

shall have no further annoyance from us. That we have been a source of trouble and expence to you for nearly five years I need not tell you; but your trouble is now at an end. We had a very different object in view from keeping you in alarm. Those of us who intended to fight will now take care of the *talking patriots*, who would buy a cheap notoriety by keeping up the appearance of preparing for a fight which it is their intent shall never come off. In a word we will put an end to the humbug of a "Fenian invasion of Canada," at least as long as you keep out of difficulty at home and abroad. You are satisfied with the English Government, and that the English flag should float over, I will not say protect you; that is henceforth your business, not ours. There are many of our countrymen amongst you happy and contented, who no doubt were bitterly opposed to our plan of freeing Ireland, while some others might entertain a different opinion. We now desire to live at peace with you and them, and when you commence house keeping on your own account, if you should send us a pressing invitation, we will be pleased to visit you, or, if you should prefer to join the great family of Uncle Sam, we will be delighted to receive and recognize you as brothers. As for the trouble and expence we have been to you of late, what have you actually lost? Nothing. Look at your condition from a military standpoint five years ago and look at it now. I repeat it, you have lost nothing; and I would respectfully suggest that you place on the credit side of that little account on your ledger of five million of dollars, which the newspapers say you are going to present to Uncle Sam as indemnity for losses sustained in resisting Fenian invasions, twenty millions gained in military prestige, you will still have fifteen millions to your credit. This proceeding will be much more sensible than to prove your ingratitude to Uncle Sam by presenting him the above bill, for he has been a good friend of yours on two occasions within the recollection of the present generation.

## HIS RELEASE.

Although sentenced to two years' imprisonment, I did not expect to remain in confinement that length of time. Neither did I at first look for so early a release, until I heard the numerous petitions gotten up in almost every section of the country, signed by all classes of citizens. The first of which I had any knowledge was stated in St. Louis, and presented to the President in person, on the occasion of his visit to that city, by Mayor Cole, Judge Daily, Hon. Erasmus Wells, and others. Afterwards when such men as Generals B. F. Butler and N. P. Banks of Massachusetts, Gen. Schenck of Ohio, Hon. James M. Cavanagh of Montana, Hon. Horace Greeley and Hon. Thomas Murphy of New York, and hundreds of the best men of the country, as well as numerous organizations, interested themselves in the matter, I knew that, as these parties represented the wish of the nation would feel justified in granting our release, and on receipt of the following letter was satisfied that we had not much longer to remain in prison.

New York, October 4, 1870.

GEN. JOHN O'NEIL.

DEAR SIR. Although I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you, I sympathized with you in your misfortune and imprisonment. I thought that the time had come for your liberation, and that I would do something towards it. A week ago I spoke to Mr. Greeley about you and your fellow prisoners. He told me he would use all his influence for you; but as he was

going to the West the next day, he had not time until his return. But Mr. Greeley told me to go to Thomas Murphy, Collector of the Port of New York, and say to him that Mr. Greeley wanted him to act in your behalf immediately. I did so. Mr. Murphy took hold of the matter earnestly; saw President Grant about the matter last Friday, who said, that immediately on his return to Washington, he would issue a proclamation for your release. You may expect it every moment; but keep this private until you receive it. Many others interested themselves in the matter; Gen. Woodford, Gen. Porter, and your friends of the "Irish Republican Central Club of New York." After your liberation I would like to meet you some afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at Sweeney's Hotel, New York.

Your friend,

THOMAS MCGEEHAN.

247 E. 30th St., New York.

When the President got to Washington the indictments on which we were tried were written for, and, as soon as they arrived, and the necessary papers could be made out, our pardons were granted. I now beg to return my sincere thanks on behalf of myself and fellow prisoners, to the numerous parties who interested themselves in procuring our release.

## WAR LESSONS FOR VOLUNTEERS.

## THE GERMAN FIELD POST.

Amongst the commonest abuses was the sending home of dirty linen of a small size, such as socks, pocket handkerchiefs, and the like, which not only added considerably to the weight of the bags, but were in no way conducive to the cleanliness of their contents. Others had half-a-dozen cigars sent in a letter, and some ounces of tobacco in another; a pipe has not unfrequently been the contents of one; and one loving father sent his boy a pound of butter, neatly wrapped up in a large envelope, and addressed to "Hermann Schwotzky, Jun., 20th Regiment." The condition of the letters that shared the same bag may be imagined.

## A DRUM HEAD COMMUNION.

The drum altar was erected under a large tree on the borders of the forest; the regiment stood in the form of a horseshoe on the mountain slope, the band at my side. The echo of our singing and the chorale, sounded remarkably sweet, especially while the band played "Jesus my trust" during the celebration of the Lord's Supper. There were nearly 600 who took part in the communion. Two hundred men in double file stepped forward simultaneously, forming themselves into a half-circle; a soldier accompanied me carrying a jug of wine, as I passed up and down their ranks, and in this way the service proceeded rapidly. Those who had partaken of the supper sat quietly in the shade at the border of the forest, and at the concluding prayer closed in again in a large circle around the altar. It was the most impressive celebration of the Lord's Supper that I have ever witnessed. Some of the officers stepped up to me with tears in their eyes, and acknowledged that since their confirmation they had never been so moved by any communion service as by this one on the field of battle.—*From the Chaplain at the Field of War.*

## LOOTING THE CHAPLAIN.

The Prince (Luitpold of Bavaria) asked to see his authority, which was most willingly produced for his inspection. He found it satisfactory, and said "You may pass through." No sooner had the Prince said this than he noticed the stately horse which

belonged to the field preacher, and had it taken away. The minister calmly remonstrated against this, appealing to the German compact. But the Prince replied abruptly "The horse is branded, and not private property, it belongs to the King of Prussia, and is therefore a prize of war." All the pleadings of the field preacher, and the reference he had made to the services which he had rendered to the Protestant Bavarians in the hospital, were of no avail. The Prince answered "You hold an office which is indeed honorable, and in which I wish you God's blessing, but the horse belongs to me. He further added "The Prussians have taken away the horse belonging to my adjutant, and therefore I must hold myself blameless as to this." Some of the officers also said ironically "Parson, you will find walking more agreeable to you than riding." There was nothing for it but to yield and go forward on foot, and pick up such conveyance as could be found.—*From the Chaplain at the Field of War.*

## A GERMAN CAMP SERMON.

Referring to religion, who was this, think you, that came running to the front with white hair and black skirts flying behind him on the wind? The divisional chaplain good cleric of England—a big bottle in one hand and a prayer-book in the other. The bottle contained a cordial; no man needs to be told what kind of cordial the prayer-book contained. I wish you could afford space for a translation of all the prayers in this little war gospel. The army chaplains have compiled a variety of short and simple prayers for the troops in various circumstances. There is one for men on the *feldwacht*, another, pure and pathetic in its beautiful simplicity, for the *wunde*. And no doubt Herr Pastor, as he went to the front amid the hail-storm of bullets, had his finger on the page on which this prayer is printed. The good man was out of breath, and he had a smear of clay on his shoulder, for as he gaspingly told me, his horse had already been shot under him. When next I saw him, he was behind a wall in *Grandes Tapes* among a group of prostrate men, and he was lifting up his voice in prayer amidst the roar of artillery.

By special request of the troops stationed in Retonfay, there was divine service in a meadow in the vicinity of the village. The division chaplain officiated, and the brigadier general was present with his staff. It was a fine sight to see the four battalions, numbering as many thousand men, drawn up in a hollow square, with the clergyman and the regimental band in the centre. The service commenced with a hymn, in which all the troops joined with fervor. This was followed by the liturgy, with full choral service. Then the minister preached a kind of informal sermon. He selected no scripture text, his text was the duty of a Christian soldier in war time. His words evidently came from the heart, and as evidently went to the heart. When he spoke of the friends at home longing for tidings from the front and yet half afraid to hear them, lest they should learn that the loved ones had fallen in battle, many were the heads bent down on the manly chests, and many a gallant soldier held his hand before his eyes to hide the starting tear. It was remarkable what an effect the chaplain's words had in stimulating correspondence when the service was over. Round each *feldwebel* there was quite a little crowd eager to obtain the "correspondence cards" on which the troops mostly write their brief epistles, and the post corporal had enough to do to carry the great bag with which he went over to the field post in Flauville.