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Gen'l McClellan's Record.

HIS SYMPATHY WITH THE SOUTH.

READ FOR YOURSELVES.

These certificates and statements are from men of standing in the city of Cincinnati, whose veracity will not be doubted. Their testimony speaks for itself, and it can not fail to be convincing to men who read for the sake of being enlightened relative to so important matters.

CINCINNATI, O., October 20, 1864.

Editor Cincinnati Times:

While our soldiers are freely offering their lives to subdue traitors in rebellious States, it is as little as we can do at home to defeat their meaner allies of the North, in furnishing disloyal officers to neutralize all the sacrifices of our army and navy, for the destruction of our Government.

In common with a large portion of the loyal people of the North, as well as with many of our army and navy, I have long considered that treachery was the solution of our many mysterious dispatches, delays, losses and defeats under the *infamous traitor*, Gen. Geo. B. McClellan; that the charge of cowardice and incapacity has not been made against McClellan by intelligent traitors, from a truthful conviction, but to hide their knowledge of the fact that he was one of their own sworn number, and that he had the qualities of courage and capacity to destroy our army and Government in fighting their battles on free soil; that they have taken the advantage of the veil of public confidence to hide their treachery, under which they have so well succeeded.

That veil is being rapidly and generally removed, and in the light of treason the course of McClellan is being reviewed.

Every patriot that thus investigates his course, and keeps in view his associates and treasonable party, must conclude that treachery alone solves all mysteries.

From a sense of duty to my bleeding country, and a knowledge of facts warranting the charge, I hereby fearlessly and boldly proclaim Gen. George B. McClellan an arch traitor, and as such, received, used, and now holds his commission under pay from the Government he is daily betraying for the purpose of serving his old friend and patron, Jeff. Davis; and to him may justly be charged much of our military and financial sacrifices and dangers to our country.

In order that those who may be honest in favoring his election to the Presidency, may have due notice, that time will prove their having voted for the most infamous traitor our country has ever produced, a thousand fold worse than Benedict Arnold, a few of many facts will be furnished herewith, sufficient for any honest competent voter that loves his country to reasonably

conclude that it is dangerous to incur the risk of the odium that must rest for all time on those that vote for an acknowledged traitor. The production of early expressions in favor of McClellan, before the development of his previous and subsequent treachery, will not suffice to satisfy honest intelligent minds, nor will McClellan be able much longer to hide his treacherous purposes in the future, by throwing over them his deceptive "War Platform."

I challenge Gen. George B. McClellan, and his friends to a legal investigation, promising to make good my timely and truthful charge, while honest minds may take notice, that abundant testimony of the most astounding infamy will follow in due time, from private sources, to say nothing of what the Government can furnish of the most conclusive character, when the people demand it.

P. S.—"Where there is much smoke, there must be some fire." "Murder will out."

It is rumored that McClellan is known to be a member of the secret order of the Knights of the Golden Circle, and that after due deliberation by that order, they decided that Mac should fight for the South on free soil; that Mac said he never intended to order an engagement; that Beauregard visited him after firing on Sumter; that Mac received Rebel letters during the engagement at Antietam, and was in Lee's lines, &c. Doubtless, if the people and the Government will do their duty in ferreting out these rumors, they will find enough of positive testimony to convict and punish McClellan for treason.

To reasonable minds the evidence in the "conduct of the war," is sufficient to brand him as a traitor. E. CONKLING.

The following letter is from Lieut. Col. J. H. Simpson, Corps of Engineers, an officer who has seen thirty-two years' continuous service in the Regular Army, and during the Virginia Peninsula campaign in 1862, commanded the 4th regiment of New Jersey Volunteers:

CINCINNATI, OHIO, October 20, 1864.

Mr. E. Conkling:

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 14th inst., saying that you had heard I was acquainted with some facts bearing on the disloyalty

of Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan, and requesting me to give them, I have received.

The conduct of Maj. Gen. McClellan, while in command of the Army of the Potomac, in the fall of 1861, and during the Virginia Peninsula campaign in 1862, I have always regarded as most singularly deficient in that zeal and earnestness which should characterise the patriotic citizen and loyal, sincere officer, holding as he did the reputation of the army and interests of the whole country in his hands. His failing to attempt to take, with 85,000 men, Yorktown by a *coup de main*, when, according to Gen. John B. Magruder, the Confederate officer in command, from whom July 5th, I personally learned while a prisoner in Richmond, the fact, that he had when McClellan first landed on the Peninsula but 4,500 men under his command; his backwardness in re-enforcing the advance of our forces in their attack on Williamsburg, by which the day came very near being lost to us; his delay in crossing the Chickahominy, before the rain of 30th of July, with his whole army to attack the enemy, at the gates of Richmond, when it might have been done at different points, and his subsequently, during a lapse of twenty-six days, neglecting to use the bridges he had already constructed, and the Mechanicsville Bridge and Meadow Bridge, the two last of which were used by the Confederates in flanking us on our right, and commencing the series of seven days' battles, in which our forces were driven to Harrison's Landing; his withdrawing our troops, on the morning of the 24th June, from the strong position behind the Beaver Dam Creek, from which Gen. McCall had successfully checked the onslaught of the forces under Longstreet and A. P. Hill, and concentrating them on so small a margin on the north side of the Chickahominy, opposite and near Camp Lincoln, as to furnish but little choice of ground for the favorable disposition of our troops, in the battle of Gaines' Mill, and then disposing of them so singularly—35,000 of our men in the open field against 70,000 of the enemy also in the open field, while in Camp Lincoln bristling with cannon, only a mile distant, he had an army of 60,000 to defend himself against 50,000 of the enemy in the open field, when the disposition should have been just the reverse, that is, 70,000 of our troops on the north side of the Chickahominy in open field against 70,000 of the enemy in open field, and on the south side 25,000 of our forces behind formidable intrenchments against 50,000 of the enemy in the open field; his delaying one whole month, from the 26th of May to 26th of June, on the Chickahominy to attack the enemy, when, during all this while, Lee was being re-enforced by Beauregard's army which had evacuated Corinth, May 30th, of which re-enforcement McClellan was well aware, as shown by his dispatch of June 10th to Secretary of War, by which delay Jackson was also allowed time to join Lee, June 27th, thus swelling his army by these accessions to about 120,000; and when McClellan was at last forced to meet Lee, at Gaines' Mill,

opposing him as above stated, 70,000 strong on the north-side of the Chickahominy, with but 35,000 men, when he could have opposed him with 70,000 and been able to hold Camp Lincoln, a strongly fortified camp, with the balance of his troops, 25,000 men; his delaying for ten days, from the 4th to the 14th of August, to obey, at Harrison's Landing, his superior officer (by law), Major-General Halleck, when, as Commander-in-Chief, he ordered him to return with all dispatch to Acquia Creek with his army, to re-enforce Pope, who was pressed strongly by Jackson, when all this while, as I could see from prison in Richmond, the troops of Lee passing daily by regiments through the streets to re-enforce Jackson, by which delay Pope was actually overwhelmed by the enemy, and the latter enabled to invade Maryland; all these delays, singularly abnormal, disastrous dispositions of our troops to contend against the enemy about Richmond, culminating finally, as they did, in his neglect to obey Major Gen. Halleck's orders to re-enforce Pope in season,—all these strange *contre-temps* point to a want of zealous loyalty on the part of Major-Gen. McClellan, which is certainly very remarkable, considering the momentous interests of the Government with which he had been entrusted.

But, in addition to the above, there are other facts and circumstances which came under my notice while I commanded a regiment on the Chickahominy during the Virginia Peninsula campaign, which being all of a piece with those already referred to, I cannot but regard as singularly expressive of a want of loyalty (or should I say judgment) on the part of Major-Gen. McClellan.

The 1st New Jersey Brigade, composed of the 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th New Jersey volunteers, commanded by Brigadier General George W. Taylor, being encamped about Mechanicsville to guard the right flank of the Federal army before Richmond, picketed, June 15th, 1862, along the Chickahominy, from Beaver dam Creek to Meadow Bridge; that is, for a distance of between three and four miles; the Mechanicsville bridge being about central between the two extremes. On the day specified, I was detailed as General Field Officer of the Day with the regiment I then commanded (4th New Jersey volunteers), to picket said line. My regiment went on picket at 7 A. M. At about noon, returning along the line of reserves from the Meadow-creek bridge, I was told by one of my officers that a flag of truce was awaiting my presence at the Mechanicsville bridge, to grant the necessary permission to pass the lines. Hurrying along the line, I was accosted by another officer, who informed me that Gen. Taylor had been down to the bridge to meet the flag of truce. Hearing this, I immediately repaired to the tent of Gen. Taylor, who informed me that he had been down to see the flag of truce party, but in consequence of the officer in charge having treated him so shabbily, not having given him any notification of the occurrence, or asking his concurrence in any way, he felt disgusted, and had returned without having had any conversation with the party, and thought

he would leave the matter with me when I should come up. I, thereupon, repaired to the Mechanicsville bridge, and found a white flag flying on our (the north) side of the Chickahominy, and, with it, a small body of mounted dragoons, the escort of the flag. Seeing a Sergeant of the detachment, I asked him where the parties were. He said I would find the Rebel General in the shanty, pointing to it. At this I was very much surprised, for the building was within our lines, on our (the north) side of the Creek, and had all along been used by the reserve of the picket at the Mechanicsville Bridge, as their quarters, and that very morning they had occupied it. Feeling indignant that a parley should be held in such a place, where the enemy could immediately look down upon our intrenchment, which we had thrown up there a few nights previous, and that the reserve guard of the bridge should have been turned out without my sanction or knowledge, I immediately approached the shanty and entered, when I saw two officers, one of them having the uniform of a Colonel in the Federal army, the other in a suit of grey, frock-coat and trousers, the uniform of a Rebel officer. To the former, not knowing who he was, I immediately introduced myself as Colonel Simpson, Fourth N. J. Vols., General Field officer of the Day, in charge of the pickets.

On this the said officer introduced himself as "Colonel Key, of General McClellan's Staff. I am here holding a conversation with General Cobb, to whom permit me to introduce you." Though not recognizing the General at first on account of the great length and color of his beard (it was of a brown color, as if burned by the sun), I at once did so so soon as his name was mentioned, and on Col. Key's saying, "Col. Simpson, Gen. Cobb," we shook hands, and I added, "Formerly, General, I believe, Secretary of Treasury?" "Yes," he replied, "I once held that position." "Why, General," I rejoined, "I really did not at first recognize you, though I used to see you in Washington, and have had business with you in your office. You have become so metamorphosed by your beard that really I could not identify you." "Yes," he replied, "we all seem to be *fighting under masked faces*." The remark I thought singular, and as bearing a construction at variance with the sincerity of the war, though I did not make any reply to show in what sense I understood his language.

After a few words of civility, not wishing unnecessarily to intrude myself, I left them and joined the officer in command of the dragoon escort, with whom I had some conversation of a general character. Soon after, not feeling satisfied with the condition of things, I returned to the shanty, and requested Col. Key to see me for a few minutes aside. I said to him, "Col. Key, it has so happened, that though I have been acquainted with a number of the officers of Gen. McClellan's staff, I have never before been introduced to you. I do not doubt you are on Gen. McClellan's staff, but I am the General Field officer of the day, and you must at once perceive the responsibility of my duties in that position. Now

I cannot feel satisfied in relation to this conference you are holding with Gen. Cobb, until you show me your credentials."

"Why," replied he, "don't you see my escort? Don't you see they are U. S. Dragoons?"

"Yes," said I, "but this does not satisfy me."

Perceiving that I was in earnest, he brought out some papers which he submitted to me, to one of which I perceived Gen. Robt. E. Lee's name attached. On another, or the same, for I felt a delicacy in examining critically the papers, I noticed an indorsement of Dix's name. Col. Key then notifying me that the interview was on the subject of exchange of prisoners (with which General Dix had been charged) and perceiving, as I have already stated, the name of Lee and Dix, and without wishing to appear prying, I felt satisfied that he (Key) had sufficient credentials to hold the parley, and thereupon told him I was satisfied. We then separated, he returning to continue the talk with Gen. Howell Cobb, in the shanty, and I to converse with the Lieutenant in charge of the escort.

Probably an half hour elapsed after this, when both Key and Cobb came out of the shanty together, and went to the Mechanicsville Bridge, they bidding each other adieu at this point, and Gen. Cobb walking over a plank laid across a broken span of the bridge, to join the Confederates on the other side. The General having gone, Col. Key mounted his horse, and I mine, when I joined him, and we rode together up the road to Mechanicsville. For a while the Colonel appeared to be in a sort of study, and then remarked, with a good deal of coolness and deliberation, and *as having only just become awakened to the fact*—"Those leaders on the other side talk as if they would fight." "Why, who ever doubted it?" replied I. "Do you think," continued he, "that they, the leaders, reflect the sentiments of the great mass of the people South?" "Whether they do or not," rejoined I, "there is one thing certain, the masses cannot be reached till you kill the leaders." "But," continued he, "do you not think it would be better to raise the masses to their legitimate authority, and sink these fellows?" "Yes," I remarked, "if you could do it. But how are you going to do it without war?"

This conversation, on the part of Key, General McClellan's trusted aid, as he must have been to have been singled out to hold a parley with the wily politician, Howell Cobb, I thought very remarkable, considering that the Rebels had already resisted our army at Yorktown; fought us at Williamsburg; and fallen upon us with great fury, (though defeated,) at Fair Oaks. He then went on to remark that he had been of the impression that General Taylor had been notified by General Marcy, (I think he said the preceding Friday—his was on a Sunday,) of the intended interview, (General Taylor, as I have before remarked, told me he had never been notified,) that it was originally intended it should have been held at Dr. Garnett's, within the enemy's lines, but that they had objected. "Yes," I replied, "they object

to our holding conversations with them within *their* lines, while we permit Mrs. Lee and family to go all through *ours*, and another lady also; and now, I think I added, we allow General Howell Cobb to come to hold a conversation within our lines. Arriving at Mechanicsville, we separated, he taking the road down toward General McClellan's Head-quarters, and I to my camp. The next day, in making, as was customary at day-light, my morning report of every day's tour as Field officer, I handed into General Taylor the communication of which the following is an extract; which report, I was informed, passed through General Slocum, the Division and General Franklin the Corps commander, to General McClellan with strong reprobatory indorsements:

HEADQR'S N. J. VOL'S., CAMP NEAR)
MECHANICSVILLE, VA., June 16, 1862. }

To Lieut. Robert A. Dunham, A. A. A. G.,
1st Brigade Slocum's Division, 6th (Franklin's) Army Corps:

SIR: The incidents of my tour since 7 A. M. yesterday morning, were as follows: Hearing on my return from visiting the pickets, that a flag of truce was down at the Mechanicsville Bridge, awaiting my authority to pass the lines, after seeing the Brigadier General Commanding on the subject, I repaired to the point and found to my surprise that Capt. Jewett, 4th N. J. Volunteers, who was in command of a company at the place had permitted, without any authority from me, a Rebel General, (Howell Cobb) to come within our lines, sufficiently far to see our defenses at the bridge, and hold a conference with an officer, whom I did not personally know. Neither Gen. Taylor nor myself knowing anything of the authority by which the conference was held, I asked the officer, who had made himself known to me as Col. Thomas M. Key, of Gen. McClellan's Staff, for his credentials. At this he at first demurred, saying that the escort of U. S. cavalry with him, was a sufficient guarantee. I told him I did not think so, and that he must excuse me, as I had never known him before, if I insisted upon his showing me the authority by which he acted. He then showed me some papers which assured me of his authority in the premises, and I became satisfied.

It seems, however, from his subsequent conversation with me, that he was under the impression that General Taylor had been notified by Gen. Marcy of the proposed interview, which, as he represented, was for an exchange of prisoners. The interview lasted about four hours, between 10 and 2 o'clock.

It is to be regretted that the conference was had within the lines, which would not have taken place with my approbation, had I been consulted; as it is, by Mrs. General Lee and family, and another lady at another time, going over the Meadow Bridge, and Gen. Cobb over the Mechanicsville Bridge, our defenses at both points have been exposed, and considering that we are at the right flank of our lines and at best not very strongly fortified, the circumstance is unfortunate.

I ought to state in explanation of the conduct of Capt. Jewett, whose experience in the army has been only during the present rebellion, that he says he was so ignored by Colonel Key, in his position, as to be made to feel that he had no authority in the premises. Respectfully submitted,
(Signed) J. H. SIMPSON,
Colonel 4th New Jersey Vol.

I will here add, that it was by the *Meadow Bridge* that Gen. A. P. Hill, and by the *Mechanicsville Bridge* that Gen. Longstreet, of the Rebel army, eleven days after the occurrences above mentioned, crossed the Chickabominy on the 26th June, 1862, attacked Gen. McCall, and commenced the series of battles in which the Army of the Potomac was driven to Harrison's Landing.

It is with great reluctance that I give, on your solicitation, the foregoing statement; but, as it contains historical facts, which have been reported to the general Government, there is no reason why it should be withheld from my fellow citizens who are seeking light in reference to the transactions of the army, in which they take such deep interest.

In this connection it is not out of place, as corroborative of the views expressed above of the disloyalty of Major General McClellan, a most extraordinary want of judgment, for me to state, that on the evening of the 13th of August, 1862, when the Federal officers, prisoners of war—I among the number—were being exchanged at Aikin's Landing, on the James River, under the supervision of Brig. Gen. L. Thomas, I saw one of the aids of General McClellan, a Lieutenant Colonel, so loving with a Confederate officer who had accompanied us from Richmond as to be walking around the steamer with arms around each others neck, *both singularly oblivious of the self-respect particularly on this occasion required*, and this to the neglect of the duties with which the Aid referred to had been entrusted by General Thomas to wit: the apportionment of the officers to the steamboats so that they might, in the shortest possible time, partake of a meal which they had not had since they left Richmond in the morning.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. H. SIMPSON.

STATEMENT OF DR. PULTE.

From frequent conversation which I had with General McClellan (then Captain McClellan) in the winter of 1861, about the exciting events of that grave period, I became convinced in my mind that his politics were those of a States Rights Democrat, being in favor of exonerating the south as much as possible.

This impression, as to the General's feelings in this respect was so strong, that when I heard of his elevation to the head of the army, I was greatly astonished and feared for our cause. J. H. PULTE.

Cincinnati, O., October 20, 1864.

STATEMENT OF A. B. LATTA.

This is to certify that in the summer of 1862 I had heard that J. H. Pulte was the

family physician for Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, and that he had reported that General McClellan had, at frequent interviews, expressed his views and feelings to be entirely with the South, and that he had distinctly stated the South was right, and ought to have their rights, or words equivalent thereto.

I called on Dr. Palte to know the truth of these statements, and he said they were substantially true, and that his whole intercourse with General McClellan convinced him that his sympathies were with the South.

A. B. LATTA.

STATEMENT OF N. P. FERRIS.

This certifies that immediately after the firing on Fort Sumter, I was walking on Fourth street, near Vine, and Gen. George B. McClellan, in company with a gentleman was walking just in front of me.

They were conversing relative to the firing on Sumter. His friend asked him what he thought of the firing on Sumter. The General replied he hoped the South would now get her rights.

N. P. FERRIS.
CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 19, 1864.

FROM M. M. GREEN.

ATHENS, O., October 16, 1864.

P. Bope, Esq., Cincinnati:

DEAR SIR: Yours of the 13th inst. is at hand. In relation to the conversation between Hon. Thos. H. Ewing and myself at the Depot some two years ago, about Gen. McClellan, my impressions are that Mr. Ewing stated that his opinion of Gen. McClellan was, that he was a traitor, and gave his reasons, but what they were, I cannot now remember. He talked freely and strong and I think he said that he had so written to Secretary Stanton and President Lincoln and urging his immediate removal.

Our conversation was of some half an hour's length and the particulars I cannot now remember, but my impressions are that I then thought he gave good grounds for his opinion as expressed.

Yours truly,
M. M. GREEN.

STATEMENT OF COL. METCALF.

In May, 1861, I had a conversation with General George B. McClellan, in Cincinnati, in presence of Jesse E. Payton, of Haddonfield, N. J., in which I said that Jeff. Davis was a scoundrel and repudiator. He (McClellan) straightened himself up quickly, and said—"I do assure you that you are mistaken; Jeff. Davis is a perfect gentleman, and will not do anything unbecoming a gentleman." After leaving his presence, my friend laughed at me, saying, in substance, that I had nettled, or touched McClellan's feelings in speaking so harshly of his friend Jeff., and I replied, in substance, that I was dreadfully deceived in McClellan, that I had thought he was the coming man, and that I had been equally deceived in John C. Breckinridge, but that I would not be deceived again, and that it would not do to trust a man who thought it was not unbecoming a gentleman to be a traitor to his country, as Jeff. Davis was at that time, and I predicted that, sooner or later, McClellan would show his cloven foot.

LEONIDAS METCALF.

Cincinnati, O., Oct. 10, 1864.

Affidavit of P. Wellington.

STATE OF OHIO, Hamilton County, S. S.

Philip Wellington, being duly sworn, says, that in the year 1862 he was a resident of Pine Bluff, Arkansas. Some time in the month of June there were assembled in my store, at Pine Bluff, the following well known Rebels of that State, to-wit: Ex-Governor (now General) Roane, Lieut. Carlton, Erwin Buck, Judge Murray and Benj. Hueston, and several officers of regiments from five or six different States. Some of the officers were discussing the situation of military affairs on the Potomac. One of the officers upbraided a fellow officer for praising Gen. McClellan; that he (McClellan) was friendly to the rebel cause, because it was wrong to thus express his sentiments in public.

I then asked Benjamin Hueston, who regarded me as a Confederate sympathizer, "Why McClellan was always thus spoken of in the highest terms by leading Southerners?" He hesitated sometime before replying; finally he remarked, "Ah! you don't belong to our noble order; but he, McClellan, does; breathe not what I tell you to mortal man, Geo. McClellan will never take Richmond, he is playing a double game and the Devil himself can't catch him."

About this time we had a loyal league, which met secretly, and it was the general opinion of all our members from the Southern States, that McClellan was not a true man to the North.

Sometime in August, 1862, there were assembled in the store of Dr. Sledge, at Pine Bluff, Capt. Bell, Capt. McNally, Capt. Fletcher, and other noted rebel officers of Arkansas, Texas, and other Southern States. They were discussing the campaign in Virginia in my presence. Some of the Texan officers were elated at the advantage secured to the South by the predetermined movements of McClellan in Virginia. Capt. McNally remarked, that "if he (McClellan) had not been misguided by the ill-advised counsel of our Northern allies, we would have something to boast of at the present time."

Col. Bell rejoined: "Oh! I am afraid McClellan's promises will prove no better than those of the balance of the sneaking hounds. If we succeed, our Northern allies expect to emigrate South and share the cream of the land. If unsuccessful they expect to reap a bountiful harvest for their proffered aid."

Capt. McNally replied: "I differ with you, Colonel. Little Mac is monstrous ambitious, and hopes to rule at the White House, and we ought to make due allowance for his cautious manner of assisting us."

Again, in the same year, about June or July, I was in the store of Fish & Butler while an officer of the Rebel service was talking to Mr. Butler. The officer said: "You found there were \$450,000 in gold in the amount left with you, did you not?" Butler replied, "it has been counted two or three times and is all right." About a week after that I met in the same store a Missouri Colonel, who said to Butler, "Is the gold ore still on hand?"

Butler replied, "No; it left for New York yesterday via Memphis." "For arms, I suppose," rejoined the officer. "No, Bob," said Butler, "for a far better purpose; to buy a few more influential Yankee officers." Affiant further states that at Pine Bluff he had frequent intercourse with Rebels of intelligence, and in no instance did they hesitate to eulogize McClellan in the highest terms while he was in command of the Northern armies, while all loyal Southerners condemned him.

Sworn before me and subscribed in my presence, this 19th day of October, 1864.

[Signed] PHILIP WELLINGTON.

[Signed] Sam'l T Harris, Notary Public,
Hamilton Co., O.

"Leave Pope to Get Out of His Scrape"—McClellan's Dispatches.

On the 20th day of August, 1862, General McClellan having terminated his unfortunate campaign, left the Virginia Peninsula and embarked his army at Fortress Monroe, Yorktown, and Newport News.

The entire Rebel army was thus free to precipitate itself upon Pope's small command of 35,000 men, and the bulk of his forces had, in fact, moved upon Pope several days before.

Fully aware of this, and naturally anxious as to the result, Gen. Halleck telegraphed Gen. Pope on 21st August:

"Dispute every inch of ground, and fight like the devil till we can reinforce you. Forty-eight hours more and we can make you strong enough! Don't yield an inch if you can help it."

Pope obeyed his instructions, falling back and fighting every inch of ground until he confronted the entire Rebel army at Manassas. With what result the country knows. But what the country does not know is how it happened that the small army at Manassas should be allowed to be outnumbered, while the large and well-appointed force of McClellan lay, during the three days' struggle, within marching distance, almost motionless.

General McClellan prefaced his report of the Antietam campaign by stating that—

"The troops composing the Army of the Potomac were meanwhile ordered forward to reinforce the army under General Pope. So completely was this order carried out that on the 20th of August I had remaining under my command only a camp guard of about one hundred men. Every thing else had been sent to reinforce General Pope. In addition, I exhausted all the means at my disposal to forward supplies to that officer, my own headquarter teams being used for that purpose."

Is this, or not, one of those specious statements that keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the sense? Is it true, or is it a delusion and a snare?

Did General McClellan really send troops and rations to General Pope in his sore distress?

Did he send them expecting them to reach him?

Did he desire that they should reach him?

Did he not purposely prevent their reaching him?

Now, we shall not answer these vital questions with the testimony of Gen. Pope, or of any his army; nor yet with the inexorable array of facts and crushing logic of the Committee on the Conduct of the War. We propose simply that General McClellan himself, speaking in his official dispatches, shall reply to them.

On the 27th of August, 1862, Gen. Pope, in compliance with his instructions, after fighting the enemy five days on the Upper Rappahannock, fell back toward Washington. Halleck, who knew the entire Rebel army was upon him, had promised heavy reinforcements from the Army of the Potomac. Upon their reaching Pope depended the safety of his army, and perhaps that of the Capital. No one was more keenly alive than General Halleck to the importance of strengthening General Pope, and, accordingly, on the morning of August 27, 1862, he telegraphed to General McClellan—through whom alone all reinforcements for Pope must pass—to have Franklin's corps march in the direction of Manassas as soon as possible.

The order is clear and definite. If it had been obeyed, Jackson's forces, defeated and driven by Pope on the 27th, would have been met near Centerville the next afternoon by Franklin, and crushed! Now follow the developments of the next three days, and see with what fertility of device, prodigality of invention, and coolness of assumption—with what unyielding tenacity, shameless prevarication, and rank insubordination—General McClellan carried out his steadfast purpose, that Pope should not have a man of these reinforcements—not an ounce of powder, not a loaf of bread—and that with his 40,000 struggling in a death-grapple with that same Rebel army that had discomfited McClellan's 150,000, he might be left to get out of his scrape. This choice phraseology, we hasten to remark, is not ours, but that of General McClellan, who proposed to the President "to leave Pope to get out of his scrape."

Plain enough was Halleck's order, yet it never was executed! Thus it fell out. At 10:40 McClellan replied that he had sent orders to Franklin (*not to march*, but) to prepare to march, and to repair to Alexandria in person, to inform him as to his means of transportation. Singular, that in order that Franklin should march *with* his corps, he should begin by leaving it! Was there no Quartermaster to attend to transportation? At 12 M. Halleck telegraphed to McClellan, "Franklin's corps should move out by forced marches, carrying three or four days' provisions," to which McClellan replies that Franklin had gone to Washington, and that his aid gave his order to the next in rank; and later, that "Franklin's artillery had no horses."

"Will it not be well to push Sumner's corps here by water as rapidly as possible, to make immediate arrangements for placing the works in front of Washington in an efficient condition of defense. I have no means of knowing the enemy's force between Pope and ourselves. Can Franklin, without his artillery or cavalry, effect any useful purpose in front? Should not Burnside at once take steps to evacuate Falmouth and Ac-

quia, and at the same time cover the retreat of any of Pope's troops who may fall back in that direction? I do not see that we have force enough on hand to form a connection with Pope, whose exact position we do not know. Are we safe in the direction of the Valley?"

True to himself and sensible to the last! Stay in the works—the front is a dangerous place! Sitting at the feet of such a Gama-liel, is it strange that Porter learned to say, as he told McDowell, pointing to the enemy, "We cannot go in there without getting into a fight." And so the 27th of August passed away, and brought Pope no reinforcements.

THURSDAY, August 28th, 1862.—On the morning of the 28th Halleck telegraphed directly to Franklin:

"On parting with Gen. McClellan, about two o'clock this morning, it was understood that you were to move with your corps to-day toward Manassas Junction, to drive the enemy from the railroad. I have just learned that the General has not returned to Alexandria. If you have not received his order, act on this."

At 1:05 McClellan, not Franklin, answered:

"Your dispatch to Franklin received. I have been doing all possible to hurry artillery and cavalry. The moment Franklin can be started with a reasonable amount of artillery, he shall go. * * * * Please see Barnard, and be sure the works toward Chain Bridge are perfectly secure. I look upon those works, especially Ethan Allen and Marcy, as of the first importance."

Still harping on my daughter. "Be sure the works are perfectly secure!" At 3:30 P. M., Halleck becomes impatient, and telegraphs McClellan:

"Not a moment must be lost in pushing as large a force as possible toward Manassas, so as to communicate with Pope before the enemy is re-enforced."

The day wears away, and still Franklin does not move; so at 8:40 P. M., Halleck, more impatient, decided, and imperative, tells McClellan:

"There must be no farther delay in moving Franklin's corps towards Manassas; they must go to-morrow morning, ready or not ready. If we delay too long to get ready, there will be no necessity to go at all, for Pope will either be defeated or victorious without our aid. If there is a want of wagons, the men must carry provisions with them till the wagons can come to their relief."

To which McClellan replies at 10 P. M.:

"Your dispatch received. Franklin's corps has been ordered to march at 6 o'clock to-morrow morning. Sumner has about 14,000 infantry, without cavalry or artillery here."

And so Gen. Pope is left to get out of his scrape. Generals McClellan and Franklin sleep comfortable within snug quarters, and the 28th of August, 1862, passes into history.

FRIDAY, August 29, 1862.—At 10:30 A. M., General McClellan resumes the chant of his well-worn refrain, his campaign, *Kyrie Eleison!*

"Franklin's corps is in motion: started about six (6) A. M. If Sumner moves in

support of Franklin, it leaves us without any reliable troops in and near Washington; yet Franklin is too much alone. *What shall be done?* I do not think Franklin is in a situation to accomplish much if he meets strong resistance. I should not have moved him but for your pressing orders of last night."

"What shall be done?"

Pope, at that moment was not asking such questions, he was up and doing.

"What shall be done?"

Only to think of these horrid Rebels offering "strong resistance" to Franklin! Heavens! Gen. Halleck, this is not what I intended my army for! Strong resistance!! Good God, sir, somebody will surely get killed, and you are not so unreasonable as to suppose that I am going to sacrifice my future voters to save John Pope and my country he would have added, "but amen stuck in his throat." But with what matchless coolness he tells Halleck that all his promises throughout the two previous days to send Franklin forward, were unvarnished falsehoods! "*I should not have moved him but for your pressing orders last night!*"

Economize your patience, though, gentle reader, and restrain your profanity, if you have any weakness in that direction, for here is something that will sorely try both.

At 12 M. McClellan telegraphs Halleck:

"Do you wish the movement of Franklin's corps to continue? He is without reserve ammunition, and without transportation."

The man who makes himself hoarse vainly calling by the hour for some lazy shick of a servant, who finally comes, asking, with placid ease, "Did you call, sir," may have some faint idea of General Halleck's feelings when he received that dispatch.

Pray notice the statement, that Franklin is without transportation. It is a remarkable one in the light of facts well known at the time to McClellan, and which we shall presently develop.

At 12 M., McClellan telegraphs Halleck:

"Franklin has only between 10,000 and 11,000 ready for duty. How far do wish this force to advance?"

And again, at 1 o'clock:

"Shall I do as seems best to me with all the troops in this vicinity, including Franklin, who, I really think ought not, under the present circumstances, to proceed beyond Anandale?"

The writer of that dispatch has solemnly declared in an official report that he "completely carried out the order to re-enforce General Pope; that he had sent everything; that he only retained a camp guard of one hundred men!" Judge for yourself, reader.

At 3 P. M. Gen. Halleck, who must certainly possess an angelic disposition, musters nerve to tell the Young Napoleon:

"*I want Franklin's corps to go far enough to find out something about the enemy. Perhaps he may get such information at Anandale as to prevent his going further; otherwise he will push on toward Fairfax. Try to get something from the direction of Manassas, either by telegram or through Franklin's scouts. Our people must move more actively, and find out where the enemy is. I am tired of guesses.*"

"*Our people must find out where the enemy*

is!" During the entire days of August 29th and 30th, the thunders of nearly three hundred pieces of artillery shook the ground under McClellan's feet. At Alexandria knew precisely where the enemy was, and where the fighting was. But Gen. McClellan could not make the discovery.

There is one grand, overruling and guiding military principle that overrides conflicting orders or supplies their total absence. It is the Napoleonic maxim—"March to the sound of the cannon." The neglect of it by Grouchy, cost the Emperor Waterloo. Has it never been heard of by Gen. McClellan?

Every drummer boy in Franklin's, Sumner's, and Cox's corps knew the situation, knew that the enemy had concentrated, knew that Pope had been fighting them for two days. Gen. McClellan alone, of all his army, did not know it, could not see it; so Halleck's last dispatch remains unanswered.

And now we are about to present the most remarkable—we weigh and emphasize the words—the most remarkable dispatch ever framed by man wearing a soldier's uniform! We pause a moment before doing it, that our readers may prepare for a sensation at once novel and painful—a pang of shame for our country and our humanity—a feeling of profound horror and contempt for the man who could perpetrate it. At 2:45 P. M., Gen. McClellan, in answer to a dispatch from the President, asking "What news from the direction of Manassas Junction," telegraphed:

"The last news I received from direction of Manassas was from stragglers, to the effect that the enemy were evacuating Centerville and retiring toward Thoroughfare Gap. This is, by no means, reliable. I am clear that one of two courses should be adopted: First—To concentrate all our available forces to open communication with Pope. Second—*To leave Pope to get out of his scrape*, and at once use all means to make the Capital perfectly safe. No middle course will now answer. Tell me what you wish me to do, and I will do all in my power to accomplish it. I wish to know what my orders and authority are. I ask for nothing, but will obey whatever orders you give. I only ask a prompt decision, that I may at once give the necessary orders. It will not do to delay longer."

Comment there can be none. Nothing short of the power of a Macauley could avail here, to do this infamy justice. And we can only feebly indicate—pointing to the "bad eminence" on which it stands—the more striking point of its weakness. The man is satisfied—for what he hopes, he would fain believe—that Pope is or will be defeated. He suggests two courses, which, after all, are substantially one and the same for he knows that Lee's junction with Jackson is certain. He can trust Porter for that. In either case he is sure "*to leave Pope to get out of his scrape*."

Consider the latter part of the dispatch in the light of the previous two days' transactions.

"Tell me what you wish me to do." Why, for two days and a half the wires have not ceased their monotonous throbbings under

the reiterated order to send Franklin forward.

"I ask for nothing, but will obey whatever orders you give."

He asks for nothing! Oh, certainly not; when just one hour and a half ago he insinuatingly dispatches—"shall I do as seems best to me with all the troops in this vicinity?"

He appears to have been left entirely without orders too! "I wish to know what my orders and authority are? No middle course will now answer. It will not do to delay longer."

This is the sublime of impudence, and ghastly work as it is, we cannot help smiling at its coolness.

But what "*scrape*" of his own was Pope to get out of? Let us see. Is he a deserter, a straggler, or some incompetent soldier who has rushed into difficulty without or against orders? How came he where he is? Thus: with a small army of 35,000 he threw himself down on the Rapidan—into the heart of the enemy, tearing of his very vitals—to compel him to lose his hold on the once noble but dispirited Army of the Potomac. He did it. McClellan's army of 91,000 effective troops was freed. The entire rebel force was precipitated on the devoted Pope. He fought them for seventeen days in seven large battles, and skirmishes innumerable, and with but small aid of troops and food for his starving men and horses, would have strangled the rebellion at Manassas. He was denied men, rations and forage. Now we see. That was the "*scrape*" Pope was left to get out of!

At 7:50 P. M., Halleck discovering that Franklin still loiters, tells McClellan:

"You will immediately send construction train and guards to repair railroad to Manassas. Let there be no delay in this. I have just been told that Franklin's corps stopped at Anandale, and that he was this evening at Alexandria. This is all contrary to my orders. Investigate and report the facts of this disobedience. That corps *must* push forward, as I directed, to protect the railroad and open our communication with Manassas."

And one hour afterward is answered by him:

"It was not safe for Franklin to move beyond Anandale, under the circumstances, until he knew what was at Vienna. Gen. Franklin remained here until about 1 P. M., endeavoring to arrange for supplies for his command. I am responsible for both these circumstances, and do not see that either was in disobedience to your orders. Please give distinct orders in reference to Franklin's movements of to-morrow."

And then, placidly, with an air of injured innocence—

"In regard to to-morrow's movements I desire definite instructions, as it is not agreeable to me to be accused of disobeying orders, when I have simply exercised the discretion committed to me."

At ten at night, he advises Halleck that he has a dispatch from Franklin, stating that *Pope is very short of provisions, and the country will not support him.*

And so closed Friday, August 29th. Pope had fought the rebel army all that day, had

driven them in defeat, and with any one of the corps of Franklin, Sumner, Cox, or Couch, would have crushed it the next morning. But Franklin, ordered to move on the 27th, with but twenty-four miles between him and the battle-field, had, at the end of three days, advanced six miles! We know of Western Regiments, who hearing, thirty miles off, the thunders of Shiloh, stopped not to ask about transportation, but rushed forward, and were grappling with the foe in twenty hours!

Saturday, August 30, 1862, at 5 A. M., Gen. Pope telegraphs Gen. Halleck:

"I think you had better send Franklin's, Cox's and Sturgis' regiments to Centerville, as also forage and subsistence. I received a note this morning from Gen. Franklin, written by order of Gen. McClellan, saying that wagons and cars would be loaded and sent to Fairfax Station as soon as I would send a cavalry escort to Alexandria to bring them out. Such a request, when Alexandria is full of troops and we fighting the enemy, needs no comment. Will you have these supplies sent without the least delay, to Centerville?"

Note that he now had a certainty Porter would fail him. Neither Sumner, Franklin, Cox, Sturgis, nor Couch were up. His men and horses were starving, and he had McClellan's assurance that he would send him no relief. Lee had joined Jackson. The bloody struggle, of the previous day was to be renewed with thinned ranks against superior forces. Self-reliant and possessed, calm and measured, he means to fight, and, in advance, is confident of his position after the battle. He knew it would be at Centerville. He would hold his ground, but could not pursue the enemy if victorious. *Have these supplies sent to Centerville?* And yet there was time, when, at 9.40, Halleck telegraphed McClellan:

"I am by no means satisfied with General Franklin's march of yesterday, considering the circumstances of the case. He was very wrong in stopping at Anandale. Moreover, I learned last night that the Quartermaster's Department could have given him plenty of transportation if he had applied for it any time since his arrival at Alexandria. He knew the importance of opening communication with General Pope's army, and should have acted more promptly."

On the 27th, McClellan makes Franklin leave his corps to come to Alexandria, in order that he (McClellan) may inform him as to his means of transportation.

On the 28th, he says Franklin is without transportation; but on the 29th instant, it appears from statement of the Quartermaster's Department, high and indisputable authority, that *neither McClellan nor Franklin ever applied for transportation.*

At 11 A. M. McClellan telegraphs:

"Have ordered Sumner to leave one brigade in the vicinity of Chain Bridge, and to move the rest, via Columbia pike, on Anandale and Fairfax Court House, if this is the route you wish them to take. He and Franklin are both instructed to join Pope as promptly as possible. Shall Couch move also when he arrives?"

With the thunder of battle in his ears, he wishes to know which way they shall

move. Halleck's answer is crushing in its retort:

"Send them where the fighting is."

And again, at 2.15 P. M., Gen. Halleck telegraphs:

"Franklin's and Sumner's corps should be pushed forward with all possible dispatch. They must use their legs and make forced marches. *Time now is everything.*"

But why go on? Given the programme, we know the play. "*Leave Pope to get out of his scrape,*" sufficiently announces that General's struggle with enemies in front, around and in rear, a struggle disgraceful to others, but glorious to him and his noble army! Here is his dispatch to Gen. Halleck on the morning after three days' fighting at Manassas:

"Our troops are all here and in position, though much used up and worn out. I think it would, perhaps, have been greatly better if Sumner and Franklin had been here three or four days ago. But you may rely upon our giving them (the enemy) as desperate a fight as I can force our men to stand up to. I should like to know whether you feel secure about Washington, should this army be destroyed. I shall fight as long as a man will stand up to the work. You must judge what is to be done, having in view the safety of the capital. The enemy is already pushing a cavalry reconnoissance in our front at Cub Run, whether in advance of an attack to day I don't yet know. I send you this that you may know our position and my purpose."

Is there any whining here about re-enforcement? Any anxiety as to getting behind the fortifications? Are not these the words of a soldier and a patriot?

During the examination of Gen. Halleck before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, he is asked this question:

"Had the Army of the Peninsula been brought to co-operate with the Army of Virginia with the utmost energy that circumstances would have permitted, in your judgment, as a military man, would it not have resulted in our victory instead of our defeat?"

His reply was:

"I thought so at the time, and still think so."

And so thinks every man who dispassionately reads this statement. Judge ye!

The Richmond Whig (Rebel), of April, 1863, says:

"A review of Gen. McClellan's career will show that the immense number of men, and the most overwhelming array of field artillery that has ever been seen upon this continent, at his command, an officer of enterprise and daring would hurt us sorely. But he did not want to fight, he sought merely to push us from one position to another by dint of enormous numbers."

M'CLELLAN BEFORE RICHMOND.

The North American (Philadelphia), of the 15th September, has the following statement from a gentleman lately in the service of the War Department. It corroborates many intimations already before the public with regard to the Chickahominy campaign:

That Gen. McClellan is loyal, after his own way of thinking, we do not doubt. That he ever meant to put down the rebellion, and that he used the forces placed at his command to that end, we do not and cannot believe. No sane person not an idiot could have held idle the overwhelming force commanded by Gen. McClellan from October, 1861, to March, 1862, if he had really desired the crushing out of the rebellion. He lay in and around Washington, hemmed in, shut up, virtually besieged, by an army not one-third so large as his own, which held the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad on his right and the Potomac on his left, confining him to a single track of railroad for all his supplies; when he might have crushed the foe in a week if he had simply tried—nay, if he alone had not peremptorily forbidden and prevented any effort by his subordinates. Who can explain such conduct? When he has tried, let him make his next essay on the following:

To the Members of the National Union Club, Philadelphia:

GENTLEMEN: I am in possession of your note, in which you ask me if I remember having made certain assertions at the rooms of the National Union Club in January last, on my return from the Rebel lines, in regard to Gen. George B. McClellan and Clement L. Vallandigham, and desiring to know if I would reiterate said statement.

I recollect perfectly well having made certain statements in regard to the two persons named, and in presence of several members of the Club.

In response to your inquiry if I would repeat said statement, I will answer you by saying: First, That while the battle before Richmond, Virginia, in 1862, was still progressing, and immediately after General McClellan had fallen back from before that city, in company with a friend, an officer in the Rebel service, who was prevented from joining his command, in the fight in question, on account of a wound received at the battle of Seven Pines, and, being provided with a special permit from the War Department at Richmond, I visited the fortifications around Richmond, and advanced to a distance of about two miles north of that city, where we met Col. Gayle, of the 12th Alabama (Rebel) regiment, who was a particular friend of the officer in whose company I was; also Lieut.-Col. Pickens, of the same regiment, with whom I had the advantage of a personal acquaintance. The Colonel was superintending the disinterment of a number of cases of U. S. rifles, which lay buried in the ground, and in rows, the soil heaped over them as if they were graves. Four of the cases of rifles were already unburied when I reached the spot, and I had the (to me unpleasant) satisfaction of handling some of these guns, which had already been taken out of the cases.

I heard Colonel Gayle say that the interment of these guns was known at the War Department (Rebel) even before McClellan's retreat from before that city.

On the inquiry of my friend and Dr. Kelly, of the Rebel army, from Colonel Gayle, if he thought it had been intended that said guns should fall into the hands of the Confeder-

ates, the Colonel answered in the affirmative and concluded by saying, "Mac's all right."

Not more than a hundred yards distant from this spot, Lieutenant Colonel Pickens pointed out a number of ambulances—two hundred and ten in number—and he said he had assisted at their capture, and that, when captured, the horses belonging to said ambulances were hitched, some to trees and some to the rear of the ambulances. As I was in the employ of the United States, it was my business to gather as much information in regard to military matters as possible, and, on my inquiry of Colonel Pickens if he thought these ambulances had been intended to be in the same "bargain" as the rifles, he said: "I don't see what else they should have been intended for, for they were just where you see them, and the horses hitched as you see them, while the fight was going on right here."

Presently some whisky was handed round, and we all drank a toast to "Little Mac."

About the month of April of the same year, as I was going from Richmond to Mobile, in company with Lieut. Wiltz and Dr. Knood of Missouri, and Dr. Foutleroy of Virginia, the two latter gentlemen being of the Rebel General Price's staff, we met with Brigadier General Watson of Alabama. Gen. Watson said in my presence that then, or at any time after the war, he could give satisfactory proof that George B. McClellan, of the Federal army, at the outbreak of the rebellion and during the preliminary arrangements for the organization of the Confederate army, had offered his services to the Confederate Government, but that as the Confederate Government had resolved to give rank in preference to officers formerly in the United States service, according to seniority of rank, they could not give to McClellan what he desired, as other officers ranked him in seniority; and that McClellan, having become offended at this, then offered his services to the United States.

In December, 1862, I had occasion to call on Governor Shorter, of Alabama, who was then sojourning at the Huntsville Hotel, Huntsville, Alabama. Governor Shorter introduced me to General Watson, who was present. The General recognized me immediately. And, as the Governor resumed a conversation with another person in the room, I, while in conversation with the General, had occasion to refer to our trip to Mobile, and I purposely brought about the conversation in reference to General McClellan, and General Watson reiterated the statement he had previously made in regard to McClellan.

In regard to Clement L. Vallandigham, the Ohio traitor, I will say that during his sojourn at Richmond he was repeatedly closeted with Jeff. Davis, James A. Seddon; the Rebel Secretary of War, and Judah P. Benjamin, the Rebel Secretary of State.

During my visit to Richmond at that epoch, I learned from reliable sources (Rebel officials) that this Ohio traitor had pledged his word to the Rebel authorities that if the Democratic party in the North succeeded in electing *their candidate* at the

next Presidential election, he would use all his influence to obtain peace on the basis of a recognition of the Confederate States as a *separate and independent government*.

Moreover, during my stay at Richmond, having called on Mr. Benjamin, the Secretary of State, with a view to obtain an interview on business of a private character, I was told by an official in attendance at the Department of State—who of course believed me to be a loyal confederate—that it was uncertain when I could chance to see Mr. Benjamin, and that as the visitor of Mr. Benjamin was Mr. Vallandigham, whom this official styled the *Ohio refugee*, the conference might be protracted to a late hour. On that day, although I waited until after the hour for transacting business at that department, I did not get to see Mr. Benjamin.

At that time, divers were the rumors in private circles among the rebels that Vallandigham had pledged himself to the Confederate cause. Of this the War Department at Washington was informed in a report made by me and other government agents.

Great were the expectations of the Rebels during my last visit within their lines, if this Vallandigham faction succeeded in electing their candidate to the Presidency.

Let it be remembered that this Vallandigham faction are the men who seek to elect George B. McClellan to an office which none but loyal men should fill.

Very respectfully, yours, &c.,

EMILLE BOURLIER.

Philadelphia, Sept. 14, 1864.

More Confirmation of the Gunboat Story.

[From the Detroit Advertiser and Tribune.]

We give below a letter from Dr. O. J. Bissell, late Surgeon of the United States steamer Jacob Bell, and a copy of a portion of his journal. The letter is addressed to one of the most prominent and respected citizens of this State, who knows the writer well, and vouches for his truth and respectability. More than this, the writer of the letter made the same statements to other gentlemen of high character in this State and elsewhere, very soon after the occurrence of the events, to which it refers. Read this transcript from his journal carefully, and then say, if you can, that Fernando Wood is wrong in saying that "*intelligent and honest peace men do not concur in the opinion that McClellan will continue the war if elected.*"

GRAND RAPIDS, Oct. 3, 1864.

DEAR SIR: Agreeably to your request I have made a copy of my journal of June 30, 1862, which I read to you some days since. I cannot consent to let the original, which you desired, to pass from my possession, although any person can have the privilege of seeing it by calling on me. All the material facts I wrote to my wife at the time, but the letter was handed to different persons and now it cannot be found, although those who read it recollect the facts.

I also in October, 1862, gave the leading facts to Gen. Garfield and Secretary Chase, and several others. I will make affidavit to the facts and statements made in the jour-

nal, and the log-book of the Jacob Bell contains the evidence of all the facts.

I am, sir, your most obed't servant,

O. J. BISSELL,

Late Surgeon of U. S. S. Jacob Bell.

Extract from the Journal referred to in the foregoing letter.

June 30, 1862.

Soon after our arrival at City Point, we learned that Gen. McClellan, with his army, had arrived at Turkey Bend, and we got under way and stood up the river, arriving at Turkey Bend about noon. The north bank was lined with soldiers washing and bathing, or filling their canteens. In the distance was heard the thunder of cannon.

Lieut. McCrea inquired of some of the soldiers where Gen. McClellan was. He was informed that his headquarters were about half a mile distant. McCrea called for his gig and went on shore. In about an hour the coxswain returned and told the steward the Captain wanted him to send a dozen bottles of whisky. The whisky was given the coxswain in a basket. At about 3 P. M. the firing became very brisk, and soon McCrea hailed the United States steamship Galena, a boat was sent, and the Captain, with Gen. McClellan, the Prince de Joinville, Prince de Paris (Count), Duke de Chartres, and an officer who I understood was Chief of Artillery (he was not in uniform), came on board the Galena. The United States steamship Jacob Bell at the time was turning the Galena's bow up stream, as we were about starting up the river to shell the Charles City road.

The Galena, Jacob Bell and Aroostook stood up the river to a point from which we could reach that road with our shell. The Galena occupied the center of the stream, with the Jacob Bell lapping up her stern. All our guns were brought to bear upon the road, a signal officer being on the lookout of the Galena, giving and receiving signals from the shore, in order to give the proper direction to our guns. General McClellan was on the "Lookout" a short time. At about 2½ P. M., the fire in that direction began to slacken, and the vessels stood down to the point from which we started, the old ferry. Before we got under way, Gen. McClellan, with the Princes, came on board the Jacob Bell.

After an introduction of the General and staff to the officers of the Jacob Bell present, McClellan said, "My army is demoralized, and I shall be compelled to surrender or capitulate this afternoon or to-night, and I must have a gunboat to take the Princes to Fortress Monroe immediately"—that it would not be safe to send them on a transport. McCrea replied that Capt. Rogers said he could not spare a gunboat. The General and Princes insisted on a gunboat. Much conversation took place between the General and the Princes and McCrea, myself being present, and a part of the time a correspondent of the New York Times, as I afterward learned. McClellan and the Princes agreed that the Federal cause, as they called it, had failed, and the Government would have to acknowledge the Southern Confederacy.

The result, if the Princes should be taken prisoners, owing to their European rela-



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