

So we all went back to camp, Captain Munchausen being too much demoralized by the bad example to pursue us.

Our latest cavalry dashes, my boy, being reduced to their simplest meaning, signify devised charges of cavalry, which are based upon charges of artillery, which have forgotten to bring any charges with them.

Yours, retreatingly,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER LXXXIX.

SHOWING HOW THE GREAT CITY OF ROME HAS BEEN RUINED BY THE WAR; CITING A NOTABLE INSTANCE OF CONTEMPT OF COURT; DESCRIBING REAR ADMIRAL HEAD'S WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT IN SWIVEL GUNS; AND PROVING THAT ALL IS NOW READY FOR THE REDUCTION OF FORT PIANO.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 29th, 1863.

AFTER due consideration of the different points of the Compass, and a fair estimate of the claims of each to superiority, I am inclined to give the preference to the Great North-west. It is to the Great North-west that we are indebted for our best facilities of sunset; some of the greatest hogs of the day come from Cincinnati; the principal smells of the age belong to Chicago, and the whiskey of Louisville has almost entirely superseded the pump of our forefathers. Hence, my boy, it was with a feeling akin to reverence that I witnessed the arrival in Accomac of a delegation of high moral Democratic chaps from the Great North-west, the other day; their mission being, to protest against all further continuation of a war which has degenerated into a mere bloodshed for the sake of New England; and to suggest that a convention of all the States be at once held in Kentucky, to arrange a peace that shall be acceptable to the Great North-west. I was asking the thoughtful chairman of the delegation what were his particular grievances, and says he:

“This war is ruining much valuable Real Estate in the Great North-west, of which I and my fellow-beings are proprietors ; and cannot continue without proving the entire destruction of some of our largest cities. Just before this war broke out,” says the thoughtful chap, impressively, “I gave a three-years’ note of seven hundred and sixteen dollars and fifteen cents for the city of Rome, situated on the future line of the Atlantic and Pacific Canal, and divided into four hundred water-lots of five fathoms each. As soon as the Atlantic and Pacific Canal was built, the water would have been drawn off by means of eighteen large hydraulic pumps supported by Eastern capital, leaving the lots all ready for building purposes. The main street would then have been graded, and paved with the new patent Connecticut sub-drainage pavement, and would have extended two miles in a perfectly straight line, with a horse-railroad through the centre. The various intersecting streets I should have named numerically, commencing with ‘First Street,’ which faces upon the Atlantic and Pacific Canal, and so going on to ‘One Hundred and Seventy-sixth street,’ and so on. These streets would have been occupied exclusively by brown-stone-front residences, with a flag-staff bearing our national banner on the roof of each one, and rented to small private families without children. The full lots on the main street would have been used for the City Hall, the Lunatic Asylum, the Custom House, the Home for Deranged Persons, the Merchants’ Exchange, the Corn Exchange, the Refuge for the Insane, the Grain Elevator, the Institution for Friendless Maniacs, the Principal Pork-Packing Establishment, the Hall of Records, the Office of the Superintendent of

Central Parks, the Madman’s Snug Harbor, and the Municipal Bar-Room. The sixty-eight principal banks would have discounted bills of exchange at sight, for the benefit of the numerous foreign vessels constantly arriving at the principal pier by way of the Atlantic and Pacific Canal, and the Fire Department would have been limited to twenty-three hundred hose-carriages and engines, with an educated Chief Engineer.” Here the thoughtful Democratic chap gnashed his teeth, and says he :

“But the City of Rome has been entirely retarded by this here Black Republican New England war upon the sunny South, with which the great North-west has no earthly quarrel whatsoever.”

I was pondering a reply to this very reasonable speech, my boy, when word was suddenly brought that one of the Mackerel pickets had just assassinated a young Confederacy, who had only fired twice upon his inhuman murderer. No sooner did the thoughtful Proprietor of the City of Rome hear this sickening news than he at once formed the other Democratic chaps into a coroner’s jury, and hastily proceeded to hold a high moral inquest upon the body of the lamented deceased.

There being no witnesses to examine, and nothing in the pocket-book found upon the body, the proprietor of Rome removed two tears with his red silk handkerchief, and briefly summoned up the case. Kneeling desolately beside the cold remains, and taking one of the lifeless hands within his own, he sniffed feelingly, and says he :

“The young man which is here before us is another of them noble souls that have fallen gory sacrifices to the Mullock of War.”

"You mean 'Moloch of War,'" says a jurymen.

Whereupon he was committed to custody for contempt of court.

"This young man," continued the Proprietor of Rome, "may have had good cause to hate and despise the radical abolition offsprings of New England; but he had no quarrel with the glorious Democratic party of the Great North-west, which is now blindly fighting for his wooden-nutmeg foes. I will venture to say," says the thoughtful Roman, with great emotion, "that he even loved the Great North-west in his heart. Behold how freely he permits me to clasp his left hand to my friendly buzzom, even though he is dead."

Just then there was a sudden silence, my boy, for the right hand of the deceased young Confederacy was observed to be slowly rising in the air! Overcome with awe, the jury gazed upon the strange spectacle, like men under a wizard's spell. Slowly, slowly, the hand arose, until nearly above the face of the slain Confederacy; then it descended until it reached the half-averted countenance of the dead, and convulsively seized the nose between the thumb and fore-finger.

The Proprietor of the City of Rome changed color, and says he: "Well — ahem! — it can't be that —" Here he looked more closely at the body, and says he:

"I am at a loss to explain this remarkable phenomena."

A venerable jurymen, of much shirt-collar, coughed to attract attention, and says he: "I should take the present attitude of our departed Confederate brother to be that of a man who smells something obnoxious."

Here the Proprietor of Rome suddenly dropped the left hand of the deceased Confederacy, and says he:

"Why, he must mean to insult the Great North-west."

"Yes," says the venerable jurymen, "there can be but one construction of the present offensive attitude of this dead young being."

The thoughtful Proprietor of the City of Rome deliberately took off his spectacles, blew his nose, buttoned his coat up to his chin, and says he: "I have always advocated a vigorous prosecution of the war, and believe that full nine-tenths of our gallant troops are Democrats. What's the verdict?"

The shirt-collared jurymen waved his hand impressively, and says he: "We find the deceased guilty of contempt of court in the Last Degree."

Then the Democratic chaps from the Great North-west held an enthusiastic mass meeting on the spot, and unanimously resolved that neither Kentucky nor Indiana would resist the Conscription Bill, should it be found unsafe to do so.

Believe me, my boy, when I say that the great Democratic party is stanchly loyal at heart, however strangely its head may seem to err at times; and never will it take a side with the enemies of the country, even whilst those enemies make offers to it not only aside but affront.

Upon going down to Paris on Friday, I found the well-disciplined and spectacled Mackerel Brigade greatly excited and demoralized by the insidious report that their famous new General, the Grim Old Fighting Cox, had actually washed himself. This injurious rumor, my boy, suggested such humiliating national recollections of those

days of consummate strategy, when a certain egotistical commander indulged in the vanities of soap and hair-oil, that the Brigade were naturally terrified. Finally, however, the absurd story received a decisive quietus, when the Grim Old Fighting Cox was seen riding slowly on his unostentatious steed, the "Pride of the Canal," dressed in the unassuming republican habiliments of a stern and inflexible coal-heaver. It is needless to say that he had not washed himself. This war is at length beginning in earnest.

It is beautiful to see how the Grim Old Fighting Cox is improving the morals of the venerable Mackerels, and winning their affection, confidence, and respect. Coming, unexpectedly, upon a Mackerel, who had just laid aside his umbrella, and removed his spectacles, in order that he might weep the more freely, he fired a pistol over his head, and says he:

"What is the matter, my dear sir?"

"Oh!" says the poor Mackerel, sobbing, "I am in sore need of the pay which is due me for two years' faithful strategy to the Union, and know not where to get it."

The Grim Old Fighting Cox was much affected, and says he, softly: "You must humbly kneel, and beseech Providence for it."

The afflicted chap toyed with his spectacles, and says he: "But suppose Providence should refuse?"

"Then come to ME!" thundered the Grim Old Fighting Cox, with the air of a stern national parent.

I could relate hundreds of such significant anecdotes as this, my boy; though when the Grim Old Fighting Cox tells them himself to all the reporters of the reliable morning journals, he invariably desires that they shall go

no further; but other great events demand my immediate attention.

It was very shortly after the victorious but disastrous blowing up of the Mackerel iron-plated squadron, the "Secretary Welles," on Duck Lake, by the infatuated Confederacies of Pier No. 1,—it was shortly after this event, which I duly recounted at the time, that our unconquerable old sea-dog, Rear Admiral Head, invented an entirely new iron-clad after the model of a Quaker hat, the turret being of solid iron all through, and so arranged that it could be used to cover the gangway amidships. In fact, my boy, the turret was a movable block of iron, with the swivel-gun mounted on top; so that if the turret happened to be hit, the artillery would not be disabled, and if the artillery was disabled, the turret would still be as good as ever. (Patent applied for.) There was some discussion as to what name should be given to this formidable monster, nearly the whole six-barrelled Indian language having been almost exhausted by our national navy; but finally it was resolved to call her the "Shockingbad-hat,"—an old Choctaw title of much simplicity, signifying originally "The Head what errs," but now understood as meaning "The Head waters."

There has also been a great improvement in the swivel-gun, my boy, which has been so reconstructed as to remedy the evil of immediate bursting so common to our heavier ordnance. A select committee of Mackerels having been appointed to examine our national ordnance system, and discover the cause of its inefficiency, stated in their able report that the causes of the frequent bursting of our larger guns are,—

First. The powder used in propelling the appropriate missile against the enemy.

Second. The addition of an incendiary spark to said powder.

It was further stated in the report, that, although the barrel of a gun was frequently fractured when it exploded, there was no record of the touch-hole ever having burst; and the committee believed that this curious fact should serve as a valuable suggestion to the manufacturers of future heavy ordnance.

Acting upon this truly valuable suggestion, our stern old Son of Neptune caused his swivel-gun to be reconstructed upon a novel principle; the touch-hole was extended to the usual size of a barrel, and the barrel was reduced to the usual size of a touch-hole; so that, although the terrible weapon looked precisely the same as ever, it was, in reality, *completely reversed!*

But while the "Shockingbadhat" was being built, and receiving her terrific new armament, the shameless Confederacies on their Pier in Duck Lake had been industriously building Fort Piano and mounting it with their villainous horse-pistols; so that when the new Mackerel iron-plated squadron was ready for carnage and fishing, there was a hostile projection in the way.

"Chip my turret!" says Rear Admiral Head, in his iron-plated manner, "I think I shall have to blow a few more Rebels into eternity—smash my casemate! if I don't."

I stood upon the shore of Duck Lake, with a bit of smoked glass to my eye as usual, when our new monster of the deep came abreast of Fort Piano, and Rear Ad-

miral Head commenced to reconnoitre through his pocket-microscope. The venerable commander gazed steadfastly through it for a moment, and then, says he:

"Crack my plates! if I don't perceive an insect on the wall of the hostile work."

There was indeed a solitary Confederacy seated upon the front wall of Fort Piano, dining sumptuously upon some fresh hoe-cake, and says he:

"You can't pass here without a New Jersey ferry-ticket."

(New Jersey, my boy, is now a Southern Confederacy, or a Peace of one.)

I could hear the glorious old naval hero say, in a suppressed voice, to the intelligent Mackerel crew on top of the turret:

"Depress your weapon four points to windward, grease the ball, and fire at his stomach."

In another instant, the whole landscape shook with a tremendous explosion, jarring the Admiral so greatly that his spectacles fell off, and causing his blue cotton umbrella to tremble like a leaf. The ball ascended to the zenith in a parabolical curve, and was lost amongst the other planets. I do not think, my boy, that the Confederacy would have been offended at this, had not the sudden noise caused him to jump in such a manner that he dropped his hoe-cake into the dirt. Upon this occurrence, however, he sprang to his legs on the wall, drew up a long pole from behind him, disrespectfully cracked our glorious old Rear Admiral over the head with it, and then commenced shoving at the turret of the "Shockingbadhat."

Perceiving the great danger of the squadron, and un-

mindful of his own wound, the venerable sea-dog hastily grasped at the pole, and says he: "Ah, now, what do you want to do that for, Mr. Davis? What's the use of pushing my turret overboard?"

He said this so mildly that the Confederacy burst into a prodigious horse-laugh, and drew in his pole again.

"As no possible good could be attained by taking Fort Piano, the indomitable old Rear Admiral at once returned with the squadron to his original anchorage; having gained all that was required, and proved his iron-clad monster to be fully qualified for actual service. Everything is now ready for the anticipated conquest of Duck Lake."

I give you the above in quotation marks, my boy, because it is the official report as it appears in all the reliable morning journals, and clearly and satisfactorily explains everything. The first of April is close at hand.

Yours, fortuitously,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER XC.

GIVING A DEEP INSIGHT OF WOMAN'S NATURE; PRESENTING A POWERFUL POEM OF THE HEART BY ONE OF THE INTELLECTUAL FEMALES OF AMERICA; AND REPORTING THE SIGNAL DISCOMFITURE OF MR. P. GREENE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 5th, 1868.

WOMAN'S heart, my boy, in its days of youthful immaturity and vegetable development, may be felicitously likened unto a delicate cabbage, with an invisible worm feeding upon its sensitive petals. To the eye of the ordinary and unfeeling observer, the cabbage is in perfect health, and its intense greenness is thoughtlessly accepted as a sure indication of an unravaged system. Man, proud man, with all his boasted human wisdom, would smile incredulously, if told that the tender vegetable — the magnified and nervous white rose, as it were — had beneath all its seeming verdancy, an insatiable and remorseless worm gnawing at its hidden core. Man, I say, would thus wallow in his miserable ignorance, and persist in his disgusting blindness. But mark that dainty little figure coming up the garden-walk, my boy. It does not walk erect, like boastful Man, does not spit tobacco-juice like haughty Man; and as it approaches nearer, we perceive that it is a hot-house Pig. Ay, my lord: I say to you, in all your glory of human understanding and trifling degree of snobbishness, it is a Pig. Yes, madam: I remark to you, in your jewels, and