they were houses, barns, coach-houses, wood-sheds, in fact, anything in the shape of shelter for the suffering, and we made no distinction between the North and the South when they came before us in the shape of injured human beings. After every available space was occupied there were still some comparatively neglected, though Antietam was nothing to compare with Gettysburg in the great numbers who were under surgical care in the open air.

Among the peculiar cases which my friend had under his treatment was a soldier with a great portion of the parietal region of the skull knocked away by a shell. The bone had been crushed, and portions were left pressing upon the brain and its membranes. The surgeon had carefully trephined and removed all the fragments of bone and the depressed edges, and had dressed the wound carefully, leaving a portion of the cerebrum three inches by four exposed, yet the man was conscious and doing well. When he talked the brain pulsated up and down with regularity at the uncovered portion, and the more actively he conversed the more rapidly the convolutions became alternately elevated and depressed. He was doing so well when I last saw him that my surgical friend had every hope of his recovery; but I never heard

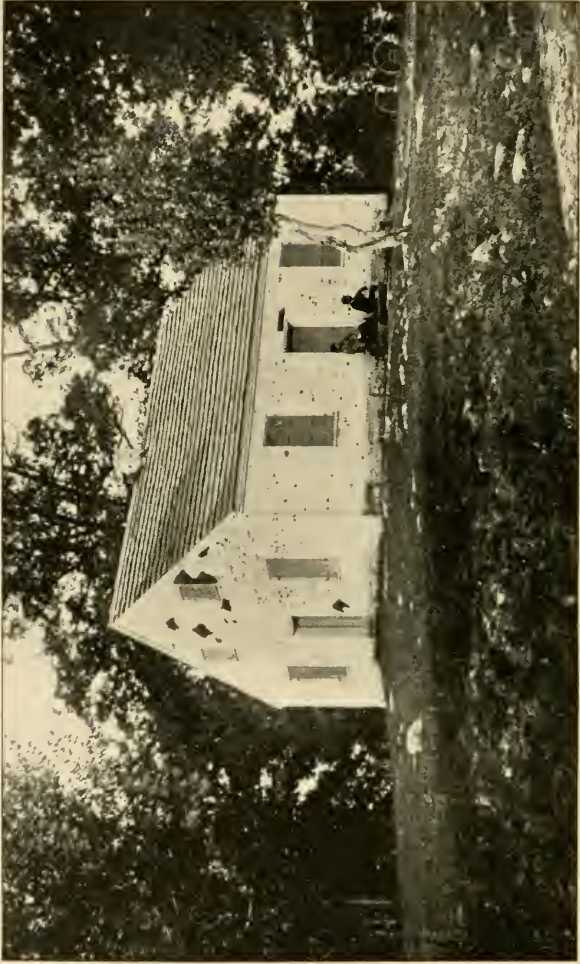
whether his hopes were realized or not. In fact, I heard no more from him subsequent to my return from Antietam wearied and worn out with work. I saw a case of a similar nature when I was a medical student. At the old Pennsylvania Hospital there was a patient whose skull had been fractured by a gun-shot, leaving an opening in the parietal region one by two inches in area. In this case also the brain pulsated through the opening all the time while the man talked, but there was no great pulsation while he was quiet. He recovered, and was subsequently discharged from the hospital well.

There were many, many cases of peculiar interest to me observed on the Antietam battle-field. In fact, I doubt not, had there been a possibility of keeping full records for reference, that the most experienced surgeons would have been surprised at the recovery of many whose injuries appeared at first to be too severe to yield to the most careful scientific treatment.

I worked among the wounded, sick and dying soldiers until I became so completely overtaxed that I was compelled to return home to recuperate. Very regretfully I left, for I felt all the professional service that I could possibly render the noble men who had given themselves to the weal of their country and mine was but a just and honorable offering to the flag and its protectors.

I brought with me several trophies from the battle-field, relics which I collected as I strolled over the devastated and bloody battle-ground, after an arduous





OLD DUNKARD CHURCH AND SHATTERED TREE TOPS, ANTIETAM.

day of surgical duty. There was an eloquent silence all around me, as if nature was gazing spellbound upon these fields of carnage. Broken implements of war were strewn around, many stained with that one crimson color that had poured from human arteries. Everything trampled, battered and dropped where their owners had fallen or had pressed onward unencumbered by their weight. There was the bloody lane, or sunken road, literally covered with the dead; also trampled wheat and corn fields, the scenes of furious bayonet charges. There was the old Dunkard church, scarred with shot and shell in the fearful conflict. There was the stone wall, over which the contending armies had fought desperately, had made fierce bayonet charges, had met hand to hand with clubbed muskets! Oh, the horror of it! The stones told an awful story of that terrific fight! And the ground was soaked with blood, where the Union soldiers sank down exhausted beside the wall, after they had driven the enemy away from their post! Far to the east and south ran the lovely Antietam creek, and the Burnside stone bridge that was the place of a most fearful conflict and wonderful slaughter on both sides, now undisturbed and clearly outlined by the sunlight, for the smoke of deadly strife had long since faded away. Never can I forget that scene of quiet desolation, after the din and groans and cries and shouts of the equally determined belligerents! No words can ever tell as those darkly tinted rocks and stones, and that blackened earth, told of the terror of the

conflict! And it was only one of many, many battles of the ruinous war! I gazed long upon that single battle-field, and silently meditating upon the others, and then I thought of the vast territory from Pennsylvania, East and West, far down to the fair borders of the "Sunny South," all wet with the life-blood of brave men, each fighting for their homes!

Oh, the sad mistake it was that bathed so fair a land in such a flood of living crimson! But Peace came, and with it prosperity and union stronger than ever. Now, all look with unselfish pride upon a country, whose beauty, wealth and enterprise has never had an equal! Clouds will come, politics and business will jar a little, discontent will show its hydra head sometimes—and dishonesty will reap its time of success and its abyss of retribution; but they will only make the sunshine of peace, happiness and success glow more brightly! They will make mankind behold with what brilliancy the light will eventually break through the most severe adversity!

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## ANTIETAM REVISITED THIRTY-THREE YEARS AFTER THE BATTLE.

ANTIETAM, Md., September 20, 1895.

Just thirty-three years ago to-day I found myself working among the wounded soldiers of General Porter's Department of the Army of the Potomac, Fifth

Army Corps. A part of the division, including the gallant Corn Exchange Regiment, of Philadelphia, had been detailed to make a reconnoissance on the south side of the Potomac in order to ascertain whether General Lee had retreated beyond the river or not. These troops were surprised by a Confederate ambuscade on the Shepherdstown Heights, and driven like sheep over the face of the precipitous rocks overlooking the Potomac and then forced over the breastwork of the dam, or hurried mercilessly across the ford under the fierce fire of the Confederates, who sprung up from the cover of the wooded valleys, drove the Union force back and occupied the position that the brigade had but a few moments previous held.

One of my principal objects in visiting this place, independent of the bird's-eye view that I wished to gain of the old battle-field, the lines of approach made by the contending armies and the retreat of Lee, was that I might see the old house that was at that time occupied by General Porter as his headquarters, and which we afterwards used as a hospital for wounded officers, as well as quarters for the surgical staff who worked so faithfully on that dreadful battle-ground.

Driving down the old road towards the Potomac from Sharpsburg, when a short distance from a station on a new branch of the Norfolk and Western Railroad, I recognized the brick house on my left as the one which I sought. It was at that time owned by a family named Grove, who still possess and occupy it, though

at the time of the war they were necessitated to give it up to the wounded and dying defenders of the Union. Nearly opposite, on my right, I looked for the old barn which was occupied as a hospital under my friend, the Regular Army surgeon, who had led us to the outer line of the army in which our active service, after the battle, was so woefully needed. It had vanished, and a railroad had been made through its immediate situation, and a railroad station had been erected near by.

I turned into a gate, and riding through a wide lawn planted with many apple trees, bearing luscious fruitage, I approached the house. Vivid reminiscences of the blood-stained scenes which had met my eyes upon this very spot, came before my mind so distinctly that, for the moment, I lived those hours over again. The house is unaltered; here are some of the trees under which we had lain rows of helpless heroes who had been wounded in the conflict. Some of them were friends whom I did not expect to meet in such a pitiable condition. I might have spent a long time in solemn retrospect, but that I remembered that I had no warrant to do so without announcing my presence. I rang the bell and the door was opened immediately by a slender lady with a very pleasant face who had seen my approach. I asked her permission to look at the lower rooms of the house, explaining to her my surgical labors in those rooms, the old barn, the carriage house and on the lawn after the frightful engagement at Antietam. She very politely showed me the

rooms and listened to me with intense interest, and joined with me in comparing the scene as it lay before our eyes now, and as it was then. To-day, the fair, green lawn is defaced by no dull, red stains; the soft murmur of the wind among the evergreens, and the occasional fall of an apple are the sounds which take the place of the suppressed moaning of suffering men. Here lay the Union heroes; in the barn were Rebel wounded. They were heroes too, and as such, the surgeon dressed their wounds. Perhaps some of them to-day are living to tell the story of their struggle and defeat.

A little orphan boy who had been adopted by Mr. Grove, showed me around the place and into the barn, and gathered some of the large, beautiful apples from under the trees for me. Before leaving, I turned and took a long survey of the peaceful scene. No bloodstains, no tortured human beings crying for water, for release from pain, for the dear ones at home. Instead, the velvet greensward, the waving branches of fruit-laden trees, and near by a great cider-press with barrels standing round, telling in silent language of the expectation of an abundant harvest. I will not soon forget the contrast between my first and last visit to that spot. Then I beheld the harvest of strife between fiercely contending armies—and it was only blood and pain and misery and death. To-day I am gazing upon the rich harvest of peace and its happiness and prosperity. Well may we pray and trust that our beauti-

ful land shall never again be marred by contention and bloodshed.

Turning my back upon the quiet scene I drove down to the Potomac River. The road to my left, which had been cut by Lee, as a short route to the ford over the Potomac, I found deserted and made almost impassable by vines, brush and undergrowth.

As I came down the hill, in sight of the wide dam, I noted a number of buildings, among them a cement mill which had been erected since the war times, changing the lonely road now to one of active enterprise. The breast of the dam over which we crossed on that day was very much more broken down, and right among those dreadful, precipitous rocks, I perceived the irregular indentations of a large quarry. It was situated almost in the centre of the cliff, overlooking the road along which our brigade defiled to meet the enemy under General Longstreet.

There is the road—those rocks over which our outnumbered troops were hastened to destruction—and the dam across which we saw several of our soldiers' bodies lodged, while we dare not stop long enough to bring them away for burial. But no trace is left except in memory. The rocks are silent, and the waters of the Potomac ripple as calmly as if they had never been stained with blood.

I took the Harper's Ferry road along the canal toward the mouth of Antietam Creek, along which the Confederate Army marched as it filed toward the ford

when forced from the hills beyond, by the Union Army under General McClellan, with General Burnside of the Ninth Army Corps in command of this left wing. The day was intensely hot, and I quenched my thirst with a copious draught from the spring, at the foot of the hill where the road from Sharpsburg came down, and whose cool waters still flow sweet and limpid. Gaining the hill at a point about a mile below, I reached the new government road which has been cut and macadamized recently, along the brow of the ridge overlooking the Antietam Valley. I rode slowly over it, surveying the ground which was the position occupied by the Confederate Army. Beyond me was a grand view of the hills where fierce engagements occurred that terrible day. I could look over to the old Antietam bridges, and especially the one so furiously contested for and gained by General Burnside and his noble division. A line of green trees in a depression among the undulating hills, gives a clear outline of the winding Antietam Creek; upon the west and southwest sides of it, the Confederate Army was strongly fortified and posted in considerable numbers. Continuing along the government road, the situations of the old stone fence, where the opposing contestants fought with bayonets and butts of their guns over this wall, which is still standing as on that fearful day. Other places where the several sanguineous conflicts had taken place that afternoon, were easily recognized. Passing on to the north of

this ridge that was held so stubbornly by a great portion of the Rebel troops on the 17th of September, I turned to the right on the Sharpsburg road and drove to the three-arched stone bridge, the place where so many lives were lost in General Burnside's command, in their efforts to cross the creek under the fire of the strongly planted Confederate batteries on the opposite side. These guns not only covered the approach to the bridge, but they swept the open space over which the division had endeavored to pass to reach it. They were compelled to retreat because of the murderous fire from the wooded hills overlooking their position. At 1 o'clock General Burnside, finding that General McClellan could not send him reinforcements, then made the bravely desperate charge from another direction through a woods and down the hillside bank of the Antietam which took the bridge, and a couple of hours afterwards his troops had forced the heights and silenced the Rebel batteries.

I gazed long upon those hills, the beautiful stream and the richly fertile fields which were once red with blood. Much of the woods has been cut away for agricultural improvement. My curiosity led me to ride among some of the farmhouses, barns and other old buildings which were used as hospitals for the wounded soldiers. Farther on, in the little village known before the war as Porterstown, I observed the house where General Porter had his headquarters with a reserve force, and a little beyond I saw the red brick house on the

Keedysville pike in which General McClellan had his headquarters, and where General Richardson died.

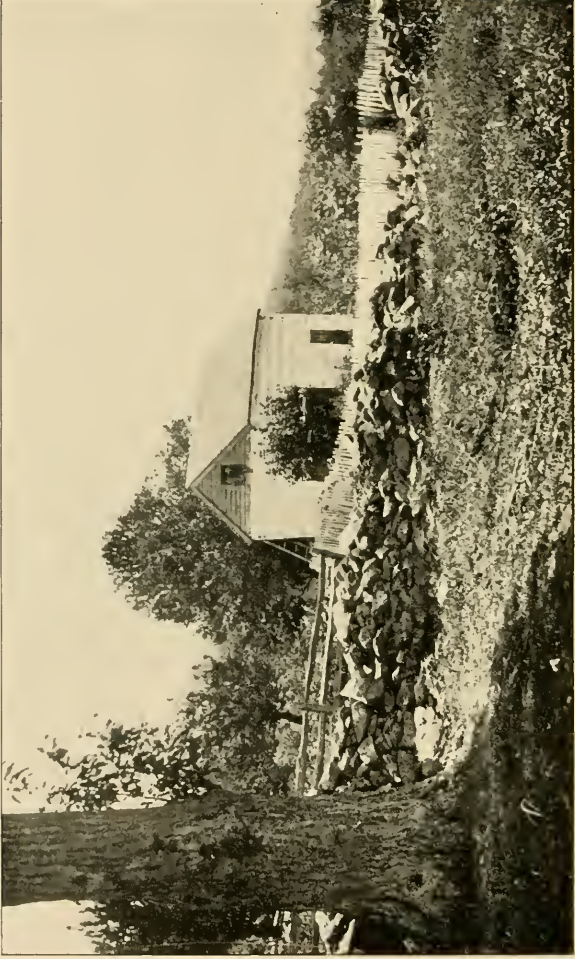
Being at the base of the Elk Mountains, at a point near which the chief signal station of General McClellan's army was situated, I concluded to visit the McClellan Gap and see the field as he had seen it before the battle. The road is quite long and circuitous, leading up the mountain through thrifty peach orchards, which extend down the slopes far to the southward. This road is kept in splendid order all the way to the top of the mountain and over it by the farmers and others who are interested in the peach plantations, and who convey the product of the orchards and their farms through the Gap to the railroad station at Keedysville, where the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad runs a branch road from Hagerstown to Weaverton Junction on the main line.

Reaching the summit of the mountain I ascended the lookout, which is kept in good condition by Mr. Snavely, of Sharpsburg, who now owns the property, and who is rejoiced when visitors take the trouble to climb the steep and view the most glorious scenery imaginable. On South Mountain, lying to the northeast, I beheld the monument erected to General Washington on the old government road. It shows out in relief in the glorious sunlight, and brought to mind many thoughts of the war which made us an independent nation, as well as this later struggle for the integrity of the Union.

Bringing my eyes down from the lovely green mountain vistas into the wide space between Elk Ridge and South Mountain, I beheld Pleasant Valley, overlooking which was that scene of carnage. It is rich in prosperous villages, farms and orchards, promising such an abundance of wealth as is seldom enjoyed by the husbandman. It even rivals the luxuriance of the valley of Acadia or the mountain vales of Mexico, equalling the most fruitful farms of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New York or any other agricultural State.

The whole situation of the two battle-grounds of South Mountain—Turner's Gap and Crampton's Gap—the line of march taken by the advancing Confederate Army to Pleasant Valley, and then around the Elk Ridge into that continuous part of the valley extending to Keedysville and thence along the Keedysville turnpike to Sharpsburg, also the Antietam Valley and many other places and interesting points of note, lay before my point of observation like a tinted panorama. My eyes drank in the exquisitely beautiful area over which the battle of Antietam was so desperately contested. The view, now grandly lovely in its autumnal covering, bears few traces of those awful times. The woods are just beginning to take on their autumn shades; the farmers are busy in their broad, fertile fields; away in the distance, towns and hamlets appear to view; the stream wanders in glistening beauty in its winding course, and all is peace and prosperity.





THE OLD STONE FENCE, HAGERSTOWN ROAD, ANTIETAM.

My guide, Mr. Oliver S. Riley, of Sharpsburg, pointed out to me in detail the whole field, the beginning of the contests, the attacks, retreats and the points of the most furious struggles in the fateful valley of Antietam and its hillside environments. There was the stone wall in the distance in the field so fiercely fought for, across the Antietam, in gaining the ridge of hills near the Potomac. Away to westward, the Dunkard church and the memorable stone fence near it on the Hagerstown road, and the post-and-rail fences, where the conflicting armies fought like demons in that fiercely contested part of the field. There, too, the Bloody Lane, a roadway which then had a depression or deep cut in it, and in which human bodies were literally heaped one upon another as they fought to hold it against the Union forces, but the lane is now macadamized and put in order by the Government. I found some bullets, buck-shot and other relics exposed in the side of the banks here, and will keep these as mementoes of one of the fiercest battles of the Rebellion. The old fences along the Hagerstown road yet bear evidence of that dreadful 17th of September, 1862.

West of Sharpsburg still stands this old white Dunkard church which the Rebels held as a stronghold, and the woods almost surrounding it where they concealed themselves and on the ridge back of which lay the formidable Confederate batteries which opposed the advancing Union soldiers. The old church was

much defaced with holes made by shot and shell when I gazed upon it in 1862; an old oak tree among some others back of it, had its top shot away. It still lives, but is stunted at its top, and the greater strength of its growth is now spent upon a huge limb extending to the southeastward side just below its torn off-upper trunk. On nearer view to-day I found the old fences and some of the trees around, still more or less riddled by the fiercely flying shot and shell of the battle. And though time is endeavoring to destroy forever the evidences of that fearful contention between brothers and friends, it will be long before they will be eradicated. Perhaps it is well for some signs to remain as warnings against civic war; against those who should be forever united, never rising again in such fateful discontent.

I took a farewell view of Hagerstown away in the gleaming distance, of the fair Potomac now lying in quiet beauty within its hill and valley home, and of the entire contested area over which peace and plenty now reign in perfect loveliness.

I visited the whole battle-field in detail, I have just had a bird's-eye view of that spot among the beautiful mountains, whose exquisite fairness has buried nearly every trace of the conflict. My heart swells with sorrow at the terrible past, which breaks upon my mental vision oftentimes with all its terror and agony, with all its darkening stains, and its frightful cries of misery and pain. But now all is buried for the time under the verdure and pastoral loveliness which greet me

upon every side as I slowly turn from the mountain crest into the fertile valley along the road to Keedysville. Instead of the tramp of infantry, the rumble of artillery and the clashing of cavalry sabre, there are only the soft, low sounds of the farmers upon their ripening fields, the tramp of my horse's hoofs and the songs of the birds among the quivering branches.

A keen wave of thankfulness passes over my sensitive nature, already made joyful by the peaceful scenes through which I have been wandering, and I sincerely invoke the Dove of Peace to dwell forever in our glorious, blood-bought Union.

I ascertained that the following monuments have been erected at Antietam:—The 51st Pennsylvania Regiment monument and 35th Massachusetts at the Burnside bridge; these were the first two regiments to cross in the charge made over this three-arched stone structure which spans the Antietam Creek.

The 11th Connecticut ought to be at this Burnside bridge, but its monument stands in the 16th Connecticut ten-acre lot from the famous forty-acre corn field. The monument of the latter is here situated too.

The 8th Connecticut stands on the hill overlooking the Harper's Ferry road where General A. P. Hill's division came in and drove Burnside back to the bridge but not across it. This is to the southeast of the town of Sharpsburg.

The 20th New York monument stands in the Na-

tional Cemetery, but it fought near the burned Mumma building.

The 4th New York stands in the National Cemetery, but it fought at the Bloody Lane and lost very heavily.

The 14th Connecticut and 5th Maryland memorials stand on their positions at the Bloody Lane. The 5th Maryland lost twenty-seven out of fifty-five of one company in their charge by the Roulette buildings to the Bloody Lane.

Among the monuments contemplated being erected may be mentioned:—The 9th New York. Hawkin's Zouaves, of the 9th Corps, own five acres of land between the bridge and Sharpsburg and intend erecting a suitable tablet next summer.

The 21st Massachusetts have permission to put one on the west side of the bridge.

The 69th, 71st, 72d and 106th Pennsylvania, the old Philadelphia Brigade, are going to put up a large one near the Dunkard church and are collecting funds for the same in their city at the present time. They have bought eleven acres of land for a little park to cost \$15,000.

Snow's Maryland Battery thinks of putting up one likewise.

The people of the State of Connecticut are considering the obtaining of an appropriation for a monument to General Mansfield at an early day.

The government of the United States has done, and

is doing, a noble work in laying out fine driveways reaching all the points of interest. The roads thus far laid out by the government are :—First, the one from the station at Antietam to the National Cemetery, one and three-quarters miles in length. It cost \$45,000 to build the road, the sidewalks and retaining walls.

Next I may mention the avenue from the Hagerstown turnpike to the Keedysville pike through the famous Bloody Lane, which is macademized.

The next one laid out runs from the Dunkard church in through the woods to the rear of the Confederate lines along the ledge or hills west of the Hagerstown road and opposite the famous corn field, to the north woods beyond the David R. Miller house, where the old toll gate was located. This goes through the grounds where Hooker and Mansfield made the attempt to flank General Jackson ; General Stuart's Confederate cavalry also lay near this point.

The next avenue goes through the north woods where General Hooker opened the battle, driving General Hood, of the Confederates, from this and the east woods through the famous corn field.

This road goes through the Joseph Poffenberger farm lane. Doubleday's batteries were in the rear of the Poffenberger buildings ; this road strikes the Smoketown road running from the Dunkard church through the east woods.

The next government highway runs from the Keedysville pike, south across the Burnside bridge

road on to the Harper's Ferry road, and covers the ground fought over by Burnside and Toombs, and along the stone and rail fence, running north and south in the open field at that time, and near where General A. P. Hill came in and drove Burnside back.

I did not learn of any other roads that are to be opened, although if the Battlefield Company obtain an appropriation they will have a road put through from the Dunkard church, running east to join the one in the east woods, also a drive from said road through by the Mumma farm to the Bloody Lane. Then also one over the old Mumma Lane. Likewise the road to Burnside bridge from Sharpsburg, and the road from Sharpsburg to connect with the one that strikes the Harper's Ferry road will no doubt all be macadamized and turned into fine driving avenues.

In regard to the situation of army hospitals after the battle was over, I will state that the houses and barns in the rear of the east woods of Samuel Poffenberger and Michael Miller were hospitals. The owners are both still living. Also those of Henry Nerkuker and Dr. Kennedy, near the Antietam, in the rear of the McClellan headquarters, on the west side of the creek. These latter are both dead.

Roulette's house, near the Bloody Lane. Mr. Roulette still living.

David R. Miller's, John Middlekauff's and John Hoffman's houses were so used. These men are all deceased.

Dr. Joseph Smith's house, near the summer fording buildings, was occupied, but is now all torn away.

George Lines' house, near the Smoketown Hospital, was so used.

The Geeting, or Locust Spring Hospital, near Keedysville Reformed church, in Keedysville, was filled with the wounded.

The Wyand store building, in Keedysville, a new one, had 243 wounded in it for a while, but many of these were soon moved to Frederick City.

In fact, nearly every building, and almost all the coach-houses and barns, near the field of strife, for a time, had a few wounded in them.

Henry Geltmacher's, near the Geeting Hospital, had some wounded in it, and Joseph Thomas' property, near Porterstown, and different houses in Porterstown, had a number of wounded in them. In John H. Snavely's house, at the Belinda Springs, a number were placed and died from their wounds.

The General Fitzjohn Porter headquarters and the hospital was owned during the battle by Stephen P. Grove, who died a few years ago. Mrs. Stephen P. Grove died about a year ago, and the place now belongs to her children, Mr. A. D. Grove and Miss Lulu Grove. They occupy it at present. This house stands on the road on which Lee's forces retreated towards the Potomac, and was one of the many buildings used as Confederate, and afterwards as Federal hospitals. This is where the author worked as a volunteer surgeon.

The old Lutheran church, now torn away, was used as a hospital by both the Union and Confederate armies.

The German Reformed, the Methodist and the old Episcopal churches were used as Federal hospitals.

The two warehouses on the canal at Grove's Landing, one and one-half miles from Sharpsburg, were Confederate hospitals.

The farm buildings on the Captain David Smith's farm, one-half mile west of Sharpsburg, near the Stephen Grove house; Jacob F. Miller's, near the Burnside bridge; H. B. Rohrback's, near the Burnside bridge, were used as hospitals; both of the then owners are now dead.

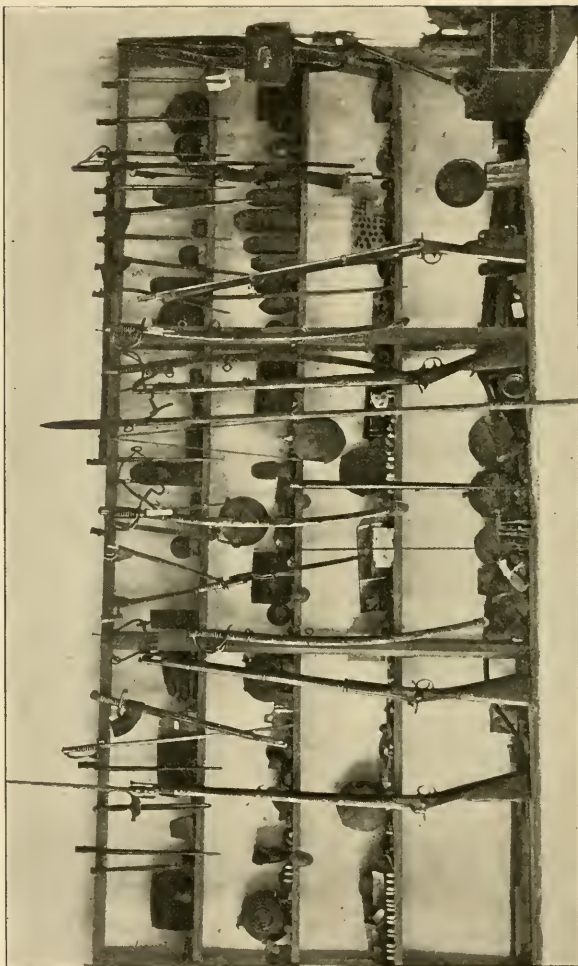
The Dunkard church was used by both armies successively for a similar purpose.

John Otto's and the Sherrick house, near the Burnside bridge, were both used for hospitals. John Otto is now dead, and the house is owned by Jacob Stine. The Sherrick house was owned by Victor Newcomer, deceased, and is now the property of his widow, who is still living. Many others could be mentioned.

General Rodman, of the 9th Corps, and Colonel Kingsbury, of the 11th Connecticut and of the 9th Corps, died at the Rohrback house.

General McClellan's headquarters were at the Philip Pry house. After the war Mr. Pry failed, sold out and moved to Johnson City, Tenn., where he still lives.





BATTLE-FIELD RELICS, ANTIETAM.

The present owner of the old house is Jacob Key-fauver, and it is occupied by himself and family.

Mr. Pry is a brother of Samuel Pry, of Pry's Mills, near the Hooker bridge and the summer fording on the Antietam Creek, near Keedysville.

The town of Sharpsburg was in the centre of the battle-ground, and its streets were strewn with military débris after the conflict. It was the former home of the Delaware Indian tribe, and the town was laid out July 9, 1763, five years after the French and Indian war, the Indians having located here several trading posts.

The Delaware and Catawba Indian tribes were engaged in warfare, and in 1732 fought a sanguinary battle in which the Delawares were conquered, and they were eventually exterminated. This battle took place at the Antietam Iron Works, three miles to the south of Sharpsburg.

During the Antietam battle, in 1862, some of the citizens took refuge in their cellars, some fled away into the interior of the country, while others, to the number of about one hundred and fifty, took refuge in Killingsburg Cave, two miles west on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, on the Potomac River.

The Antietam National Cemetery contains 4,690 Union soldiers; of these, 2,860 are known, and 1,830 are unknown.

## THE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG AFTER THE BATTLE.

FOUGHT JULY 1, 2, 3, 1863.

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### CHAPTER II.

THE Battle of Gettysburg, though fought in Pennsylvania, and distant from the actual field of previous warfare, was the decisive blow which led to the triumph of the undivisible Union. General Meade reported a loss of dead, wounded and missing at 23,186, while General Lee lost at least 30,000, about one-third of his whole army.

When the terrible battle was in progress the news of it filled me with an enthusiastic desire to be again at the front, and in the midst of the surgical work which my experience at Antietam had shown me was a very necessary adjunct to the success of our cause of right. On account of a death in the family it was impossible for me to leave immediately on hearing of the battle.

Just as rapidly as the work could be accomplished I gathered together a quantity of hospital and sanitary stores, and in company with several others who

were likewise provided, and all acting under the Christian Commission, we shipped the stores to a point on the Pennsylvania Railroad a few miles south of Harrisburg, at Middletown, where large wagons were secured and the goods packed. A heavy storm had been raging all night, but in the early morning undauntedly we started to cross the Susquehanna River. Its waters were so swollen that we encountered the possibility of being swept down the angry stream or of being wrecked upon some of the rocks along the opposite shore. One who has only seen the river in time of quiet and sunshine would scarce realize how turbulent and dangerous it becomes when the weather is stormy. Notwithstanding, our flatboat carried us over safely, and Providence favored our project in gaining a safe landing on the southern shore, from which we took the main road, known as the Harrisburg turnpike on the present map, southward to the now historic battle-field. The wagons were so laden with the goods that there was scarcely a foothold for the commissioners, so we, together with the drivers, walked nearly the whole distance to Gettysburg from our landing-place.

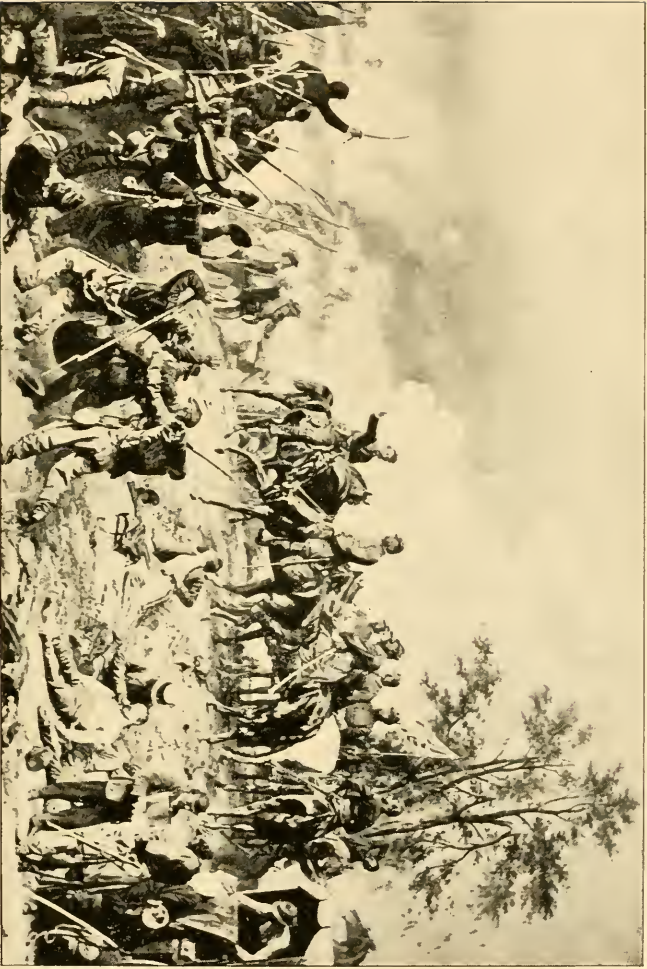
Nearing the camps and hospitals, we proceeded with our needed freight on through the scene of the first day's fight, then through the town, passing over Cemetery Hill and through the scene of the second and third day's battle, then down along the Baltimore pike over Rock Creek and a small run until we reached White

Creek, the point at which three large hospitals were located, filled with thousands of the wounded and dying, who were suffering still more from the need of the very goods and hospital stores with which we had been willingly supplied by the self-sacrificing and liberal-hearted citizens of Philadelphia.

On the right-hand side of the road, looking southward, we found in a long line of woods, on a hill and hillside, at the foot of which a fine stream flowed, three thousand untented soldiers, including men of both armies, wounded, suffering and dying for the need of the surgical aid and provisions of the kind which we had brought. Here we halted and distributed as much of the goods as were necessary, and straightway sent some to another hospital contiguous to this on the same road, about one-eighth of a mile northward, where there were estimated to be twenty-five hundred more wounded men, and the remainder of the supplies were sent a quarter of a mile to the south, to an old barn hospital with about fifteen hundred, on the east side of the road; the one I labored at was on the west. They required these stores equally as sadly as ours. Every house, barn and available building through this part of the country was filled with the wounded. Having distributed the stores in as diplomatic a manner as possible, I returned to the first hospital to offer my services where they would be most available. Here I found a corps of ladies, several of whom were of my clientele in Philadelphia, who had

come down to the battle-field to do what good they could for the poor afflicted soldiers. Samaritan-like, they had given up their own comfort for a time in order to help the wounded and dying. They announced my arrival to the surgeon in charge, telling him that I was a surgeon, and he immediately placed me in charge of a row of hospital tents, the occupants of which had all undergone the severe operation of amputation at the hip-joint or along the femur. I made a careful examination of the general condition of the cases, instructed the nurses and the hospital stewards what should be done in case of hemorrhage occurring, which in the larger vessels in that region of the body would cause rapid death in the event of the ligature giving way, and instructed them as to other emergencies, and then I proceeded to the chief surgeon and asked if there were any additional duties that I could perform. My services were gladly accepted, and for several days, in conjunction with these responsible cases in the tents, which were my special care, I spent my available time at the operating tables, which were situated in the woods on the crest of the slope which receded to White Creek ; the hospital tents were run in rows along avenues on the level area to the north. Every surgeon in the hospital was kept busy nearly a week amputating limbs, probing for and removing bullets, or sewing, bandaging and dressing the wounds of those who were too badly mangled and shattered to be aided in any more hopeful manner. Every

hour the improvised operating tables were full, and many of the poor fellows had to be operated upon while lying upon the damp ground. We could not help it. Among the thousands, there were those who could not be allowed to wait until there was a vacant table. Worse than that, my heart grew sick when I saw men, some officers among them, feverish or bleeding or weak almost to death because there were not then surgeons enough to operate upon the vast multitude in time to save them all ere gangrene set in, for the regimental surgeons had to join their commands on the march. With no bed but the earth, no comfort but a blanket, little food and drink, a knapsack pillow, and no possible surgical care, except the daily temporary dressings, they died, and we could not help it! I have worked hard in my profession many a time, but the horror of that scene I can never forget! Nor the arduous labor of those days! It exceeded all I have been called upon to perform before or since that fearful time. We toiled nearly all day and night, snatching a few hours for rest only when we became too much exhausted to continue and began again as soon as nature would permit us to feel equal to the necessity. In fact, only the power of will kept some of us at our post. And we were such a pitiable few among so many wounded! The compulsory use of the knife was sadly trying, but, oh, it was far worse to see the wounded who were awaiting their turn, burning with fever or wasting with gangrene, which came quickly in the hot, sultry days



BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.



of that weary season. It was July, and even those in health became almost exhausted in the sultry heat, but worse followed. There came a shower which washed the battle-field soil and drained it into the stream at the outskirts of the woods, it overflowed and infected the spring from which we obtained water for drinking and cooking, and it was only a few hours until nearly every one in the camp was more or less affected with the dangerous poison. There appeared to be no help for it! We must use it or suffer with thirst. No one can tell how many more of those on that fearful field might have lived—maimed or crippled, perhaps—if it had not been for that infectious water, which must have involved almost every stream and spring near by the late field of carnage. I refrained from drinking until it was impossible to do without it longer, then I drank tea or coffee made with the water, and even after boiling, it had the power to sicken me; but it was the poor patients tossing with fever and begging for water who were most to be pitied. We knew that there was danger in the draught, and we gave it sparingly. Even now, how vividly that row upon row of tents full of suffering humanity comes before my mind, and how powerless I felt to do even a modicum of good among so many!

I watched and toiled among that army of wounded, some from the flower of Lee's routed forces, some from among the noblest and best of the Northern troops, until I became so thoroughly sick and debili-

tated that I could work no longer! With the deepest regret I was compelled to leave the hospital in the woods and start for home, so weak that I could but just crawl to an old hay wagon that was going to the town. The farmer lifted in my valise, then he helped me up into the springless vehicle, and jolted, bruised and shaken up he conveyed me to the railroad station, and after a tedious railroad trip by way of Baltimore I was enabled to reach home, where I suffered both illness and weariness for weeks before I began to feel the least return of my usual vigor and elasticity.

The services which it was my privilege to render after these two most hotly contested battle-fields of the whole war, Antietam and Gettysburg, I felt were my best offerings to those who had so bravely fought and fell for their country, and my reward has ever been the consciousness that I did the very best in my power to alleviate suffering, and to endeavor to restore those to whom it was possible that health should return.

Now North and South are united in peace; there both were joined in the bonds of fearful suffering, and no man could be human and stop to think of the color of the uniform when he beheld the agony of those stricken men! I had read of all the battles and had pictured to myself the most horrible scenes that could be conjured by imagination, but no written nor expressed language could ever picture the field of Gettysburg! Blood! blood! and tattered flesh! shattered bones and mangled forms almost without the

semblance of human beings! faces torn and bruised and lacerated until wife or mother could hardly have recognized one of them! groans and cries! screams and curses! moans and grinding teeth! And the horrible silence of torture beyond all expression! I have traveled through many countries and my memory is filled with vividly lovely, glorious and magnificent pictures, but sometimes these crimson-framed pictures of the battle-fields of Antietam and Gettysburg return to me with such intense reality that all else for the time grows dim and almost fades away. Among landscapes of rarest beauty I beheld one where the merciful shade of the trees was the only covering for hundreds of wounded men. The sword was trodden into the earth and its color turned to crimson or black with the blood of that terrible sacrifice! The music of birds gave place to the voices of the injured and dying! I live over again those weeks of sickening work, when the cut of the knife and the rasp of the saw seem to be grating upon my own overtaxed nerves. Oh, the horror! The misery! The terror of a battle! Men standing brave and true, to be hewn down like grass before the scythe in an instant! Gallant men facing the very cannon's mouth to be shattered into shapeless, breathing masses of broken bones and burned and torn flesh! One moment smiling in the brilliant light of day—the next borne along the dark river or lying in the field trodden down, or perhaps carried to the rear to suffer untold agony,

possibly to die, or probably to be given back to life and home helpless cripples!

Many times these scenes return to me in all their living, dreadful intensity, and I am fain to long that wars should cease forever! I believe that my experience enabled me always to be a more merciful and sympathetic follower of my profession than I might have been without such a schooling. A man with any tenderness in his general character could but feel his heart swell with pain at such evidences of mortal suffering and resolve to always aid in the most pitiful and merciful manner those who should ever call upon him for relief. So far from growing hardened by the frightful scenes, in my experience I think no one could become careless, though thousands lay around him! I longed to aid them all and I felt willing to sacrifice time, money and health in their service! I left that field because I could do no more, and I knew that, with my great prostration, I would not recover among such scenes. I was one of the millions whose very soul swelled with thankfulness when the war was over and peace reigned once more supreme!

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## GETTYSBURG RE-VISITED THIRTY-TWO YEARS AFTER THE BATTLE.

GETTYSBURG, PA., September 19, 1895.

To have had an extended view of the field of Gettysburg from the Round Tops a short time after the

great battle was fought, and then thirty-two years thereafter, with every point laid out and marked by the Government, by individual States, or such military organizations as the "Grand Army," so that the entire area of twenty-five square miles or more, occupied in that great contest, spreads out before one in a grand panorama on a clear, bright, sun-lit day, is certainly a notable event in one's lifetime.

One who has worked in an army hospital soon after a battle, has many scenes impressed upon his memory which abide with him through life, and in the experience of a professional career of many years there remain hundreds of events that occur in the narrow circle of his professional work that call up, time and again, those wonderfully vivid pictures of death and destruction which the battle-field leaves upon his memory.

First, I rode over the lines occupied by the Union and Confederate forces on the initial day's battle, July 1st, taking in Seminary Ridge and the whole line occupied by Earley's, Rhodes', Pender's and Heath's divisions of the Confederates, under Generals Ewell and A. P. Hill, and the whole under the generalship of General Robert E. Lee. His line extended, with its right, on the Hagerstown road, curving around by the Medicinal Spring, and across the Chambersburg pike, on to the Mummasburg road, then to the Carlisle road, and on to the Harrisburg pike and ending a little beyond this highway at the east side of Rock Creek.

The Union lines, under General George G. Meade,

occupied a smaller area, to the east and south of the Confederate position, with a much less force to guard the points towards Gettysburg or on the Hagerstown road. The Union lines on the first day extended at angles across the Chambersburg pike from Hagerstown road, and then in another line, still nearer to Gettysburg, they ran to the Mummasburg road, across the Carlisle road to the Harrisburg turnpike, but not extending quite to Rock Creek.

The result of the first day's contest (July 1st), therefore, was the driving back of the Union forces, on the evening of that day, beyond Gettysburg, from Seminary Hill south through the town to Cemetery Hill, where batteries were planted. The Confederate lines were advanced to the town of Gettysburg, with Rhodes' and Heath's divisions extending directly through the streets, while Earley's and Johnson's division completed the left wing, extending far to the east across Rock Creek, beyond Culp's Hill, while their right extended from Hagerstown road on to where Rhodes' division joined with Heath's, and Heath's with Pender's, and his with Anderson's on Seminary Hill, under the command of A. P. Hill. Still further south was Longstreet's command, under McLaws and Hood, while Pickett's and Wilcox divisions lay in front towards the Emmittsburg pike.

This force mainly lay to the south and west of Gettysburg. Longstreet's guard curved around so as to form almost a hook, into the ravine west of "Big

Round Top," in what was known as the "Devil's Den." This Confederate line extended from the Hagerstown road southward, crossing the Emmittsburg pike about west of "Small Round Top."

The Army of the Potomac extended irregularly within this area, the most important point being Cemetery Hill and Culp's Hill, and from thence to Rock Creek, being almost quite surrounded by the Rebel lines, except to the southeast and south, in the first day of those last conflicts. These lines changed as the battle progressed on the 2d and 3d of July. Kirkpatrick's cavalry, guarding our left, held the position, on the 3d of July, from the Emmittsburg road across to the small stream or valley which wound partly around to the west of the taller Round Top. A very fine view of this whole field can be obtained from the look-out which is being erected on the top of the large Round Top Hill at this time.

The reserve ammunition locality and General Meade's headquarters were situated quite in the centre of this line, the headquarters, at one time, being on the Taneytown road, not very far from Cemetery Hill, a position well fortified by our artillery and strongly supported by troops. The main position of the two armies was not very materially changed until the rout of the Confederates on the third day. To study the map as laid down and note the various recently erected monuments marking the various sites occupied by the different corps and regiments during the battle, a correct study

of the entire field can easily be made. Many of these markings and monuments are beautiful, mostly being cut out and made from the best of granite or colored marble, and they are very elaborate in design and expensive in workmanship. So thoroughly have these memorial monuments been placed and dotted over the fields, that to ride among them and over the various avenues already finished by the Government, and along the various roads where the armies marched or contended, and now take in this scene from an elevated point, is a picture, fascinating from the memories which it recalls, as well as heartrending from its hospital reminiscences. At present it is as grand in its autumn loveliness as could well be imagined. This was the culmination of my experience after riding over that wide, extended area known as the "Gettysburg Battle-Field."

I was quite anxious to see again the old hospital location along White Creek, where three thousand wounded Union and Confederate soldiers were lying on the side of the hill, many of them waiting there to be operated upon for the removal of limbs which had been shattered by the various missiles in the terrible conflict. I rode out on the Baltimore turnpike beyond Cemetery Hill, beyond Rock Creek, and on to a small run, and not finding the locality, I was so much disappointed that I chided myself on having such a meagre "bump of locality," or cerebral convolution, as mine just then appeared to be.

When I asked my guide, Mr. Culp, if there was not some other stream of water in the immediate neighborhood, as this did not correspond at all with my recollections of the situation of the three hospitals which were located in close proximity, along the road, which I was then told was the Baltimore turnpike. I thought I had probably mistaken the situation, or possibly it was on the Taneytown road, or possibly even out on the Emmittsburg road? When he said, "Yes, there is another stream a mile further on, crossing the Baltimore pike, but it is away off from the battle-field." Ah, yes, said I, there is where hospitals were placed, as far away from the noise of conflict as possible. Let us drive to that point and examine it, and should it not prove to be the exact spot, I should like to take the Emmittsburg road so as to be certain of finding the old place where I had labored so arduously thirty-two years before, and where my system broke down so completely that I was compelled to return home under the severe pressure of a violent cholera morbus. The danger of a rough ride in an old hay wagon to the railroad station, about three miles away, was less hazardous and preferable to the risk of remaining in the neighborhood of six or seven thousand wounded men, at the battle-field, after a copious rainstorm, or in the wet forest in which the hospital was situated. All these conditions led me to adopt the plan of trying to reach home. Driving to White Creek, and crossing the bridge, I immediately recognized the former loca-

tion of the three hospitals, which were located within about a quarter of a mile of each other, close to the stream. I said to Mr. Culp, "that barn does not look like the old one used for one of those hospitals, but that is the location, for I well remember going over to see some of my former patients and friends who were wounded and were going to be operated upon by the surgeon in charge of that hospital;" when he informed me that the old barn had been burned down several years ago, and this new structure was erected on the site. The style being somewhat different from the old one I saw in 1863; this explanation satisfied me of the identity of the locality. Turning in along the stream, we drove off to the westward and crossed it again by fording, and continued up a farm lane to the crest of the hill. The stream and hill, with a few scattering trees thereon, I identified; "but," I said, "there was a thick forest running away back along this stream some distance into the country toward the Taneytown road." "Yes," he said, "there was quite an extensive woods all along here at that time, which has nearly all been cut away except a few scattered trees." This was the place where our hospital tents and operating tables were situated, and where the three thousand wounded men lay. I went along the crest of the hill among those scattered trees and numerous stumps, and recognized the flat area on the top of the hill where the rows of tents had been placed, and some of the depressions which had been made for the tent

poles and posts were still visible. The hay and straw which we had used in the tents had enriched a growth of grass the following year, and, annually, this grass had gone on seeding, and springing up, and reproducing a crop from year to year, and the old tent lines and avenues are thus made visible or are marked out at the present day.

I recognized also the position of the commissary and culinary departments, called to memory many friends I made, and the noble ladies who worked there in such a self-sacrificing manner, preparing meals and suitable dishes for the soldiers. I also recalled the hospital stewards and nurses who were constantly going and coming from this important culinary department to the hundreds of men under their nursing care, as I did, too, many of the wounded. My next object was to ascertain the situation of the operating tables where I spent so many wearisome and fatiguing hours, with my sleeves rolled up, and with copious drops of perspiration covering my brow, in the sweltering days of that fearful July; and taking the markings of the rows of tents as my guide, I speedily ascertained the exact location; and the depression in the ground which we made for the blood and water to run into, was even visible, while some two or three little elevated, mound-like spots indicated the places where we buried the many limbs which we were obliged to remove. If they had been struck by a minie-ball, it shattered the bone completely for inches around, and in order to save the

life of the soldier and prevent gangrene, the limbs had to come off. I turned to see if I could not find some relic from this point to carry home, but nothing presented itself save a young hickory tree which had sprung up from the root of an older tree close to the site of the operating table. I said, "Truly, this hickory growth will amply repay me as a trophy when turned into a cane." I set about with my stout penknife, which was exceedingly dull, to whittle away the root itself on either side of the little hickory sapling, and it was only after half an hour's whittling, with the blistering of my right hand, that I succeeded in bringing away enough for the handle of a cane, which I resolved should be my Gettysburg relic from the White Creek hospital, where I spent so much energy and so much sympathy in our cause.

Satisfying myself with these identifications, I followed out the line of sod or grass to the present fence, and there I saw that the old road by which we had come in from the Baltimore pike in 1863 had been closed up and tilled over, but the cut-out at the pike well located its former position. I also recognized the former situation of the other hospital of tents alone, which had no building nearby.

This situation was quite near the Baltimore road, and it was here the surgeons told me they had 2,500 men under their care. Those of the barn hospital, across the turnpike, had informed me that they had about 1,500, so that, with the 3,000 in the hospital in

which I worked, in that small area alone there were about 7,000 wounded men, while off to the west and northeast were many hospitals which I had no time or disposition to visit. As I came away I walked down along the side of the hill where so many of the wounded men were then lying under the shade of the trees awaiting operation; many of these were Confederates. All along the side of this hill for a long distance, from the operating tables down to the White Creek itself, there arose again in my memory the harrowing scenes which I encountered here among the suffering and dying, the moaning and the dead, for every hour or two several of those men passed into eternity.

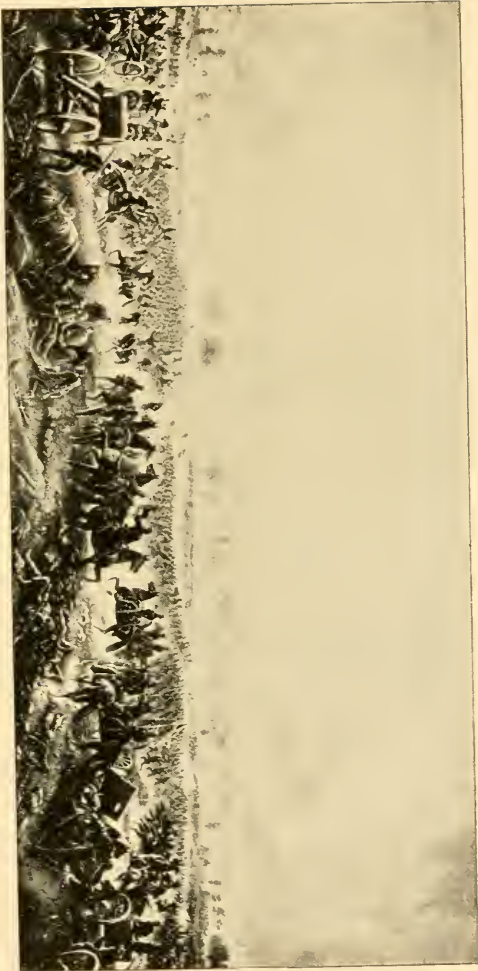
Officers and men were lying there, pleading to be operated upon, and yet we were doing everything that humanity could do to reach and relieve them as rapidly as possible. Day after day as I walked along those lines of wounded men my heart was touched with sympathy, and I felt the injunction placed upon me when I entered the medical profession, of "cure the sick, relieve the suffering, wherever and whenever you can," come up forcibly to my mind so many times that I fully realized that to be a physician, with this strict requirement placed upon me at my graduation, made it a noble calling, and one in which war and its terrors strained to the utmost tension the strong chords of the human heart in the direction of relieving mankind of suffering and assuaging the

torment of pain and anguish. So strongly were these chords of sympathy drawn upon on that occasion, and on that of Antietam, that I never read of a battle, or of a serious conflict in which is mentioned the wounded, the dead, or the missing, but what they vibrate through my whole nature, and send out a sympathetic feeling of pity in their behalf. To see a hospital, after a battle, always mollifies one's human nature in behalf of each and every suffering individual, in the compassionate physician, throughout all his after-life.

The Field of Gettysburg, with the National Cemetery, will forever remain to us a hallowed symbol of the price paid for the complete restoration of the Union—of the Republic, from which no single one of the noble galaxy of stars could be spared without defacing for all time its wonderful symmetry.

Standing upon the highest point and surveying this field with its hundreds of monuments, the remembrance of the thousands of brave men who lie in a long, peaceful sleep after their fierce and bitter conflict with those who, for a little time, thought a divided country could stand, made one feel that each citizen of the United States should ever so direct his life and influence as to aid in securing for all future time the peace and prosperity of our common country.

As each individual, general or private, who lies here so quietly after the furious din of battle, gave his life a sacrifice for the integrity of the Government, so should



BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.



those who live to enjoy the victory, which they so dearly won, forever be true and loyal members of a peace-loving community, no one man or woman supposing that his or her influence is too insignificant to be disregarded. Of the 3,575 faithful soldiers who repose in the beautiful National Cemetery, there would have been none, if each one considered himself a unit, too unimportant to answer when the call for volunteers rang throughout the length and breadth of the startled land.

The sum of money expended in the purchase and ornamentation of this battle-field tract is but a slight tribute to the memory of those noble men; and wherever the great battles for the Union were fought, there should be lasting monuments erected to demonstrate to future generations the value at which their native land was held by thousands upon thousands of the bravest and best, who gave up every other object in life when their country was in peril.

Some of the monuments are particularly imposing, while others in their very modesty tell their pathetic tale with striking vividness. Here is a simple slab marking the place where Col. Fred Taylor fell as he was leading his regiment against the foe at Round Top. Between Little Round Top and the wheat field a plain shaft marks the spot where General Zook was slain, while he and his brother officers were charging their advancing enemy under Anderson and Kershaw.

There is the tablet that tells where batteries ofartil-

lery held possession of Cemetery Hill. The 72d Pennsylvania Infantry display a neat tablet at "High Water Mark," so called because the most terrible of all battles was fought on this spot. Several Army Posts have their beautiful insignia carved upon the stones which mark the places at which officers and privates fought as equals against a common foe.

And so we may pass on, from the simple, nameless headstones which guard the resting-places of 1,608 "unknown," to the magnificent monument which includes all in its grand memorial. It is a lofty fabric of Westerly granite, measuring sixty feet in height. It is surmounted by a graceful female figure holding a wreath in one hand. At each corner of the base are statues of beautiful proportions. "WAR" is an infantryman in overcoat and fatigue cap, sitting with his rifle resting against his knee. "HISTORY," with an earnest expression in her gentle face, looks over the battle-field, a pen in one hand and a book held upon her knee, ready to record all upon which her eyes are dwelling in solemn retrospect. "PEACE" is a sturdy machinist resting awhile from his toil, and "PLENTY," another female figure of peculiar grace and beauty, seems to look beyond the silent cemetery into the prosperous and beautiful land—even far off into the richly laden future. The whole monument is grandly imposing.

A fine statue of General Reynolds stands at the entrance of the cemetery. It is cast from cannons used

upon the field, and donated for the purpose by Pennsylvania. The General was killed on July 1, 1863, by a rifle-ball, which pierced through his head, while he was riding in front of his division for the purpose of examining the position on Oak Ridge.

One of the many monuments worthy of attention is that of the 2d Massachusetts Regiment, situated near Spangler's Spring, at which both Union men and Confederates obtained drinking water during the night before the battle. It is a beautiful tablet, bearing a fine inscription, and it was the first memorial erected at Gettysburg, being placed there by the survivors, in 1879.

On the Emmittsburg road stands the 1st Massachusetts Infantry monument, a particularly imposing structure of solid granite cut to resemble a rugged rock with a diamond-shaped tablet sunk into its summit, upon the polished face of which the carving represents an infantryman standing alert, ready to aim and fire at command. The figure is very life-like in pose; the bars of the fence near which he is standing are down as if to permit him to spring forward quickly at the order to "charge!" or possibly he is on lonely picket duty, ready to announce the presence of the enemy with the sharp crack of his trusty gun.

A very attractive monument stands upon Culp's Hill, in memoriam of the 123d New York Infantry. It is a granite shaft having upon its face the coat-of-arms of New York and a five-point star, the mark of

Slocum's corps; and a magnificent statue of "History" in the act of writing upon a tablet resting upon her lap.

On South Hancock Avenue stands a grand Corinthian column bearing a statue of General Stannard, commemorating the action of the Vermont Brigade in the three days' fight.

The 15th New York Battery displays a very unique and handsome monument, which stands on the sloping side of Seminary Hill. It is a solid block of granite, bearing in relief the figure of a gunner, with a rammer in his hand, leaning upon the wheel of a cannon, with other implements lying at his feet. The great tablet also bears upon its face the New York coat-of-arms made of bronze. The gunner's position is as one who is ready for immediate action, the face half sad in its earnest expression.

The 153d Pennsylvania Infantry have planted upon Barlow's Knoll a stone pedestal, upon which a bronze bugler stands in the act of sounding his clear, loud call. The effect of this monument is extremely touching, reminding one of the bugle-call which is sounded when a soldier is laid to rest. The echoing cry seems to have just been sent through that city of the dead, and the breathless silence is no less sad that it is the only answer that can be expected. One almost pauses to hear the parting volley break the solemn stillness.

The 13th Massachusetts Infantry's monument on Seminary Ridge is a life-size color-bearer, standing

with the flag grasped in his hand, its folds drooping gracefully downward.

The Sickles Excelsior Brigade have erected a strikingly handsome memorial with beautiful Corinthian pillars, surmounted by a large eagle with outspread wings. The marble of the pillars and capping throws the great bronze bird into noble relief.

In the grove opposite the "Loop," a life-size infantryman is in the act of making a bayonet charge. This was placed in memory of the 145th Pennsylvania Infantry, and it is very fine.

On the Chambersburg Avenue the 149th Pennsylvania Infantry displays a bronze infantryman standing at rest. It is a peculiarly natural-looking figure.

A high tower-like shaft of parti-colored granite represents the 1st New Jersey Brigade on Sedgwick Avenue. It is very attractive, being noticeable for a considerable distance.

The 15th and 50th Engineer Corps are perpetuated in a rather peculiar monument, resembling a grand castle gate in several shades of stone.

Perhaps there is no more touching monument than the one standing at the foot of the chapel stairs on Chambersburg Street. It is simply a lecturn holding an open book; but it tells that just at that spot Chaplain Howell, of the 7th New Jersey Infantry, was slain.

And the one which fairly makes the heart of the visitor bound for an instant, unless he has been pre-

pared for the sight, is the colossal figure of General Warren. The whole figure is in bronze; it stands upon Signal Rock at Little Round Top, and it represents the General as he stood taking observations of the field when he was killed. The attitude and expression are so perfectly natural that when the statue first impresses the vision it is for an instant mistaken for a living man gazing earnestly across the valley.

The 14th Brooklyn Regiment has its name immortalized in a noble monument standing upon Seminary Hill. It is a shaft of granite surmounted by an infantry soldier in the act of taking a cartridge from his box.

The 78th and 102d New York Regiments have a very life-like figure of an infantryman in the act of firing from behind a stone barricade. And the 40th Regiment of New York has wrought, in the same imperishable stone as that from which so many of the memorials are made, a rock-like point, the coat-of-arms of the State on its side, the diamond corps-mark in front and an apparently disabled soldier resting against it. Notwithstanding his wound he holds his rifle ready to fire, and his eyes seem to scan the field very earnestly.

Pennsylvania has added to her list of grand monuments recently by the addition of one of General Hancock, which is set upon East Cemetery Hill. It is said to be a fine likeness of the General. This was placed in position on October 11, 1895. A statue of the commander of the whole Union force at Gettys-

burg, General George G. Meade, is awaiting the completion of the foundation, which has been slightly delayed in being put in place.

On October 15, 1895, the 143d Pennsylvania Volunteers dedicated their splendid granite monument, which is located on the position which the regiment held on the left of the fateful bloody angle.

The impossibility of furnishing even a list of the many beautiful monuments, tablets and markers, can be realized when we quote that in 1892 the number was, from

Connecticut . . . . .	10
Delaware . . . . .	8
Illinois . . . . .	11
Maine . . . . .	22
Maryland . . . . .	8
Michigan . . . . .	11
Massachusetts . . . . .	30
Minnesota . . . . .	2
New Hampshire . . . . .	5
New Jersey . . . . .	14
New York . . . . .	122
Ohio . . . . .	25
Pennsylvania . . . . .	119
Rhode Island . . . . .	5
West Virginia . . . . .	4
Vermont . . . . .	9
Wisconsin . . . . .	11
Miscellaneous . . . . .	25

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441

Each year has added more, until now the number exceeds five hundred, making this the finest memorial field in the world. Many are but modest tablets,

which will some day be supplanted by monuments, but even now the magnificent array of substantial and beautiful statuary, columns and graceful shafts is a sight never to be forgotten.

Many yeas have flown since the burden of dreadful warfare was lifted. Years of prosperity, of local adversity, of days sometimes darkened by doubts and fears, for the permanent blessing of peace ; but through all the clear light shines, and an era is now dawning in which a more perfect union will be consummated than was ever before experienced.

Once North and South were strangers contending for the right, as understood by each, and the precious lives that were immolated must forever sadden the thoughts of one who gazes upon those beautiful resting-places. But even to-day the Old Liberty Bell is hailed with joyous shouts by many who probably for the first time feel the soul-stirring patriotism which its silenced tongue awakens.

To-day the harbinger of Liberty makes an honored journey through Georgia, and its presence, old, time-stained and cracked, telling of the one hundred and nineteen years that have rolled away since the United Colonies became independent, must cement forever the peace so dearly won.

# A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CAUSES AND PROGRESS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

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## CHAPTER III.

THE history of the origin of the American Revolution and the results connected therewith, briefly stated, will be the object of this chapter.

The settlement of the colonies by different nations necessarily led each one that maintained a large navy to take a deep interest in the welfare of all of the settlements established by its own people in the then distant and foreign land of America. This interest was maintained throughout the many years that elapsed before the independence of the colonies was declared and the new government established.

The formation of new nationalities in the earlier days was quite common. At the present time, however, the ruling powers do not allow of much territory being acquired by any nation that enters into naval or military conflict with another, or overruns large territories of the conquered government. Such is the modern situation. But readers of history well know the events of centuries ago, when Spanish conquests

were numerous, when England extended her territory over a large area of the earth's surface, while France and Germany likewise were looking out for their interests in different parts of the world by the acquirement of territorial areas. Africa seems to have been in the meantime a forgotten country, and the attention of the civilized world became centered largely upon the western continent and the diversified events that occurred therein. Hence, I deem them worthy of a brief summary.

The British Colonies were originally under the control of the English commission known as the "Lords of Trade." To this body the various provinces presented their grievances and received direction for their action in the different affairs which interested both the colonies and the mother country. It was not so much through the management by the "Lords of Trade" as it was through the head of the government itself—the King—whose views, of course, had to be carried out by this organization, that contentions originated. The grievances naturally arose from the settlements of cases which were made by this organization, which, as far as possible, aimed to satisfy the complainants. But the action of Parliament, and this ruled largely by the views of the King back of it, led to frequent dissatisfaction in the management of the colonies. Principal among these may be mentioned the matter of the governors' salaries and the method in which they were to be paid; the colonies in most instances claiming that they had a right to attend to

this matter themselves, while the English Government claimed the right of entire control over this and similar disbursements.

The people of the colonies gloried in their relationship to England, and their title to be called Englishmen was held with greater esteem than probably in England itself. The great freedom of assembling together in town meetings and discussing, either *pro* or *con*, the action of the mother country, became a source of great trial not only to the King and his ruling agents, but even among the British people, for there was a diversity of opinion as to the right to hold such meetings, which they said gave rise to turbulence and dissension and, sometimes, to riot.

Then again, the writ of habeas corpus would often be abridged or suspended entirely by the "Lords of Trade," and even the freedom of the press was greatly restricted.

In New Hampshire first, the people maintained the privilege of choosing their own representatives, but the Governor himself held that it was his right to grant such privilege, and election writs were granted to some towns, and in other places withheld. But eventually the "Lords of Trade" were obliged to yield to this colony the right it claimed in this matter.

The salary subject was a source of contention for thirty years in Massachusetts, whether the Crown should pay a fixed salary, or whether the colonists should make grants annually to them. In New York

and South Carolina similar contentions were going on. Virginia went so far on several occasions as to refuse to pass the requisite appropriation. From such events a want of harmony began to arise between England and her colonies—the former beginning to regard the latter as law-breakers and reckless in their regard for the home government and loyalty.

England's difficulties with France, in regard to ownership in this American territory, having been settled, the mother country felt that she was enabled to dictate terms to the colonies, as she desired, and the American people would be obliged to carry out in their local governments what the King and Parliament wished in such matters.

In 1664, the idea was broached by Francis Bernard, Governor of Massachusetts, that the colonies should be so consolidated that natural boundaries should be taken as divisions and not imaginary lines, so that, by establishing a single form of government for the reduced number of colonies, changes from their present liberal ideas could be better controlled.

In 1701, Robert Livingstone, of New York, made such a suggestion, and in 1752 the Governor of Virginia suggested the formation of two Confederate organizations, to be known as the Northern and Southern Colonies. American statesmen themselves felt that some such measure was desirable, not only from an economic standpoint, but also from a military one, in order that such operations might be the more thor-

oughly controlled and concentrated when occasion required the use of this branch of the government. While doing this, they had no idea of giving up local self-government in any colony, and its accomplishment was probably hindered largely by the commercial relations which existed at that time. The merchants in the different cities in the several colonies all felt themselves to belong to a sort of foreign, independent community, claiming the right to deal with other colonies more as foreigners, and as they would with other countries. The jealousies hereby engendered in commercial interests were no doubt a very great barrier to the accomplishment of the idea of union of even two condensed governments. Even Georgia and South Carolina actually came to a contest in 1776 over the navigation of the Savannah River.

Looking at the events which terminated in the Union, we may refer to the call of the royal governors in 1754, at Albany, of a congress composed of delegates from all the colonies. The imminent fear of a war between England and France aided this idea, in order that they might get control of the Alliance of the Six Nations of Indians, and it was hoped that this assemblage of delegates would adopt some plan of union to which all of the colonies would agree. Seven colonies out of the thirteen sent delegates; the people themselves took little or no interest in the matter, and there was but one strong advocate among the newspapers of the country, and that was Benjamin Franklin's paper,

called the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, which, in a forcible article, put out the motto "Unite or die."

Benjamin Franklin's plan was that a Federal Council should be held once a year in Philadelphia—the Assembly of each colony to elect three representatives to serve for the term of three years. This council was to select its presiding officer, and its sessions were not to exceed six weeks, unless by its own vote or an order from the Crown. This Grand Council, as it was to be called, was to have the privilege of dealing with the Indians and making a suitable treaty with them, and in general colonial matters to have entire legislative control, so that the several officers could be proposed, forts could be erected, taxes could be collected, and even soldiers could be enlisted. Its enactments were to have the approval of the King, who had the privilege of veto, provided he exercised the same within three years. Each colony was to retain its own legislative power. It could defend itself against foreign invasion, but the consent of the legislature must be had when soldiers and seamen were taken into the service, provided the Federal Government should not impress them.

Another provision of this suggestion was that the executive power was to be held by a President or Governor General, whose salary should be paid by the Crown, and whose appointment was dependent upon the Crown, and he was to have a veto power over the acts of the Grand Council. The people, however, were

not ready for such a measure, but the Assembly eventually adopted the plan, and copies were sent to all the colonies for their approval, which it did not meet with in any of them. Pennsylvania rejected it immediately; Massachusetts gave it a careful consideration; while it quite exasperated the "Lords of Trade." This would naturally be expected, inasmuch as they were even then considering the idea of establishing a standing army, levying the imposition of taxes, and carrying out strictly the navigation enactments.

Two years later we find Shirley, who was opposed to Franklin's plan, urging a colonial union, in order to better meet the French encroachments in America. He further advocated the raising of a war fund and a stamp duty. The importance of this suggestion may be seen from the fact that he was Commander-in-chief of all the English troops in America, and had been for fifteen years Governor of Massachusetts, so that his suggestions would naturally favorably impress the British Parliament and officials there with the idea of the taxation of America. This matter, however, lay dormant until 1761, when the Superior Court was applied to for a writ of assistance in order to carry out the requirements of the Navigation Act. This would permit British officials to search everywhere for smuggled goods of all kinds, regardless of whether the houses were private or public property. This right to enter the homes of any and all citizens, James Otis saw was very subversive and unconstitutional according to

the understood customs of the British law. Chief Justice Hutchinson, however, granted the writs. Otis argued that the Americans were not compelled to carry out laws that they had no representation in framing, and his strong and elaborate arguments made such a deep impression at the time that John Fiske, in his able and instructive book, "The American Revolution," claims that it was the opening scene of the Revolution.

Then came the question of the privilege of the assemblage of the colonies, and their right to remove their Chief Justice, if necessary, by their own vote; but a measure was adopted by the King and his government that he should be removed only by the Crown; and although the New York Assembly, where the matter originally came up, refused to fix the salary of the Chief Justice, King George determined that it should be paid out of the public land quit-rents.

The next year the Governor of New Jersey was dismissed for issuing a judge's commission, to last during his good behavior.

In 1762, another test question came up in Massachusetts. Governor Bernard had incurred the expense of about four hundred pounds sterling, sending two ships for fishery protection against French privateers to the north, and the Assembly of Massachusetts was ordered to pay the bill, which it declined to do.

George the Third had ascended the throne in 1760. Three years later, in April, Lord Granville was made

Prime Minister, and the celebrated Charles Townshend was placed at the head of the "Lords of Trade." The latter held views, that the colonies should not have self-government; that an English army should be kept in the colonies by means of taxes upon the citizens of the same. While not approving of such extreme measures just at that time, he thought, however, that a tax ought to be laid in order to help pay for the French war.

Benjamin Franklin opposed this proposition. In March, 1764, Lord Granville introduced his Parliamentary Declaratory Resolves in regard to stamping all legal documents—these to vary from three pence to ten pounds. The enactment was not to go into effect for one year. The Americans, however, could not see anything but injustice in these "Resolves." In May of the same year, the celebrated resolutions of Samuel Adams, of Massachusetts, were offered, denying the right of Parliament to assess such a tax upon the colonists unless they were consulted in regard to it, or were represented in the home government. The Assembly of Massachusetts about the same time sent out a circular letter to the other colonies urging united action in regard to this act of Great Britain. Virginia, South Carolina, New York, Connecticut and Pennsylvania joined in the conference, their principal thought being that the House of Commons had no right to tax a freeborn Englishman who had no representation therein.

Benjamin Franklin, as Pennsylvania's agent, went over in person to London. These memorials had no effect. In 1765 the Stamp Act was passed. Patrick Henry, in Virginia, about this time, in defending a case under the Tobacco Act, had, in his address before the jury, stated that Virginia had the right to make her own laws. He was chosen to represent the people in the Colonial Assembly the same year. Soon after taking his seat, the Stamp Act measure was announced as having been passed in England. He submitted resolutions in which he claimed the right of the colonists to be taxed by themselves only, or by persons chosen by themselves to represent them, and claimed the right of the people to disregard such an arbitrary act as that of the mother country.

Governor Fauquier dissolved the Assembly before they had finished voting upon Henry's resolutions.

About the same time in Massachusetts the Legislature, at the urgent request of Otis, sent a call to the various Assemblies, asking for concerted action to resist this odious law, and that a Congress of all the colonies should be called to consider the matter. It met on the 7th of October in New York, nine colonies being represented, various causes preventing the other colonies from sending delegates.

In Virginia, the Governor prevented the convening of the Assembly in time to send delegates. But to show their unity of spirit, the Assemblies of all the colonies concurred in the action of this Stamp Act

Congress. In Massachusetts, Samuel Adams, who had just been elected to the Assembly, drew up very forcible resolutions against the Stamp Act. Soon after came the organization of secret societies, such as the "Sons of Liberty," pledged to thorough resistance of the Act. The effigy of Oliver, the Stamp Act officer, was hung from an elm tree in Boston, and a few days afterwards Chief Justice Hutchinson's splendid mansion was entered and his valuable library destroyed and his costly plate thrown into the street; and yet he had used his best endeavor to prevent the passage of the Act, although as an English official, after its passage he had to uphold it. But rioters are not always judicious in carrying out their objects; nevertheless, it gave the expression of the feeling of the people with regard to this measure; so much so that almost all the Stamp officers in the colonies were forced by the precarious surrounding circumstances to resign. Stamps that had arrived were burned or thrown into the ocean. Commercial men decided not to import any more English goods. Such was the outcome of the agitation of this measure on both sides of the Atlantic that the elder Pitt strongly advocated the rights of the colonists, and denounced what Grenville had carried through Parliament, and urged the instant repeal of the Act. The Act was repealed, but the Declaratory Act was passed, holding the view that Parliament had the right in all cases to make laws which the colonists were bound to obey.

In July, 1765, Pitt was placed at the head of the ministry, but was too ill to assume its duties. The Duke of Grafton, under Pitt's guidance, took charge of the office.

In 1767, Charles Townshend introduced other bills for American taxation, and Chatham urged his immediate dismissal. Lord North was suggested for the place, but declining, Townshend was retained in the Cabinet, and the new tax bill was eventually adopted. There was a peculiar situation involved in this matter. If the principle of taxation without representation were to be given up in America, what would become of the other part of the vast English Empire by the adoption of such a policy? There were only two roads out of the difficulty. One was to allow representation in Parliament of the American colonies, or else the American people were to be allowed the privilege of levying their own taxes in their own assemblies. These were the American requisites.

Benjamin Franklin and James Otis even, favorably considered the first method. The measures were not originated by King George III, but by Townshend himself. Nevertheless, the King adopted them and eventually maintained them to the last, notwithstanding Townshend died at the age of forty-one, less than three months from the time of the adoption of his measures.

This terminated in the great American crisis. Lord North succeeded Townshend in the Exchequer.

Under his ministry strong opposition was maintained to the American claims. The colonist, John Dickinson, in his "Farmer's Letters," took Burke's position, and even ventured the thought that resistance by force might be the outcome. Samuel Adams wrote a circular letter to the Colonial Assemblies, taking the ground that it was impracticable to obtain proper representation in the English Parliament, and that the Colonial Assemblies alone had the right to levy taxes upon their own people, arguing that the Townshend clause, being unconstitutional, should be repealed. These views went to the King in the form of a petition, without effect, except probably to enrage the monarch still more.

Lord Hillsborough ordered the Assembly to rescind his circular letter, and in case they refused, the Assembly should be disbanded. He also directed the other Colonial Assemblies to disregard the Massachusetts circular under the same penalty. Townshend had the previous year suspended the New York Assembly by Parliamentary Act, and now all of the assemblies were threatened by the Secretary of State. When these orders were received in the Massachusetts Assembly they were derided, and James Otis remarked: "We are asked to rescind. Let Britain rescind her measure, or the colonies are lost to her forever."

The Assembly decided not to rescind, whereupon Bernard compelled the Assembly to disband. Such was the beginning of the crisis, which led directly up

to the determination that redress was impossible, and the idea of the independence of the colonies was inaugurated. This measure on the part of the colonies seemed to be imperative, inasmuch as a British army was on its way to compel obedience to the measures which the Government had passed.

The determination which Samuel Adams claimed was the only rightful course for the colonies to adopt, was to declare themselves entirely independent of the mother country, and to ally themselves together into a permanent union, and to ascertain whether allies could not be obtained to support such a resolve. This idea of Adams had not yet taken deep root in the American colonies nor among their great men; and even Washington, when he assumed the command of the American Army at Cambridge on July 2, 1775, did not believe the war was one for entire colonial independence. The same year Thomas Jefferson claimed that the armies had not been collected together for the purpose of establishing an independence from the mother country, and the Declaration of Independence was only adopted after much difficulty and after a very great deal of argumentative debate. All felt that they were English subjects and had been badly treated; nevertheless, they had not intended to declare themselves entirely free from the parental authority.

Then came the effort to arrest Samuel Adams and John Hancock, who were on their way to the Second Continental Congress, and have them sent to England

for trial for their seditious and rebellious acts and suggestions. Learning of the action to be taken, they left Boston and were housed for the night at Lexington. Then came the evening signal of two lights from a belfry-window of the Old North Church in Boston, giving warning to Paul Revere that the British were preparing to advance to Concord, starting by water; then his famous ride to Medford and to Lexington, giving them warning in ample time, and their escape towards Philadelphia before the arrival of the English forces. They escaped to Woburn that night.

April 19, 1775, the Lexington attack occurred, and the firing upon the colonial militia, killing eight and wounding ten. This was the overt act which filled the hearts of the American colonists to the open stand of resistance and defiance by force of arms. The Concord resistance, Lexington, Breed's and Bunker's Hill, and other contests of that year followed in the order of sequence.

The environment of Boston with 16,000 provincial troops, now occupied by the British, the declaration of independence by South Carolina, the seizure of Ticonderoga and Crown Point by American militia, were events that followed quickly. England, becoming better apprised of the situation, reinforced General Gage by a large number of troops under Generals Howe, Sir Henry Clinton and Burgoyne.

The Second Continental Congress was held at Philadelphia during the summer of this year.

At the battle of Breed's Hill the American troops entrenched, were assaulted by the British forces twice ineffectually, but the third time, owing to the want of ammunition on the part of the Continental army, the British were successful, and the English forces drove back the Americans from their position and held possession of Boston for nine months longer. General Joseph Warren lost his life in this engagement.

Matters had proceeded so far by this time that it seemed important to the Congress that it should take charge of all the forces. Accordingly, General Washington was appointed commander-in-chief. He formally took command of the Colonial army, July 3, 1775, under an old elm tree which is still standing and well cared for in Cambridge, Mass. He immediately organized the army and prepared it for the coming campaign.

The possession of Ticonderoga and Crown Point had opened the way into the province of Canada, and a plan was adopted for sending 3,000 troops from New England and New York, with Generals Schuyler and Montgomery in command, and passing up Lake Champlain, attacking the first British post in Canada, at St. John's, at the head of the lake and a short distance from Montreal. General Schuyler being taken ill, General Montgomery assumed command and prepared to attack Montreal, beginning at St. John's; but the siege was difficult on account of his want of ammunition. He did, however, capture Fort Cham-

blay, a few miles north of this point, and thus secured a good amount of ammunition and several cannon.

Ethan Allen, who was also engaged, offered to capture Montreal with one hundred and fifty picked men at night.

He was permitted to make the effort, but he only had eighty men. He was met by British troops and defeated, taken prisoner and sent to England. St. John's subsequently surrendered unconditionally. Generals Montgomery and Arnold afterwards made an attack upon Quebec, which was unsuccessful, and a goodly number of their troops were made prisoners of war. General Montgomery being killed, General Thomas was appointed to succeed him, and he with General Arnold was obliged to retreat from post to post, and finally to evacuate Canada altogether.

Further South, however, the embers of war were fanning into a blaze. The Governor of Virginia, Lord Dinwiddie, by imprudent language in some of his letters, aroused the indignation of that colony. They formed a Provincial Congress and began to arm the people. The Governor then removed the battery of the magazine at Williamsburg to an English war vessel in the night. This so enraged the people, when they ascertained the fact in the morning, that they demanded its immediate return, which he refused.

Patrick Henry determined upon peremptory measures for its restitution, and called for volunteers, and by his eloquence soon had a company that was placed

under the command of Captain Meredith. They demanded the return of the battery or its equivalent in money. Meredith resigning, Patrick Henry himself took command of the company, and began his march towards Williamsburg. He was so popular that 5,000 people swarmed to his assistance before he reached that point. Governor Dunmore, the then chief official, took refuge upon an English war vessel, and became so alarmed that he caused the battery to be paid for. He eventually abdicated and again went on board the "Fowley" and endeavored from time to time to make attacks on different points from this man-of-war, which only incensed the people the more. He then offered freedom to the slaves if they would join him. By this means he obtained possession of the seaport of Norfolk. The provincial troops dislodged him and drove him back on board the same vessel.

The English frigate, "Liverpool," arriving, Dunmore demanded that provisions should be sent, and that the troops should stop firing, or the town would be bombarded. The people declined, and a severe bombardment of Norfolk took place. Some of the marines landed and set fire to some of the houses, which were entirely destroyed. This, of course, did not subdue the Virginians, but only tended to increase their loyalty and adhesion to their rights. Congress adopted measures for carrying on a vigorous warfare and did much other Congressional work, the principal effort being to unite the colonies under the name of

the Thirteen United Colonies of North America, and likewise to establish a navy. It ordered five ships of 32 guns, five of 28 guns and three of 24 guns to be fitted out as rapidly as possible.

There was great distress in Boston at this time, and the coast towns were marauded for provisions. Falmouth in Massachusetts refused to give such assistance, and it was burned. Newport had the same demand and the same threat, but it was spared.

Parliament in the meantime had determined to put forth more vigorous efforts to crush the rebellion. Lord North introduced a bill, which was carried, that all intercourse for trade with the colonies should be done away with until they should come to terms, thereby placing America under martial law. It was considered that it would take 28,000 seamen and 55,000 soldiers to accomplish this object. As they did not desire to wait for Englishmen to volunteer, the English Government began to hire soldiers of German princes. In 1776 they had entered into an agreement with a number of them for such purposes. Hesse-Cassel bound itself to furnish over 12,000 men; the Duke of Brunswick over 4,000; the Prince of Waldeck over 600; the Prince of Hesse over 600; making a total of 17,526 men. They required £7, 4s. 4d. per man, and were relieved from the obligation of supporting them. A stipend amount was also agreed upon of 135,000 pounds sterling, and England also gave a guarantee against being attacked by any for-

eign power. These were the people that the colonists called Hessians, or hired mercenaries, which played such an important part in all the English army operations in America. General Knyphausen was in command in the attacks upon or near Philadelphia, having landed with General Howe at the head of Elk River in Maryland, and fought with him at the battle of Chadd's Ford, Brandywine, and through the Pennsylvania campaign.

During the same year we find Congress calling upon the colonies to give up their allegiance to Great Britain altogether, and on the 4th of July, 1776, the memorable Declaration of Independence was read and proclaimed at the State House in Philadelphia, with the ringing of the old Independence Bell and the church bells of the city.

In the estimation of the King, the "Lords of Trade," and the British Government generally, the American Colonies had attained the height of insolent rebellion, when they openly proclaimed their Independence on July Fourth, 1776. Henceforth their subjugation became a fixed and praiseworthy object. A number of Englishmen of rank and military education had undertaken to lead their rather incongruous army of British soldiers, American inhabitants who were sufficiently loyal to the Crown to take up arms against the United Colonies, and Hessians who were practically hired to fight, with no thought of patriotism or justice to actuate them. Already the war was progressing, and on

August 27, 1776, the battle of Long Island was fought, ending in the defeat of the Americans. Generals Washington and Putnam were surrounded by three divisions of troops under Howe and Clinton at Brooklyn Heights, and they lost a great number, either killed or prisoners. Washington made a skilfully managed retreat by transports during the night toward New York, reaching that city on the 29th of August. Howe very foolishly expected that the American forces were resting after their defeat; and when he found they had escaped, he followed, entering the city after Washington had retreated further North.

A partial battle occurred at White Plains on October 28th, but the Americans, being unable to hold their ground, continued to retreat, leaving Forts Washington and Lee to the enemy. These forts were on either side of the Hudson, and their capture gave the British control of a grand sweep of that river. Washington still retreated through New Jersey into Pennsylvania, with Lord Cornwallis closely following and watching his opportunity for an attack. About this time General Charles Lee was captured by the British as he was making a tardy march toward the main army; Captain Nathan Hale was captured and hung as a spy by order of General Howe, and many of the Continental army, growing weary of defeat and deprivation, abandoned their posts and left Washington with a greatly lessened command. Whether Lee was a traitor or not will probably never be made

entirely clear, but that he was a skilful and trusted officer, who, when he was most needed, failed to do his part, there can be no doubt whatever.

On the 25th of December, 1776, Washington planned and carried out one of the bold, strategic strokes which time and again rekindled the patriotic courage of his disheartened followers. Through a fierce winter storm he and a chosen division of his army crossed the Delaware on and through the floating ice, and surprised a part of the British army, consisting of Hessians, under Rahl, who were stationed at Trenton.

He took the city, with about 1,000 prisoners, and lost but four of his own soldiers, two of whom were frozen to death in the bitter storm. On January 2, 1777, Washington found himself with but about 5,000 men and Cornwallis marching toward his camp at Trenton with a large body of troops. After they arrived, during the night he broke camp and marched toward Princeton, where, on January 3d, he met and routed a division of the British army which was on its way to join Cornwallis in his attack on Trenton.

Cornwallis was not aware of the retreat of his anticipated antagonists until the morning, because Washington had left his camp-fires burning in order to conceal his evacuation of Trenton. At the battle of Princeton, General Mercer was killed. After this victory Washington withdrew to the heights of Morristown and quartered for the remainder of the winter.

By much manœuvring General Howe tried to tempt

Washington to a battle when spring opened. But Washington was too true a patriot to risk the lives of his diminished army without hope of victory. He kept his natural impetuosity firmly in check by peculiar, cautious watchfulness and prudent care. By his actions he harassed Howe beyond endurance, because his desire was to force his way to Philadelphia.

But Washington's alertness prevented his reaching that point either by land or by way of the Delaware River. Howe, therefore, withdrew his forces to Staten Island, embarked his army of from 18,000 to 20,000 men on about 280 barges, or transports, sailed down the coast, entered Chesapeake Bay, and landed the whole force at the mouth of Elk River, in Maryland.

On September 11, 1777, the battle of Brandywine was fought and the Americans routed with heavy loss. On October 4, 1777, the battle of Germantown was fought, and again the Americans were unsuccessful. Soon after, Forts Mifflin and Mercer were compelled to surrender to the British, leaving the approach to the city clear for their fleets. During the winter of 1777-78, Washington's army encamped at Valley Forge and endured a season of dreadful suffering.

On July 5, 1777, General Burgoyne, with 10,000 British and German soldiers, Canadians and Indians, took Crown Point and Ticonderoga and marched toward Fort Edward. His march was delayed by General Schuyler, commanding the American forces, who ordered the obstruction of the roads.

On his arrival at Fort Edward, Burgoyne sent a detachment, under General Baum, to take the American stores at Bennington. On August 16, 1777, General Baum was met by the "Green Mountain Boys"—the New Hampshire Militia—under General Stark, and defeated. A detachment sent to help General Baum was also routed the same day.

September 19, 1777, the Americans attacked the British at Bemis Heights, near Stillwater. After a long battle, Burgoyne held the Heights, but his further progress was completely checked. On October 7th, the second battle of Stillwater was fought, and Burgoyne's command was compelled to retreat. This affray is often called the battle of Saratoga. It was in these two engagements that Benedict Arnold conducted himself with laudable bravery. He was here wounded severely.

On October 17, 1777, Burgoyne surrendered, and his whole division of the British Army became prisoners of war.

On February 8, 1778, France made a treaty of alliance with the United Colonies, acknowledging their independence and agreeing to furnish assistance against the British. This was brought about through the intervention of Benjamin Franklin, who was sent to France for that purpose in 1776, and in appreciation of their noble efforts to obtain freedom.

Philadelphia was evacuated on June 18, 1778. General Howe having resigned, General Clinton was made

his successor, and the British Government ordered him to New York City.

General Washington overtook him on his march, and the battle of Monmouth was fought, which, though not decisive, was a severe shock to the British Army. It was during this battle that General Lee again, and for the last time, disobeyed orders. He was reprimanded by the Commander-in-chief and suspended for a year. August 29, 1778, the battle of Quaker Hill and Butt's Hill, Rhode Island, was fought between General Sullivan and the British under General Pigot. Sullivan drove the enemy back, but, threatened by a superior force, he thought best to withdraw to the main land.

In July, 1778, the Massacre of Wyoming occurred. In November, 1778, the Massacre of Cherry Valley, New York. On December 29, 1778, Savannah was captured by the British. The Battle of Kettle Creek in Georgia occurred February 14, 1779. The British were defeated. The battle of Brier Creek, Georgia, was fought March 3, 1779. The Americans were here defeated.

The second battle of Savannah was fought October 9, 1779. The Americans were again repulsed. The campaign of 1779 at last ended in the South—the British still holding Savannah.

During 1779 the British burned Portsmouth and Norfolk, in Virginia, and Norwalk, Fairfield, New Haven, and other towns in Connecticut. On July 15, 1779, General Wayne won the battle of Stony Point, a

stronghold on the Hudson. About the same time, Major Henry Lee attacked the British garrison at Paulus Hook, or Jersey City, and took a great number of prisoners. August 29, 1779, General Sullivan conquered the Indians at Chemung. In September, 1779, John Paul Jones gained his famous naval victory off the coast of England, capturing two British frigates. In May, 1780, the British under General Clinton besieged the city of Charleston, South Carolina. General Lincoln held out against the enemy from April to May 12, 1780, when he was obliged to surrender.

The battle of Camden, South Carolina, was fought between the Americans, under General Gates, and the British, under Cornwallis, ending in the victory of the British, August 16, 1780. Baron De Kalb received his death wound in this engagement.

October 7, 1780, the Americans defeated the British, under Major Ferguson, at King's Mountain. The year 1780 was made still more memorable by the treason of General Arnold, and the arrest and execution of Major André as a British spy.

1781, some of the troops of Pennsylvania mutinied and started from Morristown toward Philadelphia, to demand food and clothing from Congress. They were arrested, delivered to General Wayne to be treated as spies, but a committee from Congress waited upon them, and finding their demands reasonable they were satisfied, and the soldiers returned to camp. Other divisions of the army acted in the same manner, until

Washington was compelled to resort to severe measures. But just at this time, Robert Morris exerted such a wide influence that the Congress was able to raise sufficient funds to uphold the patriots in their noble cause.

January 13, 1781, the Americans under General Morgan defeated the British under Colonel Tarleton, at Cowpens. On March 15, 1781, the battle of Guildford Court House was fought, and the Americans were forced to fall back, but the loss of the enemy was very great. April 25, 1781, the second battle of Camden, South Carolina, was fought; the Americans, under General Greene, were defeated. In this engagement the British army, under Lord Rawdon, was so demoralized that, notwithstanding their victory, they were unable to hold the town, therefore they set it on fire. September 8, 1781, the battle of Eutaw Springs was fought, both sides claiming the victory. This was the last Revolutionary battle fought in the far South. September 6, 1781, the traitor Arnold, then a general in the British army, plundered and burned New London, Connecticut; and Colonel Eyre, who was his companion in arms, took Fort Griswold, and Colonel Ledyard, the American commander of the fort, was in the act of delivering up his sword, when an officer of the British took it from him and thrust it into his breast. Colonel Ledyard died instantly. The details of the many strategic movements and minor engagements of this struggle from 1775 to 1881 it is deemed unnecessary to mention.

The surrender of Lord Cornwallis occurred October 19, 1781. Washington had received strong reinforcements in an army of French soldiers under the command of General Rochambeau, with whom Washington had held a secret consultation in Connecticut. He also had found a French fleet of twenty-eight ships of the line and six frigates, in all carrying 1,700 guns and 20,000 men, under the command of Count De Grasse, placed at his disposal by the French Government. De Grasse had been for some time engaged in watching a large British fleet in the West Indies, and he quickly responded when called upon by the Americans to come to the rescue of the American cause. This English fleet proceeded up the coast and also sailed in at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, and finding no warships there to oppose his armada, the commander concluded that his vessels were needed at Staten Island to protect New York, and voyaged on to that city and reported to General Clinton. Cornwallis was now trying to engage the American forces under Generals La Fayette and Wayne in Virginia, hoping to destroy them before reinforcements could reach them from the North.

Washington's intention then was to attack the enemy's stronghold at New York; but General Clinton anticipating this, had sent for a detachment from Cornwallis' command.

When Washington discovered this state of affairs he altered his plans and made a brilliant change in

them. He knew that La Fayette, Green and Wayne were acting as a check upon Cornwallis; he knew that the army of the latter was reduced by the detachment sent to New York in anticipation of an attack by the Americans there, and he knew from definite information that he could depend upon the co-operation of the fleet under De Grasse, in Chesapeake Bay, and that it would sail for that place. Therefore, without exposing his prospective campaign, he quietly, and by forced marches from West Point and the Hudson River, withdrew most of his army from the North, crossed New Jersey, passed through Trenton, arriving in Philadelphia before General Clinton had the least idea of his object. Washington's own men at first thought that they were to operate against Staten Island, until the facts of the march revealed another bolder movement. In Philadelphia, he and his noble French allies were received with overwhelming demonstrations, but he waited there but a short time before pushing southward.

Cornwallis in the meantime had fortified himself at Yorktown, on a tongue of land on York River, and here he awaited anxiously expected supplies from the British Fleet.

Instead of this, De Grasse entered the Chesapeake Bay and near its mouth he fought a severe engagement with this English Fleet for whom Cornwallis was waiting.

Having been victorious, and the enemy with all his

vessels disappearing northward, the French commander sailed up into the Bay, cutting off all communication by sea, and landed three thousand men as a co-operating force. La Fayette stationed himself at Williamsburg, just across the peninsula from Cornwallis, and Washington and Rochambeau subsequently closed in upon him from the North. La Fayette then yielded the command of the Virginia forces to his commander-in-chief, and Cornwallis soon found himself so completely hemmed in on every side that he knew he must either capitulate his force or be entirely cut to pieces. He therefore surrendered his sword to General Lincoln.

Seven thousand troops became prisoners and their arms fell as trophies of war to the Americans, and the few British vessels lying in the harbor became the property of the French. And thus a bloodless battle led to one of the most brilliant successes of Washington's many strategic movements, and the triumph of American Independence was assured.

The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown was fatal to the hopes of the British ever regaining the possession or government of the Colonies. Therefore, on November 30, 1782, peace was agreed upon in England. On April 19, 1783, peace was declared in America. September 3, 1783, the treaty of peace was signed in Paris, and the United States was acknowledged as an independent government by England.

## MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

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### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE BATTLE OF THE BRANDYWINE.

GENERAL WASHINGTON having discovered the diplomacy of General Howe in recalling his troops from New Jersey and transporting them by water to a new base of operations near Elkton, Maryland, marshalled his troops swiftly to the Brandywine Creek, hoping to force the British back, and by this means deter them from reaching Philadelphia, their objective point.

The armies met at Chadd's Ford, and along this stream seemed to be succeeding in keeping the enemy at bay, but a large detachment of Howe's army fell upon the right wing of the Americans to the westward unexpectedly, and compelled them to retreat. A battle was also fought to the northwest of Chadd's Ford, about three days afterwards, but a heavy thunder storm put an end to this engagement, which was not renewed. The ammunition of Washington's army becoming destroyed by the rain, the General was obliged to fall away back to French Creek and the

Warwick furnaces in order to replenish his supply, thus uncovering Philadelphia.

Howe's diplomacy in attempting to reach the capital by land seems, at a cursory glance, to be a mistaken one. He spent twenty-four days in sailing with his 18,000 men away from the point which he thought so very important and desirable, having the old world idea that if he captured the capital the country would be his. But he had a fear of the fortifications in the Delaware Bay and River, and therefore considered the time well spent which prevented the possibility of his life laden transports being raked to pieces by American guns or sunk by obstructions in the river.

The possession of Philadelphia was not so important as he calculated, because at the first note of danger the Government documents and the courts were removed to Lancaster, and afterwards to York, Pa. All the valuable documents were thus rendered secure, and instead of a conquering hero taking a beleaguered city he found but little opposition, nothing of value to seize, and the patriots mustering rapidly in other directions, and leaving him for the time in quiet possession of very nice winter quarters and a good residence for six months.

Let me just here make a comparison between these opposing officers—General Washington and General Howe.

History has informed us that these two commanders, upon whose military prowess the ultimate fate of the

Revolutionary War principally depended, resembled each other very considerably, both being very tall, quite commanding and dignified in demeanor, and possessing features characteristic in many particulars. For this latter we must take into consideration the prevailing fashion, to which they both conformed, of wearing the hair in powder and peruke; and in usually appearing, when off military duty, in the long, graceful cloak, without which no gentleman's wardrobe was then complete. These latter would assume the form of a close likeness in the eyes of the plainly clad and simple-minded Quakers, to whose enterprise the State of Pennsylvania, at least, owed its existence. I think it may be accepted without question that of the two generals, Howe was the better informed on military subjects, and that if both had been subjected to an examination in tactics, the British general would have appeared to the better advantage. Howe, doubtless, had chosen the army as a profession, and had but little choice with regard to the command which should be assigned to him by his government.

He was ready to fight under the English flag and for England's cause, but his character was not accentuated by glowing patriotism, or deep anxiety for the swift consummation of his duty on this continent, the complete subjugation of the rebellious colonies. As witness of this fact observe how, time after time, when having been victorious, he rested upon his laurels, while his defeated antagonists were engaged either in

preparing a new campaign or in retreating in systematic order far beyond his reach. Even experience did not seem to disabuse his mind of the idea that the defeated Continentals were awaiting his arrival to allow themselves to be claimed as his prisoners of war.

To the last he did not realize that they were an army of outraged men whom England's parental stern rule had driven to desperation and revolt. He saw only a lot of rebels in whom corrective measures, such as he came to bestow, would soon arouse fear of further punishment and ultimate submission to British rule.

Surprise after surprise met him as he measured the poorly equipped and inexperienced American forces against his own uniformed and disciplined soldiery; but he did not look beneath the surface and see the fire of patriotism which kindled brighter and deeper as blow after blow was struck against the rights of the overtaxed and despised colonists. He could not see that every stroke was driving the wedge deeper, that one day would dissever the colonies forever from their mother country. As a business man attending to affairs outside of his personal interests, Howe fought, or rather commanded to be fought, the numerous battles which circumstances presented; if his forces were victorious, his soldiers were given a certain freedom, and he became the courteous, dignified, but unofficial, gentleman. He was one who, if he did not countenance, he at least did not prevent, the liberty often claimed by the conquering army, of pillaging, destroy-

ing and injuring the property of the enemy. Having entered Philadelphia, for instance, a degree of license was allowed that was altogether unwarrantable under the circumstances. Conviviality, gayety, and extravagance rioted in the usually quiet streets; and evidently Howe and his associate officers forgot, or laid aside for the time, all thoughts of the conquest of the Continentals. Meanwhile, surrounded by almost unparalleled want and suffering, Washington, who might easily have withdrawn himself to comfort and even luxury, during the winter, stood by his ill-fed, wasting army. He encouraged them with his presence and advice, he shared with them the desolation of one of the saddest winters they ever experienced; he dealt leniently with their complaints and did all in his power to alleviate their suffering.

But when mutiny showed its hydra head, his strong will seized it and dealt the decisive thrusts that quelled it beyond resuscitation. The young surveyor and the lover of the chase and hunting contests changed to a soldier almost without volition—led from one step to another by incidents that pointed to him, of all others, as the one fitted to master the situation and lead to victory.

By him the blow was dealt that proved to the Indians that white men were not their legitimate prey, to torture, rob and kill! In Braddock's defeat a greater opportunity was thrust upon him. Modestly demurring, he at first shrunk from prominence and was rather

inclined to continue upon his even course as a surveyor. But when he saw that duty called him into the field of battle, his ardent blood took fire and his natural impetuosity led him to plunge into the fray. He was not long in discovering that the better plan was to temper his impetuous will with caution, and to improve his talent as surveyor in finding the lay of the land, and discovering means by which to circumvent the plans of his adversaries. To caution he added diplomacy, to that, some of the most brilliant strategy. Who but Washington would have braved the bitter winter storm that Christmas night, when he and his noble followers took Trenton by surprise?

Who but he and the brave men whom he led would have left their camp-fires brightly burning and gone out in the cheerless night to take an enemy unaware?

Who would have made that hazardous ride to Fort Duquesne, through wild forests, among savage Indian tribes, to deliver that important letter and return a response, while he was yet a youth?

How many times were the British officers non-plussed by his ceaseless vigilance, by his daring strategy, by his matchless diplomacy? Day and night he planned and studied and prayed for the success of the cause of liberty. His every thought was for the advancement of the right and the conquest of wrong.

Born in America, but of English descent, his idea was not, at first, the severance of the colonies from the parent country, but the suppression of wrong and

the retraction of England's outrageously unjust demands. But when he found that independence was the only ultimatum, his brave heart led him to take his stand invincibly against every foe to that end.

Had England relaxed her unjust oppression, and given the colonists ordinary justice, the war would have terminated years before it did and the settlements would have held faithful allegiance to the sovereign country. Washington would have returned to private life probably, and been conspicuous only as an honest, conscientious and upright man. But the emergency arose, and the man fitted to meet it gave time, talent and wealth to aid his country in its dire extremity. He took his stand, and neither temptation, disaster, nor oftentimes defeat reduced an iota of his watchfulness, nor daunted his indomitable courage. While Howe was enjoying his discomfiture and resting in the assurance that the poor, half-starved patriots would one day yield with little more ado, Washington was spending sleepless nights and prayerful hours for the sake of his beloved country. He planned, commanded and watched that no faithless hands should frustrate his movements. If once betrayed, he became more vigilant and more masterly determined that success should crown his banners. It is not possible for any one to understand fully how his patience was tried, and how he must have bowed in spirit over the discouragements that threatened to overwhelm the tottering cause. But at such times his intrepid spirit seemed to take inspira-

tion from the very ashes of lost hopes, and by some brilliant diplomacy he was enabled to surprise his enemies and to win fresh confidence from his almost despairing army. While General Howe pampered his British battalions, and even gave grace to the hired myrmidons after the seizure of a town or the conquest of a fortification, Washington urged his noble few to take advantage of even defeat, until sometimes it seemed almost doubtful whether consummate skill in retreat was not a sort of victory.

If Howe had been given the same incentive he would probably have made many a bolder stroke, and patriotism would then have urged him onward, but he did not possess the intense tenacity of purpose, the defiant courage, nor the unswerving integrity of soul that fed our greatest of all great men to take advantage of every opportunity, and to toil unceasingly for the end which he had set before him. If ever a man merged himself into his object, forgetting personal feelings entirely, it was Washington, whose unbending dignity was never arbitrary, whose commanding presence inspired love and hope rather than awe. He must have possessed to a peculiar degree the magnetism which attracts without enervating the personality of the individual so held. When the events of the war crowded, one upon another, in a series of apparent disasters, and the soldiers seemed willing to lay down their arms in despair, his voice, the glance of his eyes, the uplifting of his sword, sent new inspiration into their hearts, and they resolved to

give one more blow for freedom. We cannot help but contrast these two generals in one particular: When Howe found the Continental army at its worst he resorted to a measure to which Washington would never have stooped. He promised full pardon and prosperity to all who would lay down their arms and submit to British authority. Some poor creatures took him at his word and found that he was either deceitful or unable to fulfil his promises. It is recorded that as a result many returned to their allegiance to the United Colonies and became the most earnest followers of the tireless leader.

Washington made no such promises. He led, commanded, planned and fought; aiming always for the right, as he conscientiously understood it, but he never cajoled. He was just even to severity sometimes, but never unkind, and he was never known to neglect an opportunity for benefiting the progress of the cause of liberty. We gaze upon these two generals, side by side, each endowed with particular manliness of form and feature—the one a nobleman, carrying out the duties of his profession, with his inward nature apparently untouched by the spirit of patriotic ambition. The other thoroughly imbued with love for his country, her people and her laws, and so devoted to their interests that his life, talent and strength are consecrated to them with most unselfish and dutiful devotion.

The British army loved their commander because

of his generous and courteous bearing toward them, and his willingness to allow them as much freedom as possible while not upon active duty. The Americans loved and revered Washington for his strength of character, his unalterable determination, his untiring energy. Though his dignity was of such a character that no one, even among his favorite officers, could feel himself free to take a single undue liberty in action or expression, yet, when he appeared in the street, he was looked upon with love and veneration, though only during public demonstrations were ever the voices of the loving population raised to loud expressions of their fealty to one whom they believed to be the greatest of all commanders.

True, circumstances were very greatly accountable for calling forth the intrinsic nobility of this man, but the traits were there, ready to respond in the country's dire necessity. In an emergency he took command against the Indians, and by his wonderful tact and prowess made them ever after dread his generalship.

In an extremity he rallied the Americans when all seemed lost in the fall of General Braddock. In an emergency he was called upon to general an apparently desperate and dismantled army. And never did he betray the trust bestowed upon him.

Perhaps, had he and General Howe been in reversed position, the result would have been at least longer delayed, for Washington was one to whom no opportunity was indifferent. He used everything, circum-

stances, diplomacy, strategy, personal ability, patriotism, persuasion, example, rigid integrity and untiring energy—all leavened with justice and with profound faith in the God of Truth and Justice! What wonder is it that his unblemished name outshines all others in this broad, beautiful land whose ensign of liberty owes its first untrammelled flight to his noble devotion to the rights of his oppressed countrymen!

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### LIFE'S BATTLES.

THIS poem was suggested by the thought of the continual warfare in life, and the danger of fainting by the way, or rather of becoming careless in the pursuit of duty against the temptations of ease and idleness.

Youth starts out full of ambition, self-confidence and lofty purpose, and the first disappointment, or mistake, often leads to despondency, sometimes to recklessness. But the active energies of youth soon break forth in fresh thoughts of future triumph, and a new start is made. Experience can never teach the young aspirant the danger of the pitfalls that lie at his feet or the enemies that surround him. In his blindness he sees only the goal, and pressing onward, he sometimes falls by the way. He rests in pleasurable pursuits, he laughs at fleeing time, at wasted opportunities, feeling the innate power that will stand him in good stead when he thinks proper to start forth again after his moments and hours and days of foolish ease. The days have lengthened

into months, yes, years perhaps! Some one else has caught his ideas and carried them to success even before his eyes! Another has met the foe and vanquished the difficulty which his foolish pride thought was awaiting the attack of his superior prowess. Even yet, disappointed, disheartened, weary of foolish pleasure and idleness, if he buckles his armor on afresh, and makes a new and braver start, he may find success and honor. If he does not, it would have been better for him to have never tried to be any but an everyday plodder on life's rugged highway.

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#### NOCHE TRISTE TREE, MEXICO.

THIS is an old cypress tree, in the village of Popotla, near the city of Mexico. It is said to be the tree under which General Cortez sat and wept, as his vanquished army retreated from the city into which he had entered with such ambitious hopes of establishing a Spanish empire. The tree is named Noche Triste (or sad night) in commemoration of the event, and it is carefully guarded. Less than a year afterward, the capital surrendered to Cortez, with an augmented army composed in part of native Mexicans and Indian tribes which he alienated from the Aztecs, without whose aid the ambitious general would have had a more difficult conquest, or possibly lost his cause. This led to the total overthrow of Montezuma's empire. One great

cause of the many defeats of the Mexicans was the presence of Spanish cavalry. The natives had never seen horses, and they believed them to be supernatural men, whom they allowed in their terror-stricken wonderment to literally crush them under their steeled hoofs or rout them in confused retreat.

The old, partially dead tree is surrounded by an iron railing to protect it from vandalism. Splendid cathedrals, churches, palaces, grand government buildings and beautiful parks bear the stamp of the Spanish conquest and the religion it introduced, along with the Spanish art and love of the beautiful. Even to-day the spirit of vanquished Mexico sometimes rises and burns with indignant, patriotic fire against this destiny of Spanish rule, which endeavored at the time to stamp out from this ancient country all but European art, religion and government. Cortez certainly raised this at that time idolatrous, sacrificial Aztec nation up and placed it upon a higher plane of modern civilization.

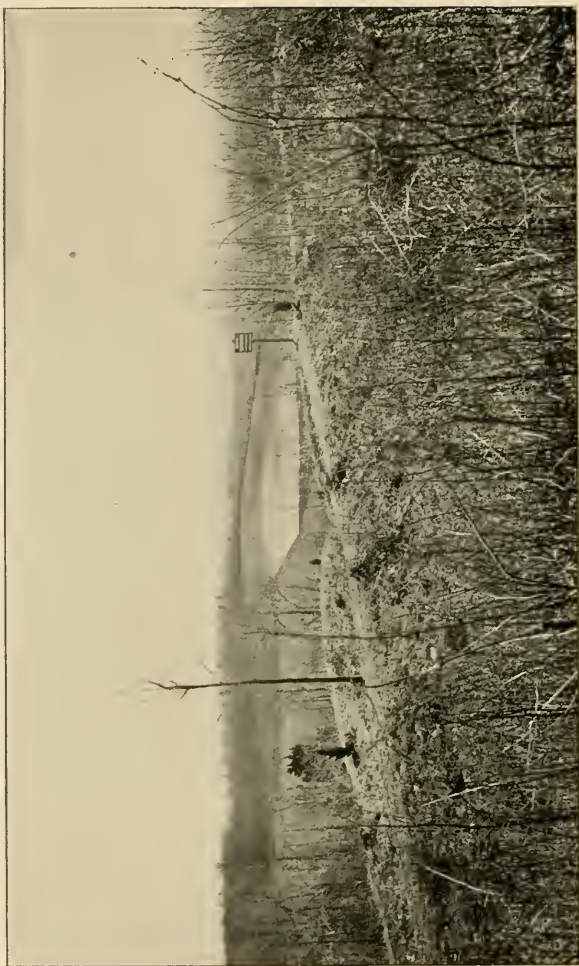
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### MISSING.

THE dire features of war, all frightful in their effect, have swept across every country on the globe. Battle-fields have echoed and re-echoed with the cries and groans of the maimed and dying, and have been made sad beyond measure by the thousands of the mutilated dead and wounded. News of war in our own country

has been many times awaited with expectant dread by millions of those who have given of their best for the honor of their country. Dead—wounded—missing—the long columns met the eyes of mothers and wives, of fathers too old for service, and of children too young for warfare. Not one day, nor one month, nor one year, but many weary, war-stained years, passed on, and still those columns—always full, always freighted with bitter grief to some aching hearts—were conspicuous in the daily papers or on great bulletin boards. The tear-wet sheets went from hand to hand. In French—in German—in English—in Russian—in all the languages, according to the nations that were engaged in warfare. All lands have sounded with the storms of battle and with the accompanying hurricane of grief. The misery of the bereft hearts of those who found their dead and wounded grew less intense as the graves grew greener and older year by year. The eyes also became accustomed to the empty sleeve, the absent limb, the halting gait. But even to-day there is in this land a sad, lonely spot in many a bosom when the names of the missing are spoken. Surely it is most sad to know that they are absent, but whether they died and were buried; whether they were scattered like chaff upon the lonely, forsaken field; whether they lost their reason in the fearful conflict; whether they still live and, worst of all, are among the unknown in sequestered graves;—these are questions which turn aching hearts sick with longing and apprehension,





VALLEY FORGE—FORT WASHINGTON.

and have oftimes sent weary, gray heads to rest forever beneath the green sod.

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## VALLEY FORGE.

AFTER Washington's unsuccessful attempt to prevent the British forces under General Howe from crossing the Brandywine Creek, he pushed on to French Creek, and when he had obtained a fresh supply of ammunition he crossed the Schuylkill River and marched his forces to the Skippack Creek and hills. General Howe had also crossed the Schuylkill and occupied the ground about Germantown, and Cornwallis entered Philadelphia, September 26, 1777, the same day. Washington next made forced night marches from the Skippack, and October 3d attacked Howe at Germantown, where an attempt to overcome Howe's divided forces was made futile by the intense fog and the inability of two of Washington's trusted generals to hurry forward and dispose quickly of their forces in position for the attack. The mistaking of Wayne's command by Stephen and his brigade in the thick fog for the enemy, and attacking Wayne, created confusion and a retreat; this and the delay of the force attacking Chew's house thwarted General Washington's well-laid plan for the capture or defeat of General Howe's force, and a withdrawal from the conflict ensued. Soon after this he went into winter quarters at Valley Forge, a place

particularly fitted for the purpose by its protected position. It also guarded the road to the Warwick and Pottsgrove furnaces, from which former place the ammunition and supplies were shipped. Cold weather came early that year; forced marches, hard fighting and insufficient food and clothing, owing to an insufficient commissary department, made a sorry-looking company of the patriot army. Reduced by hardships and battle to but a few thousands, they entered the quiet valley almost hopelessly disheartened and encamped on the hills to the south, the line extending from the valley eastward to the Schuylkill River at Port Kennedy. Washington so far sympathized with their misfortune that, while the soldiers were building their huts, he chose to camp in a comfortless shanty, encouraging them by his presence and advice, not going to his ultimate headquarters—a well-built brick mansion belonging to a patriotic citizen named Isaac Potts,\* who, with his brothers, owned the forge and valley lands—until the soldiers were settled as comfortably as possible in their quarters. These Potts

\* Isaac Potts was a brother of Col. Thomas Potts, Jr., of Pottsgrove, afterward named Pottstown (the great-grandfather of the author). Col. Thomas Potts fitted out a regiment for the Continental Army at his own expense. Washington spent some of his leisure time that winter, after the army was quartered, as a guest of Col. Potts at Pottsgrove, and some of his orders to his army were issued from Pottsgrove. The buildings are not now in existence, although one wall of the old furnace along the bank at Glasgow can yet be seen.

The Valley Forge headquarters, as it now exists, will be shown among the illustrations.



VALLEY FORGE IN WINTER. FORT HUNTINGDON.



brothers valiantly gave up their residences to General Washington and his staff.

Baron Steuben undertook the training of this sadly demoralized army with little hope at first of success. But his discipline and kindness finally prevailed, and filled their hearts with such courage that they afterwards became the flower of the colonial forces, though their names were never registered upon the visible tablets of fame.

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### THE SUNSET GUN.

WHILE visiting one of the towering buildings of the lower sections of New York City, the writer was standing upon the flat roof of the structure, looking out across the Bay, over the busy wharves and shipping, with a widely extended picture before him. Evening was approaching, the factory chimneys smoked lazily, here and there a shrill whistle proclaimed that the working-day had closed, and a few men and women began to wend their way homeward, when suddenly the Sunset Gun, on Sullivan's Island, sounded its mighty voice upon his ear, and the flash from its dark throat saluted his vision. Again and again its one great note rang out, the echo following like a shadow in its muffled thunder. The whistles of numerous foundries and factories answered—long streams of human beings poured along the streets, and toward the waiting ferry boats, and the sun was from

my place of observation slowly sinking behind the horizon. A similar experience at Arlington, Virginia, recalled this to my mind, and these beautiful scenes gave rise to the thoughts expressed in the poem. An old Naval Regulation requires that the "Sunset Gun" shall be fired at sunset every evening at all the principal forts and navy yards in the country—possibly to let the inhabitants know that the guardians of their homes and country are on the alert against all possible danger.

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### THE HERO OF JOHNSTOWN.

JOHNSTOWN was built in an elbow formed by the confluence of the Conemaugh River and Stony Creek, in Cambria County, Pennsylvania. Conemaugh, Woodvale, Cambria, and other towns, were situated near Johnstown, which was the greater of the group in size.

All of these towns and villages were extensively engaged in the manufacture of iron, and in building and repairing railroad cars. The computed population of the ill-fated valley was reported at from 25,000 to 30,000 people.

All the northwestern counties of Pennsylvania had for several days been swept by a very severe storm, and the rivers and streams were greatly swollen, and many miles of territory were deluged. The old viaduct dam of the Pennsylvania Canal Company had, some time before, been leased to a Pittsburg fishing

and sporting club, to whom it was valuable because it augmented the waters in the lake above, to which they resorted during the fishing season.

It is stated that the company had been requested time and again to repair the breastworks, because there were breaks in it that threatened trouble if the rains should swell the stream above. These demands had been disregarded, and doubtless the inhabitants were reassured by the confidence of those who were interested; but a time came when the structure, one hundred feet high, began to yield with the unusual pressure of the accumulated waters from the rain, and on May 31, 1889, about one o'clock, it gave way, and South Fork Creek became an awful chasm of maddened, rushing, engulfing waters.

The following account, written from the scene at the time, is the basis of my thoughts on the Johnstown disaster:—

#### A NAMELESS PAUL REVERE.

“A nameless Paul Revere lies somewhere among the nameless dead. Who he is may never be known, but his ride will be famous in local history. Mounted on a grand, big bay horse, he came riding down the pike which passes through Conemaugh to Johnstown, like some angel of wrath of old, shouting his portentous warning: ‘Run for your lives to the hills. Run to the hills.’ The people crowded out of their houses along the thickly-settled street, awe-struck and wondering.

“Nobody knew the man, and some thought he was a maniac, and laughed. On at a quick pace he rode, and shrilly rang out his awful cry. In a few moments, however, there came a cloud of ruin down the broad streets, down the narrow alleys, grinding, twisting, hurling, overturning, crashing, annihilating the weak and the strong. It was the charge of the flood wearing its coronet of ruin and devastation, which grew at every instant of its progress. Forty feet high, some say—thirty, according to others—was this sea, and it traveled with a swiftness like that which mythology claimed to lay hidden in the heels of Mercury.

“On and on the rider, and on and on rushed the wave. Dozens of people took heed of the warning and ran up the hills. Poor, faithful rider; it was an unequal contest. Just as he turned across the end of the bridge all went out into chaos together. A few feet farther on, several cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad train from Pittsburg were caught up and hurried into the cauldron.”

John G. Parke, Jr., the young civil engineer, who found during the forenoon that the dam must give way, and ordered his workmen to dig another channel to relieve the swollen waters, and then mounted a horse and rode down the valley near the dam to the telegraph station, is, I learn, still living; but this hero, who farther down the vale rode from the telegraph station down, we understand, towards Johnstown, was not known. He was nearly across the bridge, as the



JOHNSTOWN REBUILT, 1892.



account indicates, that was swept away when the furious flood came upon the horse and rider, and engulfed them. The man and his horse were afterward found, side by side, among the débris, caught and held by a tree and its branches or roots.

Warnings by telegraph, by messenger, by noble horses and men were all in vain. Down swept that relentless flood, crushing, uprooting, twisting, and destroying, rushing like an army of wild beasts hungry for prey.

To this day it has never been known with exactness, how many thousands of human lives were lost in that destructive sweep of waters. City and towns were swept out of existence with only wreckage and dead bodies to tell where they had been. For weeks and months we heard again and again of human remains being unearthed and buried with no possible mode of discovering their identity. In several cases those who saw the bodies brought in for identification and burial became hopelessly insane, while for many days anxious friends went again and again to inquire for lost relatives or acquaintances. Nothing but the horrors of war could equal the terror and agony caused by that accident.

To-day new towns have risen on those sites, the sounds of industry ring through the valley, and the surrounding country is serenely lovely. But still there is the shadow of that sad calamity, and we wonder how it is possible for people to live and toil on that

very spot and not fear the brooding wings of the angel of destruction.

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## PHILADELPHIA, THEN AND NOW.

PHILADELPHIA was settled by a company of English Quakers under the leadership of William Penn, whose first act was to purchase the land from the Indians, to whom he considered it rightfully belonged.

In 1683, the first land was broken upon which stands one of the largest and most prosperous cities in the United States. The advancement of the settlement was phenomenal; in two years it possessed two thousand houses and a peacefully prosperous population. A few years thereafter the town became an important city. It was at one time the capital of the United Colonies. Within the walls of its old State House the Declaration of Independence was signed, and from its steeple the Liberty Bell rang out in sonorous tones the announcement of freedom for the sadly oppressed colonies.

Always peaceful in itself, no city has ever done more for the welfare of the country. Though war is not an element of Quaker principles, yet the money of the Friends flowed into the treasury, and Quaker City enterprise gave mercantile, commercial and manufacturing interests such solid footing that to-day, as always, Philadelphia retains an eminence well estab-

lished and wonderfully developed in these two hundred years.

In Revolutionary times the present city area held within its precincts some incongruous elements: Forests clad the neighboring hills and valleys, and woods extended into its very streets; here and there pools of water rippled with sedge and cat-tails on their margin, and wild ducks hidden among their rustling stems, or flying, screaming and flapping their wings, across the waters.

Simplicity in architecture, in costume and in living, quiet deportment and silent meetings were the rule with but few exceptions. With such proclivities there could not be much wonder if the occupation of the city by the British under Howe was an epoch never to be forgotten. Rattling spurs and clanking swords, brilliant uniforms and boisterous manners, awed, terrified and disgusted the members of the quiet populace who kept to themselves and within their domiciles as far as possible. They did not join in any of the revelries, balls and parades, nor did they care to look upon them unless compelled to do so by circumstances. And when once more the enemy vacated their home-city and the streets so long occupied by their military presence, the town once more assumed the calm dignity and unostentatious progress toward wealth and honor which were always consistent with its origin.

Though long since become too cosmopolitan, yet

there are certain characteristics remaining which will perhaps never depart.

Philadelphia has attained her eminence in a quiet, unobtrusive manner, and though grand buildings arise in every direction, and enterprises of every description are made available for the improvement and ornamentation of her beautiful streets, yet around and above all there rests the halo of her origin, the sweet derivation of her name and the gentle insinuation of her cognomen "The Quaker City," which seem to withhold her forever from losing her identity among the hundreds of her more brilliant, though no fairer peers.

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## FORT DUQUESNE—FORT PITT—PITTSBURG.

A VISIT TO IT IN SEPTEMBER, 1895.

PITTSBURG, whose original settlement was called Fort Duquesne while it was occupied by the French, and changed to Fort Pitt when taken by the British in 1758, still retains remnants of the fortifications against which the youth, George Washington, made his initiative steps toward the command of the Continental Army. When a little under twenty-one years of age he was entrusted with a dispatch to the French commander at the fort. And when the final attack was made upon it by the British, he was an officer in command of the English forces which took it and restored

it after the retreating French soldiery had set fire to it.

The old block house still stands, kept as nearly as possible like it was in 1758, by such repairs as are absolutely necessary to preserve it.

It is situated in a lot at a point near which the Allegheny and the Monongahela Rivers meet, near Penn Street. The lot is probably one hundred feet square, and the house, having six or seven angles, is built in the centre of the depressed plot, sufficiently deep to permit of men moving about on the outside of the building without becoming conspicuous targets for Indian arrows or French shotguns. I walked all around and through the house, examining particularly the peculiar port-holes, which permit a musket to have considerable range. They are cut through solid blocks of hard wood, aslant either side, so that the muzzle of a gun can point not only straight forward, but also at quite an angle on both sides. These elongated holes are quite numerous, being ranged along the sides and in the angles of the two stories of which the house is composed. This arrangement furnished quite a formidable mode of resistance, each gun doing practically the work of three. It is easy to see how a few courageous soldiers could protect themselves in such a structure for a long period against superior numbers.

The lower story of the fort is of stone, the upper of wood, and it has an old-style shingle roof. Its con-

struction is rude, being fastened together with a view to strength, symmetry and beauty having very little part in the plan.

Although the building is kept in repair, and the lot green with sod, its surroundings are neither cleanly nor attractive, and the way to it leads through a very ill-kept narrow street. In fact, the whole neighborhood is squalid and miserable—not at all desirable for a visit. I was unable to ascertain the name of the owner of the property, but I thought it would be a good idea to have it kept more inviting to those who wish to see the old relic. Evidently such people are expected, for the fort is guarded against vandalism, and there is a boy and man who act as guides through the dismal building, whose principal light comes in through the port-holes.

Boyd's Hill, in Pittsburg, is now a very important part of the city, with fine streets and large buildings, noticeable among which is the Post-office.

I visited the old earthworks, which are located upon an elevated knoll on the high hill at the south side of the river, overlooking the Monongahela, nearly opposite the Smithfield Street bridge. The place is reached by the easternmost railroad incline that runs up the hillside, and then by walking some distance southwardly you find the fort, which is being cut away considerably, and there is a fine brick house erected adjacent to the old earthworks. A mile or two to the west, and on Coal Hill, there was an old fortification,

and some slight remains of these earthworks still exist ; but all are nearly obliterated by the onward stride of improvement. This part of the cliff, near the southern end of Smithfield Street bridge, is called Mt. Washington, and it contains, among other attractions, a free library and reading room, near the western incline-railroad station on the top of the hill.

In a forest ambush up the Monongahela River the French and Indians fell upon General Braddock's army and cut it to pieces. Braddock, an English officer full of the importance of his position as commander of the British troops, and sent to attack Fort Duquesne, would not desist from performing all the routine of regular military discipline, though warned that the foes upon whom he was marching were altogether different from European antagonists. Washington, who was his junior officer, particularly endeavored to get him to adopt quiet and cautious measures.

Instead, he marched his men forward in proper military order ; when fifteen miles from the fort, situated at the junction of the two rivers which form the Ohio, they were discovered and surrounded immediately by hosts of Indians who, in the employ of the French commander, were only waiting to know the whereabouts of the enemy to concentrate their forces with the French. The result was they planned the ambush which was successful, and the death of Braddock and the destruction of a greater part of his army oc-

curred. There is not a doubt that if Braddock had survived he would have afterwards taken the advice of his subordinate as to meeting Indians in warfare. As it was, the manner in which he was surrounded made him silent with surprise, and almost his last words were: "Who would have thought it? Oh, well, we will know better next time." This unsuccessful expedition was made in 1755, and the army was defeated so completely that no farther organized attempt was made until 1758, when the British under General Forbes, with Washington as commander of the Virginia militia, took the fort from the French, who, upon finding their defense hopeless, set fire to the buildings. The English restored them, however, naming the place Fort Pitt, after their great statesman, Sir William Pitt.

At the Fort Duquesne attack a young British officer by the name of Captain Grant was ordered to march against the fort. He gained a position on the elevation named then Boyd's Hill, quite close to the enemy, when in the morning he unfortunately revealed his approach by sounding the reveille, which was the signal for the Indian allies of the French to fall upon his troops and rout them and cut them to pieces. Forbes and Washington came up afterwards.

From that slight foundation of a military fort at the head of the noble Ohio River has arisen one of the most important cities of Pennsylvania. Its coal mines and iron and glass factories are famous all over the

country, and the city has grown rapidly in extent and population. The city proper is not so desirable as a residence because of the smoke from the bituminous coal used in its numerous manufactories, but the inhabitants are accustomed to it and the population annually increases. Across the Allegheny River the fine city of Allegheny, with its handsome residences and beautiful streets, can be seen, while Birmingham and several lesser towns and villages are observed across the Monongahela River on its southern bank.

The scenery, consisting of mountains, hills and valleys, is made more attractive by the presence of the three rivers, Allegheny, Monongahela and Ohio; the latter showing clearly where the waters of the other two run side by side into its channel, the Monongahela dark with the earth which it carries along, the Allegheny often clear and pure as a mountain stream, and this river supplies the city with its drinking water, of which the inhabitants are justly proud.

To look upon this great city with its large factories and very extensive and lucrative commerce, with its splendid churches and public buildings, with its vast industrious population and its several beautiful suburban towns, the progress of the years which have passed since the old fort was taken is marvellous. As gold has been the prime agent in the advancement of many far western cities, iron and coal have made the city of Pittsburg the metropolis of Western Pennsylvania.

## REVOLUTIONARY BATTLE-GROUNDS.

### CHAPTER V.

IMPELLED by similar motives which actuated me to revisit the battle-grounds of Antietam and Gettysburg—that of making visual observations—I made a tour of some of the Revolutionary battle-fields and other places connected with events of that period. I started southward to trace the footsteps of General Howe and his large army, when he planned and accomplished the occupation of my native city.

Sometimes in a local vehicle, but generally in my own carriage, I traveled the whole ground near Philadelphia carefully, from the eastern camp near Fort Mifflin, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, to Valley Forge and Paoli. Also along the changeful course of the Brandywine; then from Chadd's Ford to Kennett Square, the pretty little city having for part of its history, Craycroft, the residence of the late Bayard Taylor, one of America's greatest writers.

Leaving Kennett Square and driving through some

rich territory and lovely scenery, I rode down Red Clay Creek, and found it a most beautiful and enchanting ride along that stream. Thence, I went to Newark, Delaware, and took the train for Elkton, Maryland, and then wandered over the region which Knypshausen foraged opposite to Howe's landing-place, the facts concerning which are contained in another chapter.

Washington's object had always been to prevent a consolidation of the divisions of the British army, and to this end he never lost a chance to engage any portion of it if he found his own army sufficiently strong to cope with its antagonist. Yet no great general was ever more considerate of human life. It was this leaven of mercy which led him oftentimes to accomplish by stratagem, albeit by apparent waste of time, that which if otherwise conducted must have resulted in great loss of life.

By this plan of action he had kept Howe's vast army at bay when the most desirable of all objects to the British officer was the possession of the Capital. Marching, countermarching, ceaseless vigilance and prompt movements tormented the enemy for months; until the leader grew weary and determined to make a bold manœuvre and circumvent the keen watchfulness of the American commander-in-chief. History has repeated the story of the feints and dalliance of the British commander, who evidently was at his wits' end between his desire to hold New York, to aid Bur-

goyne, or to take Philadelphia. But the latter wish eclipsed all others, and August 18, 1777, Howe's army of 18,000 men, after a tempestuous voyage from Sandy Hook, landed at Elkton, Maryland, at the mouth of the Elk River, a tongue of Chesapeake Bay, extending quite a distance northward, where this wide river gave convenient harborage to his many transports. One may imagine the picture of that number of sea-tossed men, landing upon a wide stretch of level sand, on the border of a forest-clad hillside, with very few buildings in view, and most inhospitable weather to welcome them to the new country.

Washington lost no time in bringing his army southward as far as Wilmington, where he left them encamped, while he and several of his staff constituted themselves a reconnoitering party, for the purpose of ascertaining the actual neighborhood of the enemy. They reached Elkton and stopped at a brick tavern situated on somewhat elevated ground at the eastern side of the town or village, from which place they could see the British army landing at Old Field Ferry, a point west of Old Court House Point, on the opposite side of the wide waterway of Elk River. These ferry stations are now much changed. Parts of the old ferry-house logs and timbers lie about, decayed and dilapidated. The roadway, worn deep by former travel, and extending into the narrow strip of woods, remains still to mark the point of debarkation at Old Field Ferry; while Old Court House Point has a

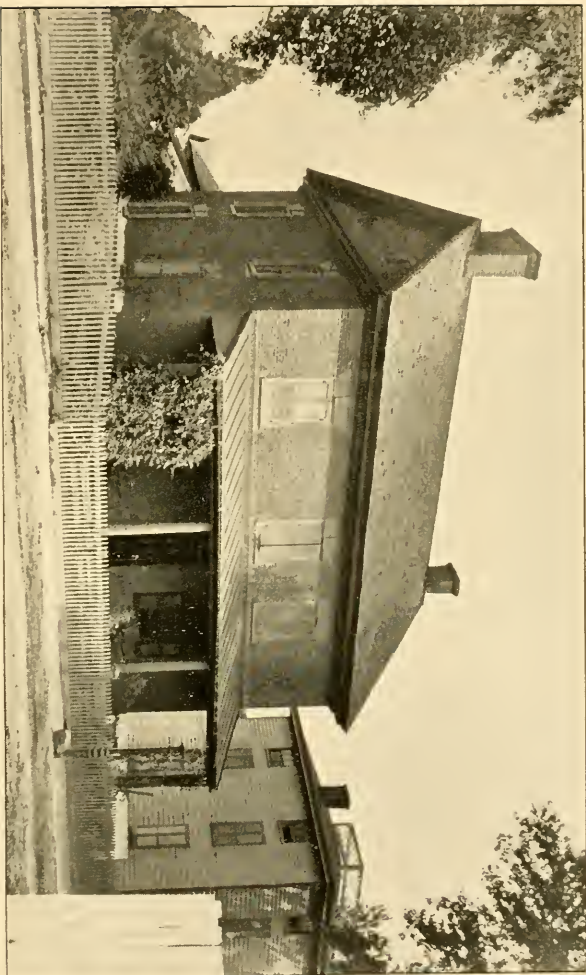
large wharf, now much fallen into decay. This land is now owned, and occupied during the sporting seasons, by the Hon. Joseph J. Martin, ex-city treasurer of Philadelphia, as a fishing and duck-shooting resort.

Having discovered the actual whereabouts of the British, and formed a decided conviction of Howe's intention, Washington and his officers returned to the hotel, and finding a dinner already prepared, they partook of the viands, and started on their return, refreshed with the meal which, doubtless, had been prepared for the English officers. This brick house, then a tavern, is still standing, having been altered to a neat dwelling-house. Washington's intention was to rejoin his army immediately at Wilmington; but a furious electric storm came on, which rendered it impossible for them to proceed, and they were glad to seek shelter at Aiken's tavern, situated at a place now called Glasgow, about twelve miles from Elkton. An old grist mill, which they passed as they crossed the bridge over Elk Creek, is still standing as a landmark, though it has since been enlarged. When Howe's army landed, his provisions were scarce, and the horses in a very bad condition for cavalry use from their long and uncomfortable voyage down the coast. And no doubt a great number of the men were as tired of rocking upon the billows as the quadrupeds. The commander immediately ordered a detachment of German troops, under the command of General Knyphausen, to cross Elk River to Old Court House

Point, and forage the whole district and procure provisions, cattle and horses, and then meet him at Aiken's tavern. In the meantime, Howe crossed over Little Elk Creek, through Elkton to the place designated.

The country thus traversed was well settled by thrifty farmers, Elkton being a small but prosperous town, and the inhabitants in the neighborhood were all either engaged in fishing on the bay, or in agriculture at various points farther inland. The large fruitful farms and orchards of to-day owe some of their prosperity to the industry of the early husbandmen who were awed beyond measure at the presence and audacity of the great British army, which demanded far more than they were well able to bestow.

The American army marched southward until the advance under General Maxwell halted and fortified itself along White Clay Creek, the principal part of the army took a stand along the left bank of the Red Clay Creek, but subsequently withdrew to the Brandywine Creek. These two former streams unite and form the Christiana which makes the harbor of Wilmington. Washington wasted very little time in preparing fortifications, for he held himself in readiness to move immediately upon any change of base effected by his enemy. As the British advanced Washington cautiously retreated, watching every movement until fully convinced that Howe's intention was to enter Philadelphia from the south instead of turning southward



BRICK HOUSE MODERNIZED, ELKTON, MD. FORMERLY THE OLD TAVERN WHERE  
GENERAL WASHINGTON ATE THE DINNER PREPARED FOR GENERAL HOWE.



towards Charleston, which at one time was supposed to be his plan.

The British proclamation of amnesty, which was offered when the Friends' settlements were reached, met with very little response, though indeed the presence of the Continental troops created but little enthusiasm either. But it must be remembered that in Pennsylvania the Quaker principle of peacefully minding one's affairs predominated, and also that the greater number of the occupants of the part of the country in which the troops were encamped was devoted to farming and grazing. To-day farms, peach orchards and dairies still occupy the land, the towns depending upon them for very much of their commercial importance.

Washington turned to the Brandywine, which, though called a creek, is quite as large a stream as a great many rivers of the West, and determined to resist at this place the progress of the British if possible. Chadd's Ford being the most important crossing on the line to Philadelphia, the American forces were centered there, General Maxwell still in front as a foil to the advancing right wing of the enemy. A guard of 900 cavalymen, or rather an incongruous host of mounted patriots, was thrown still farther southward to the front to engage the advancing cavalry of the enemy.

And now the belligerents confronted each other. Knyphausen and his Hessians opposing the Colonial left, Howe and a portion of the main body in front of

Chadd's Ford, Cornwallis and a large division swiftly marching up the stream to Jeffries' and Trimble's Fords, at which they found little difficulty in crossing.

The story has been told again and again how those two brave armies fought. How Washington was deceived about Cornwallis' flank movement until it was too late to save the wing under Sullivan. How the patriots contended against direful odds along the rugged banks and in the dense woods on the shores of the beautiful stream until they were compelled to retreat. How Wayne and La Fayette, Greene and Maxwell, Sullivan, Muhlenberg and Stephens, Armstrong and Weeden led their men into the very centre of the fight, dauntless, until overpowering numbers fell upon them, not only in the front but in the rear, until the patriots grew confused with the counter-fusilades. It is not surprising that some fled in dismay and that the battle ended with defeat for the Americans, who were much less in numbers, being only 11,000 against 18,000, and far inferior in discipline and armed with very antiquated weapons. They retreated to Chester, where those who had dropped off from their division, in the confusion of retreat, rejoined the army in its farther retreat toward Philadelphia and the upper Schuylkill Valley.

Except for a monument or a landmark here and there along the Brandywine, one would never know that its sparkling, dashing, miniature cascades or its smooth shallows and placid deeper waters had ever

been tinted with the crimson tide from many an eager heart. Merrily it turns the mills, some gray with age, softly it slips over the mossy stones in its bed, and ripples and sings among the alders and willows that bend low enough to hear its every whisper. Over a century has passed and conquerors and vanquished have all succumbed to the one great general whom none can resist; and yet the stream flows on, bearing in its name a telling page in the history of a great nation.

On the 11th of September this battle was fought and lost by the Colonial army, and yet on the 15th Washington was again leading his troops against their enemy. Before they halted for the night the advance was only twenty miles from the Capital. On the 16th an engagement was begun, but a violent storm made the roads impassable, saturated the ammunition and drenched the men.

The commander-in-chief, having inspected the ammunition and weapons, found how impossible it was, with hardly any powder fit for use, to battle with a well-equipped army. He therefore quietly withdrew the whole force to Warwick Furnace, and French Creek, where there were stores of muskets and good ammunition.

At Paoli one can see the monument, near the site of the battle, erected to the Americans under General Wayne, who were sent out by Washington to note the whereabouts of the opposing army, and to engage them if practicable, so as to deter them from nearing

Philadelphia until the whole Colonial army was prepared to defend the city. They were fallen upon in the night while sleeping, by overpowering numbers, and the record of that day, September 20, 1777, is marred by the loss of 150 Americans, many of whom were bayoneted after they had lain down their arms. Paoli is a prosperous little town, in a beautiful rolling country. I visited the new monument of fine granite. The old one, of white marble, is placed in the corner of the lot, it having been much marred and chipped by vandal relic hunters. Across the field at this point, to the southeast of the valley, stands an old farmhouse which is claimed to have been General Wayne's headquarters on that eventful night. In the old log portion, overgrown with vines, the rooms the General occupied were shown me on my visit; and photographers have pictured this as the house. But I was informed by Col. William Wayne, President of the Pennsylvania Sons of the Revolution, that an old building, to the northwest of this one, known as the Hutchinson House, on a road leading west or southwest from Paoli, has a greater claim to the honor than the other. As the matter is traditional, we may rest the claim between the two Revolutionary buildings in the absence of correct data. Certain it is that he reached there late at night and left immediately upon hearing of the attack, so as to reach his command in the adjacent woods. So that the building was occupied as a headquarters but a few hours.

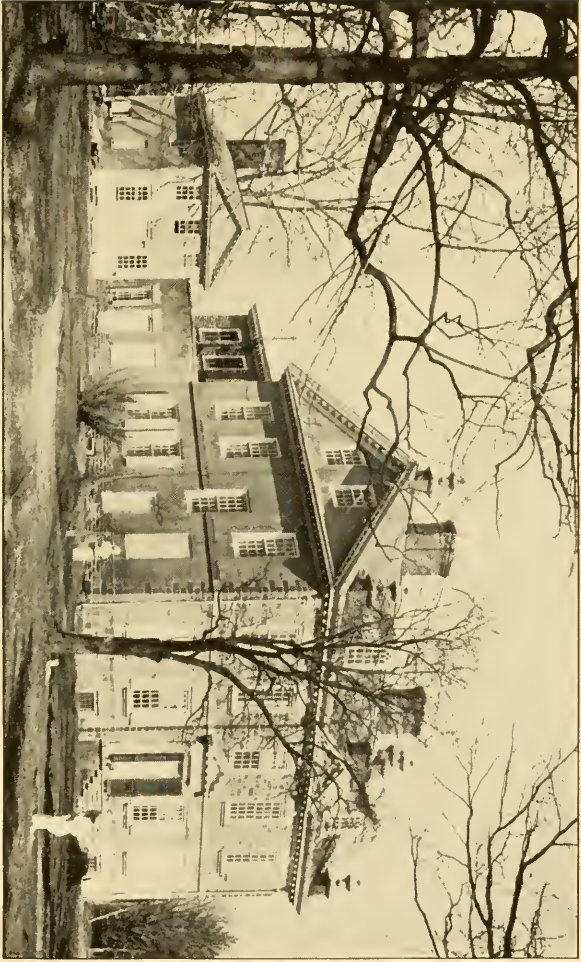
General Howe found a clear road after the attack upon the force of General Wayne, he therefore marched to the Schuylkill River, and crossed at Flatland Ford, opposite Valley Forge. Washington, fearing for the stores, which were held in considerable quantities at Reading, marched northward and encamped in Pottsgrove township, about ten miles above Valley Forge, so as to protect these stores from capture. This time the commander-in-chief did just what the British officer desired, for he had made the feint in order to draw the Americans further from Philadelphia. On September 22d, the enemy marched down old Ridge Road, and, on the 26th, General Howe took undisputed possession of the Capital, making his headquarters at Germantown, while he sent a division under Lord Cornwallis to occupy and hold Philadelphia in British possession.

Hundreds of American citizens travel daily on that same old road, with never a thought of the brilliant army that in 1777 made the echoes ring with the tramp of feet, the stamp of hoof and the wild music of fife and drum! Then, dense woods here, and verdant valley there, resounded to the unaccustomed sounds, and wild animals fled before the approach of that great serpentine line, which climbed the steep hills and dipped into the hollows in a continuous stream toward the coveted goal. In the meantime Washington concentrated his forces, and marching southward went into camp at Skippack Creek. He occupied a wildly

beautiful portion of country, about nineteen or twenty miles above Philadelphia, located among rolling hills between the Perkiomen and Skippack Creeks, where the army was comparatively safe from surprise, being guarded on three sides by water and on the other by woods. This neighborhood is still almost primitively lovely. Towns and villages have sprung into existence, but they are comparatively old-fashioned, the inhabitants of the country around being farmers who cling with surprising tenacity to the customs of their forefathers.

In some places along the Skippack road the woods are so dense on either side as to make the road dark and lonely. One can imagine the stealthy step of the wildcat, and the equally silent tread of the Indian, until even now an uncanny awe is inspired by the presence of the forest, many of whose trees no doubt have sheltered wild game and wary redskins in those olden times. But it is a reassuring pleasure to remember that in Pennsylvania the Indians were too generous to be hostile to the people who from the first recognized them as reasonable human beings with rights worthy of respect.

From this vantage ground Washington noted the movements of the enemy, always alert for the opportunity to regain possession of Philadelphia, which, though not nearly so important as Howe supposed the Capital to be, was very prominent as the largest and most centrally located city of the United Colonies.



THE CHEW MANSION, GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA.

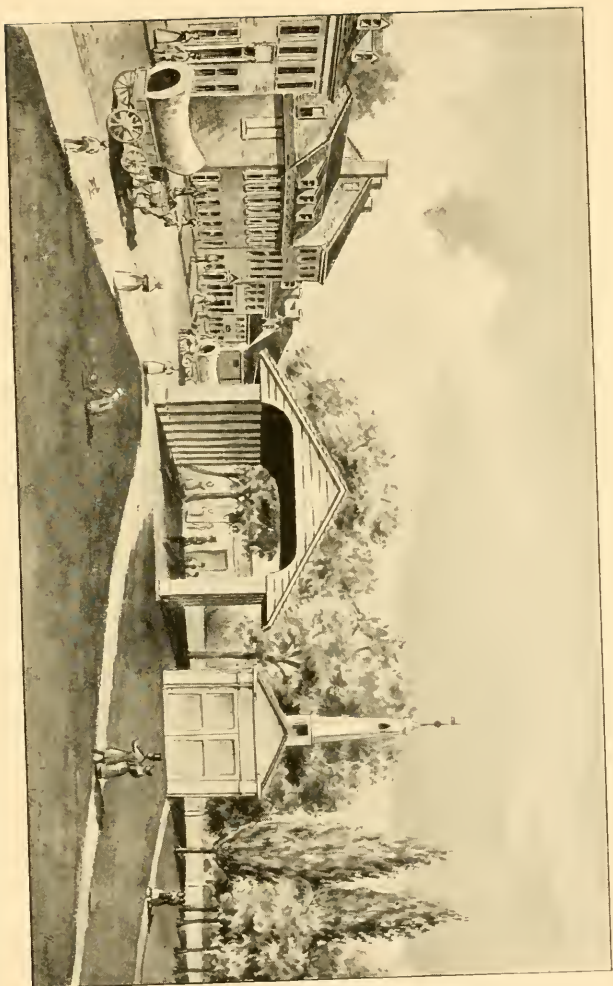


A part of Howe's policy upon the capture of Philadelphia was to throw a detachment of his army along the eastern side of the Delaware, so as to capture the fort at Red Bank, to retain a division in the centre of the city in case of emergency, and to maintain a large force in Germantown, as a guard between Washington and the British headquarters.

Germantown was then, as now, connected with the city by the long turnpike, now well known as Germantown Avenue. Until recently very many of the old farmhouses and unimportant small dwellings remained, which were invaded by the British soldiery with their demands for food and milk, which were handed to them, sometimes by sympathizers, whom policy kept silent, but mostly by trembling hands, accompanied by aching hearts and blanched faces, for well they all knew that in a short time the cannons would roar and the bullets whistle between the faithful Colonial troops and the British invaders. Here and there along the road tumbling walls and a few ancient buildings are left, while careful repairs have kept others staunch and strong as the hearts that defended them. General Wayne Hotel, at which it is claimed the General stopped while in Germantown, shines in bright new paint, while every mark of decay is carefully replaced by new material. There stands the old Mennonite Church with solid stone walls almost unmarred by time, and "1770" looking out from its tablet as if to defy the advance of time. There is Chew's house,

a grand old landmark of the Revolution, which bore such a disastrously prominent part in the battle of Germantown. The lawn is fair and green, the trees, many of them old monarchs, make fantastic, trembling shadows in the wind and sun; while the old gray house, with the holes of several cannon shots still visible, stands as firmly as it did when Musgrove and his small portion of the British army entered and held it so stubbornly. Possibly it would resist just such another onslaught to-day. It looks as if another century would still find it defying Time's destroying fingers. And there is Johnson's lovely lawn and waving trees just opposite. Perhaps some of them sheltered for a time the brave colonists, who were so bitterly averse to leaving Chew's building in the hands of the enemy. But by the pause at that place, such complications arose in the positions of the troops that the tide of the battle was altered, if not turned entirely.

The old market house, which was designated as a point at which Washington intended the several divisions of his army to aim to concentrate in their circumventing attack upon the whole of Howe's army at Germantown, was situated in a plot of ground still called Market Square, at Mill Street, School Lane and the Main Street, or Germantown Avenue. The Market Square, Market House and an old church edifice have given place to a neat, grass-grown space upon which stands a beautiful monument erected in



THE OLD MARKET HOUSE, CHURCH, AND GERMANTOWN ROAD AT MARKET SQUARE,  
GERMANTOWN, 1777, WHERE GENERAL HOWE'S FORCES EXTENDED  
EASTWARDLY OUT MILL STREET AND WESTWARDLY  
ALONG SCHOOL LANE TO RIDGE ROAD.



honor of the Union soldiers from Germantown who fell during the Civil War.

A plain granite base, bearing suitable inscriptions, upholds a young infantryman whose face is very attractive in its calm expression. A brass cannon stands at each corner of this monument, upon which the corps-mark of Ellis Post is displayed in bronze. The ground is protected by a light iron railing, but even without that it is doubtful if the statue, which is the pride of Germantown, would be molested.

Washington had disposed his divisions with peculiar sagacity, hoping to meet, surround and vanquish this British force. He knew that one detachment was defending the Delaware River front, another was stationed in Philadelphia, while a guard division stretched through Germantown about its centre, at the old market house at Mill Street, with the left wing resting on the Schuylkill, the right extending toward the Delaware. He left the Skippack encampment on October 3d, soon after the sun had set. Sullivan and Wayne, and Conway with his brigade on their flank, were to march quietly to the town by way of Chestnut Hill, with the object of attacking the centre of the British force, and the right flank of its left wing.

Greene and Stephens, flanked by a brigade commanded by General McDougal, were to move down the Limekiln road, enter the town at the market house and engage the left flank of the right wing. General Armstrong with his Pennsylvania militia was to march down

Ridge Road and endeavor to engage the left flank so that it would not aid the centre. And Smallwood and Foreman were to go down Old York Road and endeavor to prevent them from turning to the centre, by simultaneously attacking them on all sides, if possible. Sterling, Maxwell and Nash were to hold their division and brigades as alert reserves. Washington attached himself and staff to the division under Sullivan and Wayne. And all started in the order named. But on the morning of the 4th of October, at about three o'clock, the British scouts discovered the presence of the Colonial army as it was approaching Wissahickon Creek, at its crossing on the pike, down which they were marching. About sunrise General Conway's advance attacked and drove back the enemy's advance under Colonel Musgrove. This must have been a propitious beginning, if Musgrove had not entered the Chew mansion and driven the Americans from their path. Dismay, confusion, a blinding fog and consequent mistake in firing upon one another instead of the enemy, marked the battle of Germantown. Though some of the divisions accomplished the task laid out for them so far as lay in their power, Washington looked on with anxious eyes and a soul fully alive to the hazardous position of his army. Some were flying in consternation from their brother soldiers, others were attacked with fierce fury by the enemy, with no opportunity of reorganizing and meeting the foe in systematic warfare! For a little time he seemed to be inclined to let the battle

progress, hoping against hope, that his men would recover.

But when Cornwallis arrived with his division from Philadelphia, the tide swayed too heavily, and he ordered a retreat. So ended the battle of Germantown, with a heavy loss of American troops. But no guns were left to the enemy, and no actual triumph, except that the colonists had failed in their undertaking. Practically, all was the same as before the engagement. The British still held Philadelphia and Germantown, and Washington was soon again in camp at Skippack Creek. But his numbers were lessened, and there were wounded to be restored to health and soundness if possible.

Washington was very unwilling to allow Howe and his army to occupy Philadelphia during the winter; therefore, when his wounded were sufficiently recovered, he broke camp at Skippack Creek and marched to White Marsh, occupying the "Emlen Mansion" as his headquarters. The army here prepared for defense, expecting to have an engagement before the winter set in. Breastworks were raised and fortifications were built, some parts of which are still preserved at Fort Mifflin and its near neighborhood.

But General Howe, who had learned a sharp lesson in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, planned a surprise for Washington, which he fortunately discovered in time.

General Howe had for his quarters in Philadelphia

a house once occupied by General Cadwallader, on Second Street, below Spruce. One of his attending officers (tradition sometimes names this one as Major André, whose fate is so well known,) used a back room in the house immediately opposite to the headquarters, where he and several other officers held meetings remarkable for their privacy. The house was otherwise occupied by William Darrach and Lydia his wife, who were both members of the Friends' Meeting. Lydia was not quite satisfied with her tenant, and one evening when he told her that he was going to be late in leaving, but that he desired the family to retire early, and he would call her to extinguish the candles, her anxiety led her to so far obey the injunction as to send her family to rest quite early; but she stole bare-footed close to the door of the room and heard an order prepared, commanding all the British troops to make a night attack upon General Washington's army, which was then encamped at White Marsh, about four miles above Chestnut Hill. The assault was to be made upon the night of December 4, 1777. This was the night of the 2d of December, and Lydia's brave heart was too eager to allow her to sleep, even should she retire. But she withdrew and went to her bed, feigning sleep so completely that she was able to keep quiet until the third call had been made. The remainder of the night and during the early morning she planned and counter-planned by what means she could warn the American army of its danger. She confided in no

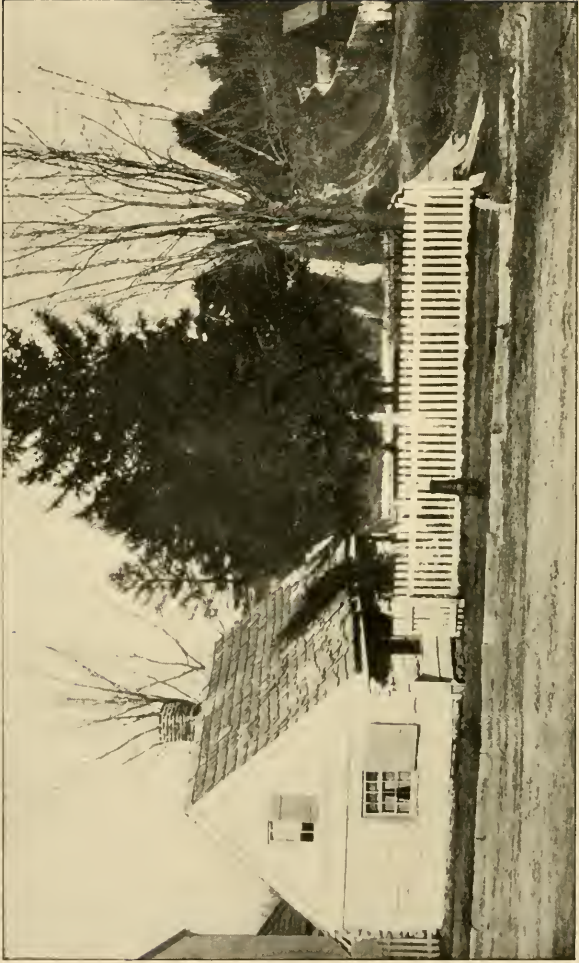
one, for fear of mistakes. So she concluded to take the news herself to General Washington. In the morning she told the family that she was in need of flour, and that she would go to Frankford to get it, refusing to take even a servant with her. She obtained a pass through the British lines from General Howe, and went on her way. Her great desire made the way seem interminable, but a short distance beyond the lines she met Lieutenant-Colonel Craig, an American officer with whom she was acquainted. She was the mother of a Colonial officer, and probably that fact aided in gaining her a swift audience for her information. Colonel Craig left her to rest and refresh herself, while he hastened to headquarters and gave the story, which was received at once without question by General Washington, who prepared so effectually to repel the attack that the plan was entirely forsaken. Lydia took her sack of flour home and resumed her duties, not forgetting to watch with wakeful eyes and ears sharpened by honest solicitude. She heard the marching of the troops and the retiring footsteps of the British officers, but she was compelled to wait the development without question. In a day or two after, the officer, with a mysterious air which startled her, asked her to come to his room. When the door was locked she became almost paralyzed with fear; she felt certain that she had been discovered, and that she would be treated as a spy. But the General questioned her about her family, and inquired at what time

they had retired on the night of the 2d. She steadied her voice sufficiently to answer him unhesitatingly that they were all in bed at eight o'clock. "Well," said he, "I know you were asleep, for I knocked three times before you answered; but I cannot imagine who let General Washington know of our intended attack, unless the walls can talk, for when we got to White Marsh he was ready with cannon mounted and troops anxious to repel us. And we have marched back like a pack of fools." Lydia Darrach's relief was two-fold, and her remarkable will must have been tested to the uttermost to keep from betraying that she had more than ordinary interest in the mystery.

The weather was getting cold, the ground frozen, and the soldiers already were suffering from insufficient food and clothing. These circumstances led Washington to consult with his staff, and they decided to go into winter quarters at Valley Forge. On December 11, 1777, the main part of the army marched to the Forge, crossing the Schuylkill at Swedes' Ford, at the southern end of the now prosperous little city of Norristown. For the infantry, many of whom were nearly barefooted, a *chevaux-de-frise* of army wagons was made, that they might not be submitted to the pain of fording the stream, on the stony bed of which their feet would have been sadly bruised.

Old York Road, Germantown Avenue, School Lane, Limekiln Pike, Mount Airy, Chestnut Hill, White Marsh, Barren Hill, Fort Washington and Skip-





AN ANTE-REVOLUTIONARY HOUSE, MT. AIRY, PHILADELPHIA, STILL STANDING.

pack are household names still along that storied highway of warfare. Recently changes have increased since the noisy trolley has forced its way into the quiet neighborhoods. Between Germantown and Philadelphia, and again from Germantown northward, dense forests barred the way except where the roads named cut a narrow way, each for itself, to the points beyond.

The Germantown Railroad was opened to travel on June 6, 1832, and the first train made its initial trip from Philadelphia to the old depot at Germantown in three-quarters of an hour, and it accomplished the return in half an hour, which amazing speed made the occupants of the car tremble, and many an old person predicted terrible calamities to those who flew into the face of danger at such a fearful rate. The necessity for connecting Norristown and Manayunk by rail seemed almost insurmountable until a young engineer conceived the idea of building a bridge over the Wis-sahickon Creek. A viaduct bridge was therefore built near Robeson's old mills in 1834. It was considered a wonderful accomplishment, and when the trains ran for the first time over the structure and arrived in Norristown without an accident, the event was celebrated with bountiful feasting and enthusiastic appreciation of the unique feat which marked the year 1835.

Germantown being founded by Germans upon the principle which claimed freedom of opinion in matters relating to conscience, took the initiative step toward

the foundation of a country in which all men shall be free, by being the first to proclaim against slavery in any form, though many of her wealthier citizens held slaves as chattels.

Chestnut Hill was subsequently connected by rail years afterwards. The whole beautiful tract of country called Chestnut Hill was once owned entirely by Francis Daniel Pastorius, first Lieutenant-Governor of Pennsylvania, and one of the founders of Germantown. One of the original Dunkard churches still stands, and is kept in good repair by those who worship therein. It stands back from the street with ancient trees shading its quaintness, on Germantown Avenue above Sharpnack Street, and but a short distance from the old Chew estate.

About a half a mile, or possibly less, above the old church there stands an old log cabin, the only one left of the many that were built by the early settlers of the country. This relic is located at the corner of Germantown Avenue and a primitive lane called Mermaid Avenue. The cabin is literally built of logs and boards as described many times in the history of the new country. It stands endwise to the street, and it is still used as a dwelling, though its age tells upon it despite the great care that is taken to prevent its decay. Unfortunately, the old building stands in the way claimed for widening and improving Mermaid Avenue, but thus far the present owner refuses to part with the ground. It is a very picturesque landmark,

and it would be little less than sacrilege to immolate that which has withstood the storms of more than one hundred and sixty years. There is a tradition that General Washington once stopped at the house for a season on his way to or from Germantown, but that is not an authentic fact, yet we are sure that it stood during the battle of Germantown, when 1,073 of the Colonial army fell in the effort to wrest Germantown and its contiguous villages from the hands of the British.

During the yellow fever scourge in 1793, Philadelphia, which was again the capital, became infected. Washington and his cabinet therefore took up their residence in Germantown, and many stories have been told of the courtly grace of the beloved General and Lady Washington, which she was called by nearly everyone. Her charity, gentleness and sweetness of manner won the respect and affection of all who had the pleasure of knowing or even seeing her. They lived in the house upon the Rittenhouse estate, and it was always a pleasure to see the President and his household go out from his home to church every Sunday. Even the quiet Quakers admired and venerated the man who bore the weight of honors bestowed upon him with exquisitely dignified modesty who courted no homage, but accepted the affection bestowed by a grateful people with most unostentatious grace.

Gilbert Stuart, the renowned painter, resided in

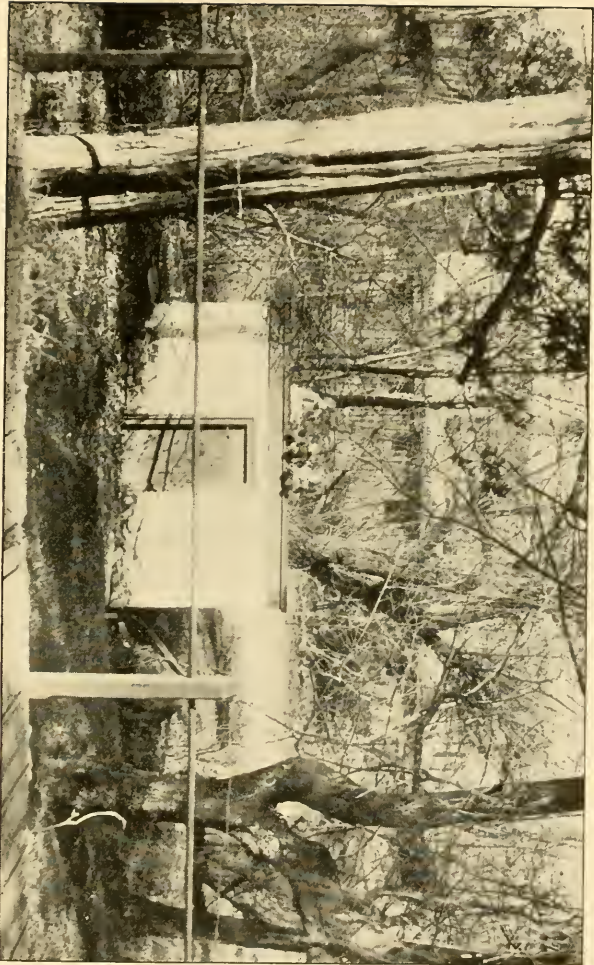
Mount Airy, Germantown, in 1794 and in 1795, using the barn back of his house for a studio. About this time he succeeded in making the acquaintance of General Washington, of whom he painted several pictures, the original study of the illustrious sitter's head being faithfully reproduced in all of them.

During the summer I had the pleasure of seeing and studying Stuart's great painting of the then President Washington, which hangs in the Council Chamber of the City Hall at Newport, Rhode Island. It is a magnificent picture of a great man, and one must turn again and again to gaze upon the nobly handsome, earnest face. The secret of imperfections often attributed to Stuart's portraits of Washington is that he finished very few full-length figures, having the details of all but the head and shoulders done by artists of less celebrity.

City improvements are fast removing Revolutionary landmarks in Germantown and its vicinity. Some day, only the pictures will remain of such spots as have for more than a century been unmolested. Houses, woods, parks, lawns, everything is being swept away, until even the springs and streams from which both Continentals and British slaked their thirst, are being drained out and filled up. One of the old spring-houses was protected until lately, but now Wistar's spring is to be sacrificed, and the ancient trees among which it stands are to be turned into lumber and fire wood.

Long ago the Reading Railroad leased the German-

THE OLD WISTAR SPRING, GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA, PA.





town and Chestnut Hill Railroad, connecting these suburbs with the city. Then, beautiful residences were constructed as summer resorts by the wealthier inhabitants. And for many years, Chestnut Hill particularly was a brilliant place in the summer, and was almost deserted in the winter. Germantown Avenue possessed the same characteristic in that suburb as it held in Germantown—houses humble, and mansions costly sprung up very often, side by side; the only digression from that main road being caused by tempting farm lands. Here and there a short street strayed off, with small houses and farms occupying their allotted spaces. But, generally, a modern rifle could reach the whole distance from the avenue, either side. Beyond, to the westward, lies the lovely Wissahickon, with its tiny waterfalls, its shallows and its deep, clear pools. Along its banks are stately trees, growing on hillsides and in valleys, giving the country an exquisite miniature resemblance to a mountain chain, all verdure-clad and beautiful. Thanks to the Fairmount Park Commission, a great part of this picture-beauty will remain unaltered. And it is well, for to-day the advance of improvements is approaching very close to its boundary. Within a few years the Pennsylvania Railroad emulated the Reading by building a road almost parallel, but as much to the west of Germantown Avenue as the other is to the right. Then came an innovation, and the aristocracy of the grand old city erected mansions, colonial

residences and beautiful castles, in which to live the whole year round, except when tours to Europe or some other distant place occupy the time. Philadelphia and her delightful suburbs, reaching to the romantic banks of the Schuylkill and Wissahickon, and far up on the Reading and Bethlehem pikes, has become a most beautiful and noble city.

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### A RECENT VISIT TO MONMOUTH COURT HOUSE, FREEHOLD, NEW JERSEY.

GENERAL HOWE'S inactivity seemed at last to have tried the patience of the home government. From October to the middle of June, Philadelphia was occupied by the General and his staff, who evidently preferred ease to active service. He was led to resign the command, and General Clinton was appointed in his place, with orders to proceed at once to New York. Washington with his troops followed, overtaking and outmarching the evacuating army at Monmouth Court House, in New Jersey, and making an attack with the evident hope of demoralizing this very important division of the British army.

Washington had ordered General Charles Lee—whose defection had caused a disaster some time previously—to advance and attack the enemy's line in the centre, while he himself would bring up the main army to his assistance immediately, while the wings were to try to force their way to Clinton's rear.

By this means Washington hoped to hold the British centre until his larger force was on hand to engage its wings. Instead of this, as he marched forward with well-prepared plans of battle, he met Lee in full retreat. Two signboards on the turnpike between Monmouth Court House and the old church on the hill, about three miles south of that point, in which Washington made his headquarters, can be seen to-day to mark the meeting-places. One marks the spot at which Washington and Lee met; the other shows where the retreating division and the main army met, and the retreat checked by Washington. He reprimanded Lee, and again ordered an advance, and then followed this general engagement, one of the many severe battles of the Revolution. This retreat of Lee, however, gave General Clinton the time and vantage ground he so much needed at that moment.

Lee took umbrage at the reproof administered by his commander-in-chief, and sent him two such disrespectful communications, that the insufferable insolence, together with his disobedience of orders, led to his trial by court-martial. He was suspended from his division for one year, but he never returned to his command, and many years after his death, which occurred just before the close of the war, letters and papers were discovered which proved beyond a doubt that he was a traitor, whose purpose of betraying the Colonial army into the hands of the British was frustrated by the stratagem and unswerving watchfulness of

General Washington, who always attributed his own success to the assistance of an omnipotent Providence.

The battle of Monmouth Court House was waged fiercely, and ended without decisive victory for either side. The British loss was about five hundred, the Americans lost many more; but as the day was intensely hot, numbers died from heat exhaustion; but many drank clear, cold water from "Mollie Pitcher's Well," and cooled their heated brows and slaked their great thirst therewith.

This well is yet preserved, though it is now covered with a planking, and above it is a signboard bearing the name. The well is located close to the railroad track, where it runs parallel with the turnpike. Not far from it a sign points the direction the English took along the turnpike after the battle.

This battle was fought on Sunday, June 28, 1778. It was carried on all day, and far into the night. The Colonial army laid upon its arms all night; Washington and La Fayette reposed at the root of a tree, so as to be in readiness for a renewal of hostilities in the morning; but Clinton had taken advantage of the darkness to continue his march toward New York, thus emulating the actions of Washington at Trenton and Princeton.

The country around Freehold—the county seat of Monmouth County, and the city which has sprung up near the battle-ground—is very beautiful, though the country is generally level, with slightly rolling inclina-

tion as it lies toward the west. It is studded with fruitful farms and pasture lands, peacefully lovely under the late summer sunlight. A tall monument standing upon a slight eminence commemorates the battle and its site.

I visited the old church before mentioned, in which Washington made his headquarters. It is beginning to show the ravages of time quite plainly, notwithstanding it is kept in good repair, and I walked through the burial ground, in which I noticed quaint old tombstones bearing dates of far more than one hundred and twenty years ago. I drank from the old court-house well at which Washington quenched his thirst, and I traversed the road along which the opposing armies marched. They are kept in good condition, and one can readily see the importance which both commanders attached to this apparently unimportant spot. Middletown road leads almost direct to Amboy, at which place the British stores were deposited.

Washington hoped to circumvent Clinton and get possession of the arms and provisions, if he did not succeed in overpowering the British, while Clinton evidently continued his march through the night so as to save them from capture.

Though this engagement was not altogether victorious to the Americans, it was sufficiently creditable to be treasured in the memory of the nation and to be commemorated in monument and tablet.

## A RECENT VISIT TO LEXINGTON AND CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

LOOKING over the causes which led to the Revolution, glancing over the wide area across which that war for independence was waged for years, each hallowed by the sacrifice of the noblest men the nation could boast, it is no wonder that the heart thrills with excessive patriotism when one stands upon the spots on which the first blood was shed for the liberty of millions.

We all know how the Colonial leaders upheld the rights of the people; how they protested against the yoke whose weight grew heavier the longer it was borne, and with unparalleled patience. When preparations for war were made, still hoping for legal adjustment of the questions upon which the disagreement between the colonies and England was founded, the moving spirits of the Americans enjoined caution and a particular care to so act, no matter how great the provocation, that an entirely peaceable settlement could be made if England saw proper to remove the heavy taxations, permit the people to have rights consistent with their position as English subjects, and be allowed to have some share in preparing the laws under which they had to live. A strenuous injunction was laid upon the Colonial militia to refrain from firing the first shot against the mother country. Some

men grew impatient of the command, and they would fain have attacked the British soldiery, who were sometimes not above taunting the already outraged community. Preparing for war, yet willing to make peaceable settlement at any time, the patriots gathered to discuss the probable issue, while the poorly equipped militia drilled so as to be ready for an emergency which they felt confident was drawing very near. It came when General Gage was commissioned to march to Lexington, with eight hundred troops, to seize John Hancock and Samuel Adams, the leaders of the Colonists, and having taken them prisoners, to proceed onward to Concord, and either capture or destroy the stores which the patriots had been preparing in case of need.

Very quietly Gage proceeded to obey orders, but Dr. Joseph Warren, afterwards General Warren, of Revolutionary fame, had sent Paul Revere from Charlestown, and William Dawes from Roxbury, to give the alarm if the British advanced. Paul Revere crossed the Charles River in a small boat within sight of the British man-of-war "Somerset," and waited on the river bank until he received a pre-arranged signal. Anxiously watching, at last Paul saw the signal, and instantly mounting his horse he started upon his ride, made immortal by its results, and by the verses in its commemoration written by Longfellow.

Standing on the park lawn in Lexington, one can imagine the figure of Major Pitcairn, in his impetuosity,

cursing the "rebels" and commanding them to "disperse," and the handful of hardy minute-men facing the irascible officer and his well-drilled army.

On the village green of Lexington, fifty of the brave New Englanders, under the command of Captain John Parker, faced the brilliant British troops, and answered the Major's order with stolid silence. His command to fire received no response on either side. Evidently his own soldiers were deeply impressed with the wonderful determination and bravery which inspired that handful of yeomen to face unflinchingly their disciplined ranks. Whether that was the case or not, the sound of his own pistol accentuated his second order before his men responded with a murderous volley, which killed eight and wounded ten of those noble minute-men. Thus the first blood of the Revolution was spilled on April 19, 1775.

The old North Bridge, near Concord, was the spot where the first Colonial resistance was made. It has been reconstructed as nearly as possible in the style of the one across which the minute-men turned and retreated, when they were convinced by their leader that it was impossible to stand against the augmented forces which were approaching, and upon one side there is a monument of granite erected where the British stood, bearing the date of the battle and a commemorative inscription.

Carved on the other side, there is a splendid statue of a minute-man, designed by a native sculptor,

Mr. D. C. French, whose powers in the delineation of pose and expression are wonderfully life-like and beautiful. Two British soldiers were slain in this first contest, and they were buried where they fell, and a stone in the wall near which they lie bears the inscription "Grave of British Soldiers." A monument to the faithful New England soldiers of the Civil War was erected on the Common, at Concord, on April 19, 1867. So within a few miles of each other stand monuments of the two great events of American history.

While in Lexington, I visited the old Monroe Tavern, at the east end of the town, which General Percy, the commander of the British army, used as a hospital on the day of the battle of Lexington. There is an old chair in the bar-room, in which General Washington sat, and it and a bullet-hole in the ceiling are pointed out to visitors. It was a Masonic Lodge Hall also for a long while. I drove up Highland Avenue and obtained a fine view of the historic neighborhood. New houses are being erected, and many splendid residences and beautiful lawns are visible through the rolling country.

Looking across the battle-ground in Lexington, I found it marked an imperfect parallelogram, in the northwestern corner the monument to the minutemen, in the centre the Liberty pole, two cannons, one pointing southeast, the other almost due east, and several beautiful churches are built around this public

square, with fine modern residences close to this central open park of the town. The old monument, where those eight that fell in that first attack are buried, at the southwest end, is covered with ivy, while there are low growing plants at the base. Many of the present residents point with pride to their ancestral memorial of the first stroke for freedom. I saw the old house in which Hancock and Adams were stopping when they were compelled to go still further, though they would much have preferred to stand their ground. But Doctor Warren was particularly anxious that their lives should not be sacrificed, and his persuasion prevailed. I drove along the Medford Road, over which Paul Revere rode with such anxious haste.

On the road near Medford, beyond Arlington, there is an old magazine, located on a slight elevation, which is preserved with great care. I was informed that it was used by the Americans, while Boston was held by the British in 1775.

The country all about Lexington, Concord and Cambridge is not only beautiful, and dear to the hearts of the people from its historic prominence, but from its natural loveliness and its wealth in literary and artistic culture. Here Hawthorne lived and wrote, and Thoreau wandered, dreamed and studied Nature in her purest haunts; here the Alcotts won for themselves the love and immortal reverence of their appreciative neighbors and of the whole country. At Cambridge is situated the old Harvard University, one of the most

renowned colleges in the world, honored by its having graduated a host of the ablest literary men of the country, noticeable among whom are Longfellow, Holmes and many others. Here General Washington—beloved more and more as the years roll on—took command of the American army, trusting not in his own strength for the power to lead his downtrodden countrymen to liberty. Almost within the sound of cannon the battles of Lexington, of Bunker Hill, of Charlestown and of Boston were fought.

To this day there are men who glow with pride as they tell of the defense of Breed's Hill, erected in one night by the 1,000 men who made the mistake of preparing that instead of Bunker Hill, as a fortification to hold against the British and prevent their advance. The defense between the hills was made of hay and straw packed tightly between two fences. The story of the battle of Bunker Hill, as it is always called, is known to every school-boy, and the monument erected upon Breed's Hill has been pictured until all are familiar with its contour. But until one stands upon the battle-ground and recalls that soul stirring history, until he gazes upon the old monument and reads its inscription, he can never know the full appreciation of the thousands of sacrifices that were required to seal the cause of true Liberty and Union. Limited as my time was, I visited every point of Revolutionary interest in and around these sacred grounds, and it would require a much larger space than the pages

of this little book allow, to give them even cursory mention.

I took a ride down the bay to Hull, whose very prominent position between Boston Bay and the Atlantic made it very important. I found earthworks in three places extending out from the southern point forming the outer portion of Boston Harbor, opposite the Boston Lighthouse. I visited the large fort on Telegraph Hill, so called, I am told, because it has upon it a telegraph station, from which signals announce the approach of vessels on the coast. I took a view from an old fortification, which is somewhat octagonal in conformation, and far down the south side of the hill I noted the remains of a very old earthwork or fortification. The angles of the main fort, looking in every direction, afforded me a most enchanting view of the surrounding country, the bay, the quiet harbor and the boisterous ocean. I spent several hours examining the formation of the forts and observing the points of interest in every direction.

Passing down the north side of the hill towards Boston Light and Brewster Islands, I crossed some old stone fences that seemed as if they had been erected for defensive purposes. Turning northward, up a valley which is cut in towards the harbor close by, and up a hill overlooking the electric railway which runs from Nantasket to Hull, I noted three sections of earthworks on the brow of this precipitous hill, which are being worn away gradually by the winds and storms

of the gliding ages, until only three cone-shaped elevations, about ten feet in height, remain to mark the spot. Leaving this point I skirted the crest of the cliff to another earthwork near to the town of Hull, which evidently commanded that point toward the north. These remains of breastworks are not nearly so extensive as those on Telegraph Hill, though the star-like formation, with the projections for planting cannons, are quite distinctly marked.

Except as Revolutionary landmarks held by American patriots, these points are not of special interest, but to me they are very attractive, and searching around I found several relics which had been overlooked or disregarded by former visitors. On Telegraph Hill I saw some triangulation stones, placed there by the Government, the formation of the coast requiring survey by triangulation.

I feasted my eyes with the charming outlook from my lofty point of observation, from which I could look down upon the tiny city, the fair country and the beautiful harbor, in and out of which the vessels were passing with sails, some weather-stained and brown, others white as sea-gull wings, spread to catch the pure salt air.

I longed for the genius of an artist that I might reproduce the glorious view ; the long sweep of ocean, the curving coast, the solid lighthouse with its prominent white tower, the ships in the harbor, the few islands dotting the wide sweep of the bay as it spreads

out after curving in around the peculiar points of land upon one of which Hull is located, and the forts up the bay. All spread beneath my gaze, and I turned from it very regretfully.

I reached Hull in time to see it in its summer dress after a thunder shower. The air was pure and invigorating, and I started upon my Revolutionary tour within its neighborhood with keen pleasure. Boston, Lynn, Swampscott, Marblehead and Thatcher Lights and the distant coast line stretching far to the north and south; Boston Light, Brewster Islands and the few independent rocks in the bay at its entrance; Hull Beach and Nantasket winding around as if to protect the harbor. Altogether the scene was exquisite, and I drank in its beauty while I thought of the patriots who built and manned the numerous fortifications fast passing away. Boston is so well known that I need only say that I left no spot of historic interest unvisited, and I came away more thoroughly convinced of the bravery and single-minded patriotism of the old Puritan yeomen, who laid aside all prejudice, all personality, to take up arms in the common cause which made the thirteen colonies one, notwithstanding the wide disparity in their natural environments, their occupations and their various national ancestry.

As I write, my memory reaches out through the long vista of departing time and lingers with a thrill of deepest feeling upon the more prominent spots upon which I have trod while tracing the history of

my beloved country. From old, time-worn forts, whose walls once swarmed with the first defenders of the country, made theirs by adoption if not by birth, I come to forts yet well marked by the shot and shell and bayonet thrusts of the late war. Monuments meet me on every hand, and yet many more would be required to mark even the half that has been done to bring the Union to its present pre-eminent position, its breadth of territory, its prosperity and peace !

On lofty points on either coast I have watched the massive ships of commerce, the sailing vessels and the smaller craft which carry the grand old flag from land to land, from point to point, and from city to city on our own long line of sea-coast. I have seen the calm blue sky bending in holy benison above the bays and gulfs that sweep in from the mighty oceans on either side of the broad Republic. I have tried to hold in my mind's eyes the exquisite beauty of mountain, hill and valley, and I have even heard the roar of battle and bent above the wounded and dying of those who fought to keep the Union intact; I have stood within old forts of long ago until I could almost imagine that I heard the echoes of the cannon and the rattle of the shot that made that Union a land of liberty; and the conclusion always manifests itself that it was well worth the sacrifice! That if those very days could ever be recalled we should again demand our rights, uphold our principles and fight for freedom! We would uplift our Washington, we

would face the common enemy and establish our Republic as it is. Yes, we would again purchase Freedom as did the lives of our sturdy forefathers, and we would hallow the re-established Union with the priceless blood of hundreds of thousands of our noblest citizens.

Those battles, all fought so long ago, live forever in the grand accomplishment of their purpose; but year by year their fiery flash and awful din grow more and more faint, until only the echoes remain to remind us of aught but the glory which they won. By and by they will be but a cherished memory except for the monuments, which will for ages speak to those who will, we most earnestly hope, never see the smoke of warring cannon, nor even hear the dreadful echoes from afar.





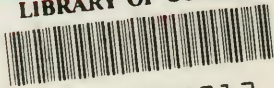








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