

held it up and twirled it on the crook of his thumb.

"I guess I shall have to get the money for that room in advance," he said, regarding the bag very critically. However he might have been wounded by the doubt of his honesty or his solvency implied in this speech, Lemuel said nothing, but took out his ten-dollar note

and handed it to the clerk. The latter said apologetically, "It's one of our rules, where there isn't baggage," and then glancing at the note he flung it quickly across the counter to Lemuel. "That won't do!"

"Won't do?" repeated Lemuel, taking up the bill.

"Counterfeit," said the clerk.

(To be continued.)

W. D. Howells.

## ANECDOTES OF McCLELLAN'S BRAVERY.



LANCER-SCOUTS.

THE first distinct recollection I have of General McClellan is connected with an incident in the Mexican War which impressed his personality upon my mind so sharply that I have never forgotten it. Of course I had seen him before, as on the occasion referred

to I recognized and spoke familiarly to him, but when and where I cannot with certainty say.

McClellan was attached as a lieutenant to the company of sappers and miners, the first engineer troops raised in our army under the organization of 1821. This company was engaged in 1846-7, soon after its recruitment, in opening the road from Matamoras to Tampico, Mexico; then at the siege of Vera Cruz, and either there or at Cerro Gordo I must have met McClellan for the first time. After the battle of Cerro Gordo Worth's division, to which I belonged, was sent forward in advance, seized the castle and town of Perote, and remained some weeks at Tepeyahualco, twenty miles beyond, while General Scott at Jalapa was reorganizing his army for an advance to Puebla. Near the middle of May, Worth's division resumed its march, followed by a large wagon train, a day in the rear, which was accompanied by General Quitman's small division.

On reaching Amozoque, fifteen miles from Puebla, news was received that Santa Anna with the rear-guard of the Mexican army—a cavalry force—was about withdrawing from Puebla towards the city of Mexico, and a commission from the council arrived to arrange for the surrender of the town. General Worth remained a day to complete arrangements, and in the meantime the troops put themselves in good order for their entrance to so considerable a place. As the

days were long we arranged for a rather late start on the next morning, and as I left my quarters early I saw McClellan riding past in company with a large, fine-looking Mexican officer whom I took for one of the commissioners. They were followed by a mounted orderly. After bowing to the Mexican I said to McClellan, "You are out early this morning." And he replied quietly, "I have been a little way down the road." I was struck with and noted his appearance. A slight, youthful figure which had not yet attained its full growth, for he was not yet twenty-one. He had graduated at West Point the preceding July, with the reputation of having a brilliant as well as a solid mind, and his bright eye and intelligent expression seemed to justify the reputation. They passed on toward General Worth's quarters, and in a few moments the "long-roll" was beaten, taken up by the drums of the different regiments, and in a short time the division was under arms, staff-officers hurrying off; and soon came the report from the pickets that the enemy was advancing in heavy force. On pushing out of the village our eyes were greeted by an imposing spectacle—some 2500 cavalry forming up, apparently for attack. At that time, it may be noted, "a little army went a great way"; and so a good strong brigade of cavalry produced a decided sensation,—no doubt the more impressive from its sudden and wholly unexpected appearance. I heard soon after that "that boy McClellan" had, according to his custom of looking sharply about him, ridden out early on the Puebla road. He soon came to a narrow ridge of high-ground or hills at the end of which the road forked. After riding some distance on the main road he turned up a ravine to take a look at the other side of the ridge, when he suddenly came upon a Mexican engineer officer. Taking in the situation at a glance, he dashed forward, and with his large American horse rode down his opponent, disarmed him, and handed him over to his orderly; whilst he himself climbed to the summit and there saw approaching, by

the other and least-used fork, a heavy body of cavalry. Returning at once with his prisoner to headquarters, he reported the facts to General Worth, who immediately turned out his division and sent word to General Quitman, who was now approaching. It seems that Santa Anna thought he had a favorable opportunity to pass Worth on the march unseen and strike the wagon train; so instead of marching west toward the city of Mexico he had marched east, without any regard to the engagements of the town council. The Mexican engineer officer was enacting the same part as McClellan—"scouting." Santa Anna, finding that his *coup* had failed, withdrew after the exchange of a few cannon-shots, resumed his march to the city of Mexico, and General Worth that day occupied Puebla.

In the subsequent operations in the valley of Mexico McClellan's reputation was rather one for personal intrepidity than for other qualities, which was natural in a junior lieutenant of a company. Still he was active in all the duties of an engineer, and was awarded the two brevets of first-lieutenant and captain, the latter of which he declined because, as I heard at the time, his company commander had not received a similar brevet. This omission being corrected so that their relative rank was not changed, he accepted his captaincy.

In 1852 he accompanied Captain Marcy in the exploration of the sources of the Red River, which separates Texas from the Indian Territory. When stationed in this territory a few years after, I was asked by an old hunter what had become of Captain McClellan. On my informing him that I had not met the captain since the Mexican War he said, "Well, he is a mighty plucky little man," and gave me an account of a hunt by the two captains. They left camp together, and separating a short distance, Captain Marcy tried his fawn-bleat in hopes of calling up a doe. Hearing a rustle through the prairie grass he thought he had been successful, but found that he had called in another hunter, in the shape of a panther, or, as the man called it, "a big painter, a monstrous ugly customer," which came bounding towards him. Marcy fired and, the beast rolling over, uttered a shout of triumph, which soon called McClellan to his side, when suddenly the "painter," which had only been stunned, made the fact known by a sudden attack, before Marcy had reloaded. McClellan fired, missed, and as promptly as in the case of the Mexican, took in the situation, clubbed his rifle, met the animal half-way, and broke both the animal's head and the rifle, but bagged the game. I heard the incident spoken of repeatedly in that country as one showing great activity, courage, and presence of mind.

He showed this same habit of personal exposure when the circumstances justified it,—and sometimes when they did not,—after he was placed at the head of a great army. He reconnoitered boldly, and none went nearer the enemy nor ran more risks than he on such duty. Of this trait the Prince de Joinville gave an instance in an article printed in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" soon after the Peninsula Campaign. Speaking of the measures taken by McClellan after Fair Oaks, the prince—who was also noted for the freedom with which he exposed himself—continues: "This done, General McClellan endeavored to provoke a general action on the ground between his army and Richmond, which he had thoroughly studied in numerous reconnaissances. These reconnaissances gave rise to many incidents. Once the general climbed with some of his officers to the top of a high tree, and there, each occupying his own branch, field-glass in hand, held a sort of council of war. This was near the enemy's pickets, to whom all our movements were perfectly plain. We trembled lest we should hear the crack of the rifles of these famous squirrel-hunters of the South; but they were magnanimous, and the reconnaissance terminated without disagreeable consequences."

I know of others myself, and am a competent witness to one of them. At Yorktown, being out one day with a member of his staff, I joined them. The general approached closer and closer to the works on which the enemy were engaged, diminishing from time to time the number of his followers, until we two only were left. We dismounted, crept along under cover of the ravines and bushes until close to the works, when he thought it would be imprudent for more than one to advance farther, and directed me to stop and await his return. I remonstrated and told him I would go forward, but he insisted, and leaving me was soon beyond my sight. After a time, much to my relief on my own account as well as his, he returned and we silently withdrew. He had got immediately below the works, got a sight of their armaments, of the character of the works, and could hear the conversation of the men. At a later period of the war this special trait of McClellan's character was once suddenly recalled to my mind by an abrupt speech of an engineer officer, still living, to the then commander of the army. The engineer had made a very close and dangerous reconnaissance and was reporting its result, when the general said he was mistaken on a certain point. The officer insisted that he was right, when the general rather tartly said he was mistaken, and quoted his authority. This nettled the engineer, who replied at once: "I

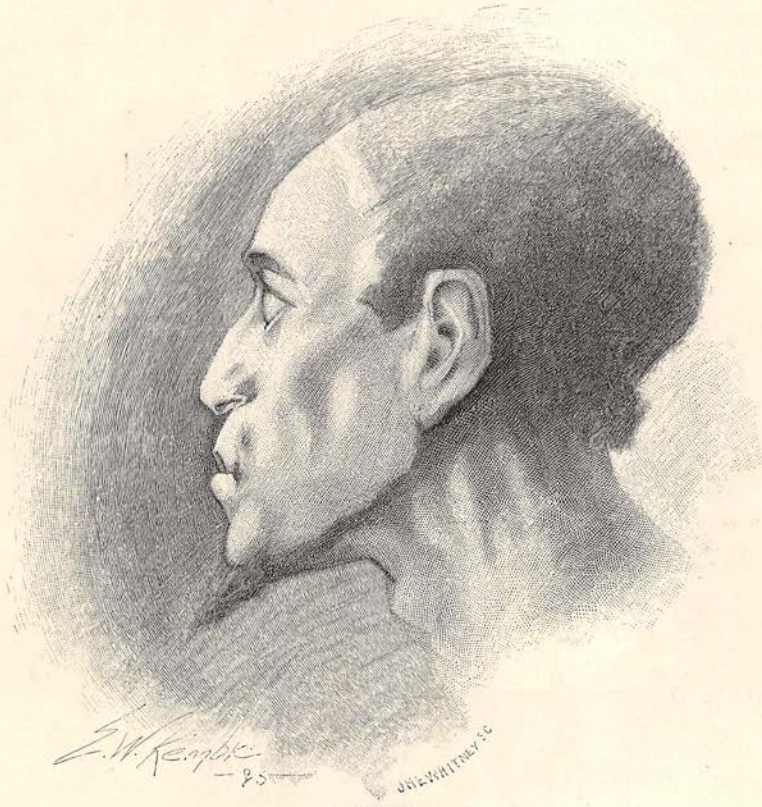
don't care what——says; I risked my life to find out how this was. Why don't you examine such an important point yourself? *McClellan always did.*" This closed the discussion very promptly.

This trait, well known to his troops, and the further fact that it was utilized for their benefit,—that he was careful not to expose them

without full knowledge of the work he put them upon, and that intelligent care was taken to provide against the effects of reverses,—were powerful elements in confirming the confidence he had inspired from the beginning, and it fixed the affection and devotion for his person, which has rarely been equaled in the history of armies.

Z.

## THE DANCE IN PLACE CONGO.



A MANDINGO.

I.

## CONGO SQUARE.

WHOEVER has been to New Orleans with eyes not totally abandoned to buying and selling will, of course, remember St. Louis Cathedral, looking south-eastward—riverward—across quaint Jackson Square, the old Place d'Armes. And if he has any feeling for flowers, he has not forgotten the little garden behind the cathedral, so antique and unexpected, named for the beloved old priest Père Antoine.

The old Rue Royale lies across the sleeping garden's foot. On the street's farther side another street lets away at right angles, north-

westward, straight, and imperceptibly downward from the cathedral and garden toward the rear of the city. It is lined mostly with humble ground-floor-and-garret houses of stuccoed brick, their wooden doorsteps on the brick sidewalks. This is Orleans street, so named when the city was founded.

Its rugged round-stone pavement is at times nearly as sunny and silent as the landward side of a coral reef. Thus for about half a mile; and then Rampart street, where the palisade wall of the town used to run in Spanish days, crosses it, and a public square just beyond draws a grateful canopy of oak and sycamore boughs. That is the place. One may shut his buff umbrella there, wipe the beading sweat from the brow, and fan himself with his



Genl S. M. Allen