

having extended from Sugar Loaf Street (now Franklin), up Broadway to Twenty-third Street.

Fitz-Greene Halleck, the poet, was a member of

“ Swartwout’s gallant corps, the Iron Grays—
Soldiers who met their foemen hand to hand,
Or swore, at least, to meet them undismayed.”¹

He had been on duty with them at Fort Gansevoort, and shortly after the parade on Evacuation Day, went into winter-quarters with them on the Battery, “ where their dress parade continued to be one of the attractions of the town.” It is further related that “ the civil authorities of the city frequently attended the parades in their official capacity, while the military magnates of the day on duty in New York were constant visitors. Winfield Scott after witnessing the evolutions of ‘ the Grays,’ said, ‘ they are a glorious body of men.’ ”

Halleck, writing to his sister Maria, from New York, on the twenty-eighth of December, 1814, thus descants on his military experiences :

“ I believe I told you * * * * that, actuated by the ‘ spirit of seventy-six,’ or something of that sort, I joined a volunteer corps for the purpose of rushing to ‘ glory or the grave,’ and defending this famed city against an attack from ‘ Albion’s warrior-isle.’ The great respectability of the corps I belonged to—being many of them friends and companions in civil life—and the means we devised to amuse ourselves and ‘ brush the cobwebs from the brows of care’ during our campaign, rendered it, though far from pleasant, at least tolerable; and I do not now look back with regret on the time spent in the camp. * * * *

“ You can judge of what a set of men the Iron Grays were composed when I tell you that many of them were in the habit of coming to the parades preparatory to marching to camp, a distance of three miles, in their coaches and curricles; there they buckled on a heavy knapsack containing blankets and provisions, marched three miles through the mud, and mounted guard, sometimes two, sometimes three days at a time, during which period seven hours out of ten were spent, day or night, in ‘ pacing to and fro a gravelly bound’ of about two rods, with a musket on the shoulder, which, it being some part of the time cold, was not very comfortable; the rest of the time was passed through the day in smoking cigars, lying on the ground before the doors of the tents, etc., etc., being allowed to go but one hundred yards from the guard-tent.

“ In the night, when off guard, we bundled in sometimes eight, sometimes sixteen men in a small tent just five and a half feet [?] square with a small, precious quantity of straw to lie on, and our muskets in our arms. To sleep was almost out of the question, as the time we were off guard, even if all had been

¹ Halleck’s “ Fanny,” canto lxiv.