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IN MEMORIAM.

Colonel Eric Dahlgren.

THE MIDNIGHT OF WEDNESDAY,

March

MAY 2D, 1864.

W. H. & O. H. MORRISON
Booksellers
AND
STATIONERS,
438 & 440 Pa. Av.,
Washington, D. C.

A SERMON

IN MEMORY OF

COLONEL ULRIC DAHLGREN,

DELIVERED IN THE

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
WASHINGTON, D. C.,

SABBATH EVENING, APRIL 24, 1864,

BY THE PASTOR,

REV. B. SUNDERLAND, D. D.

The Brave must be Remembered.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.:

McGILL & WITHEROW, PRINTERS AND STEREOTYPERS.

1864.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *April 25, 1864.*

REV. BYRON SUNDERLAND, D. D.

DEAR SIR: We respectfully request that you will furnish for publication a copy of the eloquent and patriotic discourse on the life and death of Colonel Dahlgren, delivered last evening. We wish to see the noble daring and heroic devotion to the cause of his country, which characterized the brief but brilliant career of this young soldier, held up before the youth of our country that they may be stimulated to an honorable emulation of his virtues and, if need be, to a similar sacrifice of their lives. We wish to honor his memory, by publishing the story of his deeds and his death, that it may go down to posterity with the record of many other noble young men of our land, whose lives have honored and whose deaths have rendered doubly sacred the cause in which they fell, and will add to the reproach and shame of all our enemies and all who sympathize with them.

In thus presenting this request, we believe that we express the general sentiment of those who listened to your discourse, and the loyal people of this community.

Very respectfully, your obedient servants,

SCHUYLER COLFAX,
J. K. MOREHEAD,
D. MORRIS,
Z. D. GILMAN,
WM. H. CAMPBELL,
WM. GUNTON,
O. C. WIGHT,
MARSHALL CONANT.

WASHINGTON, *April 26, 1864.*

TO MESSRS. SCHUYLER COLFAX,

J. K. MOREHEAD, D. MORRIS, AND OTHERS.

GENTLEMEN: Your request of the 25th instant, so kindly expressed, is duly received, and in submitting to your disposal a copy of the discourse delivered by me, in memory of the late Colonel Dahlgren, permit me to

add, that when our countrymen shall read the story of this noble young soldier, and the nation's heart shall thrill again on every recollection of his exploits, I pray them to remember it is not upon the ground of his lofty patriotism, but upon the humble hope of his confidence in the Redeemer of the world, that his Pastor cherishes the conviction of his now beatified and exalted estate, in the presence of God and the holy angels.

Ever truly, &c.,

B. SUNDERLAND.

IDENTIFICATION OF THE BODY OF THE
LATE COLONEL ULRIC DAHLGREN.—By request
of Admiral Dahlgren, Mr. Samuel Kirby, an un-
dertaker, on Thursday examined the body at
the Congressional Cemetery, which had been
buried there about two months since, and fully
identified it as the body of the late gallant
Colonel Ulric Dahlgren, son of the Admiral.

SERMON.

2 SAM., 3: 34. "Thy hands were not bound, nor thy feet put into fetters—as a man falleth before wicked men, so fellest thou. And all the people wept again over him!"

A brave man had fallen by assassination. He had not died as a felon or a coward. No earthly power could bind his hands or put his feet in fetters. None had ever been able to take him captive, or confine him in chains and prisons. He was swift as the roe of the mountain, with an eagle's eye, lion-hearted, strong in battle. His valorous deeds had made his name a household word in the nation. In an unsuspecting moment, he was ensnared. Jealousy, fear, rage and revenge—the base quaternion of passion under the guise of hypocrisy, set upon him and smote him down. Such a death went home to the heart of the people; at every thought of it they bewailed him aloud. The king with lamentation pronounced this eulogy over "a prince and a great man fallen that day in Israel."

Time, ever fertile of humanity, rarely produces such heroes. To-day it is given us to behold not only one of the latest, but also one of the loftiest examples. As they did of old, we look upon it through blinding tears, but tears whose thick and grievous mist can never obscure its brightness. We see it through a storm of such mingled emotions as seldom sweeps the throbbing chords of human nature, or stirs the soul of a great people at once with pain and pride, sadness and scorn, anguish and indignation. We may

gaze on till the heart is well-nigh bursting, for long may it be before the like of it shall rise again!

It is the memory of a young man who did not reach the end of the first year of his *majority* that we now recall. The Sabbath morning, April 3d, in 1842, beheld his birth. It was amid a scene of domestic happiness, in a rural home, in a lovely spot near Philadelphia, by the crystal Neshamony, in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. The midnight of Wednesday, March 2d, in 1864, saw him mangled and bloody, expiring on the damp sod, surrounded by a cowardly, brutal, demonized foe, springing from their ambush to plunder and mutilate him, there, in the fatal thicket by the turbid Mattapony, in King and Queen's County, Virginia. How tranquilly fair his advent upon the stage of life—how bitterly tragic his exit! Now as we look back over his single score of years, prophetic signals start all around him, proclaiming his career, and pointing him out as one anointed of God to teach a lesson to Americans and to all mankind that can never be forgotten. Alas! we did not know this, neither could we interpret it, till he himself flashed it upon the nation, in one glowing spectacle, unfolding all.

His very name was a presage of his character, derived as it is from the mighty Alaric, king of the Visigoths, and conqueror of Rome. His paternal ancestry stretching back through a long, honorable and cultured lineage of Sweden, gave to him a noble blood and high examples of the virtues which he revered and emulated as a true and favored son of that great Scandinavian race, which has so long stamped its resistless impress on the historic fortunes of Europe. His maternal parentage springing from a family of beautiful and accomplished women, endowed him with whatever is delicate and refined, gentle and endearing, trustful and true in the highest attributes of manhood. His baptism in infancy at the hands of a Calvinistic Presbyter and Pastor, made him a child of the Covenant, and was the fitting symbol of that

old Puritan spirit which has fought so many battles for the supremacy of God and the liberty of men in the earth, and which, as we now see, animating him, has added in his name but another glory to its imperishable scroll. His education in the family, the academy, and the church, were alike felicitous in their influence. His training, bodily and mentally, in the more practical and active spheres of social and professional life, though continuing through a brief period, and this rather in the preparatory stages, notwithstanding contributed with no less effect to mould him for the part he has acted, and for the record which he has made immortal.

We shall mark the proof of this more definitely as we trace his course from the beginning, and observe his approaches to an early and enviable renown. His first years were spent in the parish of Hartsville, the place of his nativity, and in the city of Wilmington, in the State of Delaware. His father, then a Lieutenant in the Navy of the United States, was called from his retreat at Hartsville to embark for a cruise in the since ill-fated Cumberland, and the family fixed their residence in Wilmington, where wife and children awaited his return. Here, for a period of two or three years, the child-hero, with his little brothers and sisters, received the priceless tutelage of a Christian and now sainted mother, amid the charming and glorious scenes of nature, adorned with the art and elegance of man, which have rendered that region so attractive. Under such a mentor, and with such surroundings, God was filling that infant mind with inspiration against the time of need. His father, returning in the November of 1845, awaited the pleasure of his Government, once more surrounded by his household. Two years and more thus passed away, when again, in the January of 1847, he was ordered to ordnance duty in Washington, where, in the month of May of 1848, he established his present residence almost under the eaves of the sanctuary, and gathered his family about him, one of whom soon after became a member of this church, and all of whom have

since worshipped, almost wholly with this congregation, the God of our fathers.

We have seen by what providence the home of the lad had been fixed in Washington. The new scenes and events now transpiring around him began to awaken an interest seldom felt in a soul so young. The Capital presented a thousand views that told upon his character. Domestic, scholastic, and Christian influences were steadily developing and moulding the elements of his nature. In addition to these, he was constantly moving in the High Place of the land, and daily breathing that air of Metropolitan society which, however tainted to the multitude, still bears to an earnest and upright mind the greatness and glory of a nation's life, filling it with the seeds of a pure patriotism and an exalted faith. Always carefully nurtured and trained at home, he was, from the age of six till he left the city in his seventeenth year, an exemplary and constant attendant in this church, upon the instructions of the Sabbath School and the public services of Divine Worship. Here he learned those lessons of God and the great salvation, of Christ and the Atonement, of the blood of remission and justification by faith, of repentance and the forgiveness of sin, of the Holy Ghost and the regeneration of the human heart, of obedience and the acceptance of the Gospel, of Death, Resurrection and Immortality, which can never be impressed upon the soul without stirring it to the profoundest sense, as well of the duties and responsibilities, as of the sublimities and grandeurs of existence, and which we vainly conceive he would have been led in time openly to acknowledge among the children of God, through the sealing ordinances of His House. Here, too, in the sacred Analects he saw alike the wonder and the mystery of Providence, saw the theater of life thrown open, saw the persons issuing upon the stage, saw the scheme of human fortune being disclosed, saw the destiny of men and kingdoms rising and falling, and how amid the marvel and change of the shifting scenes,

it swept upon its course, bearing to vice its final punishment and to virtue its everlasting reward. And amid the confusion and uproar of mighty convulsions, he saw the procession of patriarchs and prophets, apostles, martyrs and heroes, the worthies of every age and of every name, holding on their triumphal way with songs, and counting not their lives dear unto them for the testimony of the faith once delivered to the saints. And as he saw all this and felt its powerful action upon his mind and heart, his whole being, though usually pensive and sedate, glowed as with the flame of some grander revelation, and such germs were lodged in a congenial soil, as have since, through him, put forth their greatest fruit.

But while the culture of his moral faculties was maintained, his intellectual powers were no less assiduously advanced in a primary and academic course. His first experience as a pupil was in the private but excellent school of the Misses Koones, where he acquired those rudiments of knowledge which lay the foundation for a higher education in the natural sciences, mathematics, and the classics. In the year 1850, being the ninth of his age, he entered the Rittenhouse Academy of Washington—an institution for the instruction of boys, of long established reputation for its high moral tone and thorough intellectual training—for many years under the superintendence of Mr. Otis C. Wight, its present capable, efficient, and honored Principal. Here he continued with no material interruption for a period of eight years, going through in this time the prescribed *curriculum* of learning and pushing his advances far beyond most of his associates into several of the departments of Collegiate study. The testimony of his Preceptor is as natural as it is faithful, a heart-felt tribute to the memory of one whose connection with the Academy can only add a luster to its name. Involved in the common grief by the death of so noble an *alumnus*, he reports of him generously but

tersely, that "he was a good boy, an excellent scholar, highly esteemed by his teachers and schoolmates, prompt to every duty, earnest and self-reliant, making attainments rarely reached in an academic course, and exciting high expectations of future success." The traits of character which have recently burst forth like a halo in his conduct were thus gaining depth and distinctness during this passage of his school-boy days. Nothing mean or narrow, nothing contentious or insubordinate in his relation with his companions and instructors marred the growing strength and beauty of his life. Sportive yet studious, affable yet spirited, kind yet resolute, thoughtful at times even to sadness yet singularly intrepid, he scorned an unworthy motive, disdained the company of the vicious, and held himself entirely aloof from those frivolous habits of school-time annoyances to which so many youths are unfortunately addicted. He set a striking example of respect for order, submission to law, and fidelity to the claims of duty. As he grew older among his fellows, he became at length the favorite and confidant of them all. To him, as by one consent, they deferred the trusts and honors with which school-boy life—the miniature of after life—is charged. And he, faithful and modest in all, wore on his way towards the hour of his graduation. Meantime he was in full communion with his books. He coured the lore of physical science, and saw outspread before him the geography of the world and the manifold wonders of its varied elements and living tribes. He diligently threaded the mazes of history, and poured over the annals of the past to find that he belonged to a country and a people than whom no other have ever had a more stupendous and glorious mission to accomplish. He strengthened his reason by grappling with the deep problems of the mathematics, discovering with delight those great principles of exact and philosophical science which resolve to the mind of man the mighty mechanism and measure of the Universe. He plumed his imagination from those eagles of eloquence and song

which the spirit of oratory and poetry has brooded into life. To proficiency in his own mother-tongue, he added a substantial acquaintance with the Latin language, perusing rather with the fervor of the enthusiast than the stolid perseverance of the pupil, the elegant chapters of Tacitus, the flowing cantos of Virgil, the classic commentaries of Cæsar, and the splendid orations of Cicero. And so he drank at the Pierian spring, and was invigorated and armed for the great sequel of his life. So he came at last with a fair record and a solid scholarship to the day of adieu to his *alma mater*. It was the 17th of December, a wintry day in 1858, that he bade farewell to his friends in the Academy, and never did there go forth from its walls a truer heart or a nobler genius than when his shadow faded from the threshold.

Two years and more prior, as well as subsequent, to his leaving school, gave him comparative recreation from in-door study, while a physical training in more active and varied engagements added to his manly form a skilled and athletic vigor. In his intervals of leisure he was often at the Navy-yard, where both on land and water his exuberant spirits found healthy and profitable exercise. In the November of 1857, his father was coming up the Potomac in the Plymouth, on his return from England, and the lad, eager to be the first to salute him, persuaded some old ordnance men of the Yard to go out with him in a boat, and they pulled down the river to Alexandria, where getting a tow from a schooner, he came alongside the Plymouth opposite Mount Vernon. So, in the following year, when his father was leaving in the same vessel for the West Indies, the boy, desirous of being the last to part with him, went out with the Plymouth till clear of the Branch, where waving his last adieu from the skiff, he pulled back with the ordnance messenger to the Yard, in a glow of youthful ardor.

In the January of 1859, he visited his relatives in the South

and spent some time in the occupation of civil engineering in Louisiana and Mississippi, having the base of operation at Natchez where his uncle resided. It was here that the Mighty Disposer, who prepares all things beforehand, had opened to him the majestic seminary of Nature and made the tangled forest and the flowering plains of a region full of the great thoughts of God, in the profusion of their beauty and grandeur, to yield him a sentiment and experience that afterward often stood him in stead, in the exhausting ride, or in the dauntless charge. Here his sinews were toughened to an almost incredible endurance of physical hardship and fatigue, while his taste for the sturdy sports of the field, and his love of the art equestrian were fully gratified. So splendidly did he sit his horse in the wildest and most perilous passages, that he might almost be said to suggest the reality of the fabled Centaurs of Thessaly. Little did he then think to what use those acquirements should come, and little did his friends foresee, in that Southern episode of his career, the designs of that brilliant life-plan which Providence has since revealed.

Meanwhile there was one other instructor that gave to his character the finishing touches of its tenderness and gravity. Affliction opens, indeed, a sad school for the human spirit and often we dearly pay for the tuition of sorrow—but out of it, if sanctified, man takes the golden attributes of his being. In the domestic bereavements of the family, cutting down as they did none more fair or lovely, the young lad exhibited a measure of mingled affection and soberness amounting to positive precocity. In 1844, death smote his brother John; in 1851, his brother Lawrence; in 1858, his sister Lizzie, whom we remember in the radiant beauty and loveliness of her seventeen summers. To her he was most fondly attached, and her death made a lasting impression on his mind. But the great shadow that fell upon the household deeper than all, till this deeper shadow that now

lies upon them, was the death of his angelic mother on the 6th of June in 1855. What a light was thus quenched upon that altar! What a withering stroke fell upon the hearts of the desolate! In the sanctity of that private grief sat the petrified husband and his sobbing family. By the beautiful but silent form that awaited a fitting sepulture, they lingered from morning till night and from night till morning. Yet among them all there was none that held his place so sadly resolute, in a frame so calm towards the living, so reverent toward the dead, as this same wordless boy that choked down the rising tumult of his memories, and by some strange power of speechless fascination upheld the broken-hearted and kept the weeping in countenance. No caprice of childhood, no weariness of the body, no slumber of the eyelids could drive him for one moment from the duties of filial piety. Yet, what must have been the process going on down deep in that young human heart, as he saw one after another of his fondest loves removed away, and trod the noiseless chambers where their voices should be heard no more? Oh, then did he not begin to divine that Time itself is but a pilgrimage and Life but a battle, and man's home and heritage are in Heaven; that when our journey is ended and our work accomplished here, it is then only that we shall enter into everlasting felicity, then only that we shall regain the happy throng of sainted kindred and the glorious company of martyrs round about the Throne! Thus purified in the furnace, his aims were exalted and unified. Of all the qualities that disclosed themselves in him the most commanding and conspicuous was purity and directness of purpose, that unselfish and unquestioning devotion to a great truth which stands in the divine philosophy of Jesus—"if thine eye be evil thy whole body shall be full of darkness, but if thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light!" Such a testimony did he leave in after days when he came to endure the personal suffering that fell upon himself, and such a proof did he give of one absorbing end, so

well contained in the counsel of the great but fallen Wolsey to his last friend :

" Be just and fear not ;
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's ! Then, if thou fallest, O, Cromwell !
 Thou fallest a blessed martyr ! "

To show the part which one has played in a great drama we should of right consider the history of its times. Yet, we may not now dwell on the progress of the fearful and unexampled events which issued in the present struggle of the country. It must suffice to say that while the nation was drifting towards inevitable war, this young man, now approaching the close of his minority, had returned from the South, and we find him settled in Philadelphia, in the month of September of 1860, having finally determined on the study of the law in the office of James W. Paul, Esq., one of his uncles by affinity of marriage. Here, for a time, he gave himself to the mastery of the great principles of juridical learning which it is the care of that noble Profession to illustrate and maintain, and without which society can have no security, order no defense, and civilization no progress. In the pursuits of such a science, he acquired a new knowledge of the fundamental doctrines of individual and public welfare; he derived a new sense of the value to mankind of the institutions of free Government; he was filled with a stronger conviction of the importance of preserving the Republic in its purity and integrity, while he drew as it were from the fountains of Sacred, Roman, English and American jurisprudence, a fresh inspiration of the proud fealty of patriotism and a soul-thrilling allegiance to all rightful authority. But the occurrences that followed in swift succession, throwing the whole country into the fiercest tempest of excitement, could not fail to affect the neophyte of justice then preparing to defend by his eloquence, what a Higher Power intended should be henceforth maintained by the sword. The

argument was closed—the discussion concluded. The light of half a century had been shining on the question and now all that remained was an appeal to arms. And as the eye of the young loyalist looked out upon his country's quarrel and his ear heard from afar the shouting of captains and the thunder of battle, the Pandects of the great lawgivers trembled in his hands. From the September of 1860 to the April of 1862, an ardent soul was wavering between the forum and the field. It was evident that the ponderous tomes of legal philosophy had lost their hold upon his attention. He began to feel that another vocation awaited him, and already heard in his inmost heart the secret summons to its solemn mission. Throughout this interval he appeared restless and ill at ease. His fervid nature awoke in all its energy. He became a Lieutenant in a company of Home Guards in Philadelphia, styled the "Dahlgren Howitzer Battery." Between that city and the Capital he moved to and fro as one seeking to find his place. Like the ruddy stripling in the valley of Elah, he seemed too youthful to be recognized among bearded men in the confusion and heat of the first great popular uprising. Now he was here, and now he was there; coming to his father and returning to his uncle. In April, 1861, at Philadelphia; in May at the Capital and Fort Washington, and back again to his law-office in Philadelphia; in July again in Washington, proceeding to Fortress Monroe and back again to the Capital. After the first defeat at Bull Run, going by mere sufferance with Parker to the defense of our lines near Alexandria, where, by way of experiment, he first trained a battery upon the enemy. In September, with Parker's battery at Fort Dahlgren; then in the Navy-yard on the visit of Prince Napoleon, and back again to the law in Philadelphia. In April, 1862, again in Washington; going with the President and his father to Aquia; returning to Philadelphia, and back again to Washington. At last his decision was taken, and on the 26th of that month he gave up the law and

joined the Ordnance Department at the Washington Navy-yard under his father, there commanding.

Thus, he drew nigh to the work which Providence had assigned him. It needed but one turn more to bring him forth on his mission. McClellan was now on the Peninsula, McDowell at Fredericksburg, and Banks enfeebled in the Shenandoah valley, when Jackson, the vulture of the rebellion, pouncing from his mountain home upon our scattered regiments, and driving them back upon Maryland, threatened Harper's Ferry and the northern defenses of the Capital itself. The Government hastened to strengthen the command at the Ferry, and cannon were ordered from the Yard at Washington. But experienced officers were wanting. Resignations had carried over to the enemies of the country her most ungrateful sons. In this dilemma the guns were put in charge of young master Daniel, and the youth, yearning for action, was sent along to aid him. On Sunday evening, almost at an hour's notice, they left with the Naval battery. On Thursday following he returned to procure additional supplies of ammunition, and to bear back some report of the situation. His clear statements and manly bearing so pleased the Secretary of War that he offered him the appointment of a Captaincy on the spot. This was between nine and ten o'clock at night. The next morning, with his wonted celerity, he was on his way back under his new commission, having passed, as in a moment, from the civilian to the soldier, and urging forward, he joined Saxton at Harper's Ferry on the 31st of May, in 1862. A week after, he was acting at Winchester on the staff of General Sigel. It was at this stirring period, while on the road between the Ferry and Winchester, that two young officers, once associates and pupils of the Rittenhouse Academy, each ignorant of the other's connection with the Army, met in the middle of the night, one marching with his regiment eastward, the other with a body of cavalry rapidly riding to the west. As they were sweeping by, though

under cover of the darkness, one hearing the other's voice giving an order to his men, instantly recognized him, and the two former school-fellows drew nigh for a short greeting and a swift good-bye, and each strode on again. They were Major Morrison and Captain Dahlgren, both cut down in the flower and prime of their young manhood, both sleeping in a soldier's sepulchre, and both cherished in every loyal heart as the true sons of America, the noble scions of her noblest race. The Captain passed on to the front with Sigel, when Jackson, now in his turn, was compelled to fall back and fly for safety down the mountain passes, toward the valley of the James. At once taking his stand among the foremost, he was recognized by all that observed him as a princely spirit, and a true knight drawing his sword in a righteous cause, and determined only to perform his duty in the most profound oblivion of all peril, whether from the paucity of his own force, or from the overwhelming numbers of the foe. From that hour forward, he seems never to have paused or rested. He was ever in the van, not rashly but piously daring and devoutly doing for the love and fealty he bore to his native land. With a higher inspiration than that of the bold Saxon, Fitz James of Scotland, he could say :

"Or if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone."

Or rather, to him, in the path of duty, there was no danger. Henceforth, it was one continued conflict, one stern and bloody battle, he fighting ever where the fight grew thickest. And on he sped, threading the wild mountain passes, spurring over plain and ford, through field and forest, in heat and cold, in storm and sunshine, often hungry, weary, needing rest, but never daunted, never dismayed, bright and busy, with a keen eye and sturdy arm, sweeping like the whirlwind on the war-path, falling like a thunder-bolt upon the foe!

It is difficult to describe with satisfaction two years of such a life, mingled as it is, with so many lofty characters, thrilling actions, shifting fortunes, and becoming a part of one of the most stupendous representations ever recorded by the Muse of history. Indeed, much of the interior experience of our armies, much of that which forms the most powerful element of what men term romance, will never probably be gathered up. The thoughts, feelings, sensations of the individual soldier, moved by a thousand strong and resistless currents of influence, that pour in upon him from every quarter, the memories of home, the hopes of the future, the sympathies of comrades, the camp, the hospital, the drum-beat, the march, the bivouac, the foray, the quick alarm, the rushing onset, the fearful concussion, the rattling musketry, the roar of artillery, the neighing of horses, "the flame and smoke, and shout, and groan, and sabre stroke, and death shots, falling thick and fast as lightning from a mountain cloud," the swift slaughter, "the garments rolled in blood," the equipage, the heraldry, "the pomp and circumstance," the manœuver and agony of war, the desolation following, in dreadful havoc, bereavements, bleeding hearts, broken spirits, lonely dwellings, weeds of mourning, woe and lamentation, filling the land with sighs and tears above the innumerable graves, where lie

"Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent."

What tongue can express all this? What being but the God who made us, can fully comprehend it? We must be content with fragments, a few sketches, the meager outlines of the great story which carries in it the very existence of a mighty nation.

The year that elapsed from the month of June in 1862, to the same month in 1863, was a dismal period in the department of the Potomac. Reverses and disasters befell our arms in every direction. But through all this year of intense activity and supreme peril, serving successively on the staff of Saxton, Sigel, Burn-

side, Hooker and Meade, the young Captain passed unharmed. While many a brave commander and gallant soldier fell beside him, it seemed as though an invisible hand had covered him from the iron hail through which he so often rode. He had done good work in the Mountain department, and afterwards at Warrenton, at Gainesville, at Manassas, at Centreville, at Fairfax, in the second battle of Bull Run, and in truth, over the whole seat of war in Virginia between the Potomac and the Rapidan. In the autumn of 1862 this region was overrun by prowling companies under the direction of guerrilla chiefs, prominent among whom were White and Moseby, who, with a thorough knowledge of the country, and aided by a perfidious population, in a thousand ways did serious injury to the Union cause. To countervail these depredations, General Sigel summoned a number of resolute spirits, among whom were Koenig, the Congers, and Dahlgren, and giving them orders to rid the region of these predatory bands, sent them forth with their lives in their hands to this dangerous work. Yet nothing doubting, and fearing nothing, they scoured the country, scouting here and there, harassing the enemy, surprising his detachments, obtaining valuable information, making important captures, and driving before them the dastardly marauders who played the part of farmers by day and felons by night. Foremost of these dauntless young officers was Ulric Dahlgren—always cool, always reliable, ready for the most hazardous attempt, yet prudent and sagacious. He was often selected before all others to reconnoitre the enemy and ascertain his numbers and position. He never went forth on these occasions without accomplishing the object designed, and returning crowned with a splendid success. Of the many brilliant exploits he thus performed, we can refer to but few in detail; but they are such as will stand forever in our history, proving his valor and shedding a glory on the National arms.

The dash into Fredericksburg, with sixty men, near daylight of the 9th of November, 1862, after a night's hard riding through

a driving snow-storm, encountering on the way almost incredible obstacles, the surprise and rout of the enemy, though in far superior numbers, the desperate fighting through the streets, which wrung from a rebel officer commanding, a reluctant tribute of admiration, as he declared that our youthful Captain was "the bravest Union officer he had ever seen!" will be the theme of adulation, as long as bold deeds are held in remembrance. The curious hand of Art has already embalmed the scene, and given to its daring an immortality that will never perish. The representation of that heroic feat will hang upon many a wall throughout the dwellings of the Republic, for the study and the pride of coming generations. Several companies of Virginia cavalry were thus scattered by three score Union troopers, who, with a loss of one killed and four missing, brought off a number of prisoners exceeding half their whole force.

On the 11th of December, when Burnside was preparing to fight the first battle of Fredericksburg, Sigel, moving forward from Fairfax with his own Division, sent Dahlgren to the front to communicate. The Captain, eager for action, obtained consent to serve for the time on the staff of the commanding General. Repeated efforts had been made to complete the pontoon bridge, but in vain, owing to the deadly fire of the enemy's marksmen. One of the regiments from Michigan volunteered to cross in boats and drive the rebels from their cover, which was gallantly performed. With the first of those that lauded was Captain Dahlgren, and near him fell the Reverend Chaplain Fuller. When it was found that our men were unable to carry the works of the enemy, Burnside then dispatched him to Sigel, to hasten up with his Corps. Delivering the orders to Sigel, he started back at 10 o'clock that night, and the next morning, at 5 o'clock, gave his report at headquarters, but so exhausted from the great exertion that he came well nigh falling from his horse.

During the second battle of Fredericksburg, or Chancellorsville,

one of the most bloody of the war, on the 1st, 2d, and 3d of May, in 1863, he was on the staff of General Hooker, and again sent to run the gauntlet of rebel riflemen, for the distance of twenty-five miles, to communicate with Stoneman, then returning from his great cavalry expedition toward Richmond, in the rear of the rebel army. This most dangerous mission he performed, riding from Falmouth to Kelly's Ford, and back again, untouched of the countless balls that whistled all around him. Such deeds of endurance and heroism could only be wrought by a soul on fire with a sublime inspiration, for they seem in their reality to eclipse the wildest legends of knighthood in the olden time!

On the 8th of June, 1863, General Hooker, mistrusting the preparations of Lee for a grand invasion of the North, and seeking to check, if not wholly defeat, the movements of the enemy, hurled his cavalry upon the famous rebel, General Stuart, at Beverly Ford, where a scene of the most desperate and bloody fighting occurred known in the annals of modern warfare. In that fearful struggle the Captain, sent to act as aid to General Pleasanton, at his own request, bore a splendid part. His subsequent description of the battle there is not time to recite in full. But the peerless charge of that great day was made by Major Morris, by whose side he rode, leading the 6th Pennsylvania, "Rush's Lancers," who cut their way through the brigade of General F. H. D. Lee, up to Stuart's Headquarters, and within a hundred yards of their artillery. I give the account in his own stirring words: "Their brigade," he says, "was drawn up in mass, in a beautiful field, one third of a mile across, woods on each side. On their side was the ridge on which their artillery was posted, and alongside of a house in which General Stuart had his Headquarters. We charged in column of companies. As we came out of our woods, they rained shell into us; as we approached nearer, driving them like sheep before us, they threw two rounds of grape and canister, which killing as many of their men as of ours, they

stopped firing, and advanced their carbiniers. All this time we were dashing through them, killing and being killed. Some were *trampled* to death in trying to jump the ditches which intervened, and falling in, were fallen upon by others, who did not get over. Major Morris commanded the regiment, and I was riding very near him, when, just as he was jumping a ditch, a dose of canister came along, and I saw his horse fall over him, but could not tell whether he was killed or not, for at the same moment my horse was shot in three places, and fell and threw me, so that I could see nothing for a few moments. At this moment, the column turned to go back, finding the enemy had surrounded us. I saw the rear just passing, and about to leave me behind. So I gave my horse a tremendous kick, and got him on his legs again; and, finding he could move, I mounted and rode off after the rest, just escaping being taken. I got a heavy stroke over the arm with the back of a sabre, which bruised me somewhat, and nearly unhorsed me. This was the most brilliant fight of the day."

This indeed is bloody-handed war, and the very story of it makes the vital current run cold in the veins. But if we must go to battle; if there could be, as there was, no longer any peace; if the nation had been driven, as it was, to this dread alternative, either to submit to its own disintegration without resistance, or to take up the sword in self-preservation, then the bolder the daring, and the hotter the strife, the sooner shall the mighty wager be decided. The soul in such a scene, and for such a cause, becomes doubly immortal, and men will remember with quickened pulses, that fiery charge which rivals Balaklava and the great Six Hundred. They will celebrate it in songs of admiration, like the Covenanters' battle chaunt of Motherwell, or like Macaulay's martial hymn of the Henry of Navarre.

When, in the months of July and June of 1863, the rebel army had crossed into Maryland and Pennsylvania, and were advancing

toward Harrisburg, Captain Dahlgren, who was on duty at the Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, solicited and obtained permission to harass, and as far as possible cut off the rebel communications. This with a mere handful of men he accomplished in a manner surpassing expectation—among many exploits of the expedition capturing the dispatches of the arch rebel, Davis to his greatest General, and thus discovering to our Government the most important information in regard to the condition and designs of the enemy. After the decisive battle of Gettysburg, he joined the advance of Kilpatrick's cavalry, and on Monday, July 6th, he participated in a desperate charge into Hagerstown, then occupied by numbers of rebel soldiery. While skirmishing with the wily foe through the streets of that ancient borough, a ball struck the ankle of his right foot. As he felt the sting, though then all unconscious of the severity of the wound, he remarked to a friend who rode at his side, in a style of quiet pleasantry peculiar to himself, "Paul, I have got it at last!" For a full half-hour he yet remained in the saddle, until he fainted from loss of blood and was lifted from his horse!

And now a new chapter was opened in his life. His martial course was arrested—the day of suffering had come! God in mercy had spared him indeed, from then going down into the dark valley, and for a while had turned his feet from the war-path, albeit maimed and marred, that He might show him greater things than human strife, while rocking in suspense before the open portals of Eternity. After three days of exhausting torture, such as the wounded patriot only suffers in the close of a great battle, where the debris and confusion of the fight lie on all sides, like the wrecks in the trail of the avalanche, on Thursday evening, the night of the 9th of July, in 1863, he was brought home to his father's house in Washington. But neither brothers nor father stood at the door to welcome him. All had gone forth in the service of the country. A younger brother was pursuing his

course at the Naval Academy at Newport ; an older brother had been standing in the trenches before Vicksburg, and was proudly sharing, at that very hour, in one of the most remarkable achievements of this unparalleled struggle ; while the Admiral himself was absent in command of the fleet in the harbor of Charleston. In allusion to this fact, and exhibiting as he ever did the utmost sensitiveness to all that could give that father pain, he said to a member of the family, on reaching the chamber where he had been carried, "if my father had been here I could not have consented to be brought home, because this bloody wound would have tortured him, and that would have been more than I am able to bear!" It was in mid-summer, and the heat intense, the sun burning like an oven. During the month of agony that followed, which the tenderest care of kindred affection and the utmost diligence of medical skill could not alleviate, the suffering warrior uttered no complaint, made no sign of impatience, nor even spoke of hatred and revenge toward those whose foul and unnatural crimes have plunged the country into such distress. On hearing that a former acquaintance and school-mate, fighting on the rebel side, was wounded and a prisoner in our hands, he, in the magnanimity of his nature, forgetting the feud for a moment in their common hurt, protested his sorrow for the affliction in terms of impassioned pity. His spirit bore no malice. He was too great, too pure, too powerful for that. He hated not the persons, only the characters of conspirators, and when they were smitten down his sternness relaxed, and with relentings of compassion he only sought to return good for evil, and blessing for cursing on their heads. It was the hope of his friends and surgeons that his fair frame might be preserved, and the member saved on which the wound had fallen. For many days every means was used that could be devised, but there was no relief. The sunken eye, the hollow cheek, the growing inflammation, the excruciating pain, all told how vain were the efforts to prevent his maiming. Terrible as

was the alternative, and doubtful as was the issue, it came at last ; and on Tuesday, the 21st of July, he suffered amputation, parting with that which was dear to him almost as life itself, only in the uncertain hope of saving life and serving once again the sacred cause of country. The maiming of living men is so common a consequence of war, that we finally come to look upon it with indifference ; but the loss and the sacrifice are none the less agonizing to those who endure them. In one view, nothing can be more repugnant to the instincts of our nature, than the sundering of limbs from the bright beauty and flowering manhood of the soldier who has devoted his living body to the havoc and waste of battle ; but in another view, the scars men get in such a service become their badges of honor and symbols of fame that shall live forever !

The sacrifice, severe as it then seemed, was promptly made, but the hope of recovery still trembled in the balance. For many days he hung on the brink of life, uncertain if the Power that made him, and still had him in keeping, would bid him return to the tragedy of time, or beckon him onward through the portals of Eternity, already ajar, to confront the vast solemnities that lie beyond. There are hours when the sun withdraws his blinding brightness from the face of the sky, more fully to reveal through the shadows of the night, the grandeur of the universe. There are also hours in the darkness of adversity, when the soul of man discovers a more profound and awful sense of its own existence, and is filled with the mighty joy of those great thoughts of God and immortality, which bring to the human spirit a swift maturity. Such a time now came to him, once more at home, amid the scenes of childhood, and by-gone associations. Alive, as never before, to the gentle memories and cherished tokens of other days, he called back from the sea of reminiscence every floating waif, and held communion with familiar forms and visions, that came before him in his prostration, and silently ministered a solace and a strength

like the descending dew. Who can tell what angels of mercy in mingled pity and admiration then hovered around his bed, or if the glorified spirit of his departed mother were not present, watching over the son of her affection and kindling afresh in him the flame of the early devotion? Certain it is that he alone, of all who came and went in that chamber, displayed the calmness of a great serenity, himself unmoved, save when some finger pointed to the cause of the afflicted country, and then he roused into a startling energy. But otherwise he lay so quietly in his consuming weakness, frequently seeking to lull the bodily pain he felt, in the sound of sacred songs, hymning to himself the strains of younger days, that had often borne up his mind to Heaven in the worship of the family. Low upon his back, sometimes agonized and always helpless, he looked hour by hour steadily upon death, his nature rapidly ripening in a full measure of resignation to the will of Heaven, and gathering an unshaken confidence in the mercy of the Redeemer. Nobler and better thoughts filled him with composure, and all the tenderness of his being came gushing forth again like the fragrance of mangled flowers. He now turned with strong desire and unaffected satisfaction to the Volume of inspiration, as to a high tower of refuge. On its great and loving promise he reposed his aching heart. The fourteenth chapter of John became especially as a pillow to his weary mind. In its assurance, he cast the whole substance of his destiny on the fatherhood of God, and daily grew purer and greater in the new-found fraternity of Jesus, on whose propitiation alone he began to take reliance for the certainty of his present and final salvation. So when the Sabbath came round, and through open windows looking towards the church, he could hear the lofty melodies of the sanctuary floating out upon the stillness of the consecrated air, he would often pause and call the family to listen, and there, hushed into wrapt attention, he caught again the old refrains of Zion so long resounding from her glorious hills, and on those

snatches and broken notes that drifted to his ear in fragments, his exulting spirit rose aloft toward the realms of the blessed and immortal! On one of these Sabbath days he sent for me, and then, for the first time, I looked upon the wounded soldier. Oh, how beautiful, and brave, and grand he seemed, as in his waste and woe-worn plight of fleshly torture, at length I beheld him stretched out, and saw the signals of that fearful maiming. In spite of all, my tears ran down, as he lifted up to my salutation one sweet smile of greeting from that couch of physical agony. That moment is one of the living junctures of duration that will never perish till reason shall be dethroned, for I felt myself in the presence of one far higher and holier than myself, on whom the mystic unction of God had passed and made him a prince and a king forever! Nor can we doubt that there, in the hour of his deepest trouble, he entered into the spiritual rest of Christ's chosen people; and there, in the gloom of his sorest darkness, the Covenant of his eternal salvation was accomplished.

Just preceding the amputation, he had been commissioned as a Colonel, but it was feared that the excitement of its announcement would be too great for his shattered nerves. A day or two after, however, the document was placed in his hand, when the eye of the youthful warrior again gleamed with the former fire, and his whole face glowed as with a light of transfiguration. And there he, who had borne in his heart so great a fealty to his country, once more from his prostrate position, lifted up his right arm and swore allegiance to the cause for which he had already freely exposed his life. It was a scene for the highest effort of Art. Let the painter limn, let the sculptor carve the young hero at that instant, when the name of Jehovah sanctioned the devotion he professed, and which has since been sealed by his most precious blood!

At last the peril of his condition began to disappear, and himself and friends were permitted to indulge sanguine hopes, not

only of his spared life, but also of his ultimate restoration, so far as one may be that has suffered such a calamity. On the 18th of August he was carried to Newport, where he spent a short time in the family of Mr. S. Abbot Lawrence, another uncle, whose sudden and lamented death cast the only shadow on his sojourn amid the delightful scenes of that famous place of resort. After this, visiting Philadelphia and Harrisburg, and returning to Washington, he sailed at length in the Massachusetts to join his father, Admiral of the fleet in the harbor of Charleston, and arrived off the bar on the 24th of the following November. During these months of convalescence his conversations with friends around him, and his correspondence with those at a distance, showed, at every turn, the proofs of a great soul far advanced beyond the common spirit and temper of the times, and gave, what we now see to have been, premonitions of his approaching end. It is remarkable to contemplate the great qualities of the patriot and believing Christian, that so grew in him to a degree of perfection which is, in most cases only attained through long years of assiduous and careful experience. It is impossible to recite the numerous passages from his lips and his pen that evince a magnanimity and earnestness quite beyond the measure of his public activities, and quite incomprehensible to the sordid and benighted judgment of a selfish and mercenary age. These developments of his character, though manifold in form, are essentially one in principle. Writing from the flag-ship before Charleston to a valued friend in a distant New England home, he says: "I stay to take part in the great fight; if I die, what death more glorious than the death of men fighting for their country? Life is only the vestibule to real existence; a state of preparation for the future. Every one has something to fulfill in this world as in a school. The duty must be *faithfully* performed here, or the penalty be paid hereafter." To a suggestion that some might esteem him only too reckless, in his eagerness for the fray, he

replies : " I never like any one to call me rash, for you must remember now I do none of those things which some call daring, without thinking well over the object to be attained, and if it be worth the risk involved ; for I feel the responsibility of other lives more than my own. There is no excuse for exposing these unnecessarily. But where a great object requires considerable risk, of course, no one is to hold back then." Here we have the secret of his action unfolded by himself. How simple, direct and grand are the sentiments and mainsprings of such an energy. On another occasion, being asked with what emotions he rode into an engagement, knowing that every moment he was liable to be hurled into Eternity, he replied with the utmost solemnity and impressiveness : " I always feel a conviction that in going into battle I may never return alive. I think over my sins and pray God to pardon them. I never go down to the fight without first offering prayer to the Almighty for forgiveness and acceptance !" And so, we now know, he proved his own confessor in the final strife, and went out into the bloody peril from the closet of devotion ! Such was the faith and prayer of this noble Christian soldier—the full equal of those men who fought for conscience sake, with stern old Cromwell, and the great Coligni, and with the no less glorious fathers of our own Revolution—a man who offered his life upon the public altars, whenever God should be pleased to accept the sacrifice ; who fought the enemies of his country and of humanity, not from hatred or revenge, nor for the hope of earthly glory, or the desire of any temporal ambition or reward whatsoever, but from the pure and lofty sentiment of duty, of justice, truth and honor, to defend this heritage of liberty and make still more secure the welfare of coming countless generations !

We have followed him to the presence of that great field, where secession and treason commenced their course of violence and blood, and where the first thunders of the war-cloud began to roll.

Here, for two months, he shared his father's company, a witness of the movements of the land and naval forces of the Union, in one of the most protracted and desperate sieges known in maritime history. He came thither crippled and enfeebled in body, and leaning upon his crutches; but his soul was buoyant and strong as ever, and laughed out of her shattered dwelling-place on all that mighty spectacle! Clear in his martial conceptions, accurate in his military judgments, sagacious and far-seeing in all his calculations and intrepid in the execution of whatever plans had been adopted, his energy overcame all difficulties, and kept him in constant motion. He carefully pondered every position, and weighed the probabilities of every manœuvre. His eye swept round the horizon with all the scrutiny of a veteran commander. Along the low and dim shore-line of the waters, looking directly up the harbor, and standing off to the right, rise the formidable batteries of Sullivan's Island lining a distance of two or three miles, with the guns of Moultrie, Beauregard, Battery Bee and minor works beyond. Directly opposite appears the famous Sumter, looming darkly from the waves, not as heretofore, a regular, massive, splendid piece of masonry, floating the proud ensign of the stars and stripes, but crumbled and battle-scarred, a heap of ruins, though sheltering a strong garrison and flouting a new white standard of delusion, the false symbol of the darkest and most guilty cause for which men ever flew to arms. To the left of Sumter runs a long stretch of sand-beach, whose low eminences, scarcely to be noticed but by a practiced eye—once in the possession of rebel forces, now recovered and resting under the old banner of the Union—afford, in the fortifications of Gregg, Wagner, and a number of others of only less dimensions, still strongly manned and bristling with cannon, a powerful position to the loyal troops, in their slow but sure advance upon the fated town—a position won by peerless valor, and maintained with the life-blood of many a Union hero who has fallen there! Right

up, between Moultrie and Sumter, glitter afar the spires of the scornful city, mocking at her fate, and defying all the thunderbolts of war's red hand to hurl her from her impregnable foundations. Before, and on either side the narrow channel, are faintly discerned the batteries that command this seaward avenue of approach; on the right, Forts Ripley and Pinckney; on the left, Fort Johnson; in the river, long lines of huge piles, that fill it with obstructions; the entire element fringed by the heavy munitments of the wharves and docks, and filled beneath with hidden mines and snares, that loaded with perils for the unwary and charged with death to all hostile comers, make the whole harbor one direful similitude of perdition! At the mouth of this gateway of death he saw the squadron of his country proudly flying the flag of Admiral Dahlgren, his father; the noble Ironsides, with her giant brood of Monitors, swimming the wave or riding at anchor; and saw the white tents of Gilmore on the beach; and saw the coveted prize of so many varying fortunes in the distance—the birth-place of the rebellion—whose parricidal deed first plunged the nation into this long and bitter and bloody contest; and saw the great guns of the Titan siege, and the stupendous paraphernalia of the most terrific bombardment of ancient or modern times. He saw the southern sun rise and set, and the silver moon and quiet stars look down upon that mystery of maritime magnificence and of warlike array; and numbering the days on those mighty chronometers of the world, he confidently awaited the hour when Providence should bring forth the splendid success, to which all prior movements and events might be counted but the stepping-stones of this grand ultimate fortune. Incited by such enthusiasm, he ceased not to observe and study every detail of the great scene before him with unabated interest—now riding by day at speed along the strand to the most distant Union batteries—now joining, at nightfall, the scouting-parties that scoured in all directions through every channel of approach, and often

passing under the shadow of Fort Sumter, as though no traitor-foe were lurking there—and now tossing in the surf-boat, pulled by brawny arms from point to point, in the midst of danger, never shrinking, yet ever exposed. In all weathers, with health not fully restored, and a maimed limb not thoroughly healed, his bold and fearless spirit, still rising above these restraints, eagerly watched for the first opportunity to strike a shivering blow at that fatal nest of treason, and drive out forever from the soil they have polluted, the guilty conspirators against the peace of the world and the welfare of mankind. It was under such an impulse, as we have already seen, that he wrote to his friends in the North. But the weeks wore on, and the siege was unavoidably delayed. God had appointed him to the final sacrifice in a manner far more startling, and on a mission if possible yet more sacred. Father and son should separate again, and the day came for their parting. Alas, could not the bitter casualties of fortune have been ordered otherwise! How little did they then realize that when they bade “farewell,” amid the roar of guns and the wild requiem of the disordered waves, they should, living, look upon one another’s face no more on earth. On the morning of January 22d, in 1864, he went out from his father’s presence for the last time, sailing in the Massachusetts for Philadelphia, and arriving in Washington on the ensuing 26th. Here he lingered for awhile, not yet by any means restored to perfect soundness, but still waiting and burning with eager desire for active service in the field. To every suggestion that appeared designed to deter him from his purpose, he kindly but resolutely refused his ear, deaf to all but that secret, resistless, divine call of duty which from the first had controlled him, and yearning only for an opportunity to break from his confinement, and be sweeping, though like an eagle wounded, yet dauntlessly onward in his flight. During this time, he composed an article detailing the operations before Charleston in a style at once so calm, so clear, so comprehensive, as to silence all cavil and

dispel the groundless complaints of the ignorant and impatient. This article, which has been printed since his death, sounds to us now like a voice from the mouth of the grave. It was published over the signature of "Truth," which was ever more to him, by far something more, than simply a *nom de plume*.; it was the substance of his character, and the animating spirit of his whole life, and never more conspicuously did it shine forth than in this last complete vindication of the siege of Charleston—a paper freighted in every line with a candor, a majesty, and self-evidencing power which only belongs to the truth itself—and which, being at the same time a work of filial affection, as well as a patriotic and public defense of the national prowess, might well stand for the crowning work of all his intellectual efforts—for the last-written testimony of his hand, which alas! he was so soon to seal by the offering up of life.

Having heard that an expedition was fitting out for the express purpose of attempting the release of our dying soldiers from the prisons of Richmond, and well knowing that some of his old companions in arms, especially some of the Pennsylvania Lancers, with whom he had charged at Beverly Ford, were still pining and suffering more than death in that foul Bastile of the rebellion, and stirred by the tidings of their anguish, which, borne on every breeze, were filling the heart of the whole nation with heaviness, causing every cheek to tingle with shame, and every soul to heave with the sighing of bitterness, he could no longer be restrained. Applying to his superiors, he was urgent to convince them that he could endure the work and hardship essentially as well as ever, and though obliged to be assisted into the saddle, yet once upright, he gave ocular demonstrations of his wonderful skill and endurance, and finally obtained consent to go on this last great errand. On the 18th of February he left his father's house in Washington and came to the camp in front for the last time. On

Saturday, February 26th, he wrote his last letter to his father from Stevensburg, requesting its delivery only in case he should never return. Under General Kilpatrick, who commanded the expedition, he was to have a separate detachment of five hundred men, to proceed by a different route, but rejoin the main body before Richmond, and participate in the hazardous but glorious attempt to enter the rebel Capital and open the dungeons of filth and wretchedness that have been so long, to many a Union martyr, a living sepulchre. All things being now prepared, he parted with many a noble comrade, and emerged from camp at night-fall, crossed the Rapidan at Ely's Ford about 10 o'clock on Sunday evening, and proceeded on his way toward Spottsylvania Court House.

To follow his movements from that time forward down to the midnight of the Wednesday ensuing, is somewhat difficult, no reliable account having been furnished from any source. Rebel mendacity is proverbial, and we have necessarily but fragmentary and imperfect reports from our friends. We only know that the great object of the expedition was defeated, and one of the proudest and most promising soldiers of the Union was sacrificed amid utter disasters and delays, the profound mystery of which is yet as impenetrable as the fabled riddle of the Sphynx, and the profounder meaning of which God only can unfold to us as the leaves of the great volume of His providence shall be slowly overturned. We only know they did not meet as arranged. Kilpatrick, on arriving at the point of attack, finding the enemy posted in superior numbers, and unable to account for the delay of Dahlgren to come up in time, was obliged to withdraw his troops, and passing down the Peninsula towards Williamsburg, find a way of safety out to the Union lines. Meanwhile, it is alleged that the advance column, under the noble young Colonel, was betrayed and misled far out of his intended route, through either the stupidity or treachery of a negro guide, and the misfor-

tune, which thus increased the distance, wasted their strength, and prolonged the time, was not discovered till too late for an effectual remedy. Passing through Spottsylvania in the twilight of the Monday morning, they halted for rest and refreshment. Then it was that the young commander rode along the line of the column, on most of whom his appearance for the first time, made the deepest impression; for they saw in his quiet, pleasant bearing, the man whose exploits in many a stern and bloody fight, had made his name a watchword in the army. Not yet in full strength from the mutilation of a former contest, but looking on his charger, as he always did, the gallant soldier, expressions of satisfaction were heard in the ranks by the subordinate officers. On Monday afternoon the command reached Fredericks-hall Station, where breaking the communications of the rebel army and capturing a number of officers, it passed on rapidly southward, halting under the cover of the night and in a heavy storm of rain, for such fare as the bivouac hastily affords. The Colonel was observed by an officer, who assisted him to alight, to be drenched with rain, but unwearied in spirit, and cheerful as the most sanguine among them. On Tuesday by day dawn, he was again in saddle, and before mid-day reached the James river, some distance below Goochland. Passing down several miles with the current, an attempt was made to cross to the southern bank, but there was not found a single vestige of a ford at the spot which the special guide had pointed out. And here it was that suspicion of foul play first flashed upon the misguided column, now far from any succor of friends, in an enemy's country, filled with scouts and skirmishers, thoroughly roused, and tracking and seeking to waylay them at every step. Nothing now remained but in disappointment to move on, and if possible, rejoin Kilpatrick, or taking the hazard of the long gauntlet of sixty miles, to cut his way out through snares and secret gins and the fell ambush of cowardly but savage foes! So keeping the north

bank, they rode toward Richmond, and only halted about sunset, when the bastions of the city were already in sight. During this pause he was noticed to be surveying the horizon with gaze intent, no doubt striving to descry from afar some signal of Kilpatrick. It was however in vain, and he now knew that he was alone with his chosen five hundred, within rifle-shot of the rebel Capital. When the pale night had spread her sheltering mantle above them, he moved cautiously forward, and was soon brought in contact with the sharpshooters of the rebel advance, who at once began a heavy fire upon the sturdy column. The men were promptly formed for the charge, and in that perilous moment the spirit of their glorious commander shone forth in all its splendor. So calmly, so cheerfully, amid the leaden hail, rode he along the lines, dispensing counsel and courage to his troops, when at his word, they dashed on like a bolt falling from the sky, scattering the enemy on all sides and driving them into their works. But what were five hundred men so nigh to the rebel lair? Oh, that an army could have followed these bold outriders of the Union cause, and supported them at that hour in their superb attempt! But this was not to be, and so the swift five hundred, tarrying no longer, at full speed coursed down the road in plain view of the accursed city; then diverging northward, took their way to the streams across whose fords they looked for safety from the pursuit of the infuriated foe. The lowering sky now again broke in a cold and heavy rain, and the chill night stiffened the clothes of the men; yet on they rode, now strangely and sadly to be separated, the Colonel with a small party taking one fork at the cross-roads, and the main portion of his command another, unable to distinguish in the thick darkness, each other's course or company. At length the morning opened on that decimated and devoted band of out-worn patriots, and the sun ascended then alas! upon eyes that should never behold him rise again. The rain had once more ceased, and in the gray and misty twilight, the hunger-

stricken party of less than one hundred men, crossed over the lonely ferry of the sinister Pamunkey, and halted for a meager breakfast from their all too scanty stores. This done, they rode on rapidly, but without confusion, as if *moving toward* instead of *from* an array of battle; no man more resolute or full of hope than the untiring and gallant commander, on whose voice his men now hung for the very breath of their inspiration, while he, enduring more fatigue and hardship than any of his soldiers, was still and ever riding at their head. It was past noon when they reached the Mattaponi, where finding the ferry-boat too small, the horses were compelled to swim to the other side. Here, by the sluggish stream, on that forest shore, a vision breaks before us which we pause for a moment to survey with a feeling of mingled wonder and scorn. Quietly and in order the crossing proceeds, while over the steep and wooded bank behind them a few pickets are posted to guard against surprise. At the water's edge stands the fearless Dahlgren, calmly but attentively noting the slow passage of the river by his weary men. In an instant more the report of rifles is heard from the hill; the rebels are firing from their hiding places upon our picket-guard, who, sighting their guns through the brambles, return the deadly salute. Presently, though in total ignorance of the force that may rush down upon him for his capture or his death, the clear, ringing voice of the young chieftain calls away the last man from the ridges above, to cross over the ferry before him, while he is left alone on the hither side—alone with the enemy, a wounded officer, a single soldier, a solitary man, unhorsed, and standing upheld by his crutches, but without one helping hand from any earthly quarter. And now the rebel bullets begin to whistle around him! Yet with a proud look of ineffable contempt, he coolly smiles at the hidden dastards, and exclaiming aloud to draw them from their concealment that he may face them openly, he then at a venture discharges his revolver in defiance through the thicket! But not

a man dare meet him in the open day! Here again is a subject for the poet's fancy, or the painter's pencil. Here is a contrast of the long challenged Northern cowardice and the long vaunted Southern chivalry, to make the loyal heart of the nation beat again with unmitigated scorn for the craven soul of the one and with unmingled admiration for the dauntless spirit of the other. Not one of the skulking savages might venture to a personal rencounter with the marred hero of many an open, honorable combat. And if this thrilling scene shall be ever preserved in the breathing visions of the canvas, or in the thrilling cadence of martial song, it shall present a single figure, the brave young loyalist, exposed upon the shore of the turbid stream, away in the swamps of the Peninsula, daring and defying the brutal demons of the jungle, with an air of moral sublimity that makes us forget, for the moment, the perfidy and meanness which have furnished the occasion of its superb exhibition!

At length the friendly ferry-boat returned, and the Colonel joined his command once more in safety. They were soon however upon a wooded road, thick with rebel riflemen and liable to be shot down at any moment. Coming late in the day to the passage of a brick church, as if to render the sacrilege more complete, this now exhausted company of less than seventy men were heavily fired upon from the bushes in the vicinage of the temple of God! Returning the fire and spurring onward with some loss of life, they rode out of present danger, but alas! only for a little space. In the gathering darkness of that ever to be lamented night, they crossed a small bridge and halted by the road side, for a little food and rest to the wearied men and jaded horses. For, having been three days and nights almost in constant motion, they were now constrained to yield to the claims of nature already sorely overtaxed. In that brief pause, the gallant leader of this noble band laid down for relief on the rude couch, which his attendant had hastily extemporized, by drawing together a few rails

on the ground and casting over them a soldier's blanket. Here he soon fell asleep, for body and mind both needed repose. Before the next morning light should break the mother Earth should receive his mortal part forever; yet this last sleep of weary nature was as placid, and almost as profound, as that which knows no waking until the Resurrection morn! A short half hour speeds on and the young warrior wakes to action for the last time among men. The muffled note of preparation is all that greets the ear; the men are again in saddle, ready to follow their fearless, almost untiring leader, now at his post in the front, where he never failed to be. The little band are riding in the deep solitude of the forest and under the gloom of the midnight. And now the heart almost ceases to beat, as we think of the profound and awful mystery of that last fatal movement. Is that dreary mile, through which a brave young chieftain is carefully threading his way, bringing on his followers with an earnest prayer for their safety—Oh, merciful God! is that the closing distance of his own earthly pilgrimage? Yes! that is the terminus; then and there must drop the severed web, the strange, almost dream-like, tragic end of a glorious life! First, a low rustle on the wind, then the quick challenge, and in an instant the flash, the rattle of volleying guns that all too wofully swept down the narrow pike, with the first bitter breath of wasting and desolation that broke the silence of the desert night. Among the bodies that rolled down together in the dust and darkness, were Ulric Dahlgren and his high-mettled horse, all pierced and shattered with the leaden hail that made them both one heap of swift mortality. And so, expiring from many bloody wounds, a spirit deathless in renown and of existence immortal, passed out from its fleshly tabernacle, through those fatal rents, mounting on high and returning forever to the God who gave it!

The column, no longer in the darkness hearing the voice of their commander, many being already unhorsed and wounded, fell

back and waited only to find themselves surrounded and captured, a few barely escaping to tell the sorrowful tale of this great disaster! The warfare of the young hero was accomplished, and there might his form have reposed in safety—

“ Who leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Looked proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame!”—

had it not been for the foul miscreants, who make war alike upon the living and the dead! After this atrocious murder, then the fiendish cruelty of the cowardly ruffians broke forth upon the lifeless body, in such base and merciless indignities as curdle the blood to think of. We shall not dwell upon the sickening details of horror!

And who were the men that conferred upon themselves this diabolical distinction and pre-eminence of depravity? When the main body of the expedition under Kilpatrick passed through the counties of Henrico and New Kent, Generals Hampden and Bradley Johnson had fallen upon their rear at Atlee's and Tunstall's Stations with something like a show of genuine courage. But it was reserved for Captain Magruder and Lieutenant Pollard, with some of the 5th and 9th Virginia cavalry, the same that were driven panic-stricken from the streets of Fredericksburg the year before, now largely increased by the Home Guard, under the command of the Rev. Captain Bagby—all like jackalls seeking by night the graves of the dead—to distinguish their military career, not by meeting the stern soldier in open day and face to face in honorable strife, but by secreting themselves in a road-side thicket, under cover of the night, and there awaiting the coming of the troops they durst not fight on equal and open terms! This is the warfare of the assassin and the murderer—a warfare whose barbarism is equalled only by its meanness, and whose savage cruelties are sought to be concealed by its more audacious calumnies! We are told that having been stripped and

mutilated, the body was thrown over into a field to prevent it from being torn in pieces by the swine-herd ; then, that it was hastily plunged into a pit dug for it at a cross-roads ; then, that it was disinterred and taken to Richmond, and after lying some time at the York river depot, in a pine box covered with a confederate blanket, exposed to the gaze of a maudlin multitude, it was spirited away and hurried no one knows, or is to know where, save those who covered it ! Such are the issues of the heathen oracles of the Richmond press. Nor are the pretended pledges of the Richmond Junta, for the safe delivery of the remains of the murdered soldier, more adapted to inspire our confidence or regard. With the agonized father, four times descending the Potomac that he might gain the last poor privilege of giving to his gallant boy the fitting rites of sepulture, have they kept a worse than Punic faith. This remorseless trifling with the holiest affections of human nature, is the common feature of barbarous and semi-civilized communities. Yet they *shall be* taught, as they *have been*, that no craven prayer, wrung from a sorrowing family, shall repeatedly implore from those, whose hands are red with the blood of the slain, one sweet exercise of compassion. It is not in such a spirit that brave and loyal men shall meet the guilty and black-hearted enemies of their country. They will stand on the plain instincts of man's better nature, and when once deceived by the false and lying promises of perjured traitors, they will turn with scorn from the ineffable turpitude, and patiently await that hour of reparation which will sooner or later inevitably come !

The expedition ended as we have seen. But it was conceived and undertaken with a purpose as pure and lofty as ever inspired the heart of man to deeds of daring. In the comments of the rebel journals upon this bold attempt to storm their wretched Capital, we may perceive the reflection of the popular feeling and opinion. The brutality of the assassin is only equalled by the

scurrility of the censor ; the shameful murder is well-nigh transcended by the unparalleled falsehoods by which they seek to blacken the fair fame of as noble a soldier, as sweet a gentleman as ever rode into battle. Having first, like thieves in the night, most foully dispatched him, and vented their brutal instincts upon his breathless corpse, they have sought to shield this more than savage outrage from the execration of mankind, by the still greater cruelty of stabbing his reputation and aspersing his fair name with the imputations of lies and fabrications the most atrocious and unreasonable that were ever brewed in a human brain, or proclaimed by beings in the form of men !

With what unfeigned sorrow a loyal people, from the eastern to the western seas, have read those announcements of the fate of one of the noblest characters that has adorned this or any other country, let the abundant and almost overwhelming outburst of grief and indignation, to this hour, and in all time as it will be, bear witness. No form of expression has been withheld, that could give utterance to the horror which men feel at the enormities committed on the person of this brave son of the Republic, or that could render more emphatic and universal the public sympathy for his friends in their affliction, and the undying admiration of his own great memory ! In the name then, of the country whose cause he served, and of the Christianity whose spirit he cherished, and of the history whose record he has rendered illustrious, we undertake to deny, and we do deny, in part and in whole, every charge made upon Ulric Dahlgren, that can by possibility disparage him, either as a soldier or a man. It is morally incapable of belief that, in the expedition which cost him his life, he should have entertained any purpose but such as fully comports with the legitimate objects of civilized warfare and of an open, honorable and intrepid foe. Endowed as he was by nature, trained as he had been by education, inspired as he undoubtedly seemed by grace, his whole being would have re-

volted at any act of unnecessary violence or severity. In the performance of his duty he would have smitten down, to the extent of his power, whatever or whomever should have stood in a position of resistance; but his duty once performed, the stern will, unbending in the struggle, would have relaxed into the gentleness and the generosity of his native kindness. Justice and not charity, constrains us to this conclusion. Providence, in one of its deepest mysteries, has strangely as to us it seems permitted him to fall at a time, in a place and under conditions which, now that he may no longer speak or act in vindication of himself, give all the advantage of posthumous testimony into the hands of his calumniators. Having put away and withheld the proof of the mutilation of his person, they industriously frame, impute, publish and imprint a series of abominable misrepresentations, which only men, frantic with affright and given over to judicial blindness and infatuation, could summon the hardihood to pretend. Now it is one of the prominent tokens of the beneficent design of the creation, that falsehood and delusion shall never be consistent with, but evermore shall contradict themselves. The Richmond authors say, these papers were found on his person; yet, *not till* after he was dead, does any one pretend that they were ever seen or heard of, or known to be in existence. Not till he has passed forever away from the theater of life's great action, and been given over into the hands of the unscrupulous and merciless representatives of the most diabolical and flagitious conspiracy the world has ever seen, is it found out that such documents could be produced. While he was yet alive, neither friend nor foe ever suspected that any improper purpose was entertained by him. His whole military character and career belie it, and more especially his treatment of prisoners captured in this very expedition, themselves detailing in the ears of rebels his generous bearing toward them. Besides this, the internal evidence of these pretended papers, when judged in contrast with what he was

known to have composed and written, shows that the same mind could not have been the author of both. Yet what if it were all true, as is so loudly asserted? With what face can men whose daily outrage on the world might put to shame a very demon's cheek, stand up and mock the time with this hypocrisy of holy horror?

Suppose the question to be judged in the light of the standard of Southern ethics and of Southern chivalry! what do we behold among the rebels of the Southern States? What bloody story salutes our ears? A people by nature, by custom and by social institutions, violent, bloodthirsty, ferocious, relentless in their hatred, and remorseless in their cruelty; a people whose meanness is only equalled by their subtlety, whose mendacity only matched by their barbarity; a people whose prisons are filled with the groans and sighings of their own incarcerated population, whose gibbets hang full of the victims of their terrible rancor, whose soldiers dig up the bones of their adversaries and carve them into symbols of affection for lady-loves and friends at home, whose generals issue bulletins for the sack and pillage of a nation's Capital and for the murder or assassination of a nation's lawful rulers, and whose horde of outlawed bandits whenever successful in their assaults upon a weaker force, put them at once to an indiscriminate and unsparing slaughter, rendered more hideous by the aggravation and enormity of its execution; a people whose Capital city is become but another Sodom and another Aceldama on the face of the earth, where all sedition is promoted, all fraud and treachery devised, all despotism and oppression projected, and where the cries of the starving and lunatic captives of our own fellow countrymen have for the time succeeded to the shrieks of the bondmen and the clanking of chains long rusted by his tears—all going up into the ears of the Lord of Hosts, from that doomed and dismal spot—the most wicked, the most vivid exemplification of hell upon earth, that was ever known among nations pretending to the light

of a Christian civilization; a people who propose to perpetuate these depraved dispositions, these terrific wrongs in their very organic and political existence—is it not well, is it not appropriate, is it not exceedingly befitting for the ministers and mouth-pieces of such a people to stand up before the open court of the whole civilized and Christian world, to read lessons of virtue and of humanity to mankind, and pretend to an astonishment they are incapable of knowing, or profess a sensibility they are utterly inadequate to feel!

Yet again, let us consider what was the object, and what the inspiration of this expedition, that we may bear it forever in mind? To answer this, it must be recalled, even though it be to our mortification and reproach, that for three long years of bloody and desolating war, the rebel nest has been made—the rebel Capital has been fortified within the distance of one hundred miles from the very seat of the supreme national Government; that, between this point and that, vast armies have been swallowed up, until the whole ground would seem to have drunk of the bloodshed, and every acre to hold a soldier's grave; that our Government, with all its burdens and with all its efforts, has been till now compelled to stand by and look helplessly on this brazen defiance and bloody resistance, scarcely in appearance, nearer the reduction of Richmond to-day than when the war began. We must remember how often we have been disappointed and humiliated in our hopes, and how long our hearts have ached and our faces flushed with shame, as we heard the repeated tidings and saw the repeated proofs of the sufferings of our brave men in those dens of Southern insult and outrage, starvation, insanity and death! We must remember how often we have prayed that God would bestow some means for their deliverance, would send some angel of mercy to open their prison doors and to set the captive free! Could then, an aim like this, a motive so inspiring, though fraught with fearful

hazards, be regarded by such a mind as his, with apathy and indifference? Nay, but it was the bugle-note that rent from him the last restrictions of convalescing prudence, and filled and fired his soul with one great sublimity of purpose. He thought of the pining prisoners, once his brave comrades. He thought "if we fail, we can die but once; if we succeed, success will be glorious;—I go, and God be with us in the hour of need!" I suppose this only absorbed his soul; I suppose the rebel Davis, with all his official train, was scarcely once entertained in that magnificent mind, beside the images of the wan and wasted heroes he would liberate from their protracted misery, and restore with gladness to freedom, friends, and country!

Oh then, let the traitors rail on, and seek to fire the Southern heart again by a legend of lying fiction connected with his name. Yea, let them hide from the eyes of men the resting-place of the noble dead; but let us tell them, here and now, that by our faith in the justice and firm covenant of God, we hold the spot where he slumbers, if it be within the precincts of the rebel city, to be the most sacred its polluted site has ever owned; and in the day of vengeance, when that impious town shall be plowed as a field, as surely it shall be, if yet there remains one single agency of Providence that ministers to the right—in that day of vengeance, the bones of this noble young martyr may be there, alone to plead for a clemency even toward the soil, which the wicked usurpers of its government have so proudly and heartlessly refused to others!

But let the loyalist who values probity and hates injustice, let him who can prize the motive of a brave, true spirit, yearning for noble deeds, and counting not even his own life dear, that he may bring to others a longed for deliverance—let all such remember how the gallant soldier whose fate we here bewail, freely gave up his life, that he might rescue others from a worse than sudden death. And let those especially for whom he suffered, though in vain, and all their host of friends do honor to his mem-

ory! Let the nation cherish him; let his monument be reared, and his example proclaimed; for indeed, if God permit, it shall live in the air of the mountains, in the fragrance of our floral plains, in the murmurs of our waters, in the songs of the woodland, in the dirge of the ocean, yea in the light of every morning and the radiance of every sunset. It shall live more deeply and forever in the heart of the coming generations, in the heart of the great people—the thrilling, glorious memory of Ulric Dahlgren, a boy and yet a man, a child and yet a martyr, a ward and yet a hero, a patriot and a soldier, an example of singular purity, though of the fallen race; teaching the value of obedience to law, teaching the beauty of filial piety, teaching the grandeur of a great inspiration, teaching the costliness of a great sacrifice, teaching the support of a religious faith, conscious of right, regardless of opposing numbers; giving a new sense of human valor, composing a purer version of lofty fealty to Government, living a century before his age—a trusty and brilliant type of the young manhood that Christian civilization is producing and shall produce in America, when the flames of civil war shall have consumed the dross and refined the gold of the human generations that are gathered and growing here! Oh thou brave, unselfish, sweet-tongued, lion-hearted, splendid, immortal spirit! How dost thou rise before us to reprove our baser passions, expose our apathy, and strip from us every sinister design! How dost thou project, before all the millions of America, thy radiant example of loyalty to country, and unwavering trust in God and in His Christ, the only Saviour of mankind.

Surely we must feel and we do feel the superiority and exaltation of such a being. We shall cherish forever the memory of his life, and we shall pray that his mantle, like that of the olden prophet, may fall, but fall upon all the people of the land; that his spirit may live in the young men and maidens, and that we may pay our tribute to his Father and ours, for such a vision of

human nature as his life has been, while with pious and reverential awe we gaze on the bright soul that, finding another Jordan in the solemn scene of his departure, ascends forever into Heaven in "the chariot of Israel and with the horsemen thereof!"
Amen!