



THE STATE'S WAR HEROES.

A Full and Graphic Account of the Life and Gallant Services of Major General Philip Kearny, United States Volunteer.

BY GENERAL J. WATTS DE FRYSTER.

A Brief but Comprehensive Biography of the Life and Services of Major Nathan B. Russell.

BY GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

There are gods who are but men, as there are men that are very gods. —Plato.

Throughout all ages there are a few names which have so impressed themselves upon the imaginations of men that they have become synonymous with brilliant qualities. Indeed they unite the characteristics of proper names as well as adjectives, through their significance. Their mere mention develops pictures—yes, panoramas. Each is an epic—that is, an epic poem in a word. They live in themselves alone, through themselves, in the personal exploits they recall. Although reliable history covers a period of nearly three thousand years, there is scarcely one of this class to a century—that is, one universally recognized. With rare exceptions, those to whom they belong did not rule over nations; but they reigned in the hearts of men. The class referred to does not include the conquerors of the world or generals exercising mighty commands, or eminent religious teachers, or prominent reformers, or noted philosophers, but simply the heroes who have made the romance of history. How many are intimate with Achilles and Hector who never heard of Agamemnon and Priam? Ulysses has become a synonym for craft. The eastern world still echoes with the heroism of Rostam, and his fame reverberates fainter but still distinctly as the waves of sound vibrate towards the west. Iskander or Alexander is a war-cry all over the world. At the East it is doubtful if the renown of the hero of Epirus does not eclipse that of the King of Macedonia. Tancred almost divides with Bayard the sympathy of hearts which respect to the language of poetry and music. The Cid is a household word, not only among the nations that he illustrated, but everywhere. Who has not heard of Roland, who cleft the Pyrenees with his good sword, Durandal? He even lifts out of obscurity names which would have perished a thousand years ago, if they had not been associated with his own. The fame of Richard of the Lion Heart would have been interred with his body in the Abbey of Fontevault, if he had not been like Ney, the "bravest of the brave," as well as King of England; nor would that of Bourboin, in spite of all his titles, offices and charges, have survived his generation, if he had not perished under such romantic circumstances, leading his devoted followers to the seek of Rome, leaving his name associated in verse and tradition with Caesar and the loftiest heroes of antiquity. Pages might be filled with similar citations, and yet the mere list of names would not exceed the number designated, one to a century, since Nimrod led the hunt of beasts and men upon the plains of Sinar.

Our own country is not without examples. Miles Standish hangs a grim portrait in the picture gallery of memory. Pocahontas, like William Tell, although a myth to the learned few, is a reality to millions. The War of the Rebellion, however, recent as it is, has left but very few such characters impressed upon the national heart. A single poet and painter, equally gifted as both, achieved marvels towards investing Sheridan with a delusive, romantic interest. But there was one man who needed neither painter, poet nor historian to eternalize his name in the memory of our armies. Although his career was comparatively short and restricted, it nevertheless sufficed to invest him with the attributes of a legendary hero. He looms up brightly as the American Bayard for knightly deeds, as Ney for valor, as Murat for electrifying influence, of a hundred historical examples for presidential military sagacity. This man was the "Beausabre of our Mexican War," the "one-armed devil" of the rebels, New Jersey's representative soldier—Major-General Philip Kearny.

Born June 9, 1815, at No. 3 Broadway (the residence of his maternal father, Hon. John Watts), his life of forty-seven years furnishes the simplest materials for a romance of the most exciting and absorbing interest. Wherever the honor of his flag and of the Union was concerned, he was as prodigal of his means as of his blood. His boyhood illustrated

the truth of the proverb that the "Child (or youth) is father of the man." He no sooner buckled on his sabre, and threw himself into the saddle, than, like the trumpet giving forth no "uncertain sound," the fame of the subaltern absorbed that of his uncle and commander, the conqueror of New Mexico and of California. Sent out to France as a representative of the meagre American cavalry, he made himself the representative of the whole American soldiery. His munificence will live among the warlike troopers of France as enduringly as his gallantry among the "fire-eaters" of Algeria. His service upon the torrid plains at the foot of the Atlas flames up as brilliantly in the passes of this mighty chain, and it is as remarkable in its physical attitude as in its prominent connection with the myths of antiquity. Like Caesar, he shone with his military pen as with his warrior sword. He has left behind him a narrative of the campaign in which he participated, and a record of his observations, pregnant with suggestive value, which put to shame more pretentious volumes, the labors of men backed by the wealth and authority of the nation. His memory lives with enduring vitality among those bronzed adventurers in sky-blue tunics who carried the terror of organization across the Atlas even as far as the oases of the Sahara.

In 1848 the United States became engaged in the first war of any magnitude since its last fight for Independence, as the war of 1812-15 has often been styled; this latter a military episode, which reflected but little credit upon the military capacity of our people, however greatly they exaggerate the glory of prominent individuals. With the Mexican War the American Army acquired a credit which every succeeding year swells into gigantic proportions, when critical examination compares it with the convulsive efforts of the second French Empire upon the same military theatre. The latter dwindles into a dwarf in the presence of the stupendous achievements of the former, and Fleury and Bazaine sink into very little men before such colossi as Taylor and Scott. Kearny, who had been aid to Scott, like his gallant uncle George Watts, resplendent with the lustre of Chippewa, relinquished his staff duties to discharge those of the line in his appropriate arm—the cavalry. From the very first he made a mark in every branch of his service. He raised a troop of cavalry whose perfectness of mount, outfit drill and efficiency, attracted the attention of "Honest Uncle Abe" Lincoln, who little thought that before fifteen years should elapse that the circle of events would drift him into the Executive chair of the Nation, and suggest to his mind this same "Captain Kearny" as the man best fitted by nature and experience to succeed a commander who had proved his incompetency to handle or direct the best fighting Army, perhaps, which had ever existed since a modern army was organized to maintain the interests of civilization. Kearny's troop was the cynosure of every eye in a Regular Army which proved itself a model for all the armies in the world. With every opportunity his "Iron Greys" demonstrated the "iron-bridges" of Koerner upon their thighs, and the skeletons of death were in their hands. They had their share in the harvest of glory, although a peculiar system of favoritism obscured some of the most resplendent achievements of this campaign, and twined the laurel for brows which did not merit the anadem. There is an abundance of proof that Kearny realized the "sic vos non vobis" of the Latin poet. And just as Virgil proved himself the master spirit with the first breath of favoring fortune, so Kearny, with the first grand occasion, invested his name with a glory as enduring as that of the Mexican War—a glory his own as well as that of the army—which will not diminish with time, but grow greater and greater with study and comparative analysis, contrasting the results obtained with the means employed.

Kearny's charge up and into the gate of San Antonio, where he lost his arm—where out of the four officers present one was killed, and the other three were more or less severely wounded—can challenge comparison with any other cavalry dash, since modern troopers first learned their duty under the greatest acknowledged cavalry leader—Selditz. "It was the boldest charge," said Gen. Scott, "I have ever seen or read of." The brightest allusion in the reports of the day, the theme of the poet, of the painter, and of the vivid narrator, it made a name for Kearny which he never suffered to sound more faintly; which he proved by greater deeds on wider fields he had deserved. Commencing this charge with two troops—at most 150 men, gradually diminishing through errors and misconceptions of orders by superiors, he ended it with twelve men, privates, and four officers, at the very gate of the Aztec capital. Military experts, who examine the authentic records of war in the spirit of a von Bulow, or of a

Jomini, or of a von Lousler, hold that Scott's failure to see the importance of the charge, to support it, and to follow it up, lost the finest opportunity to occupy Mexico by a master-stroke. This failure, which deprived Kearny of an arm, not in advancing but in retreating, cost the army a month of suffering, two of the severest and most unequal struggles of the whole war, and a list of 1,631—perhaps, in reality, counting diseases, 2,000 casualties. To such an extent were the Mexicans, from their Commander-in-Chief down, demoralized by this charge of Kearny, that Santa Anna, in his "report exculpatory of his fresh disasters," said: "What might we expect when a mere handful of the enemy's dragoons had the temerity to mount the very rampart of our defenses?" Sweeping up that narrow causeway, brilliant as a meteor before the eyes of our greatest military painter, and one of our most popular authors, who have commemorated the achievement most exquisitely upon canvas and upon paper, he scattered or drove before him a force as numerous as that of our victorious army. In vain Santa Anna was seen to apply his riding-whip to the flying officers, to shame them into arresting that handful of men led by the young captain with light-brown floating locks, who seemed to inspire the Mexicans with the terror ascribed to the rider upon the white horse of revelation. Left almost alone, not through the desertion of his men, but the mistaken exertions of superiors, Kearny, like Bayard at Milan, could only strike his steel against the enemies' gates, or, like Hannibal before Rome, hurl his javelin within the walls. Nevertheless, to him belongs the supreme honor of having been the first to penetrate the walled circuit of the Mexican capital. It is not requisite, in order to portray the character of any great man, to go into details. Little men have to increase the bulk of the fuel to evolve the heat and light which radiate from the many shining deeds of a truly great exemplar of humanity. Although the revolving and flashing radiance of a prominent light-house is only seen afar off at lesser or longer intervals, the light is always there, and always the same. In 1851, Kearny was sent against the Rogue River Indians, a pestilent race of savages in an almost inaccessible nest, who had nearly closed the road from California to Oregon. By his capacity and courage he won the commendation of those in authority, and the applause of the settlers, and he inflicted such a chastisement upon this hitherto dangerous tribe, that they needed no second. Thenceforward the route which they had barred was clear and secure. This handsome campaign opened that country. In 1859, and under the same tri-color with which he had first developed his soldiery upon the Atlas, he acquired new fame under his old Algerian commander, Morris, with the Cavalry of the Imperial Guard upon the Plains of Italy. At Solferino he distinguished himself in a cavalry charge, in which he exhibited the same persistent gallantry, which only came short of associating his name with the honor of first penetrating the inner halls of the Montezumas. Decorated by the Emperor, he won the respect of the army by his example, and the appreciation of the leading Generals by the presence of his military perspicacity. In 1861, the Slaveholders' Rebellion became an accomplished fact. There had been indications of a coming storm, but no one conceived that it would burst with the intense violence of a moral cyclone; that we were to experience a national earthquake as disastrous and fatal to a vast portion of the national edifice as the physical catastrophe of Lisbon. Kearny was abroad, but even while the clouds were gathering he spoke in thunder tones against treason, and his words were influentially potent in our Parisian colony. As in the time of virtuous Republican Rome, his heart responded to the grand expression, "Civis Romanus sum," "What am I," said he, "if no longer an American citizen?" and instinctively he pledged his life and fortune to the restoration of the national integrity. He hastened home, and at once applied for a command, satisfied with one far below his merit. His first application was to his native State, New York. Would it be believed that this sword, which never gleamed but in the path of glory and of victory, sharpened by the experience of over twenty years in every species of warfare, was rejected, and political blades of lath preferred? No wonder that they shivered upon steel pointed with fanaticism and welded by the intensified force of an absorbing idea. Fortified with recommendations of Scott, of prominent soldiers of intelligence, of his experience, of the decoration upon his breast, and of his empty sleeve, he vibrated between our State and the national capital, seeking the opportunity of paying "the last full measure of devotion," as Lincoln (Continued on Fourth Page.)

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FIFTH YEAR..... NO. 51.

Amusements. HOBOKEN. WAREINGS' GARDEN-Variety. NEW YORK.

THE LONDON-Variety. BIJOU OPERA HOUSE-Virginia. BUNSELL'S MUSEUM-Curiosities.

WINDSOR THEATRE-Buffalo Bill. NIBLO'S GARDEN-The Black Flag. HAVELRY'S THEATRE-J. K. Emmet.

FIFTH AVE. THEATRE-Mary Anderson. GRAND OPERA HOUSE-John T. Raymond.

SAN FRANCISCO OPERA HOUSE-Ministry. DALY'S THEATRE-She Would and She Wouldn't.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE-Young Mrs. Winthrop. UNION SQUARE THEATRE-Parisian Romance.

HOBOKEN, JANUARY 20, 1883.

Official paper of the city of Hoboken. Circulation second to no other weekly journal in Hudson County.

"Judge" McGill and "Prosecutor" Winfield sound well.

Ex-Clerk Hall will be brought to Newark next month for trial. It's about time.

Put your faith in the weather prophet who says it will either storm or it won't. He is the only one that makes a good guess just now.

The Mayor sent in his first batch of vetoes, series of 1883, Tuesday night, three in number. One was more than half way sensible and the others were, to say the least, entirely unnecessary.

The Jersey City Express is a new weekly anti-monopolist paper, which seems to have for its present mission the squelching of the Hon. Leon Abbett. It is newswy, and its writers use good and forcible English.

The New Jersey Editorial Association held its twenty-seventh annual meeting at Trenton Monday. The treasurer's report showed a condition of prosperity not at all consistent with the traditional chronic impicquosity of newspaper men.

Adam Peet, a well known "exempt" of the Hoboken Fire Department, and a "typo" by profession, was the Mayor's appointee for Police Commissioner this week. Like all the rest, he "came within one" of getting in. The Mayor has nominated worse men.

The management of the Trenton Times have brought out the Weekly Times which, in the contents and make-up, is all that can be desired. It is Democratic in politics and bears all the evidences of careful and able editing. We expect our new contemporary from its headquarters at the Capital to do great things for Democracy in Jersey.

The 2,000 copies of the report of the Commission on Railroad Taxation, which our muchly e. c., the Democrat (Rep.) printed, expecting the Legislature to order and pay for them, will have to be charged against "profit and loss." Our law-makers thought sixty copies would be enough. The "printing reform" struck the right chord.

When we wax poetical, even in "broken English," we're glad to receive the compliment of a reproduction of our effusions in an exchange. Consequently, when we saw "Dot Cradle Song" in our e. c. the Westchester Times, our editorial cheek flushed with gratification; but we go thought that in addition to our nom de plume, the Times might have credited the ADVERTISER with giving the doggerel to the world.

The Milwaukee hotel catastrophe has caused the New York Fire Department to brace up, and as a result, important changes, looking to the better protection of life and property in case of fire, have been ordered in the Grand Union Hotel, near the Grand Central Depot. Few buildings in this city are conspicuous for their fire-escape facilities; and yet we believe there is a State law which if enforced, would remedy this.

At a meeting of the Council Committee on the elevated railroad matter Wednesday, President Bonn stated that the construction of the road would cost the company \$350,000, \$250,000 of which would be expended in Hoboken. He was willing to pay the city a revenue of \$3,000 a year on the road, to indemnify the property owners along the route for all damage done to their property, and run a horse car line through Willow street. This is all that the city can reasonably and in justice expect the company to do.

THE SCHOOL BUILDING.

A committee of the Board of Education, with the Council Committee on Schools, have waited on Mr. W. W. Shippen, President of the Hoboken Land and Improvement Company, in reference to procuring a plot of land for a site for the proposed new school house. The ground on the southwest corner of Bloomfield and Newark streets was considered the best location, and after talking the matter over, Mr. Shippen offered to sell a plot embracing three lots, having an aggregate frontage of seventy-five feet on Newark and one hundred feet on Bloomfield street, for \$1.30 per foot, making the price for the whole \$8,750. This sum is not considered high for the location, though it may be thought more than the city ought to pay. However this may be determined, a temporary check has been put upon the matter by a veto from the Mayor, who does not approve of the resolution passed last week providing for the purchase of the site and erection of the building on the plan proposed. The Mayor acknowledges that a new school house is a necessity, but he believes that \$21,000 will not purchase a proper site and erect a building that will meet the requirements together with furnishing it, etc. He is satisfied that to do this, will take nearly if not all of the \$40,000 authorized by the act of the last Legislature. He does not think it would be right to pay this sum in three years, from the tax levies, as required by the act. The city cannot afford it, he says, as the tax rate is too high. School houses properly built, should last one hundred years and as "generation after generation" should have the use of them, and the city's credit is good, she can issue long bonds, erect a creditable building on a good healthy site and furnish it at a cost of from eighteen hundred to two thousand dollars a year for the next three years, which he thinks, would be far better and more satisfactory than a cheap site and a temporary building at over seven thousand dollars a year. These are his Honor's views and he suggests that the right to adopt them can be obtained from the Legislature now in session.

It seems to us that he is more than half right. It would certainly be wiser to erect a permanent building than a temporary one, but it need not be anything more than substantial, healthy and comfortable. No ornamental structure is required, but it certainly should be built to last. What would be left out of \$20,000 after the purchase of a site, would be rather a small sum with which to accomplish the purpose. There is some sense, too, in the suggestion that long bonds be issued for the payment of the money required. It would undoubtedly be easier to pay \$1,800 or \$2,000 a year than \$7,000. But there appears a decided objection on the part of the Council and many influential citizens against issuing long bonds when it can possibly be avoided. It seems that Hoboken thinks that as posterity has done nothing for her, she should do nothing for posterity, not even so much as incurring debts for posterity to pay. It is a very good rule to pay as you go, if you can, and it is dangerous to get into the habit of borrowing money because your credit is good and issuing long bonds for its payment. But at the same time the burden will be lighter in this case, and if there is any public work that must be paid for by degrees, it is the erection of school buildings. The next generation will use them just as much as the present one will, and it is no injustice to ask those who benefit by the work to help pay for it. At the same time, we would rather see the work paid for without long bonds if the tax-payers are willing to do it.

"ALL POPPYCOCK." In accordance with what has gotten to be an annual custom, and seemingly for the sake of custom alone, the cry for more "economy" and "reform," has made the public printing its objective point. A ghost that is dubbed the "State printing swindle" is summoned from the imagination of a "reformer" howler and its dim but ghastly outlines exhibited before the new Legislators. Nothing is said of extravagances existing in other State expenditures. The printer must bear it all—must be a scape-goat for the really wicked. The State does not overpay the printer. There is plenty of other work done for the State that is overpaid. A printer ceases to be a "devil" as soon as he has learned his trade. His reform has been accomplished. Let the "reformers" raise the "devil" about the ears of those who really need their services.

"SEVERELY REPROBATED." The mode of treatment prescribed by "doctor" ADVERTISER last week, for his Honor the Mayor, evidently met with the hearty approval of at least half the Council, for on Tuesday night they administered a dose of "reprobation," which was certainly strong enough to have a salutary effect. When the usual motion was made that the reading of the minutes be dispensed with and stand approved as printed, Councilman Lee objected and requested that the minutes of the special meeting of Friday, January 5th, be read. After this, by request, a communication signed by Councilmen Kaufmann, Kenney, Lee and Tinkon, was read. This document was in answer to the undignified and ungentlemanly communication of the Mayor and was a stinging rebuke of his Honor's unwarranted use of such language as that found fault with in the ADVERTISER. The Councilmen gave free vent to their very just indignation at the Mayor's insulting words and said some things of him in this answer that are seldom said of the chief executive of a city. Considered simply as a communication from "City Fathers" concerning the Mayor, their

remains were certainly uncommonly personal, but in the light of existing circumstances, they were not too much so. In the abstract, such things were better left unwritten, but in this particular case the rebuke was well merited. The Mayor had no ground for his attack, while the fact of his making it as he did, justified the retort which handled him without gloves. And while it said some very rough things they were not without some truth and significance. The result of the whole affair was, that a motion prevailed, to return the Mayor's obnoxious document, and destroy the reply. It is well that the matter should drop where it is, for a "passage at arms" of such a character as this, between the Mayor and Council, is not a creditable thing to appear on the record of any city. But the Mayor is responsible, and his action, to quote his own words, "cannot be too severely reprobated."

Notes From Trenton.

The House adjourned Wednesday for the week. The Senate adjourned Tuesday night for the week. There are eighty-two bills pending in the House. Big for a beginning.

Assemblyman Steljes appears thoroughly at ease and at home among legislators. Speaker O'Connor enforces the rules strictly, and it is evident that he means business.

Our jolly Sergeant-at-Arms, "Con" Donovan, looks as natural as ever. His rest hasn't spoiled him a bit.

The Senate has passed Paxton's \$500,000 water bond bill, but the House fought over it, and it will not get through whole. Cator is down on it.

Cator's new office in the House, a Document Clerk, has been established and a Newark man installed, much to the disgust of the "reformers."

Senator Merrill has launched the first prohibition bombshell among his thirsty colleagues. It is a proposed constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage, etc.

The Senate has confirmed all the Governor's nominations except that of Skinner, of Bergen, for Common Pleas Judge. The list included Winfield, of Hudson, for Prosecutor, and McGill, for Judge, to succeed Garretson, whose term expires in April.

The United States Senatorship is all the talk. Although the first vote must be taken Tuesday, nothing has been done about a caucus by the Democrats. Various rumors, most of them inventions, are flying around, but nobody knows anything.

Hudson men have been appointed on most of the important committees and secured chairmanships as follows: Clarke, Municipal Corporations; Kelly, Unfinished Business; McLaughlin, Incidental Expenses; Rich, Revision of the Laws; Shannon, Miscellaneous Business; Chapman, State Library; Steljes, Lunatic Asylum.

There is a bill in the House making a labor strike a conspiracy; another to raise revenue for the State by taxing stock and dividends of corporations; a ship canal bill; one imposing penalties upon persons putting in fictitious bids for public work; one reducing ferrage for horses and trucks, besides McLaughlin's two-cent ferrage bill; Rich put in a repealer of the act authorizing Boards of Freeholders to issue bonds to raise money for State and county purposes and re-introduced McAdoo's constitutional convention bill.

The County Committee.

The new Democratic County Executive Committee met in Jersey City a week ago last night, and organized by the election of the following officers for the ensuing year: President, James N. Davis, of the Third District; First Vice President, William H. Dilworth, of the Ninth District; Second Vice President, Harvey Marsh, of the First District; Treasurer, Edward Duggan, of the Third District; Secretary, Charles Esterbrook, of the Fourth District; Corresponding Secretary, John D. Gorman, of the First District.

The committee passed a resolution that the new constitution for the government of the Democratic party in this county, which was adopted at the recent convention, held in this city, and subsequently ratified at primaries held throughout the county, should be enforced. Under this constitution the members of the County Committee will have charge of the spring as well as the fall election, the various district and city committees, and the members of the County Committee will organize themselves into district and city committees. The terms of office of the members of the committee are increased from one to two years, but the new constitution does not prohibit the re-election of any member, after his term has expired. There are three vacancies in the committee from the Hoboken section of the Seventh District, and two in the Ninth District, besides other vacancies, which will be filled at the meeting to be held next month.

Reduced Fares.

The North Hudson County Railway Company, which at present charges seven cents on some of its cars running to the Hill, has voluntarily decided to make a reduction of two cents in the fare for these long trips. On and after February 1st the reduction will take effect, and a uniform fare of five cents will be charged on all its routes for all distances. The company has taken this step voluntarily, as there is no law at present that would compel them to, and its officers are entitled to considerable credit. At first they may feel the reduction, but it will without doubt increase the travel on the cars running to the Hill, to such an extent as to compensate them in time for any temporary loss.

The Freeholders.

The Board of Freeholders held its regular meeting Thursday afternoon, with four members absent. The Committee on County Institutions reported in favor of allowing the New Jersey Telephone Company to run its wires across the County Farm on condition that instruments be placed in the Almshouse and Lunatic Asylum, free. A special committee reported in favor of selling a portion of the Snake Hill property to the D. L. and W. R. R., at \$400 per acre. A resolution was passed directing the Council of the Board to frame an act compelling cities, towns and townships to pay their State and county taxes out of the first moneys collected.

Military Mention.

SIXTH REGIMENT. Company C will not drill next Wednesday night.

"Champagne Charley is My Name," is a favorite song with the officers.

Half a dozen files added to the Drum Corps would prove a great acquisition.

About every necessary arrangement for the "Regimental Reception" is completed.

Louis Vincent, recently elected First Sergeant of Company D, is said to be very "pious."

As predicted in our last issue, Mr. Henry Weinhausen was elected, last Monday night, Second Lieutenant of Company F.

The Regimental Court Martial for 1883 is composed of the following officers, per detail: Lieutenant-Colonel Joel Green, Captain H. A. Correa, Lieutenant Harper W. Sagerdorff. The court will sit on Friday, April 13, July 29 and December 21.

We regret to learn that the fine "settee lockers" and extravagant desk in the room of Company F, have crowded out the "billiard table." Having once been there, it should have remained—"as a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Commandants of companies will detail two files each for guard duty, on the occasion of the reception, on the 26th inst. And in addition, Captain Griffith will detail one Sergeant, and Captain Cook and Lieutenant Raab one Corporal each; the detail will report to Lieutenant Lewis R. McCulloch, who is detailed Officer of the Guard.

We give below a complete list of the members of the Ninth who have qualified as marksmen for the year 1882-3, with their scores. The list is published for the first time:

Table with columns: Name, 300 yds, 500 yds, Total. Capt. Haddenhorst, 22, 22, 44. Capt. Hart, 20, 21, 41. Capt. Griffith, 22, 19, 41. Major Erikenkottor, 18, 23, 41. Sergt. Bollinger, 21, 19, 40. Sergt. Frey, 20, 18, 38. Lieut. Kullrich, 20, 18, 38. Pr. Washington, 16, 21, 37. Capt. Curry, 18, 19, 37. Pr. Raab, 18, 19, 37. Pr. Smith, 20, 15, 35. Capt. Cook, 15, 19, 34. Pr. Gorman, 19, 15, 34. Pr. Cator, 19, 14, 33. Pr. M. Nolte, 15, 17, 32. Corp. Nash, 15, 16, 31. Pr. Ackermann, 12, 19, 31. Pr. Limouze, 16, 15, 31. Sergt. Benson, 14, 17, 31. Pr. Spencer, 13, 18, 31. Corp. Battenbaum, 13, 17, 30. Corp. Luckhardt, 16, 14, 30. Pr. Mohr, 16, 14, 30. Pr. Rabold, 15, 15, 30. Pr. Perroz, 15, 15, 30. Pr. Gretton, 16, 14, 30. Lieut. Lanoue, 15, 14, 29. Pr. Geutner, 15, 13, 28. Lieut. Bundenbender, 15, 13, 28. Pr. Hoffman, 13, 15, 28. Sergt. Nelson, 14, 14, 28. Pr. Boulianger, 13, 15, 28. Pr. J. H. Weber, 15, 13, 28. Pr. H. Weber, 18, 10, 28. Pr. Boulianger, 11, 17, 28. Pr. Bornemann, 15, 12, 27. Sergt. Hart, 14, 13, 27. Pr. Boye, 15, 12, 27. Pr. Heuston, 11, 15, 27. Pr. Kunze, 13, 14, 27. Pr. Patterson, 14, 13, 27. Pr. Duncan, 13, 14, 27. Lieut. Correa, 17, 10, 27. Corp. Riley, 14, 13, 27. Sergt. Hoffmann, 14, 13, 27. Sergt. Heijlger, 14, 13, 27. Corp. Bosen, 14, 13, 27. Pr. Shover, 14, 13, 27. Sergt. Giffert, 13, 14, 27. Pr. Ueber, 16, 10, 26. Pr. Tricket, 13, 13, 26. Pr. Prall, 14, 11, 25. Pr. Spencer, 14, 11, 25. Pr. Eblen, 13, 12, 25. Pr. Whitcomb, 15, 10, 25. Sergt. Jacobson, 12, 13, 25. Pr. More, 12, 13, 25. Pr. Birch, 13, 12, 25. Pr. Calhoun, 12, 13, 25. Pr. Carberry, 12, 13, 25. Corp. Fackert, 13, 12, 25. Sergt. Cox, 17, 8, 25. Pr. Rice, 13, 12, 25. Pr. Passell, 13, 12, 25. Sergt. Weber, 15, 10, 25. Mus. Schaefer, 14, 11, 25. Pr. Boudier, 14, 11, 25.

GENERAL.

A new company book has been issued from the Adjutant General's Department, accompanied by a General Order to the militia of this State, with respect to the care and uses of the book.

In speaking of the Yorktown celebration in his message, Gov. Ludlow says: "Delay in adjusting certain claims for transportation by railroad and steamboat, and for certain other expenses, prevented the earlier filing with the Comptroller of the report of expenditures connected with the Yorktown celebration. On the 26th of December last, the final payment was audited and paid by the Quartermaster-General, making the total disbursements on this account \$26,710.83. The balance, \$799.99, has been returned to the treasury, and the report filed with the Comptroller as required by law."

Governor Ludlow, in his annual message, pays some very pleasant compliments to the National Guard of this State. He says that there has been a small falling off in numbers during the past year; two companies of infantry and one of artillery have been disbanded, and one company of infantry organized. The organized force consists of forty-eight companies of infantry, and two galling gun companies—a total of two hundred and fifty-nine officers and twenty-nine hundred and sixty-one men. In discipline and soldierly qualities the high standard of the past has been maintained. The drill in rifle practice has been kept up, with very satisfactory results. Stockton Range, for the use of the National Guard, has been discontinued, owing to the fact that satisfactory arrangements could not be made. Three thousand dollars was paid for the use of Brinton Range, and a balance, \$2,291 to Stockton Range on account of the year previous.

Music Next Week.

Two notable musical entertainments will be given next week at Odd Fellows' Hall, one on Wednesday and the other on Thursday evening. The first will be an invitation affair, followed by a hop and has been arranged by the Valencia Orchestra. The invitations have been limited to 750 and the principal part of the musical programme will be rendered by the orchestra and will consist of six numbers, viz.: Marche Militaire, by Schubert; A Morning, Noon and Night in Vienna, (new); Silver Polka, concert solo; Fra Diavola, selection, Bocaccio, and Gardus.

The committee of arrangements, after negotiating with several artists in New York, have engaged Miss Ingeborg Brown, the popular soprano, to sing. Hoboken audiences are already familiar with the excellent performances of the Valencia Orchestra, and those honored with invitations are sure of a genuine musical treat. Eckert's full orchestra has been engaged to play the dance music for the hop which will follow the concert.

For the concert on Thursday night, admission will be charged, but the reputation of the artists who will participate, and the character of the programme insures an entertainment worth the price of many tickets.

Mlle. Zelle De Lussan, whose singing here last spring was so much admired, will be the principal soprano soloist, and Miss Louise Rupert, Miss Minnie Cash and Miss Marie Clousey will also take part. Mr. Christian Fritsch, the famous tenor, Mons. Edouard Gilbert, well known to the concert-going public, and Mr. Matty Judge of this city, are the male soloists of the evening. In addition to these favorites, the chorus choir of St. Mary's Church, and a number of gentlemen and lady amateurs will assist in rendering the programme, which embraces operatic, oratorio and concert vocal gems, and concludes with several movements of the Gloria of Mozart's Twelfth Mass. All the soloists of the evening and an immense chorus will sing in the latter. Prof. Wehner will be the piano accompanist.

A Foolish Defaulter.

On Thursday night last week, John Stoeven, of 202 First street, entered the meeting room of the Schleswig-Holsteinischer Verein, of which he was a member, and told those assembled there that he had been attacked on Hudson street by an unknown man and stabbed. At first he said he had not been robbed and afterwards, in a confused sort of a way, said that \$72.45, belonging to the society, had been taken out of his inside vest pocket. Some of the members helped him home and Dr. Tell Kullrich was summoned. An examination revealed an ugly stab wound on Stoeven's thigh very near the femoral artery.

The police were notified and a thorough investigation was commenced. Stoeven's story did not "hang together" well, and was not believed by the police, who could gain no information about the alleged attack, although the wounded man said that the affair attracted a crowd and his assailant escaped during the confusion. On Saturday morning Stoeven confessed to his wife that he had misappropriated the society's money and on the way to the meeting, where he was expected to turn it over, he had conceived the idea of stabbing himself and telling his story to account for the loss of the funds. He inflicted the wound on himself with his pocket knife. Subsequently, he made the same confession to a committee of the society. He expressed penitence and declared that he would pay the money back as soon as he was able.

Stoeven was treasurer of the amusement fund of the Schleswig-Holsteinischer Verein, a fund separate from the general fund of the society. The stolen money was part of the proceeds of the Christmas ball. He has been expelled from the society, which, not being incorporated, cannot sue for the money, but a warrant has been made out by the Recorder for his arrest, which will be served as soon as the doctor permits his removal.

The Phenix's Prosperity.

The Phenix Insurance Company, of Brooklyn, makes a decidedly progressive and prosperous exhibit, as the result of last year's operations. The assets now are \$3,295,396.60, as against \$2,926,574.87 a year ago, showing a gain in gross assets of \$468,821.73. The net surplus of the Phenix is now \$644,474.69, as against \$511,607.09 a year ago, or a gain of \$132,867.51. So far as heard from, no other fire company has made so loud a report of progress in 1882 as has the Phenix. The agency department is under the able management of Mr. J. W. Barley and could not be in better hands. Mr. Gustav Hauser, the enterprising and efficient agent in this city, has been exceedingly careful and fortunate in the management of his part of the company's business here, which is large, and the Phenix has not with its losses of any consequence in his district. The company could not be better represented than it is by Mr. Hauser.

The City Clerkship.

Assistant City Clerk Charles H. Miller, of Acting City Clerk, has been served with a summons to appear before the Supreme Court at Trenton on Tuesday, and show cause why he should not surrender the keys, books, papers, etc., appertaining to the City Clerk's office, to Martin V. McDonnell. The suit of Mr. McDonnell against the Mayor and Council to recover the salary of the City Clerk from the time he claims to have been appointed, which was to have been tried before Judge Ogden, in the District Court, last Tuesday, was postponed, on the application of the Corporation Attorney, to the 26th inst.

The Active's Ball.

The annual ball of the Active Ball Club will take place at Odd Fellows' Hall, Monday evening. The hall will be appropriately decorated by Schwenk and the dance music is to be furnished by Prof. Fred. Smith of New York. Extensive preparations have been going on for some weeks and the affair promises to be brilliant and successful. The officers of the club are: George W. Bennett, President; Henry B. Luoba, Vice-President; Fred. Gunkel, Recording Secretary; Charles Gude, Financial Secretary; John Zimmer, Treasurer; Charles Baier, Captain.

A Successful Masquerade.

The annual masquerade ball of Wallace's Dancing Academy at Odd Fellows' Hall, Monday night, was largely attended and, as usual, was a pronounced success. Many of the costumes worn were brilliant and rich. The music was good, and it was well toward Tuesday morning before the affair broke up. The academy is open for the instruction of pupils at the Franklin Lyceum, Bloomfield street, between Eighth and Ninth, every Tuesday and Friday afternoon and evening.

"Most Satisfactory."

NEWBURGH, N. Y., May 27, 1881. H. H. WARNER & Co.: Sirs—I have derived the most satisfactory results from the use of your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Hoboken, N. J., for the week ending January 19, 1883.

LADIES' LIST. Barth, Mrs. Rosa; Baggott, Mrs. J.; Flahley, Mrs. Michael; Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Elizabeth; Glick, Mrs. Lizzie; Kane, Mrs. Maria; Kramer, Ida.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST. Adam, R.; Breenberger, Wilhelm; Broomhall, William; Brandt, Joseph; Glick, Joseph; Klusman, Mr. & Mrs. J.; Daffon, Richard; Girard, Rev. J. M.; Hoff, Edmund.

Hupaberg, Mr. Jesse; Industrial Art Works; Kruger, G.; Lange, Wilhelm; Hoenberg, Adilson; Rhodes, J. C.; Rittenhouse, Wm.; Schwenger, Mr. E.; Whiting, W. L.

L. H. KENNEDY, Postmaster.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Booth's acting is warmly praised by the entire Berlin press.

Speaker Chapin, of the New York Assembly, is only thirty-four years of age.

Ex-Postmaster Samuel Bridgert, of Jersey City, died on Saturday, aged eighty years.

Congressman J. W. Shackelford, of North Carolina, died in Washington on Thursday.

The Illinois Legislature has elected a woman to the position of Engraving Clerk.

James Gordon Bennett has given \$1,000 to help establish a home for old actors in Paris.

Governor Barstow, of Vermont, and wife, have been visiting in the central part of this State.

Clark Mills, the sculptor, died at his residence, in Washington, last week, aged sixty-seven years.

Gen. McClellan has leased 1,730 Massachusetts avenue, Washington, a handsome and spacious residence.

J. B. Jermian, of Watervliet, N. Y., sent a New Year's card, wrapped in a \$5,000 check, to Hamilton Co'.

Miss Mary, eldest daughter of Lawrence Barrett, the actor, will marry Baron von Roeder, of Stuttgart.

Marshall Post was only carrying out the Tennessee idea of reputation to its legitimate conclusion—theft.

Miss Mary Anderson, the actress, was recently entertained in Washington by the family of Gen. Sherman.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher announces his intention of resuming the writing of the "Life of Christ" in the spring.

Millionaire Tabor, of Colorado, has been granted a divorce from his wife, whom he gives \$300,000 in hard cash.

Adeline Patti was bitten on the ear by a mouse while asleep in bed at the Continental, in Philadelphia, a few nights ago.

A bill introduced in the United States Senate proposes to buy a \$50 patent ballot box for each polling place in the Union.

Gov. Butler, of Massachusetts, with his official staff, has accepted an invitation and will attend the carnival at Montreal.

Hon. James G. Blaine will probably build a handsome cottage at Seabright, early in the spring, and occupy it during the summer.

Mrs. Meyers, widow of the late Chief of the United States Signal Service, is building a mausoleum at Buffalo, to the memory of her late husband.

Mrs. Langtry and Freddie Gebhardt went skating while in Chicago, at Lincoln Park, and acted like two young lovers. Only a few of the 5,000 people present recognized them.

"Gad Old Johnny," other reports to the contrary notwithstanding, is at Kearney, Neb., where he owns a large grain elevator and is rapidly repairing his wasted fortunes.

Gen. Halderman, United States Minister at Bangkok, has received from the King of Siam the royal contributions to the Washington Monument, and has shipped them to the United States.

Charles Van Scoten, son of Daniel Van Scoten, the venerable postmaster at Walnut Valley, Warren County, has been appointed to succeed his father, who was commissioned by John Quincy Adams, in 1827.

J. Townley Crane, for some years past the New Jersey State correspondent of the New York Tribune, has become the editor of the Shore Press, published at Asbury Park. Mr. Crane is a trained and skillful journalist.

The funniest thing about the Skirmishing Fund, is the alleged pistol skirmish between O'Donovan Rossa and Mr. Daly. It was expected, from reports circulated, that Hoboken would be deluged with gore, but it hasn't been; at least not to any appreciable extent, as yet.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

The entertainment provided at Wareings' Theatre this week is first class. The olio is excellent and some of the specialties are of more than ordinary merit, particularly J. Van Robinson and Lizzie Conway, in their original sketch, "Dwelling the Gang;" Vic Hawley and Grace Brooks are pleasing in their sketches; Miss Annie Devoro is charming in serio-comic songs and ballads; the four Laroux, William, George, John and Willie, are wonderful acrobats and execute graceful and daring feats; Sedgewick and Wood, "grotesque artists," twist themselves up and do some lofty tumbling in a marvelous manner; J. F. Maurice, the Spanish athlete, assisted by Willie Edwards, does the daring "ladder of life" act with coolness and skill; Jimmie and Elbe Ward are very good in their sketches; Mr. Pat Reilly is buck again and makes a hit as usual in his special line and in lightning drawing. Another good sketch by John Robinson and Lizzie Conway, with Manager Riley and Wm. Ward, ends the entertainment. Crowded houses are the rule.

NEW YORK. Mr. J. K. Emmet is still at Haverly's Theatre, which is all that is necessary to say. Houses crowded nightly. Matinee this afternoon at 2.

This is the fourth month of "Young Mrs. Winthrop," at the Madison Square Theatre, and is likely to run as much longer, its popularity being so great.

W. F. Cody,

FLIGHT TIME TABLE.

Time Table.

Table with flight times for Hoboken Ferry Boats, Barclay Street Boats, and Sunday Boats to Barclay Street.

especially to the young men of the city to attend. Lectures commence at 7:30 every Sunday evening. The Gramercy Social Club has arranged to give a series of socials during the season...

To the Committee on Streets and Assessments: A. W. Cramer, removing ashes, garbage, etc., on December 17, 1883, to January 1, 1884, \$162 50. To the Committee on Fire and Water: Boves & Bro., repairs for fire department, \$29 00...

The following claim was corrected: By the Committee on Fire and Water: Wm. Spake, one night on watch line, \$5 00. On motion of Councilman Kenney the report was received and the claim ordered paid as corrected by the following vote: Ayes—Councilmen Grassmann, Kaufmann, Kenney, Valleau and Chairman Miller. Nays—Councilmen Lee, Stein and Timken.

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PHENIX Insurance Co., of Brooklyn, N. Y., OFFICE IN N. Y. WESTERN UNION BUILDING. Showing the condition of the Company on the first day of JANUARY, 1883. CASH CAPITAL, \$1,000,000 00. Reserve for Unearned Premiums, 1,448,816 89. Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Claims, 202,086 11. Net Surplus, 644,474 00. CASH ASSETS, \$3,295,326 80.

HOBOKEN, JANUARY 20, 1883.

CITY ITEMS.

The new paper factory on Eighth street, will begin operations April 1st. The Hackensack Water Company have contracted for a new water main from the reservoir to Hackensack. Ex-Mayor O'Neill, of this city, has a very fine plate of Senator McPherson's features, the work of his own hands.

A Fatal Hairpin. A short time since a member of the Forest and Stream Club found a hairpin on the street and immediately composed the lines found below. The opinion of the doctor at the time was that he had water on the brain, and we now have reason to suppose that his brain was entirely drowned out. However, as considerable friends have shut him up in a private asylum, I thought the ADVERTISER might wish to record the last frantic burst of his genius ere it sank to rise no more: I found on the sidewalk, this morning, a hairpin of dainty mould, But never a trace of the owner; not one thread of dark hair or gold, To tell to the anxious finder the story he vainly wished told. Was it pressed by rosy fingers; did it nestle in nut-brown hair? Even now, methinks thereon lingers a perfume, faint and rare, Of the hair oil and patchouli, that was used by the maiden fair. I wonder what like was the maiden, were her eyes as brown as could be, And her lips ripe as the cherries that grow on the famous tree That the Father of his Country chopped down in a youthful sprig? Was she fair and tall and pretty, was she short and dark and plain, Was her hair all her own or another's? Alas, who can ever explain! Until time unfolds the mystery—in the dark we must ever remain. My mind is sorely troubled and torn with thoughts that smart, For Cupid bent his bow, and, with a hairpin for a dart, Struck me in the softest spot I had within my heart. And that is the only reason why I have made so bold As to scrawl these frightful verses and get my story told. For I found on the walk, this morning, a hairpin of dainty mould. AM CAS.

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WANTED. By a young married couple, upper or lower half of small house, not to exceed \$25. References exchanged. Address: O. W. V. Advertiser office. GRAND OPENING OF Fall and Winter Goods. No. 114 WASHINGTON ST., Hoboken, N. J. It will pay intending buyers to call and examine my extensive stock of FALL DRESS GOODS, Plaids, Flannels, BLANKETS, MILLINERY, &c., before purchasing elsewhere, and see the value I am offering. I think I can truthfully say that the stock is better selected, larger, and more varied than any other season hitherto. I have an astonishing line of Colored Alpaca at 10c, same as I sold last year at 15c; also, double widths at 16c, worth 20 to 30c. Also a wonderful line of White Blankets at \$1.50 per Pair. Perfect Goods. I would also announce to my numerous patrons and friends that I have received a splendid stock of MILLINERY GOODS, PARIS AND NEW YORK STYLES, suitable for the season, and I shall do my best to keep my reputation for tasteful trimming. I respectfully ask those who have not done so to give me a trial in this department, and see if my prices are not lower than most houses. H. A. McKEE. TEAS AND COFFEES. Don't be Imposed Upon! We are the only IMPORTERS dealing direct with the CONSUMERS. Those who have used our TEAS AND COFFEES in the past are satisfied with their UNIFORM QUALITY and Low Price. We respectfully solicit a call from those who have not already tried our goods. If you really want to enjoy a Cup of good Tea, give our Early Pickings of the New Crop a trial; they surpass anything ever offered for sale. Great Reduction in Coffees. Positively no POLISHING MATTER used in our Coffees—BEWARE OF ALL SUCH. Our Coffees are roasted and sold in their NATURAL STATE, no ingredients whatever being used to make them glow. Always in stock the finest grade of ELGIN CREAMERY. None to equal it in the market. THE GREAT Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, 55 NEWARK AVE., JERSEY CITY, 58 Washington St., Bel. 1st and 2d Sts., HOBOKEN, N. J. Principal Warehouse, 35 & 37 Vesey st., New York. TAILORS. CHAS. SPANGENBERG, TAILOR & CUTTER. No. 53 First St. Near Garden St., HOBOKEN, N. J. Gents' & Boys' Own Material Made up at the shortest notice. Cleaning, Altering and Repairing. Really done. FLORIST AND SEEDMAN. H. F. BRANDIS, FLORIST AND SEEDSMAN, 309 WASHINGTON ST., Hoboken, N. J. Has received a fine lot of Hyacinth and Tulip Bulbs, direct from Haarlem, Holland, which he will sell as cheap as they can be bought in New York. Also flower pots for sale. GREENHOUSES in Nineteenth Street, WERHAWREN, N. J.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

STATED SESSION. Stated session of the Council, held at the Council Chamber, City Hall, on Tuesday evening, January 16, 1883. Present—Councilmen Grassmann, Kaufmann, Kenney, Lee, Stein, Timken, Valleau and Chairman Miller.

On motion of Councilman Valleau the reading of the minutes of the session of January 9, 1883, was dispensed with and they were approved as printed. The following proposals for the furnishing of a yellow pine floor at the corner of Hook and Ladder streets, to be laid in Blossfield street, was presented, read and referred to the Committee on Public Grounds and Buildings.

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NEW GRAVE MONUMENT. IS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR INSTANT USE. In case of death, to mark the place of rest of your loved ones, and to prevent the expense of a funeral and the expense of the grave, which is apt to cause annoyance and expense. Call or address the following: X Y Z MANUFACTURING CO., MRS. C. E. FUNK, Agent, No. 157 Washington Street, Hoboken, N. J. Principal Warehouse, 35 & 37 Vesey st., New York. BEYER & TIVY, City Surveyors, CIVIL ENGINEERS AND ARCHITECTS. No. 14 Newark St., Hoboken, N. J. GUSTAV STRENG, Justice of the Peace, Notary Public, FERRIER ATTORNEY, and Commissioner for all States of the Union. No. 84 WASHINGTON STREET, HOBOKEN, N. J.

STRENGTH FOR WEAKNESSES. Neuralgia, Sciatic, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches. No Preparation on earth equals Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Blood Purifier. A trial will test the comparatively trifling cost of 50 cents, and every one suffering with such ailments will find positive proof of its claims. Directions in Every Language. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE. A. VOGELER & CO., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

THE STATE'S WAR HEROES.

(Continued from First Page.) eloquently styled it—the offer of a life for his country—in vain. Yes, all in vain, one of the first soldiers developed under our flag found a deaf ear, while men without any experience of war but adepts in the cunning of politics, were commissioned to lead heroes to their slaughter.

At length, a little State—little in territorial extent, but large in common sense, small in population and wealth, but great in administrative justice, and that sagacity which dignifies the narrowest domain, and often elevates it into the rank of a first class commonwealth, perceived the greatness of a hero which New York had bred but could not appreciate. New Jersey accepted Phil. Kearny as its nominee for a Generalship, and he became its representative man in the war. The efficiency of the first New Jersey troops, due to Kearny, invested him as with an aureole and he shed reflected and intensified lustre upon New Jersey, whose magnificence the whole country acknowledges, and for which the State has proved eminently grateful.

Never was a wise selection more fully justified by events. In 1846 Kearny had attracted the attention of Lincoln, the lawyer, by the perfection of his troop of dragoons. In 1861 he equally won the respect of Lincoln, the President of the United States. Literally "in bonds" under McClellan, all that Kearny could do was to transmute his First New Jersey Brigade into a unit of excellence. Mediocrity, or worse, and self-sufficiency, have never since the beginning of the world testified to intelligence, or allowed itself to be influenced by the genius of common sense.

In the opening decade of March, 1862, Kearny enjoyed his first opportunity, and how he improved it the honest records of the time, when published, will eminently make manifest. The first Union General to enter into the Rebel lines at Manassas, he found the first still smoking, and so close was he upon the traces of the enemy that if he had been properly and promptly supported the end might have been reached in the early Spring of 1862.

God, however, did not will it to be so. An error of judgment such as that which withheld Kearny's hand at the San Antonio gate of Mexico, and an utter unfitness for the position it enjoyed, crippled his audacity at the portal of success in Virginia.

When this generation has passed away, when political subtlety, expediency, error, prejudice and deception have been extinguished in the grave, the earth, the great purifier, this truth will be acknowledged. With what affection Kearny clung to his New Jersey Brigade, and for a long time sacrificed his own personal advantage to this New Jersey knows well.

With the balmy breezes of April McClellan woke from his lethargy and transferred the Army of the Potomac to that pestiferous Peninsula which was to be the grave of so many thousands of patriots sacrificed in vain, the blackboard on which he was to demonstrate his own incapacity to profit by events, and the field on which subordinates like Kearny were to develop the magnificence of their soldierly characteristics.

The siege of Yorktown (April 5th—May 4th), so styled, which was no siege, was simply the arrest of 100,000 men by traces of lines occupied by a tenth of this force, terminated by a pursuit, so styled, which was nothing else but a respectful following up of a force which was leisurely retiring to transfer the destruction of a magnificent army from the ball, the bullet and the bayonet to the glave of the exterminating angel—pestilence.

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The muse of history, and the genius of New Jersey, and emblazon his escutcheon with the glories of Savage Station (29th June), White Oak Swamp and Glendale (30th June). Amid the carnage of the latter culminating wrestle of giants, with his reins in his teeth and the regimental standard in his single hand, he led the 63d Pennsylvania and the 37th New York in a charge which hurled back the enemy after the artillery had exhausted its ammunition. Like the Ionian cavalry of Colophon, "which was said to carry victory with it wherever it went," Kearny seemed like the crest of the impetuous wave, overwhelming opposition in its bursting fury.

Amid the circle of heroes which illustrated Glendale, Kearny stands pre-eminent—Glendale, a field of slaughter, followed by a night of horror, resounding with the walls of the beaten and decimated enemy—a night like that succeeding the massacre of St. Bartholomew, horrid with the ghastly multitude of corpses upon the ground, and the unearthly lamentations in the air. During the six days' retreat, and the seven days' fighting, Kearny seems to have been the only General whose foresight is demonstrated by recorded words, who perceived that the danger arose from moral feebleness in the direction which could be only met by extra exertion and provision on the part of the subordinates.

Kearny was always the realization of the truth of the motto of his mother's family: "A weapon is never wanting to a brave man," and equally so of the scriptural proverb, that "Fear is nothing else but a betraying of the successors which reason offereth." "Boxed up like herring," as he forcibly expressed it, at Harrison's Landing, Kearny sent forth a series of letters in which he vindicated the incapacity in high places in sentences like telegraphic flashes. He likewise revoiced opinions which soon sounded like prophecies, and embodied lessons embracing the whole future necessities of the war—lessons, like most prophetic utterances, as utterly unheeded by the authorities at Washington, as those which had been spoken century after century to the ears of Princes and of people in the halls and public places of the capital of Judea.

The Peninsula campaign terminated amid disaster, gloom and disgrace. With an exertion of the common sense and the audacity of Kearny, the opposing army would have become the spoil of the Army of the Potomac. As it was, disregarding the presence of the latter, almost as if it had not existed, the former abandoned the lines around the Rebel capital to home guards and militia, and advanced in turn upon the National City. Left to his own scanty resources, and in the true sense of the word betrayed—for what is betrayal but breach of promise and the withholding of adequate assistance, solemnly pledged—Kearny, with his Union Army of Virginia, after the noblest efforts of the moral and physical, found himself overwhelmed by the far superior Rebel Army of Northern Virginia. As in the preceding May, Kearny, the last to leave his camp at Yorktown, had been the first to relieve Hooker on the field of glory, Williamsburg, even so, in August Kearny, among the last to quit the pestiferous Peninsula, was the first to succor Pope in positive line of battle. He left the National Cemetery along the Chickahominy and the James with alacrity, for to take the field again was to him the renewal of life.

"With Pope's army," he cried, "I would breathe again." Breathe again! How few the days which remained to him of life! And yet these, so few, he filled each one and all with manifestations of soldierly ability and intrepidity sufficient to mark a lifetime. Fields of Groveton, and Manassas! The fame of Kearny will survive as long as your streams continue to flow and your ridges to endure! If the example of one man could have retrieved disaster; if his foresight, courage, and self-composure could have converted defeat into victory, these scenes of carnage would shine amongst the triumphs of the national arms.

Oh, sad and memorable day! when the Union Army, in the presence of the enemy, left to its fate by so many thousands of comrades within hearing to the impact of

battle, felt itself compelled to acknowledge a defeat which its valor and devotion had in no wise deserved. The mournful result rises up before the vision of the mind like the fate of Hector victorious over a mortal power, but overwhelmed by the malice of the gods that favored Greece and Achilles. As, after the first battle of Manassas, so after the second upon the identical field, the question was to save Washington. With the same devotedness and alacrity which had characterized him throughout his career Kearny and kindred spirits threw themselves upon the victorious enemy at Chantilly. Amid a storm which exceeded in violence that which burst upon the field of Fair Oaks just ninety-three days before, amidst deluges of rain, amid thunder which drowned the roar of cannon and musketry, amid lightning which swallowed up the glare of the fire-arms, as the rod of Moses devoured those of the Egyptian magicians, amid a premature darkness which converted a summer day into night, the opposing forces encountered, and the Rebels were driven back. The victors in so many passages of glory were completely driven back, the possession of the battle field was maintained, the line of retreat was maintained, and the army of the Union saved.

But alas! what a sob of national lamentation echoed the acclamation which welcomed the assurance that Washington was safe, and that from the buckler of loyal steel, the glaive of the foe had been turned aside, and the whole plan of his campaign brought to naught. How appropriate the Bard of Avon pictures such a scene in his comprehensive Troilus and Cressida:

"The Dragon wing of night o'erspread the earth, And, as he flew, the armies separate. My half-sword'd spear, that frankly would have fed, Pleas'd with this dainty bit (Hector Kearny) thus goes to bed."

Alas! the hero of Chantilly, the Bayard of the National Army was missing from the ranks of his victorious comrades. At first the shock of the intelligence was mitigated by the hope that if a prisoner he was still alive. A few hours dissipated this fond delusion of universal appreciation. In the highest discharge of the duty of a General, the examination with his own eyes of the field and its necessities, Kearny had fallen—even as some of the brightest ornaments of his profession fell in previous wars, as nothing but a superintending Providence had preserved Gustavus, and Frederic, and Napoleon, and Washington from falling under similar and pressing necessities of obtaining for themselves indispensable and accurate information.

History assures us that even as they desired to live in the midst of their people—whether in peace or in war, even so the manliest of all manly sovereign races, the House of Savoy would die in the midst of their people. "Blessed," saith the proverb, "is the corpse that the rain falls on." A thousand-fold more blessed that corpse upon whom this rain is the tears of a whole people; and blessed must be the corpse of that citizen and soldier upon whose bier the tears of a great city were freely shed, and whose funeral was accompanied, throughout its whole progress, by the sobs and universal lamentation of the State that had adopted him. In a supreme moment of the conflict Kearny fell, having crowded a life of resplendent soldiery by a death of lofty devotion. Strange catastrophe in human affairs! He fell at the crisis, the darkest hour—that darkest hour which already precedes the dawn of a bright day—a brilliant day for the country, and for the fame of the dead and yet ever living hero.

Had he survived he was destined for the highest position—already selected for it. When he died he stood upon the threshold of the success which his statue was destined to grace, but in which he was not permitted to minister. Kearny, who first displayed in his true colors in the Cavalry charge against the Mexican gate of San Antonio, had made his own the inscription upon the tomb of the great Cavalry leader of modern times—Seidlitz:

"Immortality is thy prerogative." His reputation for energy, capacity, intrepidity and honesty is unassailable, and his character as a soldier cannot be summed up in more forcible language than by a citation from a private letter from Col. Alexander T. McReynolds, who was wounded beside Kearny at the Garita San Antonio, and found himself again under his command in 1861, with the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry—a position to which he was preferred by the deceased hero.

"He was the soul of chivalry, generosity and hospitality. Well may it be said of him that he was 'bravest of the brave,' and generous as he was brave. I knew him well; and here permit me to seek to correct a somewhat popular error in reference to his qualities as a soldier. To the casual observer he seemed to be recklessly impulsive in his movements, and such was the impression of many. This, in my humble judgment, is a grave mistake. In military movements his perceptive faculties were intensely acute; he saw quickly, rashed conclusions rapidly, and under the inspiration of the military genius with which he was by nature endowed, and a Spartan heroism that never failed him, executed promptly and vigorously. Thus it was that movements that were the result of rapid deliberations (if I may be permitted the expression) were, by some, deemed to be reckless and without aim. In my humble judgment, neither aim, during the Rebellion, produced his superior in all the qualities that constitute the true and accomplished soldier, and had his life been spared, and the opportunity given him, none would have eclipsed him in the brilliancy of his achievements."—Trenton Times.

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The last to leave our lines at Yorktown with his division was Kearny. A soaking rain of fourteen hours had converted the roads upon which he had to move into quagmires. This mud the uninterrupted passage of columns of artillery and of trains had transmuted into liquid glue. Nevertheless, Kearny, the last to leave Yorktown, was the first to succor Hooker, to relieve him, and to transform Williamsburg from a temporary disaster into a triumph worthy forever to illustrate the prowess of our newly-born American Army.

At the ensuing dawn of day even as Kearny's troops had been the first to scale the real works of Yorktown, they were now again the first to enter the Rebel works of Williamsburg. But even as Newton proved white is produced by the combination of all the primary colors, and likewise of definite shades of these constituting a scale of tones, each beautiful in itself, and together fused in pure solar light, even so the soul of a real hero—tested by comparison and weighed against truth, comprehends all the grand elements of character, many of which alone would illustrate or distinguish an ordinary man. All possible colors are combined in sunlight, and all possible many qualities in a perfect hero. Wherever glory signalled or duty called, Kearny, our hero, was in the front. When, amid that convulsion of nature on the 31st of May, the storm of battle and the tempest in nature burst upon

our left before Richmond: when our advance camps were swept by the Rebel lines in columns of attack as fiercely as the rain falling like a dissolved water spout deluged the battlefield; when the blaze of battle, fierce and terrible, was swallowed up in the rapidly succeeding discharges of electricity that enveloped the field, running along the points of the lines of bayonets, and playing upon them as if each point of steel was a stop touched by a finger of fire—Kearny retrieved the day of Fair Oaks or Seven Pines, and amid this complete physical cataclysm of human passion and atmospheric fury, he realized the language of Addison as truly as ever did the hero to whom the poet's lines were originally addressed:

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