

solutely necessary to close the most accurate History of the War now sold to subscribers only."

Pause, my boy, ere you execrate the venerable Miss P. Hen; for there is more than one fidgety old lady tendering advice to the Government at this crisis; and the sisterhood is not without members who wear your own style of costume.

Yours, carefully,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER CIX.

WHICH ENDETH THE THIRD VOLUME OF THIS INEXPRESSIBLY VERA-CIOUS HISTORY OF THE WAR; AND SHOWETH HOW A GREAT RE-PUBLIC FINALLY OVERCAME ITS SURPASSINGLY MENDACIOUS FOES, AND HOW IT EVINCES ITS UNSPEAKABLE GRATITUDE TO PROVIDENCE FOR SUCH A VICTORY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 11th, 1865.

LOOK, my boy, upon the east wall of my luxurious presence-chamber, and mark how I have maliciously pasted thereon a map of besotted Europe; with all its capitals, rivers, mountains, and inland puddles laid down with an accuracy and multitudinosity to forever enlighten and utterly confound every sniffing little schoolboy-geographer in the land. What a shapeless chunk of inferior dirt is Europe! How like a minute and feeble skiptail does it appear, when compared with our own gigantic straddlebug of a country! Yet has the skiptail ventured to interfere offensively in the private affairs of the straddlebug; and the interference, and the private affairs, and the possible upshot of the whole matter, remind me forcibly of a spirited little event which once occurred in the Sixth Ward.

The male and female Michael O'Korrigan, my boy, occupied a spacious apartment on the fine, airy, eighth floor of the sumptuous Maison Mulligan in that celebrated Ward, and for several years the course of their true love

ran so smoothly that it became hopelessly insipid and exasperating to all the old maids for blocks around. Nothing was ever equal to the peaceful unity of the male and female O'Korrigan; and did Michael find it necessary, in the course of some friendly discussion with a neighbor on the stairs, to call for a hatchet till he broke the ugly nose of the spalpeen, it was the wife of his bosom that handed him his own bit of a stick, and joined in the argument herself with a poker for a referee. But nothing's perfect in this world except the wisdom of owls and Congressmen, and Mrs. O'Korrigan's military virtues and wholesome command of her husband had the slight drawback of a constitutional taste for poteen. Michael expostulated with her by the hair, and remonstrated with her by the shoulders, and plead with her over the head; but all to no purpose; and he was greatly assisted and comforted by a bit of a preacher named Father O'Tod, who took care of everybody's virtue except his own. It was Father O'Tod that sat down beside her quite pious and comfortable, and

"Ailey," says he, "it's clane disgusted I am at heart," says he, "to see a wake crature of the hen sex," says he, "a-cackling over a baste of a black bottle as if it was a fresh egg," says he. "And Ailey," says he, "if your husband was anything but a wake-minded bouchal of a man," says he, "it's with a bit of crab-thorn that he'd be persuadin' ye to give it up for good," says he.

"Oh, sorra the day," says she, "that I'm not behoolden to yer riverence," says she, "for such illigant advice," says she; "but it's meself that's accountable to somebody else than yerself and Michael O'Korrigan," says she, "for

what I do," says she. "Do ye mind that, Father O'Tod?" says she. "And when I'm afther takin' a drop for the good of me health," says she, "I don't bother any one," says she; "but stay shut up in my own room," says she, "and only ask to be let alone," says she.

Now it chanced that Mr. O'Korrigan, being invited by Father O'Tod, and especially aggrieved by having one of his best Sunday shoes coolly appropriated as a sort of fanciful leathern case for the aforesaid black bottle, finally resolved to at least recapture his property, and, mayhap, spill the poteen. So he placed the hair of his head in Mrs. O'Korrigan's left hand, and scraped his nose against the nails of her right, and was enjoying himself very much, when Father O'Tod came in, and

"Michael agrah," says he, "it's spaichless with horrors I am," says he, "to see ye brawling with yer own wife," says he, "and she a woman," says he.

"The marcy of Heaven on me!" says Mike, says he; "but isn't it yer own self," says he, "that's been advisin' me by the year," says he, "to stop her poteen?" says he.

"It's not the destruction of the poteen yer after at all," says Father O'Tod, says he; "but only to wrinch from her," says he, "an owld brogan," says he, "that ye'd be as well without," says he.

Just at this moment Mr. O'Korrigan managed to get possession of the brogan referred to, and was commencing to use it most potently as an instrument of wholesome matrimonial correction, when the scuffle displaced the unfortunate black bottle from the pocket of Mrs. O'Korrigan, and it fell to the floor and — broke into fifty pieces.

"It's accident that did that," says Father O'Tod, says

he, "and not yerself at all, Michael O'Korrigan," says he; "and it's not myself," says he, "that'll give aither of ye pardon," says he. "But I'm l'anin' to Ailey," says he, "and it's masses I'll say for her," says he, "if she's bate to death," says he.

"Ailey, avourneen," says Mike, says he, "the bottle's broke," says he, "and I've got me brogan," says he, "and ye may keep the rest," says he, "if ye'll make up," says he.

"Michael, darlint," says she, "ye can place yer big mout' in the middle of me faychures," says she; "but as for Father O'Tod," says she, "it's achin' I am to comb his hypocritical hair," says she, "with a poker," says she.

"Ailey, me angel," says Mike, says he, "it'll be showin' our gratitude to Saint Payter," says he, "that we an't both kilt intirely," says he, "lavin' aich other orphans," says he, "if we just slather the owld humbug together," says he.

So they both fell upon Father O'Tod with a heartiness not to be described, and that excellent and neutral old gentleman was much mussed in his linen.

Far be it from me, my boy, to say that combined Europe, and especially the step-mother country, is at all like Father O'Tod, or that Slavery in the remotest degree resembles a small black bottle; but interference in the quarrels of married folks is apt to excite the liveliest enmity of both parties, and two-against-one has been known to result quite spiritedly therefrom.

Therefore, let the skiptail of Europe beware! for even I, an humble historian and no warrior, am filled with that spirit of defiance to everything across the Atlantic which

might serve to inspire a brigadier, the editor of an able morning journal, a fierce turkey-cock, or any other type of matchless valor. One week ago, this American breast of mine was wild for the immediate redemption of lovely Ireland, by reason of the marvellous and triumphant capture of Paris by the thrice-valiant Mackerel Brigade; and to-day such an accession of national triumph stares all through the columns of our more stentorian morning journals, that I demand the immediate disenthralment from foreign tyrants of Hungary, Poland, Venetia, Mexico, Canada, Jersey City, and the Guano Islands.

Munchausen, my boy, has surrendered! That mirror of chivalry and hollow-eyed wanderer in a forest of whisks has yielded to his noble desire for a piece — of something to eat, and gracefully permitted himself and his command to be wooed from their guiding star, — starvation.

Immediately after the unprecedented battle for Paris, and while yet the agitated Miss P. Hen and divers enterprising political chaps who had followed our troops were organizing a Republican caucus in the bar-room of the captured capital, the unconquerable Mackerel Brigade pushed on after the unseemly Confederacies, with a view to further carnage. Not a stump of a tree was seen but it was at once taken for Mr. Davis himself, and had the direful Orange County Howitzers concentrated upon it; yet such dangers did not deter our venerable Mackerel boys from their assigned pursuit, and ere long their glittering spectacles surrounded a goodly swamp, wherein were perceptible the caitiff Confederacies up to their chins in the sacred soil. With only their heads above the mud,

these sons of chivalry looked not unlike a vast cabbage-patch romantically viewed by twilight; while far up the vegetable vista glowed the eyes of Captain Munchausen, like those of an irascible Thomas cat who sees a dog down the lane.

Pitching his tent in a spot where no vagrant stone could reach it, the General of the Mackerel Brigade took off his coat and vest, rolled up the legs of his inexpressibles, and commenced the following

CORRESPONDENCE.

MUNCHAUSEN, *Southern Confederacy* :

"SIR, — The result of the last strategical combat between us must convince you of the hopelessness of further military confusion in this country. I feel that it is so, and consider it my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of further carnage by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the sunny South known as the Southern Confederacy.

"THE GENERAL OF THE MACKEREL BRIGADE.
("Green Seal.")

You may observe, my boy, that the remark: "I feel that it is so," does not make the strongest kind of connection with the preceding sentence; but great warriors are apt to be shaky in their rhetoric; and the Confederacy responded thus:

"GEN. MACK. BRIG. :

"SIRRAH, — Though repelling with scorn the vandal insinuation that further military confusion on my part is

hopeless, I agree with you as to the stoppage of further carnage, and desire to know upon what terms you will haul the celebrated Southern Confederacy out of this swamp.

"MUNCHAUSEN X his mark."

(This chivalrous manner of signing a name with a Cross is a knightly expression of profound piety, descended from the ancient crusaders to the Southern chivalry of the present day.)

To the above epistle the General thus replied :

"MUNCHAUSEN, *Southern Confederacy* :

"SIR, — I propose to receive the surrender of the well-known Southern Confederacy on the following terms :

"Fresh rolls for all the officers and men to be made at once, and the boots of the Southern Confederacy to be blacked by officers duly appointed by the United States of America. All the officers to give their individual pay rolls, that they may be cashed by the United States. Such public and private property as has been stolen by the well-known Southern Confederacy to be turned over to the police-officers appointed to take charge of it.

"Each officer will be permitted to retain both of his arms, and, together with the men, is expected to return calmly to his family, and not commit assault upon the United States of America without due provocation.

"THE GENERAL OF THE MACKEREL BRIGADE.
("Green Seal.")

It is related in tradition, that when the knightly Mun-

chausen received this epistle, he laughed horribly for the space of at least half an hour, as though greatly rejoiced at a bit of unparalleled waggishness. After which he delivered himself of four sinister winks at nothing, simultaneously exclaiming :

“By Chivalry ! here’s magnanimity.”

After which he wrote thus :

“GEN. MACK. BRIG. :

“SIRRAH, — I have received your scrawl of this date, containing what may be denominated terms of first-class board for the celebrated Southern Confederacy. Inasmuch as said terms give me rather more advantage than half a dozen strategical victories over your vandals could possibly have procured for us, I hereby permit you to capture us at once, in order to avoid further carnage in your ranks.

“MUNCHAUSEN X his mark.”

Other letters incidental to this business passed between the two paladins, my boy ; but as the letters of all great men are proverbial for their great dignity and heaviness, and are immensely calculated to incline readers to untimely repose, I have spared you the infliction. Suffice it to say, that when Captain Villiam Brown read the Mackerel terms of surrender, he spasmodically applied his lips to a canteen, with the air of one who takes poison because the butcher’s daughter has refused to be won by his manly shape.

“Ah !” says Villiam, “such magnanimity !”

Captain Bob Shorty was playing Old Sledge with three members of the Sanitary Commission when the document arrived.

“By all that’s Federal !” says Captain Bob Shorty, “it appears to me — it really appears to me, Villiam, that I never see so much magnanimity !”

They took it to Captain Samyule Sa-mith as he sat by the roadside, straightening his highly-tempered sabre with a stone.

“I cannot always agree entirely with my brother officers on all points,” says Samyule, reflectively, “for some of them are ineddicated : but I find in this document great magnanimity !”

Magnanimity, my boy, is the revenge of generous minds ; as the venerable male parent feelingly observed when he made over his whole property to the interesting son who had just tried to poison him by putting arsenic into his coffee, and expressed an intention to burn him to death in his bed that night.

The glorious news of the surrender had no sooner reached the city of Paris than the aged and gifted Miss P. Hen organized an enthusiastic mass meeting of the decrepit Union element, and a speaker’s stand was quickly erected, over which floated a banner inscribed

REGULAR MAGNANIMOUS NOMINATION
FOR
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
IN 1869,
COLORADO JEWETT.

The meeting being called to order, Miss P. Hen came to the front with her umbrella, and addressed the populace.

She stated that this meeting was designed for no political purpose, but only to show Providence that a great nation knows how to be grateful for victory. Now was the time to heed the heart-sobs and gushing soul-pangs of the misguided Confederacies, and receive back all the Rebel leaders with kisses on their penitent noses. As for our present President, he meant well; but" —

The speaker was suddenly interrupted by a burst of fifes and drums coming up the Accomac road, and right quickly there appeared a procession of political chaps with immense stomachs, from Chicago, who carried a fine banner inscribed :

REPUBLICAN NOMINATION
FOR
PRESIDENT IN 1869,
THE
GENERAL OF THE MACKEREL BRIGADE.

At this apparition Miss P. Hen ate a Graham biscuit with great accerbity of bearing, and was about to go on with her *Te Deum*, when a fleshy Chicago chap lightly jumped upon the platform and pushed the venerable maiden aside. He said that no scheme of politics brought them together this time: but a humble, heartfelt wish to thank a benignant Heaven for the downfall of a mighty people's enemies. As for the chief of those enemies, the Rebel leaders, they must every one of them be hanged without mercy, or justice might as well be ignored forever. The present President was too" —

At this moment the hum of an approaching multitude drowned all other sounds, and there advanced from the

rear of Paris a great band of high-moral citizens, with a banner announcing

UNION NOMINATION
FOR
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
IN 1869.
OUR UNCLE ABE.*

Forward surged this new audience toward the platform, and both Miss P. Hen and the Chicago chap had recommenced their hymns of gratitude, when an athletic citizen from Baltimore made a dash for the front railing and eloquently addressed the meeting. He was proud to see such a glorious concourse assembled, for no wrangling party object, but solely to unite in thankfulness to a greater than all earthly powers for the blessing of returning peace. To make that peace permanent and solid," —

Here Miss P. Hen got to the front and brought down her umbrella with awful violence upon the bare head of the speaker, and says she: "I'm the Republican party myself!"

"I beg your pardon, miss," says the Baltimore citizen, hotly, "but *I'm* the Republican party!"

"You're both impostors!" roared the Chicago chap, scientifically squaring-off; "for I'M the Republican party!"

Crash goes the platform; down tumble the banners.

* Four days after the date of this letter, ABRAHAM LINCOLN — the wise, the just, the merciful — fell beneath the dastard blow of an ignoble assassin! All that is beautiful and good in the world must mourn his irreparable loss; and I need not say how consoling it is to me in this dark hour to feel, that, in all my extravagances of nonsense, I have never penned one word concerning the Martyr-President that was not inspired by a sentiment of actual affection for his genial and guileless character. Thank God! his eternally-infamous murderer came of a line not native to my country!

Fists are plunging wildly in all directions, while such howls and screams arise from the tempest as though pandemonium were let loose to run a gamut of diabolical sounds.

Seated upon a barrel a short distance off, I was taking a deep interest, through my bit of smoked glass, in this scene of exciting National Thanksgiving, when a strange ringing noise, or lively bellow, and a sharp crash very unexpectedly sounded above the din, and, on looking up, I beheld the Conservative Kentucky chap joyously dancing upon the roof of Paris, with a huge dinner-bell in his right hand, and a smoking three-pounder beside him.

"Hooray!" shouted the Conservative Kentucky chap, blissfully standing on one leg. "Go in! That's the style! Sic 'em! Sic 'em! Hit 'em again, boys. Hem!" says the Conservative chap, with delirious enthusiasm; "this here sort of thing in the enemy's camp is just the ticket for our National Democratic Organization, of which I am the large Kentucky branch!"

Turn away your eyes, my boy, from such scenes as these, and look with me along that hill-side yonder, where the gentle sun casts his tenderest beams upon the new spring grass. You see there are irregular mounds scattered all the way up the slope, — hundreds, — hundreds! Beneath them sleep the brave, the beautiful, the wept of the patriot home. Their loyal blood, poured in a fervid river to the twilight ocean of Eternity, has washed a pollution from our Flag, a blot from our escutcheon; and, oh! that it had also borne hence upon its purifying current that unholy, shifting beacon of political discord, which ever lures our Ship of State toward the breakers.

Yours, reverently,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

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