## "ARMAGEDDON."

Marching down to Armageddon, Brothers, stout and strong;
Let us cheer the way we trend on with a soldier's song!
Faint we by the weary road, or fall we in the run—
Dirge or Paean, Death, or Triumph—let the song rise on!

We are they, who scorn the corners, love the lovers, hate
None within the world's four corners—all will share one fate;
We are they whose common banner bears no badge nor sign,
But the Light which dyes it white—the Hope that makes it shine.

We are they whose bugle rings, that all the wars may cease;
We are they will pay the Kings their cruel price for Peace;
We are they whose steadfast watchword is as Christ's Christ trode
"Each man for his Brother first—and Heaven, then, for each."

Marching down to Armageddon, Brothers, stout and strong;
Ask not why the way we tread on is so rough and long!
God will tell us, when our spirits grow to grasp his plan!
Let us do our part to-day, and help Him, helping man!

Shall we even curse the madness, which for "winds of State"
Dooms us to the long, long sadness, of this human hate?
Let us stay in perfect pity, if they must not live; Vanquish, and forgive our foes—or fall, and still forgive!

We are they whose unpaid legions, in free fights unarmed,
Massacred in many regions, never once were stayed;
We are they whose torn battalions, trained to war in books, not boys,
Make an agony a triumph—colliquer while we sing!

Therefore, down to Armageddon, Brothers, bold and strong;
Cheer the jubilous way we tread on with this soldiers' song;
Let the sickness of the old Flags' march in silent dread!
Death and Life are one to us, who fight for Quick and Dead!

E. A.

## A Jerseyman's Philadelphia Reminiscences.

[For the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin]

Few persons not bred in a city can visit one without a feeling similar to that inspired by a first view of the ocean, or a towering mountain. This feeling of awe, however, in some degree modified by the way in which it is approached. If from seaward, after a voyage, anxiety to set foot on *terra firma* mitigates it. If from landward, the semi-rustic sights and sounds of the suburbs, the slovenly and even squalid style of living of its people, prepare the mind gradually for the subsequent displays of metropolitan grandeur. To feel the full power of the sensation above mentioned, a city should be approached by a ferry. The reminiscences of the writer of visits to Philadelphia more than half a century since are in striking contrast with the present facilities afforded by the introduction of steam. Living in the midst of forests forty miles distant, it was not always easy to reach Philadelphia between the rising and setting sun of a short day in winter. With the exception of a belt of farm-land five or six miles wide, in what is called the matriarchal region, the woods came almost continuous forest from the ocean to the interior river of New Jersey.

He recalls to mind the starting for the city in midwinter—the traveling carriage, with trunks on rack, and the impatient horses. The city must be reached, if possible, before dark, as there is a reasonable doubt entertained whether the river can be crossed even in daylight, and so, without a halt to feed the horses on oats, or the passengers on expensive broiled chicken ham, sausages, enormous pickled cucumbers, and coffee, with which hundreds science wayfarers, we run ever execrable roads, and at length, with footfrocked and aching heads, reach the Delaware, receive a hearty salutation from the host of the ferry hotel, and a comfortable supper in contrast to the anxious question—How's the crossing? The sun has set, the ice is plainly seen through a rising fog, a crashing sound of floating ice is heard from the river. The ferrymen are called from the bar-room fire, and reddened at each puff of the meerschaum, we embark, and push out into the stream with feelings of awe and apprehension. Of the passage, distinguished the length of the boat, and though bells are rung continually both on the city and New Jersey shores, it is no mean imperturbable that after struggling all night. The boat rubs and oars against the ice we may find ourselves again on the shores of Jersey. The comfort of a good fire and supper after such exposure could be appreciated, and sensibly enjoyed, by all participants of the city until the following day.

Before this method of crossing the Delaware at the time of which we write, there were others—as by sleds drawn by horses, when the ice was sufficiently strong, and by boats with runners fixed on their bottoms, and drawn by men, when it was spongy and rotten. Women, children and baggage were placed in the boats, but men were allowed to hold on to ropes attached to its sides, in consideration of the payment of twenty-five cents, but were expected also to help the boatmen to drag the boat, in which instances the upper oxen water was reached, and to help to drag when the lower water was crossed. At times the ice on such occasions was generally covered the lee on such occasions with water, the wet feet acquired by the male passengers were not an agreeable prelude to a ride of fifty or sixty miles in midwinter. When the writer first visited Philadelphia, steam had not assimilated urban and rustic people by its cosmopolitan power. Each could then be recognized by ear marks. Now it requires a practiced eye. Country and City Cities were also strongly distinguished from each other. The most obvious peculiarity of Philadelphia was her market-houses. From the ferry dock at Market street, extending westward, was a row of long sheds, with intermptions only at the cross streets. In the first shed on the Delaware street women sold fish, either to private purchasers, or to agents of their itinerant fraternity (or sorority), who from thence sailed forth, basket on head, to supply distant families, and to retail the cars of all with their shrill cries. As basketsaw at the ferry, this market-shed was removed, but for a long time the fish-wives continued to spread their ready wares on its site, like swaps who linger about the spot from which their nest has been torn. On Market Street lifted stood a small brick edifice, with a pretentious steeple and clock. This was supposed to have been a town-house, police-station, or something municipal, and to have had dungeons beneath, in which Jerseymen upcountry with apple-jack were incarcerated. From this point the sheds stretch westward, extended indefinitely. They were constructed originally with heavy brick pillars and shingle roofs, subsequently replaced by iron pillars and roofs. These structures were doubtless obstructive to business men, but nevertheless afforded some comfort to other citizens. When rain fell they were crowded with pedestrians, who, by running over the cross streets, obtained complete protection. The floors of these sheds or tubes were always slippery with mud and grease, but I never heard of a fatal accident occurring by falls thereupon. They afforded also a pleasant promenade for old gentlemen fond of the good things of this world, as they displayed the tempting wares of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and also delicacies such as oysters, oysters, cakes, pepper-pot and other viands, cooked or prepared for immediate consumption. But all "things must end," long days must have vanished, and the man with the red curtain has removed his gorgeous emblems elsewhere.

The street is now clear of the sheds, but the place is occupied by an institution equally useful, and perhaps equally obstructive to business. Huge railroad tracks, drawn by eight, ten or a dozen large mules, tandem, crawl through the street, and as the cars are usually get out of the track, it requires the united strength of several of the male teams aforesaid, and much swearing on the part of their drivers, to get them on again. Perhaps some citizens have felt themselves impeded in business by such trains when going to deposit in bank just before the stroke of three. The writer has imagined the following questions to have been propounded by some ardent and elegant member to his fellows of the Municipal Council: "How long, O Conscript Fathers! will you permit these railroad trains to drag their 'slow length along' Market street? O Fathers! How long do you suppose the reins of the powers of New York or Boston will endure this unnecessary and lengthening railroad and mules nuisance? How long would refined and mules business be at the mercy of the city, before the people would rise, and, in the language of the Roman, say, 'Enough!' Are we to be the mere tools of corporations? Are we to be the mere tools of corporations? Are we to be the mere tools of corporations?