

MORNING STAR, THE DAILY NEWS
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The bread was raw, the beef unfit for a dog to eat, and the rice was burnt. I waited three days, and as there was no effort made to improve the quality of the cookery, I threatened to thrash the cook; and for this offence—one or the other, I don't know which—I have been in five days, "feasting" on stale bread and muddy water." "Turn him out, turn him out," said the kind old General to the officer in attendance. "Send the lad back to his post, and have the food properly cooked hereafter. When there is no fighting going on, nor danger at hand, cooking may be done in camp as well as elsewhere. A soldier's life is hard enough at best, and men can't live on raw food."

Hancock's Bright Prospects. [Brooklyn Eagle, Dem.] As I said, as I said, my name is Jolly Dick, my name is Jolly Dick, As I said, I see my jolly craft Into port and then I laugh, And a breaker big I quaff, As I said.

I am shouting for the boys, As I said, as I said, And for Garfield make a noise, As I said.

But I may become undone— Civil service order once May extinguish all my fun, As I said.

—Ohioan Republican

Reminiscences of Gen. Lee.

By FANNIE ROPER FEUDER.

From Religious Herald.

During the occupation of Savannah, by Union forces, I heard two Union soldiers discussing the personal and social habits of General Lee, in connection with his military career. Both, of course, were familiar with the public career; but, one of the officers knew General Lee personally, and the other, who had never seen him, was curious to learn something of the appearance and private traits of a man so idolized by the people of his own section. "What is he like?" was the question I heard first, and I felt curious to know the answer. "He came promptly, with unspoken manliness: 'A plain man, very quiet, modest, and unassuming; but unquestionably fine looking, of noble presence, and soldierly qualities, for all that; and there's more in him, a great deal, than words can print; for, were a child lost and frightened, to look around for protection among a crowd of a thousand, with General Lee at the number, the little one would run instinctively to the arms of the brave old soldier; nor would the result prove that the child had overestimated the character of the man.'"

A Northern soldier belonging to the army of the Potomac, who had been taken prisoner and exchanged, was asked by his comrades, after his return to his old command, what he thought of General Lee. "He is one of Nature's own noblemen—a man and a soldier, every inch of him!" was the enthusiastic reply. "And I tell you, comrades, his own men love him so well, that if we could only win General Lee over to our side, this fraternal war would be ended. For there's never a man south of the Potomac that would turn his arms against the grand old General who is a father to them all, and wouldn't see the weakest or even the worst man amongst them wronged or ill-used. They all feel toward him as his children would, and, well, may they be proud of such a father."

One more incident, received by the writer from a member of the battalion referred to, will conclude this sketch.

Among the Confederate troops stationed off the Georgia coast, at a time when General Lee paid an official visit to Savannah, for the purpose of inspecting the troops and general belongings of the Southern army, was a certain battalion that did most effective service in Virginia and elsewhere, and which was noted alike for gallant officers and brave men. The commander was unquestionably a good soldier, but a man of austere manners, and extremely punctilious in regard to all the requirements of military discipline. As he manifested little sympathy for those of his men, few of whom understood him; and when, for slight delinquencies, it was thought necessary to "make examples" of some who had shown themselves brave and true men, a murmur of discontent ran along the ranks. This

excessive severity of discipline instead of proving "a terror to the evil doers," incited them rather to more frequent acts of insubordination; and the guard-house was soon untenanted.

When, after his visit to head quarters, General Lee began his rounds, he asked to look in the "look up," and this he found quite too well filled for the reputation of a battalion, of which he had uniformly heard, so fair a record. "What are those men? Are they cowards or deserts?" Gen.

Lee asked of the young officer who was showing him around. The officer was constrained to admit that they were neither cowardly, nor undisciplined, but were for the most part confined to small acts of insubordination, such as complaining of the rations given, sitting up after "taps," bathing and fishing in bays without permission, and absenting themselves from camp without leave.

"Faults growing out of the annual and idleness of camp-life," said the General. "Better to keep these youngsters busy, of give them something to do, than make them worse by confinement, with nothing to do, day after day, except to brood over their grievances." Then, calling the delinquents forward, he questioned each in turn as to the cause of his incarceration. "Well, my lad, did you do it?" he asked of the first, a slender youth of eighteen or less, who had not yet attained to the vigor of manhood, nor been long enough under military rule to accept willingly all the hardships—necessary and unnecessary—thereby entailed.

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