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W. C. Allen

# THE LUNAR VISITOR.

"A LITTLE ONE SHALL BECOME A THOUSAND, AND A SMALL ONE A STRONG NATION."

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## LUNAR VISITOR:

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To be devoted to the Moral, Intellectual and Social Improvement of the Colored Race.

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[Written for the Lunar Visitor.]

### THE SLAVE MOTHER.

'Tis dawn of day, the clock did say—  
Slave mother, you must rise;  
The driver calls, you must away,  
And leave your babe in tears and sighs!

Poor mother, you in sad despair must go,  
And toil to fill the greedy trader's purse;  
Your heart is wrung, your tears are tears of woe,  
The cruel monster heeds not Heaven's curse.

Ah! cruel trader of the "Sunny South,"  
Dread vengeance shall be wreaked upon your head.

Is there no pity for that helpless babe,  
Because it wears a skin of ebony?

Oh yes! there is a God above the skies,  
Looks down and sees the wrongs inflicted on that babe,

And the poor mother too. With His all-seeing eye,  
At one fell swoop can all creation scan.

America, boasted nation, where's thy shame,  
To drag a bleeding mother from her babe!  
Chain her! and have her ferried o'er the waves!  
Thy Stars and Stripes look on, and view the same!

Slave mother dear, in pity dry your tears,  
The God that rules the nations of the earth  
Will hurl the Southern demon down to hell,  
To plough the fiery main, with devils dwell!  
E. C.

### GEN. McCLELLAN'S DREAM.

[The following is from the pen of Wesley Bradshaw, Esq., and makes a fitting companion to "Washington's Vision," which sketch, written by the same author, at the commencement of our national difficulties, was widely copied by the press, and commended by the Hon. Edward Everett as "teaching a highly important lesson to every true lover of his country.]"

Two o'clock of the third night after General McClellan's arrival in Washington to take command of the United States army, found that justly celebrated soldier poring over several maps and reports of scouts. As the hour came tolling through the night, together with the dull rumbling of army wagons and artillery wheels, the wearied hero, pushing from him his maps and reports, leaned his forehead on his folded arms upon the table before him, and fell into a sleep so deep that even the occasional booming of the heavy guns, being placed in position on the intrenchments, was insufficient to disturb it.

"I could not have been slumbering thus more than ten minutes," said the General

to an intimate friend, to whom he related the strange narrative, "when I thought the door of my room, which I had carefully locked, was thrown suddenly open, and some one strode to me, and, laying a hand upon my shoulder, said, in a slow, solemn voice:

"General McClellan, do you sleep at your post? Rouse you, or ere it can be prevented, the foe will be in Washington!"

"Never before in my life have I heard a voice possessing the commanding and even terrible tone of the one that addressed to me these words. And the sensation that passed through me, as it fell upon my ears, and I coveringly shrank into myself at the thought of my own negligence, I can only compare to the whistling, shrieking sweep of a storm of grapeshot, discharged directly through my brain. I could not move, however, although I tried hard to raise my head from the table: As a sense of my willingness and yet helplessness to make an answer to the unknown intruder oppressed me, I once more heard the same slow, solemn voice repeat:

"General McClellan, do you sleep at your post?"

"There was a peculiarity about it this time; it seemed as though I—a mere atom of water—was suspended in the centre of an infinite space, and that the voice came from a hollow distance all around me. As the last word was uttered, I regained by some felt and yet unknown power my volition, and with the change the grapeshot discharge sensation in my brain ceased, and as if a huge rough icicle was being sawed back and forth through and through me.

"I started up, or rather I should say I thought I started up; for whether I was awake or asleep I am unable to decide. My first thought was about my maps, and, before my eyelids had half opened, my hand was grasping them. But this was all. The table was still before me, and the maps all crumpled in my tightening clutch were still before me, but everything else had disappeared. The furniture was gone, the walls of the apartment were gone, the ceiling was not to be seen. All I saw was the tableau I am about to describe to you.

"My gaze was turned southward, and there, spread out before me, was a living map; yes, a living map; that is the only expression I can think of as befitting the scene. In one grand *coup d'oeil*, my eyes took in the whole expanse of country as far south as the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic Ocean on the east to the Mississippi river westwardly.

"Before I had fully fixed my attention upon the immense scene, however, I thought of the mysterious visitant, whose voice I had heard but a moment previous, and I looked toward him. An apparition stood on my left, somewhat in front, at a distance of about six feet from me. I sought for his features, hoping to recognize him. But I was disappointed; for the statue-like figure was naught but a vapor, a cloud, having only the general outlines of a man. This troubled me, and I was turning the matter over in my mind, when the shadowy visitor, in the same slow, solemn tone as before, said:

"General McClellan, your time is short! Look to the Southward!"

"I felt unable to resist the command, even had I wished to do so, and again,

therefore, my eyes were cast on the living map.

"Out on the Atlantic I saw the various vessels of the blockading squadron looming up with the most perfect distinctness in the bright moonshine, that illuminated everywhere with a strong but mellow light. I saw Charleston Harbor and its forts with their pacing sentinels and their sullen-looking barbette guns. My eyes followed the ocean line all the way round into the Gulf, to New Orleans, and thence up the Mississippi. Fort Pickens, and, in fact, every fortification along this water boundary; I beheld with as much distinctness as you, sir, see that corporal's guard passing there.

"This sight filled me with delightful surprise; but it would be utterly impossible for me to describe the ecstatic amazement that followed, as, within the limits I mention, my eyes took in, in minute but lightning-like detail, every mountain range, every hill, every valley, every forest, every meadow, every river, every city, every camp, every tent, every body of men, every sentinel, every earthwork, every cannon, and, I may say, dispensing with further detail, every living and every dead thing, no matter what its bulk or height.

"My blood seemed to stop in its channels with joy, as I thought that the knowledge, and thereby advantage, thus given to me, would ensure a speedy and happy termination of the war. And this one idea was crossing my mind, when once more that solemn voice said:

"General McClellan, take your map, your time is short."

"I started, and glancing at the unearthly speaker, saw him extend his arm and point southwardly.

Still I saw no features. Smoothing out the largest and most accurate one of my maps, I seized a pencil, and once more bent my gaze out over the living map. As I looked this time, a cold, thrilling chill ran over me, and the huge, rough icicle again began its sawing motion through my heart. For, as pencil in hand I compared the map before me with the living map, I saw masses of the enemy's forces being hurried to certain points so as to thwart movements that, within a day or two, I intended to make at those identical points; while on two particular approaches to Washington I beheld heavy columns of the foe posted for a concentrated attack, that I instantly saw must succeed in its object unless speedily prevented.

"Treachery! treachery!" cried I in despair. And, as before my blood seemed to stop in its channels for joy, it now did so for fear. Ruin and defeat seemed to stare me in the face. At this dreadful moment, that same slow, solemn voice struck once more upon my ears, saying:

"General McClellan, you have been betrayed! and, had not God willed otherwise, ere the sun of to-morrow had set, the Confederate flag would have floated above the Capitol and your own grave. But note what you see. Your time is short. Tarry not!"

"Ere the words had fallen from the lips of my vapory mentor, my pencil was flying with the speed of thought, transferring to the map before me all that I saw upon the living map. Some mysterious and unearthly influence was upon me, and I noted and recorded the minutest point I beheld with-

out the slightest effort, delay or mistake. At last the task was done, and my pencil dropped from my fingers.

"For a while previous to this, however, I had become conscious that there was a shining of light on my left, that steadily increased until the moment I ceased my task, when it became in an instant more intense than the noonday sun. Quickly I raised my eyes, and never, were I to live forever, will I forget what I saw. The dim, shadowy figure was no longer a dim, shadowy figure, but the glorified and refulgent spirit of Washington, the Father of his country, and now a second time its saviour. My friend, it would be utterly useless for me to attempt to describe the mighty returned spirit. I can only say that Washington, as I beheld him in my dream, or trance, as you may choose to term it, was the most God-like being I could have conceived of. Like a weak, dazzled bird, I sat gazing at the heavenly vision. From the sweet and silent repose of Mount Vernon, our Washington had risen to once more encircle and raise up, with his saving arm, our fallen, bleeding country. As I continued looking, an expression of sublime benignity came gently upon his visage, and for the last time I heard that slow and solemn voice, saying to me something like this:

"General McClellan, while yet in the flesh I beheld the birth of the American Republic. It was, indeed, a hard and bloody one, but God's blessing was upon the nation, and therefore, through this her first great struggle for existence, He sustained her, and with His mighty hand brought her to this day. A century has not passed since then, and yet the child Republic has taken her position, a peer with nations whose page of history extends for ages into the past. She has, since those dark days, by the favor of God, greatly prospered. And now, by very reason of this prosperity, has she been brought to her second great struggle. This is by far the most perilous ordeal she has to endure. Passing, as she is, from childhood to opening maturity, she is called on to accomplish that vast result, self-conquest; learn that important lesson, self-control, self-rule, that in the future will place her in the van of power and civilization. It is here that all nations have hitherto failed, and she too, the Republic of the earth, had not God willed otherwise, would, by to-morrow's sunset, have been a broken heap of stones cast up over the final grave of human liberty.

"But her cries have come up out of her borders like sweet incense unto heaven, and she will be saved. Thus shall peace once more come upon her, and prosperity fill her with joy. But her mission will not then be finished; for, ere another century shall have gone by, the oppressors of the whole earth, hating and envying her exaltation, shall join themselves together and raise up their hands against her. But if she still be found worthy of her high calling, they shall surely be discomfited, and then will be ended her third and last great struggle for existence!"

"Thenceforth shall the Republic go on increasing in goodness and power, until her borders shall end only in the remotest corners of the earth, and the whole earth shall, beneath her shadowy wings, become a universal republic. Let her in her prosperity, however, remember the Lord her God; let