

SELECT MISCELLANY.

GENERAL KEARNEY.

The Type Volunteer General of the War.

We condense the following biographical sketch of the late "Philp Kearney" from an article in Beecher's Magazine.

"Who commands this company?" "I do, sir."

"Well, sir, it is time you were at the head of it."

Such was the writer's first interview with the wonderful Kearney. It occurred just as the mist of a beautiful morning was clearing away.

And the news was like unto it. The rebels had followed up their success at Bull Run by taking up a position upon the very outskirts of Washington.

The news of the capture of the city had reached the Union pickets had received orders not to fire upon the enemy, except in case of necessity.

A few shots were fired by some of the men upon the out-liers, from a supposed necessity which need not be related.

The ever-remembered Kearney of Kearney heard them, of course, and a few minutes later the "officer of the day" was seen galloping up the turnpike, his orderly leading an extra horse.

It required no powers of divination to anticipate his errand.

"I am directed by General Kearney to place you in arrest, and order you to report immediately at brigade headquarters."

The captain delivered up his sword and marched the extra horse.

Arrived at the house in which headquarters had been comfortably established, Kearney began to discharge a formidable and important duty.

He received only monosyllabic replies; a perfect file of interrogations—short, sharp, incisive, and unrelenting—was hurled at him.

Several before giving time to answer one—still the same "Yes, sir," and "No, sir."

Finally, he flung the empty vessel into his peculiar way, and said, "I will do it."

He was then ordered to return to his quarters, and to be ready to start at a moment's notice.

These incidents will serve to introduce the justly famous but little known man, who has been well called "the type volunteer general of the war."

Small as they are, they present some of the striking characteristics of his character.

His character was entirely original, in its traits and in its faults. He made no man's model—copied no one's manner or style.

Of Kearney it may be truthfully said that "he was born a soldier. He was descended from a soldier's family. His very name (Kearney, in the original Celtic) means "soldier."

De Lamey and his mother, even in his infancy, were on his mother's side, and in the hereditary military career of Kearney began to appear at an early age.

At fifteen he was extensively recruited in the military history of his own and foreign countries, but his favorite heroes, and his room decorated with their portraits.

His conversation and amusements partook largely of the same character.

Perhaps the first distinctive characteristic which would strike the eye upon making his acquaintance was his intense decision. He never hesitated.

His judgment was never clouded, and he never spoke or acted without the tenacity of his perceptions.

Such was the tenacity of his perceptions, that all the resources of his mind were at his command, and no other second thought was needed.

The first conclusion was correct, if any. There seemed to be scarcely any interval between his remarkable quick grasp of facts and the full maturity of his decisions.

It is thought not too much to say that throughout his career, during rebellion, he never had occasion to change a plan, modify a conclusion, or voluntarily alter a purpose.

Many of the most celebrated that have been decided by a brilliant charge at the right point and the right moment, by a soldier in the Army of the Potomac.

McMahon at Magenta, won the day, and made him a duke with that title. The line of charges, the "Charge of the Guard turned the eyes scales at Solferino. "Up, guards, and at them!"

Waterloo. "A body in mind, Kearney bore the stamp of his martial birthright. When young he appears to have been a specimen of physical perfection. As a young man he was slender, but unusually symmetrical.

At full maturity his form was that of a medium height, he was admirably proportioned—not too slender for the full expression of power, or so stout as to suggest the slightest stiffness. There was no unnecessary flesh, and no softness. His muscle was hard and firm, and these changes were the worsted. Of a highly excitable temperament, he was strong, athletic and nimble as a cat.

His bearing was dignified, graceful and commanding. A hearty, tempered by kindness of heart, and a disposition to fairness and justice, were written in his features and delicate lines of his face. He was every inch a soldier. Virgil's hero recognized his greatness, and his mother became his queen. Kearney looked, walked and rode a soldier.

He was essentially an active man. His very nature seemed averse to repose. His nature formed no part of his composition. His inertia was rather that of the inertness of action to one of repose. The bow was always bent, the vital force ever at a glow. His powerful, well-knit nervous frame seemed always to be under the lash of some resistless necessity of action—the unseen, mysterious vital force. Some during the hours devoted to sleep, he would of ten wake up and resume the activities of the day. He is justly and too generally supposed to have been a man of impulse, hot-tempered and headlong. Such was not the judgment of those who served under his command. It is true he was impetuous, but it was the impetus of the planet, not the meteor—a steady glow, and not a flickering light. He never strained to exhaustion, or sank into inactivity, but was animated by the constant stimulus of a steady purpose.

In action he was in his native element. Kearney never lost his presence of mind. The next instant simulating the most heroic to their utmost effort, but into well-balanced and harmonious action. He thought, and he acted, and he moved, and he rushed. His feelings were not hurried nor his thoughts diverted by any consideration for the occasion, but his whole mind was bent upon the one purpose of defeating the enemy. Thus all his capabilities were at his command.

The result of his incessant labors with his first brigade, were appreciated by the State of New Jersey. It was the first time that the claim that it was found to dispute as it was often called, "the best time of the service." The famous victory, won at Gettysburg, was the result of that reputation; and, in the marching qualities on a hard campaign, it must be admitted, success-

THE LUNGS AND THE LIFE.

On one occasion, while reviewing "The Jersey Brigade," McCallan was heard to say: "What a deal of burning it must have been to carry this brigade to its condition." At the Battle of Cross-roads, however, it was not less than 100 men of the company then being nearly or quite killed.

Then being nearly or quite killed, he then being nearly or quite killed, he then being nearly or quite killed, he then being nearly or quite killed.

Such was the writer's first interview with the wonderful Kearney. It occurred just as the mist of a beautiful morning was clearing away.

And the news was like unto it. The rebels had followed up their success at Bull Run by taking up a position upon the very outskirts of Washington.

The news of the capture of the city had reached the Union pickets had received orders not to fire upon the enemy, except in case of necessity.

A few shots were fired by some of the men upon the out-liers, from a supposed necessity which need not be related.

The ever-remembered Kearney of Kearney heard them, of course, and a few minutes later the "officer of the day" was seen galloping up the turnpike, his orderly leading an extra horse.

It required no powers of divination to anticipate his errand.

"I am directed by General Kearney to place you in arrest, and order you to report immediately at brigade headquarters."

The captain delivered up his sword and marched the extra horse.

Arrived at the house in which headquarters had been comfortably established, Kearney began to discharge a formidable and important duty.

He received only monosyllabic replies; a perfect file of interrogations—short, sharp, incisive, and unrelenting—was hurled at him.

Several before giving time to answer one—still the same "Yes, sir," and "No, sir."

Finally, he flung the empty vessel into his peculiar way, and said, "I will do it."

He was then ordered to return to his quarters, and to be ready to start at a moment's notice.

These incidents will serve to introduce the justly famous but little known man, who has been well called "the type volunteer general of the war."

Small as they are, they present some of the striking characteristics of his character.

His character was entirely original, in its traits and in its faults. He made no man's model—copied no one's manner or style.

Of Kearney it may be truthfully said that "he was born a soldier. He was descended from a soldier's family. His very name (Kearney, in the original Celtic) means "soldier."

De Lamey and his mother, even in his infancy, were on his mother's side, and in the hereditary military career of Kearney began to appear at an early age.

At fifteen he was extensively recruited in the military history of his own and foreign countries, but his favorite heroes, and his room decorated with their portraits.

His conversation and amusements partook largely of the same character.

Perhaps the first distinctive characteristic which would strike the eye upon making his acquaintance was his intense decision. He never hesitated.

His judgment was never clouded, and he never spoke or acted without the tenacity of his perceptions.

Such was the tenacity of his perceptions, that all the resources of his mind were at his command, and no other second thought was needed.

The first conclusion was correct, if any. There seemed to be scarcely any interval between his remarkable quick grasp of facts and the full maturity of his decisions.

It is thought not too much to say that throughout his career, during rebellion, he never had occasion to change a plan, modify a conclusion, or voluntarily alter a purpose.

Many of the most celebrated that have been decided by a brilliant charge at the right point and the right moment, by a soldier in the Army of the Potomac.

McMahon at Magenta, won the day, and made him a duke with that title. The line of charges, the "Charge of the Guard turned the eyes scales at Solferino. "Up, guards, and at them!"

Waterloo. "A body in mind, Kearney bore the stamp of his martial birthright. When young he appears to have been a specimen of physical perfection. As a young man he was slender, but unusually symmetrical.

At full maturity his form was that of a medium height, he was admirably proportioned—not too slender for the full expression of power, or so stout as to suggest the slightest stiffness. There was no unnecessary flesh, and no softness. His muscle was hard and firm, and these changes were the worsted. Of a highly excitable temperament, he was strong, athletic and nimble as a cat.

His bearing was dignified, graceful and commanding. A hearty, tempered by kindness of heart, and a disposition to fairness and justice, were written in his features and delicate lines of his face. He was every inch a soldier. Virgil's hero recognized his greatness, and his mother became his queen. Kearney looked, walked and rode a soldier.

He was essentially an active man. His very nature seemed averse to repose. His nature formed no part of his composition. His inertia was rather that of the inertness of action to one of repose. The bow was always bent, the vital force ever at a glow. His powerful, well-knit nervous frame seemed always to be under the lash of some resistless necessity of action—the unseen, mysterious vital force. Some during the hours devoted to sleep, he would of ten wake up and resume the activities of the day. He is justly and too generally supposed to have been a man of impulse, hot-tempered and headlong. Such was not the judgment of those who served under his command. It is true he was impetuous, but it was the impetus of the planet, not the meteor—a steady glow, and not a flickering light. He never strained to exhaustion, or sank into inactivity, but was animated by the constant stimulus of a steady purpose.

In action he was in his native element. Kearney never lost his presence of mind. The next instant simulating the most heroic to their utmost effort, but into well-balanced and harmonious action. He thought, and he acted, and he moved, and he rushed. His feelings were not hurried nor his thoughts diverted by any consideration for the occasion, but his whole mind was bent upon the one purpose of defeating the enemy. Thus all his capabilities were at his command.

The result of his incessant labors with his first brigade, were appreciated by the State of New Jersey. It was the first time that the claim that it was found to dispute as it was often called, "the best time of the service." The famous victory, won at Gettysburg, was the result of that reputation; and, in the marching qualities on a hard campaign, it must be admitted, success-

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE LUNGS.

The importance of the lungs to the health of the human body is too well known to need much discouraging. Every man knows when he gets a cough that his lungs are being injured.

It is not until the cough has become a habit, and the chest is sore, that the danger is fully appreciated.

Such was the writer's first interview with the wonderful Kearney. It occurred just as the mist of a beautiful morning was clearing away.

And the news was like unto it. The rebels had followed up their success at Bull Run by taking up a position upon the very outskirts of Washington.

The news of the capture of the city had reached the Union pickets had received orders not to fire upon the enemy, except in case of necessity.

A few shots were fired by some of the men upon the out-liers, from a supposed necessity which need not be related.

The ever-remembered Kearney of Kearney heard them, of course, and a few minutes later the "officer of the day" was seen galloping up the turnpike, his orderly leading an extra horse.

It required no powers of divination to anticipate his errand.

"I am directed by General Kearney to place you in arrest, and order you to report immediately at brigade headquarters."

The captain delivered up his sword and marched the extra horse.

Arrived at the house in which headquarters had been comfortably established, Kearney began to discharge a formidable and important duty.

He received only monosyllabic replies; a perfect file of interrogations—short, sharp, incisive, and unrelenting—was hurled at him.

Several before giving time to answer one—still the same "Yes, sir," and "No, sir."

Finally, he flung the empty vessel into his peculiar way, and said, "I will do it."

He was then ordered to return to his quarters, and to be ready to start at a moment's notice.

These incidents will serve to introduce the justly famous but little known man, who has been well called "the type volunteer general of the war."

Small as they are, they present some of the striking characteristics of his character.

His character was entirely original, in its traits and in its faults. He made no man's model—copied no one's manner or style.

Of Kearney it may be truthfully said that "he was born a soldier. He was descended from a soldier's family. His very name (Kearney, in the original Celtic) means "soldier."

De Lamey and his mother, even in his infancy, were on his mother's side, and in the hereditary military career of Kearney began to appear at an early age.

At fifteen he was extensively recruited in the military history of his own and foreign countries, but his favorite heroes, and his room decorated with their portraits.

His conversation and amusements partook largely of the same character.

Perhaps the first distinctive characteristic which would strike the eye upon making his acquaintance was his intense decision. He never hesitated.

His judgment was never clouded, and he never spoke or acted without the tenacity of his perceptions.

Such was the tenacity of his perceptions, that all the resources of his mind were at his command, and no other second thought was needed.

The first conclusion was correct, if any. There seemed to be scarcely any interval between his remarkable quick grasp of facts and the full maturity of his decisions.

It is thought not too much to say that throughout his career, during rebellion, he never had occasion to change a plan, modify a conclusion, or voluntarily alter a purpose.

Many of the most celebrated that have been decided by a brilliant charge at the right point and the right moment, by a soldier in the Army of the Potomac.

McMahon at Magenta, won the day, and made him a duke with that title. The line of charges, the "Charge of the Guard turned the eyes scales at Solferino. "Up, guards, and at them!"

Waterloo. "A body in mind, Kearney bore the stamp of his martial birthright. When young he appears to have been a specimen of physical perfection. As a young man he was slender, but unusually symmetrical.

At full maturity his form was that of a medium height, he was admirably proportioned—not too slender for the full expression of power, or so stout as to suggest the slightest stiffness. There was no unnecessary flesh, and no softness. His muscle was hard and firm, and these changes were the worsted. Of a highly excitable temperament, he was strong, athletic and nimble as a cat.

His bearing was dignified, graceful and commanding. A hearty, tempered by kindness of heart, and a disposition to fairness and justice, were written in his features and delicate lines of his face. He was every inch a soldier. Virgil's hero recognized his greatness, and his mother became his queen. Kearney looked, walked and rode a soldier.

He was essentially an active man. His very nature seemed averse to repose. His nature formed no part of his composition. His inertia was rather that of the inertness of action to one of repose. The bow was always bent, the vital force ever at a glow. His powerful, well-knit nervous frame seemed always to be under the lash of some resistless necessity of action—the unseen, mysterious vital force. Some during the hours devoted to sleep, he would of ten wake up and resume the activities of the day. He is justly and too generally supposed to have been a man of impulse, hot-tempered and headlong. Such was not the judgment of those who served under his command. It is true he was impetuous, but it was the impetus of the planet, not the meteor—a steady glow, and not a flickering light. He never strained to exhaustion, or sank into inactivity, but was animated by the constant stimulus of a steady purpose.

In action he was in his native element. Kearney never lost his presence of mind. The next instant simulating the most heroic to their utmost effort, but into well-balanced and harmonious action. He thought, and he acted, and he moved, and he rushed. His feelings were not hurried nor his thoughts diverted by any consideration for the occasion, but his whole mind was bent upon the one purpose of defeating the enemy. Thus all his capabilities were at his command.

The result of his incessant labors with his first brigade, were appreciated by the State of New Jersey. It was the first time that the claim that it was found to dispute as it was often called, "the best time of the service." The famous victory, won at Gettysburg, was the result of that reputation; and, in the marching qualities on a hard campaign, it must be admitted, success-

THE LUNGS AND THE LIFE.

The importance of the lungs to the health of the human body is too well known to need much discouraging. Every man knows when he gets a cough that his lungs are being injured.

It is not until the cough has become a habit, and the chest is sore, that the danger is fully appreciated.

Such was the writer's first interview with the wonderful Kearney. It occurred just as the mist of a beautiful morning was clearing away.

And the news was like unto it. The rebels had followed up their success at Bull Run by taking up a position upon the very outskirts of Washington.

The news of the capture of the city had reached the Union pickets had received orders not to fire upon the enemy, except in case of necessity.

A few shots were fired by some of the men upon the out-liers, from a supposed necessity which need not be related.

The ever-remembered Kearney of Kearney heard them, of course, and a few minutes later the "officer of the day" was seen galloping up the turnpike, his orderly leading an extra horse.

It required no powers of divination to anticipate his errand.

"I am directed by General Kearney to place you in arrest, and order you to report immediately at brigade headquarters."

The captain delivered up his sword and marched the extra horse.

Arrived at the house in which headquarters had been comfortably established, Kearney began to discharge a formidable and important duty.

He received only monosyllabic replies; a perfect file of interrogations—short, sharp, incisive, and unrelenting—was hurled at him.

Several before giving time to answer one—still the same "Yes, sir," and "No, sir."

Finally, he flung the empty vessel into his peculiar way, and said, "I will do it."

He was then ordered to return to his quarters, and to be ready to start at a moment's notice.

These incidents will serve to introduce the justly famous but little known man, who has been well called "the type volunteer general of the war."

Small as they are, they present some of the striking characteristics of his character.

His character was entirely original, in its traits and in its faults. He made no man's model—copied no one's manner or style.

Of Kearney it may be truthfully said that "he was born a soldier. He was descended from a soldier's family. His very name (Kearney, in the original Celtic) means "soldier."

De Lamey and his mother, even in his infancy, were on his mother's side, and in the hereditary military career of Kearney began to appear at an early age.

At fifteen he was extensively recruited in the military history of his own and foreign countries, but his favorite heroes, and his room decorated with their portraits.

His conversation and amusements partook largely of the same character.

Perhaps the first distinctive characteristic which would strike the eye upon making his acquaintance was his intense decision. He never hesitated.

His judgment was never clouded, and he never spoke or acted without the tenacity of his perceptions.

Such was the tenacity of his perceptions, that all the resources of his mind were at his command, and no other second thought was needed.

The first conclusion was correct, if any. There seemed to be scarcely any interval between his remarkable quick grasp of facts and the full maturity of his decisions.

It is thought not too much to say that throughout his career, during rebellion, he never had occasion to change a plan, modify a conclusion, or voluntarily alter a purpose.

Many of the most celebrated that have been decided by a brilliant charge at the right point and the right moment, by a soldier in the Army of the Potomac.

McMahon at Magenta, won the day, and made him a duke with that title. The line of charges, the "Charge of the Guard turned the eyes scales at Solferino. "Up, guards, and at them!"

Waterloo. "A body in mind, Kearney bore the stamp of his martial birthright. When young he appears to have been a specimen of physical perfection. As a young man he was slender, but unusually symmetrical.

At full maturity his form was that of a medium height, he was admirably proportioned—not too slender for the full expression of power, or so stout as to suggest the slightest stiffness. There was no unnecessary flesh, and no softness. His muscle was hard and firm, and these changes were the worsted. Of a highly excitable temperament, he was strong, athletic and nimble as a cat.

His bearing was dignified, graceful and commanding. A hearty, tempered by kindness of heart, and a disposition to fairness and justice, were written in his features and delicate lines of his face. He was every inch a soldier. Virgil's hero recognized his greatness, and his mother became his queen. Kearney looked, walked and rode a soldier.

He was essentially an active man. His very nature seemed averse to repose. His nature formed no part of his composition. His inertia was rather that of the inertness of action to one of repose. The bow was always bent, the vital force ever at a glow. His powerful, well-knit nervous frame seemed always to be under the lash of some resistless necessity of action—the unseen, mysterious vital force. Some during the hours devoted to sleep, he would of ten wake up and resume the activities of the day. He is justly and too generally supposed to have been a man of impulse, hot-tempered and headlong. Such was not the judgment of those who served under his command. It is true he was impetuous, but it was the impetus of the planet, not the meteor—a steady glow, and not a flickering light. He never strained to exhaustion, or sank into inactivity, but was animated by the constant stimulus of a steady purpose.

In action he was in his native element. Kearney never lost his presence of mind. The next instant simulating the most heroic to their utmost effort, but into well-balanced and harmonious action. He thought, and he acted, and he moved, and he rushed. His feelings were not hurried nor his thoughts diverted by any consideration for the occasion, but his whole mind was bent upon the one purpose of defeating the enemy. Thus all his capabilities were at his command.

The result of his incessant labors with his first brigade, were appreciated by the State of New Jersey. It was the first time that the claim that it was found to dispute as it was often called, "the best time of the service." The famous victory, won at Gettysburg, was the result of that reputation; and, in the marching qualities on a hard campaign, it must be admitted, success-

THE LUNGS AND THE LIFE.

The importance of the lungs to the health of the human body is too well known to need much discouraging. Every man knows when he gets a cough that his lungs are being injured.

It is not until the cough has become a habit, and the chest is sore, that the danger is fully appreciated.

Such was the writer's first interview with the wonderful Kearney. It occurred just as the mist of a beautiful morning was clearing away.

And the news was like unto it. The rebels had followed up their success at Bull Run by taking up a position upon the very outskirts of Washington.

The news of the capture of the city had reached the Union pickets had received orders not to fire upon the enemy, except in case of necessity.

A few shots were fired by some of the men upon the out-liers, from a supposed necessity which need not be related.

The ever-remembered Kearney of Kearney heard them, of course, and a few minutes later the "officer of the day" was seen galloping up the turnpike, his orderly leading an extra horse.

It required no powers of divination to anticipate his errand.

"I am directed by General Kearney to place you in arrest, and order you to report immediately at brigade headquarters."

The captain delivered up his sword and marched the extra horse.

Arrived at the house in which headquarters had been comfortably established, Kearney began to discharge a formidable and important duty.

He received only monosyllabic replies; a perfect file of interrogations—short, sharp, incisive, and unrelenting—was hurled at him.

Several before giving time to answer one—still the same "Yes, sir," and "No, sir."

Finally, he flung the empty vessel into his peculiar way, and said, "I will do it."

He was then ordered to return to his quarters, and to be ready to start at a moment's notice.

These incidents will serve to introduce the justly famous but little known man, who has been well called "the type volunteer general of the war."

Small as they are, they present some of the striking characteristics of his character.

His character was entirely original, in its traits and in its faults. He made no man's model—copied no one's manner or style.

Of Kearney it may be truthfully said that "he was born a soldier. He was descended from a soldier's family. His very name (Kearney, in the original Celtic) means "soldier."

De Lamey and his mother, even in his infancy, were on his mother's side, and in the hereditary military career of Kearney began to appear at an early age.

At fifteen he was extensively recruited in the military history of his own and foreign countries, but his favorite heroes, and his room decorated with their portraits.

His conversation and amusements partook largely of the same character.

Perhaps the first distinctive characteristic which would strike the eye upon making his acquaintance was his intense decision. He never hesitated.

His judgment was never clouded, and he never spoke or acted without the tenacity of his perceptions.

Such was the tenacity of his perceptions, that all the resources of his mind were at his command, and no other second thought was needed.

The first conclusion was correct, if any. There seemed to be scarcely any interval between his remarkable quick grasp of facts and the full maturity of his decisions.

It is thought not too much to say that throughout his career, during rebellion, he never had occasion to change a plan, modify a conclusion, or voluntarily alter a purpose.

Many of the most celebrated that have been decided by a brilliant charge at the right point and the right moment, by a soldier in the Army of the Potomac.

McMahon at Magenta, won the day, and made him a duke with that title. The line of charges, the "Charge of the Guard turned the eyes scales at Solferino. "Up, guards, and at them!"

Waterloo. "A body in mind, Kearney bore the stamp of his martial birthright. When young he appears to have been a specimen of physical perfection. As a young man he was slender, but unusually symmetrical.

At full maturity his form was that of a medium height, he was admirably proportioned—not too slender for the full expression of power, or so stout as to suggest the slightest stiffness. There was no unnecessary flesh, and