

## IN VIENNA.

Hush! not a word! Not a word!  
Even the tongues of fire now are hushed,  
And only a puff of smoke is heard  
Now and then, when the ashes are stirred,  
Where the dead lie charred and crushed.

How many, did you hear?  
A thousand is it they miss?  
My God! what a horror of pain and fear!  
A stricken battle were goodlier cheer  
Than a day of gloom like this.

But the kindly smoke would kill,  
God could not burn them quick—  
Men and women who did no ill,  
And babes and maidens, whose anguish still  
Makes the heart faint and sick.

Aw! surely it must have been so:  
They died of the dense black smoke,  
And only looked on the fiery glow  
As the distant flames leapt to and fro,  
Then slept and never woke.

Made to be burned, do you say?  
What if it had been a kirk?  
Men have been slain when they went to pray:  
And be it a sermon, or be it a play,  
The fire would do its work.

A woe! is it to go  
From gallery, box, or pit,  
To the world eternal? Yes; but so  
It is had from the shop or the bourse to go  
With the spirit that reigns in it.

Why should art be a sin?  
Or the love of it stir up wrath?  
Words well spoken the heart will win:  
And what is there wrong in a picture! or in  
The song that a blessing hath!

You stage has been sometimes trod  
By souls that would make your's dim  
Through the light that lightened their clay abode.  
Be still and know that the Lord is God:  
Do not father your hard thoughts on him.  
—Scottish American.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER BOY.

THE FIRST DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

"Colonel, close up your men and move on as rapidly as possible."

It is the morning of July 1st, and we are crossing a bridge over a stream, as the Staff-officer, having delivered this order for us, dashes down the line to hurry up the regiments in the rear. We get up on a high range of hills, from which we have a magnificent view. The day is bright, the air is fresh and sweet, and the sun shines out of an almost cloudless sky, and as we gaze away off yonder down the valley to the left—look! Do you see that? A puff of smoke in mid-air! Very small and miles away, as the faint and long-coming "boom" of the exploding shell indicates, but it means that something is going on yonder, away down in the valley, in which, perhaps, we may have a hand before the day is done. See! Another—and another! Faint and far away comes the long-delayed "boom!" "Boom!" echoing over the hills, as the Staff-officer dashes along the lines with orders to "double-quick! double-quick!"

Four miles of almost constant double-quickening is no light work at any time, least of all on such a day as this memorable first day of July, for it is hot and dusty. But we are in our own State now, boys, and the battle is opening ahead, and it is no time to save breath. On we go, now up a hill, now over a stream, now checking our headlong rush for a moment, for we must breathe a little. But the word comes along the line again, "double-quick," and we settle down to it with right good will, while the cannon ahead seem to be getting nearer and louder. There's little said in the ranks, for there is little breath for talking, though every man is busy enough thinking. We all feel, somehow, that our day has come at last—as indeed it has!

We get in through the outskirts of Gettysburg, tearing down the fences of the town lots and outlying gardens as we go; we pass a battery of brass guns drawn up beside the seminary, some hundred yards in front of which building, in a strip of meadow-land, we halt, and rapidly form the line of battle.

"General, shall we unflinch knapsacks?" shouts some one down the line to our Division-general, as he is dashing by.

"Never mind the knapsacks, boys; it's the State now!"

And he plunges his spurs up to the rowels in the flanks of his horse, as he takes the stake-and-rider fence at a leap and is away.

"Unfold the flags, Color-guard!"

"Now, forward, double—"

"Colonel, we're not loaded yet!"

A laugh runs along the line as, at the command, "Load at will—load!" the ramrods make their merry music, and at once the word is given, "Forward, double-quick!" and the line sweeps up that rising ground with banners gayly flying, and cheers that rend the air—a sight, once seen, never to be forgotten.

We drummer-boys sit on our drums, and watch the line going in with cheers. Forthwith we get a smart shelling, for there is evidently somebody else watching that advancing line besides ourselves; but they have elevated their guns a little too much, so that every shell passes quite over the line and plows up the meadow-land about us in all directions.

Laying aside our knapsacks, we go to the Seminary, now rapidly filling with the wounded. This the enemy surely can not know, or they wouldn't shell the building so hard! We get stretchers at the ambulances, and start out for the line of battle. We can just see our regimental colors waving in the orchard, near a log-house about three hundred yards ahead, and

we start out for it—I on the lead and Daney behind.

There is one of our batteries drawn up to our left a short distance as we run. It is engaged in a sharp artillery duel with one of the enemy's, which we can not see, although we can hear it plainly enough, and straight between the two our road lies. So, up we go, Daney and I, at a lively trot, dodging the shells as best we can, till, panting for breath, we set down our stretcher under an apple tree in the orchard, in which, under the brow of the hill, we find the regiment lying, one or two companies being out on the skirmish line ahead.

I count six men of Company C lying yonder in the grass—killed, they say, by a single shell. Andy calls me away for a moment to look after some poor fellow whose arm is off at the shoulder; and it was just time I got away, too, for immediately a shell plunges into the sod where I had been sitting, tearing my stretcher to tatters, and plowing up great furrows under one of the boys who had been sitting immediately behind me, and who thinks "That was rather close shaving, wasn't it, now?" The bullets whistling overhead make pretty music with their ever-varying "z-i-p! z-i-p!" and we could imagine them so many bees, only they have such a terribly sharp sting. They tell me, too, of a certain cavalry-man (Denis Buckley, Sixth Michigan cavalry it was, as I afterward learned)—let history preserve the brave boy's name—who, having had his horse shot under him, and seeing that first-named shell explode in Company C with such disaster, exclaimed, "That is the company for me!" He remained with the regiment all day, doing good service with his carbine, and he escaped unhurt.

"Here they come, boys; we'll have to go in at them on a charge, I guess!" Creeping close around the corner of the log-house, I can see the long lines of gray sweeping up in fine style over the fields; but I feel the Colonel's hand on my shoulder.

"Keep back, my boy; no use exposing yourself in that way."

As I get back behind the house and look around, an old man is seen approaching our line through the orchard in the rear. He is dressed in a long, blue, swallow-tailed coat and high silk hat, and coming up to the Colonel, he asks:

"Would you let an old chap like me have a chance to fight in your ranks, Colonel?"

"Can you shoot?" inquires the Colonel.

"Oh yes, I can shoot, I reckon," says he.

"But where are your cartridges?"

"I've got 'em here, sir," says the old man, slapping his hand on his pantaloons pocket.

And so "old John Burns," of whom every school-boy has heard, takes his place in the line and loads and fires with the best of them, and is left wounded and insensible on the field when the day is done.

Reclining there under a tree while the skirmishing is going on in front and the shells are tearing up the sod around us, I observe how evidently hard pressed is that battery yonder in the edge of the wood, about fifty yards to our right. The enemy's batteries have excellent range on the poor fellows serving it. And when the smoke lifts or rolls away in great clouds for a moment, we can see the men running, and running, and sighting, and firing, and swabbing, and changing position every few minutes to throw the enemy's guns out of range a little. The men are becoming terribly few, but nevertheless their guns, with a rapidity that seems unabated, belch forth great clouds of smoke and send the shells shrieking over the plain.

Meanwhile, events occur which give us something more to think of than mere skirmishing and shelling. Our beloved brigadier-general, stepping out a moment to reconnoiter the enemy's position and movements, is seen by some sharp-shooter off in a tree, and is carried severely wounded into the barn. Our Colonel assumes command of the brigade. Our regiment facing westward, while the line on our right faces to the north, is observed to be exposed to an enfilading fire from the enemy's guns, as well as from the long line of gray now appearing in full sight on our right. So our regiment must form in line and change front forward, in order to come in line with the other regiments. Accomplished swiftly, this new movement brings our line at once face to face with the enemy's, which advances to within fifty yards, and exchanges a few volleys, but is soon checked and staggered by our fire.

Yet now, see! Away to our left, and consequently on our flank, a new line appears rapidly advancing out of the woods a half mile away, and there must be some quick and sharp work done now, boys, or between the old foes in front and the new ones on our flank, we shall be annihilated. To clear us of these old assailants in front before the line can sweep down on our flank, our brave Colonel, in a ringing command, orders a charge along the whole line. Then, before the gleaming and glistening bayonets of our "Buck-tail" brigade, as it yells and cheers, sweeping resistlessly over the field, the enemy gives way and flies in confusion. But there is little time to watch them fly, for that new line on our left is approaching at a rapid pace; and, with shells falling thick and fast into our ranks, and men dropping everywhere, our regiment must reverse the former movement by "changing front to rear," and so resume its original position facing westward, for the enemy's new line is approaching from that direction, and if it takes us in flank, we are done for.

To "change front to rear" is a difficult movement to execute even on drill, much more so

under severe fire; but it is executed now steadily and without confusion, yet not a minute too soon. For the new line of gray is upon us in a mad tempest of lead, supported by a cruel artillery fire, almost before our line can steady itself to receive the shock. However partially protected by post-and-rail fence, we answer fiercely, and with effect so terrific that the enemy's line wavers, and at length moves off by the right flank, giving us a breathing space for a time.

During this struggle, there had been many an exciting scene all along the line as it swayed backward and forward over the field—scenes which we have no time to mention yet.

See yonder, where the colours of the regiment on our right—our sister regiment, the 149th—have been advanced a little to draw the enemy's fire, while our line sweeps on to the charge. There ensues about the flags a wild *mitte* and close hand-to-hand encounter. Some of the enemy have seized the colours and are making off with them in triumph, shouting victory. But a squad of our own regiment dashes out, and amid yells and cheers and smoke, you see the battle-flags rise and fall, and sway hither and thither upon the surging mass, as if tossed on the billows of a tempest, until, wrenched away by strong arms, they are borne back in triumph to the line of the 149th.

See yonder, again! Our Colonel is clapping his hand to his cheek, from which a red stream is pouring; our Lieutenant-Colonel is kneeling on the ground, and is having his handkerchief tied tight around his arm at the shoulder; the Major and Adjutant both lie low, pierced with balls through the chest; one Lieutenant is waving his sword to his men, although his leg is crushed at the knee; three other officers of the line are lying over there, motionless now forever. All over the field are strewn men wounded or dead, and comrades pause a moment in the mad rush to catch the last words of the dying. Incidents such as these the reader must imagine to himself, to fill in these swift sketches of how the day was won—and lost!

Aye, lost! For the balls which have so far come mainly from our front, begin now to sing in from our left and right, which means that we are being flanked. Somehow, away off to our right, a half-mile or so, our line has given way and is already on retreat through the town, while our left is being driven in, and we ourselves may shortly be surrounded and crushed—and so the retreat is sounded.

Back now along the railroad cut we go, or through the orchard the narrow strip of woods behind it, with our dead scattered around on all sides, and the wounded crying piteously for help.

"Harry! Harry!" It is a faint cry of a dying man in yonder grass, and I must see who it is.

"Why, Willie! Tell me where you are hurt!" I ask, kneeling down beside him, and I see the words come hard, for he is fast dying.

"Here in my side, Harry. Tell—Mother—Mother—"

Poor fellow, he can say no more. His head falls back, and Willie Black is at rest forever!

On, now, through that strip of woods, at the other edge of which, with my back against a stout oak, I stop and look at a beautiful and thrilling sight. Some reserves are being brought up; infantry in the centre, the colours flying and officers shouting; cavalry on the right with sabers flashing and horses on a trot; artillery on the left, with guns at full gallop sweeping into position to check the headlong pursuit—it is a grand sight and a fine rally, but a vain one; for in an hour we are swept off the field and are in full retreat through the town.

Up through the streets hurries the remnant of our shattered corps, while the enemy is pouring into the town only a few squares away from us. There is a tempest of shrieking shells and whistling balls about our ears. The guns of that battery by the woods we have dragged along, all horses being disabled. The artillery-men load as we go, double-charging with grape and canister.

"Make way, there, men!" is the cry, and the surging mass crowds close up on the sidewalks to right and left, leaving a long lane down the centre of the street, through which the grape and canister go rattling into the ranks of the enemy's advance-guard.

And so, amid scenes which I have neither space nor power to describe, we gain Cemetery Ridge toward sunset, and throw ourselves down by the road in a tumult of excitement and grief, having lost the day through the overwhelming force of numbers, and yet somehow having gained it, too (although as yet we know it not), for the sacrifice of our corps has saved the position for the rest of the army, which has been marching all day, and which comes pouring in over Cemetery Ridge all night long.

Aye, the position is saved—but where is our corps? Well may our Division-General, who early in the day succeeded to the command when our brave Reynolds had fallen, shed tears of grief as he sits there on his horse and looks over the shattered remains of that First Army Corps, for there is but a handful of it left. Of the five hundred and fifty men that marched under our regimental colours in the morning, but one hundred remain. All our field and staff officers are gone. Of some twenty captains and lieutenants, but one is left without a scratch, while of my own company only thirteen out of fifty-four sleep that night on Cemetery Ridge under the open canopy of heaven.—St. Nicholas.

THE Alhambra is taking something like £500 per night at the doors.

## A REVIEW OF MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S "THEORY OF THE WILL."

At the December meeting of the Victoria Philosophical Institute of England, which took place at its house, 7 Adelphi Terrace, London, the Secretary, Captain F. Petrie, announced that this Society, founded to investigate philosophical and scientific questions especially those said to mitigate against the truth of Revelation—had enrolled 122 members during the year of which 55 were resident in America and the Colonies, the total number of its members was now 940; it was further stated that this year many of its American members had combined and founded the "American Institute of Christian Philosophy," a Society to carry out the same objects and organization in America, and for that purpose it had adopted the same objects and whole scheme, but that while taking this step its founders had decided to keep up their individual connection with the Institute in England. After this a paper was read on Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Theory of the Will."

The author showed that Mr. Spencer's philosophy denied all freedom of will, and made deliberation to be only the mental aspect of the commingling of nerve molecules. In the time of indecision these were colliding one against another, but when a decision had been reached the strongest nerve-stream had made head against all the rest, and was flowing unobstructed on its way. Such, according to Mr. Spencer, was the passage of deliberation into decision, of hesitancy into volition. Manifestly this set aside all freedom of will, made the whole process merely mechanical, and as Dr. Spencer allowed, was the negation of moral obligation. The paper criticized Mr. Spencer's argument, and maintained that Mr. Spencer, from first to last, had only made one bold assertion, and had repeated it many times, but had given not one iota of proof. Thirteen of his arguments—all he had presented—were carefully examined, and shown to be nothing more than confident assertion. They were classified and replied to as follows:—First, Spencer said that "the real proposition involved in the dogma of free will" is "that every one is at liberty to desire or not to desire." Against this, Kant and Hamilton were quoted, as admitting that we must desire, but holding that free will can restrain desire. The martyrs could not but desire to avoid the flames, but their will held in control their lower nature and compelled it to obey the law of righteousness. Secondly, Mr. Spencer simply assumed that the will had no control or power of free choice, which was the very thing he was bound to prove. He next called it "an illusion" to think "that at each moment the ego is something more than the aggregate of feelings and ideas actual and nascent which then exists." Evidently this was confounding substance with phenomena, between which elsewhere he carefully discriminated, and it was making the ego only a succession of states, and denying all substance of mind, which was going contrary to one of the structural doctrines of his philosophy. Mr. Herbert Spencer had frequently stated that the ego was nothing else than the state of consciousness passing at the moment, but this statement was never sought to be proved, indeed he contradicted himself, inasmuch as he spoke of "the subject of such psychical changes." Now "subject" is that which underlies phenomena, but he had said the ego was only phenomena, so that his subject was only an hypothetical zero. He next suggested that the will seems to be free because its action is incalculable. This was shown to be only an *ad captandam* argument, for the flight of a bird through the air seems to the untrained intelligence to be free, but the student of science saw that every movement of its wings was according to fixed law. Mr. Spencer lastly urged that if psychical changes conformed to law there could not be such a thing as free will. In reply to this, it was shown that the will might make its own law, to which psychical changes would conform and yet be free, and that the will would, in this way, adumbrate its own moral nature. Taking for a moment the Theistic position: surely God was free, and yet He perfectly conformed to His own law, so also man might be free, purposely made so by God, in order that, being free, he might acquire the true valour of righteousness. Thus all Mr. Spencer's arguments had seemed to fail when examined thoroughly, and the matter stood where it was. Finally, it was contended that the freedom of the will was the unassailable citadel from which alone the doctrine of moral responsibility could be defended, and as such it was a question appealing powerfully to all, and having in it the gravest moral issues. With the will free, conscience was seated on the throne, and life was a great moral test of fitness for an eternity of righteousness.

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