



NEWS FROM THE WAR.

One of our most ingenious artists, Mr. Winslow Homer, has portrayed in the picture which we publish on pages 376 and 377 the thrilling effect of the *News from the War*. There is news that is exciting and triumphant: news of battles fought and won; of forts stormed in the teeth of rebel cannon; of brilliant charges with the bayonet, or fierce avalanches of cavalry; of daring reconnoissances and hair-breadth escapes: news which fires the heart and makes the eye glisten and the cheek redden with patriotic ardor. And there is news of defeat; of slaughter and massacre; of gallant Northern boys left to become the prey of Southern ghouls, who will convert their skulls into trophies, and whose daughters and wives will not blush to wear ornaments made of their bones; news which makes the cheek blanch, and nerves the brave man's heart to further encounters, and warns the wise man that the time for half-measures has passed. *News of the war!* We all live on it. Few of us but would prefer our newspaper in those times to our breakfast. To some it comes as the brilliant radiance of sunlight after a gloomy morning, announcing that one who is near and dear to us has fulfilled the hopes of his friends, and has won fame and promotion and a place in history. To many tender hearts news of the war, be it of victory or defeat, merely means the death or wounding of some dear soldier. How little they think, whose lovers or brothers are reported in the fatal list of killed and wounded, of the triumphs or the perils of the Union cause! Little she recks, whose face is buried in her handkerchief in an agony of anguish, of the utter discomfiture of the rebels! Her discomfiture is more complete and more abiding than theirs. And then there is the news of Union victories, conveyed through trumpet-tongued rumor, to gallant Unionists in prison in the South, to cheer their dreary days; to wounded men in hospital and in sorrow, whose pains seem less acute, and whose blood courses more freely as they realize that the cause in which they suffered has received new lustre; to soldiers in the camp, who hear, with half-suppressed jealousy, of glories they did not share, and who vow, as they listen to the news, that when their time comes, they too will make themselves heard of. The only thing which thrills every heart nowadays is the *News of the War*. Mr. Homer, we think, has done justice to his subject.

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