

## NORTHWARD, HO!

## A GOD-SPEED TO THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

(From Punch.)

Yet once again the Sea-kings' blood  
Stirs in the adventurous island brood;  
Yet once again our peaked prows  
Point northward gaily.  
And, rising from the Solent shore,  
In as right hearty British roar  
As e'er did English echoes to ice,  
Sounds forth our Vale!

Yet not as a sad or last farewell,  
Whose sound is like a parting knell,  
But as a jubilant God-speed  
Our "good-bye" follows  
The lessening hulks, whose hoped-for goal  
Is the ice-girded Arctic pole,  
And thence when pluck has won its meed,  
Back; like the swallows.

Southward again, and safe, we hope,  
To see your ships' white pinions slope,  
Helped by a happy homeward breeze,  
That secret bearing  
Which still the chill grey warders hold,  
Spite of all seekers, stout and bold,  
Whom yet the far and frozen seas  
Have fired with daring.

Hurrah! The cry is "Northward, Ho!"  
Chill-washing wave, and frozen doe,  
Are cheerily challenged once again  
By brain and muscle  
Of British breed; and now not aught  
That science's fore-reaching thought  
Can shape, there lacks to arm the twain  
For Titan tussle.

We know the North has taken tithes  
Of English blood ere now; yet blithe  
Is every heart that dares and shares  
The strife, the glory.  
On then! for, hap what happen may,  
This chance shall not be cast away,—  
To write our names with gallant Nares  
In English story!

Where stainless Franklin strove and fell,  
To die were surely more than well;  
And if capricious fortune crown  
A kindred merit,—  
Though later yet, not greater,—then  
There is no fear that history's pen  
Will miss or mar the fair renown  
We shall inherit.

Two million miles, untracked, unknown,  
Lie in that ice-girt Arctic Zone;  
Or which, as yet the Knot's\* wild wing  
Alone hath travelled.  
Our Argonauts will urge their quest;  
And hope is high in every breast.  
The White World's Secret back to bring,  
At last unravelled.

God-speed! may England's parting cheers,  
Ring high and hopeful in your ears,  
'Midst all the unknown frets and fears,  
Before you lying.  
God speed! We wish you bravely back,  
Safe from the frozen Polar pack,  
Leaving our British Union Jack  
O'er the pole flying?

\* *Fringa canutus*.—a bird whose nidification is conjectured to take place further northward than explorers have yet penetrated.

## The Sherman Autobiography.

We continue this week our extracts from General Sherman's book, the general and intense interest aroused therein among his old Army comrades convincing us that they will be relished and appreciated by our readers. The fact is that the whole work is so full of racy life that it is difficult to refrain from quoting it bodily, and not a dull chapter is to be found in it. The estimates of personal character of different generals are never unduly severe, and it is observable that Sherman never criticises his superiors, and always prefers to supplement his own opinions by those of his superior officers. Apropos of General Hooker and his troubles and dissatisfaction in the Western Army, he quotes a letter from General Halleck, of Sept. 16, 1864:

"Hooker certainly made a mistake in leaving before the capture of Atlanta. I understand that, when here, he said that you would fail; your army was discouraged

and dissatisfied, etc., etc. He is most unmeasured in his abuse of me. I enclose you a specimen of what he publishes in Northern papers, wherever he goes. They are dictated by himself and written by W. B. and such worthies. The funny part of the business is that I had nothing whatever to do with his being relieved on either occasion. Moreover, I have never said anything to the President or Secretary of War to injure him in the slightest degree, and he knows that perfectly well. His animosity arises from another source. He is aware that I know some things about his character and conduct in California, and, fearing that I may use that information against him, he seeks to ward off its effect by making it appear that I am his personal enemy, am jealous of him, etc. I know of no other reason for his hostility to me. He is well come to abuse me as much as he pleases; I don't think it will do him much good, or me much harm. I know very little of General Howard, but believe him to be a true, honorable man. Thomas is also a noble old war-horse. It is true, as you say, that he is slow, but he is always sure. I have seen enough of politics here to last me for life. You are right in avoiding them. McClellan may possibly reach the White House, but he will lose the respect of all honest, high minded patriots, by his affiliation with such traitors, and Copperheads as B—, V—, W—, S—, and Co. He would not stand upon the traitorous Chicago platform, but he had not the manliness to oppose it. A major-general in the United States Army, and yet not one word to utter against rebels or the rebellion! I had much respect for McClellan before he became a politician, but very little after reading his letter accepting the nomination."

The following will be amusing as showing the materials out of which our subsequent Corps and Division commanders were made:

"I instituted drills, and was specially ordered by General Halleck to watch Generals Hurlbut and Strong, and report as to their fitness for their commissions as brigadier-generals. I had known Hurlbut as a young lawyer, in Charleston, South Carolina before the Mexican War, at which time he took a special interest in military matters, and I found him far above the average in the knowledge of regimental and brigade drill, and so reported. General Strong had been a merchant, and he told me he never professed to be a soldier, but had been urged on the Secretary of War for the commission of a Brigadier General, with the expectation of becoming Quartermaster or Commissary-General. He was a good, kind hearted gentleman, boiling over with patriotism and zeal. I advised him what to read and study, was considerably amused at his receiving instruction from a young Lieutenant who knew the company and battalion drill, and could hear him practice in his room the words of his command, and tone of voice. 'Break from the right, to march to the left!' 'Battalion, halt!' 'Forward into line!' etc. Of course I made a favorable report in his case. Among the Infantry and Cavalry Colonels were some who afterward rose to distinction—David Stuart, Gordon Granger, Bussey, etc., etc."

Having consented to write a book at all, it is not in Sherman's straightforward nature to make it any other than a truthful one. No matter whom it hits, he blurts it out, just as he sees and thinks, and assumes the full responsibility of his words, however sorry to bestow censure. As a commander he writes:

"The object of the Meridian expedition was to strike the roads inland, so as to paralyze the rebel forces that we could take from the defence of the Mississippi River the equivalent of a Corps of twenty thousand men, to be used in the next Georgia campaign; and this was actually done. At the same time, I wanted to destroy General Forrest, who, with an irregular force of Cavalry, was constantly threatening Memphis and the river above, as well as our routes of supply in Middle Tennessee. In this we failed utterly, because General W. Sooy Smith did not fulfil his orders, which were clear and specific, as contained in my letter of instruction to him of January 27th, at Memphis, and my personal explanations to him at the same time. Instead of starting at the date ordered, February 1st, he did not leave Memphis, till the 11th, waiting for some regiment that was ice-bound near Columbus, Kentucky; and then when he did start, he allowed General Forrest to head him off and to defeat him with an inferior force, near West Point Below Okalona, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad."

"We waited at Meridian till the 20th to hear from General Smith, but hearing nothing whatever, and having utterly destroyed the railroads in and around the junction, I ordered General McPherson to move back slowly toward Canton. With Wildon's Cavalry and Hurlbut's infantry I turned north to Marion, and thence to a place called 'Union,' whence I despatched the Cavalry further north to Philadelphia and Louisville, to feel as it were for General Smith, and then turned all the Infantry columns toward Canton, Mississippi. On the 26th we all reached Canton, but we had not heard a word of General Smith, nor was it until some time after (at Vicksburg) that I learned the whole truth of General Smith's movement and of his failure. Of course I did not and could not approve of his conduct, and I know that he yet chafes under the censure. I had set so much store on his part of the project that I was disappointed, and so officially reported to General Grant. General Smith never regained my confidence as a soldier, though I still regard him as a most accomplished gentleman and skilful Engineer. Since the close of the war he has appealed to me to relieve him of that censure, but I could not do it, because it would falsify history."

Of the management of the railroads in his rear during the Atlanta Campaign, Sherman is prodigal of praise. It comes out constantly, and the following story will exemplify the entire justice of the commendation:

"A good story is told of one who was on Kenesaw Mountain during our advance in the previous June or July. A group of rebels lay in the shade of a tree, one hot day, overlooking our camps about Big Shanty. One soldier remarked to his fellows:

"Well, the Yanks will have to git up and git now, for I heard General Johnson himself say that General Wheeler had blown up the tunnel near Dalton, and that the Yanks would have to retreat, because they could get no more rations."

"Oh, hell!" said a listener, "don't you know that old Sherman carries a duplicate tunnel along?"

"After the war was over, General Johnson inquired of me who was our chief railroad engineer. When I told him that it was Colonel W. W. Wright a civilian, he was much surprised, said that our feats of bridge building and repairs of roads had excited his admiration; and he instanced