

the exploration of the West during the nineteenth century, and every student of the subject owes him a debt of gratitude. The excellent work done by him in connection with the Lewis and Clark *Journals* is of the utmost value; his notes and introduction being most exhaustive and commendable. This statement also applies to his edition of the Pike expedition, as well as the *Journals* of Alexander Henry and David Thompson, the latter account being probably of more importance to the northwest than any since the publication of the Mackenzie voyage of 1801. The *American Explorer Series* which includes the Diary of Francesco Garcés; the Journal of Jacob Fowler, and the Narrative of Charles Larpenteur, were also edited by Dr. Coues, who possessed an extraordinary amount of accurate and minute knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, gained from actual travel and personal observation, and as a naturalist he added largely to what was already known regarding the flora and fauna. His personal work in the field was as brilliant and accomplished as that which was undertaken in connection with bibliography. Until recently his list of the various editions of Lewis and Clark has been considered definitive, though now in the lately-published and newly-edited *Journals*, which were done from the manuscripts possessed by the American Philosophical Society, Mr. V. H. Paltsits has added much which escaped the early recorder.

Dr. Coues' death occurred in Washington in 1889. He had been for some time working in connection with the Bureau of American Ethnology, though not an officer of that institution, and his loss was felt not only by his comrades but by the scientific world in general and American Natural History in particular.

Thus we bring to a close these few scattered, and it is hoped not uninteresting remarks, on a subject which is not only a broad one, but which deals with many phases and features in the development of the New World. We have tried to show what science has done, to a certain extent, toward successfully bringing about many important events and how it has assisted in the various industries which go to make up a complete whole.

WILLIAM HARVEY MINER.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

LINCOLN AND THE MILITARY TELEGRAPH CORPS

NO persons rushed with more patriotic fervor to the field of Mars than did the boys of the telegraph. It was my fortune to be made manager of the military telegraph office in the War Department early in the struggle, and it is therefore with confidence I speak of the organization and efficiency of the Military Telegraph Corps of the United States Army.

On the 27th of April, 1861, on the order of Secretary Cameron, David Strouse, David Homer Bates, Samuel Brown and Richard O'Brien, four of the best and most reliable operators on the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's telegraph line, arrived in Washington, and formed the germ out of which grew the best disciplined, the most wonderfully accurate, reliable and intelligent army telegraph corps ever known to the world. They were soon followed by others until over twelve hundred young men enrolled themselves in the corps and rendered services such as had never before been performed for any government. They were from sixteen to twenty-two, boys in years and stature but giants in loyalty and the amount of work they did for their country. A better-natured, more intelligent or harder working band did not exist in the army. They were ready to go anywhere at a moment's notice, and if necessary work day and night without rest, uncomplainingly.

Ofttimes they were sent where the sky was the only roof, a stump their only office, the ground their "downy couch."

With a handful of hard bread and a canteen of water, they would open and work an office on the picket line, to keep the commanding general in touch with his advanced forces, or to herald the first advance of the enemy. When retreat became necessary it was their place to remain behind and to announce that the rear guard had passed the danger line between it and the pursuing foe.

All the movements of the army, all the confidence of the com-

—Read before the United Service Club of Philadelphia.

manders, were entrusted to these boys, yet not one ever betrayed that knowledge and confidence in the most remote degree.

The military telegraph eventually assumed colossal proportions, extending to every part of the Union where a Union soldier could be found. Its delicate yet potent power was felt and appreciated by every department of the Government. The system was elaborate and complete—15,389 miles of wire and over six millions of military telegrams during the war, within the lines of the army.

The boys didn't plan campaigns or fight battles, but amidst the fiercest roar of conflict they were to be found coolly advising the commanding general of the battle's progress. When the army was in motion they were wherever duty was to be performed; when in repose, a thousand general officers had them at their elbows.

The corps was the very nerves of the army during the war, and was so considered by all those that came in contact with it, yet it was not, and has not been, recognized as an integral part of that army.

Its services were great, its sacrifices many. From Yorktown to Appomattox, almost every field, every march, numbered one of the telegraph boys among the fallen. A hundred nameless graves throughout the battlefields of the Union attest their devotion—yet the Government never so much as thanked them for their services. Of the twelve hundred, there are not two hundred left—those who did not die in action succumbed shortly after the war from wounds, or the effect of exposure and imprisonment.

Here let me say of the dead:

Not a funeral note was sounded as they were buried; not a flower is cast on their graves as Memorial Day returns; and of the survivors: They are not admitted to any of the various organizations of those who fought for the Union, and I am so far the only one invited to participate in any of the ceremonies or entertainments of such a society.

A few of the officers were commissioned and in consequence are borne upon the rolls of honor, but the rank and file, who performed the principal duties, although obliged to take an oath of allegiance and of

secrecy, not being technically sworn into the service, were disbanded without a word of thanks or a scrap of paper showing that they had honorably discharged their trying duties.

Secretary Stanton said, in one of his reports to Congress: "The military telegraph has been of inestimable value to the service, and no corps has surpassed it."

Though Congress has often been appealed to, to right the wrong and enroll the corps, the wrong remains unrighted.

One there was, had life been spared him, that would have seen justice done us—but the corps, like humanity in general, suffered when Abraham Lincoln died. It was through my connection with the corps that I knew Mr. Lincoln, and so I group a glimpse of him with one of it.

I first saw him in Harrisburg as he emerged from the Jones House, in the judicious act of flanking any hostile movement in Baltimore, as he proceeded to Washington. As a military telegrapher I came in contact with him many times daily, and often late at night. He was always on terms of easy familiarity with the operators, and so my acquaintance with him was formed.

I soon saw a man before me with a kind heart and charitable disposition, who had a duty to perform that he intended performing with conscientious exactitude. In the many telegrams he wrote or dictated, and in the conversations with Mr. Seward, who usually came with him to the telegraph office, he displayed a wonderful knowledge of the country, its resources and requirements, as well as an intuition of the needs and wants of the people.

In the autumn of 1861 there were many fires in Washington, and among the many great annoyances of irrelevant subjects thrust upon him in those trying times, were the constant offers from everywhere, to form fire brigades, as a component part of the army, for the protection of the Capital. He bore it all as a part of the responsibility resting on him; yet at last was compelled to rebuke it from sheer lack of time to give it any attention.

A committee of Philadelphia citizens eloquently urged the matter,

but valuable time was wasting, and Mr. Lincoln was forced to bring the conference to a close, which he did by gravely saying, and as if he had just awakened to the true import of the visit, "Ah! Yes, gentlemen, but it is a mistake to suppose that I am at the head of the Fire Department of Washington. I am simply the President of the United States." The quiet irony had its effect—the committee departed.

The personal familiarity of Mr. Lincoln, shown in his intercourse with the war telegraphers, already spoken of, cannot be better illustrated than by relating a few personal encounters with him:

September 26, 1861, was an appointed day for humiliation, fasting and prayer, and was generally observed throughout the North. We operators were extra vigilant at our posts; our boy George was engaged in preparing a "Daniels' battery" when, shortly after noon, Mr. Lincoln came in. Spying George, he accosted him with "Well, sonny, mixing the juices, eh?" Then taking a seat in a large arm-chair and adjusting his spectacles, he became aware that we were very busy. A smile broke over his face as he saluted us with "Gentlemen, this is Fast Day, and I am pleased to observe that you are working as *fast* as you can; the proclamation was mine, and that is my interpretation of its bearing upon you."

Then changing the subject he said, "Now we will have a little talk with Governor Morton, at Indianapolis. I want to give him a lesson in geography. Bowling Green affair I set him all right upon; now I will tell him something about Muldraugh Hill. Morton is a good fellow, but at times he is the skeeredest man I know of."

It was customary for Mr. Lincoln to make frequent calls at our office, either for direct telegraphic communication, or to get what he called news.

One day in September, 1861, he called with Mr. Seward, and saying pleasantly "Good morning, what news?" I replied, "Good news—because none;" whereupon he rejoined "Ah, my young friend, that rule don't always hold good, for a fisherman don't consider it good luck when he can't get a bite!"

Once, also with Mr. Seward, he entered. They seemed to have es-

caped from some great bore, and the President appeared greatly relieved as he sank into an arm-chair, saying, "By jings, Governor, we are here!" Mr. Seward turned to him, and in a manner of semi-reproof said: "Mr. President, where did you learn that inelegant expression?" Without replying Mr. Lincoln turned to us and said: "Young gentlemen, excuse me for swearing before you; 'by jings' is swearing, for my good old mother taught me that anything that had a *by* before it is swearing. I won't do so any more."

Abraham Lincoln will live in the true history of his times as one who was unflinching in his devotion to duty, unswerving in fidelity and one who tried to live a manly life within the bounds of his comprehension of manhood's aims and duties.

WILLIAM B. WILSON.

PHILADELPHIA.

TWO LETTERS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(These two, on so widely different subjects, are alike as witnesses to Mr. Lincoln's kindness of heart. What other Chief Magistrate, of any nation, would have been equally ready in the midst of his harassing responsibilities, to allow the mother of a rebel prisoner to visit her son, and to help an unknown soldier to secure employment?)

Executive Mansion, Washington, Oct. 9, 1863.

Hon. Secretary of War:

Sir—Mrs. Thomas G. Clemsin is a daughter of the late Hon. John C. Calhoun, and is now residing near Bladensburg in Maryland. She understands that her son, Calhoun Clemsin, is now a prisoner of War to us at "Johnson's Island;" and she asks the privilege merely of visiting him. With your approbation, I consent for her to go—

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

A short note, Dec. 9, 1864:

I shall be glad if any Department or Bureau can give employment to this discharged soldier.—A. LINCOLN.

THE REAL VICTIM OF BOOTH

Abraham Lincoln would never agree that Andrew Johnson should be relegated to an obscurity so dark compared with the illumination of his own fame.

The tragedy which removed Lincoln made Johnson President; and there will always be those who will maintain that Johnson, not Lincoln, was the real victim of Booth's pistol shot. Booth never calculated on such a result, if he calculated on anything. Lincoln's ideas of the correct policy of reconstruction, so far as they were pre-figured by his words and acts in the days when the war was manifestly drawing to a close, were not the ideas of the dominant spirit in Congress. Perhaps Lincoln, "master of men," as he has been called, might have escaped the bitter experience to which his successor was doomed. We cannot tell. Johnson, who was not a master of men, could not escape. He had no power to quell or even to allay the storm which broke about him. He was no match for the radicals in Congress, led by such astute men as Thaddeus Stevens, Benjamin F. Butler, and John A. Logan. He lacked one essential element of greatness—the power of self control—and the rupture between him and the party which had placed him in office became one of the most deplorable episodes in American political history. The popularity he had enjoyed vanished, and he became the object of angry and violent partisanship, relinquishing the office of President with scarce a voice to bid him a respectful farewell.

It is even now too early to estimate with exact justice the merits of the controversy over reconstruction in which Andrew Johnson and Congress—or more accurately, the Republican majority in Congress—became involved. As time goes on, however, there is manifest a continually growing tendency to judge of him less harshly, and to speak of him as unfortunate rather than as wrong. He suffers, perhaps to an extent unjustly, when placed in comparison with Lincoln, whose work he was forced to take up when he was clearly unequal to the task. It was an evil hour for him when this responsibility was laid upon his shoulders. Happier would he have been had he not climbed so high. On this centennial day of his birth it is best that we should remember him as the to his country, and recall his steady progress onward. What happened poor boy, eager for an education, eager to rise, eager to be of service to him at the last cannot obliterate that inspiring sight.—*New Bedford Standard*.

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER XXIV

THE FORESTERS

THERE were preparations for a hunter's carousal in the heart of the forest. The scene of their revel was a sunny glade, where a dozen idlers were lounging away the noontide beneath the dappled boughs. A fire had been kindled upon a flat rock near by, and from the rivulet that gurgled around its base, the neck of a black bottle protruded, where it had been anchored to cool in the running water. A fresh-killed buck lay as if just thrown upon the sod in the midst of the woodland crew, who stirred themselves from the shade as the hunter who had flung the carcass from his strong shoulders turned to lean his rifle against the fretted trunk of a walnut-tree that spread its branches near.

"Why, Kit Lansingh, my boy, you are no slouch of a woodman to carry a yearling of such a heft as that," cried our old friend Balt, lifting the deer by its antlers partly from the ground. "You must have struck the crittur, too, a smart distance from here, for none of us have heard the crack of your rifle to-day."

"Somebody may, though you have not, Uncle Balt; for, let me tell you, boys, there's other folks in the woods besides us chaps here."

The hunters started up and were now all attention—for the signs of strangers in the forest is ever a source of keen interest to the woodsman, who, when the frontier is in arms, never ventures to strike the game of which he is in search without remembering that he himself may be, at that very moment, the human quarry of some more dangerous hunters that hovers near.

"Nay, Conyer, go on cutting up the carcass. I've left no trail to guide a Redskin to this spot," said the hunter, disembarassing himself of his powder-horn and shooting-pouch, which he hung upon a wild plum-bush near by. "We can sit down to dinner without any of Brant's people