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The Gentleman's Magazine.

DOMINIC PIM'S WOODCOCK.

IN Devonshire, by the brightest and liveliest trout stream, whither the angler may repair, having duly paid a weekly trout rent, the happy, solitary Dominic Pim lingers, with a smile upon his face, the live-long day. Pim has a merry eye — else, a serious face, wherein the habit of handling the keys of the cellar is written in faint lines. Pim is not an indiscreet table-lover, for he it was who said, “the man who cannot leave the last glass in the bottle, even of '58 Château-Margaux, or '48 White Hermitage, does not blossom round *my* mahogany tree.” Pim loves the good things of the world, as it is so difficult to love woman, wisely. He reflects with his wine-sips, and marks the journey of the golden thread to the sluggish corners of his brain. He is master of every inch of sunshine that is darted within his skull. At most when he has ended, will he permit a chuckle to sound deep in his throat. He rises — a festival covered with a hat! He has never been known to say, “Sir, there is a morrow-morning in that wine;” for he does not descend to serve counsel to that mere beginning of a man, the guest who cannot in due season say — “Enough!”

It was observed to Mr. Dominic Pim by an indiscreet friend, that all people were not gifted with the courage (compared with which the soldier's is mere disciplined timidity) Nature had lavished upon him. “I beg your pardon, sir,” said Pim, with his serious face and his merry eyes — two slits of sunshine in a cloud — “I beg your pardon; I will not have my little virtue taken from me and presented to the world as a bit of jewelry which nature has been generous enough to confer on your humble servant. Zounds, sir, Nature made me as greedy as you. Do you think I have never gone to bed, and suffered unrest, with the remembrance of that last glass left in the bottle? I have subdued

Know you not there is no pleasure
But is holy on one side?
That I keep for you, my treasure,
Share with you at eventide.

Know you not the garish real
Never yet a maid enticed?
That a woman's one ideal
Must be something like the Christ;
With the God-like, through the human,
Shining crystalline and clear?
Would you really win a woman?
Be her sanctuary, dear.

DR. DABNEY'S REPLY TO GENERAL EARLY.

GEN. J. A. EARLY:

My dear General:

WHILE your interesting article on the first battle of Manassas does me more than justice, in ascribing to me "ability, learning, conscientiousness, and earnest search for the truth," I think it does me less than justice, in charging me with "being imposed upon by some of the current fictions in regard to this battle, and incorporating them in his life of Gen. Jackson." Upon comparing your narrative and my own, I can find *but two real variations between us*: one is, that I affirm, you doubt, the christening of the 1st Va. Brigade by the heroic Bee, as the "Stonewall;" the other is, that I support Gen. Jackson in his opinion that the attempt should have been made to push our victory, while you support Gen. Johnston in his opinion that it was impracticable.

Before speaking of these, let me say, that I then concurred, as I now do, in your estimate of the fables of the newspaper correspondents and the "bomb-proof" critics. I do not remember that I ever troubled myself to read one of their lucubrations upon this battle: I do remember that I made no use whatever of them as materials in writing my narrative of it. Although I had been nothing but a civilian, what little I know about the art of war was learned in a school at least as practical as West Point, and under one of the greatest of teachers,—beside Gen. Jackson's saddle, and in the smoke of battle. The only materials which I used in writing my account of the battle of the first Manassas were the following: my own observations on the field,

upon which I was present during the whole engagement ; the letters of Gen. Jackson to his family, detailing, in his own words, the doings of his command ; the official reports of Gens. Johnston, Beauregard, and Jackson, which were carefully studied ; the original orders of Gen. Beauregard touching the proposed advance upon Centreville ; autograph correspondence between Gens. Beauregard and Ewell, concerning those orders and their miscarriage, explaining the whole plan, and exculpating Gen. Ewell,—with statements verbally received from Gen. Ewell, Cols. Withers, Harper, and Baylor, and the members of Gen. Jackson's staff. Pretty good material this : was it not ?

Let me also premise an explanation of three points which you may have understood me as misstating. If you will read my narrative more carefully, you will find that I do not fall into the error of making Gen. Beauregard the commander-in-chief over Gen. Johnston, but imply the contrary. It was impossible that I could fall into this error, for I was told by Gen. Beauregard himself during the progress of the battle, (very much to my surprise at the moment, for I had not known before that Gen. J. outranked him) that Gen. Johnston was in command ; and I was sent to him to deliver a message to him as commander-in-chief. Second : I do not misstate the facts as to Holmes' brigade. My words are, (speaking of the closing scene of the battle) Holmes' brigade was "now at hand." I saw a gallant officer ride up to Gen. Johnston, (who I was told was Col. Lay) and exclaim in words to this effect : "General, Holmes' Brigade has been embarrassed about finding the right road, but I have gotten them straight at last, and they are just arriving." To this Gen. Johnston answered, in his prompt, decisive way : "Just in good time, sir. Ask Gen. Holmes to send forward his battery, and post it just there, to beat off that column of the enemy"—pointing to a heavy column then approaching the Stone Bridge, to make a last essay at retrieving the day. Accordingly, I saw this battery in a very few moments take the position pointed out, and open briskly on the enemy, who immediately broke. I was always under the impression that Gen. Holmes' infantry took no actual part in the battle, in which you confirm me. The third point is this : perhaps you misunderstood me as adopting the *canard*, that Gen. Kirby Smith stopped the train west of the Junction, and moved without orders to the sound of the firing. If you will examine my language, you will find that I do not. I speak, just as you do, of his opportune arrival, and of his "marching direct to the field ;" by which I designed to express the promptitude with which he left the Junction immediately on his reaching it.

But about Gen. Bee's memorable words, we do differ ; and I believe I am right and you are wrong. I relied upon the words of Gen. Wm. Baylor, then major of the 5th Va. regiment, and next to him, on the statement of Col. A. S. Pendleton. Both of these are in soldier's graves. Gen. Baylor gave me the incident as certainly authentic, within the week of the battle. And I still remember a connected circumstance, which impressed Baylor's statements indelibly on my memory. Harper's 5th Va. regiment being on the right of Jackson's brigade, was next the position last assumed by Bee. The latter, in the excitement of the hour, had uttered some criticism on the handling of

the 5th regiment, which was instantly resented by Baylor and the field officers of that regiment; and a brief but angry altercation between Bee and Baylor had followed. But after the battle, Baylor having heard his tribute to the 1st Brigade, and seen his gallant death, all of which occurred in a short space, lamented his own resentment, and told me that he grieved much that he could never offer the hand of friendship and reconciliation. He had also written with a pencil on a little scrap of paper some words, which he told me, he was convinced, by careful recollection and comparison with other bystanders, were just the words Bee used when rallying his own men for their last stand. Of these I took a copy.

The last point of difference between us, concerning the propriety of an attempt to push the victory, must, I suppose, remain very much a difference of opinion rather than of fact. But I wish to call your attention to the source whence I derived my opinion. I should never have presumed, in a published life of a great soldier, to obtrude my own inexperienced judgment upon this question. Nor did I echo the crude opinion of the ill-informed rabble, or of conceited, bomb-proof critics. The opinion which I defended was that advanced by Gen. Jackson himself; that which he expressed to his staff the evening of the battle; that which he emphatically asserted to me in private many months afterward, and which he was accustomed to the last to advocate pertinaciously; as witness his private conference with Col. Boteler, at Berkeley, in Charles' City, after the campaign of the Chickahominy. And my purpose in arguing the question was to defend Gen. Jackson's credit as a soldier.

I would also beg you to notice the extent of the position I defend. I expressly state, that I did not presume any one held the Confederate authorities responsible for failing to take Washington, but only for failing to try. Would it not have been far better for the army, for the country, for our reputation in the enemy's country, that the victory should have been pushed so far at least as to threaten Washington, and appear before its walls? You mention the strength of Runyan's Federal division, which had not been disorganized; the works about Alexandria and Arlington, the lack of means of crossing the Potomac; the war ships; the lack of siege guns, as obstacles which would have been insuperable. Well; suppose so. Still it would have been far the wiser policy to have let our victorious men pursue the routed enemy, whip them into the very gates of those impregnable bulwarks, and plant their triumphant banners proudly against them; it would have been far better to let the army see and test those obstacles, at least to a little degree. For then, they and the country would have been satisfied. As it is, they were, and are, profoundly dissatisfied upon the question whether all the fruit of the victory was saved which was in our reach.

The above view is on the assumption that our chances of a *coup de main* were, in fact, worth nothing. But I am still to be convinced of this,—I still believe with Gen. Jackson, that they were worth a great deal had they been skilfully handled. Remember, the thing which we wished to see tried was not to ford a navigable river, nor to besiege great works without a siege train, nor to fight a fleet of war-ships with

muskets and bayonets. But we desired that the works at Arlington (which commanded the city) should be *threatened* with a prompt, yet prudent audacity, that we might see whether the enemy's confusion, of which we had such evidence, might not even lead to their evacuation. We desired, if this did not occur, to have the communications between Patterson and the panic-struck capital cut by a prompt crossing of the Potomac above Georgetown, in the hope that this step might either procure the evacuation of Washington or the occurrence of another successful battle with a divided foe, or both. These chances, I repeat, were worth the trying. You will find, General, that such is still the fixed opinion, not only of the vast majority of the sensible men of the country, but of the fighting men and officers of the army, as well as of the bomb-proof critics. How natural that they should cleave to this opinion, when they see how it was virtually avouched and acted on by our "Great Captain," Lee, after the second Manassas. His proceedings showed very plainly what he would have done, when, after a less decisive rout of the enemy, and with the full knowledge that Washington was held this time by a competent officer (Gen. McClellan) and a strong army, he yet followed the very programme I have indicated. (And this programme would still have been a glorious success, notwithstanding the greater obstacles, but for the shameful straggling of a part of our men, as is testified by our best officers on the ground.) Again, you will have to pardon us, General, for sticking to our opinion, that the chances were at least *worth trying*, when we see how gallantly the victor at Monocacy, in 1864, pushed a somewhat similar opportunity, with his little, foot-sore, war-worn corps of 10,000 men, against this same city, now elaborately fortified, and how near he came to capturing it.

You mention Gen. Johnston's ingenious, elegant, and caustic criticism of my history, published in Selma; but you seem never to have met with my reply. The *Selma Messenger*, *Richmond Dispatch*, and a few other papers which had published the attack, admitted my defence. The most of the Southern papers which circulated Gen. J.'s strictures, treated me most unjustly, in declining access for me to their columns; although my only motive to be heard, as I told them, was to prevent my imperfect work from being depreciated *any more than it deserved to be*, because it was nearly the only patrimony of a widow and an orphan who should be dear to every patriot's heart. As for the Northern papers, they, of course, printed garbled extracts of Gen. Johnston's criticisms, with a flourish of trumpets, as though he had asserted my whole book to be false and worthless. I ask you to read my answer. You will then find that, with the exception of one or two errors of numbers, (for which I thankfully accepted Gen. Johnston's correction) I sustained every position of fact by military testimony of the most irresistible nature, and that I also justified every position of inference. I have not heard the opinion of a single military man who read both papers, and I have heard a good many, who does not assure me that my defence is, in substance, good and sufficient. When you read it, you will think so too.

I see from the newspapers that your persecutors have dropped their pursuit of you, and that you are now free to return to the South, if you

please. I do not know whether to congratulate you or not, or whether I can speak of you as "returning from exile," when you come to a land where all the honest people are virtual exiles in their own homes.

I am, dear General, as ever, yours truly,

R. L. DABNEY.

Bayard Taylor.

BERTHOLD AUERBACH.*

ALTHOUGH first introduced to the knowledge of most American readers by his story of "On the Heights," Berthold Auerbach has been for thirty years a familiar name in Germany. He is one of the small number of authors who have risen prominently above that dead level of elegant mediocrity which has been the affliction of German literature in our generation; and the place he has taken is there so well assured, and so generally conceded, that we shall have no difficulty in rendering it clear to those who now make his acquaintance for the first time.

Auerbach was born in poverty and obscurity, in the little village of Nordstetten, on the Suabian side of the Black Forest, on the 28th of February, 1812. His parents, being Jews, were inspired by the signs of the active and impressible intellect which he showed as a child, with a hope that he might become a light of the Synagogue, and they devoted him to the study of Hebrew theology. In Carlsruhe, where he studied, he also attended the Gymnasium, and gave a portion of his time to the classical branches. While completing his studies at the Universities of Tübingen, Munich, and Heidelberg, he gradually neglected Hebrew theology for philosophy, history, and literature, and it was not many years before the Hebrew element, so conspicuous in his early works, entirely disappeared from his contributions to literature.

His student-years were characterized by many privations and vicissitudes of fortune, the most important of which was his arrest in 1835, on account of his connection with a secret political society. He was confined for some months in the fortress of Hohenasperg, in which the unfortunate poet Schubarth had languished for ten years, half a century before. On being released, he determined to devote his life exclusively to literature. His first work, which appeared in the follow-

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