

THE MUSIC OF CHILDHOOD.

BY JEAN INGELW.

When I hear the waters fretting,
When I see the chestnut letting
All her lovely blossoms faller down, I think, alas! the day;
Once, with magical sweet singing,
Blackbirds set the woodland ringing
That awakes no more while April hours wear themselves away.

In our hearts fair hope lay smiling,
Sweet as air, and all beguiling;
And there hung a mist of blue bells on the slope and down the dell;
And we talked of joy and splendor
That the years unborn would render—
And the blackbirds helped us with the story, for they knew it well.

Piping, fluting: "Bees are humming,
April's here and Summer's coming;
Don't forget us when you walk—a man with men—in pride and joy;
Think on us in alley's shady,
When you step a graceful lady,
For no fairer days have we to hope for, little girl and boy.

"Laugh and play, O lisp'ing waters,
Lull our downy sons and daughters;
Come, O wind, and rock their leafy cradle in thy wanderings coy;

When they wake we'll end the measure
With a wild, sweet cry of pleasure,
And a 'Hey down derry, let's be merry, little girl and boy!'"

THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

LETTER FROM MISS FANNIE COURTNEY.

NASHVILLE, March 30, '65.

Dr. J. S. Newberry, Secretary Western Department U. S. Sanitary Commission:

Dear Sir: The following account of the battle of Franklin was written, at my request, by a young lady, Miss Fannie Courtney, who, with her widowed mother and family was residing there at the time of the battle. She was an eyewitness of what she relates, and no one can read her truthful story without emotion. Her pure womanly devotion, her heartfelt sympathy, and her generous sacrifices for the relief of our wounded soldiers, justly entitles her to the respect, admiration, and love of every loyal man and woman in the nation. The conspicuous part she acted on that eventful occasion will never be forgotten. Her name I hear mentioned continually with praise. Among our suffering soldiers, she appeared indeed as an angel of mercy. She fed them, she clothed them, she bound up their wounds, nursed and comforted them with all the tenderness of her young and loving heart and all this she did amidst the scoffs and sneers of the Confederate hordes about her. Such goodness and such loyalty are worthy of all praise.

Very respectfully,
E. ROOT.

FRANKLIN, TENN., March, 1865.

E. Root, Esq., U. S. San. Com., Nashville.

Dear Sir: In compliance with your request, and with unfeigned pleasure, I hasten to give you an account of the battle of Franklin, together with a statement of facts concerning the hospitals and the wounded during the stay of the rebels, a period of seventeen days, after the battle. The details of the memorable engagement of Nov. 30th, will, of course, be according to my opportunity for personal observation, while terror stirred my soul. The other facts transpired in calmer moments, when my heart was filled with a holy sense of duty toward the suffering.

On the morning of the 30th of November, the retreating army arrived at this place, tired and many almost exhausted. But, notwithstanding this, they commenced immediately throwing up breastworks. You would have been astonished to see how quick the work was completed, and with what strength. We felt great uneasiness of mind, fearing that there would be a great battle. We asked of almost every one passing if that would be the case. They replied, "we will only skirmish with the rebels till we get our wagon trains away, and then we will invite them to Nashville."

But we were doomed to disappointment; about half past 3 o'clock, I was sitting at the dinner table, when I heard the roar of artillery. I ran into the yard to listen. There was skirmishing for a few minutes only, when, with a tremendous yell, the rebels made a charge along the whole line. The bullets were falling so thick it was unsafe to remain longer. I stood within the door, and in a few minutes all was in perfect confusion. Men, women and children, were running in every direction, together with unmanageable teams, loose horses, and mules. My position was no longer safe. I hastened to the cellar with the rest of the family and neighbors who sought protection with us. The smoke was so dense that darkness came on very soon. Oh how happy we felt when it was really dark, for

then we thought the fighting would be over. But alas! the charges were fearful, and made with redoubled fury the darker it grew.

About 10 o'clock suddenly the firing ceased for a few minutes. I heard persons in the sitting room above. It proved to be some federal officers off duty for the time, who stopped to let us know how the battle was going. All the evening other portions of the house and the entire front yard were filled with soldiers who were almost worn out with the hard marches of the last few days, and the tough work of the morning. I heard an awful groan; some one had been struck in the back yard. I went to the door, and within a few yards of me lay a federal soldier, who, I supposed, had been wounded a short time before the firing ceased. I sent one of the soldiers out to look after his comrade and to give him water. But he did not have to remain long; the wound proved to be mortal, and the poor man soon expired.

Another desperate charge! such yells! I never can forget them. I ran again to the cellar. In a very short time three wounded federal soldiers came in from the battle field, and stopped in the yard, for they could go no farther. I called to the men outside to bring them into the cellar. Two were slightly wounded. The third was struck in the arm, and the main artery was cut. He was bleeding profusely. One of the neighbors ran up at the risk of his life and brought a bucket of water. My mother had some cotton near. I poured water on the wound for some time. I then put cotton on each side where the ball entered and came out, bound it up with my handkerchief, and with two others, belonging to my sister and little brother, made for him a sling. He lay down to rest, but complained of being cold from loss of blood. I had nothing to cover him with. What was I to do? A thought struck me. I took off my woollen skirt and tucked it around him. He remained for some time, though all the while bleeding a little. His comrades decided to try to overtake an ambulance with him, and I suppose they did, as they did not return.

Soon a fire broke out in town. It was fearful enough, for we thought of nothing else but being burned alive in the cellar, as there was no way of getting out if the fire continued to spread. The rebels could see the position of our forces, and, consequently, the fighting was more terrific. Several buildings were consumed, but, thanks to a kind Providence, the fire was extinguished by the timely interference of soldiers assisted by citizens. About thirteen charges in all were made by the rebels.

At midnight the federal army began to retreat, the wagon trains being safe, and gradually the firing ceased. Oh! how grateful we felt to God that it was over, as we thought of the dying and dead on the battle-field. Then we emerged from our place of refuge. I dragged beds into my mother's room for us to rest there, as we wished to spend the remainder of the night of terror together. I could not sleep, for I longed to go to the battle-field to alleviate suffering, and, at least, do all in my power to make the wounded more comfortable until they could be brought to hospitals.

At 3 o'clock, again, such cannonading! What could it mean? It shook the earth, the house, every thing seemed in motion above and below. It was a farewell salute sent by the rebels to the retreating army now far away. I was so frightened I sprang up and aroused every one to get to the cellar immediately or we should be killed. I remained to close the house, to do which, though it took me but two minutes, seemed an age. Just as I reached the cellar door a shell exploded close by, and had I been three seconds later in passing I should have been struck by some of the fragments which flew about. In about half an hour we knew that the battle had ended. How grateful we felt to God that we were spared! But amidst our joy we thought of the dear ones who had fallen to find graves in a strange land, and of the suffering ones lying exposed on the field; of the desolate homes, and the many hearts stricken with sorrow when the sad tidings should reach them.

While we sat thinking and talking of the dreadful night we had passed, we heard footsteps at the door. The bell rang, and as with strange, nervous feelings I opened the door, who should stand face to face with me but my own dear brother and cousin? They were just from the field. Words are inadequate to express my happiness. They had been in the rebel army over three years. We had not seen them for two years. There was consternation in the house for a while. My mother was overjoyed that she was once more permitted to clasp her boy to her heart. He remained with us one day and night, and then joined his command near Murfreesboro. We saw him no more. When the rebel army

retreated on Thursday night, December 15th, Forrest issued to his command, to which my brother was temporarily assigned, two ears of corn to a man. They marched from Murfreesboro to Shelbyville and then back to Columbia, and had not a morsel to eat, except the corn, until the following Monday morning. When they arrived at Columbia my brother stopped with my aunt, and from her we afterwards learned the condition of the soldiers. We have heard nothing of him since he went South. If we could have seen him again we would have done all in our power to keep him at home.

Early the next morning after the battle I went to the field. The sight was dreadful. It seemed that I could scarcely move for fear of stepping on men either dead or wounded. Some were cold and stiff, others with the life-blood ebbing out, unconscious of all around, while others were writhing in agony calling "water! water!" I can hear them even now.

The hardest fighting was done near the cotton gin, not far from the pike leading to Columbia, and near the locast grove where the gallant 72d Illinois stood. It was near the gin that the rebel General Cleburn fell, and also General Adams, whose horse still lies across the breastworks. Six of the rebel Generals were killed. I could not look upon such sights long, but hurried back to care for the wounded. There were forty-four hospitals in town—three for the Federal wounded and the rest for the Confederates. Red flags were waving from unoccupied dwellings, the seminaries, churches, and every business house in town.

My mother and I took charge of a hundred and twenty wounded men, who occupied the Presbyterian church, it being the largest Federal hospital, and with what time we could spare assisted at another which was in a house owned by my mother and near our own home. When we first went to the hospital the wounded men told us that they had had nothing to eat for two days. We first furnished them with bread, meat, tea, and coffee, and every little luxury we could prepare, for several days. Then they drew scanty rations from the rebels—flour of the color of ashes and a little poor beef not suitable for well men, much less for wounded. All the cooking was done, and in truth, every thing eatable furnished, at our house. We fed the men twice a day. Sometimes at 10 o'clock at night we would carry them something prepared with our own hands. Many had been robbed not only of their blankets and overcoats but of their coats, and were lying upon the floor upon handfuls of straw, with nothing else to protect or cover them. We furnished them all the bedding we could spare, and made cotton pillows for all. There were no bandages to be had, and I made what I could out of my own underclothing. We would get up at daylight and with the help of our servants commence cooking their breakfast. We never had time to rest, only as we sat down to eat something hurriedly, for as soon as we had finished feeding our patients in the morning we had to return home to prepare the next meal.

I had a sister who was very ill at the time, and we were obliged to leave her to the care of a little servant about seven years old. She said she could get along better than the poor wounded could, if we neglected them to stay with her.

When my mother and I entered the hospital, how the dim eyes would brighten! The men would call out, "Oh! mother, come this way," or "Fanny, please come here, I'm so glad to see you, I know you will do something for me." The exclamation of all was, "Oh! dear, I don't know what we should do if it were not for you and your mother. We should have starved."

I must not forget to tell you of my little brother, twelve years old, who always went with us to the hospital and would raise the weary heads of the soldiers to give them coffee or water, and feed those who were not able to feed themselves. He even went upon the battle-field and worked hard, covering the dead who were not half buried.

Every thing moved on in this way for about two weeks, when the rebel army began to retreat. What a happy set of men the Union wounded were when they heard the glad news! It was on Saturday, December 17th, when the advance cavalry of our troops entered the town. I was at the hospital. What shouts were given by those who were able to creep to the door! The rebels retreated so rapidly that there was no time to remove their wounded. As soon as the hospital trains could come from Nashville they were removed there.

And now, lest I weary your generous forbearance, I will close my description of these sad and memorable scenes which I cannot forget while my life lasts.

Respectfully, your friend,
FANNIE COURTNEY.

SUMMER HEGIRA.

The annual hegira from the cities countryward has begun. As the mercury continues its ascension towards the nineties, and the hot sun upon the pavements combines with clouds of dust to make the streets wretchedly uncomfortable, merchants, politicians and clerks—all who can tear themselves away from the ordinary routine of labor, and who have the means to expend in physical and social recreation—are hastening toward the bright green fields, the purling brooks, the grand old woods, and the broad, free atmosphere of the rural districts. Cars and steamboats are thronged with battalions of pleasure-seekers—papa, with the wrinkles of toil temporarily smoothed from his features; mamma, glad to be relieved from the cares of the household and the burden of company receptions children, eagerly looking forward to romps with the frisky lambs, among clover and buttercups; and nurse, proud of her importance, and conscious of her indispensable necessity as a member of the itinerant family. The curtains are drawn down and the blinds closed upon many a mansion, where the dust will be permitted to settle and the mice and roaches to have unobstructed range, until the waning of the dog-star.

The more sensible holiday parties betake themselves directly to scenes of rusticity, and find their summer perches far away from lines of travel and enterprise, where the face of nature has been little changed by the arts of man,—and where enjoyment of diversion is not accompanied by the necessity for figuring in full dress, passing through the prescribed round of wearisome fashionable occupation, sweltering in huge hotel parlors, at the grand crushes of assembled ton. There is many an eyrie among the high uplands of the White Mountains, the Green Mountains, the North Woods, the Catskills, and Lake Superior, where sensible wanderers will vegetate thro' the summer in perfect abandon, and whence they will return next fall with an added vigor in their muscles and a deepened color on their complexions, to attest that they have found the philosopher's stone in their rambles with the dryads and fairies. The bass, trout and pickerel of the up-north streams will suffer greatly at the hands of amateur sportsmen, who have already begun to invade their shadowy precincts with evil intent, beguiling them from quiet pools and swift-running streams, by every variety of piscine temptation. Others tend coastward, and flounder in the renovating waters of the serf, or expand their cramped and overworn lungs by bracing draughts of atmosphere rolled in from the broad Atlantic. A very great number, impelled by curiosity, or mingling motives of business with those of pleasure, will dodge about from point to point at the south, running over the spots made famous by important battles, gathering relics from those vast cemeteries of the heroic dead, cultivating the acquaintance of our "misguided brethren" in their ruined homes, or heaping a sharp lookout for opportunities to trade in cotton, or purchase abandoned plantations under the hammer of the tax commissioner.

The famous watering-places are all open. Saratoga, queen of fashionable resorts, looks more beautiful and winsome than ever. Her enterprising citizens and capitalists have resorted to every device to beguile the throngs thitherward. Her streets are bowers of fragrant shade; her springs bubble with life-giving aliment, free as the sunshine of heaven, and her rambles are adorned 'with everything that can charm and satisfy appreciative minds. Her leading hotels are all open, with the exception of the Union. The new opera house is fast progressing toward completion, and will probably be inaugurated about the middle of July. The improvement and extension of Spring and Phila streets are well under way. The lake drive is in splendid condition. The race course will open in a short time, with magnificent equine displays. Saratoga is expecting a grand season. No doubt, with the close of the war, many of her habitués from the south will return and flit luxuriant through her parlors and along her promenades, while the new aristocracy, whom war has enriched, would not be considered *en regle* were they to fail of exhibiting themselves at a place so universally recognized as the headquarters of summer amusement. Newport, Lebanon, Fire Island, Long Branch, Montauk and other well-known centres, will receive their due share of attention.

The war has ended. Money is abundant. All danger of commercial revulsion has passed for the present. We have emerged from a period of great national excitement with unimpaired resources of strength and undiminished opportunities of profit. Everybody feels the need for rest and recuperation. It is safe to predict, therefore, that the present season will be more brilliant than any which has preceded it since the outbreak of the rebellion.