

THE N. Y. TRIBUNE ON TRAIN.

Of all the delightful asses in the vast realms of Assdom, George Francis Train is the most charming. It does no good to put him in prison. Stone walls cannot a prison make, nor iron bars a cage, for him. Though he is now immured in a British Bastile, as he calls the Dublin Marshalsea, the tyrannical Government which punishes him for not paying his debts has not yet subjected him to gagging, and so long as it does not gag him he might as well be at large. Out of the darkness of his dungeon he bellows most musically, and not being handcuffed, as we are inclined to think he should be, he writes the longest, most extravagant, most amusing letters that have been indited since the days of Wilkins Macawber.

The latest, we are happy to say not the last, epistle of this delicious nuisance is another edition of his own biography. Train may, it is within the bounds of human faith to believe, get tired of bearding the British tyrant; he may become weary of chanting what he calls "the grand music of the Irish Marseillaise," but he will never tire of talking about George Francis Train. If he paints the Pyramids he places himself on the extreme pinnacle of the biggest. Is it Liberty? Train is her great apostle. Is it Oppression? Train is her most wretched victim. "I have only one passion," he says in this recent letter. "Born an egotist, I believe in self, and self alone. I feel that I could have crossed the bridge of Lodi, and would have provided against the burning of Moscow. I would not have been four years, with a million of men back of me, making Lee surrender ten thousand, as Grant did." Humility, he said, is high-art swindling, and of that crime he is resolved not to be accused. His mature greatness is founded on experience in childhood. At twelve years of age he went to market alone. Strange as it may appear, he did, and sold his sausages and fruit before noon, returning with ten or twenty dollars in his pocket to his grandmother. "And yet to-day," he exclaims, after reaching this climax, "men who edit newspapers call me a 'fool,' a 'lunatic,' a 'charlatan,' a 'mountebank,'—men who never went to market alone before they had arrived at the age of puberty." Then he bursts out with this characteristic deduction: "Who wonders I feel such terrible self-reliance in my manhood?"

Of Mr. Train's religious opinions we prefer to say nothing; it is enough that he says, "My impressions of the Bible are not good," and speaks of that volume as the "National Police Gazette of Jerusalem." It is far more pleasant to hear him talk of his grandmother, "one of the best of women," who taught him to put the best peaches always on the top of the basket, in his market days; of the times when he "did not know that George Washington 'used to swear like a pirate,'" or of those when Lola Montez, after dancing the Tarantula, threw her "leg over my head in the green-room with astonishing grace." These things are in Train's best style, and so is the way in which he anticipates our surprise that a mau who is a greater military genius than Napoleon or Grant should suffer himself to be imprisoned for debt. "With a yacht at my disposal at Newport, half a dozen 'horses or more in the stable,' as many 'servants in the cottage, and carriages in the coachhouse, &c., do you suppose that I remain here six months in a British Bastile without an object, and that a noble one? Some time I shall be under good by my

"countrymen." Certainly he has an object as well as a yacht, and could at any time leave his dungeon, either by the door or the chimney; just as certain men of immense intellect, unjustly confined as lunatics, possess the power of flying, and could soar to the moon, if they should choose to, which they don't. We know his object. It is to remain in chains and fetters, suffering untold agonies for the glory of Ireland, in order to have the best material for epigrams on the British Government, and fresh claims to be dined and wineed as an escaped victim of monarchy, and a half-flayed Marsyas.

But the most terrible of all the terrible things that Mr. Train has done or written is his. Regardless of the peace of mind of his unhappy countrymen, he deliberately says: "I think I shall live to a great age, and have much to do with the governing of my 'country and the financial, commercial, 'political, theological, and medical education and representation of my people.'"

INCIDENTS OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

THE SCOTTISH 79TH

My cicerone gave me some interesting particulars about a Scottish, or rather a Highland regiment (the 79th New York) that served with some distinction in the war.

"Soon after the war broke out," he said, "we heard that the men of this militia regiment had mustered into the regular service, and were preparing to start for Washington. We who were Scotch, especially, awaited anxiously news of their coming. They had to run the rebel gauntlet at Baltimore, where the 6th Massachusetts had been fired upon by the Secessionist mob. They were all prepared for a similar reception. The men carried their muskets loaded: the officers were ready with their revolvers; and the advance line reconnoitred as they marched through the swarming city from the one depot to the other. But there was no provocation given them. Not an insulting word. They were even accompanied by a large concourse of spectators. The people said 'These are Scotch—none of the d—d Yankees!'"

"I remember well," said Mr. Williamson, "their arrival in Washington. They got here about half-past two on a Sunday morning, and marched up Pennsylvania Avenue, their band, led by Sandy Robinson, playing 'Hey Johnny Cope are you paukin' yet?' As they neared the President's house, they suddenly struck up. 'The Campbells are coming.' 'Old Abe,' who slept very lightly, awoke at the sound. He knew the tune well, and told me afterwards that it filled his mind instantly with thoughts of the relief of Lucknow and the story of Jessie Brown. He got out of bed, pulled on his dressing-gown, and stepped out to the portico. His appearance was the signal for a wild hurrah, and it was some time before the cheering subsided. The President made a short speech, the band at its close struck up. 'Hail to the Chief,' and the regiment resumed its march to Georgetown. The 79th was 1100 strong, and 500 of them were in kilts. Eight hundred and fifty of these men were real Scotchmen; the rest were hardy fellows from the North of Ireland—Scotch-Irish, as they are called here. The officers were principally mechanics and masons, and many of the privates had been clerks and shopkeepers in New York, where they had been earning from \$70 to \$100 a month, but had turned out to help in putting down the rebellion. During all the

time they were in the city my house might be called their head-quarters. The city was full of Secessionists, and both officers and men seemed glad to find a countryman who was enthusiastic about them and their cause.

"By and bye they got orders to march to the front. I was out to see them go, and I remember one of the soldiers, Gourlay, an Edinburgh man, and a fine singer, getting up on a hayrick by the captain's orders and singing 'The March of the Cameron Men,' the regiment taking up the chorus. Just before starting, a private of the name of 'Jamie Smellie,' of Company 'A,' stepped out of the ranks and presented me with his tobacco-box. He shook my hand and said—'Mr. Williamson, I'll fecht till I dee.' Poor fellow! he was the first man shot at the battle of Bull Run. He was struck in the forehead by a ball, and died instantly."

"How did the 79th behave at Bull Run?" I asked.

"They fought as Highlanders always fight!" said Mr. Williamson. "They fought well, and lost heavily in killed and wounded. Col. Cameron was among the killed. Captain Laing was one of the officers wounded: Laing was an old apprentice of W. H. Lizars, engraver, Edinburgh. He was first hit angleways on the windpipe, the ball traversing the neck just under the skin, and coming out at the back. Almost at the same moment a shell exploded near him, and a fragment struck him, hurting him so badly that he had to retire, his Sergeant (Campbell) helping him. He had not got far when one of the rebel cavalry fired at him and shot him in the wrist. The rebel was taking aim again, when the sergeant fired at him and killed him. They pushed for the rear as fast as Laing's wounds permitted, and were just getting off the field when another rebel dashed up and fired at him, the ball tearing the sleeve of his coat, and crashing through his wrist. The sergeant got at this fellow with his bayonet, and killed him too. Laing presented the sergeant afterwards with a silver medal for saving his life."

"Such a state as Washington was in the day after that battle," my friend continued. "The people were in a panic; great numbers were leaving the city; the braver and more loyal were hurrying about preparing to receive the wounded. Stands with wine, hot coffee, tea, and bread for the weary footed soldiers were placed at street corners; ambulances were rattling out for the maimed; artillery was hurrying at a jolting trot through the streets; orderlies were dashing to and fro; bugles were sounding 'To horse' and the district volunteers, in rather a shaky condition, were panting for glory."

"I was out all day at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Fourteenth Street watching the excitement and seeing the wounded come in. I saw Burnside, who had gone prancing out in high feather a few days before at the head of his troops, in the midst of cheers and waving handkerchiefs and bouquets, come back on a broked down Rosinante, with somebody else's cap on his head and the flower gone from his button-hole. It was the best thing that could have happened for the North, that defeat. It let the nation see that serious work was before it. The troops went out with no idea of what awaited them. Parties of civilians went with them to see the rebels whipped. The start was like a great picnic. Bull Run put an end to that. The nation set itself seriously then to prepare for a great war."

"When I got home that first night, I found a number of the officers and soldiers of the 79th in and around my house—many of them wounded. They were all able to rejoin their