

itself was out on picket, in front of Fair Oaks, with headquarters pitched near Fair Oaks, just south of the railroad. After showing the order to me and others, the adjutant-general (C. K. Hall, now deceased) mounted his horse and rode to the front to promulgate it to the regiments of the brigade (the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th New Jersey and the 2d New York). What became of this order afterward I do not know, but suppose it was destroyed, with most of the official desks and papers of the brigade, near Bristow Station, Virginia, in the August following, when Stonewall Jackson got possession of the railroad there, in the rear of Pope, and burned several hundred cars, including the baggage of our brigade. But the substance of the order I entered in my "Army Journal" a few days subsequent to the issue of it, and it is recorded there as follows:

On the night of Saturday above mentioned (June 28, 1862), about dark, we received orders from army headquarters to load the trains with ammunition and subsistence, to destroy all trunks and surplus baggage, to abandon all camp equipage but not to burn it, and to decamp across White Oak Swamp, in the direction of James River, with as much expedition as possible. . . . Ordered headquarters train to gear up, then galloped to the regiments and directed regimental quartermasters to report with their trains to me near Savage's Station as soon as possible. Then returned to camp, and proceeded to arrange for the skedaddle. Resolved to save all private baggage and official papers at headquarters at any rate, and packed my train accordingly. . . . This done, I packed three tents, and abandoned the rest (only three), first cutting them to pieces, and with this exception loaded up everything. About 11 P. M. bade the staff "good-bye," and soon after 12 M. reached the plain by Savage's Station.

My recollection is that the "order" came by telegraph, and read about as follows:

The general commanding directs that the trains be loaded with ammunition and subsistence, and dispatched as promptly as possible by Savage's Station, across White Oak Swamp, in the direction of James River. All trunks and private baggage, and all camp equipage, will be abandoned and destroyed, but not burned. The general commanding trusts his brave troops will bear these privations with their wonted fortitude, as it will be but for a few days.

In obedience to this order, all of the regiments of our brigade abandoned and destroyed their camp equipage, and most of their private baggage, such as officers' trunks, valises, etc., as well as a large amount of new army clothing just received. The First and Second Brigades of the division received the same order, and of course obeyed it in the same way. Trunks and valises were knocked and hacked to pieces; clothing was cut and torn to rags; tents were ripped and slit to ribbons. Our wall, Sibley, and hospital tents — many almost new — were cut and ripped, and the poles chopped to pieces, but nothing was set on fire that night, lest the enemy should learn of our movement prematurely. Next morning, when the troops fell back to Savage's Station, fire was set to many things, including the commissary depot at Fair Oaks.

That extraordinary order certainly was "issued" and "promulgated" to Hooker's division of the Third Army Corps, and hence, I presume, to the rest of the corps. The truth, I think, is that it was promulgated to the Third Corps, and perhaps to another, but not to the rest of the army, because of the vigorous protests of Colonel Alexander and others, who saw its demoralizing tendency at a glance.

TRENTON, N. J.

II. BY GEORGE E. CORSON.

ON the twenty-eighth day of June, 1862, I was commissary sergeant, and acting quartermaster sergeant, of the first battalion, 17th regiment, United States Infantry, and as such on that date was with the wagon train of Sykes's division of Porter's corps, which was parked near and a little to the south-east of Savage's Station. About 5 or 6 o'clock in the afternoon of the 28th the quartermasters in charge of the train received orders to empty the wagons under their charge of the baggage of the officers and men, and of all camp equipage, and to destroy the same at once by burning. The order was immediately executed. All the personal effects of the officers, consisting of their clothing, bedding, mess-chests, etc., the knapsacks of the men, — left by them in our camp at Gaines's Mill on the morning of the 26th, when the troops were ordered off in light marching order in the direction of Mechanicsville, and which had been brought along in our wagons, — and the tents and other camp equipage, were removed from the wagons, made into large piles, and set on fire.

Strict orders were given the teamsters, guards, and others on duty with the train not to rifle, interfere with, or attempt to save from the flames any of the effects of the officers or men, though it was known that many of the officers' valises and knapsacks contained money, watches, revolvers, and other valuables. One or more of the teamsters or train-guard were, of my personal knowledge, wounded by the discharge of loaded revolvers from the burning piles. I narrowly escaped the same fate myself, while superintending the destruction of the property in my charge. After completing this destruction the now empty train was taken to Savage's Station and there loaded with hard-bread, pork, coffee, sugar, and other commissary stores. The remaining commissary stores, among which there was said to be three hundred barrels of whisky, and the vast amount of quartermaster's stores which had been accumulated at the station for the use of the army, were set on fire, and by the light of the great conflagration our train wended its way towards the James River.

It will be seen from these facts that the order of General McClellan, referred to by Colonel Alexander, was promulgated in the afternoon of June 28, to the officers in charge of the wagon-trains in the immediate vicinity of Savage's Station, to the great loss and hardship at least of the officers and men of Sykes's division; but whether said order was intended for the whole army, or made known to them, I never knew, and have no means of determining. Having assisted in executing the order, and the recollection of the scenes connected therewith being among the most vivid of my memories of the war, I was surprised, when I read Colonel Alexander's statement, to find that any officer connected with McClellan's headquarters should be ignorant of the fact that the order was promulgated and duly executed.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

#### The Abuse of Applause.

ONE of the canons of art insisted upon by Richard Wagner as an essential reform was that all applause during the acting of a drama or an opera was to be censured as interfering with the purpose of the represen-

tation. Take any one of our performances of Italian opera in recent years and consider for a moment the absurdities of the audience heaped upon the absurdities of the stage. We have each act interrupted by applause half a dozen times, and for the most frivolous reasons. When the chief singers of the evening come upon the stage for the first time the house breaks out into applause, no matter what is going on at the time; when the soprano shrieks out her highest note and the ushers trot down the aisle burdened with floral harps, ships, anchors, and other devices of the kind known in newspaper vernacular as trophies, the *Juliet*, *Lucia*, or *Amina* of the evening forgets her despair long enough to receive the flowers with an expression of counterfeit amazement and many smiles of gratitude. The same performance is gone through by the tenor, and perhaps by the baritone. Viewed seriously, it is a farce, for which nothing can be said. Thanks to Wagner's protests, many attempts have been made to remedy these absurdities; but, outside of the notable performances at Baireuth and some other German towns, little has been effected. In New York, until recently, we have had to suffer under the worst of such abuses. Under Mr. Mapleson's régime we had the flowers, the applause right in the middle of an act, the ten or twelve recalls after the performance.

This winter, in the course of the French plays at Palmer's Theater, the same thing was observed. Possibly in the case of a theatrical performance there is less to be said in excuse than where an opera is concerned, for music implies something peculiarly artificial. Think of the absurdity of it all. Take, for instance, Dumas's "Camille." Here we have a dramatist striving to create an illusion. We have a young woman who dies of grief and consumption after a stormy career. The play traces her life through some of its most stirring and pathetic passages. Every act closes with a dramatic incident. Notwithstanding that the whole work of the dramatist and the actors is intended to produce in the audience an illusion, the curtain is raised after every act, and *Camille* appears bowing and smiling, evidently in the best of spirits and full of good-will towards every one. In other words, what has just been built up with so much care and hard work is knocked down again. If we take the case of opera, the same criticism holds good. The singers work hard to fill us with sympathy for some unfortunate person who goes mad and dies, as does *Lucia*, or who stabs himself, as does *Edgar*. But after harrowing up the feelings of the audience, these people come forward and virtually say that it is all a joke, and that *Lucia* is going forth to refresh herself with beer.

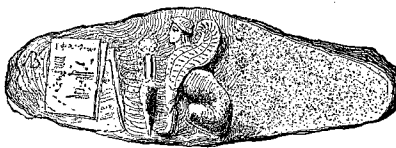
Against such absurdity Wagner inveighed. He tried to the best of his ability to make his art a serious one. That he succeeded no better is no proof of the fallacy of his position, but rather of the persistent wrong-

headedness of the Philistines. I take it that any one who goes to the Metropolitan Opera House and hears such noble masterpieces as "Tristan," "Die Walküre," or "Die Götterdämmerung" goes away profoundly impressed with the dramatic story. There, at least, no singer is allowed to notice the audience while the act is going on, and not one of the noted German artists whom we have had among us of late years — Frau Lehmann, Herr Niemann, Herr Fischer, and others — pays the slightest attention to the indiscreet applause which greets their entrance upon the stage for the first time during the evening. Nevertheless the practice of allowing the singers to come forward at the end of an act in order to bow their thanks to the audience still obtains. It seems to me that this also should be done away with. If we object to the audience breaking in upon the music and drowning it out with their applause, it is because such vicious practices destroy the illusion which the poet and the composer are striving to produce. Does not the appearance of the singer between the acts destroy this illusion? Take any one of Wagner's dramas. We have persons supposed to be in love with each other, or in deadly enmity, coming forward hand in hand between the acts; and in the case of many of the master's works we have, at the end of the opera, a lot of dead persons waking up in order to bow their thanks again and again.

In order to maintain the poetic illusion, there ought to be no appearance of the singers or actors of the evening except during the acts and in their characters. Neither between the acts nor after the final fall of the curtain ought the singers to be seen; they ought never to remind us that we have not been listening to *Wotan*, to *Siegfried*, and to *Brunnhilda*. We ought not to be compelled to take into consideration Herr Fischer, Herr Niemann, or Frau Lehmann. I admit that many persons will cry out that this is unfair to the public and to the artists. How are these admirers of Wagner's operas and of the work done by these great singers to testify their admiration? This is very true; and yet the public ought to be trained to rest satisfied with applause at the end of an act or at the end of a performance. In the case of an opera the conductor may be considered as the representative of the performers, and Herr Seidl may bow his thanks. In the case of a symphony concert the members of the orchestra do not rise to answer the applause. If any one can make out a valid defense for such sins against art as the appearance of the dead *Siegfried* and *Brunnhilda* bowing and smiling at the end of "Die Götterdämmerung," I should like to hear it.

Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

YORK CATHEDRAL.—On page 731 of the March CENTURY a distant view of Durham Cathedral was accidentally inserted as a view of York Minster.—EDITOR.



## BRIC-À-BRAC.

### Arcady.

(ON SEEING THE WORD IN A BOOK OF CRITICISMS.)

ARCADY! the word has made  
The rain, the mist, the rabble fade,  
And in a corner of a copse,  
Playing on his oaten stops,  
Tityrus ripples rounds of song  
Forever to a tiptoe throng.

'T was in a book of empty phrase  
Where truth was hunted through a maze  
That shut the sky out, tall and dark,  
Of little leaf and withered bark:  
There, weary with the flying skirt  
Of beauty doubling through the dirt,  
I came, as one at top of hill,  
Sudden, on meadow, lawn, and rill.

See how the green slopes to a vale;  
The leafage bends to a little gale  
Of breeze, that seems to be the print  
Of some light-walking spirit in 't;  
See how, outside the tilting trees,  
The grass grows up to the shepherd's knees,  
And how within their rings of shade  
The floor hath rugs of leafy braid;  
And here, below the even boughs,  
Look slanting down and see the cows  
At pick and bite about the dell  
And dairymaids at the willowed well.

And were it better pipe unheard  
Feeding of honey and clean curd,  
Corn, and the fruits the breezes pull  
When autumn limbs are bending full —  
Lusty of thew and tanned of face  
From sun-kiss and the air's embrace —  
Loving the thatchen eaves of home  
Where swallows build and crickets come,  
And voices of the melting night  
Sing thought too sacred for the light?  
Yea, were it better flute unheard  
Than build and build the Babel word,  
That, neighboring some unlooked-for sky,  
Falls into dust nor knows not why?

God wot! And yet that word to me  
Outsweetens knowledge — Arcady!

*Harrison S. Morris.*

### At the Sign of the Blind Cupid.

WHEN blushing cheeks and downcast eyes  
Set all the heart aflame,  
When love within a dimple lies  
And constancy 's a name,  
Since every lass is passing fair,  
Cupid must fly and see;  
And, lightly flitting here and there,  
A wingéd boy is he.

When creeping years steal on apace  
And youth and vigor go,  
When time with wrinkles marks the face  
And strews the hair with snow,  
Ah, then no wingéd boy is he;  
But strong-limbed and complete,  
With blinded eyes that need not see,  
Since memory guides his feet.

*Walter Learned.*

### The Toast.

DREAM not I hold too dear  
The gleam of yonder shooting star,  
One moment shining near,  
The next fading afar.

You touched your glass to mine  
In careless, half-regretfulness,  
But while you drank the wine,  
I drank forgetfulness!

*Margaret Crosby.*

### Paragraphs from the German of Friedrich Nietzsche.

To owe gratitude oppresses a coarse nature; to receive it, oppresses a fine one.

SOCIALISM is the fantastical younger brother of a nearly spent despotism whose inheritance he claims.

To correct one's style means to correct one's thought — nothing else.

COWARDICE is the greatest giver of alms.

TRUTH has never yet proved fatal to any one; there are too many antidotes.

PREJUDICE is a more dangerous enemy to Truth than Falsehood.

THERE is not enough religion in the world to admit of the annihilation of religions.

NOT when it is dangerous to tell the truth will she lack a prophet, but only when it is tiresome.

THE gardens of modern poetry too often betray a nearness to the drains of the cities.

MOST writers think badly, for they give us not only their thoughts, but the labor of their thoughts.

FOR many natures it is as much a duty of cleanliness to change opinions as to change clothes.

To treat everybody with equal benevolence may be an evidence of deep scorn as well as of deep love.

*Helen Watterson.*

### Ad Astra.

BLOSSOM, little stars, and fill  
The garden of the sky;  
Drops of wine that you distil  
Upon the grasses lie.

Every thirsty blade holds up  
A blessing to the blue,  
Every green spear fills its cup  
With heaven's cooling dew.

Blossom, little stars of love,  
In my beloved's heart;  
Blossom like the stars above,  
And study well that chart.

Far beneath you there is one  
Who dares a cup to raise:  
He has thirsted in the sun  
These many dreary days.

Blossom, blossom soon, and bring  
Love's gladness and the wine  
That shall nourish hopes that spring  
Up in this heart of mine.

*Frank Dempster Sherman.*