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Reminiscences
of an
Army Nurse

BY MRS. A. P. IRVING

REMINISCENCES
OF THE
LIFE OF A NURSE
IN
FIELD, HOSPITAL AND CAMP
DURING THE
CIVIL WAR.

By MRS. ANNIE PRISCILLA ERVING,

Army Nurse Medical Department
U. S. Volunteers.

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BY MRS. A. P. ERVING.

The good work of our Army Nurse, Mrs. Erving, and what she did in her girlhood in camp, field and hospital as she carried hope and cheer to many a broken hearted mother's son. May the blessings of heaven follow her in her declining years and this booklet of women's work meet with hearty success.

CHARLES W. VALENTINE,
Pastor of Lutheran Church.

Newburgh, N. Y.

The Manse, First Presbyterian Church.

September 15, 1904.

The many friends and acquaintances of Mrs. Annie Priscilla Erving, Army Nurse in the Civil War, deeply interested in her personal experiences, have often urged her to have printed in some permanent form her memories of the war. She has finally yielded to this request and now offers to the public this booklet, in the hope that it may be a profit and pleasure to many and, particularly, that the young who read it may have a stronger love of country and a larger appreciation of those who suffered, fought and died to preserve it.

WILLIAM K. HALL.

The child who was born the year the Civil War closed has long since grown to manhood, and the experiences of those dreadful years are fast fading into forgetfulness. Those who have come upon the stage of life since, have no adequate conception of the nature and cost of the conflict. Mrs. Erving's narrative of personal experiences as an Army Nurse in camp and field and hospital will do much to enlighten those who read it as to their obligations to the citizen soldiers of the republic. It will prompt them to love their country more, to value its dearly purchased institutions more, to prize its manifold blessings more, and to do all that in them lies to advance its true greatness and glory.

GEO. W. HUNTINGTON,

Rector Church of the Corner Stone.

Newburgh, N. Y., Sept. 16th, 1904.



MISS CILLA ZERBE,
MEDICAL DEPARTMENT, U. S. VOLUNTEERS,
1862-1864.

PREFACE.

This little book of woman's work and what she can do if she makes up her mind to do it, should be placed in the hands of every school child. It will teach them loyalty to themselves and their country, and they will grow up to respect the heroes of our wars. To-day, the heads of the soldiers of North and South are carrying the same color, the gray, while the nimble footsteps are growing weary and soon taps will be sounded for them all. May it be well with them when the time comes.

My ancestors were the early settlers of Pennsylvania, Dutch on one side, Huguenot on the other. I was born in one of the finest valleys of the United States, the Cumberland, but I lived and was educated in the city of Harrisburg. How many people of to-day can recall the Omen of War just before it broke out. I was coming home, with a party, from Camp Meeting, and such an awe-stricken party as it was. I confess here, for once in my life I was afraid. We

thought the Judgement day was at hand. The sky seemed to be covered as with one mass of blood. It would, and did, make the stoutest heart quail. The next day, Sunday, our minister preached to the people that it was an Omen of War, which indeed it proved to be. Being born a patriotic girl, when the Civil War broke out, I was ready for work.

In writing this, it is not overdrawn, but simply as it occurred. I have tried to make it so plain that any child can read it, also with hopes that in my declining years, it may bring me some reward financially.

MRS. ANNIE PRISCILLA ERVING.



REMINISCENCES.

The days of the 60s were stirring times. Our city was under martial law. Men would go to their work in the morning as usual, and when word would come that the enemy were advancing, a fife and drum would give the signal. Steam would be shut off in the mills and shops, the men fall in line and march away to defend the city. To these men we looked for home protection. Night and day they worked to box and remove the books and valuable documents from our State capitol. The object of the Confederates was to burn the bridges that cross the Susquehanna River and to shell the city.

My first service was among refugees, people who had to leave the valley, being driven out by the enemy, and taking with them only what they could carry. Those people were given protection and shelter in and outside of the city—in churches, the Court

House and in camp. The greater part of them had to be fed by the citizens. There was much sickness among them, and they had to be cared for, but there were plenty of willing hands to do. Our girls did noble work among them. Death came to a poor woman whose husband was to the front. Kind motherly women took charge of her five children, hoping some time to hear from the father. But still more serious times were to come. A call was issued by President Lincoln for more troops, and camps and hospitals formed. The call was answered when cattle cars, freight cars and coaches came rolling into the city laden with young men, the cream of the country, singing, "We are coming Father Abraham, six hundred thousand strong." Here now was time for more active service. I offered my services to A. G. Curtin, our war governor, as I wanted to go to the front. He told me to hold myself in readiness and he would send for me at the proper time. One week later I received word to come to the Executive Chamber of the State Capitol, and was then, and by him, assigned to Camp Curtin,

United States Recruiting Camp and Hospital. The work and scenes of my two years' service are still photographed on my brain.

I will here relate an incident which I have often recalled with pleasure. On the occasion of a visit to my old home, after an absence of eighteen years, I met a young man who recognized me and called me by the name by which he had known me in former years. He was delighted to see me, and said how glad his wife would be to meet me. This seemed rather strange as I did not know he had a wife. "She has heard me speak of you so often," he explained, "that she knows you by that." I told him how long I was going to remain there, after which I was going to Gettysburg.

This young man, Tommy—I still call him Tommy, when a lad came to me to get a pass for him to go into camp to sell pies. I told him if his mother made good pies and did not put the shortening in the pie crust the "long" way, but in "crossways," I would

get him the pass. I suggested to him that his mother make apple fritters too.

Well, Tommy got the pass; his mother made the pies and fritters—and good ones, too—and he sold several hundred daily. I never asked him how much money he was making, but was satisfied he was doing well.

In a few days I received an invitation to call at Tommy's house on a certain evening. I said nothing to anyone as to where I was going, but started out to find the address. After a short walk I came to a fine residence, surrounded by ample grounds, beautifully lighted and decorated with Chinese lanterns, etc., and the word "Welcome" over the main entrance. I looked at the No., and said "Yes, this is the place." I rang the bell; a colored man servant opened the door, when some one said, "Come right in." There was Tommy in full evening dress. I thought he must be the head servant—in fact I hardly knew how to size up the situation. He then called his wife and after an introduction he said, "I bid you welcome to all that is here; it is mine, and I got my first start in selling pies in Camp through your help in getting me the pass."



MRS. ANNIE P. ERVING,
(Formerly Cilla Zerbe),
PAST LADY COMMANDER MARY C. LAWTON GAR-
RISON NO. 1901.

LINT.

It is to the children of the public schools of 1861-64 that we owe a debt of gratitude for the lint picked by their little hands. Very many useful things were sent by them to the Hospital, and many of the packages contained little notes, bringing good cheer to many an invalid boy in blue. Following are samples of some of the notes sent: "I love the soldier boys;" "I hope you will get well;" "I will pray for you." One little girl wrote, "If you would like to have my little kitten, and will send me your name I will send it to you; I love it; it is very playful and will keep you company in the hospital." Sometimes these notes fell into the hands of fathers who had little ones at home, and tears would spring to their eyes as they thought of them, and they would often exclaim, "God bless the little children." The girls were ever on the alert, "What would we ever do without them," a poor sick boy once said to me, "they are always looking after some one else's brother."

Stacks of well filled baskets they always had ready, and some of them contained nice little notes giving name and address of the sender which often led to a correspondence and quite often to marriage. I have known this to be the case. As soon as a car-load of soldiers came in a dash would be made for the baskets of provisions, and such a search to find the notes! The boys called them "billy ducks."

To get lint for the hospital, four young ladies received permission of the owner of a small island, situated in the middle of the Susquehanna River, to hold a picnic, to which we invited the convalescent of the camp and hospital to have a day's outing. They came in squads. I stood at the shore of the river from ten o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon, sending them over in small boats, as we had no ferry service.

We realized one hundred and twenty-five dollars from that day's work. Well, you can bet we were proud girls. We threw up our sun bonnets, laughed and danced on the

pebbles of the shore to the tune of "My Bluejean's Busted, My horse ran off, Susannah, don't you cry." Oh, such happy girls as we were. We laid the money out to good advantage—all for the sick soldiers, taking good care that nothing went to the doctors' mess. How the boys did enjoy that outing. They dispatched the two hundred watermelons which we had given to us for the day. Those were the days that you only had to ask for a thing and you got it. Willing hands and kind hearts opened doors to the poor weary sons of some broken hearted mothers, but alas, where are the most of them to-day?

Sleeping, perhaps among the brave and true
 In Heaven we shall know them in that
 faded coat of blue.

To the poor fellows in the hospital the things that you or I might think foolish, they would have a great time over. Everything was fun to them. Many times I had to invent great "white lies" to amuse them and keep their courage up, and if I am to be punished for them in the future, it will be for a sheep, and a "big black one," too.

Many a morning I would get up very early to find three or four poor boys sound asleep on our verandah, the knapsack under their heads for a pillow. I would say, "Boys, boys, get up and pay for your lodging." It was fun to see them rub their eyes to see a young girl looking at them. I would take them in the house, have them wash up, give them a good breakfast, do up a lunch and then send them off, and to hear them say they got off the train to get a glass of lemonade and that they got lost, and that their regiment went on without them. The lemonade was all right, but we knew it was something stronger.

After the burning of Chambersburg, I had occasion to go there to attend to some business concerning the family. When I went up the valley, everything was all right, but before I came back communication was cut off, and trains had stopped running. Now, how to get home. The only alternative was for me to walk it. Well, I started, taking the main road, and hoping to meet

some one that might give me a lift along the road by way of a ride. I walked about three miles when I met a man with a team of oxen. It was a hay wagon with a long pole sticking out from the back. I sat on this pole and rode about four miles. It was not a very graceful way of riding for a girl, but a great help to my already weary feet with my toes coming through my shoes. I said good-bye to my fellow traveler and kept on my way. By this time I was getting very hungry. I came to a house and thought I might get something to eat, but the house was empty, but open. I found some apple butter and some preserves, but what were sweetmeats to a tired, hungry girl without bread. In the pen I found two squealing hogs, and I fed the poor things. I guess I gave them food enough to last three days. I nearly emptied the barrel. I really don't know which was the most hungry, myself or the pigs. It seemed a pleasure to see them eat. I actually talked to them, said "good-bye" and continued on my journey. At last I came to the house of an old colored couple who gave me something to eat—

bread, bacon and coffee made from brown rye. I thought I had never tasted anything so good and I did it ample justice, I can assure you. They kept me all night, as I was too tired to go any further, and night was coming on. Next morning my good friends gave me a breakfast of cornmeal mush and milk, telling me to eat a whole lot as I might not get anything more that day. I am not very fond of mush, but it was all right this time. I again bade good-bye to my host and hostess—their faces were black, but their hearts were white, and at parting their last words were, “Good-bye, chile, we will meet again at the throne of God.” They must have long since passed away, as they were an aged couple at that time. God bless them. I was more fortunate from now on in my journey, as from time to time, I got a lift by way of a ride. At length I reached Mechanicsburg where I was told that communication was all right, and that a train was expected down the valley at any moment. My heart leaped for joy at the thought of getting home. I knew my family were anxious about me. I waited at the

depot far into the night. Still no train. The kind hearted watchman took me to his home. This was about two o'clock in the morning. I had hardly gone to bed when I heard the whistle of the engine and the passing down of the cars. I was so disappointed. If I had only waited a little longer I might have reached home. I felt like a refugee myself. In the morning, after thanking my kind friends for their hospitality, I started for Shiremanstown where my uncle lived. I was on foot again. When between this town and Mechanicsburg, three miles out, I saw a Rebel officer and his troops coming up the road. I hesitated to go on, but as I reflected that they had already seen me and would inevitably overhaul me, I kept bravely on. When the Rebel officer came up, he said, "Don't be alarmed, young lady. We won't harm you, for we are gentlemen, if we *are* Rebels as you call us." "That may be," said I, "but if I had a horse you would take it away from me." "Just like you Yankee girls," he laughed, "you're all saucy." But becoming serious, "How many soldiers are there in Camp

Curtin?" "What do you take me for," I replied indignantly. "A nice, pretty little Yankee girl." Then in a tone he meant to be tender, "Now tell me how many soldiers have they got in camp." "Enough to whip the whole Rebel army," said I, for I was mad enough then to be regardless of consequences. But they took it in good part on account of my sex, and gave me an escort as far as they dared go. The officer was evidently impressed with my looks, for I was called quite comely in those days. He evidently being of a romantic nature, chatted rather familiarly with me as we walked along. When we parted he gave me a little testament with a German silver clasp and took my address.

Those were the days for romance and sentiment, you know. The officer had glorious, big black eyes. I never before or after saw a pair like them, with the exception of those in a dying Rebel who expired in Camp Curtin. I never heard from the dashing officer. He was doubtless killed in some battle charge. He told me there were about

three hundred of General Earley's advance men who came down the back roads from Gettysburg.

I had one of my feet tied up with a white cloth. He very kindly asked me if I had a sore foot, and what he could do for me. The truth of it was, I had to take one of my skirts, tear it in strips, and tie on the sole of my shoe which was nearly off, or go bare-footed.

Capt. M., my escort, walked with me about one mile. He was handsome and very friendly. That sometimes goes a long ways with a girl. He was so polished I was beginning to forget that he was a "Johnny Reb," as we called them in those days. After walking along so pleasantly we came upon the advance camp. Here he turned me over to the officer in command, and saluting, left me, after giving me the little testament and saying, "Farewell, fair prisoner," At once it came to me that I was a prisoner. The officer, however, gave me the assurance that they were all gentlemen, and would allow no harm to come to me, and in

the meantime I could rest awhile. I looked for a seat, and found I could either rest on a large rock or a rail fence. While sitting there humming to myself, for I thought I might just as well keep myself company, one of the boys came to me and said: "Are you very much scared, Miss?" "No," said I, "I am not of the scary kind. Do I look so? But I *am* very hungry." "Well," said he, "I am very sorry, for I have not even a tack to give you," meaning a hard tack. That was my failing. I was always hungry. The fact was, I was faint from hunger, not having had much to eat for nearly five days. I thought of the good home and bountiful table I would have when I got there, and told him so. He said some of the Yankee girls along the roads gave them food, and some of them spat at them, but all Southern girls were very pretty.

My chatterbox gone, I was again left to keeping myself company. The sun was beginning to lower itself in the heavens, telling me that the day was far spent. I was

beginning to wonder where I was going to sleep, let alone get something to eat, and what next was going to happen. I had still the remnants of my petticoat carefully wrapped around my arm for further emergency, and to this day I have a fancy for a torn petticoat. It has a particular attraction for me. Getting tired of waiting to see what they meant to do with me, lo and behold! two men came bearing a dirty, bedraggled comrade who had been thrown from his horse. In a moment I was ready to assist, and taking the remnants of my skirt I bound up his bruises. After he was all fixed up I tried to make him smile, or say "thank you," or "you are so kind," as I had been used to. He only looked at me in astonishment, saying, "Who in the deuce," or something worse. There was no politeness in this man. He only looked at me full and square. I can see his owl's eyes yet. I said to his comrades, "He is about the meanest I have ever come across, but I have the satisfaction of knowing that he is fixed up in parts of a Yankee girl's petticoat, anyway." At nearly five o'clock, I was escorted

to the Adjutant's tent, rigidly questioned, but I was ready for anything that might come along. The orderly escorted me outside the picket lines. I had just two miles to walk when I came to my uncle's.

Thus was I held a prisoner on the highway, not so terribly bad as the word implies, but oh, so hungry. I thought how foolish I was to tell them I belonged to camp, but I couldn't resist the temptation to have a little fun with them. I had on a soft black silk dress, and you can imagine what that would look like after a sixty mile tramp through dusty roads, and sleeping in it too, wherever I could get a chance to lay my weary head down, to say nothing of my toes peeping out of my thin shoes. While waiting here I had ample time to look myself over. I had dirty hands and was very sure a dirty face. I became disgusted with myself, for if ever there was a genteel tramp, I was one. I consoled myself, however, with the thought that everything was fair in love and war. As the old supersti-

tion goes, I don't know whether my mother carried me to the garret first after I was born or not, but this I do know, I never knew what fear was. If blood flowed as freely as milk in accidents, I was there and ready to help.

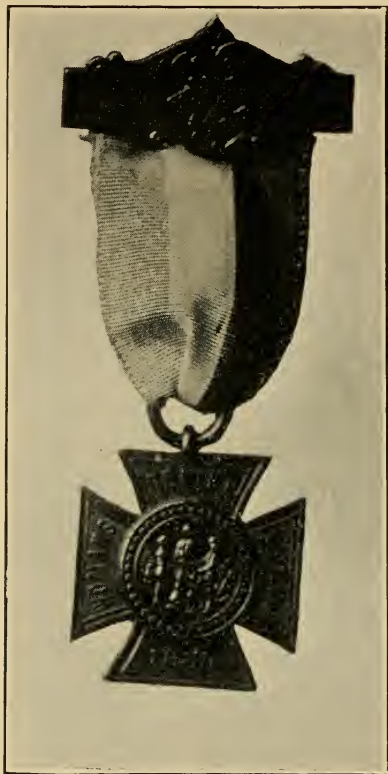
I went into the little village, reported the Rebels two miles out of town, and such a flurry there was to get the most valuable things out of town; for instance, the cattle and horses which were the main things they would have captured. From here I was fortunate enough to get a ride to the Camel Back Bridge. Here I had to get a permit to cross the river. The shades of evening were coming on, and my being a young girl and soldiers going to and fro to the city of Harrisburg, the provost thought it better to give me an escort. We met two jovial soldiers, and they seeing me with a military escort began to sing, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Those boys, I guess, had drank too much lemonade. This bridge is directly opposite where the famous Seventh New York had their camp, constructed their

breast works and threw out their pickets to *take care* of the farmers' hen coops that were near their camp. Here also a poor blue-coated boy lost his life by falling from a high precipice.

At home once more, the beautiful words came to me, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." I was so anxious to know how my boys were getting along in the hospital and camp that, after I had washed up and rested (I can tell you I was very dirty. My clothes were as black as if I was in mourning, so my readers can judge what a plight I must have been in with the dust on the roads half a foot deep) I went to camp. "My boys" were so delighted to see me, but not more so than I was to see them. There were also a great many new faces in the different tents. We very soon became acquainted, however. Then came letter writing. They had lots of letters for me to answer. One poor sick blue coat whom I really expected to die, was able to sit up after he had received a letter from a young lady who had jilted him. All was

made up he said, and he was going home to marry her. He became well all right, but about the marrying, I never heard. I would have been so glad to know if he got the girl. Sometimes I think she must have jilted him

Three young men whom I supposed to be very wealthy, society gentlemen, came to the camp, asked for me, and with tears in their eyes said they had lost their all by the raid and asked me to look after their father and mother. Their parents were quartered among other refugees in the Court House. Shortly after, the young men enlisted and received the bounty that was given at that time. This placed the parents in a very comfortable home. A while after the boys had departed, a large book came by express. On the fly leaf was a crisp one hundred dollar bill from the loving sons to their mother. She never saw it though, as she died the very day the book arrived. Two days later the father died, and it was my sad duty to write them of their loss. I never heard from them after that.



WOMEN'S RELIEF CORPS' BADGE,
134 S. W. FULLERTON,
MRS. ANNIE P. ERVING, P. JR. V.

The Rebel sick received the same treatment from the doctors and nurses as our men, we forgetting that they were enemies, and only remembering that they were sons of some poor mother who was praying for them and their safe return home some day. Sometimes our girls would fall in love with some of those Confederates. I know of one young lady at that time who did not want to be conspicuous in going to see her Johnny Reb so often, so I helped her out by lending her my clothes, as at that time I dressed in black. A government detective who was in the hospital at the time, spoke to her, thinking it was I. When he found out the plot, and that I had a hand in it, he wanted to help the poor girl in her little flirtation. We had a good laugh, but I know it ended right there, and that it helped the Southern boy to get well. No matter what a man was in civil life, in camp and hospital he was a gentleman to and before a woman. I only know of one case where a man could, would and did swear. He is a character I shall speak of later.

One day two of the boys came to me say-

ing, "Come to our tent. We have something for you." Judge my surprise when they cut a forty pound chees and gave me half of it. They said it was made at some place up in York State. I took the cheese and went through the tents giving all the boys some—sick and well. I never knew of the cheese doing them any harm. After that I came eo the conclusion that anything you ate in camp, if you got it unexpectedly, and it tasted good, would do you no harm. No, not even pie, when the shortening is put in "long ways" and "cross ways," of which there were a great many sold by vendors in camp and at the Sutler's store. Never mind, they were pies, but none such as "mother used to make." Bean soup, in which a bean could not be found and the blackest of coffee was the mess call, while for desert they had a nice, crispy hard tack, to be eaten without cream—no Shredded Biscuit.

Going down town one day, I met one of the boys whom I had helped to get his discharge. He was standing on the corner of

Third and Market streets, and in his hands he had two beautiful large apples. He said he was very glad to see me, and handing me one of the apples he said, "I always meant to give you something for your kindness." I was tempted to eat that apple, but on second thought I took it home and filled it with cloves, and kept it a year. I thought as much of that apple as if it had been a diamond ring.

One morning on making my rounds, I peeped very shyly into a new tent. I saw to my surprise a nice dressing case, made out of a packing case, with a looking glass on it. On it were collars and cuffs. I said, "What dudes are in here. This is no place for them." I went to work and pinned their tent up with pins, of which I carried a large quantity, and of course I spared none. The orderly came along, and said, "Wait until the new ward masters catch you at that trick." Well, they did catch me, and a year later I married one, my sister marrying the other. From that I re-

ceived the title, "The Bride of the Hospital."

In the general hospital ward was a very sick and badly wounded soldier boy to whom I was very much attached. He asked me to marry him if he got well. The doctor said, "If you think it will do him any good to promise, why do it, as he will never get well, and the sooner you notify his family to hasten to him, the better. I wrote them that same day, and in three days they were with him. The first day of their visit to him, and even the second, he and they spent very pleasantly together, but on the third day, poor Dick died. The last I did for the poor boy was to help select his casket and fix a white rose on his breast. This was a farewell from me to "Handsome Bucktail Dick."

It is not very often that a girl can get square with a young man who at some time treated her meanly, or in other words, "stood her up." In this ward was "Dutch Pete," and oh, how he could swear! Now,

he was my champion in this case, and he was about to have a leg amputated. One day I was surprised to see four doctors around Pete's cot, and among the number was the man who a year previous had made an engagement to take me to camp meeting. When the time came, I was all ready and waiting, but he took another girl, my friend, and left me home. I made up my mind that I would get square with him some time, but at the time did not know how, but as all things come to those who wait, I waited and it came to me in a way that I never dreamed of. To tell the truth, I did not want Pete to have his leg taken off, and I kept telling him to suffer a little longer and try and save his leg. Of course, I had no say against so many doctors, but I knew how my man Pete could fight and swear. I said to him, "Now I will put some boot jacks in the head of your cot, and a thick walking stick, and you know the fellow that stood at the foot of the bed and asked if you liked brandy or whiskey. Don't let him touch you. He is a butcher, and if he tries, whack him with the boot jack, and hit him

with the cane. Now, I have known that man for years, and he is just what I said he was. Swear at them until you scare them." I knew that the amputation was to take place the next morning and that my man was going to boss the job. Pete was forewarned and surely he was forearmed. Well, at the time appointed the doctors were there ready for work, and then the action began. They wanted to tie Pete to his cot, but Pete bolted straight up in bed. He went directly for my man, punched him with the cane, threw a boot jack and hit him in the side. Then he laughed and said, "This time it was the Dutch and the Americans, but they made a good retreat." He was left alone after that. His leg got well, and if living, I am sure he has it to-day, and knows it takes a woman to get square with a man if she makes up her mind to do it. After that the doctor and I met quite frequently, but we never spoke as we passed by. Later I missed him from camp altogether. He had been transferred, perhaps.

Six months later, in a little chapel on the

road leading to the camp, a revival meeting was in progress, and a great many of the boys went there. One night I thought I would stop in. It was during a prayer when I arrived, and I thought the voice leading sounded familiar. I looked again, and sure enough, to my great delight, there was my "Pete," praying as loudly and as fast as I had heard him swear. The next day I spoke to him about it. He replied, "Yes, bless God, I am converted soul and body." "Now," said I, "Pete, would you lam the doctors again?" "Yes, I would to save a leg, and you are the best little girl under the American flag for making me do it."

The regiments awaiting marching orders in camp, had communion every Sabbath, in which visitors and soldiers were invited to participate. On one of those occasions the chaplain was speaking of the love of Christ, dying on the cross for sinners, when some one in a loud voice called out, "Bully for Jesus Christ." I found out later that this man was a rough mountaineer, and the very

best kind of a Christian man, but it was his manner of expressing himself. I have never before or since heard the grand old tune of Luther's sung so grandly as it was sung on that day by that regiment of men.

We had quite a large number of Rebel prisoners in camp guarded by our own men, and it was pitiful to see those poor fellows beg for soap to wash themselves and for tobacco. I went as often as I could, took a few bars of soap cut in pieces and made it go as far as it would. They would say to me, "Now, Yankee girl, give me a piece, and wait until I wash myself and show you what a nice face I got, and no conceit either." They were most of them nice looking men even if they were barefooted and in tatters. My heart went out to those poor misguided men, but then they thought they were in the right.

My older brother left home very young. We really mourned him as dead, as we had not heard from him. My father called me to him a few hours before he died and asked me if McClellan had got into Richmond. I

told him he was before Richmond and Wilkie with him, meaning my other brother who was with the Sixth Pennsylvania Reserves. "I shall never know the result," he said, "but let me impress on you right here, that through this war you will hear from your long lost brother, and God grant it." One day my mother was surprised to have a call from an army officer asking her if she had a son by the name of Benton. "Oh, yes, but he is long since dead." "No, indeed, he is not. I left him in Fort Delaware to come and tell his family. He is there a prisoner of war, a gay Louisiana Tiger with boots on his feet too short for him and waiting to be exchanged." This officer who brought the good words to us was in command at the Fort, and in their boyhood days they had been school mates. Gov. Curtin telegraphed Major-General Scheopff in regard to the prisoners. Just what, I never knew, but the next morning, a number of citizens of the city met at our house to make arrangements to go with my mother and myself to the fort to try for Benton's release, when who should walk in but a tall

figure in a grey uniform. My brother! We never gave the color of the clothes any thought. He was our long lost brother, whom some kind man he met had given shoes and money.

Gov. Curtin became very much interested in him. On the second day of the battle of Gettysburg, my brother told some of his confederates he was near where he was born. He intended to put himself into the hands of our forces at the very first opportunity and he did and was sent to Fort Delaware from where he was liberated and sent home. He remained with us until the expiration of my younger brother's enlistment, which was nearly at an end. He constantly worried about being a traitor to the cause of his family, but always said it was not his fault, and we were satisfied. Laughingly, I told him I should always be a spy on him. He said, "Give me a chance to prove myself loyal to the stars and stripes, and you will never be ashamed of me." And he kept his word. So with the younger brother he enlisted in the Third New Jer-

sey Cavalry. Gov. Curtin told him if he enlisted into the Union forces, it would be with a halter around his neck, but all the same he went. One day, he with a squad of his men, went foraging. As he was acquainted with the road and the country about, he took them to a house where there were a couple of Southern girls who were very much surprised to see him in the uniform of the Union Army. They were haughty and saucy, calling him a traitor, and said to him just what a girl can say if she makes up her mind to. Under such circumstances, he said he expected just what he got, but not what was to follow. His comrades who were with him were not aware that he had been in the Confederate service, and when they were back to camp, they told of the visit to the Southern girls and he was arrested as a spy and put under guard to await court-martial. The younger brother wrote me immediately of the danger Benton was in, and I went directly to the governor and laid the case before him. He said, "Get up a petition, have all the citizens swear to it, and sign, and bring to me." I lost no

time in doing this, for I was nearly crazy. My paper completed, I took it to the governor, and he added what he had to say, and it was sent to President Lincoln. Every day the younger brother rode miles to carry him food and coffee where he was under guard. All my correspondence was done in and through the chaplain. I sent the paper, but somehow it was delayed. Time was drawing near for the boy's trial. Still no paper. The Governor thought the best thing for me to do was to go to Washington and present the paper to President Lincoln myself. I was also given a note of introduction to an attache at the White House who had power to give me some consideration, so that I could combine a little pleasure with sadness. That night I started for Baltimore and the next morning took the nine o'clock train for Washington, it being only a short ride from Baltimore. We arrived there quite early in the day, my mother being with me, and our hearts were quite heavy. I had every assurance before we started that everything would be all right as soon as I saw the President which gave

me great courage. Arriving at Washington, the first thing I saw was a large building. We went directly for it, up the massive stone steps and into the corridor. I met a gentleman and asked him if he thought I could see the President. "My child," he said, "you are not at the White House, but at the Nation's Capitol." He very kindly informed me which way to go and said he thought I would not be able to see the President so early in the day. I thanked him for his kindness and we went on our way. I said, "Mother, I am dreadfully hungry." So we went into a restaurant and refreshed ourselves. Then we started for the White House. This time we reached the proper place. I handed my letter to the person addressed, and he showed us every courtesy while we awaited the time to see the President. In showing us the rooms, he said, "This, your neighbor furnished." I confess that I was puzzled to know who he meant by "my neighbor." I asked no questions, however, and finally he said, "Miss Lane had a hard task." She was President Buchanan's niece, and from Lancaster coun-

ty. I was from Dauphin county (an adjoining county), hence we were neighbors.

Then we went to the reception room to await the time for audience with the President. The room was full of people. I scanned their faces and wondered what they had all come for. It came to me then that others had sorrow as well as myself. At the foot of the lawn of the White House, the soldiers were playing "Home, Sweet Home" on bugles, and with the ringing of the bells on the boats of the Potomac River, it made the scene in the room seem more sad. Suddenly a man with red hair opened the door, looked in, then closed it again. My mother, in a loud whisper, asked, "Is that the President?" At that remark, every sad face was turned into a smile. Presently this man came back and said that the President was ready to receive us. We were introduced by our respective states—not by name. I now here confess my ignorance in not knowing how to address the President. What in the world was I to call him? I thought, "Mr. Lincoln won't do, that is not dignified enough." Then, suddenly and

without any ceremony a woman walked up to him and addressed him as "Mr. President." I said, "There, now, that's it," and I felt really ashamed of myself. When my turn came, I bowed, said "Mr. President," handed my papers and took my seat beside him until he had finished reading them. He added a few lines to my papers and said, "Now be happy, everything will be all right." Everything did come out all right, too. I posted the papers in Washington and went home with a light heart. The papers arrived there just in the nick of time to save Benton from court-martial. He proved a good, brave soldier, and at the close of the war he came home a captain.

One peculiarity of my hospital life, was the readiness with which I could identify relatives of the wounded who came to visit them. I used to write letters to them saying that their boy, sweetheart or brother, as the case might have been, was dangerously ill and for them to come at once. The moment a party appeared at the door of the

hospital, I could tell at a glance which one of my patients they had come to visit. If I met strangers in the street, I could readily identify them if they were looking after one of their relatives under my care.

I was at the depot at Harrisburg the day that the boys of the old Bucktail Regiment returned from their annual reunion at Gettysburg, I was standing on the platform as the old soldiers sauntered past. One of them eyed me very closely, and at last he came up to me and said, "Excuse me, but don't I know you?" "Is it possible?" said I, for it was one of "my boys" who was located at Camp Curtin in the old days and I used to know him very well. He called others of his comrades around me and we enjoyed hearty hand shakes. Indeed, they made me promise that I would be at Gettysburg when they have their annual reunion next year.

I remember one incident that was rather laughable in connection with my duties at Camp Curtin. You know that sick people

have their own queer notions as to what they would like to eat sometimes. One of my soldier boys from Easton, Pennsylvania, took a notion for some potato soup. He was lying ill on his cot, and when the rest of the boys heard him ask for it, they all clamored for the, to them, unusual luxury. So I went home, made forty quarts, and sent it to camp. You ought to have seen the rapidity with which the poor fellows devoured that soup. They all got well from that moment, and they declared that it was the potato soup that cured them.

I shall never forget one poor fellow groaning on his cot with a badly swollen arm. When I looked at him again, I saw at once that it was not his arm alone that he was suffering from, but his head, which was alive with vermin. I went to the steward, got Blue Ointment, and as delicately as I could, so as not to make him feel badly, told him I would like to do something to his hair. So with my hands smeared with the ointment, I rubbed it thoroughly through the hair, and tied the head up with a cloth.

Next day he said to me, "Oh, I did sleep so soundly last night. My arm seems much better," never dreaming for a moment that it was the vermin that had been bothering him. Anyway if he did know, he never said so. A woman's quick eye detects that which a man would pass by, and perhaps the most important thing. On leaving the camp that day for a walk to the city, I met a gentleman, and while speaking to him, he brushed something from the shoulder of my dress. "A bug, Miss Cilla," he said. He knew what it was, and so did I, and I replied that it was the soldiers' enemy—the grey back. One more distressing thing we had to contend with was the camp itch which came between the fingers. I had my share of it. There was no shirking of duty. Work was there for you to do, and no matter how disagreeable, you would not, and could not say, "I can't do it," but on the impulse you would find yourself doing the very best you knew how. In most cases it was very pleasant to hear the surgeons say, "That was splendid, my girls." You would feel flattered and think you were somebody after all.

In time you would get used to it and find yourself doing anything and everything that came in your way, thinking only that it was for the poor sick soldiers, forgetting yourself entirely. This makes the good nurse, and my opinion was and still is, had we had more good nurses, many of our poor boys would be living to-day. The doctor gives the medicines; the nurse has to do the work.

As I look back on camp life I can see the boys trying to cook their dinners in their black sheet iron kettles. They often went out foraging, coming back with a bag full of chickens, cleaning them, putting them on to cook and when done, cover them up nicely for breakfast, hardly sleeping, thinking of the good meal they were going to have in the morning. And then when some miscreants during the night stole the chicken and there was nothing left but the gravy! Poor fellows. I would call it water with some feathers in it, as the boys were not over particular in cleaning them, but to them it would have been a great luxury. Imagine

awakening to hard tack and black coffee next morning when you expected chicken. What a disappointment after sitting around the boiling pot half the night smelling of the cooking chicken. Many a time the boys would say all they got of camp life was to pass the doctor's mess and smell the good things cooking.

One day while lying on his cot in the tent of a field hospital, a sick soldier said to me, "Say, little gal, do you intend ever to get married." I replied that perhaps I might if I should be fortunate enough to find the right one. "Well, my advice to you is to see that you do get the right one, and no fooling about it either, as this marriage business is not what it is cracked up to be." He then asked, "Will you write a letter to my wife?" To this I assented, and he then told me the story of how he came to get "tied up," as he termed his marriage. "I am a backwoodsman," he said, "and make a good living splitting rails, and when I rolled my trousers up and put on my heavy boots, I imagined I was Abe Lincoln—peo-

ple were talking so much about him in those days, and what a great man he was. You see he was my namesake, and a rail-splitter too. The war was on, and I wanted to go and help whip those blasted Johnnies. Well, one evening—it was gal night—I dressed myself in my best and went to see my gal. With my heart beating to fight for my country, and as all the fellows around the country were going to the war, I thought Polly would be proud of me when I said, ‘Polly, I’m off—came to say bood bye.’ She said, ‘Now, see here, Abe, if that namesake of yours is not big enough to kick those fellows without your help, and you do go, Abe, I tell you, and right here, too, I’ll marry Jim Green.’ My heart fell to my feet. I thought it all over after I left Polly, and concluded I would stay home, for I did not want her to marry Jim Green. He had more money than I had, but was not so tall and good-looking as I am. Well, we were married and all went well until the draft came and I was drafted and had to go. I am now sorry I did not go at first, but it was all for listening to the blarney of a gal.

I went to the war this time—I had to go—and made up my mind to be a good soldier. In battle I fired straight, but never had the pleasure of knowing who I hit. But some one hit me, and here I am. Write Polly to come and see me.” Polly did come, and I don’t wonder he did not want Jim Greene to have her. I got a furlough for him, and he went home with his Polly.

Often I would hear the boys say that they had become acquainted with a nice girl down town last night, that when they went out the pass was all right, but they forgot to get back before the guard was changed, and a new pass was on, but they made it all right, for they had the pass in their pockets by way of a bottle with something strong in it. See what liquor will do—cause a man to forget his loyalty. If I had had my way, I should have drummed those men out of camp to the tune of the Rogue’s March. Philip Bohn, a green, young Irishman, said that if this happened in Ireland, they would have been run out by the point of the bayo-

net if they were found out, but he would like to take a good heavy shelalah to them. Philip enlisted with two young men of my neighborhood, saying he would go along to take care of the boys. They were assigned to the Third New Jersey Cavalry known as "The Butterflies." He wrote me that his light uniform and brass buttons caught him a girl while he was in Trenton camp, and that he was going to send her his money to keep for him, then come back and marry her. And sure enough, he did. I have never forgotten Philip. The day he left for the seat of war, I put his knapsack on his back and my last words to him were, "Don't fire in the air." He never forgot those words. After many years I found out that he lived in Bridgeport, Conn. I went to see him, and found him married to the girl who had saved his money for him. He was living in a very comfortable home, surrounded by a family of grown children. He, himself, was a fine looking man, but broken down in health. My visit to them was a surprise. It was happy, yet sorrowful, for when he learned who I was, he cried, and his wife

and family cried with him. My name had been a household word with them, for he had not forgotten the girl who told him to be a good soldier and not to fire in the air. Those words had continually rung in his ears. He took me out and introduced me to his friends as the girl he had told them about. My brave Irish lad proved himself a good soldier. But taps have sounded 'Lights out' for poor Phil, as it has sounded for thousands before him.

On a visit to Hartford, Conn., I was invited by a lady to go with her to a spiritualist meeting. I went and took my seat at the table with about a dozen others. The harangue of the leader commenced. I did not know or understand one word she said, but was quickly told an unbeliever was present, and that flowers would fall in front of her. To my great surprise, the flowers fell in front of me, and she said, "O my, the spirits are surrounding her. She must sing." I started to sing a hymn, when she squickly said, "The spirits are soldiers, they don't want orthodox." I started and

sang, "Marching Through Georgia." This pleased the spirits, and they sang it with a will. Then the spirit of a soldier sang the old song, "My Old Cabin Home." I recognized it at once as the song of a dead soldier I knew. I confess I was frightened and puzzled. I never was in such a place before and have never been in one since. I was a perfect stranger to all present at that meeting, and in fact in the city of Hartford, but I have often thought that when an opportunity afforded, I would go again.

COL. WHINEKOOP IN COMMAND,
CAPT. HUMMEL'S BOYS.

At Bath, in Maryland, quite a number of the boys of the Twentieth Pennsylvania Cavalry were taken prisoners. One of the number got away and hid in ambush. The poor fellow lay there all night, not daring to move, for every little while he would hear a snort and a grunt. When daylight appeared, my brave lad found that his companion of the night was a big hog. He found his way clear and went into camp, and at

roll call found out who were missing. He wrote to me, gave the names of the missing ones, and it fell to me to carry the sad news to their parents. It seems very strange, that all through my life I have had the burdens to bear of others, and am still bearing them. the cross has been mine. I hope to get the crown some day.

ON THE FIELD AT ANTIETAM.

On the afternoon of the 17th of September, 18—, at about 5 o'clock, the ambulance corps came to a good farmer's house and was given something to eat. With the women and girls, taking everything that could be of any use, we went out to do what we could to relieve the sufferings of the wounded and dying. We got very near the Dunkard or Menonite Church, but the shrieks and moans of the poor fellows who had been wounded were too much for us, so we were ordered to retreat. My companions were made deathly sick by the scenes around them, so I was left alone. I braced myself for the task and at sunrise I was on the spot. As many as could be put into the

little church were carried there and attended to at once. The church was not very large—in fact only a common school house. The majority had to lie on the field until cars arrived to carry them to my camp. Before this the flag of truce—the white flag—had come, and immediately after this the wounded of both sides were carried off the field and the dead buried.

A sight never to be forgotten is a riderless horse standing beside his dying or wounded rider, neighing and licking his poor upturned face. These noble animals are well worthy of heroic mention. Many of them were turned over to the farmers and well taken care of and kindly treated by them.

The Dunkard or Menonite people are quite numerous in that locality. They are very wealthy but plain people. Their only aim in life being to do good to others, and to live for Christ and His Kingdom. At harvest time they hold at the church and in the woods what they call "The Feast of

the Lamb," to which everybody throughout the county is invited to come and have a feast. Lambs are killed, soup is made, and all who come are served with bowls of this delicious soup. I seem to taste it yet. When they meet a brother of their flock, they kiss him. The sisters never greet each other with kisses, but by simply shaking hands. They (the women) do not believe in kissing, and I guess they are about right. The people all have the Dutch dialect.

The last I saw of my old friend Gen. Geary, together with the following regiments, was in the wheat field at Gettysburg: The 7th Pennsylvania Reserves (Bucktals); 22d Massachusetts—the boys with the yellow ribbon, the regiment I know now as the 124th New York; 120th N. Y., Heavy Artillery. These commands all met with heavy losses at Gettysburg.

The day will long be remembered by the citizens of Harrisburg and by the countless

throng of people from the Cumberland Valley, who came to the city to welcome home the regiments of our gallant Pennsylvania Reserves on Capital Hill. A bountiful repast was awaiting them, while cannons were booming, bells ringing and whistles blowing. How proud our Governor was of them. Those regiments were the special favorites of Andrew G. Curtin, War Governor. The boys looked tired and worn, many of them looking as though they had been sliding down nail studded cellar doors, and such proud boys as they once were. But now, what did they care if they did have their knees out. I knew one of the boys who at one time was very dudeish, and he looked indeed as if he had been playing tag down a cellar door with plenty of nails in it.

During the war, after a victory gained by our troops, we would illuminate our houses, the lights used being candle dips or tallow candles which we made ourselves.

I recall a lady who kept lights burning in her windows every night, from the first to

the third story of her house. She was expecting her two sons home from the war, and not knowing the exact time they would arrive, she kept the house lighted at night for them. This one particular night, her soldier brother was married, and just as congratulations were in order, a tremendous jerk was given to the door bell. The colored girl answered the call, opened the door, then with a slam closed it, and ran screaming that there were two men at the door with guns who wanted to shoot her. These men were the lady's two sons whom she was hourly expecting. You may believe that there was double rejoicing in this house that night.

This colored girl was a Southern slave refugee, and when her mistress sent her up to make the beds, poor Tilly would almost tumble down stairs, saying a man was under the bed. The fact is, the poor girl had been so frightened by the advancing troops before she left the Cumberland Valley, thinking they might take her prisoner, that more than half the time she was no good to herself and to no one else.

SANITARY COMMISSION NURSES IN
HOSPITAL TENTS.

Alfred F. Morey, John B. Erving, Henry Mitchell, A. Stevens De Forrest. They were later removed to the Cotton Factory Hospital for winter quarters under Dr. Shultz.

The names of two well known visiting ladies on my list who were very kind to the sick soldiers in camp and hospital are Mrs. William Verbeck and Mrs. Schoonmaker. They had the means to do with and they used it in the right place. Many a ray of sunshine they carried to the boys in the hospital.

Report of public patriotic instruction of Public Schools of Newburgh, for S. W. Fullerton, W. R. C., 134.

Visited Third Ward School on Lincoln's Birthday. Superintendent Clark received me very cordially. He had just finished his address to the school on the lamented president, but he re-assembled the school, introduced me and told them of my object in

coming to the school that day. I found the work of patriotism up to the A-1 standard. The music and singing were exceedingly fine, being under the training of one of the teachers, Miss Totten, also a member of Ellis W. R. C. All the boys want to grow up and be soldiers. Some of the girls wanted to be nurses. With such training, and by such noble, patriotic women, our flag will be well guarded and protected in the future, and for all time in our public schools. Our Children are rocked in the cradles of patriotism.

Our fathers' God to thee
 Author of Liberty,
 To thee we sing.
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light,
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God our king.

Notes of the Eighteenth Annual Convention of Sons of Veterans, held in the City of Newburgh, N. Y., June 25, 26, 27 and 28, 1901.

Our visiting delegates, staff and officers, were announced from Washington's

Headquarters by a volley of nineteen guns manned by Brother Hanford and a squad of Sons of General Custer's Camp.

June 26th, business session. In the evening the Ladies Aid held a reception to welcome our Sisters and Brothers, and a most enjoyable time was had.

June 26th, open session. Mayor Wilson gave our friends a hearty welcome which made them feel at once at home. Governor Odell also gave them a warm welcome and made them feel that he had the welfare of the soldiers and city at heart. The meeting was called to order by Col. Moran. It was the eighteenth session of the Sons of Veterans. Capt. E. Foster introduced our speakers, and Col. Weygant spoke as only a soldier can speak. Rev. Dr. Iglehart was patriotic to the cause, likening the Sons as princes, sons of kings. Mrs. Julia Monihan and Mrs. Lida Tomer Miller, our national officers, responded to the call to very great credit. We were highly favored by having with us Mrs. Ada Moore of New York, president of the Red Cross Society. With her were ladies from the Relief Corps.

Mrs. Moore spoke feelingly of woman's work in hospital and on battlefield, which was very inspiring to our speakers and guests. In behalf of the Ladies' Aid, No. 39, thanks were returned by E. Foster, President of the Aid.

Adjourned to City Hall. The meeting opened in due form, Sister E. Monihan in the chair, when reports of committees were heard from. The reports were very good. The visiting delegates of Post 39 called, were Past Presidents, Mrs. S. E. Oakley, Mrs. Saloma Puff, President Mrs. Martha Foster and Delegate Mrs. Gussie Van Buren.

June 27, 7:30 a. m. On the steamer Mary Powell, with our visitors, we went to West Point. Courtesy was shown us. Buildings of most interest were opened for our inspection. At 2:30 we returned to Newburgh. The line of march was then formed for the parade which was quite an imposing affair. Although the weather was extremely warm, our visiting Camps looked fine, and were a great credit to themselves in marching. My heart went out to the little

boys' band of the Haverstraw Camp. After the parade, the little fellows went to Glenwood and had a good time on the merry-go-round. Everybody had a good time. The feature of the day was the Battalion that came from New York with the girls wearing the picture of that good-looking Brother saying, "I am for Col. Libby."

July 4th, at 3:30 a. m., went to Washington's Headquarters; at 4:30 Old Glory was hauled to the mast head by Comrade Talmadge of Fullerton Post. He then fired forty-five guns. The rising sun on the majestic Hudson seemed to think it was in the time when Washington stood to view the enemy, and a more beautiful and glorious sight I never saw. The water was lit up as if it were on fire. On the sky I imagined I saw the outlines of an eagle.

Aug. 22, 1901, went to Kingston Point with Fullerton Post and W. R. C. Had a very enjoyable time, and the unexpected pleasure of meeting and addressing the veterans of the 120th N. Y. This being the date they left Kingston for the seat of war in the 60s. Each year they come with their

families and hold a basket picnic, thus banding themselves more closely together. Fifty-six answered roll call. The speaker of the day was Mr. David Veter of New Ringgold, Pennsylvania. They had plenty of good things to eat, and hearts full of love for their comrades. They rallied around their old standard, had their camp fires, and all separated until the next roll call, all pleased with the day's outing.



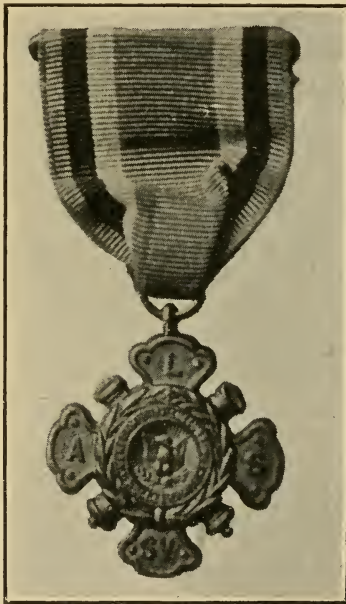
AUXILIARY BUTTON.
ARMY AND NAVY
UNION OF U. S.

August 30th the Ladies' Auxiliary, No. 7, Volunteers Army and Navy Union, U. S. A., attached to General Lawton Garrison was formally organized in Stewart's Hall on Broadway, where the newly installed

body will make their headquarters. The hall was tastefully decorated with banners. There was a large attendance. After the dispensation from the National organization had been read, the meeting was formal-

ly opened by Mrs. Annie P. Erving, Lady Commander.

The newly elected officers were installed by Past Adjutant Thorpe, assisted by the full staff of officers: James R. McCullough,



LADIES' AID S. OF V. NO. 39 BADGE.
MRS. A. P. ERVING, CHAPLAIN.

Charles H. Van Gorden, J. D. Pennell, H. A. Davies and Mr. W. H. VanSeiver. Greetings were exchanged with flowers, Chaplain

Davies receiving the largest bunch, he being the oldest comrade—nearly 80 years old. He can talk and he can pray.

Sept. 13th Auxiliary, No. 7, met for the first regular meeting. A call came from the chair of Lady Commander Erving that before we opened under the head of business, we as loyal women should bow our heads in silent prayer for our stricken President and his wife, our dear Sister; that he might be spared to us as a Nation and to her whom he had cared for and loved so many years. (The whole Nation mourned Sept. 14th). The President is dead. The last bugle has sounded and he has gone to meet his dear little ones.

CHAPLAIN'S ADDRESS TO THE SONS ON DECORATION DAY.

Meeting called to order by Captain George H. Coe.

“ My Sons, we have come together to celebrate the most hallowed of all days, to pay tribute to our beloved dead, the heroes of the Stars and Stripes that float so grandly

over us to-day, a flag that makes us feel that we are a free people. Our comrades of the G. A. R., your fathers, are growing old, their heads are white, their steps are growing feeble and soon their marching days will be over. Then, you, my sons, will be called to take up their line of march, fill the broken ranks and perpetuate their memories. They will march with sadder hearts this year, for Fullerton Post has its ranks broken by the death of Comrade Blanford and Comrade Hooley who were with them last year on this day. They have passed away, and are among the good and true, and loving hands to-day will place flowers on their graves. The Relief Corps misses and mourns the loss of their beloved chaplain, Mrs. Emily Hamilton. Well done, good and faithful servant. She has gone to her reward."

MRS. ANNIE P. ERVING, Chaplain,
Ladies' Aid, No. 39, to
Gen. Custer Camp, No. 106.

62 REMINISCENCES OF AN ARMY NURSE.

THE BOYS IN BLUE ARE GROWING GRAY.

The boys in blue, the brave and true,
 Who kept our natal day,
 These noble boys, are older now,
 For they are growing gray.

CHORUS.

The boys in blue are growing gray,
 Are growing gray, are growing gray,
 The boys in blue are growing gray,
 These noble boys in blue.

Old Time, with silent solemn tread,
 Goes marching on his way,
 And he has marked, the boys in blue,
 For they are growing gray.

CHORUS—

Farewell, my comrades, I must go,
 I cannot longer stay,
 My head is white as the driven snow,
 And I must haste away.

CHORUS—

And when I am gone, remember all,
 The pledge we gave each other,
 That we would either stand or fall,
 The union now and forever.

CHORUS—

Sung as a solo by P. C. W. Blanford, with comrades
 Hooley, King Stukey, Heckey, Barrett and Col. Leeper
 helping in chorus.

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