

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

Congress and the War Department. That would have been an unheard-of proceeding. *What he did do was to give one of his brigades a leave of absence, and that settled the question so far as Matamoras was concerned.*

A few days afterwards an Austrian staff officer came over and paid our troops a visit. After a critical examination he went back and reported to his chief that there was nothing to be done but to give up the contest and go back to Austria.

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MENDHAM, MORRIS CO., N. J.

## McClellan's Candidacy with the Army.

REFERENCE having been made to General McClellan as a presidential candidate in 1864, on page 638 of the February CENTURY, I ask a few words in which to express the feeling in the ranks of the Army of the Potomac.

No one denies that while the army was commanded by McClellan the rank and file hurrahed at every appearance of a major-general, and particularly so when the "little general" appeared, but no more so than afterwards at the sight of Meade, Sheridan, and Grant. The name of McClellan gradually dropped, other names grew brighter, and Lincoln's name was revered.

When the two parties had their candidates before the people in 1864 provisions of law had been made giving the soldiers the privilege of voting, and many would cast their first vote. They remembered that in legislative bodies the supporters of McClellan had voted against the "soldier suffrage." They had read of the "Knights of the Golden Circle," and they knew every one of them advocated McClellan and was an enemy of Lincoln. They had read of the draft riots in New York, and had seen regiments leaving the army to enforce the laws in the chief commercial city of the Union. They read of the burning of negro orphan asylums, of the dragging through the streets and hanging to lamp-posts of citizens of that city, and the soldiers knew that they who led the mob were supporters of McClellan.

They knew that Governor Seymour protested against the enforcement of the draft to fill their thinned ranks. They read the proceedings of Congress, and knew that the minority who voted against appropriations and levies of men were hurrahing for "Little Mac." They had read how the governor of Indiana was obliged to prorogue the legislature and borrow money from friends of the Administration to supply Indiana

soldiers with ration and uniforms, and that every filibuster was vociferous for the Chicago candidate.

They knew that the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution failed of a two-thirds vote, and that every "nay" was by a clamorous friend of McClellan. The Wisconsin soldiers knew that the legislative appropriation of their State to organize and equip new regiments, and to give the soldiers in the field the right to vote, was opposed by legislators who were noisy for McClellan.

They read the daily papers in camp and on the picket line in close proximity to the Confederate vidette, describing McClellan processions with banners bearing the motto, "The war is a failure," and exhibiting Lincoln painted as a baboon.

The soldiers knew of General Sheridan's successes in the Valley, that General Sherman had reached Atlanta, that Admiral Farragut had passed the forts guarding the harbor of Mobile, that Grant was extending his lines to the left; they knew that the thinned ranks made by the battles in the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, and all along the line in front of Petersburg were not in vain, and that all the sacrifice of human life that summer was necessary, and that the war was not a failure.

The writer spent a day late in October, 1864, in hospitals in Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, with comrades from Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan, and other States; and every one with whom he spoke, lying on cots, emaciated and weak with fever and with wounded bodies, was anxious to vote for Lincoln. They could read the signal from the army, "We are all right"; that with a "little more grape" the war would end; that the flag they had followed so long and fought for and suffered for and bled for would float everywhere, with the Union cause triumphant and the war not a failure.

The night after the election news of the result was wired to army headquarters. It soon reached the negro quarters, where loyal and fervent prayers went out for the great emancipator. Quickly the news went from tent to tent, from camp to camp; the glad tidings were carried to the picket line, where the sentinels in their loneliness commenced firing, and in language unmistakable informed the Confederates that Lincoln was elected.

The following is a summary of the vote of Wisconsin soldiers in the Army of the Potomac: Lincoln, 1408, McClellan, 266. The 2d Wisconsin, which had fought from the first Bull Run, cast one vote for McClellan.

VIROQUA, WISCONSIN.

*Earl M. Rogers.*

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

## To my Lost Luray.

IN a box with his brother,  
Each solacing the other,  
The puppy left Virginia by express,  
A gift to me. He knew my first caress,  
And made me love him by his puppy pranks,  
His roguish bites and barks and kissing thanks.

The pretty little fellow  
Had paws of tawny yellow,  
And nose and chops the same; and two tan spots  
Above his hazel eyes, that seemed like dots  
Of thought upon his forehead; and for the rest,  
In sable, shiny black, Luray was dressed.

I thought him so much better  
Than any puppy setter,  
I took him to the Dog Show; with his eyes—  
I know it was his eyes—he won the prize.  
(He was the only entry in his class,  
Some friends took pains to say—but let that  
pass.)

As soon as he grew older  
His fluffy puppy shoulder  
Stood high and gaunt; his loins began receding;  
In every line and point he showed his breeding.  
The time has come, said I, to test his grain,  
And now, if ever, to begin to reign.