LAST WORK OF CHAS. A. DANA

Reminiscences of Men and Events of the Civil War.

SIDELIGHTS ON LEADERS IN WASHINGTON

Correspondence with Stanton and Meetings with Lincoln and Grant—Checking Cotton Speculators—Interesting War Memories.

The recent death of Charles A. Dana increases the interest which awaited his recollections of the war, announcement of which was made early in the year. The first installment appears in McClure's Magazine for November, under the title "Reminiscences of Men and Events of the Civil War." Mr. Dana plunges into his subject without preliminary flourishes and details how he came to be a commissioner of the government and the duties assigned to him.

"I had been associated with Horace Greeley on the New York Tribune for about fifteen years," writes Mr. Dana, "when one morning early in April, 1862, Mr. Sinclair, the advertising manager of the paper, came to me saying that Mr. Greeley would be glad to have me resign. I asked one of my associates to find from Mr. Greeley if it was really his wish. In a few hours he came to me saying that I had better go. I staid the day out, in order to make up the paper and give them an opportunity to find a successor, but I never went into the office after that. I think I owned a fifth of the paper—twenty shares—at that time. This stock my colleagues bought.

"Mr. Greeley never gave a reason for dismissing me, nor did I ever ask for one. I know, though, that the real explanation was that while he was for peace I was for war, and that as long as I staid on the Tribune there was a spirit there which was not his spirit—that he did not like.

"My retirement from the Tribune was talked of in the newspapers for a day or two and brought me a letter from the secretary of war, Edwin M. Stanton, saying he would like to employ me in the War department."

MEETING WITH MR. LINCOLN.

In company with some political friends Mr. Dana went to Washington and called at the white house.

"Mr. Lincoln received us in the large room upstaire in the east wing of the white house, where he had his working office, and stood up while General Wadsworth, who was our principal spokesman, and Mr. Opdyke stated what was desired. After the interview was begun a big Indianian, who was a messenger in attendance in the white house, came into the room and said to the president:

"'She wants you.'

"'Yes, yes,' said Mr. Lincoln, without stirring.

"Soon afterward the messenger returned again, exclaiming:

"'I say she wants you!'

"The president was evidently annoyed, but, instead of going out after the messenger, he remarked to us:

"'One side shall not gobble up everything. Make out a list of places and men you want, and I will endeavor to apply the rule of give and take.'

"General Wadsworth answered:

"'Our party will not be able to remain in Washington, but we will leave such a list with Mr. Carroll, and whatever he agrees to will be agreeable to us.'

"Mr. Lincoln continued: 'Let Mr. Carroll come in tomorrow, and we will see what can be done.'

"This is the substance of the interview, and what most impressed me was the evident fairness of the president."

A GOOD WORD FOR FREMONT.

So far there had been no personal acquaintance between Mr. Dana and Mr. Stanton, the secretary of war, though several letters had passed between them before Dana left the Tribune. Mr. Dana was a warm advocate of General Fremont, and he had asked Mr. Stanton "to give General Fremont a chance." The reply of the secretary of war is characteristic:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1, 1862.—Dear Sir: If General Fremont has any fight in him he shall (so far as I am concerned) have a chance to show it, and I have told him so. The times require the help of every man according to his gifts, and having neither partialities nor grudges to indulge, it will be my aim to practice on the maxim, "The tools to him that can handle them."

There will be serious trouble between Hunter and Lane. What Lane's expedition has in view, how it came to be set on foot and what is expected to be accomplished by it, I do not know and have tried in vain to find out. It seems to be a haphazard affair that no one will admit himself to be responsible for. But, believing that Lane has pluck and is an earnest man, he shall have fair play. If you know anything about him or his expedition, pray tell it to me.

To bring the War department up to the standard of the times, and work an army of 500,000 with machinery adapted to a peace establishment of 12,000, is no easy task. This was Mr. Cameron's great trouble and the cause of much of the complaints against him. All I ask is reasonable time and patience. The pressure of members of congress for clerk and army appointments, notwithstanding the most stringent rules, and the persistent strain against all measures essential to obtain time for thought, combination, and conference, is discouraging in the extreme—it often tempts me to quit the helm in despair. The only consolation is the confidence and support of good and patriotic men—to their aid I look for strength. Yours truly, EDWIN M. STANTON,

C. A. Dana, Esq., "Tribune" Office.

MCCLELLAN AND HIS FRIENDS.

The Tribune was opposed to McClellan, and Stanton had little confidence in him. But the young major general had a powerful coterie of friends, and these magnified all his good deeds and distracted attention from his bad ones—when they could. On this point, Mr. Dana writes:

"When Mr. Stanton went into the War department there was great dissatisfaction in the Tribune office with McClellan. He had been placed in command of the Army of the Potomac in the preceding August, and since November 1 had been in command of all the armies of the United States; but while he had proved himself an excellent drill-master, he had, at the same time, proved that he was no general at all. His friends were loyal, however, and whatever success our armies met with was attributed to his generalship.

"When the capture of Fort Donelson was announced McClellan's friends claimed that he had directed it by telegraph from his headquarters on the Potomac. Now the territories of the telegraph toward Fort Donelson was many miles off from the battlefield. Besides, the absurdity of a general directing the movements of a battle a thousand miles off, even if he had fifty telegraph wires leading to every part of the field, was apparent. Nevertheless, McClellan's supporters kept up their calm. On February 20 the Associated press agent at Washington, in reporting a meeting of a railroad convention at which Mr. Stanton had spoken, said:

"'Secretary Stanton, in the course of his address, paid a high compliment to the young and gallant friend at his side, Major General McClellan, in whom he had the utmost confidence, and the results of whose military schemes, gigantic and well-matured, were now exhibited to a rejoicing country. The secretary, with upraised hands, implored Almighty God to aid them and himself and all occupying positions under the government in crushing out this unholy rebellion.'

"I did not believe Stanton had done any such thing, so I sent the paragraph to him."

Mr. Stanton's reply declared that the statement was absurd. When, then, Mr. Dana left the Tribune he was by no means "unknown either to the president or the secretary of war." Then came a letter from Mr. Stanton asking Mr. Dana to go into the service of the War department, the business being to "audit unsettled claims against the quartermaster's department at Cairo, Ill." Mr. Dana accepted the position at once, and, according to instructions, was to be at his post about the middle of June, 1862. His first meeting with General Grant is thus described:

FIRST MEETING WITH GRANT.

"All the leisure I had at Cairo I spent in horseback riding up and down the river banks and in visiting the adjacent military posts. My longest and most interesting trip was on the Fourth of July, when I went down the Mississippi to attend a celebration at Memphis. I remember it particularly because it was there that I first met General Grant. The officers stationed in the city gave a dinner that day to which I was invited. At the table I was seated between Grant and Major John A. Rawlins of his staff. I remember distinctly the pleasant impression Grant made—that of a man of simple manners, straightforward, cordial and unpretending. He had already fought the successful battles of Fort Donelson and Shiloh, and when I met him was a major general in command of the district of West Tennessee, Department of the Missouri, under Halleck, with headquarters at Memphis. Although one would not have suspected it from his manners, he was really under a cloud at the time because of the operations at Shiloh. Those who did not like him had accused him of having been taken by surprise there, and had declared that he would have been beaten if Buell had not come up. I often talked later with Grant's staff officers about Shiloh, and they always affirmed that he would have been successful if Buell had not come to his relief. I believe Grant himself thought so, although he never in any one of the many talks I afterward had with him about the battle said so directly."

AN APPOINTMENT RECALLED.

In November, 1862, Mr. Dana was appointed assistant secretary of war. As he left Mr. Stanton's office he met Charles G. Halpin—"Miles O'Reilly"—an officer and a former newspaper man, and told him of the appointment. Halpin gave the news to reporters and the next day it was big in the headlines of New York journals. Stanton did not like the swift publication and withdrew the appointment and Dana formed a partnership with Roscoe Conkling and George W. Chadwick for the purchase of cotton—a busines that he found on investigation was corrupting the army and strengthening the enemy. He and Mr. Conkling each put in $10,000. Chadwick was a cotton expert. Conkling had just been defeated for re-election to congress.

Dana, regardless of self-interest, represented the cotton trade to the government, and says: "The result of our conferences was that March 31, 1863, Mr. Lincoln issued a proclamation declaring all commercial intercourse with the states in insurrection unlawful, except when carried on according to the regulations prescribed by the secretary of the treasury. These regulations Mr. Chase prepared at once. At the same time that Mr. Lincoln issued his proclamation Mr. Stanton issued an order forbidding officers and all other members of the army to have anything to do with the trade. In spite of all these regulations, however, and the modifications of them which experience brought, there was, throughout the war, more or less difficulty over cotton trading.

Early in 1863 Secretary Stanton sent for him again. He wanted some one to go to Grant's army, he said, to report daily to him the military proceedings and to give such information as would enable Mr. Lincoln and him to settle their minds as to Grant, about whom, at that time, there were many doubts and against whom there was some complaint. The narrative continues:

"Will you go?" Mr. Stanton asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Very well," he replied. "The ostensible function I shall give you will be that of a special commissioner of the War department to investigate the pay department in western armies, but your real duty will be to report to me every day what you see."

DANA'S COMMISSION.

The commission, a remarkable one, as evidencing the government's confidence in a man, is as follows:

Ordered, That C. A. Dana, esq., be and he is hereby appointed special commissioner of the War department to investigate and report upon the condition of the pay service in the western armies. All paymasters and assistant paymasters will furnish to the said commissioner for the secretary of war information upon any matters concerning which he makes inquiry of them as fully and completely and promptly as if directly called for by the secretary of war. Railroad agents, quartermasters and commissioners will give him transportation and subsistence. All officers and persons in the service will aid him in the performance of his duties and will afford him assistance, courtesy and protection. The said commissioners will make report to this department as occasion may require."

All his reports were made in cipher, the code being known to no one but himself and Secretary Stanton. He arranged his messages himself, trusting no telegrapher or cipher clerk. "A wrong word," says Mr. Dana, "sometimes destroyed the sense of an entire dispatch, and important movements were delayed thereby. This explains the oft-repeated 'I do not understand your telegram' found in the official correspondence of the war period.

FAMILIARITY WITH CIPHERS.

"I have, since the war, became familiar with a great many ciphers, but I never found one which was more satisfactory than that I used in my message to Mr. Stanton. In preparing my message I first wrote it out in lines of a given number of words, spaced regularly so as to form five, six, seven, eight, nine and ten columns. My key contained various 'routes' to be followed in writing out the messages for transmission. Thus a five-column message had one route, a six-column another, and so on. The route was indicated by a 'commencement word.' If I had put my message into five columns, I would write the word 'army,' or any one in a list of nine words, at the beginning. The receiver, on looking for that word in his key, would see that he was to write out what he had received in lines of five words, thus forming five columns, and then he was to read it down the fifth column, up the third down the fourth, up the second, down the first. At the end of each column an 'extra' or 'check' word was added as a blind; a list of 'blind' words was also printed in the key, with each route, which could be inserted if wished at the end of each line so as still further to deceive curious people who did not have the key. The key contained a large number of cipher words—thus, P. H. Sheridan was 'soap' or 'Somerset;' president was 'Pembroke' or Penfield;' instead of writing 'there has been,' I wrote 'maroon;' instead of 'secession,' 'mint;' instead of Vicksburg, 'Cupid.' My own cipher was 'spunky' or 'squad.' The months, days, hours, numerals and alphabet all had ciphers.

"The only message sent by this cipher to be translated by an outsider on the route, so far as I know, was that one of 4 p. m. September 20, 1863, in which I reported the union defeat at Chickamauga. General R. S. Granger, who was then at Nashville, was at the telegraph office waiting for news when my dispatch passed through. The operator guessed out the dispatch, as he afterwards confessed, and it was passed around Nashville. The agent of the Associated press at Louisville sent out a private printed circular quoting me as an authority for reporting the battle as a total defeat, and in Cincinnati Horace Maynard repeated, the same day of the battle, the entire second sentence of the dispatch: 'Chickamauga is as fatal a name in our history as Bull Run.'

"This premature disclosure to the public of what was only the truth, well known at the front, caused a great deal of trouble. I immediately set on foot an investigation to discover who had penetrated our cipher code, and soon arrived at a satisfactory understanding of the matter, of which Mr. Stanton was duly informed. No blame could attach to me, as was manifest upon the inquiry; nevertheless, the sensation resulted in considerable annoyance all along the line from Chattanooga to Washington. I suggested to Mr. Stanton the advisability of concocting a new and more difficult cipher; but it was never changed, so far as I now remember."

THE PACE TOO HOT.

A Grandson of General Kearney a Dissipated Wreck.

J. Watts Kearney, a grandson of the famous General Phil Kearney, is to be taken into custody by the sheriff of Hudson county, New Jersey, because he is a common drunkard and unable to take care of himself. His father, General J. Watts Kearney, caused two writs to be issued by the court of chancery which will deprive his erratic son of his liberty.

It was a sad recital of facts that General Kearney made in the petition which was presented to Chancellor McGill, relates the New York Herald. He asserts that his son, who is also his namesake, acquired the drink habit while at college and at the age of 27 he is a common drunkard and a vagabond incapable of taking care of himself.

He had done everything that an anxious parent could do. He had taken this wayward son with him on all his travels, and the young man volunteered to undergo treatment in a sanitarium near Paris, but as soon as his father left Europe the son left and immediately came to America. He has gone to several places for treatment, but will not stay. He prefers to wander around.

On the advice of Dr. James McCrary he was committed to a sanitarium at Collingswood, but he only remained six weeks and then ran away. He returned to Cape May and dissipated. He subsequently went to New York relatives penniless and begging for clothes. His brother captured him and turned him over to his father, General J. Watts Kearney, who took him to his elegant home at Kearney. General Kearney asked for a commission de lunatico enquirendo to examine his son as to his sanity and a writ of ne exeat de republico, because he believed his son would leave the state if he learned of any action to apprehend him.

Chancellor McGill appointed Washington B. Williams, John J. Toffey and Benjamin Edger the commission, and issued the writ to the sheriff to take the young man into custody until the commission could examine him.

AN ECONOMICAL PROPOSITION.

Ally Sloper.

"The quarter's gas bill is simply enormous." "Well, if you like, sir, for the sake of economy, Lottie and I will sit in the dark in the future.

CONSUELA SETS THE PACE

Her Long Neck and Strings of Pearls Do the Business.

REVOLUTIONIZING FASHION IN LONDON

American Woman's Tact, Originality and Means Reverses the Verdict of the Smart Set on "Swan Throats."

When the young duke of Marlborough, two short winters ago, introduced his slender youthful American wife to the inner circles of English society critical folk shook their heads despondingly and gazed askance at her remarkably long neck. Some were even heard to go so far as to say that it was a pity nature should have been so cruel to an otherwise highly attractive duchess, and advised a resort to any device in hopes of obscuring the pathetic deformity.

Not so, thought the little 18-year-old wife of a duke, for being an American woman, and therefore, full of invention, tact and originality, she ordered her jeweler to make, of her largest pearls, a collar containing exactly seven strings, to fit as close as possible around her slim little throat and button at the back with seven very big diamonds set on a band of gold exactly four inches and one-fourth long.

Of course this tale flew about London in no time, and if any of the other women were inclined to jeer at the fact of one of their sex being able to wear a seven-stringed collar of pearls four and one-fourth inches deep, their ugly speeches were quelled by the loud shout of joy set up by the leading portrait and miniature painters. Long and fervently they dwelt upon the rare beauty of a long neck, the advantage of it in grace and aristocratic bearing the decidence in necks since the time of Joshua Reynolds, and a consequent falling off in feminine loveliness, until suddenly the fact that she could wear a seven-stringed pearl collar made the duchess the most envied and admired woman in London, and eventually brought long necks, "swan throats," they are called, into remarkable favor.

ALL THE GO.

It is a fashion now penetrating to this side the water and to such an extent, both in England and America, that she who sits even before a camera demands that her neck shall be made the most of by devices that smack of the tricks of the eighteenth century. The photographer knows all these secrets and when a patron tells him she must have a long throat and must secure a picturesque likeness, though the distance between her chin and her shoulders is only a matter of one inch, he does not gainsay her.

Instead, he picks up an album and shows her how the women on the other side do it, and how, according to their photographs and portraits, at least, nearly every smart woman in London possesses a throat that the famous Miss Annie Laurie would not blush to own. The deception is simple enough, for the English women have found by making their heads look very tall the throat will elongate remarkably, and that, moreover, if the head is properly ornamented, the decorations and draperies about it cunningly adjusted, an ordinary, commonplace face can be painted or photographed into something truly lovely. This the artist or photographer will prove by turning over his album leaves and showing a score of titled dames taken in their new headdresses, each one, you would swear, the possessor of a throat half an ell in length.

One of the most attractive among the new photographs is an American woman, Lady Grey Egerton, and her nearest rival is the leader of this new fashion, the marchioness of Granby, not a bit of a beauty, like Lady Egerton, nor very long throated, either, but with a yard of fine old lace, a few jewels and a proper poise of head, she would pass anywhere for a woman painted by Romney or Reynolds. The young duchess of Marlborough has had herself photographed in the exact headdress the great Sarah of Marlborough used to wear, and beautiful Mrs. Curzon, who was Miss Leiter of Chicago, has been photographed wearing a headdress very like that in the duchess of Devonshire's famous portrait.

MODERN MAKE-UP.

Seeing these lovely pictures, it isn't long that the American woman can resist an attempt at the charming results secured by her British sisters, and when she consents to have herself photographed in the new fashion a big mirror is dragged before her chair, and an expert coiffure takes her head in his hands.

On a table beside him are heaped an amazing variety of materials, tulle and liberty silk scarfs, ostrich plumes, widths of rare old lace, a box of jeweled pins, strings of pearls, wreaths of artificial flowers and a huge powder box with double puffs, not to speak of a great pile of felt and straw hats, trimmed and untrimmed, that lie at hand. With all this paraphernalia hours are spent in experimenting with effects. Towering headdress after headress is erected with the utmost care, simply to be demolished to make way for another effort until just the desired result is attained.

Among the women themselves the decoration most preferred is the little Sarah Siddons band of black velvet passed tightly under the chin and pinned with a lovely, showy brooch just under the right ear. That is, if the ear is particularly small and well shaped, else this decoration is a grave mistake, and it is necessary to fall back on the use of enshrouding, gauzy scarfs on the Lady Hamilton order. These are especially affected by fashionable matrons, who see the first tiny signs of approaching age in the fine wrinkles under the chin, but whatever the head decoration may be one solemn charge the sitter makes before resigning her head to the coiffure, "Let the throat be long."

PASSED THE CENTURY MARK.

Death of an India Woman Who Gave Millions to Charity.

She was the justly renowned Bai Motlibai Wadia, widow of a millionaire Parsee merchant of Bombay. Bai Motlibai was 101 years old when she died, and had survived her husband over thirty years. It is estimated that she has in her time given 30 lakhs or 3,000,000 rupees (about $1,500,000) to public charities, besides fully 2,000,000 in private almsgiving.

Some years ago she presented to the city of Bombay the first Indian hospital for native women. The hospital site was also her gift; and together with the necessary endowments, this magnificent present cost her over $2,000,000. But so enormous was the good woman's fortune that her heirs were left several hundred lakhs of rupees.

In spite of her great philanthropy, few residents of the island city of Bombay knew Bai Motlibai Wadia by sight. She did not drive abroad in her carriage, clad in rich attire, as most of the rich Parsee dames are accustomed to do. On the contrary, she spent most of her time within the splendid solitude of her great mansion in the Parsee bazar.

When Lord Reay, the then governor of Bombay, was about to lay the foundation stone of her hospital, he visited her in her house. With him went Captain Bayley, C. I. E., who subsequently supplied to the writer the following somewhat interesting description:

"Bai Motlibai Wadia looked older even than her 90 odd years called for. Her thin, olive-hued hands seemed almost transparent, and she was supported from her divan to meet Lord Reay by two serving women. She was outwardly arrayed in a single piece of material, which enwrapped her from head to heel.

"The stuff appeared costly beyond my computation. It was of very heavy yellow silk, which great fringes, not of gold lace, but of solid, jingling gold. The gown was not caught around her waist, but fell in the Greek fashion from her neck. The muslin veil which covers the heads of Parsee women when abroad had been laid aside within the confines of her home, and we had an uninterrupted view of Bai Motlibai's deeply furrowed but still handsome and winning face.

"She spoke in Hindoostanee to our interpreter, and her voice had a sort of pleading tenderness that won our hearts at once. As the interpreter translated her words she looked straight at Lord Reay, smiling charmingly, and punctuating each sentence with a little nod of approval. I cannot quite remember what she said; but the delightful manner in which it was spoken impressed us all very deeply.

"Bai Motlibai, during the interview, leaned on two crutches of bamboo topped with gold, until Lord Reay insisted that she resume her seat on the divan. Her feet were shoeless, and around the ankles, as well as over her wrists, were heavy bangles of gold set with seed pearls and emeralds. A necklace of emeralds hung around her neck. She wore large tortoise shell spectacles, which gave her a decidedly incongruous appearance. As she tottered across the room her gold fringes rattled, and the bangles she wore clattered like the keys of a jail warden. Her maids were all dressed very finely, being probably decked out for the occasion. On our leaving she clapped her hands, and a serving woman entered with a small casket. This was handed to Lord Reay, and on being opened was found to contain a sumptuous pearl necklace, a gift for the governor's wife."

Her venerated remains have been borne by relatives and priests to the Tower of Silence, and there delivered over to the vultures, in accordance with the extraordinary custom of her race.

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Garden Parties in London.

One of the beauties of the London season is that the gardens can then be used. Whether for reception or ball the grounds are always illuminated, and it is a blissful thing to wander away from the glittering crowd and seek the sweet-smelling garden close, where it is quite light enough for one to be respectably visible and yet dim enough for one to cover a multitude of deficiencies of dress or jewels. Sometimes, as at the Marchioness of Lansdowne's a few weeks ago, the lawns are covered with carpet, and this serves both to protect the grass and the hems of women's skirts. This plan quite solves the puzzle of the "Duchess" and several other writers' popular novels, wherein the lovely heroine is always escaping from the ball room and listening to a confession of love in a flower arbor or by a fountain. One used to picture her with damp feet and hair out of curl roaming about unlit paths, and one wondered why the writer let her do it. She swished her skirts over scarlet Brussels pathways, however, and sat under the most becoming shade of fairy lamps, while her gallant brought her ices from the near buffet. Given a pretty woman (she needn't be so excruciatingly pretty either, under these lights) and a wholesome young man, there is bound to be love-making, especially if the moon is doing her obvious duty. The English society novelists are not such idiots after all.

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