

MOUNTAIN GUN BATTERY.

picket line. Requesting my companion to remain behind about half a mile I approached cautiously the wharf, with my machine and powder covered by a small box. Finding the Captain had come ashore from a barge then at the wharf, I seized the occasion to hurry forward with my box. Being halted by one of the wharf sentinels I succeeded in passing him by representing that the captain had ordered me to convey the box on board. Hailing a man from the barge I put the machine in motion and gave it in his charge. He carried it aboard. The magazine contained about twelve pounds of powder. Rejoining my companion, we retired to a safe distance to witness the effect of our effort. In about an hour the explosion occurred. Its effect was communicated to another barge beyond the one operated upon and also to a large wharf building containing their stores (enemy's), which was totally destroyed. The scene was terrific, and the effect deafened my companion to an extent from which he has not recovered. My own person was severely shocked, but I am thankful to Providence that we have both escaped without lasting injury. We obtained and refer you to the inclosed slips from the enemy's newspapers, which afford their testimony of the terrible effects of this blow. The enemy estimates the loss of life at fifty-eight killed and one hundred and twenty-six wounded, but we have reason to believe it greatly exceeded that. The pecuniary damage we heard estimated at four million dollars, but, of course, we can give you no account of the extent of it exactly."

Gen. Rufus Ingalls, U. S. A., in his report for the years 1864-1865, says further that: "On the evening of the 23d of January, 1865, it was known that the Rebels were apparently preparing to make a raid down the James with their fleet of ironclads and wooden boats for the purpose of destroying our depots on the river, particularly that great one at City Point, where supplies had been accumulated and stores to meet the wants of the armies in case the James River and northern ports should be closed by ice. The weather was already very inclement, and the Potomac and Delaware were then, or shortly afterward, rendered entirely unnavigable by ice.

"Early on the 24th the Rebel fleet approached our obstructions, and one of the ironclads passed them, but the one following got foul upon them. Our batteries made obstinate resistance, and blew up one of the smaller gunboats. Our men even were led with great effort to the bank of the river, and poured volleys of musketry into the ram that had passed the obstructions. The Navy at that point were not prepared at the moment for any effective resistance. Had the Rebels persisted at that time they could, had they succeeded, have inflicted upon us incalculable losses, the result of which no one can pretend now to estimate; but most fortunately for us they abandoned the raid and retired to their former position. Two or three days later it was impossible for these boats to make a descent. The Navy was thoroughly prepared, and I had sent, by order of the Lieutenant-General, my aide-de-camp, Bvt. Capt.

J. W. French, Eighth Infantry, up the river with vessels laden with coal, who sunk two on the night of the 25th to fill up the gap made in the obstructions. He performed this service under the enemy's guns with great gallantry."

A correspondent with the Army thus writes: "The extent of the depot at City Point, necessary to supply an army of one hundred thousand or more men, may be imagined as well perhaps as it can be described. It consisted of a levee, which in its whole continuous length was one range of solid and substantial frame buildings; the levee itself in length and width being of proportions enough to remind one almost of that at New Orleans, while the network of railway tracks crossing and recrossing each other, the jetties thrown out to meet the river in every direction would not disgrace a San Francisco or Chicago in the brightest days of its youth.

"In passing from one to the other of the barges and vessels of the Ordnance Depot the huge hatches removed showed field ammunition in unlimited abundance.

"Hotchkiss and Schenkle shells and projectiles, Parrots, Absterdams, case, and canister in most suggestive quantities."

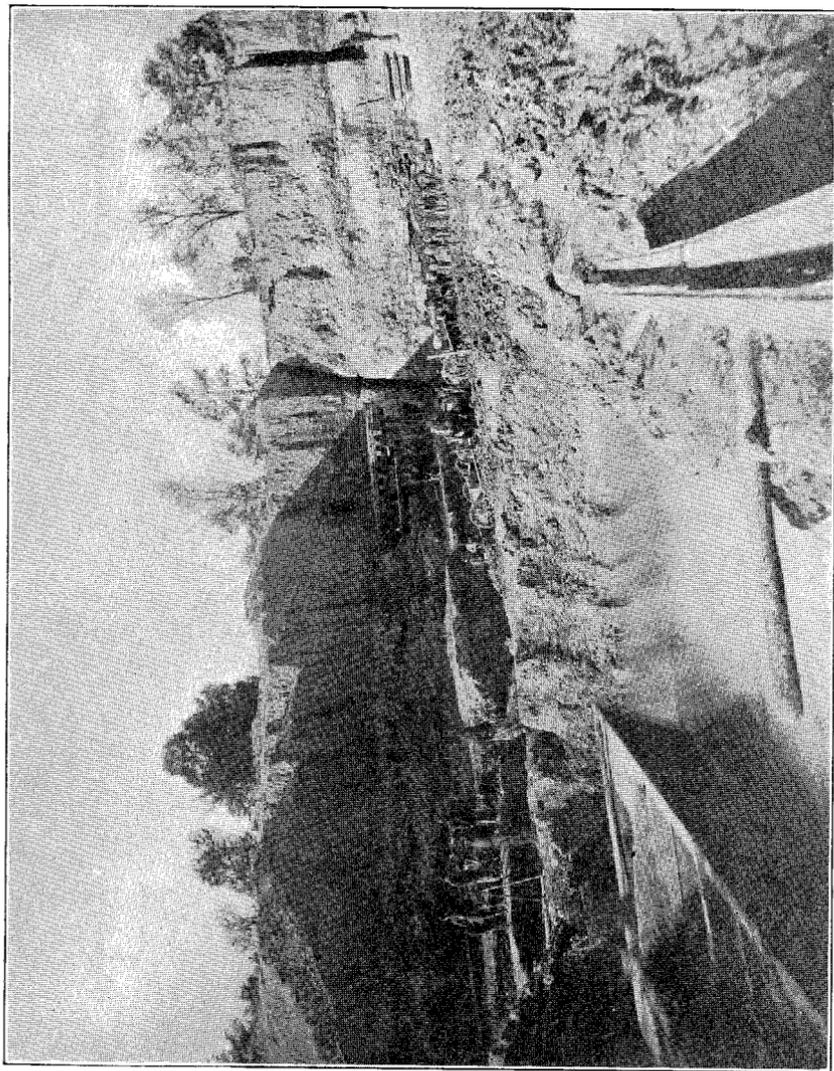
Reference to this new type of projectile brings to mind a query propounded by Abraham Lincoln when visiting the Army on a tour of inspection. When passing through the depot of supplies, he pointed to one of the boxes marked with its contents and inquired "What is the difference, Captain, between an Absterdam projectile and any other damn projectile?" and then ab-

ruptly turning to a rack of harness; "Why is it," he said, "that they say 'Sorrow leaves its traces behind,' but they never say anything about the other parts of the harness?" "Mr. President," this officer replied, "for my part I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world ready booted and *spurred* to ride, and millions ready *saddled* and *bridled* to be ridden." "Ah! I see, Captain," said the President, "you 'kick over the traces.'"

Not many weeks after this conversation on a bright April morning, near the noon hour, from a seat just in front of the superintendent's quarters at West Point, the officer referred to noticed the lowering of the flag at an unusual hour, to half staff. He remarked at the time, but without knowing, "Abraham Lincoln has been assassinated!" Thirty-six years thereafter, as this officer was standing near the same spot, the battalion of cadets, when forming for parade, was suddenly dismissed, and in a few moments thereafter the flag dropped to half staff. What does that mean? every one asked. It meant that President McKinley had met with the fate that befell Abraham Lincoln.

This was the evening of the day President McKinley had been shot and a rumor had reached the Point that he was dead.

Shortly after Lincoln's death this same officer was observing the battalion of cadets at drill; it was a bright autumnal afternoon, not a cloud to be seen. Suddenly a flash and terrific peal of thunder — a tree just in front



DUTCH GAP CANAL, VA., 1864.

of the general parade ground was struck and the whole battalion received a shock; several men being carried away prostrate. "A bolt out of a clear sky," and for the third time.

Brig.-Gen. Peter S. Michie, Chief Engineer of the Army of the James, and the Ordnance Officers of the Army were charged with the work of opening the Dutch Gap Canal. A photogravure plate shows the work in a state of progress and before the bulkhead was blown out.

This work, it was expected, when accomplished, would reduce by seven miles the route by water to Richmond, thus avoiding the formidable Confederate batteries at Drury's Bluff, and compelling the enemy to withdraw his gunboats at that point.

The mine was prepared and the bulkhead (two million cubic feet of earth) blown *up*, but, unfortunately, not blown *out*; so that, in point of fact, as a military work this was a failure, although from a commercial standpoint it has proved to be a great success.

Not far from the headquarters at City Point the Confederate cavalry broke through our lines and drove off a very large herd of cattle. The unfortunate experience had at the time with the Spencer rifle (a breech-loader) by the regiment guarding the cattle was such as to confirm the objection to the breech-loading system and give point to the argument that if men can fire too

readily and too quickly the arm will become a useless incumbrance,—and would be thrown away by troops in retreating.

By way of retaliation for making way with the cattle our cavalry was sent out to scour the country south of the James River, within a radius of fifty miles of City Point. The orders were to bring in everything on the hoof, dead or alive.

An officer of the Fifth Cavalry found when on this raid at a farmhouse but one cow, the only property of this kind left, and a young mother entirely dependent upon it for the food for her infant.

He was compelled, under his orders, to take possession of the animal, but invited the young woman with her child in arms to ride behind him for some distance until he could communicate with his senior in command, and obtain permission to purchase the cow, and nothing, he said, ever gave him more pleasure than the return of the animal to its original owner.

One other officer of the raiding party found a farmhouse filled in its upper story with barrels of applejack. These he ordered broken open and the contents spilled, as he wished to keep his troopers in condition to get back to camp. Passing a door on the lower floor he discovered his men in a room walking around with heads thrown back and mouths wide open catching the liquor as it filtered through the ceiling.

Speaking of applejack reminds us: Eight light batteries were camped at Brandy Station, Va., in December, 1863, Major Fügen, then lieutenant of the

Fourth Artillery, had a rare experience with one of his corporals, Stewart by name, who had taken an overdose of this beverage. It appears that Stewart, who joined the battery November, 1861, had, by his good conduct, strict attention to duty, and his intelligence, been made a corporal. He was considered, without exception, one of the best noncommissioned officers in the battery; but, unfortunately for him, on a day in the month of January, 1864, he got hold of some vile *applejack*; and, although he did not appear to be intoxicated, yet, while under its influence, he equipped himself with his revolver and threatened every one who approached him.

The sergeant of the guard reported the facts of the case to Lieutenant Füger, who buckled on his sabre and revolver, and arrested the corporal. The corporal became so violent and abusive that he was tied up to a spare wheel (quite the custom in those days), a process generally described as "spread eagle." Lieutenant Füger then returned to his tent, but in a short time the sergeant of the guard reported that Stewart had broken loose, and was in front of his own tent, armed with sabre and pistol. Lieutenant Füger immediately buckled on his sabre and revolver and proceeded to the battery parade ground.

On his approach Stewart rushed to the battery park, climbed up a large tree; and, when Lieutenant Füger was within a short distance from the tree, he called upon Stewart to surrender. Stewart fired a shot at the lieutenant, which fire was returned. Stewart was hit in the right cheek. The lieutenant and corporal then

exchanged five shots, but as Stewart's sixth shot missed fire, he threw the pistol at Lieutenant Fuger, climbed to the top of the tree, and drew his sabre, shouting, "I am a British soldier, and never surrender." In this shooting match Stewart was hit four times; once in the cheek, as before stated; once in the left leg; once in the shoulder, and by the fourth shot in the right thigh, and was bleeding profusely. It was not the intention of the lieutenant to kill him, but as he would not surrender or come down from the tree two men of the battery were ordered to bring up sharp axes from the battery wagon, and chop down the tree. These men were good wood choppers, and to facilitate matters worked on opposite sides of the tree. The lieutenant then gave Stewart one more chance to come down, shouting to him: "You had better get down now, or you'll come down with a rush and break your darned neck." At this point Stewart realized the situation, returned his sabre to its scabbard, and threw it from the top of the tree at the lieutenant. When he had climbed down and reached the ground he knocked down two members of the guard, after which the lieutenant grappled with him and threw him to the ground. The corporal was then placed on a stretcher and taken to the hospital, where the doctor extracted four bullets from his body.

Apparently he was perfectly sober, talked rationally, and would not allow the doctor to give him anything to alleviate his pain, simply saying: "Take the bullets out." During the operation he did not move a muscle,

and bore the pain in a most heroic manner. That evening he sent for Lieutenant Fügler, begged his pardon, and hoped that neither he nor any other member of the battery was injured. The corporal now realized what he had done. He stated that, as he had never been in a hospital before in his life, he would like to go to duty at once; but the lieutenant explained to him that as he was under the care of the doctor he could be restored to duty only by the doctor's order.

In this encampment of eight batteries, with a complement of over a thousand men, all of them were attracted to the scene, and to within four hundred yards of the tree, by the repeated discharge of the pistols; and all anxiously and eagerly watched the result of the impromptu duel, fearing lest the lieutenant might get the worst of it.

Investigation followed, and a court-martial was ordered, there being about twelve witnesses called besides Lieutenant Fügler. The proceedings of the board were published to the brigade, exonerating the lieutenant from all blame, and in the order it was stated that upon the recovery of Stewart he should be brought to trial for mutinous conduct. The lieutenant was so much impressed by the courage shown by this man, who he had always been such a good soldier before the affair, that he did "all that he possibly could to get the corporal off." The general court-martial however discharged the corporal from the service, and sentenced him to ten years' confinement at Dry Tortugas, Florida.

Lieutenant Füger never again saw the man or learned what became of him; but during the course of the trial he persuaded Stewart to call him as his witness, and in his usual generous spirit he gave Corporal Stewart a most excellent character, and pleaded with the court in his behalf. Lieutenant now Major Füger informed us that he had a great admiration and affection for this man Stewart, as he was, up to the time of this shooting affair, one of the best soldiers in the battery, had never given any trouble, was a most excellent gunner, understood his duties thoroughly, and hence, as he said, "I worked for all that I was worth to get him off from punishment, and to have him restored to duty with the battery."

The above facts are stated almost as they were recited by the Major himself.

At the lower Brandon Mansion on the James River some fifteen miles below City Point, two troops of the raiding party had put up for the night at this grand but then deserted old Southern homestead.

The writer had visited this place when a boy and occupied the room in which the following incident occurred some eight years before.

The boys of the family had all returned from school for the Christmas holidays. There were eight of us in all, occupying the only second-story room in this house, as the Southern houses are many of them built with almost all the bedrooms on the lower floor. In this room, which was very commodious, there were four high-post bedsteads. Two boys to a bed (a feather bed),

and at the foot of each bed an armchair containing a small darky. The darkies were provided out of the superabundance of things at the time, and for the purpose of assisting the young gentlemen off and on with their clothing.

The writer has attended a great many reveille roll-calls during the forty years or more of his army service, but none ever impressed him as the one he attended on that Christmas morning. It is the custom in the South to celebrate Christmas much as the Northerners celebrate the Fourth of July. The boys had supplied themselves with a large stock of firecrackers, and the reveille gun for the occasion was very much on the Gatling gun order. A pack of ignited firecrackers was placed in the bed between two of the boys, and the resulting effect was much more disastrous than the practical jokers had anticipated, a case of homemade "hazing". It is not recommended to boys to try this method of celebrating Christmas, even if they must stick to the firecrackers.

On the parlor wall there was a sketch of lower Brandon made by the writer in earlier years, which served as a reminder of his first visit to this once hospitable but then deserted mansion. Major Walsh of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry was with us on this raid and the horses of the several troops were picketed on the grounds and the officers made themselves as comfortable as possible in the house for the night.

The Major related an experience he had had the previous night at "Shirley" on the James.

It appears that the darkies reported an officer of the Confederate cavalry as visiting his family at the Shirley Mansion. The house was surrounded by Major Walsh's troops, and the old gentleman, the father of the Confederate officer, would neither affirm nor deny the truth of the report concerning his son, but invited the Major to search the house if he so desired. There was one room to which the latter was at first denied admittance, that of the daughters of the family, who had retired for the night. The hour was suspiciously early for this, and the young ladies were therefore required either to get up, dress, and vacate the room, or else cover themselves up and permit the entrance of the searching party. The gallantry of the Major got the better of his judgment, and later on it was learned that one of the *two* young ladies was equipped with boots and spurs and made *her* escape under cover of this deception. The Major was much chagrined that he had been so outwitted.

Since the Major tells stories on himself and on his regiment we may as well give him free rein. The regiment on its four-year war record can stand this. When it first appeared in the field it was for a *green* regiment ridiculously armed, that is, with the lance, a weapon ordinarily supplied to none but the best cavalry.

"The Rush Lancers" never appeared without the greeting "Gobble! gobble! gobble!" on all sides (each lance carried a small red pennant), a sort of "Hail to the Chief" business. On one occasion just after a severe engagement with the enemy a private of the

lancers and one of a regular battery were engaged in hot dispute. An old Irish sergeant of the battery rode up and inquired: "Phawt's the row?" "Well, sergeant, this fellow says this is *his* lance and I say it's *mine*." "Oh! shure," said the sergeant, "give the feller his shtick."

* NOTE.— [See reference on p. 144.]

A word in this connection is not misplaced. The Union Army at Malvern Hill was disposed in the form of a huge semi-circle, its wings resting on the river and protected by the fire of the gun boats. There was an open plateau about sixty feet above the water level, where the army made its stand. Reserve batteries of twenty and thirty-two pounders with rifled and Napoleon guns were in line, and with the infantry below awaiting the attack. Fully sixty pieces had a converging fire from Fitz John Porter's line, and all along the crest of the hill, whenever one was needed, a battery made its appearance at the moment. Tidball's horse battery, as well as the batteries of Benson and Robinson, were credited by Gen. Alexander S. Webb with having contributed greatly to the success of the day.

In referring to the first battle of the seven days' contest as a Union victory let us see what General Webb, in his *Peninsular Campaign*, Scribner series, has to say: " * * * A careful reading of D. H. Hill's report of his part of the battle, shows plainly the loss and demoralization of his division, and gives a glimpse of the disorder hidden by the woods about the little parsonage.

"No more positive admission of defeat with loss and disorder can be looked for. Hill upbraids everybody, from the commander-in-chief down to Whiting and Holmes, whom he asserts were not engaged at all. * * *

"As Magruder got his men in place, the fire from these batteries became, as stated, intense. His plan was to put fifteen thousand men in line and charge the batteries and supporting infantry, to follow up success with fresh troops, and if repulsed to hold the line where he then was on the hill. His caution as to repulse was one that did credit to his military sagacity and was fully justified by events.

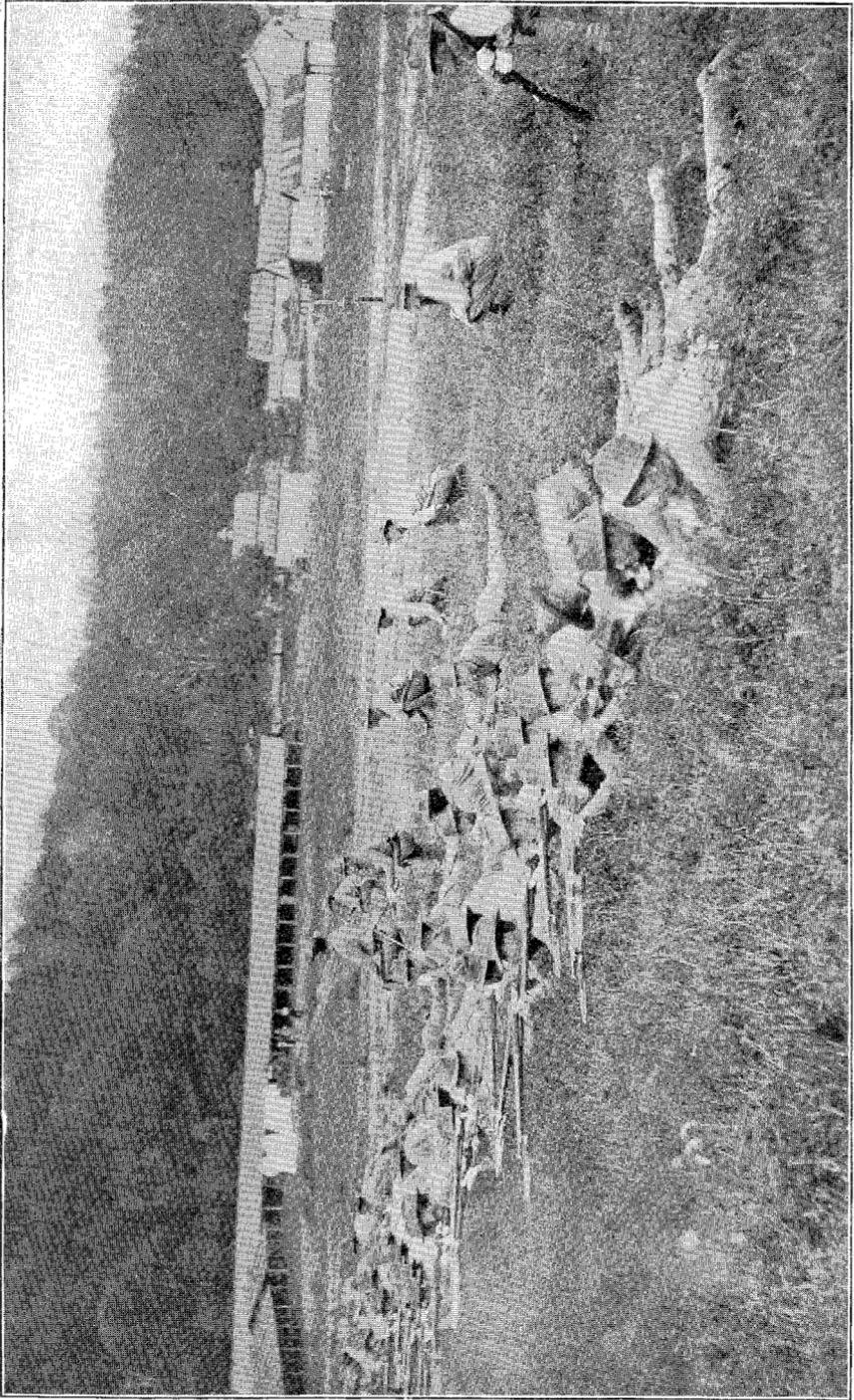
"Although the batteries were not carried, the assault contributed much to the rout, panic, and demoralization which marked

the enemy's escape from the field early in the night. Darkness set in and he concluded to let the battle subside and occupy the field; pickets were set and a part of Armistead's brigade encamped within one hundred yards of the Union guns. * * *

"About the same time that D. H. Hill advanced to make his attack—say about 5:30 P. M.—Magruder, who waited in vain for the thirty pieces of rifled artillery for which he had sent to silence the Union fire, became impatient at the delay, and ordered General Armistead's brigade to advance, and at the same time put his own division in motion. He sent forward Wright's brigade first, Mahone's next, substituted three regiments of Cobb's for the remainder of Armistead's raw troops, sent in General Ransom to his left, in person superintended the advance of Barksdale's brigade of his own division, and sent staff officers in quick succession to urge an attack by Huger on his left. As they emerged from the cover of the woods in which their line was formed and breasted the slope of the hill, now swept by the converging fire of the heavy batteries at the Crew house, the advance was checked, but they were easily rallied and led again with fury to the attack; but the line made no further progress, even in Magruder's report. Ransom and Jones, with the remainder of Armistead's men, were urged forward to the support of their faltering comrades. McLaw's division was also sent in by order of General Lee, and Magruder was urged to press the enemy on the right. They advanced bravely all along the line, but only to recoil before the storm of missiles which each fresh effort on their part drew from the heavy guns. The day was drawing to an end and Magruder gave his attention to securing the ravine and woods where he had formed his line, and to procuring reinforcements to guard against any reverse. All the Rebel generals ascribe their failure to reach the hill to the preponderance of the artillery fire on the Union side, their own inefficiency in that arm, and to want of support and co-operation in attack. In truth there seems to have been few orders issued on the first by the Rebel general-in-chief."

It may not be admitted by General Webb that the Union Army suffered the loss of a single battery.

It is said however that a Dutch captain did lose his guns, and when court-martialed for *cowardice* entered the plea of "*guilty*," but with extenuating circumstances: "Mein guns vos long rãng' guns und ven de enemy got closh dey vos no goot."



FIELD EXERCISE.

CHAPTER X

DISCIPLINE AND READINESS FOR WAR

ALL concede that on points of professional training the regular officer should be, if he is not, the superior of the volunteer; but that the latter is as brave as the former has never been disputed. In fact, in differentiating this question of courage in individuals, it may be that the volunteer deserves more credit than does the regular, for the reason that he is under no hard-and-fast obligation to enter the service at the outbreak of hostilities, whereas the regular contracts beforehand for service from which he cannot escape, though he should so desire. "Personal pluck is not rare among men, but it is not always reliable, except perhaps in single combat." "Where men combine either for attack or defense the leader needs it, but the followers will do better with discipline." "The courage — so called — of a company or any other military organization is the courage of its commander. It has no reference to men in ranks. Their merit, if they have any, is in their discipline. If they fail to follow their leader they are not necessarily cowards. They are only undisciplined."*

We are glad to see that the past shortcomings of the Corps of Cadets at West Point has been attributed

* Chester.

rather to the action of individuals than to a corps' defect, exceptions in good conduct resting with the individual who has not been and sometimes cannot be brought under the rules of strict discipline; and it is gratifying to see that while it is recognized that we are not a military nation in the ordinary acceptance of the term, it is now universally admitted that we should have some school where the principle of obedience and discipline shall be enforced.

Major James Chester, U. S. A., says: "Military discipline is peculiar, and therefore often misunderstood. It cannot be taught by preaching; it cannot be learned from books; it cannot be explained to the laity; its methods are repugnant to democracy; many of the people honestly believe that it should have for its foundation a majority vote; but the men who know it and have been trained in its methods, and have witnessed its operation, know better. They know that there can be but one commanding officer in an army, and that his orders must be obeyed. A government by discipline is akin to the discipline of the gods and therefore despotic." "There is no room in the line of battle for a town meeting," and he further says that "the discipline of peace should be the same as the discipline of war." "Town meeting methods are out of place at any time." "Discipline means efficiency; maintain it or disband the Army."

The practical problem now before us, in view of the volunteers being disbanded, necessitates the recruiting of our regular establishment to a maximum of, say, one

hundred thousand men, more or less. This renders it difficult in the extreme to discriminate in the matter of enlistments as heretofore, where for one man accepted ten were rejected.

Officers of all armies have admitted that the regulars who took the field at Santiago de Cuba were both physically and morally (these words go often hand in hand) superior to any troops in the world, owing to the great precautions which were and could before 1898 be taken to enlist only the very best material for our service. This was done at a time when business was dull and applications for enlistments were very numerous. Further than this, the introduction of the gymnasium, with its athletic sports, advantages incident to the canteen system and the *esprit de corps* which existed throughout all the regiments of our old Regular Army aided the officers materially, but it is to be apprehended that the old standard cannot be revived for many years to come.

Other considerations are operative. Men are always influenced by mercenary motives, and in seeking service of any kind (either in or out of the Army) will avoid that which is the most difficult for the compensation paid. The nature of the work to be done determines the grade or character of the man for the job, and a sudden expansion, nearly fourfold, of our Regular Army must certainly lower its tone and morale through the medium of indifferent material. An increase in the rank and file is also accompanied by a large addition of commissioned officers, many of

whom, it is to be feared, are as untrained as officers as the new blood in the ranks. Let it not be understood that this is said in disparagement of officers of the volunteers now coming into our regular establishment. What is simply meant is that hasty methods of recruiting in the grades of commissioned office are fraught with the same risks as hasty methods of recruiting for the ranks. We are indeed an improvident people as relates to things military, and there is good ground for the apprehension that our regular establishment may degenerate somewhat under the stern principle of necessity which will be operative for some years to come.

We all know that no man who is undisciplined can be classed as a soldier, be he regular or volunteer; and after all, what are these distinctions, "regular" and "volunteer," as applied to the rank and file? Are not all soldiers in this country volunteers in the strict sense of the word? Does not the regular's term of enlistment expire after three years, and is he not free to quit the service or to re-enlist either in his own or in any other organization that he may prefer? And herein lies a serious menace. Old soldiers will not "take on again," should they find the Army degenerating or not up to the old standard, and although "an old soldier may have all the weaknesses of human nature, he has nevertheless thoroughly learned the lesson of obedience, and is worth a dozen recruits."

Thomas Carlyle says that "the courage that enables a man to stand up and be shot at has not been denied to any man or woman," and as proof of this he goes on to say:

“Do not recruiting sergeants drive through the streets of manufacturing towns and collect ragged losels enough, every one of whom, if dressed up in red and trained a little, will receive fire cheerfully for the small sum of one shilling per diem and have the soul blown out of him at last with perfect propriety?

“Sergeant What’s-His-Name literally licks these losels into shape by a course of training compared to which that of the undergraduate is easy and even short.”

Major Chester, U. S. A., further tells us that the power of discipline is difficult to explain — “that no man faces deadly peril without fear. The soldier entering on his first battle, and I believe entering upon every battle, feels this instinct strong upon him. He thinks he is the only man in the company who feels that way, and he is in mortal terror that he will be found out. And so he suppresses the instinct and will do anything, however daring or even reckless, at command.”

We all know something about “fear,” and our best endeavors are to get along with as little of it as we can. We have pretty fair ideas on the subject of heat; all of us have more or less of that, but it is only when we arrive at “absolute zero” that we are satisfied it’s all frozen out and then we call this freeze-out, cold.

But “absolute zero” is a theoretical standard never attained — so, practically speaking, there is no cold — in like manner we can with perfect propriety say, and this in spite of holdings to the contrary, that there is no courage.

At this juncture “Life” steps in and says, and even

with him this is but a late discovery that fear is of two kinds — mark the distinction. “There is the fear of death, and he who has it is a coward, and then there is the fear of being thought a coward, and he who has this fear is a hero.”

“The conservation of discipline means the life and usefulness of the Army,” and this discipline it is which is accorded the United States Corps of Cadets and which shapes the actions of boys though but a short time removed from the influence of home.

We are inclined to believe that it was a most fortunate thing for the reputation at least of our Regular Army that what was known as the Hull bill did not become a law in the early days of the Spanish-American War.

A sudden fourfold increase, as proposed by that measure for the regular military establishment, would have so reorganized — let us say, disorganized — the whole that the fifteen thousand men at first sent to Cuba (restricted to this figure by lack of transportation) would in that case have been of a kind never to have returned from Santiago to tell the story of a disaster which inevitably would have overtaken them. Indeed it is well understood that but for the exceptional physical condition — “superb condition and training” — of the little band of regulars they never could have carried through that bitter campaign. It is well to ponder upon these things, to profit by such experiences, and never again to allow ourselves to be so misled as the American people ever have been in regard to our military resources.

The effective opposition to the passage of the Hull

bill (which opposition seemed at the time to conflict with the interest of the Regular Army and of the country itself) has then had everything to do in the preservation of our miniature Regular Army by thus allowing it to go into action in concrete shape. Perhaps no circumstance in the whole history of the late war had such a determining influence as this prohibition, this defeat of a measure for the increase of our regular establishment in the face of the enemy.

The reputation of our little band of regulars has here once again been well sustained by the good dame, "Fortune," and in the words of the immortal poet:

"Now is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
 And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

Let us now follow George Tucker Bispham on the subject of readiness for war:

"We passed through a tremendous struggle in 1861-1865. We committed the faults of undertaking grave enterprises with inadequate means; of rejecting the advice of military men upon military matters, and acting in such matters upon the opinions of civilians; of appointing lawyers and politicians to the command of armies; of expecting the performance of impossibilities; of wondering why campaigns, whose success demanded a year's hard marching and harder fighting, were not successfully finished, offhand, in a month or so; and of blaming the Executive, and particularly the War Department for things for which we — the American people ourselves — were alone responsible. Well, all these

faults, and others beside them, were committed during the great war; and when the war was drawing to a close we saw our shortcomings and resolved upon amending our ways. Never again would we be caught with inadequate supplies of arms and inadequate means for raising, mobilizing, equipping, and supplying large armies; never again would we ignore the advice of military men on military subjects; no more should Executive action be hampered or rendered impossible by legislative inaction; and no longer would the shortcomings of the people themselves be laden upon the back of some unhappy scapegoat of a military bureau or army department. No; all would be changed. We would reform. In the summer of 1865 it was resolved by every right-minded citizen that thereafter, if the game of war had ever to be played again, the players on our side should be well selected and should be equipped with everything that professional skill decided they ought to have.

“Alas, for our good intentions! They served but as so many paving stones on the downward path of humiliation and dissatisfaction. Another war broke out. It was far less momentous, far less prolonged, far less bloody, and far less destructive to us than the tremendous contest of 1861; and yet the outbreak of a war with a weak Power found us unprepared with a proper system for increasing our Army, unprovided with an adequate supply of modern arms, and above all, and worst of all, unprepared to assume the blame of these deficiencies, and ready only to fasten, blindly and ignorantly, upon some man or set of men, the censure

which we ourselves should have borne. Cicero said frankly, when the republic seemed to be in danger, ‘*Nos — nos dico aperte — nos consules desumus.*’ We Americans should be prepared to say, with the same frankness and with greater truth, ‘We — we, the people — we say it openly — we, the people, are wanting.’

* * *

“To come back, then, what lesson is to be learned from the experience of the Spanish War? It is simply this: When you employ professional men to do professional work, give them what they ask for in the way of tools and material as far as you can; and if you have confidence in their ability and honesty, act on their advice. When a lawyer hands his client a subpoena, with instructions to serve it on Monday upon the witness therein named, but the client fails to serve it at all or serves it on Tuesday or Wednesday, he cannot blame his counsel if the cause is lost because of the absence or lateness of witness. When a man is threatened with a disease whose attacks may be sudden and violent, and is told by his physician whom he consults that he should have a certain medicine always in the house ready for the emergency, but fails to send to the apothecary’s for the prescribed drug, it is a hard measure of justice to blame the physician if the patient, owing to a sudden attack of the malady, is subject to exquisite pain or has a narrow escape from death. And so, if the people or their representatives are warned by their professional military advisers that such and such arms and ammunition ought to be in ‘stock,’ but choose to neglect the

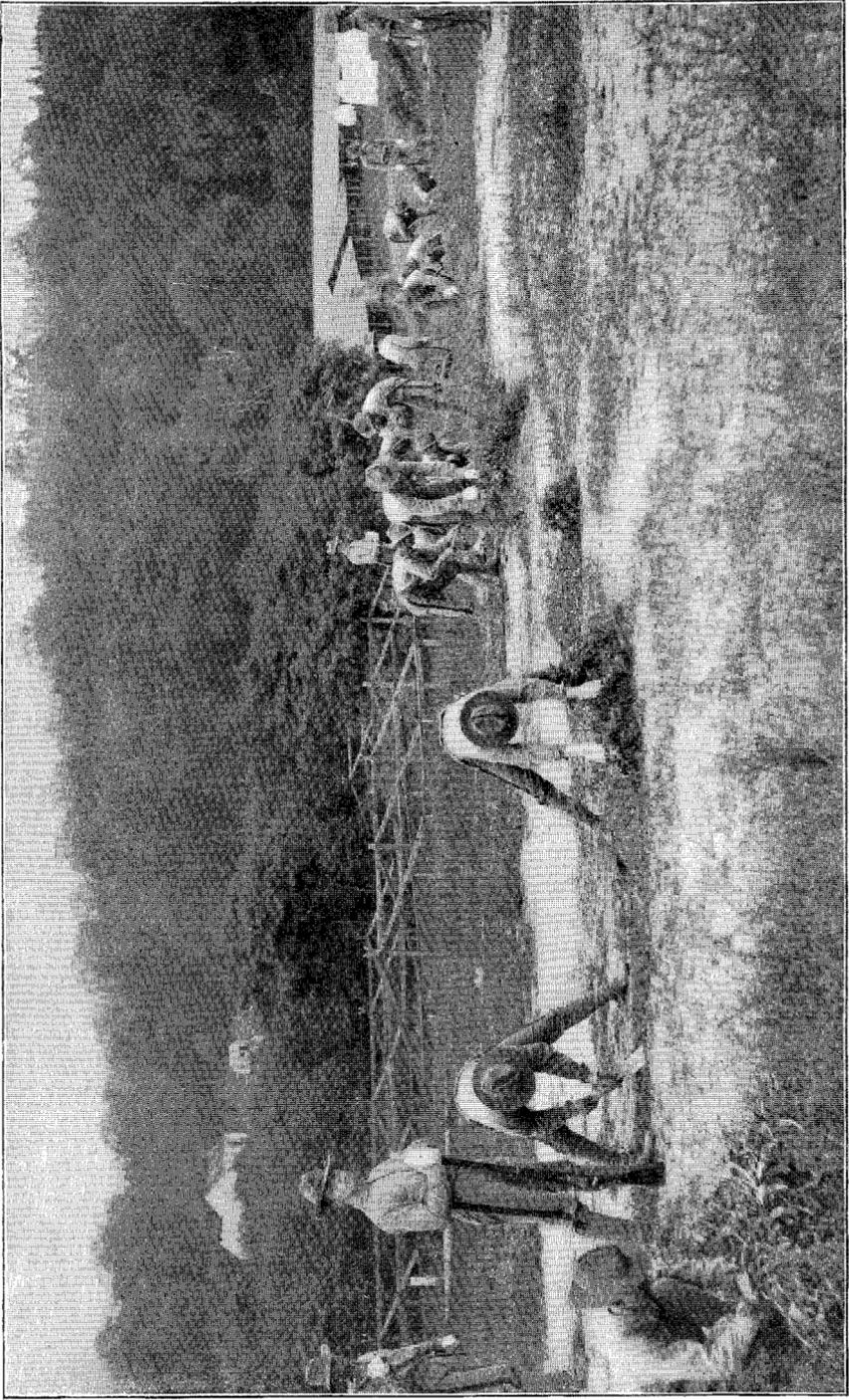
warning, they must assume themselves the blame for the loss of life and suffering sustained by some of their number, and cannot transfer the burden to the shoulders of the men whose advice they have not heeded."

The Sixth Infantry at Santiago is not the Sixth Infantry at Manila, nor can we say that Duncan's battery of the Mexican War, and later Tidball's Battery of the Civil War, was the same in aught but name with that of Parkhurst's battery of the Spanish-American War. See what the captain of this battery has to say on the unprepared condition of this battery due to its sudden expansion:

"The march from (B or D) Daiquiri to Seville was anything but a picnic. The batteries were loaded down with their full complement of ammunition, three days' rations, and with all the hay and grain that could be loaded upon the ammunition chests. The roads were simply vile — narrow, uneven, with sharp turns and pitches, full of rocks and chuck holes, and last, but not least, full of men; it was now that the bad effect of *green* horses and *green* drivers began to be felt, to say nothing of the leg-weary condition of all of the stock from its confinement upon shipboard, to overcome which there had not as yet been sufficient time to rest.

* * *

"How well or how ill this march *might have been* performed with *thoroughly-trained* horses and drivers will never be known. It is well known however that in many cases the green horses and green men were



CONSTRUCTING HASTY INTRENCHMENTS.

worse than useless, they were actually an incumbrance. One pair of awkward green horses in a team of six would often balk and render useless all the energy and effort of the other trained four; often the green horses had to be taken out and their places supplied by some of the old horses from other teams before the carriage or caisson could be budged from the chuck hole, or be pulled up a steep incline. This caused not only delay, but also made double work for many of the old horses; all of these set-backs were well understood and taken as a matter of course by all of the artillery, but were apparently little understood or appreciated by any one else. * * *

“The stock was suffering from the heat and oppression of an unusual atmosphere even more than the men. They were watered whenever and wherever practicable; at times eight and even ten horses had to be coupled up to get the carriages through; hence the march, though short in actual distance traveled, was very hard upon both horses and men.

“Unlike the universally accepted idea, as believed by those *not* in the light artillery, and as pictured forth in the many beautiful but fictitious representations of light artillery, the men (cannoneers) marched on foot, each carrying his little (?) blanket-roll and rations the same as any ‘dough boy.’ There was no thought of such a thing as these cannoneers sitting up, upon the limber chests, with arms folded and taking it easy, while the rest of the troops plodded through the mud.

Each and every cannoneer had to march as I have said, and, besides this, they had to tug and strain, use pick and shovel or other tools, fixing 'chuck holes' in the road, and helping stalled teams, etc., working, as well as marching, to get everything through as soon as possible.

Another light artillery officer also states:

"The campaign at Santiago has made clear the value of practice marches for light artillery when the organizations are on a peace footing. To pass however from this condition to a war footing when engaged in active operations in the field leaves scant opportunity for the instruction of recruits and the training of new horses; and every artillerist now knows, better even than before, *how urgent is the necessity for maintaining our light batteries permanently on a war footing.*"

Col. Chas. Larned, Professor at the Military Academy, pointedly refers to the kind or degree of preparedness to be adopted for future wars. The determinative factors will be: The development of individuality and self-reliance in the soldier; expert marksmanship in infantry fire and every man a sharpshooter; expert marksmanship in artillery fire; mobility in large bodies of troops of the nature of mounted infantry, and, incident thereto, a highly condensed ration; the abandonment of nearly all close formations and manoeuvres on the tactical field, as well as all drill and parade exercises of the old wooden order tending to automatic habits and ideas; a field uniform designed solely with reference to service, and a peace uniform simple, neat, and com-

portable, extravagant neither in color nor insignia, which shall designate rank and service corps distinctly, instead of a style of raiment which in this land should be confined to the circus; and if practicable, some form of individual protection from infantry fire.

The Colonel declares that the new soldier should be made intelligent, active, skillful with his weapon and self-reliant, and that all manœuvre formations for garrison or marching purposes should be elastic and natural. He advises that the manual of arms shall be reduced to a few simple movements and the work of military exercises directed to perfecting the intelligence and marksmanship of the individual. He holds that the time spent in marching and countermarching, in perfecting an elaborate manual of arms and constrained mechanical movements is even worse than wasted, since it tends to make stiff, unthinking, blind, and dull soldiers, and takes valuable time needed for instruction in their active duties as fighters.

Now it is well understood that for a long time past this subject has been much talked of by thinking men, who were not too much "strapped and buttoned," and among this number it appears the senior professor at the United States Military Academy will be found.

Great changes have been going on from the lordly battle days of "Gentlemen of the guard, fire first," down to the grim, earnest warfare of South Africa.

What kind of men are to fight modern battles? What sort of exercise will best fit them for their work? How far does mere soldierly drill go towards securing gen-

eral readiness for warfare and how far towards preparation for the important details of the service?

It seems to the writer that while it is essential in the larger question of preparation, it is vital, exhaustive, and paramount in the smaller one.

“*C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la guerre*” was the remark of General Pierre Bosquet and yet not one of the Six Hundred spent his life in vain. People get out of the way of the English cavalry when they think of Balaklava. The thing does not happen more than once in a century. Apart from glory the expenditure of life on the 25th October, 1854, was a sound economy and, blunder or no, it was *la guerre*.

And once again, what of old John Rodgers putting to sea in a wild southeast gale, full grown and out for business, to see if that new-fangled cheese-box on a “raft,” as they used to say, would “stand it?” If so, a new departure; a fresh page of history. If not, his life and those of a whole man-of-war's crew would be well bestowed in settling this question of first-rate warfare.

Soult refused to move when ordered, because he saw, what the emperor could not see—that the time had not come. His insubordination won the battle of Austerlitz and his fame is immortal.

Fitz John Porter's insubordination, and what did it cost him? God's mill ground out the justice he craved for, but only after long years of waiting, long years of suffering.

Then stepped forward that generous-spirited man, Ulysses S. Grant, and said: “Before this I was mis-

taken, to-day I see that Fitz John Porter in the exercise of his discretionary powers as Corps Commander, saved the Union Army from defeat." These are his words paraphrased if not exactly stated. Their value should be measured by this standard: When McClelland telegraphed Grant to the effect, "Do you know that if I advance, my division will be annihilated?" Here was the laconic reply, and from the very man who in later years justified Porter's disobedience: "I am glad you understand your orders." Now in this case McClelland was distinctly right, and Grant in no wise wrong; there was time for an explanation and adjustment of responsibility, but Grant should not, we think, have so severely rebuked his division commander.

Picton in the Peninsula bitterly damned the officer who brought the order a third time. "What, what, what!" said Sir Arthur Wellesley when this was reported to him. "Did Picton damn ye! Well, I daresay he's quite right, but he might be civil about it." Picton staked his head for glory and he won.

Changes may be wrought from hour to hour in the details of preparation for great episodes — but the underlying principles which govern armies and carry them on to victory must ever remain the same.

More now than ever before must the individual be trained and schooled in the science and art of war, and never before in the control of armies has the need of discipline been so manifest. Without it much, of course, may be accomplished with skilled and self-reliant horsemen and expert marksmen, but something more is

needed in the soldier than that which comes to him by nature.

Seconds in command, as is here shown, have taken the lead, and led on to victory amidst the plaudits of mankind, plaudits for a double risk; but how intolerable is this where defeat waits on the venture. A question of late has been raised against our Army—its lack of discipline. But of the Army of the United States at Santiago, let this be said: Soldiers of all organizations without regard to regiments or companies obeyed with alacrity and precision the orders of any officer into whose presence they were thrown. This detail is noted as evidence of the highest order of discipline and the officers of our Army who were present on that field revert to it again and again, with pride and satisfaction.

The writer has been asked, Has the Regular Army of the United States *ever* lost its reputation? this query being suggested by a remark that “its reputation has once again been saved.” Never has its reputation been lost, but certainly conditions are such that the reputations of general officers and old organizations of either the National Guard or Regular Army are always in jeopardy and for the following reasons:

“It is undeniable that the new Army is not as effective a fighting machine as was the old Army that was mobilized in Tampa in 1898 for the Santiago campaign. There are many reasons why this falling off in morale and effectiveness should have taken place. Fortunately this can be remedied.

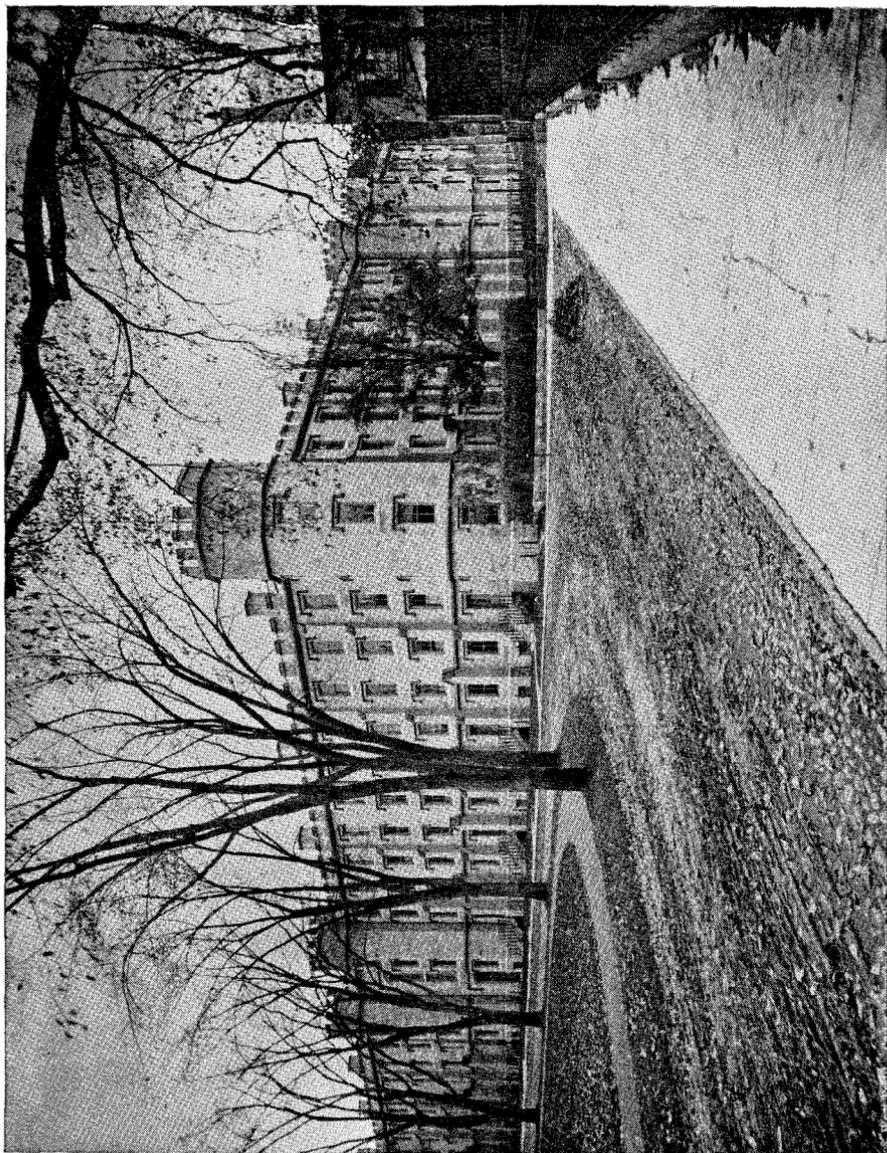
“In enlarging the Army it has been found necessary to let down the bars as to physique and character to some extent. I don't mean* that there is any lack of the same sort of men that carried our flag triumphantly through the Santiago campaign — there are plenty of them — but you can't get them at short notice.”

We may indeed perfect in time of peace a small military establishment, and if it can be kept well in hand and is employed as a whole, achievements like those at Santiago will result. But even in this case where the Regular Army had its best fighting chance — perhaps the best that has ever offered — almost fifty per cent. of its commissioned officers had already been called away to serve with the volunteers, tempted by offers of higher rank than that held by them in the regular establishment, so that many of the companies went into action at Santiago with not more than one officer on the average to a company. The condition, training, and discipline of the rank and file did nowhere atone for this deficiency; a deficiency which was unfortunately on the increase throughout the contests in consequence of the heavy losses in the commissioned grade.

The old regiments reached Santiago de Cuba mustering about six hundred men each, and of these some thirty per cent. were recruits. When they returned to Montauk Point they did not average two hundred men to a regiment, and even these were sick, diseased, and otherwise disqualified for duty.

* Here we are quoting Stephen Bonsal.

A short time thereafter these same organizations were recruited up to a strength of twelve hundred men, under the three battalion system, and hastily sent to the Philippines with but a limited complement of officers; many being new appointees. The only training these men had before their arrival at Manila was on shipboard, and in transit. It cannot therefore be wondered at that regular regiments which had so distinguished themselves at Santiago suffered in point of reputation by comparison with the *well-seasoned* volunteers in the Philippines.



Stoddard, Glens Falls, N. Y.

CADET BARRACKS, FROM THE NORTH.

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CHAPTER XI

WEST POINT LIFE

(In its Half-Century.)

The writer finds in his scrap-book one of the few remaining copies of a poem read at a meeting of the Dialectic Society at West Point in 1859. The rendering of this by Cadet Garnett ("Jack"), the best reader in the corps, was quite effective, and it made such a "hit" that the secretary of the society was induced to have a few copies printed. It was attributed to a cadet of the class of 1860, though he would not father it. It was a very common occurrence for the members of the corps to gather around the tent of this cadet to listen to his extemporized verses and songs, but always with the distinct understanding that no note would be taken of anything we heard; and therefore it was but natural that the following lines should have been attributed to this cadet, who later became a distinguished general officer:

WEST POINT LIFE.

WEST POINT LIFE, I said, should be the subject of this strain;
Thinking on the matter long, I *strained* my brain in vain.
I reflected, called on some accommodating Muse,
Mused in vain, and found them all determined to refuse;
Chose a noble patron then, and made another move,
Knew our worthy President would a Mæcenas prove,
Do not criticise; you see this sheet looks now aghast
At the array of beauty where to-night the "'Di.' is cast."

You're, at first, a "cit," you sport a hat and standing collar,
 Seek along the paths of peace the bright, almighty dollar;
 Think you're free, but find you have a "governor" absurd,
 Though you are a *citizen*, you're *subject* to his word.
 Suddenly you feel a passion rising in your soul,
 A military ardor which no one can control.
 You hear of West Point School, where they turn great warriors out,
 Still you stop and hesitate, on this *Point* there's a doubt.
 When you doze in bed that night, you mutter, prate, and prattle,
 Think you hear a uniform, see drums, and wear a battle;
 Dream of bullet buttons, plumes, of ladies' smiles and fun,
 Waking in the morning, you are off to Washington.
 With nine hundred others on the President you charge;
 Seeing this vast number they say you apply "at large."
 Now you show you've many claims and can't be called a meddler,
 Prove your great grandfather once, in England, whipped a peddler.
 Your father lived to eighty-five, like many other men,
 But having lost his parents, was a helpless orphan then.
 Your great-great-great-grandfather died in battle, that's the truth;
 Your great-great-great-grandmother lived ten years without a tooth.
 With many others back you come, with glory unanointed,
 The President appoints but ten, the rest are dis-appointed.

You next go to your congressman, who's honest, true, and just;
 He finds you'll pass; 'tis all he wants; you'll not disgrace his trust.
 Thinking on your future life, you find your speculations
 Interrupted by a mighty list of qualifications;
 You get a pen to see if you remember how to write;
 A splinter's in your thumb; you may not be pronounced all right;
 You have some corns, and fear with them rejection you may meet,
 For many active soldiers have been "found"* upon their feet.
 How careful and how studious we find the young expectant,
 For fear this rigid Board will find a true bill of ejection;
 Yet soon you see kind sympathy is in their bosoms stored,
 And find the proverb true, that "There's a soft side to a *board*."

* Found deficient.

When landed on the Point, you ask a man where you'll report,
 And, ten to one, you'll get from him a withering retort;
 He'll say, "Subordination, Plebe, of discipline's the root;
 Now you've addressed an old Cadet, forgetting to salute."
 He sends you to a room, and says, "Report and then come back."
 You enter, and discover there none but the old shoeblack;
 Your father's with you all the time — he here begins to croak —
 And, judging from his countenance, he doesn't like the joke.
 You wander like Telemachus — at last you find the place,
 And see the dread Instructor; Yes! you meet him face to face;
 He cries, "Now stand, attention; put your hands close by your
 pants,

And stand erect, hold up your head. There! steady! don't advance!
 Turn your toes still farther out, and look straight to the front,
 Draw in your chin, throw out your chest. There! steady! don't
 you grunt;"

You hold your head so high that the instructor's lost to view,
 And looking at your father, there he "stands attention," too.
 Says th' instructor, "Where's my pen? This old one does not
 suit me."

"There it is, sir." "Hold your tongue! you must not talk on duty.
 I'm not surprised to see you quail, and flutter like a partridge,
 But soldiers' mouths must open only when they tear a cartridge!"
 He asks you if you've brought along the articles marked thus (*),
 And when he finds you haven't, raises quite a little fuss.
 He wants to know all things you've brought, your clothes of every
 kind,

You think the gentleman's endowed with an inquiring mind.
 You get a broom, some matches, and a bed made up of patches,
 Though little did you think such schools could ever have their
matches;

You know where "matches all are made," and give a knowing
 sneer —

From what you've seen, you think that place is very far from here.
 A comforter you also get, the thing that most you need;
 A *comforter!!* It's one of Job's — a sorry one indeed.

“On your return, report yourself,” they earnestly exhort you.
 Report yourself!!! when twenty men are eager to report you!
 You’re now assigned to quarters — there deposit bed and broom,
 And though in want of shelter, wish for you there was no *room*.
 Are these the luxuries on which our senators agree?
 You do not fancy this “hot-bed of aristocracy.”

The drill-drum beats, so does your heart, and down the stairs you
 scud;
 You slip before you reach the ranks, fall full length in the mud.
 Here you have met your first reverse, and give a ghastly grin;
 You think your district now could say, “Our candidate’s *got in*.”
 All over mud, you now demand a *suit* in your distress,
 But find for all such slight mishaps they give you no *re-dress*.
 How strange you think it when, next night, reported you have been,
 In spite of all your efforts, for neglecting to “fall in.”
 The food, you say, is scanty, and you do not like the stuff;
 Though there’s a hen for each of you, you never get *un ou*
 (enough).

A graduating man sees you; some sidelong glances throws;
 Thinks he would like to trade his mattress for your suit of clothes.
 He says, when coming up to you, all buttoned to the throat,
 “Has any one said anything to you about your coat?”
 Mistaking him, you say, “Some old Cadets, whose jokes were stale,
 Cried after me, when passing by, ‘Just see that Shanghai tail!’”
 At last you get the mattress, and remove it with hard tugs;
 Republicans are right who say that here you find *big bugs*.

While reading in your room, absorbed in prison discipline,
 You suddenly hear some one knock — jump up, and cry — “Come
 in.”
 You find your dread instructor is already in the door;
 He says, “Did you give that command to your superior?”
 You ask to be forgiven; say you’ll never do so more;
 You didn’t yet know all the “rules and articles of war.”

Next day they march you into camp. How pretty it does look!
That you fare the better, you have brought a cookery book;
You get in camp; an old cadet cries, "Come, put up this tent!"
And with the aid he renders you, you're very well content.
You thank him, take possession; when you find that all is done,
He coolly tells you, "Plebe, it's mine; go get some other one;
What you have done is only play; Plebes must make some
mistakes."

Foul play, you think it is, in which you've put up all the *stakes*.
To hoist another for yourself your efforts now are bent,
On studying the art of war you find yourself *in-tent*.
You've brought some dozen suits of clothes, but give a solemn
look,
To find the space assigned to them is but a cubic foot.
Never mind, you'll soon be great; take Cuba, end your trials;
Then, instead of cubic feet, you'll have some *Cubic* miles.

Now come drills, those long squad drills, upon the scorching plain;
Like people in the desert wilds, your only hope is rain.
Sand gets in your shoes, and rubs and burns like lighted candles;
Wonder why the people in such soil do not wear *sandals*.
Though drums disturb you every hour, you utter not a word,
But think how happy Sir John Moore when "Not a drum was
heard."

You probably are six feet high; some officer you dread
Arrests you at the break of day for lying *long* in bed.
Your coat is made, you button it, give one spasmodic cough,
And do not draw another breath until you take it off.
You've heard of senators who make a speech in great haste,
And long for what they mention, the Cadet's small "wasp-like
waist."

How singular the conduct of these wisdom-bearing herds!
If waists are to be laughed at, it should be their *waste* of words.

July the Fourth at last arrives — you think it rather hard —
When on this day of Liberty, the "Plebes" must go on guard.

You go on post, the night arrives, you scarcely are alive,
 But still a lonely watch you're keeping down on "No. 5."
 First you like this quiet post, the path's so nicely leveled;
 Soon you share the fate of *ham* — that is, you're nicely "deviled."
 Bodies vast of men approach, and sound their rude alarms;
 From divers punches you receive, you find they all have *arms*.
 Baggage wagons, ropes, and ghosts upon your post appear;
 Teeth begin to chatter, though of course it's not through fear.
 A spirit white you seize upon and hold it on your post
 Until the corporal arrives, when you give up the ghost.
 When in a one-wheeled cart you fall that's moving up behind,
 To rapidly desert your post you're forcibly *inclined*.

A storm comes up, the rain comes down and soaks your thin,
 white pants;
 You think they might find better work for "tender hothouse
 plants."
 Now if your pants were made of cloth, you wouldn't care a shilling;
 But, like your summer afternoons, they're all made up of *drilling*.
 Then you say you shall resign — your father says you shan't;
 You've entered once the tented field and never shall decamp.
 Resolving then to be content, there's no more hesitation —
 You find most satisfaction in this kind of *resignation*;
 Spartan-like, you stay until encampment has an end;
 In this period you find your times begin to mend.
 When in the art of soldiery you've once become adepts,
 You welcome with a joyous smile the coming of the "Seps."*
 Those that come before the time are *pre-cepts* for the rest.
 Who wait outside till camp breaks up, and think the barracks best.
 The first who come walk into camp with quite a lordly step,
 For where is found more dignity than in an *August* "Sep."?

The noted "Twenty-ninth" arrives and crowds of folks attend;
 For camp, like all things save a hoop, you find must have an end.
 Our honored General-in-Chief is there to see the sights,

* Appointments in September.

Whose valiant arm so often won the victory in our fights.
Some drummers come, all armed with sticks; you know there'll be
a fray;

They've come to "beat the General," you plainly hear them say.
Base cowards! you think, thus to attack a man of such great fame,
You'll go and warn him of their threat, immortalize your name.
Running through the crowd in breathless haste, at last you meet
him,

Whisper there's a mutiny — some men have come to beat him.
He thinks you joke. Bad joke, says you, that's given you such
bother;

Pats your head, and says, "You'll be a man before your mother."

Camp's broken up, you're broken down; you've come to the belief
You'd like to always be on guard, for there is a *relief*.

Filled with joys of barrack life, a letter home you send;
Soon you find, "Of making many books there is no end."
Much study too you must admit, when starting out afresh,
Although you call it "boning," is quite weary to the flesh.
You meet new hardships every day, yourself you are beside;
You get a problem in "Descriptive" which you can't describe.
You go to fencing, and we'd think, from punches, wounds, and
scars,

That you could kill as many men as can the Erie cars.
That this will be no use to you, you often make complaint,
Save at examination, when you want to try a *feint*.
Or when you try to "bugle it" he will not wait on Benz;
You look at your instructor and would like to take *offense* (a fence).
They put you in the "Nursery," that is in Company "B,"
In January, many children *foundlings** prove to be.
Those who leave, excuses make, and one will say, though smarter
Than half the fellows in his class, they did not make him marker.
Others say the board's too high, take vessels in the offing,
Cruise in the Gulf, since *men-of-war* are *boarded* there for nothing.

* Found deficient.

You weather through the year, and find that June's not very far,
Which finally arrives, and you a "Plebe" no longer are.

To leave your gloomy barrack rooms you're summoned by the
drum,

And many hearts beat high to think Third Class encampment's
come,

When you find you all are men and are no longer babies,
Think you must devote your whole attention to the ladies.

Go to hops, those charming hops, where all is so exciting,
Sashes red and buttons bright, black eyes that shoot forth lightning.
As thus you pass your life away, of death you've not a fear,
Though every one should surely know 'tis *hops* that fill the *bier*.

You give a girl your buttons, lace; at last you throw your heart in;
You little think what *flames* will rise when first you go out *sparkin'*.

An angel dressed in crinoline you to her side now becks,
As she must still remain "unknown," we'll have to call her "X."

She occupies one-half the room, the space is more than fair,
If radius we call large R, the area's $\frac{1}{2} R^2$.

The rustle of her dress alone would charm ten thousand troops,
Much pleasanter the sound than that of wild Comanche *whoops*.

You blush when'er "X" looks at you from out that mass of lace,
Which proves that "X" must enter the "expression" of your face.

The music starts, you gently take her in your arms. What bliss!
You now can say you have your "X" in a parenthesis.

"Faster still," she whispers, though you're giddy and half sick;
Your heart which once kept "common time," now moves at
"double quick."

Faster yet you're going round, ten "X's" now you see;
She hugs you with her sleeveless arms till you cry, "*Bare with me.*"
To get yourself from her embrace you'd now give fifty farms;
Says she, "Since you're a soldier, you shall have sir, *two bare arms*"
(to bear arms).

Your head's becoming dizzier, you stagger a good deal,
And what was started as a waltz is ending in a *reel*.

Sash comes down, she steps on it, to fall is now your doom,
And knock down nine militia generals standing in the room.

All rush madly from the room, "X" is "eliminated."
To marry her you're half inclined; "Shall you not or shall you?"
Half the night you lie awake discussing "X's" value.
Next day you take a walk with her around the famed "Flirtation;"
Find her all false hair, false teeth, false smiles, and affectation.
That she may have an honest heart is still your earnest prayer,
But soon you find the heart no better than the teeth and hair.
While swearing that you love her and appreciate her charms,
You tell her you're a soldier; she says, "But a child in arms."
Others come, and better ones, who stop at the hotel.
Oh! what a tale of broken hearts that old north stoop could tell!
Then come little presents of a 'kerchief, ribbons, gloves,
And what is prized above the rest, they often give their loves.
Some who sew on handkerchiefs, what shall we say of them?
When questioned what they're working at, will simply say "*A-hem.*"

Another "Twenty-ninth" arrives; the camp again is struck;
This time you go out quietly, and have much better luck.
To breaking up the scenes of camp you've serious objections,
For ladies, hops, "Flirtation" walks, give place to conic sections.
Troubles do not leave you here; you must have some of course;
Strange as you may think it, you must learn to ride a horse.
You have read of bold dragoons that every danger scoff;
Stories do not speak, alas! of troopers falling off.
Nothing on your feet but shoes, the horses bare-backed all,
How will ever you obey the "*Boots and Saddle* call?"
Many books have you toiled through, all written by great sages;
Do not you deserve a pair, if spurs are won by *pages*?
Now you "stand to horse," and say you'll not get in a fright;
Still you ask a soldier if he thinks your horse will bite.
Then you mount, a thing that you before have never tried;
Make a mighty effort—landing on the other side.
Finally you get your seat, the other troopers follow;
Horse's back's a catenary, you are in the hollow.
When seated in this valley, the instructor's heard to say,
Like Joseph to his brethren, "Do not fall out, by the way."

Horses move, the riders too, and things look queer to you;
 Seldom have you seen the world from such a point of view.
 And when your horse begins to trot, you think he's not so tame;
 You're not much of a rider, but a good boy in the *mane*.
 Reaching back, you make a grab, and clinch with every nail;
 Think you'd be relieved to have the burden of his *tail*.
 Speed increases, though you pull; they say "It's all your fault, sir!"
 Can't call this a *bridle* tour, before you is the (*h*) *alter*.
 Your instructor sees you bounce until your cheeks look floppy,
 Thinks you've ridden on the course, how nicely you can "jockey."
 Looking round, you see your friends are now disposed to banter;
 Think you'll get another horse; yours doesn't pace nor canter.
 Suddenly he takes the gallop; horrors!!! what a motion!
 Movement comes from front to rear like waves upon the ocean.
 Soon you're told he gallops wrong, to make him change the step;
 Teach him then as you've been taught, by loudly crying "Hep!"
 All your efforts are in vain, and forth your mutterings burst;
 Still looking out for "No. 1," he "puts his best foot first,"
 And by using gentle means his favor can't be courted;
 Wonder why, instead of you, the horse is not reported.
 Getting sea-sick, now you roll from one side to the other;
 How you wish you'd never left the fireside of your mother.
 A whip is cracked, the horse's head goes down, and you go up,
 And from the rate of travel think that in the skies you'll sup.
 Up you go till near the roof, but do not reach the skies;
 Think you are an aeronaut, but surely are not *Wise*.
 What goes up comes down again, and you with looks not placid,
 Are making crude experiments in tasting tannic acid.
 A *spring*, some call this, some a *fall*, and some a *summer*-set;
 A *seasonable* joke is heard to come from each cadet.
 Limping out, you start for home, and think you've earned your
 salary;
 Meet with sympathizing looks from ladies in the gallery.
 With your lady friends up there you've fallen half in love;
 All Cadets have learned to set their hearts on "things above."
 To take a gallop in the hall again you would not dare,

Although you would not hesitate to take a *gal up* there.
Some will say that's riding's fun; such views you can't indorse;
Say you'll never ride again save on a hobby horse.

Now you think of other things, for home you soon will go,
That period of bliss to spend that's called Cadet furlough.
Furlough clothes you then get on, demerit you get off;
Donning thus a suit of blue, the gray you gladly doff.
When you've reached the city, and arrived at your hotel,
Heedless of expenses, you are bound to "cut a swell."
See a classmate followed round by boys, at least a score;
Say he shan't surpass you, so you hire twenty more.
If his train of little boys has each a dirty face,
Make your own roll in the mud, determined to keep pace.
Though you know your leave is not to leave the States, you do,
Heedless of the consequences, Jersey you pass through.
Hurrying along as happy as a man can be,
Never do you stop until your cherished home you see.
Home! the dear old place whence all your boyish pleasures came,
Who is there so base as not to bless the sacred name?
When at last you enter, and are by the family met,
With kisses, sobs, embraces, smiles you're instantly beset.

Now you first appreciate this serving Uncle Sam;
Urchins in the street all cry, "Oh! there's a soger man."
Meeting some old foggy friends, they say, "Why, how d'ye do?
Tell us how at Western P'int they put you fellers through."
"Well," you say, "it is but right that of it I should speak;
Laboring both day and night, we eat but once a week.
Then the fare at mess is such that when we get our share,
Cattle could not eat it; you can scarcely call it *fair*.
They load us in a cannon if in ranks we do but cough,
Saying, when they light the match, 'This time we'll *let you off*.'"
Thinking you're from Utah, an old lady at you sings,
"Were you badly wounded at the fight at *Eutaw Springs*?"
Ladies make large parties, each an invitation sends;

You're engaged to twenty-seven when the summer ends.
 Just before you leave, the twenty-seven round you close,
 Begging for a lock of hair, a button off your clothes.
 What a fright!!! You've yielded to the charming twenty-seven —
 Buttonless your coat, no hair between your head and heaven.
 Coat is ruined, buttons gone — no matter, let it pass;
 Never were there women seen with such supplies of brass.
 Furlough now is nearly gone, and back you take your way,
 Feeling that to melancholy you've become a prey.
 Furlough time is soon forgot, that life of wild romance,
 Though often do you feel for missing pockets in your pants.

Painting now you undertake, although in fifty cases
 Your instructor asks you why you *will* paint female faces.
 When you ask what paints to use, with countenance growing
 sadder,
 Though he sees you now are mad, he tells you to get *madder* (a
 paint).
 You give your brush a dab in any color you can find,
 Destroying both your piece of painting and your peace of mind.
 Now you find astronomy included in your course,
 Though it's of the greatest use, of trouble it's the source.
 Here you learn a thousand things unknown in the past;
 Thought the Earth went slowly 'round, but now you find it's *fast*.
 Though there're mountains in the moon, of trees there's not a mark,
 Save when dogs look at it, when we often notice *bark*.
 Soon, alas! you feel within you all your former dread,
 When you're told that with your sabre you must cut a head.
 Others cut at those on posts that fall without a groan;
 You, who scorn such artifice, would rather cut your own.
 Making once a mighty cut, you pay for it quite dear;
 Horse and you both tumble down, though holding by his ear.
 When you rise you find that this is rather a bad throw,
 Limping from the hall, to the hospital you must go.
 Though such *hospital-ity* you hate, you have to try it,

Saying you can't live it through, they tell you you must *diet*.
 Here you stay till muster day, with many others clustered —
 Matrons, stewards, attendants, like your blisters then are *mustered*.

Soon you're out, for wounds like these cannot your ardor damp;
 Then we find you entering the famous First Class Camp.
 Last encampment! what a sound! there's magic in the word!
 But you're now so dignified rejoicing were absurd.
 You become a creature who must henceforth be a star,
 Not approached by common men, but gazed at from afar.
 Knowledge vast is in your brain — you know what "enfilade" is,
 How to get ten "lates" a day, and how to please the ladies.
 First Class Camp, that trying time! you scarcely would believe it;
 He's indeed a lucky man who unengaged can leave it.
 Soon you're smitten with a face, for you now comes the rub;
 How you wish a month before you'd joined the "Bachelor Club."
 Graceful form, coquettish smiles, she cannot help exposing;
 Do not think I mean to joke by saying she's *imposing*.
 She swears by all the gods of love she'll smile on none but you,
 Say all this in innocence, which in-no-sense is true.
 Soon she leaves; with tearful eyes you see her to the carriage,
 Looking in the "Herald," two weeks after, there's her marriage.
 Finally the camp breaks up; you say farewell to tents;
 Leaving such a dwelling-house no soldier e'er repents.

Barrack life again commenced, you exercise your skill,
 In finding out the surest means your fellow men to kill.
 Treat a foe humanely, you are told, though try to beat;
 If to *treat* he should refuse, you never must *re-treat*.
 What a sight, from stooping over desks, you now present!
 You, who once were so erect, are now on study *bent*.

Soon a longing for excitement in your bosom dwells,
 Think you'd like to "run it," so you take a trip to "Spell's."
 You suppose there's little danger that the road is clear,
 Till you meet an officer; there's then some cause for fear.
 He seizes you, you lose all power, and stand fixed to the ground,

He asks you what you're doing there, you tell him you're *Spell-bound*.

Home you go, for on this subject no more hints you need;
Punishment you know will follow closely on the deed.

Anxious thoughts are soon *dispelled*, and now you change your
tune,

Thinking only of the fact, "You'll graduate in June."
You get measured for your clothes, a bran new uniform,
Three times a day you try it on; evening, noon, and morn.
You get a regulation hat, a sabre, too, and belt,
The hat you find is like the want of beauty in it — *felt*;
One regret you deeply feel, you still have no mustache,
Though on your upper lip you've used 'most every kind of trash.
Some friends pronounced tricopherous the best they ever saw,
You seize upon it like a drowning man upon a straw.

The last three months seem like a year, how slowly time does fly!
You find it only April when it ought to be July.

June at last arrives, which is to end your labors here;

You're to get a "parchment" of all things to you most dear.

The Board will rise 'midst banners, flags, and your diplomas hand
ye,

With "Hail Columbia," "Auld Lang Syne," and "Yankee Doodle
Dandy."

Joy intoxicates you, all your sorrows now have fled,
Scarcely do you know if you are on your heels or head.

The day arrives which has so often many happy made,

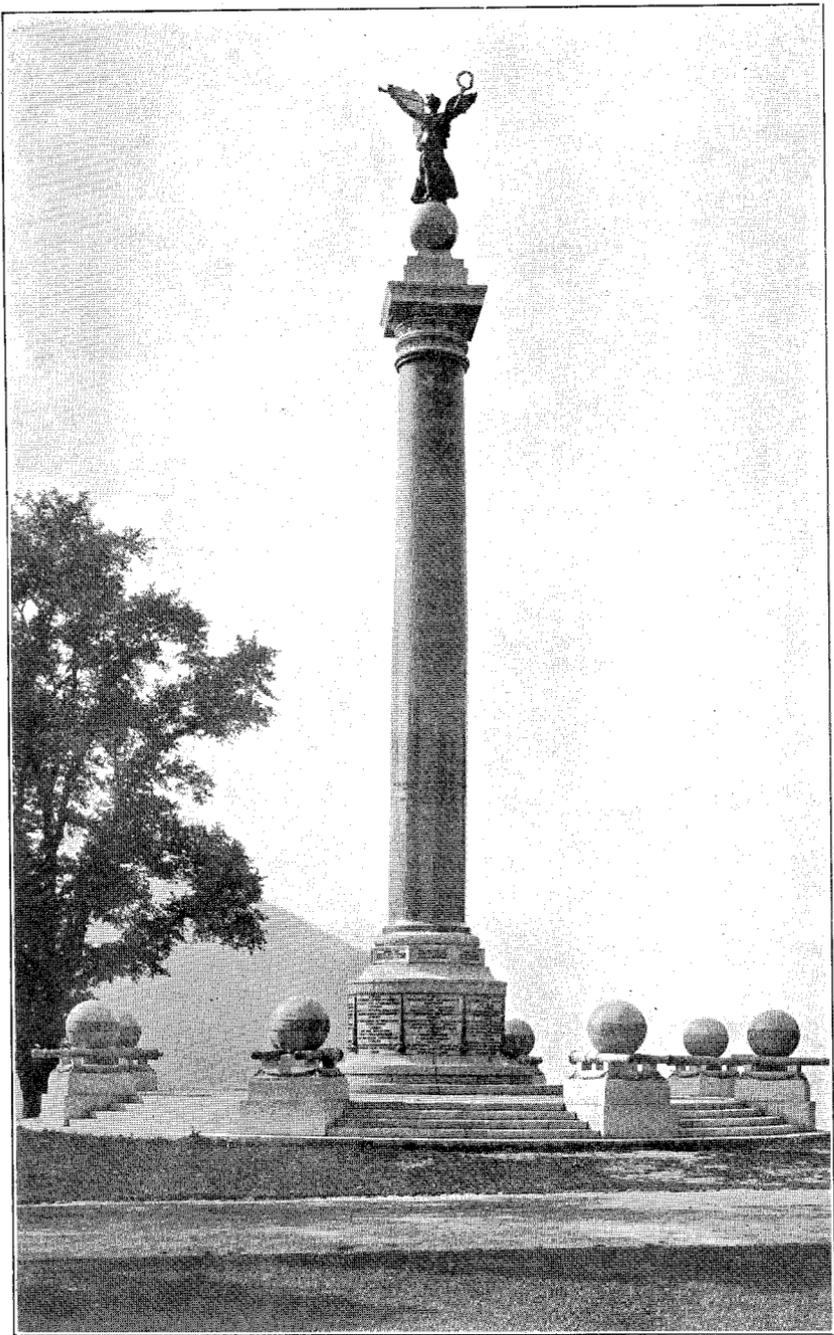
When you put on your "fixings" to attend your last parade.

How proud you feel when marching to the "Sergeant Dashing
White,"

And when upon your "winding way," you're prouder still that
night.

You say to all your friends from whom yourself you now must
tear,

If of your home they come within two miles, they must stop *there*.
A parting word, a warm embrace you give to each classmate,
And bid the Point a long farewell, a happy GRADUATE.



THE BATTLE MONUMENT.
"Dead upon the field of honor.")

BENNY HAVENS, OH!

Years ago, Benny Havens was a seller of contrabands to cadets, such as cakes, ale, and liquors, and this in violation of the rules of the Academy.

He was expelled from the post of West Point and later established himself in a small cottage at the base of the high cliff at Highland Falls, quite near the river.

This was a favorite resort of the cadets "after taps," but the risk of these nocturnal visits was great indeed, since the punishment was dismissal *if caught* on this venture.

Lieutenant O'Brien of the Eighth United States Infantry with others composed the song of "Benny Havens, Oh!" set to the tune of "Wearing of the Green." The original five verses have been added to from time to time to commemorate the dead or the heroes of wars:

BENNY HAVENS, OH!

AIR — *Wearing of the Green.*

A SONG THAT IS SUNG BY THE SOLDIERS OF UNCLE SAM.

COME, fill your glasses, fellows, and stand up in a row;
To singing sentimentally, we're going for to go;
In the army there's sobriety, promotion's very slow,
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! Oh! Benny Havens, oh!
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, oh!

WEST POINT

Now Roe's Hotel's a perfect "fess," and Cozzens's all the go,
 And officers as thick as hops infest "The Falls" below;
 But we'll slip them all so quietly, as once a week we go
 To toast the lovely flower that blooms at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Let us toast our foster-father, the Republic, as you know,
 Who in the paths of science taught us upward for to go;
 And the maiden of our native land, whose cheeks like roses glow,
 They're oft remembered in our cups, at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To the ladies of the Empire State whose hearts and albums too,
 Bear sad remembrance of the wrongs we stripling soldiers do,
 We bid a fond adieu, my boys; our hearts with sorrow flow;
 Our loves and rhyming had their source at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

And when in academic halls, to summer hops we go,
 And tread the mazes of the dance on the light fantastic toe,
 We look into those sunny eyes, where youth and pleasure glow,
 And think ourselves within the walls of Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To the ladies of the orange clime, let all our bumpers flow;
 Who dares gainsay their peerless charms must take a knightly blow.
 We'll throw the gauntlet in their cause and taunt the soulless foe
 Who hesitates to drink to them at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Of the lovely maids with virgin laps like roses dipped in dew,
 Who are to be our better halves, we'd like to take a view.
 But sufficient to the bridal day is the ill of it, you know,
 So we'll cheer our hearts with chorusing at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To the ladies of our Army our cups shall ever flow,
 Companions of our exile, and our shield 'gainst every woe;
 May they see their husbands Generals, with double pay also,
 And join us in our choruses at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

'Tis said by commentators, when to other worlds we go,
 We follow the same handicraft we did in this below;
 If this be true philosophy — the sexton he says "No!"—
 What days of song and dance we'll have at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Come fill up to our Generals, God bless the brave heroes,
 They're an honor to their country, and a terror to their foes;
 May they long rest on their laurels, and trouble never know,
 But live to see a thousand years at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Here's a health to General Taylor, whose "rough and ready" blow
 Struck terror to the *rancheros* of braggart Mexico;
 May his country ne'er forget his deeds, and ne'er forget to show
 She holds him worthy of a place at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To the "veni, vidi, vici" man, to Scott, the great hero,
 Fill up the goblet to the brim, let no one shrinking go;
 May life's cares on his honored head fall light as flakes of snow,
 And his fair fame be ever great at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

From the courts of death and danger, from Tampa's deadly shore,
 There comes a wail of manly grief, "O'Brien is no more;"
 In the land of sun and flowers his head lies pillowed low,
 No more he'll sing "Petite Coquette," or Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To the Army's brave commanders let now our glasses flow,
 We'll drink to Grant and Sherman, and to the "subs" also,
 To Thomas, Meade, and Sheridan (these come in apropos);
 We'll toast them all with goblets full, at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

'Tis a proverb that "Republics to their veterans thankless grow,"
 And to youth of service oft awards only an age of woe;
 But if a lowly station most honor doth bestow,
 Give me the one now occupied by Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To our regiments, now, fellows, we all must shortly go,
 And look as sage as parsons when they talk of what's below;
 We must cultivate the graces, do everything "just so,"
 And never speak to ears polite of Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Let us remember, comrades, when to our posts we go,
 The ties that must be cut in twain, as o'er life's sea we row;
 Hearts that now throb in unison must moulder down below,
 So let us take a parting cup at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To our comrades who have fallen, one cup before we go,
 They poured their life blood freely out *pro bono publico*;
 No marble points the stranger to where they rest below,
 They lie neglected far away from Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

You veterans on the "half-pay list" in quiet ease should go,
 And suffer us subalterns up a grade or two to row;
 Award each State a regiment of regulars, you know —
 Their officers are chosen ones from Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

May we never lack a smile for friend, nor stern heart for a foe;
May all our paths be pleasantness wherever we may go;
May our "muster-rolls" in after years report in *statu quo*,
And goodly samples ever bring from Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

May the Army be augmented, promotion be less slow;
May our country in the hour of need be ready for the foe;
May we find a soldier's resting-place beneath a soldier's blow,
With space enough beside our graves for Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

When you and I, and Benny, and all the others, too,
Are called before the "final board" our course of life to view,
May we never "fess" on any point, but straight be told to go
And join the Army of the Blest at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Another star has faded, we miss its brilliant glow,
For the veteran Scott has ceased to be a soldier here below;
And the country which he honored now feels a heartfelt woe,
As we toast his name in reverence at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To our kind old Alma Mater, our rock-bound Highland home,
We'll cast back many a fond regret, as o'er life's sea we roam,
Until on our last battlefield the lights of heaven shall glow,
We'll never fail to drink to her and Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

And if amid the battle shock our banner e'er should trail,
And hearts that beat beneath its folds shall faint or basely fail,
Then may some son of Benny's with quick avenging blow,
Lift up the flag we loved so well at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

When this life's troubled sea is o'er, and our last battle's through,
 If God permits us mortals then His blest domain to view,
 Then shall we see with glory crowned, in proud celestial row,
 The friends we've known and loved so well at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Here's a cup to brave McKinney, and all who like him die;
 Their souls upon the battle smoke ascend the upper sky.
 May the angels there attend him and show him where to go,
 And join his comrades gone before, with Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

In silence lift your glasses: A meteor flashes out.
 So swift to death brave Custer, amid the battle's shout
 Death called — and, crowned, he went to join the friends of long
 ago
 To the land of Peace, where now he dwells with Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

We drop a tear for Harrington, and his comrades, Custer's braves,
 Who fell with none to see the deeds that glorified their graves.
 May their memories live forever with their glory's present glow;
 They've nobly earned the right to dwell with Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

SEQUEL.

COME, fellows, let us join once more, ere to our homes we go,
 And give a parting requiem to "Benny Havens, oh!"
 Our fathers worship'd at his shrine in days long, long ago,
 Then why should we, their faithful sons, not love our "Havens,
 oh!"

The spirit of the olden grey, with boys, 'tis folly, true;
 But then it proves "*Esprit de Corps*," when clothed in Army blue.
 Then in the path our fathers trod let us not fail to go,
 If it lead to fame and glory, or "Benny Havens, oh!"

Their names shall sacred to us be for deeds done long ago;
 For they are grav'd with gold and red on azure blue, you know;
 And as on us their mantles fell, our gratitude we'll show,
 By life remembrances of them and "Benny Havens, oh!"

Genial Barbour, brave Mudge and Inge, oft went through drifted
 snow,

To have an hour's pleasant chat, and make the *spirits* flow;
 Clay, Crittenden, and legions more, could never give a NO,
 When asked to share the friendly cheer of "Benny Havens, oh!"

Did Ringgold's flying battery e'er make its aim too low —
 Did Duncan's ready howitzers e'er fail to reach the foe —
 Did Canby brave, or Custer bold, e'er dread Modoc or Sioux —
 Because of *dark* or *moonlight* raids on "Benny Havens, oh?"

From Nevada's hoary ridges, from stormy coast of Maine,
 From lava beds and Yellowstone the story never waned;
 Wherever duty called they went, their steps were never slow —
 With "ALMA MATER" on their lips, and "Benny Havens, oh!"

Their blood has water'd Western plains, and Northern wilds of
 snow,

Has stained Sierra's highest peaks, where piercing winds e'er blow;
 Has dyed deep red the Everglades, and deeper still, you know,
 The sacred Montezuma shades and walls of Mexico.

But now the soften'd summer winds come whispering to us low
 That HE of whom we oft have sung, Death's hand lies on his brow!
 These granite hills surrounding us, by sun all set aglow,
 TO THEM, are guardian angels, and to "BENNY HAVENS, OH!"

