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“Just at that moment I was startled by seeing, against the sky the dim outlines of a man appear at the further end of the building.”—See page 235.

OUR BOYS.

THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF A SOLDIER

IN THE

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

BY

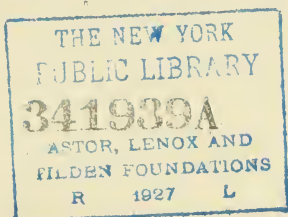
A. F. HILL,

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PHILADELPHIA:
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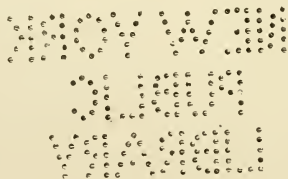
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AS A
MARK OF RESPECT AND ESTEEM,
AND AS AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS MANLY QUALITIES AND
SOLDIERLY BEARING,

I Dedicate this Work

TO

GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN,

OUR LOVED AND HONORED COMMANDER, WHO HAS LED THE ARMY
OF THE POTOMAC IN BATTLE
ON MANY A BLOODY FIELD.

THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

UNDER the title of "Our Boys," no one will expect to find a work of unvarying sublimity, nor even one given exclusively to historical matters; but rather that which will, for a time, divert the ever-busy mind from things more grave, and lead the imagination to revel in varied scenes of wild adventure and careless glee.

I have endeavored to relate each incident just as it occurred, and to portray each scene as it presented itself to me in its originality. I do not pretend to justify all the acts of the characters, but simply lay the facts before the reader, for criticism.

While in descriptions of "scenes as they occurred," the language, now and then, is necessarily uncouth, not a word touching on ribaldry can be found in the work, so that the most refined may not hesitate to peruse it. Although the reader may occasionally find the views I express at variance with his own, there is nothing in the work likely to prove repugnant to any mind that is unbiased by political feeling.

I beg that the reader will not too severely criticize the general construction of the work, as it is purposely written in a careless, off-hand style—a style best adapted to the

subject. It has been my object to describe such scenes as will most readily convey an idea of what a SOLDIER'S LIFE is; and I may say, with no impropriety, that, having participated in various campaigns, and having finally lost a limb in one of the most desperate battles of the war, I am fully qualified, by sad experience, to portray the "life of a soldier" in every feature. I may have been somewhat brief, but hope I have dwelt sufficiently upon each point to interest or amuse; and if this recital succeed in calling forth a smile now and then—a tear perhaps—I shall feel that my labors are amply rewarded.

A. F. HILL.

PHILADELPHIA, June, 1864.

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OUR BOYS.

CHAPTER I.

CAMP WRIGHT.

“MARCHING ORDERS! HURRAH! HURRAH!”

The sun was just sinking behind the wild old hills west of Brownsville, when a glad cheer rang out on the mild evening air; it came from the throats of a company of VOLUNTEERS—they stood in line in one of the principal streets of the town.

Our company had been organized as soon as the first call for troops to crush the rebellion was made; and for weeks we had been anxiously awaiting orders to go into camp. It was now June, and the welcome order had just come. Early next morning we embarked for Pittsburg, at which place we arrived after a journey of sixty miles, down the beautiful Monongahela. We were ordered to Camp Wright, which was about twelve miles from the city, on the left bank of the Allegheny. On our arrival thither, we found barracks constructed of pine boards, and we unhesitatingly took possession of one of the buildings, and moved in. Not long after, a board might have been seen swinging above, on which was inscribed in huge letters—

THE BROWNSVILLE GRAYS;

such was our name.

We were, indeed, delighted to know that we were at last SOLDIERS—that we were actually *in camp*. Although we had responded to our country's call immediately after the fall of Fort Sumter, so many volunteers had flocked to Pittsburg, and offered their services, that it was impossible

to accept them all on the first call; the consequence was, that our company, with many others, was compelled to wait. Now, at last, our turn had come, and we were called upon to go into camp; now our fond hopes were beginning to be realized; we were now to be armed, equipped, and organized, after which, we doubted not, we should be ordered to the seat of war. I had not resided immediately in the town of Brownsville, though in the same county, and it was my privilege to know only about one-third of the boys of the company. But there was my neighbor, James Rider, of whom I shall frequently speak in this narrative, who, being less acquainted in the company than myself, seemed naturally drawn toward me, and we felt like brothers. Many a hearty laugh has he brought from me, by the recital, in his quaint manner, of amusing incidents, which from time to time came under his notice during our camp life. He was a man in good circumstances, and although he might readily have obtained a position, he chose to go in the capacity of musician—he was our fifer. He and I were constant companions. We took walks together; we went down to the Allegheny, rowing, fishing, or bathing, and the hours passed by right happily.

Reader, a word as to our first night in camp. When nine o'clock came, the "tattoo" was beaten. At ten, came the "taps." We were just wondering what it meant, when a man who was called the "officer of the day," came round, and looking into our quarters, said, in an authoritative tone—"Lights out!"

Then we understood it—no lights were to be burning in camp after taps. Our candles were at once extinguished, and we retired to our bunks. Well, you don't suppose, reader, that we all dropped off quietly to sleep, do you? If you do, you are mistaken. No sooner did we find ourselves in the dark, than each one discovered that he had some remark to make.

"Hilloa, Bill, what have you got for a pillow?" called out one, to a comrade.

"Don't know—guess it's Tom's hat," was the reply.

"Joe!" called out another.

"What?"

"How about those pine boards you're lying on?"

"Oh, they're not so soft as the bed I slept on last night."

"I wonder what the old folks would say, if they could see us stowed away in this manner?"

"Don't know; I guess——"

"Baa!" interrupted one of our boys, imitating the cry of a sheep.

This was all that was required to suggest a new plan of amusement. The bawl of a calf responded; the barking of a dog followed; the mewling of a cat came from a distant corner of the building; the heigh-haugh of a donkey was next in the order of things. Thus it went on—the howl of a panther, the squeal of a pig, the crow of a chicken, the hiss of a serpent, and, in fact, the voice of almost every bird and beast was represented, forming, altogether, such a confusion of sounds, that it was a relief to place one's hands over one's ears. This highly interesting proceeding was most abruptly ended by the appearance of the officer of the day, who as soon as he could make himself heard, informed us that such conduct was "played out," and that he should be obliged to arrest the "whole crowd," if it should be continued or repeated. This had the effect of producing a death-like stillness, and we soon fell asleep—on harder beds than we had ever before occupied.

I was just dreaming of advancing stealthily upon a rebel masked battery, when a loud report burst upon the air, shook the barracks, and caused me to spring up and strike my head against the bunk above, with such force that the flash of a hundred cannon seemed to be exhibited to my startled senses. I opened my eyes, and found all things bathed in the broad light of day. The report which had so suddenly interrupted my dreams of battle, came from a six-pounder which was kept in camp, to be fired every morning at five o'clock. I arose, and began to look for my inexpressibles; when lo! I discovered that *I had them on*. For the first time in my life, I had slept a night without divesting myself of that article of apparel. It occurred to me that it was very convenient to arise without dressing, and I thought it would be still

more convenient if one could get up already washed, and his hair combed. My cogitations were interrupted by the voice of the first-sergeant.

"Fall in for roll-call!"

The reveille was now being played, and when the last tap of the drum had sounded, the roll was called. I was surprised to discover that a new style of roll-call had been adopted—new to *me* at least—for, instead of calling out the full name, as, "William Jones," "John Peters," etc., it was done in this style: "Jones, Peters, Smith, Robinson," etc. However, I was told it was military, and I liked it, accordingly.

After breakfast—it consisted of coffee, bread, beef-steak and potatoes—I was standing without the quarters, wondering what I should do with myself, when Charley Bailey, a fine little fellow of the company, approached me and proposed that we should jump on the cars and ride down to Pittsburg.* A train was about to leave the station, and we sprang upon a truck car, and were soon flying along the banks of the Allegheny, toward Pittsburg.

"Hilloa, there, you fellows! You can't ride there."

A small, sour-looking man was approaching us, stepping from car to car. He was the conductor.

Pretending to misconstrue his words, I replied:—

"Oh, yes, we can, I assure you, my kind fellow! Give yourself no uneasiness on our account; we can ride with perfect comfort."

"Then you must pay your fare."

"What! for riding on this dirty car?"

"That makes no difference."

"But we're soldiers—"

"No matter."

"And—"

"I don't care for that; you must pay your fare."

"Indeed, we'd rather not."

"Then you must get off."

* The Pittsburg and Kittanning Railroad ran directly by our camp, and there was a station near.

"Now, you wouldn't ask a fellow-creature to jump off, and the train flying along at this rate, would you?"

"I'll stop the train."

"Don't put yourself to the trouble; we won't get off."

"Won't you, though? Just wait a minute; the train is to stop in a short time, and we'll see if you don't get off."

"We'll also see if we *do*."

In a few minutes the train stopped at a small station, about six miles from Pittsburg, and the little conductor approached us again, and said, emphatically:—

"Now, look here; are you going to get off, or not?"

"We still think of going àll the way," replied Charley.

"Oh, indeed!—Jim."

This word, "Jim," was addressed to the engineer, who answered:—

"What?"

"Why," said the conductor, "here's a pair of precious youths, who won't get off nor pay their fare. Come and h'ist 'em."

"That I will," he responded, as though he were delighted at the prospect; and he was on the car in a moment.

A glance at the plebeian engineer was enough to make one think of all the giant-stories he had ever heard. He was a powerful fellow, and could have thrown common fellows, like us, over his head. We had no sooner observed his powerful build, than a couple of youths about our size might have been seen scrambling off that car on "the double-quick." We were glad to escape the clutches of the stout engineer, and a nice little walk of six miles brought us back to camp.

Next day we were to be *inspected* by a surgeon, for the purpose of ascertaining whether we were fit for the service. In order to be thoroughly examined, it was necessary that our clothes should be removed, that any defect might not remain unobserved. Then, sundry gymnastic manœuvres had to be executed by each subject in turn, such as jumping upon a table, or over a chair; kicking as high as the surgeon's head, and striking the backs of the hands together over the head, etc.

When my turn came, I trembled lest the examining surgeon should detect the fact that I was affected with "palpitation of the heart;" for I was slightly afflicted with that disease. I executed the little manœuvres, however, with such alacrity, that he observed no physical defect.

"You are a good, strong, active fellow," he said; "but—"

"But what?" I interrupted, with some anxiety.

"You are rather young," he continued.

"No! I'm not too young!" I exclaimed, vehemently.

"Why? Are you eighteen?"

"Yes, sir, indeed I am!"

"All right; you will pass."

"Thank you!" And I sprang into my garments.

One Mr. Craft, a stout country fellow of twenty-one, felt some delicacy about allowing himself to be subjected to an examination so strict, and swore *he* wouldn't *strip*.

"It *must* be done, Craft," said the captain.

"No, be d—d if it shall!" said Craft, stoutly.

"Very well. Sergeant," said the captain, addressing Sergeant Cue, "bring a file of men here, and take this young man to the guard-house."

"Yes, sir."

The guard was coming, when Craft's firmness suddenly melted away, and he hustled into the inspection-room and doffed his raiment with unquestionable activity.

After all had been inspected, and several rejected, we were drawn up in line to be vaccinated. The surgeon passed slowly along the line, performing the operation upon the arm of each with some dispatch. He was scratching away at the arm of a slim, thin-faced young man, called "Watty," when I observed that same thin face grow, first, very red, then white as a sheet, and for a few minutes he was quite sick and faint. One of OUR BOYS rallied him in the following manner:—

"Watty, if you are so tender as that, you will never stand it to have your head lifted off by a shell; it would be the death of you."

A groan from Watty was the only reply. He certainly couldn't see the joke.

The next thing administered to us was the oath. All the boys took it without the least hesitation; they had offered their services to their country, and they were in earnest. There was no "backing the patch." We were sworn into the service of the State of Pennsylvania, with the understanding that we should be subject to a call from the government at any time.

Reader, permit me to introduce to your notice one of OUR BOYS, whose acts shall probably occupy no small place in this little narrative.

After the oath had been administered, I was standing without the quarters, hands in pockets, and turning over in my own mind the question, "What shall I do with myself?" when I received a hearty slap upon the shoulder, accompanied with:—

"Hilloa, old boy!"

I turned, and beheld a young man whose countenance struck me as being familiar. He wore a black moustache, though not a heavy one, and was blessed with hair and eyes of the same shade; he was not unhandsome. A merry twinkle was visible in his eye, and a smile—almost a grin—adorned his countenance as he stared familiarly into my face.

"How do you do, Mr. A—a—?"

"Winder; Dave Winder," he said.

"Oh, yes; I remember you now. How do you come on, Dave?"

"Never better."

"You have come for a soldier, then?"

"Oh, yes."

"In our company, I presume?"

"Yes. How do you think we will put in the time?"

"I don't know, Dave, really; I was just asking myself that question."

"Well, suppose we go strawberrying."

"Where?"

"Why, you see, there's a rich old gent living about half a mile from here, who owns ten acres of the fruit, and he invites all soldiers to come and partake—free."

"How very patriotic!" I exclaimed.

I would here just state, that my new companion was most appropriately named, *Wind-er*; for, so far as *blowing* is concerned, his equal is rarely found. And such a fellow to fib! Why, he never would tell the truth, if he could possibly invent a lie to suit the case. These interesting facts developed themselves to me during our subsequent acquaintance. Howbeit, I consented to accompany him to the garden he spoke so eloquently of, especially as it was but "half a mile" distant.

Camp Wright was occupied by forty-three companies of volunteers, of which only one regiment was yet organized. One company was each day detailed to perform the guard duty of the camp. It so happened, that about this time the guard had received very particular instructions to allow no one to pass out. It was necessary, therefore, that Dave and I should resort to a *ruse*, to gain egress from the camp. Watching one of the sentinels till his back was turned toward me, I sprang quickly across the beat he was walking, alighting in the middle of the road which lay directly by the camp. The sentinel, hearing the noise, turned abruptly toward me; but, before he had time to speak, I calmly asked:—

"Will you allow me to pass into the camp, here?"

"Oh, you belong *outside*, eh? Well, you must go to the gate,* if you want to get in."

While the attention of the guard was engaged with me, Winder slipped quietly out of the camp behind him, and, coming up to me, innocently asked:—

"How is it? can't we get in here?"

"No," I replied; "the guard tells me that it will be necessary to pass in by the gate."

We were now comfortably without the camp, and we started for the residence of that patriotic gentleman who was so very liberal with his strawberries.

Having travelled about a mile and a half, instead of one-third that distance, I asked Winder, who was acting as guide, if we were not nearly there.

* The head-quarters of the guard at a particular side of the camp are called the "gate."

"It is but a step yet," he answered.

Another mile—Winder had termed it "a step"—brought us to a garden which contained about an acre, one-fourth of which was set apart for the cultivation of strawberries. Winder halted.

"And this is your ten acres?" said I to Dave.

Dave grinned, gave me a confidential "poke-in-the-ribs," and said:—

"There are enough for us, at least; so let us climb over."

"Climb over!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. You don't suppose we can reach them from here, do you?"

"But surely we should see the benevolent proprietor first. I cannot consent to enter his garden clandestinely."

"Oh, it isn't necessary to see him; it will be all right."

"But I will not enter the garden in this manner. There is the house, only a few steps distant; let us go and speak to the gentleman who resides within."

I walked around the garden toward the house, and Winder reluctantly accompanied me. I opened a small gate, and entered the lawn.

Among other interesting traits of character possessed by my companion, was that of—well, I will not say timidity, but his nerves were none of the stoutest. Said nerves were destined upon this occasion to be treated to a delightful shock. No sooner had I opened the gate and entered the green lawn, than a large specimen of the canine race—a great black fellow—came bounding toward us, making enough noise for any six common dogs. The secret in getting along safely and peaceably with dogs is, in not being afraid of them, not to flinch from, or turn out of the way for them. Winder, it seems, did not possess this secret, and while I walked straight toward the house without seeming to notice the dog, he (Winder) uttered a cry of terror, and ran behind me for protection. The dog did not molest me, but made a rush for Dave, who executed a number of circles of which I was the centre, the dog following close after his coat-tails.

"Murder! murder! Oh, murder!" shouted Dave, as the

dog at length succeeded in filling his mouth full of the coat-tail.

At this moment the gentleman of the house made his appearance, and by simply saying, "Get out, Rover," rescued Dave from what he supposed to be sheer destruction.

The animal desisted with a look that seemed to say, "All right;" and Dave drew a long breath of relief, while the gentleman and I laughed immoderately.

"Are you from the camp, boys?" he asked, after gaining his mental equilibrium. I suppose he noticed our gray shirts.

We replied that we were from the camp. Then, after conversing awhile with us on the all-absorbing topic of "the war," he observed:—

"Boys, if you are fond of strawberries, you might walk into the garden before you leave. I think there are some left on the vines."

"Thank you." And we walked into the garden, accompanied by the owner.

"Perhaps our fellows of the camp have had a good share of the fruit?" I observed, wishing to discover whether or not he was so very generous with his berries, as Winder had asserted.

"Oh, no! I sold them all in Pittsburg," he replied.

I glanced significantly at Winder, who, instead of appearing confused upon being caught in an untruth, put on his most melting grin, as though he looked upon the whole affair as an excellent joke.

I relate this little incident in order to give the reader an index to the character of Winder, as I may have much to tell of him in this little history. Having satisfied our appetites for strawberries, we bade the kind gentleman "Good day," and returned to camp.

On arriving at camp, another peculiar character of our company was introduced to my notice. As we entered, sounds of mirth were heard to proceed from the vicinity of our company's quarters. We at once repaired to the spot, and saw, in the midst of a crowd, quite a comical chap, of eight-and-twenty, with small, bright, black eyes, black hair,

and a growth of stunted black whiskers and moustache. His appearance was quite clownish: he was amusing the admiring spectators by playing as many antics as a monkey, and making numerous quaint remarks. But, what was my surprise when, a few minutes after my arrival, he abruptly stopped in the midst of a great flow of loquacity, stood still and erect, deliberately doffed his beaver, and exhibited therein a gentle creature, known as a—*black snake!* The serpent, which was about thirty inches in length and proportionably thick, reared its head aloft, and took a mild survey of the audience.

“In the name of all that’s abominable, who is that fellow?” I asked, of one of OUR BOYS.

“Why, that’s Gaskill, the clown. He is from Cookstown.”*

“Is he in our company?”

“Yes; he enlisted but a little while ago. He knows a good many of our boys; he got acquainted with them on the river.”

“Then he has followed the river; is a boatman?”

“Yes, he has spent much of his time on the river; but he has travelled much with a circus, as clown.”

“Then he is a real clown?”

“Yes, he—golly! Look!”

Gaskill at this moment placed his hat upon his head, minus the snake, which he retained in his hand, and proceeded to disperse the crowd which was collected around him, by thrusting the monster right at their faces. Then, such tumbling and scrambling as there was to escape being touched by the shiny reptile, I never before witnessed. Each man tried to jump over any who stood behind him, while the would-be-jumped-over made the most violent efforts to spring over any who stood in *their* way. Having thus dispersed the crowd, Gaskill entered the barracks, deposited his “pet” in a small box in his bunk, then came tripping out, singing the oddest little song in the world, and

* A town on the right bank of the Monongahela, a few miles below Brownsville.

ran smack against the officer of the day, who was just approaching to know what the muss was, tripping him, and throwing him most unceremoniously over a pile of boards, and falling himself at the same time.

"Why, you abominable scoundrel!" vociferated the officer, arising, and brushing the dust from his blue coat.

Gaskill, with whom the affair was not at all accidental, arose, rubbing first his head, then his knee, then his side; and finally, putting on an awful wry face, he groaned out:—

"Oh!"

"A pity it didn't break your neck," said the officer, tenderly(?); for since he supposed Gaskill to be hurt, he felt in a much better humor than at first.

"I'm sorry I hurt *you*, captain," said Gaskill.

"So am I," replied the officer.

"But *I'm* not sorry the way you *think* I am," said Gaskill.

"How so?"

"Because I was going to ask you for a quarter, to get something to drink; but I suppose it would be useless now, since I've upset you. Oh, dear!"

"Here!" said the officer, tossing him a quarter; "now be careful not to run against me any more."

Gaskill caught the coin in his mouth, made a low bow, turned away, stumbled over a camp-kettle that did not stand at all in his way, executed a spring, turned two summersaults right by one of the sentinels, found himself out of camp, and made off to the nearest shopkeeper to get "something to drink."

Such a character was Gaskill. I hope I have sufficiently introduced him to the reader. If I am somewhat tedious, pardon me; for the first two or three chapters must be of a rather introductory nature.

A few days passed away without any incident worthy of note. For pastime, I took walks into the country, went bathing in the Allegheny, and even tried my luck angling: the result of the latter was the capture of a grim alligator about a foot long. How provoking! I thought I had a good, large fish on my hook; then to see that hideous creature pop out of water attached to my hook, was a thing

mortal patience is not constructed to endure; I gave it up as a bad job. I also played checkers, now and then, finding an interesting antagonist in Watty, the youth who, as I related, so much enjoyed his vaccination(?).

Meanwhile we hired a company-cook, a darkey, Goens Fairfax; he brought with him, as assistant, a comical, fat, lazy nigger, fifteen years old. The name of this latter individual was Bob Daffy.

One evening it was announced to us that we were detailed for camp-guard for the following day; our captain to act as "officer of the day." I was delighted at the prospect of having an opportunity of trying my hand at "guard duty," for the first time.

Next morning, at eight o'clock, the ceremony of guard-mounting was to be performed. Accordingly, at the appointed hour we were on hand. I would be sorry to trouble the reader with a description of the formal proceeding of guard-mount. Suffice it to say, that our duty was explained to us by the officer of the day. We were divided into three reliefs, so that each man should be on post two hours, and off four, during the ensuing twenty-four hours.

I chanced to be on the "first relief." Having been placed on post on the north side of the camp, by the corporal of the guard, and a musket placed in my hands, I felt as proud as a king, and I remarked to myself that I certainly *was* a soldier, *now*.

Just without the camp, near my post, was our drill-ground, and I was kept in continual merriment by observing the awkward motions of some of the companies on drill. In fact, some of the officers, who acted as drill-masters, were about as ignorant in the military line as the men they were endeavoring to teach. While I was watching the movements of a platoon which was being drilled by a youthful lieutenant, an incident occurred which struck me as being particularly ridiculous.

The platoon had been standing at a rest a few moments, when the lieutenant said:—

"Now, boys, I should like to try you on a bayonet charge. Do you think you can do it up brown?"

They all said they could. The officer then commanded:—
“Shoulder—*arms!*”

They shouldered arms; and he continued:—

“Charge—*bayonet!*”

They made an attempt to bring their muskets to the position of charge-bayonet, the points of their bayonets ranging from the height of the knee to the height of the head. The officer seemed to think it would do, and he said:—

“Now for a charge. Forward! double-quick! *march!*”

The platoon made a rush right forward, placing the lieutenant, who was standing in front of them, in imminent danger of being run through. In giving the command, it seemed he had forgotten that he was standing directly in front of his men: now they were rushing at him with charged bayonets. He had not the presence of mind to command them to halt; so, under the impulse of the moment, he sprang backward, and fell prostrate over a stump, while the men—they had no orders to halt—rushed on; one or two, as a matter of course, falling over the prostrate form of the lieutenant. That individual sprang up, and cried out, after his platoon:—

“Oh—a—a—*quit!*—stop! that is, a—a—halt!”

But he was too late. In the excitement of the mock charge, the men either heard not, or heeded not: they kept straight on, and not being very well skilled in the noble art of “keeping step,” they broke up into a disorderly crowd, and, concluding that *that* ought to be an end of the matter, rushed right across the beat I was walking, and bolted into their quarters. The lieutenant followed presently, looking just the sheepishest mortal that I ever saw wearing shoulder-straps.

Ten o'clock came, and I saw the “second relief” coming; not with pleasure, however, for I liked guard-duty *so* much. Ahem! it was “something new.” I was relieved, with instructions to report at the gate at two o'clock in the afternoon. I did so, and two hours more of guard-duty were accomplished; I was relieved at four. At eight in the evening, according to instructions, I again reported at the gate; again the first relief was posted. At ten we were relieved, being admonished to report at two in the morning. Now I was a very sound sleeper; how was I to “report at two?”

Most of the boys lay down upon the ground near the gate, that they might be readily aroused at the appointed hour. I imitated their example; but not feeling very well, I imagined that I could rest with much more comfort in my bunk during those four hours. One Daddy Brown, as he was called, told me, that "if I wished to go to my quarters to sleep, he would come and wake me at two." I thanked him, went to my quarters, and was soon slumbering. I placed implicit reliance on the word of Mr. Daddy Brown, or I should not have trusted him so far.

BANG!

Our six-pounder pealed forth its loud report, warning us that it was five o'clock. The echoes rolled along the hills of the Allegheny, and died sullenly away in the distance. A sweet-toned fife led off with the reveille, and was followed by the tenor drum. I opened my eyes, and saw to my horror that it was indeed morning. A group of the boys stood in the building, and were talking and laughing in a lively manner.

"You're good for the guard-house, old fellow," remarked one, as he perceived that I was awake.

"That he is," said another.

"Why didn't you report at the gate at two?" asked a third.

"Daddy Brown promised to come and awake me," I replied; "but it is evident he has not done it, for this is the first time I have been awake since I went asleep."

"You had better go to the gate and make it all right with the sergeant of the guard, and may be he won't put you in the guard-house this time," advised one of the boys.

May be he wouldn't: how very consoling! Perhaps I wouldn't get into the guard-house this time. Oh, dear! what a rough beginning for a sentinel! *Must* I go into the guard house at the very start? Well, I would go and see the sergeant of the guard, at all events; I would know the worst. I felt very curious as I stood in his presence.

"Sergeant," said I, making an awkward attempt to touch my hat; I thought it prudent to flatter him a little, by manifesting the most profound respect.

"Well, say on," he remarked, as I hesitated.

"Why," I stammered, "I—e—I was on the first relief, and—and—I—one of our fellows promised to come up and awake me, but he didn't do it; so I was not here at two, to go on post."

"What is your name?" he asked.

I now felt sure that the guard-house was my doom. I told him my name; when, to my satisfaction and surprise, he said:—

"Well, no matter; there is no harm done. We had enough guards to fill all the posts."

This ought to have been an end of the matter, but it was not. Next morning, while at breakfast, Corporal Dee, of our company, who was near me, observed:—

"How ready some fellows are to run to the officers with a lot of tales."

"Why, what? Who's been—"

"Nothing; only some one has informed the captain already, that you missed two hours of guard-duty night before last."

"And who took so much interest in me as to run to the captain with that little affair?"

"I am not sure; I think it was John Snyder."

"Do you think he would be so mean?"

"I think he is the man; for I saw him talking to the captain, and I heard your name mentioned."

"Well, I'll try to discover the truth of the matter; but what did the captain say?"

"I think he paid very little attention to it: I don't think a man gets many thanks from him for reporting a comrade. He is an old soldier, was in the Mexican war, and he knows how mean a thing it is for one soldier to tell tales on another."

"Nevertheless, though the captain pay no attention to the affair, it does not lessen the meanness of the principle that prompted Snyder to inform."

"Very true."

"Well, there is Snyder at the table, and near enough to converse with; I am going to introduce the subject."

At this moment one of the boys helped me, by asking:—
“Did you get out of that scrape all right?”

“Oh, yes; but there is one thing I would like to know.”

“What’s that?”

John Snyder started.

“It is this,” I went on: “I would like to know who has made himself so busy as to run, open-mouthed, to the captain about it.”

“Has some one told the captain?”

“Yes; some busy fellow who, I suppose, hoped to gain favor thereby, and probably be made corporal. I think he got but few thanks, however, whoever he was.”

Snyder put on a look that said, “I wonder if he knows it was me?” but he said nothing.

“He must have been a mean fellow,” I went on.

John remained silent.

“In fact, a fellow void of principle,” I continued.

No reply.

“Is a scoundrel,” I added.

All were silent; Snyder looking awful.

“Would sell his grandmother,” I suggested.

John could stand it no longer; he broke out:—

“Now, look here; are you throwing out these hints at me?”

“At you!” I exclaimed.

“Yes. Do you mean me?”

“Why, what do you mean by taking it to heart? Was it you who told the captain?”

“Why, I—he—I—what?”

“I ask, was it you who informed? Are you the culprit, the talebearer? In a word, does the shoe fit you?”

He was silent, confused; he had betrayed himself.

“If you are the man, my worthy friend,” I continued, “I mean it all for you. Aye, more; I would go on till to-morrow morning, reading your character.”

“Well, you’d better stop now.”

“Indeed, I have no notion of it. But, did you tell the captain? if so, why? And don’t you feel ashamed of yourself?”

“Because I could,” said he; for he saw that it was now

useless to try to conceal the fact, that he had been the officious gentleman.

"Then," said I, "in addition to what I have said, I now take great pleasure here, in the presence of our comrades, in branding you as a low, cringing, treacherous sneak, unfit to be the companion of honest soldiers."

"You'd better mind how you talk."

"And you had better, in the future, mind your own affairs—you may think yourself lucky, this time, that I don't give you a tanning!"

This was certainly talking rather big—especially when we come to consider the fact that John Snyder was what would be called, in a moderate way of speaking, twice as large as myself. Such provoking talk so enraged him that he almost choked with anger, and was unable to articulate another word; I wonder he didn't pitch into me. However, he never repeated the offence—nor did any one else—and, by and by, we became quite friendly. Poor John! He is dead now! He did his duty nobly when we went into active service; but the exposures proved too much for him, and the fell destroyer, consumption, removed him at last from the scenes of horror in which he mingled while in Virginia.

All was stir and excitement in camp. The six-pounder was loaded and fired, with great rapidity—thirteen times. What was up? Why, General McCall was entering Camp Wright, and was going to review us that afternoon.

But one regiment was organized, armed and equipped; it was known as the "Erie Regiment." It was a regiment of three-months volunteers, organized at Erie. But it has since entered the three-years-or-during-the-war service, as the Eighty-third, commanded by Colonel John McClane.

The remainder of the troops in camp (about thirty companies) marched into a large field with the Erie regiment, and were reviewed. We had no arms, no uniforms, no accoutrements of any kind; and when the general appeared on the field, and the command "Present—arms" was given, we respectfully raised our hands to our hats, thereby presenting our own arms. We thought it very nice—that review—very military.

We learned that General M'Call was to take command of us when we should enter the field. We liked him from the very beginning; nor have we since found cause to dislike the "Hero of Coal Harbor."

Another regiment was soon after organized, in which our company was placed. Colonel Hayes was to command it. We then learned that we were to be no longer termed the "Brownsville Grays," but were to be known as "Company D, of the Eighth regiment of PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES." Few but have heard of this division. It was organized by Governor Curtin, and consisted of fifteen thousand volunteers, coming from all parts of the State.

Our regiment was now ordered to Pittsburg to encamp in the fair-ground—Camp Wilkins. While we are marching down—it was our first march—let me introduce you, reader, to the officers of the regiment—also of our company.

The colonel—a tall, good-looking man of fifty—was anything but a military man. His name, as I have before mentioned, was Hayes. Lieutenant-Colonel Oliphant, our lieutenant-colonel, was a more competent man. Our major—his name was Clark—was a large, red-faced, red-whiskered man, much given to such innocent little amusements as cursing and swearing, getting drunk, etc. He was also far from being a man of any considerable military education. He knew no more of tactics than a pig does of French.

A word as to our company officers. Captain Conner, our captain, was a gentleman well known and much respected in Brownsville. He was a good-looking man of medium size, well-formed, and of a quiet, firm demeanor—a man not to be trifled with, though not at all arrogant. In fact, I considered him the very *beau ideal* of an officer. He had participated in most of the battles during the Mexican war, and he knew much of the dangers and privations attending the life of a soldier.

Our lieutenants were two jolly, good young fellows, well known in Brownsville; their names were, respectively, Jacobs and Clarke. But of them, more anon. Ere we emerge into more active scenes, let us take a peep at Camp Wilkins; after which we start for the SEAT OF WAR.

CHAPTER II.

CAMP WILKINS.

It was a rather unpleasant change of locality from Camp Wright to Camp Wilkins. In the former we possessed many advantages which were denied us in the latter. We now found ourselves penned up within the walls (if they were walls) of what had once been the Pittsburg Fair Ground. Not a single green tree stood therein, beneath whose shade we might lie during the heat of the day: the ground was dirty, and unpleasant, unwholesome air furnished us with breath; the water was very bad, though I have since drank worse. Another great disadvantage was, that it was almost impossible to get out of camp without a pass, either written or verbal, from a commissioned officer; and to be obliged to apply to a commissioned officer three or four times a week was no very delightful thing.

Our quarters consisted of a row of rough old cattle-sheds, at the south side of the ground. The sheds were divided into rooms capable of accommodating, with bunks, five or six each. Here, then, was my first mess formed. They were all young men, none above twenty-four; their names were—Will. Mitchell, Mr. Craft, James Troth, John Woodward, and Will. Haddock; myself being added to the number, made a very interesting mess.

Our quarters being at the south side of the camp, the Pennsylvania Central Railroad lay directly by us, and trains went thundering along every fifteen minutes, night and day, making it very trying for a fellow to sleep. One day, imagining I should relish a walk into the country, I wondered what was to prevent me from coolly knocking off a board at the back of my bunk, and crawling out. What! should a board, a plank, a poor, pitiful, flat piece of wood, only an inch thick, stand between me and liberty? No—that it should not! Procuring an axe, I soon had one end of a board loose, so

that I could crawl out, and then closed the aperture with the board as though it were on hinges.

Away I went, making for Pittsburg as the first point, to have a look at the fashions. Yes, I concluded to walk into the city, this time; I could get out of camp at my convenience, and I would try the country next time. I would here state, that the reason the men were kept in such "durance vile" was that, were they allowed to pass out *ad libitum*, three-fourths of them would be constantly "on a high;" in fact, they would spend half their time in the "smoky city," Pittsburg.

Having visited a number of my acquaintances in the city, I was thinking of returning to camp, when, being near the depot of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, I observed a train—a freight train—about to start eastward. There was, I knew, an outer depot near our camp, where trains going eastward generally stopped for a few minutes. Therefore, as this would enable me to get off near camp, why might I not jump on the train and ride up in a few minutes? I unhesitatingly sprang up between two cars, and stood upon the platform of one, thinking how nice it would be to ride, instead of walking, two miles. The locomotive uttered two great screams, the train moved; it was soon flying up the road, and I had the satisfaction in a few minutes of nearing camp.

But, O horror! how's this? The train, instead of stopping as usual at the depot near the camp, went thundering by at lightning speed; and the smoky city, the outer depot, and Camp Wilkins were soon left far behind—soon lost to view. Away we went—trees, houses, barns, fences, fields, hills, and valleys flying by us with great rapidity. What would I—what *could* I do? Mile after mile was being placed between me and camp. Every moment was adding to the distance I should have to travel—walk, no doubt—in order to return to camp. There I stood, on a small platform between two freight cars, unseen by any one, seeing no one. At length a brakeman came stepping along from car to car, and stepped over my head.

"Hilloa!" I cried.

"Why, how came you there?" he asked, halting in his walk.

I explained the matter to him, and then asked:—

"Where will the train stop?"

"About seventy miles from Pittsburg," was the reply.

"Is there no way of stopping it now? Wouldn't the engineer stop it?"

"No; they won't stop till they are obliged to."

"And how far are we from Pittsburg now?"

"Only about nineteen miles."

"Nineteen miles! I'll miss roll-call, that is a clear case, and—"

At that moment something connected with the coupling of the cars gave way, and the train was separated near the middle. It was soon perceived by the engineer, the train was stopped, and I sprang off. I at once took the "back track;" there I was *only* nineteen miles from camp, at three o'clock in the afternoon of one of the hottest days of the summer.

"What a nice little stroll I have before me!" I soliloquized; "nineteen miles! Well, that's pleasant—and these iron rails hot enough to roast an egg in a very short time! Eh, well! This all comes of attempting to evade a walk of *two* miles; now I must try *nineteen*. Yes, and what is worse, I shall be till long after dark reaching camp; I shall have missed 'dress parade;' I shall have missed 'nine o'clock roll-call;' to-morrow, I will be detailed for guard—perhaps some more unpleasant duty. By the way, guard duty is beginning to lose its charms; it is not half so nice as I at first thought it; I am beginning to get my eyes open to the fact that losing one's sleep is not what it is cracked up to be.* How will I get into camp? I think that during the night, sentinels are posted along the sheds outside the camp; well, I must try and slip by them, some way, if I ever get there."

Thus soliloquizing, I toiled on, the big drops of perspiration chasing each other down my face. It must have been

* Guard duty was now performed by details from all companies—the proper style.

near eleven o'clock when I reached camp. It was rather dark, and I hoped this would favor me in getting into camp unperceived. It was not so dark but that a man might be dimly seen at fifteen paces. I soon discovered that several sentinels were pacing their beats along the railroad, near the sheds. Now was my time to play the Indian. Awaiting a favorable opportunity, I glided by one of the guards, and reached the sheds near my secret door. But now a difficulty greeted me; it was so dark that I could not find the right board. I tried several, but they were firm. Suddenly, one of the sentinels perceived me—he was about a dozen yards from me, and he called out:—

“Halt, there, you! Who’s there?”

I did not reply; I was busy trying boards—searching for that loose one.

“Who’s there, I say?” he repeated.

“None of your business,” I replied; for at that interesting crisis, my hand touched the loose board.

The sentinel came rushing toward me at a charge-bayonet. I quietly and dexterously slipped through the aperture and closed it with the board, just as the point of the bayonet came bat against it! I very naturally supposed that my secret was now discovered. But imagine my surprise—and pleasant surprise, too—when I heard the foiled sentinel call out, to the one on the next post:—

“Look here, Bill, I’ve jist seed one of the curiourest phenomenies as I ever *have* saw.” Evidently he was no very distinguished grammarian.

“What’s up?” asked the other, who had heard the noise.

“Why, you see, jist now I seen some feller a prowlin’ around here; I axt him who went there, and tole him to halt, and he said, ‘none o’ your business,’ and I run at him, and just as my bayonet was a slippin’ right into him, he melted into nothin’ and went to no place.”

It was with difficulty that I refrained from laughing outright on hearing this quaint speech; but remembering that it was very important to remain silent, I succeeded in doing so. The conversation without, went on.

“Come now,” protested the one addressed as ‘Bill,’ “you

don't mean to say that any one disappeared in that mysterious manner?"

"Indeed, I *do* mean it; I'd swear to it!" persisted the other.

"He must have dodged you, and run away in the darkness," argued Bill.

"No, he never run away at all; I could see him yet when my bayonet touched him. I don't like it out here, it's a lonely place."

As may be imagined, I was very weary after my journey, and it was not many minutes after hearing this scientific dialogue till I was sound asleep; my last thought was that I had reason to be thankful for not being pinned to the outer wall, by that fellow's bayonet.

Next morning, sure enough, I was detailed for guard (for it was customary to make up the guard detail, so far as possible, of delinquents). It is somewhat remarkable, that when night came, the post which fell to my lot was the very one, along the railroad, in rear of the sheds, that was occupied on the previous night by the soldier who came so near putting a period to my existence by a single dot. It was customary for the officer of the day to visit all the posts during the night, and to try the sentinels, to discover whether they should adhere strictly to the instructions given them. I had been on this lonely post an hour (I went on post at ten) when I heard footsteps approaching. The night was as dark as the preceding one, and I could just descry the figure of a man approaching. I remembered my instructions, and called out—

"Who comes there?"

My instructions were to "know no one," except by the countersign; to test me on this point, the officer of the day (for he it was) continued to advance, saying familiarly, as he did so—

"Oh, it's me; you know me."

I did recognize the voice, but remembering my instructions, I cocked my piece* (although it was empty), brought it to bear upon the approaching officer, and said—

* A few old muskets were used only for guard duty; we had not yet received our arms.

"Now halt, or I'll fire!"

The officer brought up with alarming abruptness; for he didn't know but that my musket might happen to be loaded.

"Who comes there?" I then asked.

"Officer of the day," he replied; all foolishness was now frightened out of him.

"Advance, officer of the day, and give the countersign—like a gentleman," said I, adding, on my own responsibility, the last three words, to the form that had been given me.

He advanced until within two paces of me, when I said—

"There—that's near enough—let's have the countersign."

He halted, leaned forward over the point of my bayonet and whispered—

"Bunker Hill!"

"Correct."

Having given the countersign, he was at liberty to impart any instructions, or make any remarks he might see fit; so, he said—

"You remember your instructions, I see."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, keep a sharp lookout; you must learn here to be a soldier. But is your gun really loaded?"

"Perhaps it is—perhaps it isn't," I replied, for I saw that he was still endeavoring to triumph over me.

"Let me look at it a moment," said he, slyly, and he reached for it.

"Can't come it, captain," said I, for he was trying me on another point.

"Well, I guess you'll do," said he, as he walked on toward the next post.

The sound of his footsteps had scarcely died away, when I, like the sentinel who occupied the same post twenty-four hours before, perceived a dark object near the spot where my secret door was.

"Hilloa! Who's there?" I demanded.

No reply.

"Now look here, old fellow," I continued, "it's no use, I see you; come here!"

The object moved slightly, but did not speak. With a

wild rush I was at the spot—I expected to make an arrest. With a bound the object flew from the spot, across the railroad, into a field, off and away, like the wind, howling like a very demon. It was a large dog.

It was evening. The Eighth regiment stood in line, on dress parade. Our first court-martial had convened, and now the result was being made known. The sentences of several offenders were read to us by the adjutant. Several had been tried for “sleeping on post,” and a number for drunkenness and rowdy conduct. There was one very serious case. One Jack Bear, of company “K,” had grievously offended, in that he went out of camp clandestinely, got drunk, came back making an unreasonable amount of noise, kicked up several rows, and on being ordered by his captain to desist, cursed him, was put in the guard-house, broke out, and finally concluded this interesting course of procedure by promising most solemnly to shoot his captain as soon as opportunity should occur.

The adjutant read—

“Private Bear, of company K, charged with mutiny; specifications, that on, or about the fourth day of July, the said Private Bear, of company K, did, in open violation of rules and regulations, become intoxicated, during which his conduct was most disorderly and outrageous, and on being mildly reprimanded by his captain, used toward him the most shameful and insulting language, finally threatening to kill him.

“The court-martial carefully examined the evidence adduced, and, after due consideration, sentenced him, the said Private Bear, of company K, to be brought before the regiment while on dress parade, to be then and there publicly dismissed from the service, and drummed out of camp.”

The sentence was to be immediately carried out. The regiment was brought to an “open order,” and the front rank faced about. Then, entering this avenue at the right of the regiment, came the poor fellow, a guard on either side of him, and following a fifer and drummer playing the “Rogue’s March.” ’Twas a sad scene. I’ll never forget how the poor fellow looked; it was painful to witness such un-

utterable dejection and shamefacedness. I felt relieved when he had passed quite out of camp, and I heartily hoped that I might never again be called upon to witness a similar sight. How then must he have felt while marching along that avenue of men—that gauntlet of a thousand pairs of eyes. I think I should much rather run a gauntlet of knives and tomahawks in the hands of the most relentless savages. We never heard of the unfortunate man again.

About this time four interesting recruits were added to company "D." They were called the "Perry Boys," because they came from a town of the name of Perry. They were all young men; their names were—Williams, Hasson, Archibald, and Strawn. This latter-named gentleman was what might be called a "nice little boy," *too* nice, in fact. His age could not have been more than seventeen; he had light curling hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, and looked very much like a girl. Don't forget him, for I shall have more to say of him by-and-by.

It is not to be supposed that, during all this time, we were getting quietly along, without a little row, now and then. Accordingly, one night, Corporal Chair and Private Graham became slightly intoxicated, and after repeated attempts, succeeded in differing on some trivial point, and proceeded to knock one another around, blacking each other's eyes, smashing noses, and kicking shins generally. Next morning they presented the delightful appearance of men who had had a number of bottles of ink smashed against their faces. When I saw them, they were shaking hands in the most brotherly manner, and "making it up," as the saying is, in a systematic way, by drinking each other's health—a small dose, I should think, just at that time. A word as to the character of Mr. Graham. He was an educated and intelligent gentleman of the most refined cast; he was well-informed on any topic, and I seldom, if ever, have seen a better penman. But he would drink. Yes, he would drink too much, and that spoilt all. As the father said of his son, who was being tried for petty larceny, "James is a good boy, but he will steal." Thus with Graham, he was a good man, but he *would* drink.

There were two interesting lads in our company, who,

although they stated that they were eighteen years of age—they must do so to pass inspection—could not have been older than sixteen; their names were Jim Hare and Ike Mayhorn. Jim Hare, Esquire, was one of the most saucy and impudent fellows I ever saw; he was a small pattern, swore terribly, and stuttered horribly. His face was far from being symmetrical; he was slightly lantern-jawed, his nose was one of the upturned sort, and his lower jaw protruded an inch. He was rather hunchbacked, too. He was an unlearned, unlettered fellow, but he possessed sufficient natural wit to atone at least for his physical deficiencies.

Mr. Isaac Mayhorn was about the same size, as ignorant, as immoral, less witty, but better looking. These two hopefuls bunked in a room adjoining the one I occupied. One night, about *bunk*-time, Hare concluded to amuse himself by teasing Mayhorn awhile before going to sleep. The lights were extinguished, and Mayhorn's heavy breathing announced that Morpheus was just reaching for him, when Hare put forth his hand and executed a merciless pinch on the calf of Mayhorn's leg.

"Oh—o—o, d—n it! who was that?" burst from Mayhorn's lips, as he found himself suddenly quite awake.

There was no response; Hare was snoring right merrily. Presently Mayhorn exclaimed:—

"Jim Hare, that was you!"

"Wh—wh—wh—what was me?" asked Hare.

"Why, that pinched me," said Mayhorn.

"It's n—n—no such a th--th—thing."

"But I know it *was* you; you are the only one't could reach me."

"I didn't; where did I pinch you?"

"On the calf of the leg."

"Th—that means on the l—l—leg o' the calf," ventured Hare,

"Well, just you try it again, and I'll go and tell Captain Conner."

"Yes! J—j—just you try reportin' me, and I'll kn—kn—knock the old b—b—boy out o' you!"

"You can't do it, Jimmy."

"I'll try it, a—a—anyhow."

All was now quiet, and I was almost asleep, when I heard Mayhorn yell out:—

'Blood and tobacker! Oh! ouch! Now, by gosh, I *will* go and tell the captain!"

Evidently Hare had treated him to another pinch, for he now scrambled out of his bunk, blundered out of the quarters, and his footsteps were heard to die away in the direction of the captain's room. Presently he returned.

"Now, Mr. Harey, if you don't go into the guard-house to-morrow morning, then I don't know," said Mayhorn, as he once more spilt himself into his bunk.

"Have y—y—you went and re—p—ported me?" asked Hare.

"Yes," was the reply.

"If you have, and I git put in the g—g—guard-house, I'll knock your little c—c—curly head off!" exclaimed Hare; for Mayhorn's head *was* "little" and his hair "curly."

"My little curly head is on tighter than you think it is," said Mayhorn.

"Well, I—I—I'll try it to-morrow."

"You can't; you'll be in the guard-house," said Mayhorn, provokingly.

"Then I'll do it when I come out, if it's t—t—ten years!" exclaimed Hare.

"But you can't, anyhow; you're not man enough," argued Mayhorn.

"Aint I, though? Oh, you s—s—scamp! you c—c—curly-headed ape! I'll read your pedigree! I—I—I'll show you a trick! Oh, if you d—d—do get me into th—th—the guard-house, you'd better make your w—w—will!"

"I'm not a-skeered," said Mayhorn.

"I'll learn you wh—wh—what it is to be a-skeered," said Hare; then, after musing awhile on the subject, he said, in a softer tone:—

"I d—d—did think a good deal of you, Mayhorn; I l—l—liked you once, and I thought I—I—I'd make a man o' you; but you're ruined n—n—now; you'll n—n—never be of n—

n—no account, no p—p—place.” It will be readily perceived that Hare was no grammarian.

Thus they carried on, now and then almost on the point of “pitching into” each other, there in the dark, till I grew weary listening, and fell asleep. Hare was not put into the g—g—guard-house (as he termed it) next morning, which led me to believe that Mayhorn had exaggerated in assuring him that such would be the case; I doubted, in fact, whether he reported Hare to the captain at all.

Having introduced these two interesting youths, I must proceed to my messmate, Craft. He was a very corpulent fellow, twenty-two years of age; not handsome, but somewhat learned and intelligent. His greatest fault was that of conceit, and he was prone to place a higher estimate upon his qualities, both mental and physical, than they deserved. Being large, he supposed that, as a matter of course, he must be a very powerful fellow. One day, Craft and I engaged in a little playful scuffle in our quarters, after which Mitchel told him that I “got the best of him.”

“Pooh!” exclaimed Craft; “I’ll bet my hat I can pick him up and carry him out of the quarters.”

“Will you bet your hat, though?” asked Mitchel.

“Yes, I’ll bet it against yours.”

“Done.”

Here then was a bet on my head. I did not wish to go into a regular organized and premeditated wrestle; but Craft went right at his task without a word, and I found myself compelled to act, for I was determined he should not carry me out if I could help it, though he were twice my size. For the space of a minute we had it, helter-skelter, topsyturvey, lift, push, pull, snatch, and grab. At length we found ourselves near the door, in the struggle. “Now,” thought Craft, “is my time.” He was nearest the door, and, lifting me suddenly, he sprang backward, thinking to bear me out. I saw what he was up to, and I allowed myself to be drawn precipitately after him till immediately at the door, when I suddenly stopped myself by bracing my hands against the sides of the door, which caused Craft to relax his hold upon me and fall backward over some little object which his heels

came in contact with, and involuntarily take a seat upon the hard ground.

"Ugh!" he grunted; and he arose, looking a little pale.

"Oh, Craft!" laughed Mitchel, "Ha, ha! *He put you out*, instead of your putting him out; you ought to pay a double wager for that."

Craft was very much provoked at the idea of a small fellow putting him out of the room; but he could not get over the stern fact, and he promised to treat if Mitchel would not take his hat. Mitchel consolingly informed him that he would not take his hat this time, but begged him to be more careful in future how he risked that article on his strength.

Mitchel was a good fellow, about my age, and he and I were warmly attached. As for Craft, he never liked me very well, although he had no reason to *dislike* me, save for "putting him out" of the quarters, and I am sure it was all done in a friendly way.

Several weeks passed away in Camp Wilkins, and we had the satisfaction of drawing arms and uniforms. How nice our regiment looked standing in line with blue uniforms and bright muskets. Surely we were soldiers now, and we looked forward with eager anticipations to the time when we should be called upon to take the field. Every afternoon we were called upon to go through a long regimental drill. The third week of July had almost passed, when, one afternoon, we were drilled in various manœuvres, by Lieutenant-Colonel Oliphant, in the presence of a number of spectators. We were arranged in line, when Colonel Oliphant said—

"Now, boys, I should like to try you on a bayonet charge. Try how well you can do it. Charge—*bayonets!*"

Our muskets came down to the position of "charge bayonets."

"Forward—march."

Now the colonel did not say "double-quick," but we supposed that a bayonet charge wouldn't be a bayonet charge at common time, and we rushed forward with a sudden energy that threatened to annihilate our commanding officer, as well as the men, women, and children comprising the spectators.

The women screamed, the children squealed, and the men scrambled out of the way.

"B—b—battalion—h—h—halt!" shouted Oliphant, as soon as he could find utterance. "Why, what do you mean?" he continued, "I only wished you to try it at common time. But what is this?"

This latter exclamation was called forth by the appearance of a messenger, who, at that moment, rode up and placed an official document in the lieutenant-colonel's hand. He read a moment, then, waving his sword aloft, he shouted—

"Marching orders for Washington! Three cheers!"

Then, reader, had you been in the vicinity of Camp Wilkins, you would have heard three of the most stirring cheers that ever rang out from the lips of a regiment of volunteers; so welcome those marching orders. After our voices had subsided, we were told that the following Sunday (it was now Friday) was appointed as the day for moving.

Sunday morning came. The regiment was in line at nine o'clock. Having stood in line for half-an-hour, impatiently awaiting orders to move, the orders came, at last, and we marched from Camp Wilkins toward Pittsburg, where we were to take the cars. In another hour we stood in one of the streets of Pittsburg, slowly embarking on the train that was to convey us to Baltimore. Thousands of spectators, men, women, and children, thronged the sidewalks, talking kindly with us, and bidding us "good-by." Many kind wishes followed us as the locomotive screamed, and the streets of the Smoky City began slowly to glide from beneath us. We were all aboard, not one left behind, which was somewhat remarkable. One beautiful creature told me I must not think of returning without the head of Jeff Davis. I laughed, and informed her that I should certainly bring *that* desirable acquisition, and that if I didn't find him too unhandy to carry, would bring the individual's entire body.

We were buoyant with the brightest hopes now. Pittsburg was soon left behind, and we were whirling along the Pennsylvania Central in the liveliest manner. Alas! how many of the brave fellows whom that train carried were destined to return no more forever! How many had looked

upon their wives, their children, their fathers, their mothers, their brothers, sisters, and friends for the last time! How many had bidden a last, long farewell, had received the last fond caress, the last kiss from those they loved better than life itself! But I must not anticipate. If you, gentle reader, have patience to follow our regiment through the scenes I shall endeavor to portray, you will readily perceive that we did not *all* return!

As I have previously stated, the railroad lay directly by Camp Wilkins. We were all anxious to catch a passing glimpse of our old camp. A rousing cheer greeted the deserted sheds as we went thundering by, and many a pair of eyes looked upon Camp Wilkins for the last time. We all wondered whether we should ever see the old camp again. I wondered whether *I* would, and, with the rest of the boys, said, "FAREWELL, CAMP WILKINS!"

CHAPTER III.

B A L T I M O R E .

"FIRE! fire! fire!"

Such was the cry, the alarming cry, while the train was descending the eastern slope of the Allegheny Mountains. It was night, and very dark.

"The ammunition-car—it is on fire!" was repeated by a dozen voices.

There was a crowding, and thronging, and jamming to get at the windows of the cars to look out. I sat by a window, and I thrust my head out, and, looking forward, saw one of the cars near the locomotive blazing up right merrily. It was a car that was loaded with ammunition. It had, it seems, been fired by sparks from the locomotive. The train was stopped. What should be done? It was dangerous to approach the burning car; for who could tell at what moment

the flames would reach the powder? Whenever they should reach it an explosion must take place, which no one would like to stand in the way of. Now there was a riverman in our company, who was a little the biggest and most giantlike man that I ever saw with soldier-clothes on; he was called Fletch Chess. He had been left in a car attached to the ammunition-car to look after the baggage, and, on being aroused by the multitude of cries (for he was asleep), he sprang up, and in a moment comprehended the state of things. Thoughts, suggestions, and arguments flit through a man's brain with great rapidity in moments of danger, and, within the space of a second, Fletch reasoned with himself, thus:—

“Now, if I spring from the car and run, I feel sure I will not be able to get at a safe distance before the explosion takes place; but, by taking an armful of these blankets and jumping upon the burning car, I can smother the flames ere they reach the ammunition.”

Seizing half-a-dozen blankets, he acted upon his wise conclusion; he sprang from the car he occupied to the burning one, and soon succeeded in putting out the fire. He was highly lauded for this brave and daring act; which daring act, however, he had been compelled to resort to, as the only probable means of saving his life.

This little affair reminds me most forcibly of a good story a man read, and noted down in his memoranda, as follows:—

“*Mem.*:—Scene in school.

Somebody whistled.

Master calls up big boy on suspicion.

‘Hold out your hand, sir.’

Big boy holds out his hand to be feruled.

Noble little boy steps up; holds out *his* hand.

‘It was *I* who whistled, sir.’

Master forgives noble little boy.”

Now this was all very good, but the whole thing was spoilt by the addition of another sentence, namely: “Noble little boy *thought* master wouldn't whip him if he confessed, but he *knew* big boy would lick him if he didn't.”

Thus with Chess: he thought he could extinguish the fire in time to save his life, but he felt sure he'd be blown up

before he could get away if he didn't put it out. Many daring deeds, as well as many noble ones, are performed as a matter either of prudence or necessity.

After much delay, the train moved on; I fell asleep. When I awoke it was morning; the train was not in motion. I looked out, and perceived that we were at some town; on inquiry I learned that it was Duncannon, twenty miles west of Harrisburg. The kindness and hospitality of the citizens of this place deserve a word of praise. They no sooner knew that a train of soldiers was standing near the town, than they thronged around us with pies, cakes, bread-and-butter, milk, and other like refreshments. Very acceptable, too, were the refreshments thus gratuitously bestowed upon us, and we did ample justice to them, for we had not been supplied with provisions, except a few crackers. At length we moved on, and after an hour found ourselves at Harrisburg. Here we remained till near evening, while various equipments were being dealt out. We received knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, and cartridge-boxes. We remained in the cars during all this time, or, at least, near them. Some of the boys, however, took a "cruise about" during the course of the day. There was fat Craft, who went out to a neighboring house and formed the acquaintance of a "dear angel," with whom he fell desperately in "love at first sight," and with whom he afterward corresponded.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon before the train moved on; then we went flying, and soon arrived at Little York.

Here a piece of sad news greeted us; it was of the battle of Bull Run, and the rout of the Federal army, which had taken place on the previous day (the twenty-first of July, 1861). Printed telegrams were afloat, stating that our troops had been defeated and routed, that they were flying toward Washington in wild disorder, pursued by the victorious rebels, who would probably follow them right into the Capital, that all was confusion there, and Congress had adjourned to meet in Philadelphia. It was said that it would be dangerous for us to pass through Baltimore now, that the secessionists there were growing very bold since our defeat. We moved on. Night found us still in the cars.

As we neared Baltimore, Captain Conner passed through our car and said—

“Men, load your pieces; we may have some trouble in Baltimore. Be very careful not to let any of your pieces go off here.”

Having thus cautioned us, he passed on. This was the first time we loaded our muskets, and it would have been strange if some awkward fellow had not accidentally discharged his piece in the operation, notwithstanding the strict injunction of the captain.

Accordingly, Sergeant Blake, of our company, being intoxicated, anyhow, after loading his musket in the most careless style, was placing a cap on the tube, let the hammer come down on it pretty hard, and bang went the gun, the charge going through the window.

“Who was that?” demanded the captain, returning hastily from the adjoining car.

No one spoke. Sergeant Blake was extremely quiet. The captain probably suspected who the offender was, and said—

“I warned you all, men, as I passed through, and should such a thing occur again, I will find out the offender and have him tied for the remainder of this trip, I care not who he is.”

We reached Baltimore during the night, and the train stopped; we remained in the cars till morning. It was now discovered that we were to stay at Baltimore for a day or two, and we disembarked and formed line to march through the city for a place of encampment beyond. Before we started, Colonel Hayes addressed us thus—

“Boys, let us pass through the city in a quiet and respectful manner. Offer no insults—disturb no one. You all have your pieces loaded, and if we are assaulted, defend yourselves. I have no fear that you will not do your duty.”

We marched through the city unmolested, though many a black scowl was cast upon us. Some of the citizens, however, looked pleasantly on, and welcomed us. It was evident that Baltimore was quite a mixture of Union and Secession.

One man came to the window, an upper one, and called out to a friend at the opposite side of the street—

“I say, Wilson, *they’ll* never get back, the d—d Yankee cusses!”

At a point a few steps further, a beautiful young lady stood at her door, waving a small copy of the stars and stripes. Having marched through the city, we repaired to a hill beyond, and encamped. Tents were issued to us, the article known as the “wedge tent.” We were totally ignorant as to pitching them, but Captain Conner instructed us, and we finally succeeded admirably. He also taught us the mode of packing a knapsack, of which, at first, we had as much of an idea as a pig would have of making a watch. Our tents were calculated to accommodate six; but on the first night *eight* occupied the one I slept in. It was rather more warm than comfortable. Next day an additional number was received, and two left ours. Our mess then consisted of six, namely—Will Mitchel, George Scott, James Troth—a queer genius, who already began to regret that he had “gone for a soldier”—George Wagner, his son Oliver, and myself. Except George Wagner, who was forty years of age, we were all quite young. On this, our second day at Baltimore, I was walking past a group of OUR BOYS, when I perceived that they were talking about something in an excited manner. I stopped, and heard one of them say—

“I’ll tell you what it is, I’d hate to eat or drink anything I’d get in Baltimore; I knew somebody would get poisoned yet.”

“What! is any one poisoned?” I asked.

“Yes.”

“Any of our regiment?”

“Why, yes—no—or I guess so. There *is* one dead in that regiment on the other side of the hill. One of *our* regiment is awful sick, and he says he got a drink of ale in the city.”

“And do you think he is poisoned?”

“I think so.”

“What company does he belong to?”

“Company ‘G.’”

As I was perfectly at leisure, I thought I might easily

ascertain whether there were any truths in these reports. I walked first to Company G, and accosted the first one I met, with—

“How is that fellow of yours getting?”

“What fellow?” he asked.

“The one that was poisoned by drinking that ale.”

“Poisoned!”

“Yes, I was told that one of your boys had been poisoned by drinking ale in Baltimore.”

“Ha, ha! There’s nothing of it. One of our fellows *was* a little sick, but it was the result of his eating some green apples, which he stole from an orchard not far off. But *he* is better now.”

“Then it’s all—”

“A mistake.”

I now walked to the camp “on the other side of the hill,” where it was reported one fellow *had* died from poison.

“Hilloa!” said I, to one of the sentinels, “what regiment is this?”

“The —th Maine,” he replied.

“How came that man of your regiment to get poisoned?”

“Poisoned! What man?”

“Why, I understood that one of your fellows had been poisoned by some secessionists in Baltimore.”

“Well, there’s nothing of it, you may depend.

“How long have you been encamped here?”

“Three or four weeks.”

“Do you ever buy anything to eat or drink in Baltimore?”

“Yes, often.”

“Do they never attempt to poison you?”

“No, they’re afraid; they know very well that should they try that on, we’d burn the city.”

“That we would,” said I, and I returned to camp fully satisfied that the officers had started these stories to prevent the men from going to the city and getting intoxicated.

On entering camp, I met Mitchel, who said—

“Let us go over into that field; there is a battery of flying artillery there, and they are going to drill.”

“I have no objections,” said I; and we were soon there

looking at the drill, which was truly delightful. It was astonishing to see with what rapidity each manœuvre was executed by the artillerymen, who had evidently had some experience. Many spectators, citizens of Baltimore, were present. Among them were a reasonable number of "defenceless," as usual.

At one time during the drill, the battery was flying past at some little distance from us, when, at a note of the bugle, they suddenly turned at right angles, and appeared to be coming right down upon us.

"Mercy!" screamed the women.

"Oh—oh, dear!" shrieked the children.

"Fire and fury!" ejaculated the men.

"Thunderation!" exclaimed Mitchel.

"They'll turn—they'll hardly ride us down," I suggested.

Howbeit, the crowd surged and swayed backward, and the pushing, and shoving, and trying to get behind one another that ensued was quite amusing. One old gentleman, his hat having crawled down over his eyes in the confusion, started to run—he didn't know where—and went plump into a gravel-pit fourteen feet deep, at the bottom of which was about eighteen inches of muddy water. Splash! Poor old fellow. He wasn't hurt, it is true; but then he was dreadfully frightened, and his clothes ruined. After feeling forty ways for the ground, he finally succeeded in setting himself upon his legs: then producing a handkerchief, which, however, was as completely saturated as his clothes or himself, he endeavored to wipe the water from his face, especially from his eyes. Then he managed to crawl up the opposite bank, which was not so steep as the one he had fallen over, and having gained the level of the earth once more, he straightened himself up to his full height, expanded his chest, opened wide his mouth, drew a long breath and exclaimed—

"Well, I declare."

Meanwhile, the flying artillery, instead of bearing right down upon us, suddenly swerved to the right, at another note of the bugle, and in another moment were two hundred yards distant. The drill was over and the crowd dispersed, Mitchel and I returning to camp.

Many incidents of a like amusing nature transpired under my observation during my "camp life," and I cannot help relating one, now and then; nay, I might hope to win a smile by doing so. You certainly *must* have laughed had you seen these things as I did. Perhaps I can describe some of them in such a manner that you may catch the idea, though I do not expect to clothe this simple work with many embellishments. I wish to relate the simple facts.

When Mitchel and I returned to camp, we saw the colonel standing in our company's street* conversing with the captain and lieutenants.

"And you think we'll go, colonel?" I heard the captain say.

"Yes; oh, yes. I have orders now, to move to-morrow morning; I do not suppose they will be countermanded."

"Is it supposed that Washington is in danger?" asked Lieutenant Jacobs.

"Yes; it is reported that Beauregard, with strong reinforcements, is moving on the capital."

"At what point is he expected to make the onset?" asked Lieutenant Clarke.

"It is supposed to be his intention to cross the Potomac at the 'Chain Bridge,' and enter Washington by way of Georgetown. But a new general has been called to Washington to take command, and Beauregard must be sharp to outwit him."

"Who is that?"

"It is a general who has very ably conducted the campaign in West Virginia; his name is McCLELLAN."

The colonel walked away, and the captain said:—

"Boys, hold yourselves in readiness to take the cars for WASHINGTON to-morrow morning."

* An encampment is laid off in streets.

CHAPTER IV.

WASHINGTON.

MORNING came, and with it the train that was to convey us to Washington. After much difficulty, calling the roll a dozen times, and so on, the boys were all gathered together, and we were all aboard at last. It is true Corporal Dee was rather late, having found a sweetheart in Baltimore on the previous evening, and returned to vow eternal allegiance to her once more before leaving; nevertheless, he was in time. We were hurried a great deal by the officers, who assured us that we had barely time to get into the cars till the train would start; albeit, to our great impatience, the train did not move for a cool hour after we were all aboard.

Away we went at last, flying across Maryland at a great rate. We passed many darkeys who were working in the fields, and who cheered us right lustily. At a point about twenty miles from Baltimore, the train stopped. It so happened that large fields of blackberries lay outstretched at this point. I do not know why the train stopped there; but I *do* know that we were glad it *did*, for we felt like taking a few of the berries just then. It was not many minutes before we were scattered out among the blackberry-bushes, from one hundred yards to a mile distant. It must have been an hour ere the train moved on. When it was ready, a loud scream of the locomotive announced the fact. Then, as Byron says:—

“There was hurrying to and fro;”

save that all were hurrying *to*, and none *from* the train. At length, it being supposed that all had returned, we started. But Mr. Jim Troth, one of my messmates, who was very slow about everything, was a little too late; the train moved off without him.

“Ha! hilloa! Oh—oh!” he shouted.

"Puff! puff!" replied the locomotive.

He screamed—yelled.

"Puff! puff! puff!"

Troth grew desperate, and, for the first time in his life (I suppose), he actually ran, shouting at the top of his voice as he did so.

The engine mocked him: "Puff! puff! Chu-chu, chu-chu!"

"Oh, golly!" exclaimed Troth; "I'll have to walk clear to Washington; oh, oh!"

As the idea occurred to him, he made one more desperate effort after the retreating train. Waving his cap in one hand and a bunch of blackberries in the other, again he shouted:—

"Hilloa! ho! Stop! eh—he—oh!"

"Chu-chu, chu-chu, chu—" answered the engine.

"Oh, oh! faith! Oh, gosh!" screamed Troth.

The puffing of the iron-horse and the rumbling of the cars sounded mockingly in his ears. He grew more desperate—ran more violently after the now fast-receding train. *Could* he catch the train? oh, thunder! could he? or must he walk to Washington? It might be a hundred miles, for all he knew to the contrary. His struggles were vain, his voice failed him, and huge drops of sweat chased each other down his cheeks. He gave it up. But, just then, when the prospect was darkest, an accident occurred to relieve him—one that once relieved *me*—the train parted near the centre, and the whole thing halted. While the cars were being re-coupled Troth arrived, and succeeded in getting aboard. Having done so, he wiped the sweat from his brow, brought a long sigh, and exclaimed:—

"Oh, my!"

So saying, he took a seat upon his knapsack, panted like a weary cur, and presently remarked:—

"Well, I never did—"

"Why, Troth, what's the matter?" asked Will. Mitchel.

"Why I—the train—I—"

"Exactly," said Mitchel.

"Yes, that's it," said Troth.

"But what's this I heard about you?"

"What?"

"I understood that you had been pulling against the locomotive, trying to stop the train; that's what broke it apart."

"No, no! I just—"

"Yes; I understand you."

"But—"

"Just so; that is—"

"Yes, I—"

"Yes."

And thus ended the interesting dialogue.

Again we moved forward. Plantations, groups of darkeys, houses, woods, and small towns flew past us. At last the dome of the Capitol appeared to view.

"There's Washington!" was exclaimed on all sides.

Yes, there was Washington city, the great capital of our country. We were delighted at having arrived, at last. In the course of an hour we were standing in line near that mighty structure called the Capitol. After waiting impatiently for some time, we were ordered to proceed to Meridian Hill, which lies about three miles north of the city. We marched through the city and out Seventh Street, finding ourselves on the hill near sunset; we pitched our tents at once. This was the first march during which we carried on our backs that gentle lump called a knapsack. Our backs and shoulders gave evidence of anything but approbation. The march had been but a short one, it is true, but we felt very tired; and I remember thinking how delightful it must be to march thirty miles in one's harness.

We passed, on our way to Meridian Hill, many encampments of regiments, and were often greeted with:—

"Hilloa! What regiment is that?"

"Eighth Pennsylvania Reserves," was the reply.

"Were you over at the horse-race last Sunday?" would be the next question.

"The—what?"

"The horse-race; that's what we call it."

"Call what?"

"The Bull Run fight."

"Oh, is that it? No, we were not there. We have just come from Baltimore."

"Well, you needn't be sorry that you missed it; it was no fun."

"We presume not; though we would have been glad to help you."

Many regiments engaged at Bull Run had been marched to the northeast side of the Potomac, and were encamped in our vicinity. Many came from these regiments to talk with us, and many were the stories they related of the very unbrotherly disposition of the rebels. They told many incidents connected with the battle, all going to prove that the rebels were no cowards and that to fight them was no sport. It was growing late, and I was just thinking of retiring, when Dave Winder walked by my tent, and I accosted him with:—

"Hilloa, Winder! Have you been talking with any of these Bull *Run* fellows?"

"Yes," he replied, stopping and turning toward me with his accustomed grin. I knew that something was coming: he always *did* grin in that peculiar way when on the point of "telling one."

"Did they tell you any stories of those desperate Southerners?" I asked.

"Yes," said Winder, and the ominous grin broadened a little; "there was a cavalryman telling me something of a story, just now."

"Let us hear it."

"Well, it's this: he said, that during a hand-to-hand conflict in which he took part, he and a rebel Zouave had it for a spell, but he was too much for Mr. Reb., and at last clipped his head clean square off with his sabre. Now, one would think *that* ought to settle any man; but—"

"What!" I interrupted, "you don't mean to say that it *didn't* settle him?"

"Yes, so the cavalryman told me; he said, that no sooner had he cut the fellow's head off, than the invincible reb. threw down his gun, picked up his own head with both hands, and ran right at him. Well, such a thing as that will

try any man's nerves, and our hero turned his horse about and retreated. A kind of superstitious horror seized him, and the acephalous rebel, seeing that he could not overtake him, actually flung his head after him, then laid quietly down and kicked the bucket."

"I think that must be one of your little romances, Winder," said I, after he had finished.

"Well, it's founded on fact; for the fellow *did* say he *saw* a rebel get his head cut off."

"Oh, that's coming down, a little," I said.

Dave grinned, and walked toward his tent; remarking, as he did so, that it "looked like rain."

This was true. Strange as it may seem, Winder had told the truth, *for once*. How he came to do so is a mystery to me. I have thought much on the subject, and the only reasonable conclusion I can come to regarding the matter, is—that he spoke without thinking.

My messmates had already "sought a soldier's bed," and feeling weary, I determined to retire at once. Heavy dark clouds were banking up in the west, and it was evident it would rain. George Wagner quietly suggested the propriety of digging a drain around our tent, so that in case of rain, the water might not run in upon us. The suggestion was prudent; but I was a young soldier, I felt weary and thought more of the present than of the future. So I replied—

"Oh, I don't think it is worth while just for to-night."

"But suppose it should rain."

"I suppose it will have to rain, for we can't stop it. I am most confoundedly sleepy, and not a little tired. Don't those knapsacks pull at a fellow's shoulders, George? Well, I must go to bed."

George admitted that the knapsacks *did* pull at one's houlders. In another minute I was wrapped in a sleep too deep for dreams.

It was impossible for me to know how long I had slept, when aroused by the most lively shaking at the hands of some one. It was George Wagner.

"Jump up!" he exclaimed; "you'll be drowned in another minute."

The rain was beating upon the tent, the wind was blowing, the lightning flashing, and the thunder rolling. I at once saw the state of things, and sprang up. I can scarcely say *saw*, either; for, except that now and then a bright flash of lightning made everything discernible, the darkness was intense. The boys were all awake and standing up in order to keep out of the water, a delightful little stream of which was winding its way comfortably through our tent.

"Oh, ye Fates!" I exclaimed, "I would give worlds to have my nap out."

But with all that water running under me, the thing was impossible. As I arose, rubbing my eyes, I discovered that for six of us to stand upright in that small tent without touching it, was a thing impossible; and to touch the canvas of a tent within while it is raining is sure to cause a leak. Consequently, it was not many minutes till the water was dropping upon us from all sides, making it as uncomfortable as possible. Wishing to impart a lesson to me on the subject of procrastination, George Wagner said—

"You see now that I was right, that a drain had better been dug."

"Yes," I replied, "but I was so tired and sleepy that I could have laid down in a snowstorm and slept very readily."

"We'll remember it next time, at least," remarked Mitchel, and Scott, Troth, and Oliver Wagner all agreed that we *would* remember it next time.

It was yet several hours before morning dawn, and we spent those several hours as uncomfortably as might be, standing there huddled together, trying to make ourselves as small as possible, and looking altogether like an equal number of drowned rats. When morning came and the *rain was over*, we did dig a drain about our tent; which was, figuratively speaking, "locking the stable after the horse was stolen."

We had been encamped on Meridian Hill for several days, when we received our first pay, about a month's pay, which was due us from the State. As many of our boys had actually run short of change, they were happy to have their

purses once more replenished; in proof of which a reasonable number went to Washington and got "on a spree."

Mitchel and I concluded that as we had not yet taken a good look about the city, it would be well to pay it a visit, and we did so. We were not long in reaching the city, which we entered by Seventh street, and began at once to look about us for *sights*.

Independently of the public buildings in Washington, it is far from being an attractive city. But once remove from it the Capitol, the White House, the Treasury Building, the War and Navy Departments, the Post Office, and the Smithsonian Institution, and Washington would be a very common place; in fact, as it is often expressed, "just no place at all."

Having wandered about the city, viewing the wonders and eating ice-cream every ten minutes till near evening, we made up our minds to return to camp. This we supposed would be an easy matter; that is, we supposed that all we had to do was to walk deliberately back to camp by the road we had come. We had heard of such things as patrols, provost-guards, etc., but we never thought of encountering any of them. We did, however, encounter a small squad of patrolmen, whose business it was to "take up" all soldiers found in the city without a pass. We were just scaling a fence at the outskirts of the city, in order to take a little nearer cut for camp, when we were greeted with:—

"I say, you fellows there!"

Glancing in the direction from whence the voice proceeded, we saw four men and a sergeant approaching us; they were armed with Sharp's rifles. We readily comprehended our danger of being arrested, and springing into the field "broke" at once for camp.

"Halt! Stop, I say!" shouted the sergeant of the patrol.

We hurried on.

"Have you passes?" he demanded.

We were now forty or fifty paces distant from the patrol, and not feeling much alarmed we went on.

"I tell you to halt!" shouted the sergeant.

"Yell a little louder," answered Mitchel.

"If you don't halt, we'll fire on you."

"We don't care," I shouted back in reply; and Mitchel and I quickened to a pace that would have done no discredit to a common horse.

Bang! Bang! went two rifles, and a couple of bullets whistled ten feet above our heads. I felt sure they had not intended to hit us, and was confirmed in the belief by hearing the sergeant immediately sing out—

"If you don't stop, we *will* shoot you next time."

But we didn't stop; we concluded to risk another pair of bullets. But, to our surprise, no more were sent after us, and we never looked behind to see why. We reached camp almost breathless, at five o'clock, and found the regiment in line.

"I wonder what's up?"

"Hard to say—marching orders, perhaps—there's the captain calling to us—we'll soon know what's the 'matter.'"

The captain told us to fall in, that the regiment was about to be sworn into the service of the United States; we at once obeyed. Three of OUR BOYS—I am sorry to call them of "our boys"—refused to take the oath, and that night deserted, notwithstanding that they had been sworn into the State service. Their names were Victory Jones, Robert Campbell, and Thomas Grace. Thus you will perceive, kind reader, that *Victory* was ours no more, that our *Camel* (Campbell) had run away from us, and that *Grace* was no more present with us.

Pardon me for punning; but the names—they are the real names of the gentlemen—present a temptation not to be resisted.

On the following morning I was informed by the first sergeant that I was "for guard," that day. The guard was mounted; I was on the second relief, and went on duty at ten o'clock. Orders were very strict that day; for it generally depended on who the officer of the day was whether the orders were strict or not. We were to allow no one, not even an officer, to go out, unless he should be passed by the officer of the day. The beat next the one I occupied was guarded by one of OUR BOYS, whose name was Haman Jeffries. I wish you to notice him very particularly, for he is

not, by any means, the least interesting character connected with this narrative. He was a large and powerful man of eight-and-twenty—his complexion light, his eyes gray—and he possessed a heart that feared nothing; and let him suppose that he was right in anything, in any argument or matter of contest, and he was the most stubborn unbending man I ever knew. He was indeed a soldier. There was a lieutenant in the regiment whose name was Carter. He was somewhat arrogant in his ways, and imbued with the sublime idea that an officer certainly was better than a private—oh yes, a great deal! Well, Haman was quietly walking on his beat, when this same Lieutenant Carter came forth from his quarters, and was walking right out of camp in the very face of Haman without so much as saying, "With your leave."

"Halt!" said Haman.

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded Carter.

"I mean *stop* when I say *halt*; my orders are to allow no one to pass out."

"But I am an officer."

"Can't help it."

"You'd better be careful," said Carter, warningly.

"I *am* careful, as you certainly see."

"Now look ye," said Carter, in a tone that seemed to set aside all further trifling about the matter, "I am going out to yonder little bank to fire the charges from my revolver," and he held the revolver up to view, "so you had better not interrupt me."

"But I *will* interrupt you! You *shall not* pass out over my beat, unless the officer of the day come and order me to let you pass."

"To *let me*?"

"Yes, to *let you*!"

"But I *will* go." And, suiting the action to the word, he turned to walk out.

Haman cocked his piece, and the "click" caused by this little operation grated unpleasantly on Carter's ear, causing him to bring up abruptly in his walk, and turning he looked into the eye of the guard. He saw determination there, and

he did the wisest thing he could do; namely, turn back, go into camp and get the officer of the day to pass him out.

Another of OUR BOYS detailed for guard that day, was Jake Archibald, one of the "Perry Boys." Being on the second relief, we went on post at ten in the morning, four in the evening, and ten at night. That night, between the hours of eleven and twelve, the officer of the day went the "grand rounds," as usual, to see that the sentinels were attentive to their duty. Having, with the usual ceremony, passed the posts of Haman and myself, he approached Archibald, who, it seems, had just set himself down with his back against a tree, and was having a quiet nap. The officer of the day saw the condition of things, although it was rather dark, walked stealthily up to the slumberer, and, seizing his musket, bawled out—

"Ha! How's this?"

Jake sprang up, frightened almost out of his wits.

"You rascal!" exclaimed the officer of the day—but just then an idea struck him, and he acted upon it.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked.

"Oh, dear—no!"

'Well, I'm a Secesh officer.'

"Oh, bless me!" exclaimed Jake, upon hearing the astounding disclosure.

"You need *blessing*," suggested the officer in a significant tone.

"Why?" asked Jake.

"Because, you're a dead man."

"A—a—what?"

"A dead man," repeated the officer, coolly.

"Oh, no, I'm not!"

"But I'm going to kill you," he explained.

"Oh, don't! I never did nothin' to nobody!"

"But you've come out to fight against me," argued the officer.

This was a stunner; and Jake could say nothing.

"Come along with me," said the officer.

"Oh! oh!"

Jake followed the officer, with agonizing reluctance, and

was conducted right through the encampment, toward the head-quarters of the guard; and it looked to Jake like a very bold proceeding on the part of a rebel officer. A lantern was burning at the gate, and they were no sooner near enough for its rays to fall upon them, than Jake comprehended the trick that was being practiced upon him. With a sudden energy he seized his musket, wrested it from the hands of the officer, and, springing away, was at his post in a moment, the most wakeful of sentinels.

This was no doubt the wisest plan he could have adopted, for the officer of the day, who had intended to punish him, seeing that he was now at his post, all right, and thinking that he had been already sufficiently punished by fright, concluded to let the matter drop.

We were relieved at twelve, and posted again at four; the remaining two hours of guard duty passing off without event. A new guard was mounted at eight in the morning, and I was released from duty. I was walking toward my tent, my musket on my shoulder, when I met Winder, who asked—

“Are you fond of apples?”

“Oh, yes! I am very partial to that species of fruit,” I replied; “but why do you ask?”

“Because there’s an orchard right across the hill, yonder, and it is full of ripe apples as big as your head.”

“How very gentle,” I remarked; for having lost sleep during the night, my head felt very large just then.

“Suppose we go over,” suggested Winder

“Oh, no, I—”

“Come,” he urged, “the orchard belongs to a secessionist, and is to be confiscated; we are at perfect liberty to go and help ourselves.”

“And how have you discovered that so soon?” I asked.

“Oh, I’ve been cruising around,” said he with a grin.

“But I have not forgotten that little strawberry affair of Camp Wright,” said I, insinuatingly.

“But I’m telling the truth—I’ll swear I am!” and Winder grinned more earnestly.

"All right; wait till I put my musket away, and I'll go with you. A walk won't hurt me."

Having placed my musket within my tent, I joined Winder, and we walked about a mile "across that hill, yonder," before we arrived at the orchard containing those ponderous apples. Of course it required a little manœuvring on our part to get out of camp; but we managed that. We entered the orchard full of the liveliest hopes.

And what kind of apples did we find there? Not great yellow, mellow ones as large as pumpkins; but little, hard, knotty, green ones, not fit for even a soldier to eat. Aye, and I verily believe that all the apples in the orchard, put together, would not have constituted one "as large as my head," as Winder had asserted.

"And is *this* the orchard, Dave?" said I.

"Yes, certainly," he replied with a grin.

"Then where are the magnificent apples you spoke of?"

"Don't know—guess somebody's took 'em all."

"Confound you! You ought—"

"Ha, you fellows there! You are intruding on private property—did you know it?"

Looking in the direction from whence these words proceeded, we beheld a youth of seventeen, attired in a gay uniform, rushing toward us, and flourishing a revolver in his hand. Winder split for it; and such running as he executed was delightful to witness. In a moment he had cleared the fence, and was making toward camp for dear life. I stood still.

"What are you doing here?" asked the youthful soldier as he came up.

"Really, young man, I came here for the purpose of getting some apples; having been erroneously informed that the fruit grew here in great abundance, to the size of a man's head."

"But what right would you have to them, even allowing that they were as large as you were informed?"

"What right have *you* to ask?" I inquired.

"I belong to a company of the —th New York regiment, placed here to guard this property; it belongs to a good

Union man. My orders are to arrest every man found on the premises, and take him before the officer of the guard. I must trouble you to go with me."

"That I don't mind doing, especially as you have a revolver." And I accompanied the young man, and soon found myself in the august presence of the officer of the guard, feeling rather small at the idea of having been arrested by that little imp. Nevertheless, I was not conscious of having done anything criminal, and did not feel at all alarmed. On reaching the officer of the guard, I said—

"Lieutenant, I have been found in this orchard and arrested by this daring young man—what are you going to do with me?"

"You should have kept out," he remarked.

"But I was not aware of it."

"How so?"

"I was told that it was public property;" and I explained the circumstances.

My captor corroborated my statement that another fellow *was* with me, but on *his* appearance, had "run like Satan."

"Very well," said the officer of the guard, "you can return to your camp. Be careful, however, to intrude here no more."

"I will, thank you. Good day, sir."

"Good day."

And away I went, resolved that Winder should get me into no more scrapes after that.

On entering camp, the first persons I saw were Mitchel and Scott: and they were conversing in an earnest manner on some unusual topic.

"What's up, boys?" I asked.

"Marching orders!" was the reply

"Ah! I wonder where we are going?"

"Hard to say."

"Do you know when?"

"Yes—in the morning."

Yes, we had marching orders. We were to hold ourselves in readiness to march on the following morning—our tents struck, and our knapsacks packed.

Next morning we struck our tents and placed them in the baggage wagons, then formed the regiment for a march—our knapsacks and other accoutrements hanging heavily upon our shoulders. It was indeed amusing to hear the many suggestions as to our destination (for no one knew where we were going). Some said we were going to move to the opposite side of the Potomac, and join the main army; while others, less hopeful, expressed it as their belief that we were going back toward Baltimore to guard the railroad.

"I know where we are going," said Winder, with a grin; "there is a strong rebel redoubt beyond the river, not far from the Chain Bridge, and we are detailed to go over and take it; I heard General Scott say so. He says the Eighth regiment is the best regiment in the service."

"Right—*face*. Forward—*march!*" interrupted the colonel, at this moment; and we faced to the right, filed from our camping-ground, and were led by the colonel—toward Washington.

CHAPTER V.

TEN A L L Y T O W N .

THE day was an exceedingly hot one—it was the second of August—and the thermometer stood, I think, at ninety-seven degrees in the shade. On arriving at Pennsylvania Avenue, we turned to the right and followed that street directly through Georgetown. At the suburbs we came to a halt, to await orders. While there we sat down in groups on the pavement or curbstones, while the sun poured down his scorching rays without mercy; for, owing to the time of day and the position of the street we were lying in, there was no "shady side." There was a corpulent man in our company, whose name was William Kegg. This gentleman being very fond of what the poets call

"Something to warm within,"

had, on this occasion, taken a drop too much, and the consequence was, that we had no sooner halted than he lay right down in the street, crosswise, and fell into a delicious drunken sleep. The order to "fall in," when it came, found him still asleep.

"Fall in! Fall in!" was reiterated on all sides; but Bill didn't hear.

"I say, Bill, get up. We're going to move!" shouted his friend and partner, Putty Stewart, in his ear; at the same time he shook him in the most spirited manner.

But Bill lay still. The regiment was about to move, nearly all being in their places, and he still remained as one dead. Just at this critical moment Major Clark rode up, and seeing poor Bill stretched out in the manner described, he roared out—

"What's this? What are you about there, you fellows? Why, I do believe you're drunk!" At the same time he was, himself, about as drunk as Bill.

"He's not drunk, major," ventured Putty Stewart; "he was on guard last night, and he is a little drowsy—come, Billy, get up! We're going to start!"

But "Billy" wouldn't get up; and the major stormed and raved, and swore till his florid complexion became still redder, and his red whiskers stood out stiff and inflexible, like hogs' bristles.

At last, by dint of rubbing, pinching, shaking, kicking, and pulling hair, Bill was restored to consciousness; then the major said—

"You low, drunken rascal! I'll put a ball and chain to your leg for three months."

This unfriendly suggestion had the effect of sobering Bill just enough to impart to him the free use of his tongue, without improving his temper; and without thinking to whom he was talking, or perhaps not caring, he gruffly replied—

"The h—ll you will!"

"Wh—wh—wh—d—d— you—y— I'll go right to the colonel and have you arrested instanter! Why, how dare you—you—" stammered the major, in a towering rage; and

off he rode to inform the colonel of the affair. But he was so inebriated, that he had not gone a dozen steps till he forgot all about it, and began to wonder whom he was looking for.

Bill sullenly got up and joined the ranks.

We marched on. After leaving Georgetown, we took a road which led directly northward. We suffered much from the heat. Indeed, many sank down by the way, sunstruck. This was the first trying march we were called upon to accomplish. Though the distance was not great, but ten miles, yet the heat was so intense (and encumbered as we were with our knapsacks) we felt its effects very sensibly.

We arrived at Tenallytown, a small village near the northern margin of the District of Columbia, at two o'clock in the afternoon. We pitched our tents on the summit of a high hill which was covered with luxuriant clover; it was the most elevated point for miles around. Our camp was called Camp Tenally. It was not many days ere the whole division known as the "Pennsylvania Reserves" arrived, regiment by regiment, and encamped in the vicinity. Thus, for the first time, our division was together. It consisted of twelve regiments of infantry, a rifle regiment (the Pennsylvania "Bucktails"), one regiment of cavalry, and one of artillery. We numbered about fifteen thousand men, and were commanded by General George A. McCall.

We were not yet brigaded.

It sounded quite martial when the various bands struck up the reveille at early morn, in the surrounding camps.

On the evening of our arrival at Camp Tenally, it was our lot to perform our first PICKET DUTY. It was still supposed that Beauregard meditated an attack on Washington, that his intentions were to cross the Potomac either at or above the Chain Bridge, and bear down upon the city by way of Georgetown; hence McClellan, who had now taken command, ordered us to Tenallytown, and, I doubt not, the plans of Beauregard were thereby frustrated; for so close a watch did McClellan keep upon the Upper Potomac, that any attempt of the former to effect a crossing must have been immediately communicated to him, in which case we

were in a position to march advantageously to any threatened point in this direction to repel the would-be invaders. Earthworks, too, were speedily constructed, and had Beau regard even succeeded in crossing the river at any point above us, his endeavors to capture Washington must have been vain. But pardon me; I do not wish to make myself a "committee on the conduct of the war." Suffice it to say, that when going on duty that evening, as pickets, we had every reason to suppose there was danger north of us, and that the greatest vigilance was necessary. The night, though clear and starlight, was still rather dark; for there was no moon—that is, we couldn't see any.

A squad, of which I was one, was placed in a road leading to Rockville. Our position was about half a mile from the village. We were divided into three reliefs, and as I was on the third, I lay down on the grass at the road-side, to rest till my turn should come to go on post. I was almost asleep, when suddenly aroused to perfect wakefulness by the following circumstance. John Snyder, of Camp Wright notoriety, was one of our squad, and being on the first relief, was already on post, having been placed there with strict injunctions to watchfulness. Being of a somewhat nervous temperament, he was prone to be very suspicious of any object he might chance to see moving. What aroused me was John's voice, as I heard him call out, in a peremptory manner:—

"Ho—ha! Halt! Who comes there?"

At the same moment I heard the sharp *click* of the fire-lock, as John cocked his musket. John then continued, in the same tone:—

"Look out! Beware! What did you blow out your lantern for? Come here and give the countersign, or, by blazes, I'll shoot!"

"What's the matter, Snyder?" asked the captain, who had heard the row.

"Why, captain!" exclaimed John, in an excited manner, "I saw some one coming toward me with a lantern in his hand, and when I challenged him, he blowed his light out,

and—Look there! He's lit it again!" And John levelled his musket.

"Don't fire!" exclaimed the captain.

"Why?" asked John.

"Because, it is merely a lightning-bug," said the captain, quietly; and I am sure that, had it been light enough, a smile might have been seen on his face.

Poor John! He never heard the last of it; especially from Gaskill and Putty Stewart, who were exceedingly fond of a joke.

At twelve o'clock I was placed on post, to guard the road. Another sentinel was posted, at the same time, at a little distance out. He was to challenge any approaching object, and, if necessary, I was to come to his assistance. I had been on post an hour, when a wagon was heard coming.

"Halt!" commanded the first sentinel, as the vehicle, drawn by a single horse, came up.

The driver either did not hear, or did not heed the challenge, but drove right on.

"Halt!" thundered the sentinel.

"Halt!" I shouted, cocking my piece, and levelling it at the horse; for the wagon had now reached me.

This seemed to bring the driver to his senses, for he pulled up with such sudden energy that the poor animal quite took a seat upon the hard pike.

"Who comes there?" I demanded.

"What?" was the response. Evidently the traveller was not familiar with military terms. I then spoke more literally, and asked:—

"Who are you?"

"Why—I—me—ah—ah—Smith is my— Louis Smith. Mercy on me!" And he seemed to be really alarmed.

"You need not be at all alarmed," said I; "we are on picket, and must examine all who pass; what is your business on the road at this time of night?"

"I am a farmer going to market," he replied, with that peculiar manner of sounding the "R," or rather of not sounding it at all, learned from the negroes in the South.

I walked up to the vehicle—a common market wagon,

and at the same time the captain and several others approached.

"What have you got in your wagon?" asked the captain.

"Peaches, pears, and apples," was the reply.

"It is my duty to be sure of it," said the captain; and he produced a lantern and lighted it.

The rays of the lantern fell upon a number of baskets containing the most tempting fruit imaginable.

"All right," said the captain; "you may go now."

The farmer was so glad to get off with his life (for the "military" was, as yet, something new in those parts), that he opened his heart, and handed out a basket of peaches, saying, as he did so:—

"Gentlemen, there is some peaches as you may have."

"We do not wish to rob you," said the captain; "and if you give us some peaches, it is voluntary on your part—thank you."

"To be certainly!" said the farmer; "I see as you're Union men, and so am I. You are welcome to help yourselves."

We did help ourselves, and the farmer drove on toward Washington, whistling an air that appeared to be a strange mixture of "Old Hundred" and "Yankee Doodle."

We encountered many similar customers before morning; market wagons were passing continually. We examined all; for who could say that a spy was not concealed in one. The honest and unlearned Maryland farmers could not comprehend that "picket business" at first, but after a little explanation on our part, they could not but admit that it was all reasonable and "on the square."

When morning came, we sent to camp for coffee and other breakfastables, and on their arrival regaled ourselves with great eagerness. We remained on duty till evening, when we were relieved by the Third regiment, which took our place; we then returned to camp.

Frequent and numerous were the rumors afloat concerning the movements of General Beauregard. One day rumor even had it that he had actually crossed the Potomac at the Great Falls, about eighteen miles above Washington,

with an army of seventy-five thousand men. Thus a week passed quietly away, when at the end of this time an event worthy of note occurred. Our company, on leaving Brownsville, had been presented with a beautiful flag, by the ladies of the place. Well, at the time I am about to speak of, Fletch Chess, who, by the way, had been promoted to corporal, in consequence of his brave conduct in saving the ammunition car, took it into his head that it would be very nice to have a beautiful, straight pole with a green top, raised near the company's head-quarters, for the flag. Accordingly, he and Will Baker, one of OUR BOYS, went forth in quest of the article. After a long search, in which they travelled over a large portion of the District of Columbia, they found one which exactly answered the purpose. It was not a very tall one, it is true, but it was tall enough. Then it had such a beautiful green top, and having been trimmed off to within two feet of this, it was a nice, straight, smooth affair. They then carried it into camp—Corporal Chess taking the big end—and laid it down for general admiration. While the brave corporal was expatiating on its peculiar qualities, what was his surprise, his astonishment, his amazement, his consternation, and indignation—what was the surprise of all of us, when Major Clark, drunk as usual, appeared upon the scene, drew his sword, and deliberately chopped off that beautiful top. Now, corporal Chess was no coward; of his giant size, I have already spoken. For the space of a minute he stood stock still, looking most witheringly right into the eye of the major, who looked back with a haughty, impudent stare, that plainly said—"I'm Major Clark."

"What do you mean, sir?" Fletch at length broke forth, in a towering passion.

"Be careful how you speak to *me*, sir," replied the major, laying a strong emphasis on the personal pronoun *me*.

Fletch turned white, and red, and black, and blue, and yellow by turns, and finally settled down to a hue that might be termed a mixture of "dark black and sky-blue-green." Then, his eyes starting from their sockets, his teeth and hands

clenched, every vein in his body swelling almost to bursting—he hissed forth—

“You d—d infernal scoundrel to h—l!”

The salutation was accompanied by a look and gesture that made the redoubtable major tremble in his boots. But suddenly remembering that he was an officer, and had been thus addressed by a low corporal, he turned livid with rage, raised his sword, and seemed on the point of thrusting it right through the man who had thus dared to brave his power. Fletch did not move a muscle, but stood glaring upon the major with a look of defiance. The latter hesitated, wavered, finally lowered the point of his sabre.

When he did so, the corporal turned away, walked straight into the captain’s tent, and presently reappeared with a revolver in his hand. The major trembled. What *was* Corporal Chess going to do? Surely he was not going to shoot the major. Oh, no! He would not *dare* do that. However, he confronted his adversary again.

“Tyrant,” he said, “you raised your sword to me once; now but dare to raise the point an inch, and I’ll blow your cursed heart out, right on the spot.” And Fletch cocked the revolver, and pointed it at the breast of the major.

There stood the latter, stone still; afraid to stir, lest Fletch should take it for a hostile movement, and put his awful threat into execution. At length he spoke; he could scarcely do so either, for his tongue appeared to grow thick and his lips were dry and parched.

“Now—come—my—good—fellow—I—didn’t—think—to—offend—you,” he stammered out.

“Didn’t think to offend me,” said Fletch, sneeringly; “didn’t mean to offend me; *you didn’t care!* You thought, because you wore shoulder-straps, that you could trample upon us common soldiers with impunity. But you can’t trample upon me! You perceived that I had been at some trouble to get a pole for our flag; you saw that it afforded me pleasure; you saw that I was especially proud of the green top, and you couldn’t bear to see a soldier who was under you enjoying himself; so you came up with your

d——d old sword" (here Fletch began to look particularly fierce), "and you—you—"

At this moment Captain Conner appeared upon the scene; the major, thinking that the captain would, as a matter of course, side with him, began to grow bold again, and said:—

"Now, no more! We've heard enough. Captain, here's an impudent fellow, who—he—"

"Major," said the captain, who appeared to comprehend the true state of things; "if my men do anything wrong, report them to *me*; I'll not have them abused by *any one*!"

The major, seeing that the captain was no reinforcement for *him*, thought best to endeavor to work himself into a show of good humor; he extended his hand to Fletch, and said:—

"Well, well, my good fellow, its foolish to quarrel about so small a thing; let us make it up."

Fletch could not refuse the proffered hand; he took it, and said:—

"Well, major, its all over now, and may rest as it is; but if you ever attempt to bully me again, *one of us must die!*"

"Then you are willing to let the matter drop—to let the past be forgotten, are you?" asked the major; for he felt some slight misgivings lest Corporal Chess should yet wreak some terrible vengeance on him.

"Yes," replied Chess, "you've got my hand on it; and nobody that knows Fletch Chess can say that he ever told a lie or broke his word."

This satisfied the major, and he walked away looking very *sheepish*, after being *cowed* in this manner.

This affair did not entirely break his tyrannical spirit; but certain it is that he never afterward attempted to come any of his games over Fletch—or even any of Company "D." He had learned, among other things, that our captain was a man who, though his inferior in rank, was vastly his superior in courage and manliness, and an officer who would stand up boldly for the rights of his men. OUR BOYS all congratulated Corporal Chess on his brilliant achievement in "cooling down" Major Clark. We were not a little pleased to see it,

for there was scarcely one of us who had not, at some time or other, been the object of his tyranny.

Another week elapsed. General McClellan, the President, and Governor Curtin were to review us. As yet, we had not learned to love McClellan. We had only heard his name; we knew he had command of the army. We also knew that he was the man who had so nobly acquitted himself in West Virginia.

The day and hour came, and we were arranged in a large field by Captain Biddle, General McCall's aid-de-camp. We were just ready, when a body of mounted men and a long array of carriages hove in sight. At the head of the cavalcade rode General McClellan; and at the head of the long row of carriages was one in which were seated President Lincoln and Governor Curtin.

When they were near enough, all eyes sought the features of our new commander. We expected to see a man of stern, hard features, wearing a look of conscious importance. But instead of anything like this, we saw just the pleasantest countenance I ever beheld. Nothing of arrogance was written there! Nothing of pomp or show! He was the very *beau ideal* of,

“A nobleman of Nature's own.”

Reader, he needs no description from me! Suffice it to say, that we at once learned to love, were indeed irresistibly drawn toward him. But there *are* many who have never seen him—many who have never been within hearing of the hostile cannon, who take great pleasure in censuring him, and in condemning his every action! But why speak of them?

When the review was over, all the commissioned officers of the division assembled at a point in front of our lines, where they received a few general instructions from General McClellan. Every word he spoke was to the point, and as though he were addressing men whom he looked upon in the light of equals. He even told them that if they desired information on any particular point, to name it, and he would be happy to impart any instructions in his power.

He appeared much pleased with the Pennsylvania Reserves, informed the President that we were a fine body of men.

On this occasion, Governor Curtin presented to each regiment of our division, a beautiful silk flag. This ceremony over, we formed column of divisions,* and passed in review; that is, we marched by the general who sat upon his horse and watched us passing. We then marched from the field, and returned to camp.

Being drawn up in line in front of our camp previous to dismissal, Lieutenant-Colonel Oliphant doffed his cap, raised his voice, and thus addressed us:—

“Eighth regiment, you have this day been presented, by the Governor of your State with a beautiful stand of colors; *will you ever surrender them?*”

“NEVER! NEVER! NO! NEVER, NEVER, NEVER!” burst forth from a thousand throats.

We kept our word. That same flag, though pierced by hundreds of bullets, and torn here and there by fragments of shell, continued to wave over the centre of our regiment while it was a regiment.

Having obtained a satisfactory response from us, Lieutenant-Colonel Oliphant said:—

“Now, boys, three cheers for our governor!”

They were given with a will. He then added:—

“Three cheers for the President of the United States, whom you have seen to-day!”

Three loud and long cheers were given. Colonel Oliphant then concluded:—

“Now, three cheers for our new commander, GENERAL McCLELLAN!”

Then, reader, the cheers our regiment sent forth were wild and stirring indeed. Three times three cheers rang out; nor did we stop at that. We continued to shout and yell till our lungs were exhausted, and our voices subsided and died away like the sound of many waters. Thus early we began to love our general. And no wonder.

* When I say “column of divisions,” the division referred to consists of two companies; and is commanded by the senior captain. Sub-divisions might be more appropriate.

Next evening we were to go on picket again. The picket line had been extended, and was now about three miles from camp. The whole regiment was to go.

We were standing in line in readiness to start, when one of the boys of Company "C" seemed to have forgotten something—his haversack or canteen, perhaps—and he left the ranks and went to his tent for the missing article. Having obtained it, he was returning to the regiment, walking in a very leisurely manner, too, when Major Clark thought it would be as well to give him a cursing. Accordingly, he began—I will leave the oaths out,—thus:—

"You low, miserable imp! You lazy scoundrel! Hurry up, or I'll cut you in two!"

The soldier thus addressed didn't "hurry up" a bit; he walked on at the same deliberate pace. Infuriated beyond measure at this want of respect for him, in the "low, miserable imp," he drew his "bloody old sword," as Chess called it, and rode rapidly toward the soldier. The soldier—he was a mere youth, did not appear to be the least disconcerted, but as the major reached him, and seemed on the point of bringing his merciless sword down upon his head, he turned coolly around, confronted the latter, and came to a "charge against cavalry"—his bayonet being fixed.

Maddened at this show of defiance, Major Clark drew a revolver, and levelled it at the head of the offender, who thereupon, seeing that he was out-flanked, and that the sword no longer menaced him, came to a "shoulder," faced about, and walked coolly to his place in the ranks. He knew the major wouldn't shoot: all had, by this time, discovered that he was not as dangerous a man as one might think.

In due time we arrived at the picket line, and relieved the regiment then on duty; we were scattered along by squads of three or four at each post. This done, those not immediately on post proceeded to procure forage to assist in making up their supper. This they did by going, *sans ceremonie*, into the neighboring cornfields, potato-patches, tomato-patches, etc., and helping themselves to green corn, fruit, and vegetables. An excellent, simple, and convenient mode of cooking green corn was introduced; we laid the

ears upon the fire, the husks still on, and left them on till the husks were burned through, when, taking them off, we found them done "just right;" although the secesh owners of the provisions thought the whole proceeding neither *just* nor *right*. (For the land-owners of that vicinity were generally secessionists.)

All went well till near midnight; when a series of alarms disturbed our peace. I was on post, and had a little scare of my own, in the first place. The wind was blowing and a slight mist of rain falling, and to protect myself from this latter article of weather, I placed my blanket in a slanting position upon some rails which I leaned against the fence, (for we had not yet burned *all* the fence-rails), and took shelter beneath it. The night was dark; my post was a lonely one, near a wood; my comrades were asleep. I sat down upon a large stone beneath my blanket, and had just come to the conclusion that things were as unpleasant as might be, when the edge of my blanket near the ground was raised as though by some earthly hand. I sprang from beneath my fragile shelter, and looking at the spot where my blanket had been raised, I saw, in the imperfect light, the face, form, and figure of a man in a crouching posture. My blood ran chill; and, to say the very least of it, I felt *queer*. However, the creature did not move, but the face was turned toward me in the most horrid manner, and I imagined the eyes were staring at me. But a moment I hesitated. Then, having regained my equilibrium of mind and courage, I sprang forward with fearful desperation, and made a savage thrust, plunging my vengeful bayonet right through a dislocated branch of some sycamore tree, which had been moved along by the wind till it came in contact with my blanket. A number of broad leaves being on it—the *white* side of one of them being turned upward, to represent the face—it very much resembled a human figure; especially to my keen imagination. It was the wind which had raised the edge of my garment.

A few minutes after this occurrence, Corporal Dee went rushing wildly from post to post, exclaiming in an excited manner—

“Rally on the reserve! We’re attacked! Se—cesh—cavalry!”

All was confusion; the boys aroused their sleeping comrades, and left their posts to rally in force. Daddy Brown (whom I have previously introduced to the reader) was acting corporal of a certain squad near a wood; he was not with them at this time, and on being told by Corporal Dee to hasten to his squad and alarm them; he did so, literally. Hare was on post at the time, and hearing Daddy Brown come tearing up (but *he* did not know who it was), he presented his piece, according to instructions, and cried out—

“Halt!”

Daddy Brown thinking that under the circumstances, discipline was out of place, had the hardihood to knock Hare’s musket aside, at his peril, and rush right by, in order to alarm the rest, exclaiming, as he did so—

“Never mind the countersign—it’s me! Rally on the reserve! The foe!”

Had Hare adhered implicitly to his instructions, he must have shot Daddy Brown, or run him through with his bayonet; but recognizing the voice, he forbore. The whole company was soon alarmed; and it might have extended from post to post, throughout the whole picket line, and even the camps, but for Captain Conner, who being informed by Corporal Dee where he had seen the rebel cavalry—at the margin of an adjacent wood—walked fearlessly to the designated spot, and found a dozen solemn old cows lounging lazily about beneath a wide-spreading tree. Poor Corporal Dee! Poor Daddy Brown! The boys nearly bored the life out of them after this event. “Rally on the reserve,” and, “Never mind the countersign—it’s me,” became by-words among OUR BOYS, and for many months scarcely a day passed that these salutations did not greet Corporal Dee and Daddy Brown. To get frightened at a few harmless inoffensive cows, and to alarm the picket line in consequence—oh, it was too good. We were very watchful during the remainder of the night. One, a Dutchman, named Heinrich Rouschenschwaker, having returned to his post after the alarm, still felt ill at ease. He could not altogether drive from his mind

the fright he had been treated to. By-and-by, he detected a white object slowly and cautiously approaching him. He supposed it to be some deadly foe; for, of course, a spy or prowler would dress in white (?)

"Halt, you, dere!" commanded Rouschenschwacker.

The object didn't halt; but, in a hoarse, gruff voice retorted—

"Oh-ho!"

This sounded like defiance and mockery, and our Dutch friend yelled out, savagely:—

"Who compsh dere?"

No reply. The daring object came nearer.

"You't petter mindt!" said Rouschenschwacker warningly.

But the *white thing* didn't "mindt;" it advanced till within a few steps of Rouschenschwacker, who made a desperate rush upon it, accompanied by a more desperate lunge.

"Boo—hoo! Boo—oo—boo—hoo!" And the big hog—for it *was* a hog—went flying through the weeds, making a mad, rushing, and tearing sound, similar to that made by a cavalry charge through a thick wood. Rouschenschwacker sullenly returned to his post, exclaiming:—

"Oh, te pig prute!"

Next evening we were relieved by the Seventh Regiment, and we returned to camp, through a drenching rain. The sun had risen in a clear sky that morning, notwithstanding the misty rain of the previous night, and the heat throughout the day had been oppressive. Now that we were relieved and on our way to camp, a tremendous rain came up (or rather down), which lasted us all the way.

Next day, Corporal Dee felt out of sorts. The ducking of the previous evening, and the everlasting disgrace which he had incurred on the night before that, had the effect of dampening his spirits not a little. It occurred to him that if he could go to Washington and have a spree, he might for a time bury his little perplexities. How should he get there? No passes were now granted, save to those who had unavoidable business to transact. Let him see—wasn't Corporal Chair to go to the city in one of the regimental wagons that

day, for supplies? Yes, he believed so. Then let him get into the wagon and accompany Corporal Chair; that was the ticket! Once in the city, he feared no patrol; they couldn't catch *him*. Moreover, didn't he wear corporal's stripes on his arm? certainly!

Well, he and Corporal Chair got into one of the wagons, and succeeded in passing all guards, and getting into the city without interruption. Corporal Chair was authorized to transact some business connected with the commissary's department. *He*, therefore, had a pass; but Corporal Dee hadn't. Leaving Corporal Chair at some commissary depot, Corporal Dee sallied forth to have a stroll about the city. Having satisfied his eyes with "sights," and his stomach with something inspiring, he was returning leisurely to the place at which he had left the wagon, and was just congratulating himself on having so successfully eluded all danger, when he suddenly ran plump against a sergeant of patrol, who, with a squad of men, marched around a corner, coming from a street running at right angles.

"Hilloa! soldier, eh? Have you a pass?" asked the sergeant.

The corporal turned pale; for dark visions of "guard-house," "court-martial," etc., flitted athwart his brain. He couldn't speak.

"Have you a pass?" again demanded the sergeant.

"Why, I'm—I—that—I—" stammered Corporal Dee.

"But have you a pass? That's the question."

"I just—I came—"

"But *have you a PASS?*"

"No sir; but—"

"Then, men," interrupted the sergeant, who, no doubt, was troubled with many such customers; "take charge of this man, and put him in that lower room of the guard-house, where the three drunken fellows are; the other rooms are all full."

"Oh, dear, Mr. Sergeant, you're only in fun, aint you? Oh, don't!" expostulated the terrified Corporal Dee.

"Take him along," said the sergeant.

"But I'm a corporal," said the former.

"Can't help it," was the unfeeling reply
 "But the captain thinks so much of me."

"No matter."

"But he'll lose all respect for me if he hears that I was put in the—"

"Never mind. Take him along, men."

"Mercy on me!"

He was about to be lugged off, when the wagon he had come in drove by; Corporal Chair was in it. With a desperate attempt at self-possession, Corporal Dee exclaimed:—

"Oh, there's the wagon I came in! I say, sergeant, I was sent to the city on business, and I came in that wagon; there's Corporal Chair—he'll tell you so."

Corporal Chair heard the voice, looked, and at once saw how matters stood. Therefore, he said:—

"Yes, sergeant, he came down with me; we came on business for the Quartermaster."

"Is that true?" asked the sergeant, half in doubt.

"Yes."

"Then," said he, "why didn't you tell me so?"

"Why, I don't know—oh, yes! I forgot it! Or—"

"You were scared too badly," suggested the sergeant, explaining it for him.

"Yes—that is—"

Corporal Chair laughed; but Corporal Dee couldn't. He got into the wagon, which, of course, had come to a stand still, and they moved on toward Camp Tenally.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Corporal Chair, as the wagon moved on.

"What are you laughing at?" demanded Corporal Dee.

"Oh, you were so jolly frightened? Ha! ha!"

"I wasn't!" said Corporal Dee. But his lips were still dry and his cheeks pale.

He was very sober and quiet during the remainder of the journey; no wonder. For oh, horror! What an escape he had made. What if he had been taken to that miserable guard-house. He, a corporal with two stripes on his arm, to be arrested, yes *arrested*, taken and confined in some dirty

room, with three drunken rowdies. Oh, 'twas most horrible. He could never have gotten over it—no, *never*.

A few days after this occurrence, the sound of the cannon was heard beyond the Potomac. A crowd was soon collected on the parade-ground, in front of our camp, from which position we could see over many miles of Virginia. Evidently a fight was in progress, for the firing became more hurried and frequent. From our situation we could see the flash and smoke burst from the cannon, at every discharge; and ever and anon a shell could be seen to explode in the air. Here and there clouds of dust could be seen; no doubt they arose from the moving of bodies of cavalry. Some of OUR BOYS imagined that they could even *see* the cavalry. One, Mr. Dave Cease, of our company, went so far as to assert—aye, and persist in it—that he distinctly saw a shell strike a cavalryman at the stomach and explode, tearing him to atoms. A-hem, the distance was no less than eight miles. Now, I do not wish to cast reflections upon the veracity of Mr. Cease; but if he did witness this incident as stated, *if* he did, it certainly speaks well for his eyesight. For an hour we stood gazing across into rebeldom, watching, with the most absorbing interest, the battle. It seemed to be a close contest, neither side changed position.

“I wonder if *we* won't be called upon yet,” said one of OUR BOYS.

“Hope so!” exclaimed half-a-dozen; for we all felt anxious to try our hand.

Just at this moment the “long roll” sounded on all sides, in all the surrounding camps. It was the call—TO ARMS.

“Hurrah! hurrah!” And with a wild shout we rushed to our quarters, buckled on our cartridge-boxes, and seized our muskets.

“Fall in! Fall in!” cried the captain, who made his appearance in our company street, his sword at his side.

In fifteen minutes we were all in line, and the whole division, artillery and all, was *en route* for the Chain Bridge. We were nearly wild with delight. Could it be that we should yet have opportunity to try our hand? The prospect certainly was favorable. The ‘cannonading continued. Gen-

eral McCall rode along, was cheered lustily, and was soon at the head of the column. But oh, confusion! The firing suddenly ceased, and we were ordered to halt when near the Chain Bridge. We were told that the rebels had been defeated and had fled precipitately. How provoking! We really wished that they had proved too much for our fellows, that we might have had a chance at them. But there was no chance now; the fight was over, and we were ordered to return to Camp Tenally, which we did, but certainly not so quickly as we had marched from it to the Chain Bridge. The distance was about four miles.

About this time a "signal corps" was organized to accompany Burnside's Expedition (though, as yet, *we* knew nothing of the intended expedition). The corps was to be made up of men detailed from various regiments; and two were detached from our company—Craft and Baker. They left us and went to Georgetown, where a school was established for the instruction of the signal corps; and when the "Burnside Expedition" sailed, *they* sailed; and we saw them no more.

Meanwhile a strong redoubt was thrown up on the hill we occupied, and it was called "Fort Pennsylvania," for our division did the work. I am sure *I* worked half a day on it; it was on Sunday, too.

Day after day passed. Every day it was reported that the big fight—the fight that was to terminate the war—would come off "within the next forty-eight hours." But it wasn't destined to come off just yet, and the month of August passed away.

A regiment was constantly kept at the Great Falls, doing picket duty, for it was yet apprehended that the rebels would attempt to cross there. This duty was performed by the Pennsylvania Reserves, each regiment in its turn remaining on duty a week.

CHAPTER VI.

A FIGHTING DAY.

AFTER a long season of peace and quiet, a season of something neither peaceful nor quiet is apt to come. There is no surer sign of a storm than a long-continued calm; and when, after a calm of long duration, the storm does come, it is sure to be one of considerable magnitude.

For a long time we had not had a single civil fight. What I mean by "civil fight," is, a fight among ourselves, entirely to ourselves—in our own company. We had been at perfect peace ever since the fight of Corporal Chair and John G. Graham, which occurred in Camp Wilkins. As misfortunes never come singly, neither are fights apt to; and they did not come singly on the occasion of which I am about to speak.

When two men do not like each other, that is, when there is a feeling of animosity existing between them, it is truly astonishing how trifling a circumstance will lead to a "coming together."

Now, there was a feud existing between Sergeant Cue and Sergeant Zee, of our company. I know not from what cause the bitter feeling arose, unless from envy; but I do know that just the smallest matter in the world was sufficient to lead to a row between them, notwithstanding that they were non-commissioned officers; and it is highly improper for officers, either commissioned or non-commissioned, so far to forget their dignity as to indulge in a vulgar knock-down. But on this occasion, dignity, position, and all else were forgotten—all save hate. But I will proceed in due form to relate the incident.

It was near noon. Groups were collected here and there in the company street, engaged in discussing the probability of the war's being over by Christmas. Sergeant Cue acci-

dentally dropped his cap; it fell in the dust, and the blue cloth was slightly, but not permanently soiled. Sergeant Zee, who was standing by, smiled.

"What are *you* laughing for?" demanded Sergeant Cue; for he could not bear to see Sergeant Zee smiling at his little perplexities.

Sergeant Zee extended his smile to a laugh—a disdainful, taunting laugh.

"Rascal!" exclaimed Sergeant Cue; for it was useless for him to attempt to conceal his vexation and wrath.

Sergeant Zee couldn't bear to hear himself openly termed a rascal, by his old enemy; and he quickly removed all traces of mirth from his face, frowned darkly, and retorted—

"Scoundrel!"

"Miscreant!" shouted Sergeant Cue.

"Demon!" shrieked Sergeant Zee.

"Villain!"

"Cuss!"

"What! you black—"

"You yaller—"

"You low—"

"You vile—"

"You beggarly, thieving—"

"You sneaking, cringing—"

"You—"

"You—"

"D—d—d—"

"Gug—g—gsh—"

At it they went, for they could stand it no longer; their war of words had become too fierce.

"Fight! Fight!" was the cry.

They were both tall young fellows, and they stood straight up, about three feet distant from each other, shut their eyes and began to strike out for each other's "mugs" in the "most approved style." Having continued this interesting course of procedure for the space of a minute, neither seeming to gain any advantage, they suddenly changed their *modus operandi*, and being near the wool-pile, both, as though by mutual agreement, stopped and seized a weapon in the shape

of half a rail, with the highly laudable and generous intention of, as they expressed it, "smashing" each other.

"Part 'em! Part 'em!" was then echoed on all sides, and the boys interfered, in order to prevent *further* bloodshed.

"I'll smash him!" shouted Sergeant Cue, boiling over with wrath, and almost out of breath.

"I'll crush him!" yelled Sergeant Zee, also rather scarce of breath.

"I'll murder him!" screamed Sergeant Cue.

"I'll kill him!" hissed Sergeant Zee.

"I'll tear—"

"I'll —"

"I—"

They suddenly hushed; and why? Who was that officer standing but a few paces from the combatants, calmly, quietly looking on? Ah, it was Captain Conner! The eyes of the two sergeants met his. He did not speak; but his manly face grew eloquent, and he cast upon them such a thrilling, withering look of reproach, that a blush of shame flowed profusely over their faces, and they shrank away to their quarters to hide from his gaze. It was indeed mortifying to witness their unutterable shame and confusion. What would the captain do now? Would he have them court-martialed, and reduced to the ranks? They feared he would. Oh, how disgraceful that would be. What! They, two respectable sergeants, reduced to the rank and station of a private soldier! What would their friends—what *would* their friends in Brownsville say? Reduced to the ranks, and that for *fighting*! Oh, 'twere intolerable! Oh, *would* the captain put the matter through? But no. Captain Conner was a man who could take no pleasure in bringing any one to shame. Therefore, he concluded that they had already suffered sufficiently for their conduct, and he let the affair rest.

An hour after the circumstances above detailed, I was sitting quietly within my tent, discussing in my own mind the propriety of taking a little ramble as far as a neighboring peach-orchard, when I was suddenly interrupted in my cogitations by voices without in hot dispute.

What now? Could it be another fight? I hurried out of my tent, when I saw Corporal Chess and Corporal Chair rush at one another. I have previously alluded to the immense size of the former; well, the latter was almost as large, and I had even believed him to be the "best man." Howbeit, Chess hit him an awful welt "side o' the head," and down he went, big Fletch becoming entangled and falling down upon him. Then there was a struggle—and such a struggle! Why, they fairly made the earth tremble! The great point at issue was, who should first regain his feet? They both scrambled desperately for it, their hands entangled among each other's hair; each endeavoring to keep the other down, while *he* should get up. But, as both were toiling for the same end, nothing was gained on either side; and they at last arose together, still struggling—still locked in each other's warm embrace. A number of OUR BOYS now interposed, and the powerful antagonists were separated. There they stood, glaring defiance at one another in a truly fiendish manner.

"The confounded whelp!" vociferated Fletch.

"The big, overgrown brute!" said Corporal Chair, in a guttural tone.

"Oh, let me at him!" begged Fletch

"Oh, do!" said Corporal Chair, also in a pleading tone. They seemed to agree on *that* point, at least.

The captain, having heard the disturbance, now came from his quarters, and approached the spot. Corporal Chess did not say much then, but Corporal Chair *did*, and continued to do so.

"Oh, the big scoundrel! To go and pitch into me when I wasn't looking! But *I* can tan him! Oh, I wish they had left us bin!"

"Let me hear no more of this," said the captain, decidedly.

"But the big, overgrown scamp—"

"But I tell you to drop the matter!"

"The big—"

"Do you hear?"

"Well, he—"

"Can *you* whip him?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then, if you are not satisfied, step right out to the parade-ground, and fight him fairly; that will end it," said the captain, who evidently understood human nature, and knew the best mode of settling such a dispute.

"Come on," said Fletch, invitingly.

"W—w—well." Corporal Chair hesitated.

"Are you coming?" asked the captain.

"Ye—y—the great big—"

"Are you going out to fight him fairly?" demanded the captain.

"I—I—" stammered Corporal Chair.

"Exactly; I see you don't relish the idea. Now let me hear no more of it, from either of you." And the captain returned to his quarters—the bloody antagonists to theirs.

Within the same tent in which dwelt Dave Cease—the man remarkable for possessing good eyesight, or else *not* remarkable for telling the truth—there dwelt, also, a short, stout youth, who was a native of Galveston, Texas. Putty Stewart had given him the name of *Galvesti*; which sounds like a mixture of Russian, Spanish, and French. Galvesti was the only name he was known by in the company. On the day in question, half an hour after the fight of Corporals Chess and Chair, Galvesti having invited one of his friends into his tent, they were sitting on an out-spread blanket, enjoying a quiet game of "old sledge." The cards were scattered about, occupying a great deal of room, when Cease, thinking to better the matter, at length broke forth:—

"By thunder! I'd thank you fellers for to go some place else, and play your darned cards!"

"This tent's as much mine as 'tis your'n!" retorted Galvesti; which was a fact.

I happened to be passing at the moment, and stopped.

"Well, confound me if I'll have it," said Cease, decidedly.

"Won't you?" asked Galvesti.

"No! Be darned if I will!"

"How are you going to help it?" asked Galvesti, with evident curiosity.

His curiosity was soon satisfied; for Cease seized the

cards, and dashed them violently from the tent, scattering them most grievously over the company street. At the same time, he exclaimed—

“That air’s the way I’ll help it, by gosh!”

Galvesti’s wrath knew no bounds, and looking up—he was still in a sitting posture—grinding his teeth, he hissed—

“Confound you! I’ll kill you!”

Cease, who was standing at the time, sprang right down upon the devoted Texan “like a thousand of bricks,” crushing him to the earth, and straightening him out to a nice horizontal position. He then went to hammering away at poor Galvesti’s head, like mad, at the same time roaring out between blows—

“Oh, you Texas rascal! *You’ll* kill me, will you? I’ve fit before to-day! Oh, you cuss! *You’ll* kill me! Ha! ha! You tarnally darnation rowdy! *I’ll* show you! *I’ll* learn you how to kill people!” And he continued to pelt away at Galvesti’s head for a full minute; then he stopped for want of breath.

Cease was a large, powerful fellow, and a mountaineer; the reader may have inferred this latter fact from his language. And what was Galvesti doing during all this time? Why, nothing—simply nothing. Now, taking advantage of this cessation of hostilities on the part of Cease, that he might be heard, he very coolly requested that gentleman to “climb off o’ him, now.” Cease was undecided as to whether to grant this polite request, or “go to work” again; but after some deliberation on the subject, he concluded to be polite, and “climb off.” When he had done so, Galvesti arose to a sitting posture, not appearing to be in the least flurried, and, after brushing the dust from his clothes, and arranging his hair with his hand, so that it did not fall over his eyes, he proceeded deliberately to *tie his shoe*.

Such cool conduct, I thought, must be ominous of something. Perhaps he meditated some terrible revenge, to be consummated at a time when his adversary should least expect it. But such was not the case. The fact was, while Cease had been pounding away at him with such energy, he had held his hands and arms in such positions that Cease

could not hit him fairly nor hurt him; and all that time he had been lying there, laughing at Cease's mountain talk.

Thus ended the celebrated affair of Cease *versus* Galvesti. Hoping that we might have no more rows, during that day at least, I went to my tent and took a nap.

But the fighting was not over yet. In a tent adjoining mine dwelt Philip Trump, of the village called Cookstown; and Estep Williams, one of the "Perry Boys." The former gentleman was not proof against little insinuations, such as the mischievous are wont to throw out; and on the present occasion, Mr. Williams thought to amuse himself awhile by teasing poor Phil about his "gal," "what lived to Cookstown," where Williams was also slightly acquainted. Trump, after bearing it for a reasonable length of time, at last became quite angry; and he warned Estep "as how he'd better mind out who he was, teasing *him* that way." Williams did not desist, but teased him the more. Trump became more wroth; still Williams *tose* on.

"I'll knock thunder out o' you!" exclaimed Trump, thoroughly aroused.

"Bah! You wouldn't do that, now," replied Williams, grinning provokingly.

"But I *would*, though," said Trump, savagely.

"Oh, now, my poorty fellow—" began Williams, tauntingly.

"Now, look here, I—"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Williams, interrupting Trump.

Bif! he got it, right over the mouth, and it made that article feel all mashed up, like.

"Oh—oo—ugh!" he mumbled, at the same time hitting Trump a stunning pelt at the "butt o' the ear."

Then they had it. They clinched at once, and commenced a series of hostile operations, such as pulling hair, scratching faces, gouging eyes, smashing noses, and feeling for throttles, generally. They were both strong young fellows, and, for awhile, it was nip and tuck; but at last—the fates o' war so willed it—poor Trump's thumb managed to work its way into Estep's mouth.

Estep laid hold of, and went to chewing that thumb des-

perately. To see him at it was enough to lead one to suppose that he hadn't had anything to eat for a month. But he had, though; for, with all his faults, Estep was ever punctually at his meals. Therefore, it could not have been hunger that induced him to "go to work" on that thumb with such apparent relish. But it is not to be supposed that any man would allow his thumb to be chewed, very long at a time, without endeavoring to prevent it. Accordingly, Trump laid back, and took a dead pull; but all to no purpose—he couldn't fetch it; for Williams had it *above the joint*. Then there remained but one plan of saving his thumb; and he resorted to it.

"Nuff!" he yelled.

This was an acknowledgment that he was defeated, and several of the boys interfered; after some difficulty, they persuaded Williams to let go, by forcing apart his jaws. The fight was over. Trump grinned and looked pitifully at his "chewed thumb;" while Williams spit out a mouthful of blood, and grinned too. All hands then grinned; and the affair ended with a grin.

"Well, it seems that all our fights come together," remarked one, as he contemplated the singular fact.

"Oh, just wait till we meet the rebels," said Putty Stewart, "and they'll get enough of fighting; they won't be so fond of fighting then. Hah! hah! hoo!"

There was a rowdy little fellow in our company whose name was Jim Smith. He was about the size of Hare, and in many respects resembled that worthy. Near evening, of this same day, he went to Goens, the cook, and requested that gentleman to furnish him with a piece of pork to grease his gun.

"Havn't got any," was Goens' reply.

"But I know you have," persisted Smith.

"It's no such ting!"

"You're a liar, you d—d nigger!"

Goens had an old rusty saw in his hand, and rap! he took Smith with it right over the back. Smith hustled out of the way but Goens pursued. Crack! crack! crack! Rap! rap! he got it. Smith turned with a show of fight; but

Goens drew the saw upon him as though he were about to use it like a sword, and strike with it, edgewise. Smith thought he was a goner, for Goens seemed to be aiming for his neck. Goens did not strike, however. Hare now came up, and said :—

“Smith, why didn’t you kill the d—d n—n—nigger?”

“I will yet,” answered Smith.

“You’d better try it,” suggested Goens, addressing Hare.

“You infernal black scoundrel! I’ll k—k—kill you, if you t—t—talk to m—me!”

And Hare seized what he termed a “rock,” and threatened, therewith, to knock Goens’ “b—b—black, woolly head” off. Goens seized a fierce-looking butcher-knife, and told Hare if he dared throw, he’d manufacture mince-meat of him. Thereupon Ben Hoffman, a stout fellow of our company, seized an axe, flourished it above his head, and said :—

“You dare to raise that knife to that boy, and off goes your head, cat-fish!”

At the same moment Hare blazed away with a stone he had picked up, and it just grazed the head of Goens, and was near striking that of Corporal Chess, who stood in the background. Hoffman told him to desist, or *he’d* kick *him*; that it wasn’t his idea to stand there and menace the “nigger” with an axe, while another should stone him.

“What’s all this about?” demanded the captain, approaching at that moment.

Hare endeavored to explain it all according to *his* views; and he began :—

“Why, G—G—Goens to—t—took a saw a—a—and was g—g—goin’ t—t—t—”

“Go to your quarters, all of you,” said the captain, in a tone that admitted of no parley.

The crowd dispersed.

Thus ended a day, celebrated in the history of OUR BOYS, for rows.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GREAT FALLS.

THE order of exercises had been changed; guard-mount was now performed at six o'clock in the evening instead of eight in the morning. On the evening of the day so celebrated for fights, as reported in the last chapter, I was detailed for camp guard. I chanced to be on the third relief—which was to go on duty at ten. The officer of the guard was a severe, strict man; he was Lieutenant Kent, of Company "I." On this occasion he ordered, in the most explicit terms, that those of the guard who were not immediately on post should remain at the gate.

When ten o'clock came, the third relief was called up, and formed, and the corporal proceeded to march us around the camp, from post to post, relieving each sentinel then on duty, *à la militaire*. It so happened that I was the last man on the relief, and I was obliged to march almost around the entire camp before reaching the post which I was to guard. This beat was a lonely one beyond the earthwork (for our line of guards extended also around the fortification). The sentinels, when relieved, had been allowed to return to the gate by any route they chose. All save the last one having been relieved, the corporal and I bent our steps in that direction, for the purpose of relieving the remaining one. As we neared the spot, it was a somewhat remarkable thing that we were not challenged. What could be the matter? Ah, perhaps the sentinel *had* challenged us, and we had not heard; he might now be preparing to fire. We halted—listened. All was still; the silence was solemn—death-like. No slow, steady, measured tramp of a sentinel could be heard. What *could* it mean? We advanced a few steps. Ah, what object was that, stretched out at full length upon the ground? Surely it was the body of some human being, lying prone upon the green-sward. Was it the form of the

sentinel? Yes. There, a few paces from him, lay his musket, but dimly visible in the imperfect light of the night. Oh, horror! Could he have been murdered—murdered while at his post, doing his duty with perfect faithfulness? Had some stealthy prowler been crouching among those low bushes there; and had he sprung upon the unsuspecting sentinel, with relentless dagger? Nary time! A little investigation disclosed the interesting fact, that the faithful (?) sentinel had deliberately laid his gun upon the ground, then composed himself for a quiet snooze; now he was having it; he was snoring delightfully.

The corporal bent over him and tried to arouse him in the usual way, by shaking him roughly, and poking him on the ribs. His slumber was deep. Morpheus had a firm hold, and was loth to let go. But he did let go at last, however reluctantly. What then did the faithful sentinel do? He sprang up with sudden energy, seized his gun and exclaimed:

“Oh dear! I wasn’t asleep!”

“Not asleep!” exclaimed the corporal; “do you mean to say that you were not asleep?”

“I’ll swear I wasn’t asleep!”

“But what were you doing down—?”

“I was tying my shoe,” interrupted the sentinel eagerly.

This was rather too good, and I whispered to the corporal:

“That is such a good joke, that if I were you, I would not report him to the officer of the guard.”

“But,” said he, “if I don’t, some one may report *me*.”

“No fear of that,” I replied; “no one knows it but we three; I’m sure *he’ll* say nothing about it; and still surer that *I’ll* not mention it.”

“Very well,” said the corporal, turning to the sentinel; “you have been caught *asleep on post*, but I will not report you this time if you promise to be guilty of it no more.”

“I’ll promise,” he exclaimed, earnestly; forgetting that he was thereby literally acknowledging to what he had just so stoutly denied.

The corporal observed this, and laughing, said—

“But only a moment ago you denied being asleep—said that you were tying your shoe.”

"I know," replied the delinquent, good-humoredly; "but when I said that, I forgot that I had boots on." This was a fact—he *had* boots on.

The corporal laughed, and said:—

"All right, I'll say nothing about it; but if I were to report you to Lieutenant Kent, it would go very hard with you."

The sentinel agreed that it *would*. Having given me the countersign, they left me, with the injunction:—

"Don't *you* go to sleep."

My two hours wore slowly away, and I was at last relieved; whereupon I proceeded to the gate, as instructed. I leaned my musket against a stack of the article; but I had scarcely done so, when the stirring sound of the "long roll" burst upon the night air. In another moment, officers came hastily from their tents, buckling on their swords, and calling out:—

"Fall in, men! Quickly—quickly!"

A moment later, men were rushing from their tents, cartridge boxes buckled on—muskets in hand.

"Not one of the guards must leave the gate without further orders," said Lieutenant Kent, decidedly; for some one had asked him whether the guards should go.

That was pleasant. Perhaps the enemy was coming, and our regiment—our division, perhaps—going out to do battle; and there I was, subject to the orders of that stern Lieutenant Kent, and these were not to leave. I wouldn't stand it, that was the amount of it; and with a wild emotion, bordering on frenzy, I seized my musket, rushed from the gate in the darkness, flew to my company, and joined the now swiftly-forming ranks. The company was soon formed; also the regiment. Colonel Hayes, mounted upon his black charger, was at our head in a moment. Facing us to the right, he led us to a point in front of the earthwork, halted us, faced us to the front, then said:—

"It is reported that the rebels are advancing upon us in force; having probably crossed the Potomac at the Falls, in spite of the Seventh Regiment, which is now there. We are ordered to form here on this hill, and defend it to the last."

But at that moment a messenger from General McCall rode up to the colonel, and said:—

“Colonel, it is ascertained that there is no immediate danger—let the regiment return to quarters, prepare haversacks, etc., and be in readiness to turn out at a moment’s warning.”

We then returned to quarters, and were dismissed. I returned to the gate with some misgivings; but Lieutenant Kent had not discovered my absence. I determined, though, should another alarm occur, to do just as I had done before; though at the imminent risk of being court-martialed. The night wore slowly away; and at four in the morning I again took my lonely post. I was ill at ease during the two hours which intervened between four and six; for should an alarm be sounded, I had resolved to leave my post, and join the regiment—which would have been a very grievous offence indeed. But, to my great satisfaction, those two hours wore quietly away, and I was relieved. The morning began to wear away; and ten o’clock had nearly come.

“Third relief—fall in!” called out the officer of the guard. I had but laid my hands upon my musket, in obedience to the call, when a prolonged roll of the drum broke suddenly upon my ears. I started; it was the “long roll.”

Our boys began to pour forth from their tents, and the ranks were now swiftly forming.

“Fall in, guards!” cried Lieutenant Kent. “We must stand in line, and present arms to the regiment as it marches from camp.” He was somewhat inclined to pageantry.

Catch me falling in! Catch me standing there like a fool, presenting arms to our brave boys as they marched forth to meet the enemy, perhaps! I darted from the gate, unperceived by the officer of the guard, joined the ranks, and was soon marching from camp, with OUR BOYS, to the good old tune of “Yankee Doodle,” played by our “Brass Band.” There was no halting, nor hesitating; but taking a northwest road, we marched away, and Camp Tenally and the village were soon left far—far behind.

Not to make a mystery of it, reader, I will briefly tell

you what "was up." As I have previously stated, a regiment was kept constantly posted at the Great Falls, for the purpose of watching, and checking, if found necessary, the movements of the rebels at that point. At the time of which I write, the Seventh Regiment, Pennsylvania Reserves, being on duty there, the rebels on the opposite side of the river took a queer notion into their heads to give said regiment a profound shelling. Accordingly, they opened a field battery upon the devoted Seventh, with great earnestness. As we had no artillery there at the time, the colonel of the Seventh felt greatly alarmed, and dispatched a courier to General McCall, with the startling message that the rebels were about to force their way across the Potomac—that they numbered something less than a hundred thousand. This accounts for the *long roll* affair of the night before; also, of our marching orders of the time now in question. We were ordered to the Falls to reinforce the Seventh; if necessary, the whole division was to follow. Thither we bent our steps; although we had not the most distant idea as to whither we were going, till we actually arrived at the "Great Falls of the Potomac;" which we did near evening, after a somewhat roundabout march of fifteen miles. On this march we did not carry our knapsacks; they were left behind, to be conveyed after us by our baggage-wagons.

Night came before our knapsacks did, and the prospect of spending it in an open field, without a blanket, stared us unpleasantly in the face. The boys of the Seventh regiment had many fearful stories to relate, regarding that shelling; and they even exhibited to our admiring eyes sundry little curiosities in the shape of shell, cannon balls, and small shot, which had been most bountifully presented, in a somewhat precipitate manner, by the obliging rebels.

Our company was ordered to repair to a certain road a few miles above, and a mile from the river, to form an outpost for the night. Eight or ten sentinels were posted at a time, while the remainder of the company slept. Said sleeping was done (and it was the first time for *us*) in the absence of that very desirable little article known as a *blanket*. It was very uncomfortable, too, for only a thin blouse constituted

our vesture. Yes, and it rained immoderately, making the matter altogether very unpleasant.

When morning came, we arose, took a few ears of green corn from an adjacent cornfield, which, with our coffee, pork, and crackers, made quite a breakfast. This done, we returned to the regiment, and found our knapsacks awaiting us.

Hard by the canal we found a large building, once constructed for the accommodation of laborers on the Washington Aqueduct, and we took up our abode within it. By the way, it was perforated in about one hundred and twenty-one places, the result of the shelling previously alluded to.

It is a fact not universally known, that an aqueduct is in course of construction, from the Great Falls to Washington; the end in view being the supplying of the latter-named place with water. There being a descent of seventy-five feet at the Great Falls, the water will readily flow into the aqueduct from the river above, and to Washington, without the aid of machinery. A monstrous well is constructed to first receive the water, and from thence it flows through the aqueduct, which is six or eight feet in diameter. A stone edifice is erected over the well, and on a marble slab, fixed in the wall, is the motto—

“DEI GRATIA EST PERPETUA.”

A very appropriate motto; for the stream which is there clear and cool, has never yet failed. Nor is it likely to, being fed by hundreds of mountain springs many miles above.

At this point there is an intervening space about three hundred yards in width, between the canal and the river. It is somewhat marshy in places, and is covered with a thick growth of trees and underbrush.

It was considered dangerous to venture to the shore of the river, for it was known that rebel sharpshooters were constantly on the lookout, on the opposite side, and ever ready and willing to blaze away at any luckless man in blue, who might expose himself to view. Our ideas ran in the same channel. A battery had accompanied us to the Falls, and was now posted on the hill behind us. We expected, by

boldly exposing ourselves in the vicinity of the building aforementioned, to draw the fire of the rebel batteries on the opposite hills, in order that our battery might discover their position, and open on them accordingly. But it was no go. The rebels wouldn't fire. We offered every temptation, standing in line for a long time in the most exposed manner. But they wouldn't see us. They must have been aware of the arrival of our artillery; an article of which they have ever harbored a wholesome dread.

After we had broken ranks and established our quarters within the building, I was standing at one of the doors, just thinking it would be nice to go over to the shore of the river, if, perchance, one might get a shot at a rebel, when my ruminations were interrupted by Winder, who approached and called out—

“How'd ye sleep last night, old boy?”

“Well enough—till I discovered that it was raining; after making that discovery, I did not sleep much. But how did you make out?”

“Me? I had a rather remarkable dream, for one thing.”

“Then you must have slept some?”

“Yes.”

“But let me hear your dream.”

“Well, you see, I laid down on my right side and fell into a sound sleep, before the rain came up; at last (I don't know how long it was) I got to dreaming. I imagined I fired at a rebel beyond the river; I saw him fall—I saw his gun as it fell from his hand, and it was a Sharpe's rifle, beautifully ornamented with gold; I thought I must have it—I plunged into the river, at some distance above the waterfall, and struck out for the purpose of swimming across; all went well—I made excellent progress, till—oh horror—!”

“What?” I asked, as Winder hesitated.

“I found myself in some particular current, and it began to carry me right down toward the falls; I struggled, but in vain—I screamed, but the roaring waters mocked me, and away I went, right over the dreadful precipice.”

“Horrible!” I exclaimed.

"Yes," he continued, "I could distinctly hear the grim waters bubbling in my ears; I was drowning. But just then I awoke; it was raining like thunder, and—my left ear was level full of rain-water, and it had just begun to run over on my cheek."

At the commencement of this thrilling narration, Winder looked unusually sober and thoughtful; but as he finished he clothed his face with his accustomed grin.

"Suppose we walk over to the river," I suggested.

"Me? I wouldn't go over there for a million dollars; we'd be shot, that's certain."

"Come on, then," said I; for since he had so earnestly declared that he would not go, I felt sure he *would*. And he did, too.

We took our muskets, and after winding our way among the bushes for some time, we reached the high, rocky shore of the river. We were very cautious not to expose ourselves to view, and we took our positions among the rocks, and watched for a long time in hopes that some hapless rebel might make his appearance; but in vain. At last, Winder appeared to throw aside his native timidity, and boldly mounting a high rock, and standing upon its summit, fully exposed, he waved his cap toward the wild-looking shore beyond, and called out—

"I say, you d—d rebels over there, come out and show yourselves!"

"Winder," said I, "just imagine a minie ball taking you about at the second button of your blouse; no doubt there is a rebel sharpshooter among those bushes over there, taking a cool aim at you, at this very moment."

The idea seemed to strike Winder with some force, for he suddenly made a mighty spring from the rock on which he stood, and came down among the smaller rocks, with an agility that would have done honor to a cat. I laughed, and he didn't half like it. We returned to quarters.

Near evening the regiment was ordered to a point at some distance above the Falls, for the purpose of strengthening the picket line, which was extended along the tow-path of the canal. We marched several miles along the canal, and halted

at one of the locks. A house stood here, at which we established our head-quarters. It was night when we reached the place, and men were posted at various points in that vicinity. Lieutenant Clark was sent, with a squad of OUR BOYS, to a point at some distance up the river; and it occurred to him that if he might take a gun along, he might get a shot at a rebel. He borrowed one from one of the boys, and, buckling on a cartridge-box, was about to start, when he said to me—

“A cartridge-box feels rather odd.”

“I don't think so,” I replied.

“It seems so to *me*,” he persisted.

“Perhaps you haven't got it on aright,” I suggested.

“Oh, yes I have,” he said confidently.

“Let me see—” and I drew near and examined it; “why, you have got it on upside down!”

“What?”

“You have it on wrong side up,” said I, making a slight change in my language, but not in my meaning.

“Now, *is* that so?” he asked.

“It is,” I replied.

He unbuckled the strap, removed the box, and discovered that he *had*, in the darkness, succeeded in getting it on in an inverted position; and he no sooner observed it than he exclaimed:—

“Well, that's ridiculous! I guess the boys have not noticed it—don't tell it on me.”

I did not promise to keep the affair to myself, for I thought it *rather* too good a joke to be lost.

It was my lot to remain at the lock during the night; and I performed several turns of guard duty.

The night passed away without event, save that an odd shot was exchanged now and then across the Potomac. When morning came the various squads which had been distributed on the previous evening were called in, and the regiment was formed. The colonel informed us that, after all, no immediate danger was to be apprehended, and that we were about to return to Camp Tenally. We marched along the path of the canal, toward the Falls, leaving still

quite a number of stragglers behind. Most of them, on arriving at the lock and finding the regiment gone, decided to wait at that place for the first canal boat that should come down, that they might ride.

We had marched a mile, perhaps, when, looking back, we saw a boat coming, drawn by two mules, which were getting over the ground at a brisk trot. A number of stragglers were on the boat; and it really did look like a more pleasant way of getting back, than that of marching and carrying knapsacks. This idea seemed to occur to the mind of lazy Troth, in a forcible manner; for he exclaimed:—

“By jolly! I’d like to be onto that boat; ’twould be a good ’eal nicer’n marchin’.”

“You *might* manage to get aboard,” suggested Will Mitchel.

“How? Will they stop till I get on?”

“No—but you can get one of those fellows to throw out a plank while the boat is in motion; you can run up it quickly enough.”

“But my gun and knapsack—”

“They’re easily managed.”

“How?”

“You can first toss them across to the boat, and some of the boys will catch them; then they can throw out the plank, and as soon as the end touches the bank, you can run up, you know.”

This plan did look reasonable, and Troth said:—

“I *will* try it, I believe—hilloa, fellers, I’d like to come aboard!”

“They won’t stop for you,” replied one of the boys on the boat.

“But can’t I run up the board, if you throw out one end?”

“Why, yes—you might.”

“Well, take my gun.”

“No load in it, is there?”

“No I fired it this morning.”

“Over with it, then—that’s the touch;” and Troth’s musket landed safely in the hands of a brother soldier. Troth, meanwhile, was trotting along, keeping pace with the boat.

"Now, your knapsack."

Troth tossed his knapsack in the direction of the boat, but not with sufficient force to carry it to the deck and it struck the side. One of the boys, however, seized the strap quickly, and rescued it from a watery grave. A plank was then brought to the edge of the boat, and one of the boys called out:—

"Now be ready."

"I am ready," said Troth, with a desperate attempt at firmness.

In a moment one end of the plank was thrust from the boat, and landed upon the bank, while the other end still rested on the gunwale.

"Now run for it," came from the boat.

"Run, Troth, run!" shouted Mitchel.

"Run, old feller! run! hurrah!" was echoed from one end of the regiment to the other.

Troth made a desperate rush up the slanting board; but the thought that the eyes of the whole regiment were watching him, together with a consciousness of the awful importance of the point at issue, rendered him nervous; and to add to his trepidation, a dozen mischievous fellows cried out:—

"He'll fall! he'll drown! he's a goner! he's a dead man!" and the consequence was that Troth made a slight misstep, and ere he could reach the boat, the end of the plank, in consequence of the boat's being in motion, slipped from the bank, turned edgewise, and splash went poor Troth into the angry waters of the canal. Here then was a quandary; Troth couldn't swim. In his youth he had neglected this important branch of education. The water at this point was eight feet deep, while Troth's height was but five feet six, and the result was that he went down. Yes, poor fellow, down he went, and the grim waters closed over him. He began to think that his time had come; he could hear the dismal rush of water as his ears began to fill. But would he give up life without a struggle? No, though he was no swimmer, he determined to have another look upon the fair world before leaving forever. Placing his toes upon the bottom, he brought a heave with such fearful energy that he

popped half-length out of water. The boat had now stopped, and a rope was thrown out to the drowning man, and he grasped it with an eagerness that was delightful to witness. He was then hauled toward the boat—it had floated some distance—and at length lifted to the deck. Then such coughing, and sneezing, and choking, and strangling. “Bauk—bauk—blist—fist—oo—choo—flist—blur-r-r—fist—fist—bauk—bauk,” he went on for a considerable length of time. At last, having so far recovered as to find utterance, he simply said—

“Merciful man!”

Poor Troth! It did not do him any lasting injury—that ducking; but Putty Stewart, Gaskill, and others almost worried the life out of him, rallying and teasing him about it; and as he didn’t like teasing, that’s why they did it.

Without further event we arrived at our rendezvous, near the Falls; then, after an hour, we set out for Tenallytown.

We returned by a nearer and better route than that by which we had come; for we now took a level road which follows the river, and beneath which the aqueduct is constructed.

Strict order is seldom observed during a march; and men can leave the ranks at almost any time, provided the eye of an officer is not immediately on them. Consequently, it being about peach time of year—and soldiers are generally fond of peaches—by the time we had reached Camp Tenally fully one-half the men of the regiment had strayed away, favoring all the peach orchards within any reasonable distance of our course, with visits. Stragglers continued to arrive in camp one by one, or in small squads, during the remaining portion of the day and the early part of the night. Now, there was a youth of about my size, and in fact resembling me in every respect, who got to musing and meditating, as the regiment marched into camp, and he wondered, *en passant*, what the officer of the guard—that stern Lieutenant Kent—would do with him for running off from guard, and accompanying the regiment from camp, in direct opposition to, and disregard of the most explicit orders. The case was a plain

one. I had been on the list of guards, subject to any order of the officer thereof; that officer had commanded that all the guards must remain at the gate, that not one must think of leaving. I *had* left the gate, had left it clandestinely, had *run off*, had left camp, accompanying the regiment a number of miles from it; now, what *would* the officer of the guard do with me? He did nothing. He considered that in leaving my duty at camp, I had voluntarily undertaken a more arduous, a more dangerous one, and I got off without even a word of censure. I felt relieved, too, when I discovered that no punishment awaited me; for I didn't know how far the thing might be carried. Aye, vague, unpleasant ideas of "guard house for thirty days," or "ball and chain for the space of two weeks," had already begun to intrude themselves upon my brain. But now it was all right; yes, *all right*.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN CAMP AGAIN.

It was evening. The shades of night were beginning to hang over the earth, and to thicken into a gloom. We were once more in Camp Tenally—we were at home.

OUR BOYS were collected in our company street, amusing themselves by various gymnastic performances. Here might be seen a group gathered about a level part of the ground which was marked out for leaping; there another turning summersaults or handsprings; but the one to which I will call the attention of the reader was collected on the softest part of the street, engaged in practicing the stirring art of wrestling. The hero—the champion of this group—was a young man commonly called "Juggie." He was a stout-built, powerful fellow, about five feet eight inches in height; his age was twenty-one. He was very active; his physical

qualities far exceeding any others he possessed either moral, or mental. He threw with remarkable quickness, every one who possessed the hardihood to try him.

I tried him, for one; but *my* heels went higher than my head in less than a second. Many others tried him, but down they went. None could match Juggie. At last he began to feel important; and to express, in simple words, the very exalted opinion he entertained of his prowess.

"I'll bet I can throw any two in the crowd," said he, banteringly.

No one responded.

"I never was thrown in my life," he continued.

No one disputed it.

"I'm a reg'lar little hoss," he went on.

It struck me that he resembled a less attractive animal than a horse, just then; but I said nothing.

"I'd like to git throwed oncet," he continued, in the spirit of braggadocio; "I'd jist like to know how a feller feels when he gits throwed." Evidently, he believed that he *couldn't be* "throwed," as he expressed it.

At this interesting moment a soldier of Company "I"—he was about the age of Juggie, but smaller—walked carelessly up to him, and said:—

"Partner, I'll try you once or twice."

Juggie looked upon the new comer, and smiled—laughed.

"Now you aint in earnest, are you?"

"Certainly!" and he proceeded to doff his coat.

"Well," said Juggie, "I'm afraid I might throw you so hard as to hurt you; but I'll try and let you fall as easy as I kin."

"You're very obliging," said the man of Company "I," whose name was Franks.

They took "fair holts," as Juggie expressed it.

"Are you ready?" asked Juggie.

"Yes, ready," was the reply.

"Then here goes," said Juggie, confidently; for he expected to throw Franks in half a second.

But "here" didn't "go." There was a struggle of about ten seconds' duration, when Juggie was suddenly lifted from

the earth, to about the height of his head, and hurled savagely against it again—up-side down.

Juggie arose slowly, rubbing his head. What! “threwed?” Surely it could not have been fairly done; it must have been an accident—he would try it again. The boys were giving way to the most boisterous mirth at his expense—oh! he *must* redeem his character!

“I only slipped!” he exclaimed; “I’ll try it again.”

“Certainly!” replied the accommodating Franks—he was perfectly willing to try it again.

Once more they were locked in each other’s arms.

“Ready?”

“Yes.”

Another struggle ensued; lasting, now, but five seconds. At the lapse of that time, Juggie was again lifted from the ground, whirled above Franks’ head like a “shelalah” in the hand of a skilful Hibernian, and dashed with vengeful force against old mother earth, to the great amusement of the spectators.

Franks stood still, calmly, quietly, and collectedly waiting for Juggie to get up.

Juggie did so, but rather more slowly than before. Now there was no longer any room to doubt that he had encountered at least his equal. However, he would try it again; he *might* throw Franks once. Could he do this, his reputation as a wrestler would be in a measure regained. Again they embraced. This time the struggle lasted but two and a half seconds, till Juggie was again whirled in mid air and brought to the earth with a shock that nearly “busted” him.

“Ugh!” he grunted.

The merriest laugh I had heard for many a day now broke upon the solemn air of night. Juggie arose, brushed the dust from his “sky-blues,” and said he guessed he wouldn’t try it any more “to-night,” as he hadn’t felt well that whole day. And he retired.

It was now nearly time for roll-call—nine o’clock. Strange that, at such an hour, the idea should enter my head that I could eat a watermelon, if I had one; yet it is no less true. I imparted the stray thought to Winder, who happened to

be near me, informing him that I knew of a watermelon-patch not a mile distant, belonging to a rich old secessionist. Winder grinned.

"Suppose we slip out of camp after roll-call, and honor the old gentleman's garden with a visit," I suggested.

"Agreed!" he exclaimed, eagerly.

"Wh—wh—what are you t—t—talkin' about?" asked Hare, as he and Jim Smith approached.

"We are talking of going out on a watermelon expedition, after roll-call; will you go along?"

"D—d—don't care if I do," replied Hare, ever ready for mischief; "will *you* go a-l—l—long, Smith?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Smith, for he too was always ready for adventure.

The roll was called in due time, and we, instead of going to our quarters like good honest soldiers, proceeded to slip stealthily past the guard, and out of camp. Being favored by the darkness, we succeeded perfectly, doing the thing up in the most systematic order. Finding ourselves without the camp, we breathed more freely, and at once struck off in the direction of that watermelon garden.

We, prowlers that we were, soon reached our destination. As the melon garden lay beyond the house, we made a circuit, to avoid any troublesome dogs which might chance to lurk about, and came bravely up in the rear. No opposition was offered, simply because there was no one to offer it, the owner being, at that time, "sound asleep." Without any tiresome or unnecessary form or ceremony, we took possession.

"Let us gather what we can carry, and take them to the clover-field adjoining, where we can devour them without interruption," I suggested.

"Th—th—that's the thing," said Hare.

Acting upon this hint, we each took two melons under each arm, and as the house-dog at that moment set up an unearthly howling, we made for the designated clover-field with admirable precipitancy.

"These melons appear to be rather green," I remarked, as we arrived at a convenient spot.

"That's the nature o' the beast," said Smith. A fact, too; melons—that is, *watermelons*—are green.

"I have one here that I do believe is a cannon ball," said Winder.

At that moment our attention was attracted toward Hare, who had set down upon the ground, and was proceeding to cut one of the melons. His manner was full of surprise, and his stuttering was heightened, as he exclaimed—

"Wh—wh—wh—goo—goo—g—gosh! This ain't n—n—no w—w—watermelon! It—tit—tits a p—p—punk—unkin."

"Bloodhounds and bullfrogs!" exclaimed Dave Winder.

"Blisters and brickbats!" exclaimed Smith.

"Can it be possible that they are *all* pumpkins?" I said, half inquiringly.

"We'll soon see," said Smith; and he set about *seeing* as well as the darkness would allow.

And he *did* see. Yes, to our chagrin (though not unmixed with amusement), they *were* all pumpkins—all save one, and *it* was a very large specimen of that delicious fruit known as a cucumber.

"We've been d—d—done for!" exclaimed Hare.

"Beautifully!" I said.

"Sweetly!" said Winder; for as there was nothing sweet about it, it stood him in hand to say *sweetly*.

A moment we stood in mute silence. It was broken by Smith, who said—

"Well, I know one thing."

"What is that, Smith?"

"There are some peach-trees at a house not far from here, and they bear peaches as big as pum'kins."

"We'll go there!" was exclaimed.

"That's it," said Smith; "but we must be careful how we go about it."

"Why, Smith?"

"Because the owner keeps a sharp look-out; he's a wicked old fellow, and shoots."

"Oh, he is in his bed, and fast asleep ere this time," said I.

"Certainly, h—h—he is," said Hare.

We started for the peach-orchard referred to by Smith. The clover-field we were in was a large one, and it was necessary for us to cross it. We had proceeded but a few steps, when "something white" sprang up before us, and ran away with great swiftness. Inspired by curiosity, we gave chase; when it ran the faster, making no noise in its movements.

Could it be a cat? It was about the size of that animal. But no, a cat could soon have distanced us in a trial of speed; as it was, we kept pace with the flying object. What *could* it be? Was it a pig? Now *was* it? Scarcely. If a pig, would it not have squealed? Could it have run so noiselessly?

"I'll shoot it," said I, finding it impossible to overtake the object, and bringing my pistol to bear upon it.

"No, wait till I throw this stone," said Smith, who had picked up one for the purpose.

"Throw, then," said I, "and if that don't stop it, I'll blaze away."

Chug! went the stone, right against the poor "white thing." An unearthly squeal told but too plainly what the object of our chase was; a pig, and nothing else. And here we had been chasing the poor frightened animal all over the field. We abruptly gave up the hunt, and the pig trotted off with many a miniature grunt.

We now made for the peach-trees without delay. They stood immediately in rear of the owner's house, and very near the most distant corner of the field we were in. I happened to be in advance, and on arriving beneath the tree, I saw, among the branches, the figure of a man held out in bold relief against the starry sky; while a revolver was *held out* in bold relief in *his hand*. It was *bold*, but there wasn't much *relief* about it to *me*.

It has been discovered, at some remote period, that the mind is very active when its possessor is placed in a critical position, as I was on this interesting occasion. I knew that I was under one of the trees alluded to by Smith; and had no doubt that the gentleman now among the branches was the individual he had been pleased to term "old feller." In a significant tone, I called out:—

"Boys, if you know what's best, you'll come *this way*—" and as I spoke, to the surprise of the trio, I walked straight on toward the road, which was near at hand. But had I said no more than this, it must have led the man in the tree to suppose that I had seen him, and that our intention had been to steal his fruit. Wishing him to think otherwise, I accordingly added:—

"For I'm sure this road will take us to camp."

The first part of my sentence resulted in drawing the boys directly after me, for it sounded mysterious; the latter part, no doubt, induced the Marylander to suppose that we were a party who had been "on a tramp," and were now making the best of our way to camp, happening by mere chance to pass by his peach-orchard. I walked straight to the road—it was fifty paces distant—and soon placed myself in it by scaling the fence. The interesting trio which constituted my companions followed without a word; the mysterious language I had uttered, and the meaning tone in which I had uttered it, led them to suppose that the "old feller" was somewhere about. They little dreamed, however, that he was in the tree—that we all passed literally under him. When we were comfortably over the fence and in the road, Winder asked:—

"What's up?"

"I saw a man in that big peach-tree," I replied.

"Suppose you did," said he, coolly, "why didn't you blaze away at him?"

"You don't presume that I would shoot the man for his peaches, do you?"

"Certainly, *I* would in a minute."

"Just so; I thought you would agree with me," said I; for when Winder said he *would*, I knew he *wouldn't*.

After some consultation, it was decided to return to camp, which we did, our expedition having proved entirely fruitless. As we were nearing camp, I said—

"I presume it will not be the easiest matter in the world to get into camp at this time of night; it must be near twelve o'clock."

"We'll t—t—try," said Hare; and we were all of the same opinion.

"The point at which we can most easily run the guard is near the earthwork," I suggested.

They assented, and we were soon standing near the south-east corner, awaiting a favorable moment to slip by the sentinel, who was slowly pacing the prescribed line to and fro. We hesitated, for it was obvious that, unless something should attract his attention for a moment at the far end of the beat, he would return to our end before we could get to the tents in safety.

"Boys," said I, "I am going to throw a stone down there among those weeds, and while the guard's attention is attracted in that direction, we must hurry into camp."

"All right," whispered Smith.

"All r—r—r—" stuttered Hare; and I took up a large stone and landed it as desired.

The sentinel hastened thither, calling out—

"Who comes there?"

"Now is our time," I whispered, and we glided across the line.

We had but done so, when Hare struck his foot against some obstacle and fell prostrate, making as much noise as a drove of cattle on a charge.

"Hilloa! halt! who's that?" exclaimed the sentinel, turning toward us.

Hare sprang up, and we ran rapidly in the direction of our tents.

"Halt!" shouted the sentinel.

We didn't halt, but ran the faster.

"Halt, or I'll fire!" he cried, and we heard the sharp click of his firelock, as the hammer was set.

"If you do," I shouted back in reply, "you will be sure to kill some one in one of the tents." For we were between the encampment and the sentinel.

This argument caused him to hesitate, and we arrived in safety within our company street.

He did not fire, but he alarmed the whole guard, and the word was passed around to the gate that a squad of men had

clandestinely entered camp, and that it was not known whether they belonged to the regiment or not. The officer of the guard took several files of men and searched the camp, but without effect; for, of course, we were *sound asleep* when he came round our way.

Next day orders were issued requiring all the first-sergeants to examine their roll-books, find out who were absent on the previous evening, and report the same to the colonel. By this process, this alarming fact was disclosed—that more than one hundred of the men of the regiment had not answered to their names at the nine o'clock roll-call of the evening before. They were all summoned to appear before Colonel Hayes, when they were questioned as to where they had been at the time in question. But they, one and all, declared that they had not “felt well,” and had retired early accordingly. So nothing was made of the affair, and it was dropped.

As evening began to draw near once more, we were told to “get ready for picket,” and we obeyed with cheerfulness, for we liked to go on picket in Maryland—always had fun.

The regiment was formed, and, in due time, we arrived at the picket line, and relieved the ones then on duty, three or four being left at every post, to relieve each other by turns, after which we set about getting supper in the usual style.

Soon after our arrival, a small boy and a girl, who lived in a house near by, came along the line, with pies for sale.

“How do ye sell yer pies?” asked one of OUR BOYS, whose name was Dennis.

“Nine cents; if we can't get nine, we'll take eight, that's what mother told us,” replied the boy, with genuine childlike simplicity.

The little girl, who was a more discreet merchant, whispered—“Hush—sh—sh,” and addressing us said—

“Nine cents is the price.”

“But I'll not give more nor eight,” said Dennis.

“But I want nine,” persisted the girl, who was, perhaps, ten years old—two years older than the boy, her brother.

“I can't afford to give it,” said Dennis decidedly.

“Then you *may* take one for eight,” said the girl, after

some apparent hesitation. And so the bargain was consummated.

At eleven o'clock that night, Captain Gallop, a man of haughty mien, rode along the picket line, doing the duty of "grand rounds." Dennis was on post at the time.

"Halt!" said Dennis, as the equestrian neared his post.

Captain Gallop did not hear, it seems, and he rode right on as though to pass by.

"Halt!" repeated Dennis, cocking his gun.

Captain Gallop heard the "click," and brought up abruptly, exclaiming:—

"You careless scoundrel! Hav'n't you been instructed to challenge any approaching object before it reaches you?"

"Who comes there?" demanded Dennis, proceeding to carry out the usual form, without at all noticing the officer's tongue.

"The grand rounds; but you—"

"Grand rounds, give the countersign!"

"Austerlitz. But you—"

"Correct!"

"Now, sir," said Captain Gallop, "I have given you the countersign, and I want to know why you didn't challenge me sooner, according to instructions?"

"I did; but—"

"No, you didn't!" interrupted the captain, vehemently.

"But I *did*, though; I—"

"Not a word, sir—I know you did *not*!"

"Not a word, sir—but I know I *did*," said Dennis, imitatively.

"WHAT?"

"I say I *did* challenge ye sooner—whether ye was hearin' me or not."

"How dare you—"

"How dare *you*?"

"What! You impertinent—what's your name?"

"Terrence McGlifferty."

"Then, sir, to-morrow you shall suffer for your impudence."

"Exactly."

"What?"

"Yis, sir."

"You infernal rascal! I have a mind to shoot you."

"I've jist bin thinkin' o' shootin' *you*," said Dennis, suggestively; "for I'm ordered not to allow any kind o' disturbance on the line; and sure ye've bin makin' a plenty."

This introduced a new idea into the mind of Captain Gallop, and he rode on, swearing, as he did so, that he would have that man court-martialed and shot.

Next day, an order was issued for the arrest of one private McGlifferty, on charge of threatening the life of Captain Gallop; but of course no such man could be found, and the captain was deprived of the pleasure of having a man court-martialed and shot.

On returning to camp, it was discovered that his majesty, King WHISKEY, had made his way into our midst; and many of the boys were very happy and equally noisy—among them, John G. Graham, our literary friend.

Night closed in, and all had become quiet—when a terrible shouting was heard in our company street. Some one was crying out, in a tone of impatience:—

"I say, come on—hurry up; I want to be relieved! Here I've been on post for six hours—corporal of the guard! Are you not coming? Captain, captain, can you not have me relieved?"

It was Mr. Graham. There he stood, in the centre of the street, at the hour of midnight—cartridge-box on—musket in hand, and bayonet fixed. He had arisen under the influence of "that whiskey," and imagined he was on guard—on picket.

His shouting at length brought forth the captain, who demanded:—

"What is the meaning of all this?"

"I'll tell you," replied Graham, with the air of one who felt himself to be an injured man, "here I've been, on this lonely post for the last six hours. Now, I don't think it is right; I want to be relieved."

The captain at once saw how matters stood, and said:—

“Well, go to your quarters; a sentinel is not particularly needed at this post.”

“Do you suppose I am going to leave my post in that manner! No! I must see another man guarding this beat before I leave it.”

Thereupon the captain called up one of the boys, Charley Brawley, and ordered him to relieve Graham. Charley, too, comprehended the affair, and obeyed with mock solemnity; then Graham retired, fully satisfied that he had done his duty, and that he was a “faithful sentinel.”

CHAPTER IX.

WILD SCENES.

ABOUT the middle of September, it came our turn to go to the Falls, for the purpose of doing picket duty for a week.

Accordingly, one hot Monday, we marched to the place; nothing of special interest occurring by the way. On arriving at the Falls, the regiment was divided into two detachments; the first to go on duty at once, the second to relieve them on the following day. Thus, each division would remain for twenty-four hours at a time, when it would be relieved by the other, and so on. Our company was of the second detachment, and we were not to go on till the next day. For some reason we did not at once occupy the large building, and we began to look about us for a comfortable place to bivouac. This being arranged, it was very natural that we should begin to look about us for amusement; fortune favored us. A large blacksnake was captured by some of OUR BOYS, who, being aware of Gaskill's blacksnake proclivities, at once delivered the gentle creature into his hand. It was amusing to see how he proceeded with it. He was very cautious at first, holding it in such a position that it was impossible for it to bite him. After staring at it for some

time, he, with mock gravity, informed it that he had duly considered its case, and that, after mature deliberation, he had decided that it was highly expedient to remove its teeth.

He then placed the thumb and finger of his left hand about the neck of the reptile, and gradually tightened his grasp till it opened its mouth, gasping for breath, I suppose, then with the thumb and forefinger of his right hand he extracted the teeth, one after another, in a style anything but dental or surgical. Having completed this interesting operation, he slightly relaxed his grasp on the neck, upon which the reptile, being in a manner restored to presence of mind, protruded its forked tongue toward Gaskill in the most unfriendly manner. Gaskill, thereupon, quickly clasped its jaws together, catching its tongue between them, so that it could not "haul it in" again; then, holding it to his mouth, he proceeded to bite its tongue off and spit it out with perfect composure.

By this time quite a crowd was collected around him, several negro servants among the rest. Now was the time for fun. So, grasping the snake by the middle until it reared its head aloft in genuine snake-like style, he rushed impetuously at Bob Daffy, our half-grown assistant nigger cook. Bob fled in confusion. Gaskill pursued in perfect order, maintaining an unbroken *line*. Bob increased his speed. Gaskill increased *his*, and gained on Bob. Bob screamed. Gaskill yelled. Bob turned blue. Oh, how could he get away? Surely Gaskill would catch him. There appeared to the mind of Bob to be but a single avenue of escape; he would jump into the canal, and he ran toward it. It was about a hundred yards distant; the intervening space was very rough; being covered with bushes, heaps of brush, logs, trees, stumps, gullies, and rocks. Then there *was* a race. The spectators cheered. "Run, Bob, run!" shouted some; while others shouted, "Catch him, Gaskill," "Bite him, snake," etc. Away went Bob, impelled by fear, bouncing over logs, stumps, and brush-heaps, and across gullies; away went Gaskill in pursuit, impelled by fun, getting over the ground as a clown only knows how. Slowly, steadily he gained on Bob. Bob neared the canal. It was hard, even to get a

ducking, but then it was his only hope. His pursuer pressed him closely—was almost near enough to touch the back of Bob's woolly knot, with the snake's head. Bob reached the shore of the canal, and plunged unhesitatingly in—ker-sowze! Gaskill dashed the snake after him. Bob went under at first, but now came to the surface of the water, floundering desperately. But horror of horrors! He arose exactly at the point where the snake was floating, and he found it suddenly *around his neck*. It was perfectly harmless of course, but I never saw anything equal to poor Bob's terror. His eyes seemed about to pop out of his head; his wool for a moment became stiff and straight, like hogs' bristles, while his face took that peculiar shade of color commonly called "grizzly gray."

But Bob happened to be a swimmer, and he began to put his accomplishments in that line to use. He struck out for shore, reached it easily, then rushing up the bank to where Gaskill stood, he pleaded most earnestly—

"Oo—oo—oo—take him off!"

Gaskill humanely complied, removed the creature and kissed it; while Bob took the back track to look for his hat, which he had dropped among the bushes, during the chase.

Gaskill returned to the admiring crowd, which, during all this time, had cheered him enthusiastically; but where was the snake—his much-loved pet? It was not visible.

"Why, Gaskill, where is your snake?" was asked.

"It's gone up," he replied.

Yes, it *had* "gone up;" but where? Why, *up his sleeve*, where he had put it; and it was a sleeveful, too.

Presently, Gaskill approached a big, fat, greasy cook, of Company "F"—a gentleman of pure African blood. He was standing with his hands in his pockets, grinning *à la Afrique*.

"How are you, old feller?" said Gaskill, drawing near and resting his arm familiarly on Sambo's shoulder

"Pooty well, sah," replied Sam.

"Hot day, old coon," suggested Gaskill.

"Yes, sah, awful."

"Had a good old tramp."

"Yes, sah—oo—oo—muddah!—oo—"

The cause of these exclamations of terror was no less a fact than this—that the snake at that moment came slowly crawling from Gaskill's sleeve, and its head almost touched Sambo's black nose.

At this moment Colonel Hayes approached; he did not appear to be aware of what was going on. Gaskill hastily thrust the serpent into his sleeve again, and went to meet him.

"How do you do, colonel?—hot day," said Gaskill, holding out his hand as if to execute that friendly greeting with the colonel, known as "shaking hands."

"How are you, Gaskill?" and the colonel extended *his* hand.

But, oh, horror! as he did so, the black, shiny head of the serpent—and its eyes were staring right into his face—protruded from Gaskill's sleeve, and touched the colonel's hand.

"Oh!" the colonel almost screamed! "Fire and fury! You d—d rascal! What do you mean?"

"Only an accident, colonel; I didn't think it could get out. My gracious! It might a' bit you!"

"Confound you!" exclaimed the colonel, as the idea was thus forcibly presented to his mind; "has it got teeth?"

"Yes, a whole mouthful."

"Oh, you—you—y—Gaskill, I want you to have a care how you act; I like fun, but you musn't go too far," said the colonel, cooling down.

"All right," said Gaskill, in a business-like way; "I'll pull its teeth out before I shake hands with you again."

"You'd better pull *it* out, too."

"I will next time, if it's necessary; but it wasn't necessary this time, colonel."

"Why so?"

"Because—wasn't it able to *crawl* out?"

"I know; but I don't want you to offer me your hand again with a snake in your sleeve."

"I won't colonel, I'll hold it in my hand."

The colonel was walking away, and Gaskill called out:—

"Oh, *say*, colonel, what have you in your canteen there?"

"Water," replied the colonel, about to stop.

"Oh, never mind; I thought it was whiskey," said Gaskill. The colonel walked away, muttering:—

"Well, of all the fellows I ever saw, that cuss of a Gaskill goes ahead!"

There was a gentleman of foreign birth, belonging to Company "F," whose name was Jimmy Shields. By some means, the redoubtable Jimmy had procured "something," and was, on this occasion, "tight as a brick."

"Lit me look at yer sarpint," said Jimmy, approaching Gaskill.

"Well, look at it," said Gaskill.

"But lit me have it in me hands," explained Jimmy.

"I can't trust you with it, Jimmy."

"But I *will* have it," said Jimmy.

"But you *won't*."

"We'll sa about it," said Jimmy, who was a great powerful fellow.

"We will sa about it," replied Gaskill, not at all alarmed.

Jimmy then seized the snake by both head and tail, while Gaskill held it by the middle; he certainly had the advantage in hold. There was a slight struggle for it, when Gaskill suddenly executed a jerk which caused the object contested for to slip greasily from Jimmy's hands. Then whirling it above his head, he gave Jimmy a wipe across the face with it, which cracked like a coach-whip.

"Och! Ye divil!" exclaimed Jimmy, rubbing his face.

"Didn't go to do it, Jimmy," said Gaskill, provokingly.

"Ye did, ye baste. I'll smash ye into smithereens!"

"Oh, now, Jimmy, don't; I didn't go to do it," said Gaskill, mockingly.

"I'll murther ye!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Come, Jimmy, let's make it up."

"I'll make *ye* up, ye blatherin' cuss!"

"Come now, Jimmy, you know I don't need making up; I *am* very well put together now."

"If ye wasn't so much littler nor me, I'd knock off the bloody head o' ye," said Jimmy, coming down to that.

"Well, I know it, Jimmy; come, let us take a drink."

"Have ye got anything?" asked Jimmy. He felt much better now.

"No, but *you* have; that will do as well."

"Divil the drap o' my whiskey ye'll git!" exclaimed Jimmy, vehemently.

"Oh, yes, come on, Jimmy. I'm going out after a canteenful to-night," said Gaskill, coaxingly.

"An' do ye know where to git it?"

"Yes; I'll take you along after we drink yours."

Off they started; it was now "made up," Jimmy leading the way to a lonely spot in an adjacent wood, where he had a large bottle concealed. The bottle was uncorked, and Gaskill took a pull, and so did Jimmy. Then Jimmy took a pull, and so did Gaskill, and thus they continued till Jimmy was so inebriated that he couldn't navigate, and Gaskill was moderately "how come ye so."

During all this time Gaskill had kept the snake about him; now he thought it time to dispose of it. He coolly cut its head off with the same knife he generally used to cut his tobacco with, then skinned it, placing the hide in his pocket with the remark that he intended to "keep it for a neck-tie."

Next morning we were informed that we were at liberty to establish our quarters within the large building previously alluded to, and we at once removed our effects to the house. Having set everything to rights, we began to prepare for picket, and ere long were on our way up the canal, relieving, as we proceeded, the men who went on duty on the afternoon of the previous day.

It was noon when we (Company "D") arrived at the place allotted to us, which was about three miles up the river. We reached it by travelling the only practicable route—the tow-path of the canal.

We were favored with a tremendous rain during the afternoon, which lasted for several hours. This was anything but pleasant, for, aside from getting wet to the skin during the rain, when night came, the ground became so muddy, we had no dry place to sleep.

My messmate, Scott, to overcome this evil, so far at least as *he* was concerned, procured a rail, and placing it with the

flattest side upward, each end resting upon a forked stick driven into the ground for the purpose, he lay down upon it, facing the zenith. He thus found himself raised about two feet from the wet, uncomfortable ground, and was highly pleased at his success.

"Scott," said I, "are you not afraid of rolling off that rail and falling into the mud?"

"Not a bit," replied Scott; "when I get to sleep, once, I lie as still as a log."

"But a log wouldn't lie on that rail," I argued.

"Because it don't understand how."

"Then you do?"

"Oh, yes."

"Very well. Good night, and pleasant dreams."

"Good night!" he replied, and, closing his eyes, he was soon snoring away right merrily.

Darkness came on, and it *was* darkness, too; the kind of darkness novelists have so often described as being *felt*. I laid my knapsack in the mud by a tree, and sat upon it; it was not yet my turn to go on post. A drowsiness crept over me, and I sank into an unpleasant, half-waking sleep. Presently I was aroused by a singular sound near me. Chuck! it went. I turned in the direction, and with great difficulty made out the form and figure of poor Scott. Yes, he had rolled off his rail and fallen plump into the mud.

I expected, as a matter of course, to see him spring up; but he lay perfectly still. So deep was his slumber, that the sudden transition from rail to mud did not arouse him.

"Scott! Scott!" I exclaimed, shaking him, "get up! You have fallen into the mud."

A groan was the reply.

"I say, Scott," and I gave him an additional shake, accompanied with a poke on the ribs, "you'll be drowned! Get up!"

At last he became conscious. Then he slowly arose, and with a yawn said—

"Oh, what in thunder did you wake me for?"

"Wake you for! Do you suppose I would allow a fellow creature—yes, and a messmate, too, to lie there in that mud?"

"But I was sleeping so nicely."

"I should call it anything but nicely."

At that moment my relief was called upon, and I was soon on post. The post adjoining mine was occupied by John Snyder. At the hour of eleven, John and I meeting in our walk, where our beats joined, halted for a while and were having a bit of a talk, when an officer came riding along, and, after being challenged and giving the countersign in due form, he informed us that two men had been seen among the bushes between the canal and the river, and that it was incumbent upon us to keep the strictest watch.

He had but passed on, when we were somewhat startled by hearing a rustling among the bushes within a few paces of us. At that time we were standing several yards apart, and John was nearer the spot from whence the sound proceeded than I was. He accordingly demanded:—

"Who comes there?"

He had but uttered the words when a man sprang up within ten feet of him, and rushed deeper into the bushes.

"Halt!" shouted John, cocking his piece.

John had seen the man, but I had only heard him. All was now still. I was beside John in a moment. We listened: Nothing but our own suppressed breathing could be heard. Could the prowler have stopped?

"Who are you?" I asked, raising my voice.

No reply.

"Come out, I say."

All was still.

"John," said I, "why didn't you fire?"

"Why, I—I—I didn't think."

"Oh, I wish I had seen him! I think I would have plugged him."

We now sent word along the line that a man had been seen; and the captain soon came to our post and asked for the particulars. We explained all. He then took a squad of men and went into the thicket; but it was so dark they dare not venture to scatter much. Their search was fruitless, and they returned; all was quiet once more. Scarcely ten minutes later, John and I heard, a little further up the canal,

a sound similar to that caused by the breaking of a twig. We hurried to the spot, and were just in time to hear some one rushing away through the bushes at the rate of two-forty. Bang! bang! went our muskets; but the footsteps were still heard, and continued to be till they died away in the distance. The sound of our muskets soon brought the captain to the spot.

"Have you seen him again?" he asked.

"No, but we've heard him."

"Confound him, we *must* find him!"

Another search was made, but in vain; no one could be found, and the hunt was given up.

The night wore unpleasantly away. When morning came, every nook and corner of the thickets was searched; but no one could be found. Tracks were to be seen, however, and evidently some one had been there—a spy from beyond the river, no doubt. How he had managed to get across the river was a mystery.

During the search of the morning—I participated in it—I was at one time standing by the river gazing across at the opposite shore—the wooded shore of Virginia—when I saw a man glide suddenly from one tree to another.

Bang! went my musket, and a ball and three buckshot went flying across toward the gentleman. Its echoes had not yet died away when a small wreath of blue smoke burst from among the bushes beyond the river, and the next instant a bullet struck the surface of the water a little to my left and front. I reloaded, took my position behind a tree, and watched for a long time, in hopes to again see the smoke of the rebel's gun. But in vain. Nothing but trees and bushes could be seen on the opposite shore. Near eleven o'clock we were relieved by the first division of the regiment, and we marched down the river to our place of rendezvous.

That night was a night of general carousing within the building; for a quantity of whiskey had found its way into our midst, and any number of the boys were gloriously tight. The performances were opened by an interesting rough-and-tumble fight between Bob Young and one of our sergeants

—Sergeant Moth. Now it is bad enough for two sergeants to fight, but just twice as bad for a sergeant to step down and have a knock with a private soldier; for a non-commissioned officer should set an example of orderly conduct to be followed by the men.

However, Bob commenced it. He was a very quarrelsome man at the best; but when under the stirring influence of intoxicating drink, he was truly savage. Fight seemed to be a kind of second nature of his—part of him, in fact. As Sergeant Moth was slightly inebriated on this occasion, and was by no means the most mild-tempered man in existence, it is not to be wondered at that they got “at it.”

Bob’s tongue was going at a great rate, when Sergeant Moth, with ill-concealed vexation, though he tried to appear calm, remarked that he wished Bob would be kind enough to make a little less noise. Bob retorted that he wouldn’t—not he—and, what was more, that Sergeant Moth couldn’t make him keep quiet, “nor any other man;” “that was what was the matter.”

“If you don’t stop, I’ll try it, at least,” said the sergeant.

“Ye’d better try that on,” said Bob, sneeringly; he was nearly twice as large as the sergeant.

“I *will* try it on,” said the latter.

“Will you, though?” And Bob rushed dead at him. They grabbed each other; there was a struggle of half a minute’s duration, when they both came down upon the floor with a force that shook the building—the sergeant uppermost.

“O-ho!” he exclaimed, exultingly.

“No, you don’t,” said Bob, attempting to whirl him under.

“Yes, I do,” said Sergeant Moth; and he firmly held Bob to it.

“Ye bloody swelt, hi’ll tear your heyes hout!” exclaimed Bob, who, as the reader will readily infer, was of cockney birth—a native of London.

“Oh, I’ve got you,” said the sergeant.

“’Ave ye, though? Hif hi get ’old hof your ’air, hi’ll fix you.”

By a desperate effort he *did* succeed in getting “’old” of

Sergeant Moth's "air," and having done so, he drew him close to him, holding him there not very tenderly. Unfortunately, the sergeant had long hair, and his efforts to disengage himself were fruitless.

"'Ave ye got henough?" asked Bob.

The sergeant did not reply; disliking to give it up so soon.

"Hi'll 'old ye 'ere till doomsday," suggested Bob, violently.

To the sergeant this appeared like a long time to remain in a position so irksome, and he said—

"Pull him off, boys."

We thought it a rather difficult task to pull Bob off, when he was underneath; so we just pulled him "out from under." He was then persuaded to release his hold upon the sergeant's hair, and he arose, looking the very image of victory.

"Hare ye defeated?" he asked.

The only reply was a malignant scowl.

Bob, now that his hand was in, proceeded to get up a little row with one John Swearer, whom he did not seem to like. This he did, *sans ceremonie*, by pitching right into him and giving him a black eye. A number of others now got at it, and had any one stood without, listening; and not knowing just how things were, he might have imagined that ten thousand fiends had been turned loose, and were having a nice little time to themselves within.

It is impossible to say how long such conduct might have been carried on, had not the officer of the guard given us a call, and made several arrests. After that, all became quiet, and we fell asleep.

Next day we went on picket again—this time going down the river instead of up.

The scene was a wild, a picturesque one. Such a one as Nature—only Nature—is capable of producing. The river there is but eighty yards in width. The shores are of equal height, and consist of ragged walls of rock which rise one hundred and fifty feet above the surface of the stream. At the base flow the waters of the Potomac through a channel which, while it is but eighty yards wide, is sixty-five feet in depth.

The water appeared to be of a dark green hue, and from its great depth flows so slowly that it can scarcely be seen to move at all. The surface is generally smooth and unbroken as a mirror. On the brink of the rocky walls, which are perpendicular, a few dwarf pines and cedars are growing; while here and there tufts of yellow moss are carelessly spread over the rocky surface by Nature's hand. It is generally silent there; all is seclusion—all the wildest loneliness.

There the rocky walls are of wildness rare;
And the towering cliffs are nearly bare,
Though the yellow moss is growing there.

And the stunted pines and the cedars grow
On the rugged heights; while, far below,
The dark-green waters silently flow.

There scarcely a sound is ever heard,
Save the wildest note of some lonely bird—
Of a hawk, or a crow, that may sail above,
Or the plaintive "coo" of the turtle-dove.

Or, at dead of night, when they are still,
The startling cry of the whip-poor-will;
Or the chirp of a cricket, which, free from care,
May lurk in some lonely crevice there.

During the night which followed, several shots were fired on both sides; but those of the rebels struck harmlessly against the rocks. It was prudent on our part to conceal our persons as much as possible, for to expose them to view was to run the risk of "catching it."

Next morning, an hour after sunrise, a group of us was collected near a large rock, watching for the appearance of some indiscreet rebel, when one of OUR BOYS remarked—

"I guess they are afraid to show themselves; we'll not get a shot at—"

At that moment a voice, evidently proceeding from the opposite rocky shore, was heard to call out—

"H-i-l-l-o-a!"

For a moment we were silent, and presently the call was repeated.

One of OUR BOYS, answered it with—

"Halloo!"

"Do you see me?" asked the voice.

"No," was answered.

"I see *you*," came from the other shore.

We could see no one, and were silent. The voice continued—

"Are you not afraid I'll shoot you?"

No answer.

Again the persevering voice was heard.

"If I come out and show myself to have a talk, will you shoot me?"

"No. Come out."

"Honor bright?"

"Have no fear; we are men who can act honorably, even with our enemies."

"Here I am, then," and the owner of the voice—a rebel officer—stepped boldly from a clump of cedars, and stood exposed to view on the brink of the rocky precipice beyond the channel.

All fears were now removed, and we all stepped unhesitatingly from our place of concealment, and stood upon the bare rocks, where we could be plainly seen.

"To what regiment do you belong?" asked the rebel officer, by way of opening the conversation.

"Eighth Pennsylvania Reserves," was the reply.

"What part are you from?"

"Pittsburg."

"What is your colonel's name?"

"George S. Hayes."

"Your captain's?"

"Conner."

"Well, gentlemen, I should like to establish an armistice at this point, for to-day at least; are you willing?"

"Yes—oh yes!"

"Then we will not shoot at each other to-day?"

"No. We will not violate the truce."

"Now, gentlemen, we can have a talk. Of course, we need not disclose anything of importance."

"Right, sir—may we ask what regiment you belong to?"

"Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry."

"You are one of its officers?"

"Yes, I am captain of Company "C;" my name is Andrew L. Pitner."

To repeat all the conversation that followed would be a task, indeed. The war was talked of, the soldier's life was discussed, jokes were perpetrated freely; but one little circumstance occurred, during the conversation, which made an impression on my mind that time can never efface. It was as follows:—

One of our boys held up a pack of cards, and called out—

"Do you know what this is?"

Several other rebels had, by this time, joined the officer, who acted as spokesman, and continued to carry on the conversation.

"I cannot see what it is at this distance," he replied.

"I'll tell you," said the owner.

"What?"

"The 'history of the *four kings*,'" was the significant reply.

"Oh, yes—that's—yes, I understand now—cards, I believe?"

"Yes."

"May I show you the history *I* read?" asked the rebel.

"Yes, sir, if you please."

Placing his hand to his breast, the rebel officer drew from a side pocket the most blessed of all books, a small BIBLE. Ah, what a reproach! Not that it was meant as a reproach, for it was done with the innocence and simplicity of a child; but to witness such an exhibition of superior morals in one upon whom we looked as being a rebel—an insurgent—was truly abasing. Surely, that man believed he was fighting on the right side! How I should like to know whether he is yet living! Many, on our side, who came to the rocky brink and conversed with him on that day of armistice, have passed away forever.

I do not remember who the soldier was that exhibited the pack of cards to the rebel officer; but there is one thing I *do* remember; and that is, that he felt the reproof so sensibly, that, after standing for a moment gazing vacantly upon the cards as he held them in his hand, and listlessly twisting

the corners, he threw them over the brink, and away they went, sailing and fluttering as they slowly descended to the green waters many a fathom below.

By and by one of the rebel soldiers asked:—

“If I swim over to you, will you allow me to return?”

“Yes, certainly!” was the reply.

“Then I’ll come,” said he; and, walking to a point a little further down the stream, he climbed over the precipice—it was not so steep there—to the water’s edge, doffed his clothing, and plunged in.

He was a good swimmer, and soon reached the Maryland shore. We also walked down to the point at which he was crossing, and met him at the water’s edge. A great-coat was given him to cast about his shoulders. Then the conversation was opened. He told us that they believed their cause was just—that had we been born south of the Potomac, we, too, had been enlisted in the rebel cause. He expressed his regrets that, in the course of events, Virginia must fight against Pennsylvania, her sister State. He would almost as lief fight the South Carolinians,* but he thought he was doing his duty by enlisting in the cause of his State.

Among other things, a *green-back* was shown him, upon which was the President’s likeness.

“Do you know who that man is?” was asked.

“Yes,” replied the Virginian, smiling, “and I wish he and old Jeff. Davis were obliged to come here and do picket duty along the Potomac; I don’t think the war would last long if that were the case.”

It would have been the strangest thing in the world if Winder had allowed our “secesh” friend to depart without first relating to him one of his “solemn truths;” accordingly, he began:—

“I say, partner, are you troubled any with muskeeters over your way at night?”

“Yes,” was the reply; “we can scarcely sleep for them.”

“That’s our fix,” said Winder. Then, after grinning for a moment, he continued:—

* The reader may have seen an account of this circumstance in some of the public papers, for I know it found its way to the press not long after.

"Would you believe it, sir, they troubled me so, last night, that I got some of our boys to turn a large iron kettle over me?"

"That kept them away, I suppose?"

"Not a bit of it; they still came singing around, and alighting on the kettle, they actually stuck their bills clear through it, although the iron was an inch thick."

"What did you do then?" asked the rebel, smiling.

"Oh, I just laid there, using my bayonet for a hammer and clinching their bills on the inside so that they could not get away."

"You had them nicely, then," remarked the Virginian.

"Why—yes—for a while it worked very well; but by and by I fastened so many to the kettle that they actually flew away with it."

Winder finished with a grin, and the rebel laughed heartily; soon after, he took his departure, plunged into the water again, and was soon standing on the Virginia shore, feeling fully satisfied and convinced that the "Yankees" were not the most barbarous animals in the world, after all.

Two of OUR BOYS swam over with him, and remained for half an hour on the Virginia side talking with the rebels; after which they returned *ad libitum*.

Our week passed rapidly away. On the evening of the following Monday, the Eleventh regiment arrived at the Falls and relieved us. It was dark by the time this was accomplished, and we were informed that we would not start for Tenallytown till morning. I was about to lie down in a corner of the apartment we occupied, when Winder, carrying his knapsack in his hand, approached me and said—

"It's so confounded *cold*, in here, let us go out under one of those sheds and sleep."

"I think I will," I replied; for I was beginning to feel most forcibly the oppressive heat within the building where so many were sleeping. Of course it was hot, for didn't Winder say it was *cold*?

I gathered my effects together and accompanied him to the shed. We lay down together beneath it, and were soon

oblivious to all events, save such as ever and anon flitted across the dreamy imagination.

We had no means of knowing how long we had slept, when aroused by some one standing over and shaking us alternately, as though we were anything but eggs.

"Boys! boys! I say, boys!" he called; and I wondered how *he* knew that we were boys there in the dark. We might have been *officers* for all he knew to the contrary.

"What's up?" I asked.

"*You* ought to be up," he replied.

"Why?"

"What regiment do you belong to?"

"Our regiment—the Eighth, you know."

"Why, that's gone long ago."

"What?"

"The Eighth left at nine o'clock."

"And what time is it now?"

"Two."

"Why, our orders were to be ready to start in the morning."

"Yes, but your colonel concluded that in order to avoid the heat of the day he would march to Tenallytown to-night."

"Then you belong to the Eleventh?"

"Yes."

The speaker, who was an officer of the Eleventh, left us, and we held a consultation, the question at issue being, whether we should arise and go at once, or sleep on and wait for morning? After some deliberation we came to the same wise conclusion that Colonel Hayes did with regard to the regiment, viz., that by going at once we would avoid the heat of the coming day.

We packed our knapsacks, buckled on our accoutrements, and started upon the lone, solitary road leading to Tenallytown. The regiment we were told had taken the old road, and not the one by the river. This lay fully two miles up, but there was at this point a by-road leading to it. We ascended the high river hill and saw, to our delight, the full moon just peeping from behind the eastern horizon. It was soon high in the unclouded heavens, and shining brightly. When

about half-way to the main road, we were challenged by a sentry who, with a sabre in his hand, was slowly walking his beat by a small encampment. We had not the counter-sign, but telling him who we were and how we came to be left behind, he was satisfied. He informed us that he belonged to a battery which had arrived early in the night, and asked a series of questions relative to what we had seen during our stay at the Falls. Here, then, was an opportunity for Winder, and he began—

“You’ll be apt to have some fun with that battery of yours.”

“Why?” asked the artilleryman.

“Because the rebels on the other side of the river are just preparing to open out with eighty guns.”

“Now, you don’t mean it?”

“Yes, I do. No doubt they will begin to-morrow.”

“But how did you find out about them?”

“Me? Didn’t I see them?”

“What! Did you?”

“Yes; I swam over there last night. Colonel Hayes found out that I was a good swimmer, and he sent me over as a spy. It was a long swim.

“Why? How wide is the river down there?”

“Haven’t you been down, yet?”

“No.”

“Well, it’s only a mile and a half.”

“And did you see all those guns?”

“Yes.”

“What size are they?”

“Why, the smallest I saw were about as big as that one there,” said Winder, pointing to a brass twelve-pounder which stood near, bravely glittering in the moonlight.

“Then some were larger, I suppose?”

“Yes, they had a few that I might crawl into comfortably.”

“Merciful Moses! Won’t we have a time?”

“That you will.”

“All right; I want to try my hand,” said the artilleryman; and he really seemed to wish for a fight with the rebels.

“Come on, Dave, let us go,” said I, to Winder; for he was

beginning to tell another, and I knew that if let alone, he would *stand* there and *lie* all night.

We walked on.

Just as the moonlit horizon of the east was melting into the clearer light of day, we plodded into camp, having passed the pickets without difficulty. We felt weary, and at once lay down to rest.

About this time we received an additional number of tents, so that, thereafter, only five men were to occupy each one. Somebody must leave our tent; much against the wishes of Scott and Mitchel, I consented to go. I was earnestly solicited by Corporal Dee to come into the one he was in. I did so, and now found myself in a new mess, consisting of Corporal Dee, Dave Hazen, Tom Fenster, and—Mr. David Cease, the gentleman from the mountains, who saw that shell strike a man in the stomach far over in Virginia; and the same who had the fight with Galvesti. By the way, the latter gentleman had now left the tent and gone into another.

There was nothing very remarkable about the first three named of my mess; but there *was* about Cease. He excelled Winder in the art of lying. This looks incredible, but it is true; for Winder did once, in an unguarded moment, actually speak the truth; but it is confidently asserted of Mr. Cease, by all who know him, that he never so far forgot himself.

CHAPTER X.

V I R G I N I A .

ABOUT this time our much-esteemed second lieutenant, Robert Clarke, was commissioned second lieutenant in Captain Tidball's battery, in the regular army, and left us. While sorry to lose him, we yet rejoiced at his good fortune.

It now began to be evident that we must soon cross the

Potomac, and take up our abode in Virginia. Every day marching orders were issued for the day following; but were as often countermanded. September wore away. We were destined to go on picket once more in Maryland, and, as usual, had a nice time of it; but nothing worthy of note transpired. On returning to camp, we learned that our division was now divided into three brigades. The first brigade—it consisted of the First, Second, Fifth, and Eighth regiments—was commanded by General John F. Reynolds;* the second, General George G. Meade;† the third, by General E. O. C. Ord.‡ General George A. McCall, as I have previously stated, commanded the division.

After returning from picket, we had just “broken ranks,” when Captain Conner approached me, and said:—

“After you have laid aside your accoutrements, report yourself to me at my quarters.”

“I will,” I replied; and wondered what he wanted with me.

After divesting myself of a few trifling encumbrances, viz., knapsack, haversack, canteen, cartridge-box, belt, bayonet-scabard, and musket, I repaired to the captain’s quarters. He then explained:—

“Our company has been called upon to furnish an orderly for General Reynolds, who commands our brigade—we are in the First—if you wish, you may try it.”

“Orderly?”

“Yes.”

“That’s—that is—what is that?”

“A man to carry dispatches or orders to the several regiments—it is easy work.”

“Well, I’ll try it.”

“Then you may go over to his quarters, those tents on the hill across yonder, and report yourself to Captain Kingsbury, aide-de-camp.”

* Afterward promoted to major-general, and killed at the battle of Gettysburg.

† Subsequently commander of the Army of the Potomac.

‡ The “hero of Drainesville;” since promoted to major-general, and appointed to a command in the Western Army.

"Thank you;" and I walked over to the tents pointed out to me by Captain Conner.

"I found Captain Kingsbury in one of them; but the general was absent. Captain K. informed me that my duty would be to carry orders, written or verbal, to any of the regiments of the brigade.

Several times, during the day, I was sent out in this way, but did not know whether to like it or not. One of OUR BOYS who had once been in the regular service, told me that it was considered a slight honor to be orderly for a general; but for the life of me I couldn't see it. To sit or stand all the time within hearing of the voice of the general or his aid, and to start at the word, "ORDERLY!" didn't exactly suit my disposition.

Although about the beginning of October, the day was extremely hot and sultry. As evening came on, huge, inky clouds began to make their appearance above the north-western horizon, banking up and rolling over one another. No breeze stirred; the leaves and the branches of the trees hung motionless. Surely we would have a storm. I was standing just without the general's tent, gazing abstractedly upon the mountains of clouds which were boiling up, as it were, in the northwest, when a low, mumbling noise was borne to my ears, followed by a moaning sound. Suddenly the branches of a pine-tree above my head stirred slightly, and a breeze that felt almost hot touched my cheek as it crept by. By and by the clouds came nearer, and the forked lightning could be seen making paths across them; the thunder began to be more distinctly heard, and the breeze, at first slight, became a gale.

The light of day began to give place to the gloom of night; and the heavy clouds made the darkness thick, except when, at intervals, vivid flashes of lightning held everything out most glaringly to view. The gale swelled into a perfect storm; the thunder began to roll savagely; the heavy clouds were approaching, crowding and thronging together as though the heavens were too small a place to accommodate them. On they came. A terrific clap of thunder followed; a brilliant flash of lightning vibrated on the air and shook

the earth; then a few heavy drops of rain came pattering down, and presently a large hailstone struck the vizor of my cap with a startling "click;" and I took shelter beneath the ample canvas of General Reynolds' tent. The storm now burst forth in all its terrible grandeur. The rain no longer dropped or poured, but came down with a continuous splash; myriads of hailstones came rattling upon the canvas of the tent; the angry lightnings kept the earth lighted up with one continual glare; the thunders maintained an incessant roar that made the earth tremble; the raging winds threatened to tear everything from the earth—root and branch. I began to feel alarmed for the stability of the tent which sheltered me. It flapped ominously in the wind; it swayed to and fro. Here a pin was torn from the ground; while there a cord was snapped. Certainly it was going to go. At last the entire side facing the storm was torn from the ground; the wind puffed in and filled the tent, and it began to rise. I clung to it with a desperation rarely equalled. But away it went, lifting me ten feet into the air. In fact, it was beginning to fly off with me, when, letting go, down I came to the ground, alighting horizontally in a bed of water and hail that was four inches deep. Then the hail went to beating me: slap! slap! crack! crack! bat! bat! It seemed to me that the hailstones were all falling right where I fell. I sprang up, and discovered that my cap had come off my head; and a score of hailstones, about the size, and with something of the impetuosity of grape-shot, came beating about my ears. I was almost stunned—bewildered; the lightning blinded me. I stooped to look for my cap, I couldn't *look*, but, feeling for it, my hand touched the rim. How fortunate! I wondered that it had not been blown away. I hastily picked the article up, and placed it on my head, with a quart of water inside. But where now should I go? I set my wits to work. Oh, yes! There was another of the general's tents still standing, in which he kept his papers. With much difficulty I succeeded in finding my way thither. I rushed in, more dead than alive, and found Captain Kingsbury already there.

"Thunderation!" I breathlessly exclaimed. It was very

appropriate, too, for at that moment a terrific clap of thunder pealed forth as though it were in the very tent, and a tree standing ten or fifteen paces off was shivered to splinters.

The storm raged fearfully for an hour, then rolled away toward the southeast, leaving the ground coated with hail to the thickness of three or four inches. The clouds floated slowly away; the stars one by one peeped out; the air became cool, and the night turned out clear and pleasant.

General Reynolds soon rode up, gave his horse into the care of a darkey, and entered the tent. He was somewhat above the medium height, well-formed, but rather slight in build—had a stern face with black whiskers and moustaches, from which a set of beautiful white teeth now and then peeped forth—black hair, and dark, piercing, penetrating eyes. His look and manner denoted uncommon coolness, and he spoke not unpleasantly. His countenance was one not likely to encourage familiarity; his age, perhaps, thirty-eight.

At ten o'clock he told me that I was at liberty to go to my quarters; but that I must report next morning at eight. On reaching the camp of the regiment, I found about one-half the tents *non est*, in fact, *gone up*. Fortunately, my own had stood firm, and I at once entered, wet and cold as I was, and was soon asleep, dreaming of being thrown into the Atlantic Ocean, near the middle, with liberty to swim either to Europe or America as I might choose.

Next day I was sent about seven times to each regiment in the brigade, and about four times with documents to division head-quarters, which, being reckoned up, amounts to thirty-two little journeys. I got off at nine o'clock on that evening, and on arriving in our camp the captain asked me how I liked it "over there." I replied that I liked "over there" very well, but that I wasn't there a minute at a time without being sent elsewhere, which was peculiarly unpleasant. He then informed me that, if I desired, he would, the next morning, send another in my stead, for which I thanked him, and thus ended my experience as a "general's orderly."

The first week of October had passed away, and we were standing in groups in our company street one evening dis-

cussing the prospects of receiving marching orders, when Captain Conner made his appearance and said—

“Boys, pack up, and strike your tents.”

MARCHING ORDERS! MARCHING ORDERS!” was shouted on all sides; and we did pack up, and strike our tents with remarkable alacrity.

Soon the bugle sounded the welcome call of the “assembly,” and the cry of “Fall in!” was reiterated on all sides. We marched over the Chain Bridge, and at last were in VIRGINIA.

We halted and bivouacked for the night about four miles out on the Georgetown and Leesburg turnpike. Early the following morning we moved on a mile further, then filed off the road into a clover-field on the right, and encamped. Having pitched our tents, we proceeded to scour the surrounding country to see what we could find in the way of beans, potatoes, fruit, etc. The houses were all deserted; the inhabitants having fled upon our approach, leaving furniture and all, fearing, no doubt, that were they to remain, we would eat them alive, as a matter of course—Yankees that we were.

CHAPTER XI.

CAMP PIERPONT.

EARLY on the following morning, before the dawn of day, we were aroused to go on picket; it was Sunday morning, too. We marched a mile and a half from camp, by the pike, and halted; having gained the summit of a long range of hills running at right angles with the pike. The river, which ran parallel with the pike, was about a mile from it. Upon this range of hills our picket line was established—the right resting upon the Potomac, and the left connecting with the pickets of General Smith’s division. We were not distributed

in squads, as was our wont in Maryland, but each company was divided into three reliefs, as in camp guard, and a certain space was allotted to it.

As soon as the first relief was posted, we proceeded to do our butchering, that is, to collect what stray sheep, hogs or cattle might chance to lurk in that vicinity, and appropriate them to our own use. This was, perhaps, rather arbitrary, but it could not be helped, for as the owners had fled to secessiondom, it was impossible for us to ask their permission to deal thus summarily with their unfortunate animals. I am sure the reader will not censure us for butchering on the Sabbath, for had we not secured the valuable steaks, hams, mutton, etc., somebody else would before the morrow.

George Wagner, my ex-messmate, was a butcher by trade, and he superintended the proceeding; it was done aright, you may depend. We had just strung up the sixth hapless animal, in our business-like way, when a body of mounted men was seen on the right moving toward us. Evidently some general, accompanied by his staff, was approaching us. Horror! it would never do for him, whoever it might be, to see what kind of work was going on. So we hurriedly took down the bodies of the animals, piled them up in a fence-corner, and covered them with straw taken from a neighboring barn. We had but carried out this nice little arrangement, when the head of the approaching cavalcade passed by. Who should it be riding in advance but General McClellan, accompanied by General McCall. A number of staff officers and a small squad of cavalry followed them, "Little Mac" returning the salute of each sentinel, in a pleasant way, and without seeming to deem it a condescension; now and then halting for a moment to give a passing word of instruction.

The day wore away, and, although it was supposed that the rebels were near, and they certainly were, we were not disturbed. Night came. I went on post at ten o'clock, and was relieved at twelve. Then I wrapped my blanket around me and lay down for the purpose of sleeping from that time till four in the morning, when I should go on post again. It appeared to me that I had barely closed my eyes, when I was aroused by one of the sergeants with—

"Come, get up, Second Relief!—I don't see how you can sleep in all this rain."

"In what?" I asked in surprise, scarcely knowing where I was; and I removed my blanket and found that it was raining decently, and that I was wet to the skin. It was a cold rain, too."

"How long has it been raining?" I asked.

"Three hours," replied Sergeant Cue, for it was he.

"Three hours; is it possible?"

"Not only possible, but probable; not only probable, but very certain."

I arose, feeling anything but comfortable, and was soon on post. A stiff, cool breeze was blowing, and it caused me to shiver not a little. But—would you believe it—I felt perfectly content. I felt that the hardships attending the life of a soldier had now actually begun, and took pride in the thought that I was permitted to suffer for my country.

When morning came, we returned. Our new camp was called "Camp Pierpont," and was situated near the village of Langley. A stream of water wound its way adown a gentle valley near its location, and as there were no springs at hand, we used the pure water from the "bubbling brook." Several days had elapsed, when we observed that the water of the stream, though at first clear and transparent, became rather whitish—began to put on a milky appearance. We paid no attention to it, however, supposing it to be a peculiarity belonging to the streams of benighted Virginia. We continued to use the water for a week before we discovered the true cause. Then it came with a startling vengeance. It was simply that the boys of a regiment encamped further up the stream had been all this time industriously *washing their garments* in it, using a superior quality of rosin soap; hence that milky appearance. I need not say that springs came into immediate use, notwithstanding their non-proximity.

About this time an election was held for second lieutenant, made vacant by the transfer of Lieutenant Clark to the regular army. Sol. Krepps, our first-sergeant, was elected.

One day, not long after our going into camp, an order was issued to have a "brigade drill." We were to be drilled by

our Brigadier-General Reynolds, and were to wear our knapsacks, containing, at least, our blankets. This was done that we might become accustomed to wearing them by the time we should engage in active operations.

Now, for the life of me, I couldn't just see it in the right light; I thought it would be time enough for this extra weight when necessity should require it. But it wouldn't do to disobey orders, so I packed a quantity of straw in mine, which made it very light, indeed, scarcely heavier than the same bulk of nothing.

As I packed my knapsack an hour before drill-time, I laid it down within my tent and walked out. Corporal Dee, who had observed the operation, thought that a better opportunity for perpetrating a practical joke is not in the habit of presenting itself to mortals. Accordingly, procuring a stone weighing six pounds and five ounces, he slipped it in among the straw. When the call was sounded to fall in, I hurriedly buckled on my knapsack, without noticing the generous addition to its weight. But I must say that, during the drill which followed, I *thought* for mere straw it pulled rather heavily upon my shoulders. At length General Reynolds came, and for an hour we were carefully instructed in various manœuvres, many of which were new to us. The colonels of the several regiments were also instructed on many points.

As we had brought with us, according to orders, twenty rounds blank cartridge, in our cartridge-boxes, we were arranged in line of battle, before leaving the field, to try our hand at firing. This was pretty well done by all hands. First we fired by brigade, then by battalion, then by division, then by company, then by platoon, then by rank, then by file. This done, General Reynolds informed the colonels that the drill was at an end, and, accompanied by his staff, he rode from the field. The First, Second, and Fifth regiments were marched off at once by their colonels, but Colonel Hayes thought he would keep his regiment in the field for a short time, for he had taken a fancy to that firing, and wanted to try it again—to give *his* regiment an additional lesson. No sooner had the other regiments left, than we were ordered to load. Then the colonel commanded—

“Battalion—ready—aim—FIRE!”

Bang! went all our muskets in one volley.

The colonel’s horse started slightly, but was quiet in a moment. The colonel proceeded—

“Battalion, load at will—*load!*!”

A rattling and singing of rammers followed. He then resumed—

“Battalion, fire by file—commence firing!”

All who have ever been in the field are aware of the tremendous and prolonged rattle caused by “firing by file.” At first, the colonel’s horse started. As the firing continued the horse began to rear and plunge, as only a horse knows how, to the great discomfiture of the rider, who with difficulty maintained his seat:

“*Cease—firing!*” he shouted.

No attention was paid him. The deafening rattle of musketry continued.

“CEASE—FIRING!” he screamed.

He was not heard; he was in rear of us, and was not even seen. The frightened horse started to run; the colonel endeavored to keep his head toward us. Then a struggle commenced. I looked around about this time, and beheld a sight which I shall never forget. The terrified horse was standing perfectly upright, executing the most fearful leaps, one after another; while poor Colonel Hayes was clinging on by mane and rein, with truly Spartan-like tenacity. Ever and anon, as he could spare one of his hands, he would wave it wildly toward us, still shrieking:—

“CEASE FIRING!”

At length the line officers ordered us to “cease firing,” and the colonel rode up, almost breathless, and exclaimed:—

“Why, you are a d—d set of fellows!”

We doubted it, but did not say so; and the colonel, having had quite enough of the firing, set about marching us to camp. It so happened that about one-half the muskets of the regiment still contained a charge, as we had been abruptly stopped right in the midst of a glorious “blazing away.” We had but right-faced, and were marching toward camp,

when one of our boys thought it would be no harm to let his musket off; so, bang! it went.

"Stop that firing," said the colonel, turning in his saddle; for it made his horse restive.

He had but turned away, when bang! went another musket. The colonel's horse became somewhat angry, and the colonel himself far more so; he turned and broke out:—

"D—n it to h—ll! Stop that infernal firing!"

He rode on again, but the next moment, bang! went another piece. The colonel turned his horse about, and rode impetuously toward the left of the regiment from whence the shot proceeded.

"Who was that?" he demanded.

Bang! went another musket; this time near the right. The colonel turned about, rode rapidly thither, and, with an oath commonly called a "sweetener," roared out peremptorily:—

"Who the h—ll fired that gun?"

Bang! again, this time near the centre. Colonel Hayes turned in that direction, when bang! went one immediately behind him. He again turned him about—his face livid with vexation and rage—but had barely done so, when bang! bang! bang! crack! crack! bang! went half-a-dozen, toward the left and centre.

The colonel became so fierce that a reaction took place; and, with a calmness that was awful, he commanded:—

"Battalion, *halt!*"

The regiment—it had been moving during all this time—halted.

The colonel then faced the men, and commanded:—

"Front!"

We faced to the front.

"Centre—*dress!*" continued the colonel.

We soon formed a line.

"Order—*arms!*" he went on.

Our muskets came solidly down upon the ground.

"Parade—*rest!*"

We stood at a "parade-rest."

The colonel then rode directly opposite the centre, stood

straight up in his stirrups, lifted his right hand solemnly above his head, and in a slow measured tone, said:—

“Eighth Regiment, Pennsylvania Reserves, I swear by all that’s terrible, that if another musket is discharged, I’ll place every officer in the regiment under arrest and keep them so till I discover the offender; and when I *do* discover him—d—n him—I’ll put him into the guard-house for six months—a ball-and-chain to each ankle—his hands tied behind him—a three-inch gag in his mouth! *Mark that!*—Attention, battalion!—Shoulder—*arms!* Right—*face!* Forward—*march!*”

It is needless to say that we reached camp without further interruption.

I found myself alone in my tent, my messmates having all gone out, when I began to unpack my knapsack and to remove the straw. Imagine my surprise when that delicate stone placed in it by Corporal Dee presented itself to my view.

“Ah,” I exclaimed; “no wonder I thought it rather heavy; I see it all, now!”

I did not know who was the perpetrator of the joke, but saw plainly that a trick had been practised upon me, and resolved to find out the guilty party. I quickly removed the stone, carried it away, and procured a brick, which I placed in its stead. By and by my messmates were all assembled within the tent, when, pretending to read for a short time, I at last feigned to be tired, laid the paper down, yawned, rubbed my eyes, and carelessly said—

“I guess it’s time I was unpacking my knapsack; I do believe, boys, that this straw felt as heavy as my blanket would had I carried it.”

I then loosed the straps and emptied out the straw, displaying—not a stone, but a common brick. The desired end was gained, for Corporal Dee—and his eyes seemed about to spring from his head, so great was his surprise—unwittingly exclaimed—

“Why, I put—I didn’t put *that*—I—I— it was—a—”

“Exactly,” said I, with a coolness that astonished him. ‘so it was *you* who put that stone into my knapsack?’”

Corporal Dee saw that he had exposed himself, and his confusion was so great that he could not even stammer out a reply, but sat on his knapsack, gazing steadfastly upon the straw at his feet, as though he momentarily expected to see a rat make its appearance.

"No matter, corporal," said I, "no harm done—it was a good trick, but after all I think I played the best trick on *you*."

To this he assented, as did the others, for they perceived the plan I had adopted for discovering the perpetrator of the deed.

A few evenings after this, a little after roll-call, I was about to retire, when Juggie came rushing into my tent with an impetuosity that was alarming.

"What's the matter, Juggie?" I asked.

"Why," he exclaimed, with energy, "I won't stay in that tent with them fellers any more, by gosh! I'll lay out first."

"What *fellers*?" I asked, adopting Juggie's beautiful phraseology.

"The fellers I mess with. Won't you trade with me? You go into that tent, and I'll come in this—oh, do! I'll give you half a dollar!

This was a very tempting offer.

"Whom do you mess with?" I quietly asked.

"Dick Shaw, and George Ort, and Haman Jeffries, and that cussed little Enos Strawn—oh, I do hate *him*! If he wasn't so little, I'd pound the d——l out of him!"

"What appears to be the difficulty between you and your messmates?" I asked.

"Oh, they're all the time borin' me about that chap a throwin' me in Camp Tenally."

"Indeed," said I, "now that's very wrong of them, for they know that *you* couldn't help it—it wasn't *your* fault."

"Ye—ye—y— but say, won't you trade?"

"I don't know, Juggie; wait till morning; I can tell you better after I have consulted my knapsack."*

* When one wishes a night to consider any question, he says he will consult his pillow, so as I used my knapsack for this purpose, I "consulted my knapsack."

"Well, I'll try and stick it out another night; but I won't stay any longer, that's swore to," said Juggie.

On the following morning I visited his tent, and inquired whether it would be agreeable to all hands, were I to take Juggie's place.

"Yes," exclaimed Dick Shaw, "do trade with him, for he is a nuisance."

"By all means!" exclaimed Enos Strawn.

"Certainly!" coincided Haman Jeffries.

"Yes, indeed!" agreed George Ort.

"All right, then, Juggie," said I; "I'll trade."

"Will you? Good! Here, I'll give you the half-dollar!"

"Never mind, Juggie, I don't want your money. I think I am making a good trade of it."

And I *was* making a good exchange. Dick Shaw and George Ort were splendid young fellows of respectively twenty-two and twenty, and just the best natured of boys; Haman I have already described; also Enos Strawn, one of the "Perry Boys." It is true the latter was no very desirable acquaintance; but still inoffensive. But Haman, and Dick, and George were, indeed, unexceptionable.

Of course it would have been very unreasonable for us to be long in our new camp before some little row should occur among us. Accordingly, on the very morning of my changing my quarters, Dave Adams, one of OUR BOYS, whose age was forty, and Will Haddock managed, with surprising facility, to disagree on some trifling point, and an argument occurred, which resulted in Dave's applying the delicate term *liar* to Haddock. He had scarcely articulated the slippery word, when Haddock applied his fist to the side of his head in a manner anything *but delicate*. Then they had it—crack! slap! smack! After dotting each other's eyes in a literary style, neither gaining a *point*, one seized a club about as large as a man's leg, and the other seized an axe; and they were about to open hostilities on a larger scale, when they were seized and held by friendly interposers.

"Let me at him!" cried Haddock, who had the club.

"Hold him till I kill him!" yelled Adams, whose weapon was an axe.

But as Haddock was not let at Dave, nor held for Dave to kill, they cooled down, and soon proceeded to discuss breakfast in the usual manner.

George Wagner's tent chanced to be pitched immediately by that of Sergeant Zee. After breakfast on the morning in question, George was engaged in making some little improvement on the ditch around his tent; and during the operation he managed, either accidentally or carelessly, to place a quantity of the soil of Virginia in too friendly proximity with Sergeant Zee's tent. The latter emerged therefrom and suggested the propriety of having the dirt removed. George did not manifest any inclination to do this, remarking that there was no hurry about it; and worked away at his drain.

"But there *is* hurry," said Sergeant Zee, emphatically.

"But there isn't," persisted George.

"Now, by thunder," said the sergeant, decidedly, "you've just got to take that dirt away."

"Why—who'll make me?" asked George, stopping in the midst of his work and leaning on his spade, awaiting the reply.

"*I* will!"

"*You?*"

"Yes—*ME!*"

"I'd like to see you."

"You *will* see me, if you don't take that dirt away, and *that soon.*"

"*You'll* play thunder," sneered Wagner; "*You! YOU!* You think, because you wear two or three stripes on your arm, that you can—"

Smack! he got it, right below the left eye. It staggered him a little, but, being a stout fellow, he pitched into Sergeant Zee with great energy. For a moment they stood blazing away at each other's countenances, to the evident damage of the ornaments belonging thereto; but, becoming more fierce, they clinched, when there was a desperate struggle for a

moment, and down they went, all in a heap—George uppermost.

"Now I'll give it to you!" he exclaimed, with savage delight.

"No, you won't!" exclaimed Sergeant Zee, who evidently did not feel inclined to "take it."

He then made spasmodic efforts to whirl his more powerful antagonist under, but it was no go; George stubbornly maintained his horizontal position. There was then much in the way of scratching, biting, pinching, pulling hair, and swearing going on. A number of OUR BOYS presently interfered, and succeeded in thrusting the twain apart, with some difficulty, too, for they clung together most tenaciously.

"Let me at him!" cried Sergeant Zee.

"Let *me* at *him*!" shouted Wagner.

"Another minute, and I'd a finished him!" screamed the sergeant.

"You hadn't commenced on me!" shrieked George.

"I *had*! I was just getting you—"

"It's a lie! I was just getting *you* in a fair way."

"You wasn't!"

"I was! Oh, if they had only left us bin another second, I'd a knocked daylight's out of you!"

"I'd like to see you—oh, *do* let me at him!"

"Hush!" said one of the boys; "yonder is Colonel Hayes.

"I don't care for Colonel Hayes, nor any other man," shouted Sergeant Zee.

"I don't neither!" vociferated Wagner, who thought *he* ought to be saying something.

Then they carried on a war of words which it would be tiresome to repeat, winding up, at last, by promising to procure each other's "heart's blood."

But, dear me, it was not a week till they were friendly as ever—in fact, more so; for each having discovered that the other would fight, it inspired them with a feeling of mutual respect.

That same evening I went on guard. It was about the first of November. We had been expecting a brush with the rebels ever since our arrival at this place. In fact, there

was a standing order requiring us to be ready at any moment the "long roll" might be sounded, to turn out in fighting trim.

The night wore away. Being on the second relief, I went on post at six, was relieved at eight—went on again at twelve, and was relieved at two. With the rest, I was permitted to go to my quarters, with strict injunctions to report at six. Near this hour I was emerging from my tent, musket in hand, and was about to proceed to the gate, when the startling sound of the *long roll* broke upon the sharp morning air.

"Confound it if I go to the gate," I exclaimed; and seeing the boys begin to pack their knapsacks and haversacks, and fall into line, I followed their example. I was soon very unexpectedly relieved from all anxiety relative to reporting, for Juggie happened to have a sore foot, and as he could not march with the regiment, the captain ordered him to the gate in my place.

The regiment stood in line on the parade ground. The light of day was just asserting its superiority over the fast retiring darkness of the night. The wind was blowing briskly, and clouds were flying hither and thither in the most disorderly manner.

"Look! What's that?" exclaimed one of OUR BOYS, pointing toward Georgetown, at some object in the sky.

We all cast our eyes in that direction, and saw a balloon mounting up into the clouded heavens. It was plain that its moorings had given away, and it was now bearing its unfortunate passengers—

"Above the clouds."*

At length, we filed out of camp and took our position in the brigade, the brigade in the division; and the whole, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, was soon in motion. We took

* The reader may remember reading of this circumstance. It was during a balloon reconnoissance, about the beginning of November, 1861, that some of the cords which held it at a proper height gave way, and the balloon, being disengaged from the earth, darted suddenly upward, and disappeared among the clouds with its terrified passenger. Conflicting rumors were soon afloat as to whether the man's fate was ever ascertained.

the Leesburg pike, and marched slowly forward; skirmishers were sent out on all sides as we advanced, and scouts were sent in advance. Thus we marched, without interruption, till we reached Drainesville; a village consisting (or did then) of a small grocery store, a dwelling house—two families occupy it—and a blacksmith shop. A corpulent woman was standing on the piazza, while a short, stout, green-looking man in his shirt-sleeves was leaning against the closed door of the grocery establishment.

"I say, old fellow, how far is it to the rebs?" asked one of OUR BOYS; for we halted here for a few minutes.

"You'll find 'em soon enough," retorted the Drainesvillian.

"Arn't you afraid of us Yankees?" was asked.

"No, not a d—d bit," he replied; and he stood there and grinned as though he *wasn't* afraid.

"Well, you needn't be, for we wouldn't hurt a poor innocent feller like you," said Jim Smith.

"It's very kind of you," said he, sneeringly.

"We're kind folks—we Yankees," said one of OUR BOYS.

The division now moved forward again for three or four miles, when we again halted, filed off the road into a field, stacked arms in line of battle, and threw out our pickets. Several hours passed away, and darkness came on, when an officer rode toward us with great speed, shouting, "Get ready to move, boys, as quickly as possible."

Then he sought General McCall, and hurriedly said:—

"General, this will never do! You have come too far! You are liable to be cut off by the rebels, who can easily come from Centreville, in force, and intercept you at Drainesville. You should not have passed that place—get your division in motion, and hasten back."

The officer, I believe, was from General McClellan's staff.

We were soon returning toward Drainesville; there we took a favorable position, threw out our pickets, and lay down to rest, for we were weary. We enjoyed undisturbed repose till morning. As there were no indications of moving soon, we began to wander forth, one by one, two by two, or group by group, in quest of what we termed "forage." Ere

long, the wood in which we bivouacked was alive with chickens, turkeys, pigs, calves, and sheep. It was on this memorable occasion that some of our fellows killed and butchered a cow belonging to a farmer who lived in the neighborhood, and actually *sold him the hide* for a dollar. *He* didn't know, at the time, that he was purchasing his own property. No, poor fellow! he little imagined that he was buying the hide of his own departed cow.

On the occasion in question, George Wagner, our practical butcher, had just administered the *coup-de-grace* to a fine ox, when General Reynolds suddenly appeared. Perceiving what was going on, he broke out:—

“Why, what the d—l—how is this?”

No one spoke; the general, no doubt, saw plainly enough “how it was.”

Captain Conner, who had been asleep, and was not cognizant of the morning's proceedings, awoke at this moment, and General Reynolds asked:—

“Are these your men, captain?”

“Yes, sir, but—I—”

“Very well—consider yourself under arrest.”

“But, general, I—”

“You are under arrest, sir.”

“But—”

“No more, sir; you are under arrest, and you will lay your sword aside as soon as you reach camp.”

And the general rode away in sore displeasure.

The day wore away, and night found us still in that wood, arms stacked, enjoying our beef, mutton, and poultry. Morning came, but the rebels didn't; and we were ordered to fall in, and take our way toward Camp Pierpont; which we reached at three o'clock that afternoon.

That same night Lieutenant Jacobs was somewhat startled by some one thrusting aside the curtains of the tent, and introducing a face; it was Major Clark's. That individual peered cautiously in, looked very mysterious, and said:—

“Lieutenant!”

“What is it, major?”

“Come out here—mind, be quiet about it.”

Clark spoke scarcely above a whisper.

"What's up, major?" asked the lieutenant.

"Not too loud," cautioned the major.

The curiosity of the former was now thoroughly aroused. He had already removed his unmentionables, preparatory to retiring; but he replaced them with some dispatch. Then he donned his coat and cap, walked quietly out and joined the major.

"What in the world is the matter?" he asked, in a whisper.

"—sh— come with me," was the cautious reply; and he led the way toward *his* tent—Jacobs following, all curiosity.

What could it mean? The hour was a late one; the night was dark; not a star was to be seen, while a cold wind was singing as 'twere some mournful requiem among the tall trees.

They arrived at the tent of the major, then stopped.

"Lieutenant," said he, in a low, solemn, impressive tone, "wait here one moment; and, as you value your life and mine, *make no noise.*"

Then he quietly, cautiously entered his tent. Oh, what awful mystery was about to be revealed? Five minutes passed away, and the major came not out. Half an hour actually crept by.

"What *does* this mean?" began Lieutenant Jacobs—"ah, what's that?"

Sure enough, what was it? Some sound proceeding from within attracted his attention. And *what* sound was it? Simply a terrible sneezing! 'Twas Major Clark. Yes, he had gone into his tent, laid down, and was now sleeping in perfect indifference to all without. And there had stood his lieutenant for nearly an hour, keeping watch over his drunken slumbers.

Wishing Major Clark in China, Jacobs returned to his own tent, felt his way into it, in the darkness, and began to undress for bed. Now, Captain Conner, who slept in there, had made his bed upon the floor, and was lying, snoring away, upon his back. The lieutenant, while poised upon one leg, lost his balance, and fell upon the captain's stomach.

"Oh—oh—ah—excuse me! I beg pardon, captain Dear me! I wouldn't for the world—oh, bless me!—my

gracious goodness!—excuse me—I hope you are not hurt—oh, dear!”

The captain, although his breath was nearly knocked out of him, was yet so amused at the confused and promiscuous words of apology, uttered by the lieutenant, that he laughed the affair off; and he laughed still more when the lieutenant related how *he* had been bamboozled by Major Clark.

CHAPTER XII.

W I N T E R Q U A R T E R S .

As November was wearing slowly away, and as there were no indications of a grand movement of the army, it began to be our policy to erect winter quarters; for to dwell in tents, without fire, too, during the frosts and snows of winter, was no very delightful prospect. Just across the *soapy* stream, which I have mentioned, was an extensive wood—almost a forest. Having obtained permission of General Reynolds to build quarters in the wood, and to remove thither, we at once set about erecting rustic habitations, arranging them in the usual form of an encampment.

The huts we built were eight by ten feet in dimensions; we built them of small logs, to the height of four or five feet, and pitched our tents upon the top of the walls, for coverings. A fire-place and chimney adorned a corner of each building, imparting a cheerful, domestic appearance. Such were our castles. When they were completed, we moved into them without delay. We now concluded to do our own cooking, as our fire-places presented every facility; and we discharged our sable employees, Goens, Fairfax, and Robert Daffy, and they were employed by our company officers.

Once fairly settled and established in our winter quarters,

we began to resort to all manner of games, mental and gymnastic, for amusement.

In camp, a man who would not steal from a peddler or sutler is looked upon, by the soldiers in general, as being very low, indeed. Any soldier who could have the moral courage to openly avow his principles as being averse to stealing from sutlers, would be ridiculed—nay, he would be looked down upon by his brothers-in-arms, with a contempt that might be termed sublime!

It is not to be supposed that our excellent friend, Dave Winder, would so debase *himself* as to refrain from such noble deeds as robbing sutlers and peddlers. Well, a short time after we took possession of our winter quarters, a wagon entered camp, laden with small sheet-iron stoves; stoves that were peculiarly adapted to our huts. A crowd soon collected about the wagon, some intending to purchase, some to steal. Mr. David Winder, the most prominent among the latter class, made his way through the crowd to the wagon, and putting on his most pleasant grin, said to the dealer in stoves—

“Partner, you had better watch those fellows at the front part of your wagon; I know one or two there, that wouldn’t be a bit too nice to hook one of your stoves.”

“Ah! I’ll watch! Thank you! I’m glad you told me,” said the vender of stoves; and he crawled over the stoves to the front of his wagon—it was a covered wagon—and secured a curtain there, so that it would be impossible for any one to extract a stove without attracting his attention.

While thus engaged, Winder gently lifted a stove from the hinder part of the wagon, and conveyed it to his quarters. The owner did not miss it, but proceeded to sell his merchandise as fast as he could handle it.

When Winder arrived at his hut with his prize, he made the startling discovery that he had entirely forgotten to steal a pipe for it. Nothing daunted, the brave fellow placed his stove within, and returned to the wagon. Not seeing any very favorable opportunity to extract a pipe clandestinely, he boldly addressed the man of stoves, and, with the air and manner of one who felt himself to be an injured man, said—

"Look here, my good fellow, you didn't give me any pipe for my stove."

"Didn't I?" said the peddler in some surprise.

"No, of course not, or I wouldn't say so; I couldn't use two, you know."

"Oh, here, take it—I don't doubt your word—they are crowding me so that I may have forgotten it, though I don't often make a mistake;"* and he handed Winder a pipe for the stolen stove, thinking, of course, that he had sold him one.

Winder and his messmates—they were Hare, Smith, Mayhorn, and Underwood—had just finished setting up their stove, when another wagon entered camp; it was loaded with boots and shoes. Winder was soon aware of the fact, and he concluded to try his hand in this quarter. He went to the wagon, and, in an incredibly short space of time, succeeded in spiriting away a pair of boots. He hoped the fates would favor him as to the size, and as soon as he found himself possessor, he hurried to his house to try them on. But oh, horror! they were not mates! One was a *nine* and the other an *eleven*, and both were for the *right foot*. Very well—no matter—he would go back and exchange them, he would pretend to have bought them, and no doubt the boot-and-shoe-dealer would give him a pair of mates for them. Certainly! didn't he come it over the stove man with his honest grin? Oh, yes! He was soon at the wagon again, when he handed the boots to the proper owner, and said—

"My dear sir, you didn't give me mates."

Now the boot merchant happened to be a little too sharp to be thus taken in; he knew that they must have been stolen; and to the surprise and chagrin of Winder, and the amusement of the spectators, he took the boots, coolly placed them in one of his boxes, and said—

"If you come playing any such games around *me*, I'll be gosh-dashed if I don't black both o' your eyes! Then *they* will be mates, for certain—you rogue!"

* The very thing that all business men say; and they make about as many mistakes as ordinary mortals, after all.

Winder saw that he was outwitted; so, he returned to his domicile, and soon forgot his troubles over a game of "seven-up."

Drilling was suspended for the winter, but another duty was now incumbent upon us; viz., that of chopping our own fire-wood and carrying it to our tents. Each day, we turned out in force to procure fire-wood. I'll never forget my first experience in this line. We had each carried several loads, except Haman, who on this occasion did the chopping (for one generally did the chopping, while the others did the carrying), when I returned for another load. I was about to shoulder a very light log, when Haman pointed to one which weighed about two hundred, and said:—

"Why don't you take that one?"

"May be you think I can't," I retorted.

"That's *just* what I think," said he.

"Well, we'll see," said I; and I raised the log, though with some difficulty, and soon succeeded in balancing it upon my left shoulder; then I started for the street of Company "D." I had about two hundred yards to carry it, and my way lay directly through quantities of brush which were scattered hither and thither. I had accomplished about half the distance, and was carefully crossing a rather muddy spot, when my toe caught among some brush, and down I went in the mud, right on my countenance, the heavy log coming down upon my back with all the force it could muster, thrusting me still deeper into the mud. Then it rolled off me, and, about as much dead as alive, I arose to my feet, raised the piece of timber to a vertical position, one end resting in the mud; I turned to see whether Haman had observed me. Yes, sure enough, there he stood leaning on the handle of his axe, laughing at my woe in the liveliest manner. In much wrath I shouldered the log again, and *ran* all the way to my hut with it, just for spite.

I was returning for a last load, when I found a log lying much nearer camp, which had been cut off by some one. As there was no one near, I supposed that some one had cut it off, and afterward concluded that it was too heavy to carry, and had abandoned it accordingly.

"I can carry it," said I to myself; and I placed it upon my shoulder, and marched toward camp.

I was just entering our company street, when I heard some one shouting after me most energetically. The thought struck me that it was the owner of the log—that, after all, he had not given it up. But would I give it up now, after carrying it thus far? No, I rather thought not. So I walked on, and threw it down by our hut. Immediately after, Enos Strawn came up with a load, and threw it down beside the stolen log. In another moment, an old man of Company "C," known throughout the regiment by the name of "Christie," came rushing into our street in a towering not-in-a-very-good-humor. I had by this time retired to a point a little way from the wood-pile; but Enos, who knew nothing of the state of affairs, was still standing by the stolen log which I had thrown down.

"Who in thunder took and stole my log?" vociferated the old chap, boiling over with wrath.

No one replied, but he presently descried his log lying near Enos, and rushing up to that individual, he exclaimed:—

"You thunderin', mean, dirty little scamp!"

Enos thought this a rather rough greeting, and expanding his optics to an innocent size, he said—

"Why, what?"

"WHAT! Oh, *you* know *what*! Aint you ashamed o' yourself, to go and steal an old-man-like-me's wood?"

"Why, I didn't steal nobody's—"

"What? You lyin' scamp! Don't tell me that, or I'll knock your upper jaw off!" and he advanced menacingly upon Enos, who slowly advanced *backward*.

"That shows you're guilty! What makes you run? Oh, you—"

"I didn't run," said Enos, hesitating, and trying to appear firm.

"Didn't you? Well, we'll see," said old Christie; and he made a rush at Enos.

Enos Strawn, Esquire, influenced by that "first law of nature" turned him about, and manufactured a number of

tracks in rapid succession—the heels all pointing boldly toward old Christie. The latter would have pursued, but I interrupted him with:—

“My friend, you are mistaken; it was I who took your log, but I supposed it to be abandoned. There it is—you may take it—or, as you are an old man, I will carry it to your quarters for you.”

“Never mind; you may keep it and be—” and without finishing his friendly sentence, old Christie walked off in a pet.

At that moment I heard a loud burst of laughter in the street of Company “I;” certainly, some sport was in progress there. I went over, still laughing about Enos, and, sure enough, they *were* having some sport. A crowd was collected around two pugilists who, with boxing-gloves to protect their knuckles and prevent them from being barked against each other’s faces, were batting away at each other’s heads most delightfully. It was amusing to hear the cheers and plaudits of the crowd.

“Hit him, Jim!” “That’s right, knock him, Bill!” “That’s the style, Jim; another of them swipes!” “Give him one of them tifters, Bill!” “Another side-wipe, Jim!”

Thus they went on, laughing, yelling, and shouting at every blow.

Reader, did you ever see two awkward fellows with boxing-gloves on? And did you see them stand and belt away at each other for five or ten minutes, making a thousand grotesque and ridiculous motions? If so, you certainly laughed. *I* did on the occasion in question.

When this pair of novices got tired—and it wasn’t long till they did—another couple tried it, making, as usual, many ludicrous motions, and calling forth peal on peal of laughter. After quite a number had tried it to their satisfaction, the gloves were at last thrown down, and none seemed willing to try it any more. Now I just began to think that *I* would like to try it once; and at length I stepped into the ring, and the first words that greeted me were—and from a score of voices—

“How the blazes did you get so muddy, partner?”

I had forgotten how mud-covered I was from my fall, or I should not have ventured within the ring, to become a target for so many eyes. It was too late now, however, so I replied that I fell, and putting on a pair of the clumsy gloves, I looked around and asked—

“Who'll try it with *me*?”

There was no reply.

“Come on, one of you,” I urged; “I'm no boxer, so you needn't be afraid.”

Still no response.

“Now come, somebody, I am as awkward as any of you—we'll make a little fun for the crowd.”

“Bill, *you* go and try him,” said one, addressing a short, stout youth, whose Christian name must have been William.

The youth hesitated.

“Come on,” said I, invitingly; “I can't hit you—I only want to try it for fun.”

“Go on, Bill, do—go on—go and try it—just for fun,” urged the crowd in concert.

Thereupon William walked deliberately into the ring, put on the remaining pair of gloves, and took a pugilistic “posish” that alarmed me.

There was a feint, a dodge, a wince, two blows, and a parry, and my adversary let me have it “aside o' the head” with a force that placed me at full length upon the ground, and exhibited to my startled imagination great bon-fires, and the flashes of many cannon, and much lightning. I arose; I looked at my antagonist—he was grinning heartily. The crowd, however, did infinitely more than grin; they burst into convulsions of laughter.

I had enough of it; I slowly removed the gloves from my hands, and said I *believed* I wouldn't try it any more *at present*.

Such were the innocent amusements resorted to in camp. When the weather would not admit of out-door sports, seven-up and euchre were resorted to; but when the weather was good, we were kept in continual hilarity by a boxing match, a game of foot-ball, a jumping match, a wrestle, or, perhaps, a—fight. Well, soldiers will be soldiers, you know.

Among other little pastimes, was that of throwing cartridges down each other's chimneys; this was generally practised at night, as the darkness favored it.

One dark night, a few days after the events just narrated, Winder took it into his head that it would be rare fun to drop just one package of ten down Colonel Hayes' chimney. Procuring a package, he groped his way to the colonel's cabin, for the purpose of putting his benevolent design into execution. He reached the cabin in safety, and seeing a light shining from the window, he neared it and peeped cautiously in. The colonel was seated by his fire-side, reading the evening paper. Winder saw that all was right; he left the window, went to the chimney and climbed to the top—it was higher than *our* chimneys. He held the package exactly over the centre, hesitated a moment, then let go. It dropped into the fire below, but the explosion did not take place at once. The colonel hearing it drop into the fire, bent over it, exclaiming—

“My gracious! What's that?”

At that moment the fire touched the powder, and a tremendous puff of fire and smoke greeted his countenance.

“Fire and blazes!” he exclaimed—and right appropriately—and he rushed from his cabin for the purpose of discovering, if possible, the perpetrator of the irreverent deed, and ran smack against Hare, who happened at that moment to be passing by, on his way to the sutler's.

The collision knocked him a rod, heels over head, after which he got up, and exclaimed—

“C—c—c—con-f—f—found you!”

“What? Who's that? Who are you confounding? Go to your quarters, you scamp; I'll arrest you—” then, raising his voice, he cried out—“Corporal of the guard!”

Hare thought it prudent to retreat, which he did in tolerable order. After getting a little way off he stopped, and called out—

“I say, old c—c—coon!”

“What? Who are you? How dare you? What is your name?”

"Wouldn't you l—l—like to know?" replied Hare, tauntingly.

"Why, you—you—you—go to your quarters, you—corporal of the guard!"

"Come, now, old b—b—boy, won't you let me k—k—kiss you, before I go?"

Boiling over with wrath at this piece of impudence, the colonel rushed into his cabin, seized his cap and came out, muttering—

"I'll punish that fellow—I'll go to Captain Johnson—he's officer of the day—I'll make him bring out the whole guard, and hunt up that fellow—oh, the impertinent—"

He then proceeded to the cabin occupied by Captain Johnson, of Company "B," and when he arrived he unceremoniously flung open the rough door, and entered.

"Now, it so happened that Captain Johnson was not within, but there were others within, for half-a-dozen darkeys—two being servants of the captian—were collected around a table, in his absence, and were having a quiet game of "poker;" Goens Fairfax was among them.

"Out o' this!" began the colonel; "what are you all doing here? You black—"

Here the worthy colonel perceived the green-backs which were scattered over the table, and readily comprehending what was going on, he drew a long breath, opened his eyes to their utmost capacity, and exclaimed—

"Great Methuselah! playing cards for money!" and he made a fearful rush at them, and the way those darkeys did scatter was surprising. One, more discreet than the rest, scraped off the "pile" and thrust it into his pocket. As for Goens, he never thought of his money, but unhesitatingly skedaddled, leaving his "little all" (seven dollars), on the table, to be "gobbled up" by the aforesaid discreet darkey; and he never stopped running till he reached the headquarters of Company "D."

"My golly!" he exclaimed, breathlessly.

"What's the matter, Goens?" asked Lieutenant Jacobs, who happened to be in the cabin.

"Oh my, massa me!" exclaimed Goens, in terror.

"What is up, Goens?"

At length Goens found breath to relate what the reader already knows, and had just finished, when he suddenly recollected his money, and exclaimed—

"Oh, my golly!"

"What?"

"I jist tot ob it!"

"Of what?"

"My money; I left um on de table."

"You did?"

"Yes, sah—oh, it's a goner!"

"Oh, I think not."

"Yes, it is—oh, dear me!"

"Oh, I think you'll get it again."

"Neber!"

"Yes, you will. Go, and see the colonel; he has it, no doubt."

"Will he gib it to me?"

"Yes, if you go and apologize for gambling. Tell him you didn't know that it was against the rules, and all that."

"I hab a notion to try it," said Goens, half in hesitation.

"Certainly! Go try it. I tell you what, old coon, seven dollars ain't to be picked up every day."

This solemn truth had the effect, and Goens took his solitary way toward the quarters of the colonel. The colonel, not finding Captain Johnson, had just returned, and was in the act of retiring when Goens entered.

"Colonel," began Goens, "I wasn't awar it war ginst de rools, and I was down dar playin' poker; won't you gib me my money?"

"Go away and don't bother me," was the reply.

"Now, colonel, do—"

"Clear out, you black—"

"But, colonel, a pore darkey, you know—"

"Clear out, I tell you! I won't have a black nigger coming round—"

"But, colonel—"

"Don't I tell you—"

"But—"

"You d—d nigger! if you don't leave, I'll shoot you!"

"Shoot and be d—d!" said Goens, who now, that he found it impossible to recover his money, grew desperate.

The colonel sprang up and seized his revolver, and Goens rushed from the cabin, expecting every second to feel a bullet between his ears, and, with the speed of a race-horse, made for his quarters, making the mud fly in a manner that was alarming.

About the beginning of December, Lieutenant Jacobs resigned his commission, and Sergeant Moth was elected to the first-lieutenancy; the position of first-sergeant was then filled by Sergeant Blake. A vacant sergenty thus occurred, to which John G. Graham was promoted. About the same time Major Clark discovered that he, himself, was no military man, and not fit to fill his position (moreover it was sometimes difficult to procure whiskey in camp), and *he*, too, resigned. Captain Gardiner, of Company "G," was elected major.

The colonel invited the ex-officers to favor him with their company at dinner before they should leave Camp Pierpont. The invitation was accepted, and the colonel ordered a good dinner to be prepared in his cabin—among other things, a bottle of "cognac."

A sentinel was generally posted in front of the colonel's quarters, and on this occasion it chanced to be Gaskill. Gaskill had faithfully paced his beat for nearly two hours, and as the hour of meal-time was approaching, he thought it would be no harm to open the door—he knew that the colonel was out, and that the company had not yet arrived—and peer in, just to see what good things were on the table. He did so; and, oh, how his mouth watered as his eyes fell upon that loved bottle! No one was within; the colonel's servant had just gone to the sutler's. Gaskill was about to close the door, when the name of "COGNAC," on the bottle, attracted his eye. Now he loved any kind of spirituous or malt liquors, but cognac was his particular weakness. He couldn't stand it—he went in and took a pull. Having done so, he hurriedly set down the bottle and came out; still, no one was near. How good that brandy was! He

must have another horn! In he went, leaving his musket leaning against the cabin wall without. This time he drank half-a-pint. He soon became "boozy"—reckless; and as no one appeared, he again staggered into the cabin—his musket still leaning against the wall—and took one long, lingering pull. Suddenly in stepped the colonel, accompanied by Lieutenant Jacobs and Major Clark.

"Why, you thieving—" began the colonel.

"Er— (hic) couldn't (hic) stand (hic) tempt (hic) ta—a—ah—"

"You drunken dog! Get out of this, or I'll kick the d—l out of you! You good-for-nothing—oh, you rascal! I have a mind to shoot you!" and the colonel frowned savagely.

"He *ought* to be shot," said Major Clark, for he didn't like it about Gaskill drinking any of the spirits.

Gaskill waddled out, just wondering how it would feel to get shot.

A few days after this event, the colonel was standing without his cabin, when he saw Gaskill approaching. Hastening to his door, he looked in, and called out to his servant:—

"Reuben, hide the whiskey; here comes that d—d Gaskill."

Gaskill was passing by, when suddenly perceiving the colonel, he faced him, and touched his cap with the most profound obeisance.

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself?" said the colonel, struggling to maintain a straight countenance.

"Ashamed of what?" asked Gaskill, innocently.

"Ashamed of what! Why, what impudence!"

"Don't know what you mean, colonel?"

"You don't?"

"No—can't imagine."

"Didn't you drink nearly all my brandy the other day?"

"Did I?"

"Certainly you did!"

"Well," said Gaskill, drawing a long breath, "the mystery is solved now."

"What mystery? what do you mean."

"I'll tell you: the other day I got drunk somehow, and, to save me, I couldn't remember where I got the sperrets."

"Do you mean to say that you don't remember stealing my brandy?" asked the colonel, in surprise.

"Why, since you mention it, colonel, I believe I have a slight recollection of it—but, let me see—didn't you treat me? Yes, that was the way of it; you—"

"What! Begone with you!" exclaimed the colonel; and Gaskill executed a backward summersault, and, with great rapidity, retired from that peculiar locality.

That evening we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness for a foraging expedition, on the following morning. Accordingly, at eight o'clock on the following morning, a long train of wagons, convoyed by our brigade, moved out the turnpike toward Drainesville. We were in good spirits, for it was generally supposed that our chances of a brush with the rebels were good.

We halted a short distance from Drainesville, and formed "line of battle."

We were not treated to a brush with the rebels on this occasion; and everything passed off quietly. The wagons were loaded with hay, oats, and corn at the neighboring barns, after which they returned toward camp; we followed.

It was usual on the march to have a little fight, or at least a quarrel, in the company. On this occasion it was facilitated by the fact of the men all being out of humor on account of our disappointment in not having a fight with the rebels.

"It's kape in yer own place, an' don't be crowdin' me out o' mine, I'd like ye to," said Jack Burke to one Page.

"I *am* keeping in my own place, and I'd thank you to mind your own business!" retorted Page; they were marching in the same file.

"What is it yer sayin'? Sure, I'll split the bloody head o' ye, if I hear much o' yer blarney!"

"You'd better try it," suggested Page.

"What, blast yer—" and, throwing down his gun, Jack turned upon Page with both fists drawn.

Page was a rather small fellow of twenty-one, while Jack was three or four years older, and much larger and stronger. Page, therefore, sprang backward from the ranks, cocked his musket, and was about to draw a bead on Jack, who, regardless of anything in the shape of fire-arms, rushed upon him ere he could fire, dashed his gun from his hand, and let him have a stunner above the eye. Thereupon, Lieutenant Krepps interfered, by seizing Jack roughly by the collar.

"Is that yer game, laddie?" sneered Jack, turning from Page, and imprudently tackling the lieutenant, notwithstanding his shoulder-straps.

"Let go of me," commanded Lieutenant Krepps.

"Lit go o' me, or divil the one o' me lits go o' ye before that same," retorted Jack.

It might be difficult for one not familiar with the circumstance, to arrive at the exact meaning of this sentence.

Sergeant Zee now interposed, and effected a compromise on these stipulations—that both should let go at once, and that Jack should be immediately placed under guard and reported for court-martial on the grave charge of mutiny—specifications, that he tackled his superior officer. On arriving at camp, however, Lieutenant Krepps released Jack, assuring him that he had great reason to offer up thanks to his "stars" that he got off without being court-martialed and shot; or, perhaps, sentenced to wear a delicate piece of jewelry known as "ball and chain" for a period of six months.

December was now slowly wearing away. Time passed as usual. The customary routine of amusements was practised. We had been paid regularly every two months since entering the United States service—the sutler generally coming in for about three-fourths of each soldier's pay. A word as to this class of individuals. Much has been said of sutlers, and of their prodigious prices. It is upon the grounds that sutlers sell their goods at such exorbitant prices, that soldiers claim the right to steal from them; and it is upon the grounds that soldiers steal so much from them, that sutlers attempt to justify themselves in selling at such astounding prices. Now the question arises—who began it? I leave the reader

to judge. I will say, however, that it is my opinion that sutlers would charge the same stupendous prices for their merchandise, whether the soldiers should steal from them or not; and that the soldiers would steal from sutlers, in the usual style, let them sell their goods at high or low prices. So, it is six *versus* half a dozen; nip and tuck—go it, boys—pitch in, sutlers—ho! ye GREEN-BACKS!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BATTLE OF DRAINESVILLE.

“COME, boys, let’s have a little game of foot-ball,” said a big fellow, and he walked out, a large foot-ball in his hand, to an extensive field adjacent. It was the nineteenth day of December.

About two hundred followed the proposer, which number comprised the “little” game proposed. I was of the number. We were soon divided off, and stretched out in two opposing lines across the field; I was on the right. The centre was soon agreed upon; also the goals, which were the extreme ends of the field. Soon the ball was going—kick, bat, spang, and away it would go—now back, now forth—now to, now fro—hither and thither. At last it received an impetus that brought it near my end. Another like that and it would be out of the field—the game would be lost. I ran toward it to kick it back. At the same moment, a powerful fellow of the opposite side ran for it. We were at equal distances from it; I saw that he was running desperately, and *I* ran desperately. Our course lay at right angles. As we arrived within ten feet of the ball, we knew that all now depended on a single desperate effort. Simultaneously we made that desperate effort. We both reached it at once, coming together with a force that sent me sprawling at quite a remote distance from the ball. At the same time, the collision so staggered

my opponent, that, after all, one of my comrades succeeded in reaching it and kicking it first; which he did, sending it a hundred paces from immediate danger. The game was not yet lost. It grew more desperate. The ball seemed to be struck alternately by some one of each side every second, so that it was kept spinning backward and forward within a small sphere, in a manner truly delightful. The opposite side gained a momentary advantage; the ball was once more sent spinning almost to the goal, but it stopped right at my feet. It was decidedly useless for any one to attempt to reach it now before I could kick it; all stood still. Now was an opportunity for me both to exhibit my prowess to the admiring crowd, and, at the same time, do much for our side of the game. Now, I would just show them how to kick a ball—how to send it the whole length of the field. I poised myself on my left foot, swung my right foot backward, drew a long breath, and executed a kick that a mule might have delighted in. But, oh, horror! I missed the ball; I aimed too low, and my unfortunate toes came in sheer contact with a tough root which protruded from the ground. I uttered the word "oh," and leaving the ball to the mercy of—I didn't care whom—I limped to a stump, which was near at hand, and sat down upon it, feeling very *pale* indeed. I didn't play any more foot-ball *that* day. A rush was made for the ball, as soon as my mishap was comprehended, and, as though to avenge my *fall*, our side went to work with such wild energy, that in less than a minute the ball travelled with lightning speed the whole length of the field, and flew across the prescribed goal, and THE VICTORY WAS OURS.

I went to my quarters and lay down, stating that I didn't feel very well. My great toe pained me very much. To make matters more unpleasant, we received orders to be ready on the following morning for an expedition.

Morning came, and all were busy arranging their accoutrements for the projected expedition. I was very lame, but I determined I would not be left in camp, and I limped off with the regiment as it filed out of camp and joined the brigade. This done, we moved into the pike and marched toward Drainesville. We were told that General Ord had

marched out with his brigade some hours earlier—that he had gone to Drainesville, on a foraging excursion, and that our brigade was to go out and lie in reserve at Difficult Creek, which was about half-way.

On reaching Difficult Creek, we did not march directly over the bridge, but filed off to the left, and taking our position on a high hill, a quarter of a mile from it, we stacked arms and broke ranks. We had lain for several hours, and were just beginning to wonder whether the Third Brigade *would* be so fortunate as to meet with a party of rebels, when the heavy, booming sound of the cannon reached our ears, coming from the direction of Drainesville.

“Fall in! fall in! *Take—ARMS!*” cried General Reynolds, and in a moment we stood in line, and seized our arms.

“Right—*face!* Forward, double-quick—*MARCH!*”

General Reynolds, at the head of his brigade, led the way. He unhesitatingly struck right across the country toward the southwest, with the evident intention of coming up in rear of the rebels. But in a few minutes an officer of General McCall’s staff rode hastily after him, and on coming near enough to make his voice heard, shouted—

“Stop, general! Not this way—the pike, the pike!”

“Euchered!” exclaimed General Reynolds, for, as he must obey an order from General McCall, his favorite plan of cutting off the rebels must be abandoned.

He then gave orders to file to the right, toward the pike, and cross the creek, just anywhere. Our battery, of course, had to go around to the bridge, which it did at a gallop. We reached the stream; then such jumping and splashing as there was in getting across was truly interesting to look upon. I made a leap. I felt sure that I could clear the stream, which, at this point, was seventeen feet wide, and three or four feet deep. Splash! I came down in the water, within a foot of the opposite shore. I scrambled out; my clothes were saturated, but my ammunition was not wet. It was no very pleasant affair for the twentieth day of December.*

* Writers differ, as usual, as to the date of the battle of Drainesville. Now, I want it distinctly understood, that it was on Friday, December 20th, 1861.

However, my ammunition being dry, I cared little for my clothes just then. We were no sooner across the stream than we hurriedly formed and started toward Drainesville by the pike, at a double-quick, with five miles between us and glory.

Meanwhile the sound of the cannon continued to reach our ears; the firing had become more rapid. We hurried on. Four miles were marched in forty minutes. We then began to meet the forage wagons, which blocked up the road, and somewhat impeded our progress. The drivers informed us that the Third Brigade was "at it out there." We at length neared the field. The musketry could be heard. We began to meet ambulances laden with wounded, and now and then brave fellows limping along still carrying their guns. We also met a squad of rebel prisoners under charge of a corporal and two men.

We were within a few hundred yards of the village, where our forces were posted, when the firing suddenly ceased, and a wild shout arose.

"They're driving the rebels!" was exclaimed; and we rushed madly on.

We arrived upon the scene just in time to see the rebels disappear down the Centreville road, with the gallant Bucktail Regiment, and the Sixth and Ninth Regiments, Pennsylvania Reserves, at their heels. We sent up a deafening cheer—such as never before rang out among the green pines in the vicinity of Drainesville. The rebels made good their escape, and the pursuers were recalled.

The rebel force, on this occasion, consisted of five thousand infantry and a battery of artillery; they were commanded by the renowned General Stuart. Our force was about equal—the Third Brigade being accompanied by the Bucktail Regiment, and Captain Easton's battery of artillery. Our loss was seven killed, and sixty-one wounded. The exact loss of the rebels is not known; but *this* is certain, that *they left ninety dead bodies on the field.*

This was the last battle fought in 1861; and it was the first victory our arms had achieved for some time. From that time forth, the rebels met with nothing but defeats, until late the following summer, when the tide of victory

was again reversed, in consequence of a change of commanders.

The brave conduct of General Ord and Captain Easton cannot be too highly spoken of. The general sat on his horse by the battery, during the engagement, now and then exclaiming:—

“Give it to 'em, boys! That's a good shot! That made one of their old caissons fly! There! that knocked a gun! Hurrah, boys!”

At one time during the fight, a ball, no doubt from the rifle of a rebel sharpshooter, whistled by the general's ear, tearing one of the buttons from his cap. He coolly remarked:—

“A miss is as good as a mile! But I *do* hope they have no better marksman than that fellow.”

It was night ere we retraced our steps. As may be imagined, my physical condition was not improved by a march of ten miles, half of which had been done at a double-quick. My foot pained me very much, and it was no better than torture, as it came in contact with the sharp, hard stones of the pike; for my shoes were thin, and, being wet, they were very flexible. I was in a bad humor, too. Here, I had limped ten miles, hoping to have the pleasure of a row with the rebels—had just arrived in time to be too late—and had got a good ducking in Difficult Creek in the bargain. On reaching camp, however, I soon forgot my troubles in a deep slumber, from which I awoke next morning, feeling very old. I couldn't get over my disappointment, and in writing a letter to a friend, that day, after detailing the events of the battle, I wound up with—

“I tell you, Tom, we cursed the fate
That brought us to the field too late—
That brought us there, just as the foe
Concluded to get up and go.

“The Third Brigade had all the fun,
It did the fighting that was done;
And it got all the praise, to boot,
For making rebels skallyhoot.”*

* Skedaddle.

The reader will think this scarcely sublime, and I perfectly agree; but it serves to express my feelings on the disappointment we were treated to, in not arriving in time to participate in that glorious little affair, known as THE BATTLE OF DRAINESVILLE.

Now, strange as it may seem, Corporal Chess, of our company, was, at times, a very religious man. Nay, he even went so far as to pray in public, at little prayer meetings held occasionally in camp, at the instigation of our worthy chaplain. Well, he, being the most intimate friend of the chaplain, had undertaken to superintend the building of a rough log church for winter service. At the time of which I write, the walls had been reared to the height of ten feet; but lately the work had been neglected, and it was apparent that Corporal Chess was beginning to grow tired of the "good-begun work." On the morning following the battle of Drainesville, the weather was cold, and we were all scarce of wood. Accordingly, some ruthless soldier practically suggested the idea of resorting to the logs of the half-finished church for fire-wood. One had no sooner made a break, than the whole regiment pitched into it, and went to tearing down the building, and carrying off the logs to be split up for fire-wood. The chaplain, who dwelt near by, came out, and exclaimed:—

"Why, boys, what are you about?"

"Only getting out our fire-wood for to-day, chaplain."

"But you mustn't tear down that building; it's sacrilege."

"Oh, it will never be finished, anyhow." Although to witness the operations, one would have been led to suppose that it would be *finished* very soon.

The chaplain was not a fighting man, but he knew that Chess was. So, finding that the boys would not desist, he hastened to inform him. Corporal Chess was lying within his hut taking a nap, when the chaplain suddenly made his appearance at the door, and cried out—

"Brother Chess!"

A loud snore mocked him.

"I say, Brother Chess," said the chaplain, reaching in and catching Chess by the foot.

"D—n it, let go my foot!" said Chess, half awake.

"Come, Brother Chess," urged the chaplain, "they're tearing down our church!"

"What!" exclaimed Chess, now fully awake.

"The whole regiment is at our church, tearing it down for fire-wood."

"They are?" exclaimed Chess, springing up and rushing out. "They are? Oh, the d—d vil—"

"Pray be calm, Brother Ch—"

"Villains, I'll tear—"

"Come, brother—"

"I'll murder—I'll kill—"

"Fie, Brother Chess, you—"

"Don't hold *me*, I'm going to go into them. Oh, the miserable d—d sons of guns! I'll—"

And Corporal Chess broke away from the chaplain, and ran madly toward the church.

"What the d—l are you fellows doing?" he demanded.

"Don't swear, Brother Chess," admonished the chaplain, who had hastily followed him.

"The church will never be finished anyhow," said several.

"How do you know?"

"Because we have marching orders, and we're going to leave Camp Pierpont next week," said one.

Chess now began to consider the matter, and this seeming like a very plausible pretext to abandon the idea of building the church, he said—

"Brother chaplain, if this is the case, why, I suppose the house might as well be used for fire-wood." And placing four large logs upon his own shoulder, he conveyed them to his hut: he was determined to have *his* share.

Winter now set in, and we had some very rough weather. The mud became three or four inches deep throughout all the camps. It made things very disagreeable; especially when we had to go on picket—which we did every two or three weeks during our stay in Camp Pierpont. Often have I started from camp for picket, with feet wet and cold to remain so till I should return twenty-four hours after. There we would stay at the cheerless picket line, counting, ever and

anon, the hours that must elapse ere we should be relieved. At times it would be raining during our whole stay, at times snowing. A cold, raw wind, too, was generally whistling mockingly among those green pines. But one thing would console me on such occasions. "It is for my country," I would exclaim; then I would whistle two bars of "YANKEE DOODLE," break suddenly off and sing a line and a half of the "STAR SPANGLED BANNER," brush the snow from my shoulders, stamp to keep my feet from freezing, then try the song of the "RED WHITE AND BLUE," but only get as far as "O, Colum—" when a keen blast of wind would lift my cap off; I would pick it up and replace it, then wonder for the fiftieth time whether the following morning would ever come.

CHAPTER XIV.

DAVE WINDER.

THE Pennsylvania Reserve Corps was encamped so as to occupy, about equally, both sides of the "Georgetown and Leesburg" pike. This road was to us as Broadway to New York—as Chestnut Street to Philadelphia; it was our thoroughfare—our most public avenue. A number of independent sutlers had erected their temporary store-houses by the pike; several generals, among them McCall and Reynolds, had established their head-quarters immediately by it; and it was altogether quite a public street.

About a week after the battle of Drainesville, I had one day just finished my dinner, when Winder looked into my quarters, and said:—

"Come, let us take a promenade on the pike."

"Rather too muddy," I replied.

This was the only fault that could be found with the day, which was otherwise clear and beautiful; a beautiful day, such as we do sometimes have in winter.

"Oh, come along," urged Winder, "the mud makes no difference; if anything, I would rather have it a *little* muddy." And Winder put on that honest grin of his.

"Well, I don't care if I do go," said I, at last; "for I don't presume that it is so muddy on the pike as it is in camp here."

With this we started. We reached the pike and promenaded awhile, *seeing life*, when Winder suggested that we should leave the pike and pay a visit to Smith's division, which lay immediately on our left. I assented; and after a very muddy walk of three-fourths of a mile, we found ourselves within the camp. Winder had some acquaintances in a regiment of that division, and seeking them out, he introduced me to them as a man of great political renown, and a nephew of General Scott. Then he began. I thought he would never get done telling his friends stories of the battle of Drainesville, in which he asserted that our regiment had been hotly engaged. He stated that, three separate times, our regiment repulsed a brigade of five thousand rebels; and he expressed it as *his* belief, that the Eighth Regiment alone, unsupported, could charge clear to Richmond. When, at length, he did pause, I suggested the propriety of returning to the pike. Winder, with difficulty, succeeded in tearing himself away from his friends, informing them, as he bade them farewell, that he expected soon to be made captain of the company to which he belonged—that our former captain had been killed in the battle of Drainesville, and that the company would not hear to any other man than himself assuming the position.

We had but left the regiment, and were about to take the shortest cut for the pike, when our attention was attracted toward a large, rough-looking man of thirty-five or forty, in the habiliments of a civilian; he stood gazing, with great interest, upon a sentinel who was pacing to and fro *à la militaire*; evidently he had not been long about camp. Here then was an opportunity for Winder to enjoy himself. He availed himself of it; he walked unhesitatingly up to the stranger, extended his hand in the most friendly manner, grinned profoundly, and said:—

"Why, is it possible? How do you do?"

"I guiss ye've the advantage o' me," replied the stranger, with an unmistakable Hibernian accent.

"Oh, no, I han't!" said Winder; "I'm sure it's you! I'm surprised that you've forgotten *me!*"

"Indade, sir, I can't think—"

"Come, now," said Winder, familiarly, "*don't* you know me?"

"Sure, sir, I belave not."

"Did you never see me before?"

The stranger looked into Winder's face, almost solemnly. Presently he said:—

"I'm sure ye're mistaken."

"Not at all—think, now; can't you bring to mind where you have seen me, Pat?" said Winder, who thought that, as a common necessity, the stranger's name must be Pat. He hit it, too, for the stranger replied:—

"Yer *do* seem to know my name, sure!"

"Certainly, Pat! How is Mike?" Dave was equally sure that Pat must have a brother—or some near relative, of the name of Mike. He was right, for Pat replied:—

"An' ye know him, too! He was well the last time I saw him; but sure—"

"And Terrence—how is he?" interrupted Winder.

"Oh, he is not my brother; ye mane—"

"I mean your cousin," said Winder, at a venture.

"Yis, ye never spoke a thruer word. But who—"

"Come, now, Pat, try if you can't think who I am—you cannot have forgotten me."

Pat now put on a studious look. He surveyed Winder *cap-a-pie*, with singular minuteness. Presently his face lighted up with a bright beam of intelligence, and he exclaimed:—

"Howly Moses! I do belave yer Bill Moore!"

"That's me," said Winder, with a gracious grin.

"From Seffordville?"

"The very same—how have you been?"

"The bist kind!" exclaimed Pat, now shaking the proffered hand of Winder with great warmth.

Poor Pat! The fact is, when he got to ruminating on the subject, he *had* been able to call to recollection some one whom he had seen at the town he spoke of, and who probably resembled Winder. This was just what that gentleman wished and expected. Presently Pat asked :—

“An’ how long since ye lift our town?”

“It’s been some time,” replied Winder, who, not wishing to commit himself, knew that “some time” might mean six weeks, or six years.

“An’ ye’re in the army?” said Pat inquiringly.

“Yes, I am a recruiting officer.”

“What rigiment did ye jine?”

Winder saw that here, too, he might be in danger of committing himself; so he discreetly replied :—

“Why, you see, Pat, I didn’t get off with the boys from our town, for I happened to be away at my uncle’s when they started; so, I came to Washington, and some of my friends got me a special commission as a recruiting officer. By the by, Pat, how came *you* here?”

“Ah, that’s it—I’ve been workin’ in Alexander; but I’m gittin’ kind o’ tired o’ it.”

“Why don’t you enlist, then?”

“Sure, I come out here thinken’ o’ that, but me hairt kind fails me.”

“Oh, that’s foolish! You’d better enlist right away.”

Pat started.

“Let *me* enlist you,” urged Winder.

“Och! I—I—”

“Come! I can swear you into any regiment you wish, and in ten minutes I can go up to the quartermaster, and bring you a nice blue uniform, and a bright gun like that guard there has.”

This was very tempting, but, as Pat said, “his hairt failed him.” That Winder was just what he represented himself to be he had not the shadow of a doubt.

“Indade, sir, I almost—”

“Come, Pat, don’t be afraid; you don’t know what a nice life a soldier’s life is. Plenty of beef-steaks, mutton-chops, potatoes, mince-pies, and the like; let me swear you in!”

Pat hesitated.

"Think of twenty dollars planked into your hand on the first day of every month, in gold or green-backs, as you like."

"I belave I—I—"

"Certainly, I knew you would. You're a brave fellow, Pat. What regiment would you like to be sworn into?"

"I—I—that one there, I believe," said Pat, pointing to the one we had just left.

"Very well, then, that is the Three-hundred-and-seventy-ninth Rhode Island."

"Exactly."

"Do you think you will feel satisfied as a member of that regiment?"

"Yis."

"What company?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Well, Company 'Q' is a good company; suppose you go into *it*?"

"All right, sir."

"Then I will proceed."

Winder now put on the most solemn look I ever saw him wear, and in a slow, measured, and emphatic tone said—

"Patrick, raise your hand."

Pat thereupon elevated a hand about the size and something of the appearance of a large tortoise.

"Your *right* hand, Patrick," admonished Winder, for Pat had held up the *left* article.

"Och, but I'm left-handed," argued Pat.

"Oh, so you are, I had forgotten the fact."

Winder then proceeded—

"You do solemnly and sincerely swear and affirm, that you will honestly and faithfully perform the duties of a soldier in the Three-hundred-and-seventy-ninth Regiment Rhode Island Volunteers—that you will support the Union and the Constitution, and respect and obey your superior officers in any position where-in-so-ever-all-to-gether you may be placed. So you affirm?"

"Yis, sur-r-r."

"Now, Patrick," said Winder, with some dignity, "you

are a member of Company 'Q,' Three-hundred-and-seventy-ninth Regiment, Rhode Island Volunteers; you must now stand where you are, and not move, till I go and bring you a gun and uniform."

"I will, sur-r-r."

"Of course I don't doubt you, but it is my duty to make a signal to that sentinel yonder that you are sworn in, and if you should offer to go away he would shoot you."

Winder then turned toward one of the guard of the adjacent regiment, and raised his cap with his left hand, touched the top button of his blouse with his right, and raised his left foot so as to touch the right knee with his heel. Pat looked very solemn, and promised not to stir till Dave should return with musket and uniform; and if he has kept his promise, he must be standing there yet. Winder and I left him.

On reaching the pike we stopped for a few minutes by a sutler's establishment, around which was collected quite a crowd. While there we heard one soldier ask another, in a whisper, if he could inform him where "something to drink"* could be procured.

The individual questioned replied that he didn't know *where* the article could be had.

Winder overheard the conversation, and thinking this an excellent opportunity to indulge his peculiar faculty, beckoned to the would-be-get-something-to-drink man, took him to one side, and cautiously said—

"I guess you are looking for something to drink?" And he looked knowingly.

"Yes, can *you*—"

"I'll tell you how it is," interrupted Winder; "I *do* know of a place where the article can be had, but I rather promised not to tell; the fellow who sells it is a soldier, and he is very sly about it, and don't want it to get out, lest the officers should get hold of it."

"Tell *me*, do! I'll not tell anybody else," urged the soldier. [It is on this principle that so many secrets get out.]

* The sale of liquor in the army being prohibited, it was frequently vended by sutlers and others "on the sly."

"I don't much like to," said Winder, with apparent hesitation.

"Oh, do; I swear I won't tell anybody!"

"Well," said Winder, pointing to the tent of Colonel Emm, which stood upon a hill near by, "do you see that large tent yonder with a stove-pipe sticking out at the side, and the smoke rolling out?"

"Yes, is that the—"

"Yes, it is; but for all that, you can't get anything there without the password."

"How's that?"

"There is a certain word you must say when you go to the door, or else you can't get it."

"What is the word? Tell me!" he exclaimed, eagerly.

"Indeed I don't know whether I ought to or—"

"Oh, yes! Tell me!—upon my word of honor, I won't tell anybody!"

"Won't you?"

"Indeed I won't!"

"Well, I'll tell you," said Winder; and looking cautiously around as if to make sure that no one should overhear, he whispered:—

"This is it—

'Davy Crockett, Old Davy Crockett—

His tobacco in his hat, his whiskey in his pocket.'

"Is that it?"

"Yes—try if you can say it."

"Certainly, I can—'Old Davy Crockett—his tobacco in his—whiskey in his'—how was it?"

Winder repeated the little lines.

"Oh, yes! now I have it—'Davy Crockett, Old Davy Crockett—His—his—' confound it! I always forget that other—"

"This is it—'His tobacco in his hat, his whiskey in his pocket.'"

"Oh, yes! Now I can say it—

'Davy Crockett, Old Davy Crockett—

His tobacco in his hat, his whiskey in his pocket.'

"That's it! I knew you'd soon learn it!" exclaimed Winder, admiringly.

"I always was quick about learnin' anything that way," replied the soldier, feeling somewhat flattered.

"You have a good head on you," suggested Winder.

"Oh; yes—but I must go. Are you sure I can get some on that password?"

"Yes, certainly. At first the fellow will pretend to be insulted, or perhaps he'll try to make you believe that he don't know what you mean; but then you tell him that you know he is a brick—that you know he keeps a whiskey-shop, and has kept one all his life. You'll know him as soon as you see him—he wears an officer's coat that he stole; he often tries to make people believe that he *is* an officer."

Thus admonished, the soldier, who happened to be of General Smith's Division, and didn't, therefore, know Colonel Emm's tent from any other, proceeded thither at once. Already he imagined that he could hear the "good old rye" gurgling graciously into his canteen. He wondered what it would cost; perhaps he could get it cheap—a dollar a quart—a dollar and a half—or, perhaps two dollars. Even that would be cheap. However, he would soon know.

On arriving at the tent of Colonel Emm, he most unceremoniously threw aside the curtains, and inserted his countenance; he saw the colonel, seated at a table writing. The colonel looked up, and the seeker-after-"something," in a tone which he meant to be intelligent, called out:—

"Davy Crockett, Old Davy Crockett—
His tobacco in his hat, his whiskey in his pocket."

On hearing this vulgar greeting, Colonel Emm stared at the intruder in mute astonishment.

"Come, now, old brick," said the soldier, persuasively; for he meant to carry out his instructions; "you know you keep a regular whiskey-shop here, and you know you never done nothing else in your life; you know you stole that coat you have on; I know it too. Now, I want—"

"You—you—"

Colonel Emm was too much amazed for utterance; he

arose to his feet—his face pale and his eyes flashing fire, and for a moment he hesitated. The soldier, still supposing him to be acting a part, now put in:—

“Come, now, old fellow, I like a joke as well as anybody, but I hate to see a fool; I’m in a hurry, and—”

The next moment he *was* in a hurry—striking across camp—the mud splashing and flying in perfect clouds—Colonel Emm at his heels, alternately kicking at him, and slashing at him with his sword, though never quite near enough to reach him. The colonel chased him half-a-mile, but couldn’t catch him; for the soldier now began to comprehend the trick that had been practised upon him, and he realized the importance of not being caught. Many were looking on, wondering what it meant to see a fellow running at that rate, and Colonel Emm after him—which looked anything but dignified on the part of the officer.

The colonel, almost breathless, returned to his quarters, wondering what such an unwarrantable intrusion could mean. But I suppose he don’t know yet, nor ever will, unless he should one day peruse this little narrative.

Winder and I now left the pike, striking diagonally for camp. As we were crossing a field not far from camp, we met a soldier of the Tenth Regiment carrying a heavy stick of wood toward his camp.

“How long have you been from camp?” asked Winder.

“About an hour and a half,” was the reply.

“That long?”

“Yes—why?”

“Nothing, only the division has marching orders.”

“What?”

“We have marching orders; we are to start to-night after dark. I have been sent over to the pike to tell all our fellows who might happen to be there, and send them to the regiment. I *guess* I have found them all, I sent over two hundred and seventy-eight, and—”

The soldier waited to hear no more; down went his wood, off he started, at a dead run, for the camp of the Tenth regiment, which was on the south side of the pike. And off Winder started for *our* camp, for he didn’t want that big fel-

low to return to the spot, as no doubt he would as soon as he should find that he had been duped, and whale him (Winder) out of his boots. I hurried to camp, too, for I feared that the fellow would return, and, not finding Winder, whale *me*, as accessory.

On arriving in camp, I was informed, by my messmates, that a "box" had been sent to one of them from home, containing, among other things, two half-gallon tin cans, tightly sealed, one marked in big letters—"PRESERVED PEACHES," the other, "CURRANT JELLY." Now, the one marked "preserved peaches" contained whiskey; that marked "currant jelly" contained whiskey, too. Thus one gallon of the "poison" had walked slyly into camp, beneath the very noses of provost-marshals, officers of the day, etc.

Haman, Dick, Ort, and Enos had been imbibing, and were already right merry when I entered our domicile. They urged *me* to take "something." Well, I do not think it any harm to take a little now and then while in camp, especially in damp and muddy weather, so I did take a "little" three or four times. By and by all became boozy; Haman and Dick called in everybody that passed by, made everybody drink several times till nearly every man in the company felt right happy.

There was a good fellow of our company dwelling next door to us, whose name was Nick Swearer. When under the influence of liquor, he was somewhat ill-tempered. He, among others, came into our hut, and, after a while, he and Dick got into a little dispute about nothing, and Dick finally pulled his whiskers. Nick spoke of knocking thunder out of Dick; Dick assured Nick that *he* was ready to knock that article out of *him*. The dispute became pretty warm, and Nick at last left the shanty, insulted.

After a little while, Dick, having forgotten the whole affair, thought that he would just step into Nick's hut, and see an old man there called Daddy Bayne, one of Nick's messmates. Nick happened to be standing at the entrance, and as Dick was about to enter, he interposed his form and demanded—

"Or—r—old feller, where er goin'?"

"Er a goin' in to see Daddy Bayne," said Dick.

"Well, er guess not," said Nick.

"Why?" asked Dick, in surprise.

"Kase er don't," said Nick, firmly.

Dick looked foolish; he remembered that "Every man's house is his castle,"—he turned away and went into his own house, exclaiming—

"Well, I declare, if er not a joke. Ha, ha!"

Half an hour afterward, Nick, in his turn, having forgotten the whole of his affair with Dick, made his appearance at the entrance of our tent, grinned, and said—

"H'ar ye, boys?"

"Oh, come in, Nick," said Dick, in the most friendly tone of voice.

Nick climbed over the low wall with much difficulty. Finding himself within, he sat down upon a rough bench and asked—

"How'd yer come on?"

"Bully!" said Dick; then all at once, as though he just thought of it, he exclaimed—

"Oho, Nickey!"

"What is er?" asked Nick.

"Oho!"

"What?"

"You wouldn't let me (hic) inter-r house a while er go."

Nick looked startled. Dick continued—

"Now, old cooney, you waddle out o' this!" And he seized Nick by the whiskers and began to assist him out, which, however polite it might have been, was not at all gentle.

Just as Nick was nicely poised upon the wall, Dick gave him an impetus that expedited his egress, and sent him sprawling upon the muddy ground. Nick, without saying a word, arose and went into his cabin. Presently he came out with his musket, took the position of a soldier, rested the breech of his musket upon the ground, and proceeded, with astonishing deliberation, to "load in nine times"—with *buck and ball*. His intention was obvious; he was going to shoot Dick. As this conviction flashed across my mind, I sprang from my hut, seized the musket, just as he was placing a cap

on the tube, and succeeded in wresting it from his grasp. This done, I discharged the contents into a stump near by, making a hole therein, which appeared to be an inch in diameter, and I could not help thinking what an ugly thing it would have been in Dick's head. It so happened that the officer of the day witnessed the affair, and readily comprehending it, sent Nick to the guard-house, there to remain till he should become sober, which occurred at some time during the ensuing twenty-four hours. This was an example by which the rest of the company profited, and quiet reigned during the remainder of the evening—it was now dark.

Next morning I was somewhat startled by the information that a friend of mine—Corporal Rinehart, of Company "I"—had been taken ill and conveyed to the regimental hospital the day previous, and that he was now supposed to be dying. His disease was "typhoid fever," contracted on the day of the Drainesville fight. I hastened to the hospital, accompanied by Lieutenant Wood, of Company "I" (also a friend of mine), and soon succeeded in gaining admittance. I looked around on the miserable sufferers occupying the various beds, but I could not see my friend. Some, whom I saw, were suffering terribly with one disease or another; one I particularly remember, had some disease of the throat, and he lay constantly struggling and gasping for breath; others lay pale and wan—wasted away to almost nothing—their eyes sunken, their lips thin and white, and their hollow cheeks wearing a deathly pallor. But the patient that most attracted my attention was one who lay in a delirium, struggling for every breath he drew; his face was almost black, as from mortification; his lips dry and parched; and his eyes rolling and staring wildly. I turned away sickened at the sight.

"But where—" I asked of Lieutenant Wood—"where is Corporal Rinehart?"

"Don't you see him?"

"No—where is he?"

"There!" said he, pointing to the suffering figure I have just described; "poor fellow, he is nearly gone!"

I was amazed. I could not trace in those features now

turned black by disease—those wildly-staring eyes—that prostrate form, any resemblance to my dear friend, Corporal Rinehart! Yet it was he. Disease had almost done its work—death stood impatiently waiting for him.

* * * * *

Heavy, dismal clouds were flying in wild disorder across the heavens. The cold, chill winds of December were sighing from hill to hill, and through the dark-green pine woods. A solitary snow-flake, here and there, descended lazily—it was too cold to snow much. Slowly, sadly an ambulance, escorted by ten soldiers with arms reversed, and followed by a company of soldiers, as mourners, took its way from camp. The low, solemn, and plaintive notes of a fife, and the dull roll of the muffled drum, told but too plainly what that ambulance contained—the pale corpse of a soldier. 'Twas the cold, lifeless form of my friend.

The body was escorted to the pike with military honors, sent thence to Washington, there embalmed and sent to the bereaved ones at home.

As my friend was borne from my view forever, I could not refrain from tears. Yet why? His transition from this world to another could have been no loss to him—it must have been infinite gain; for he was one who could have no reason to fear the pale Conqueror—to shrink back from the icy waters of the River of Death. He was one of the very few, yes, the *very* few, who, besides professing religious principles, carry them out. It has never been my privilege to form the acquaintance of a more honest, honorable, amiable, or upright young man. Such was my friend Corporal Rinehart.

* * * * *

The holidays had passed away, and the new year had entered upon the great table of time. The month of January was beginning to wear away.

One evening, while I was cleaning my gun, Juggie thrust his countenance into my quarters, and, in a lively tone, said—
 “Oh, I’ve had bully luck!”
 “Eh, what at?” I asked.

"Chuck-o-luck,"* he replied; "I won ten dollars."

"And where is that interesting game in progress?" I asked.

"In the next house, here," he replied.

"Well, Juggie, I advise you to keep out of that game, or you'll lose your little all."

"No danger."

"But there *is* danger."

"Well, I'm *not* going to try it any more to-night," said Juggie; and he turned away.

Ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, when Juggie again appeared at the door of my tent.

"What's up now, Juggie?" I inquired.

"More good luck!" he exclaimed.

"What! have you been back in there, betting on chuck-o-luck?"

"Yes, and I've gone and won seventeen more dollars," replied Juggie, whose language, it is easy to perceive, was none of the best.

"So, you *did* go back."

"Yes, and I'm glad I did."

"Very well, you'll go on till you lose all."

"Oh, I *am not* going to try it any more now."

"You said that before."

"But I'll stick to it now; it ain't many fellers that quits ahead o' the bank."

"No; you seem to be peculiarly lucky. But you had better stop now; you know the old adage 'Chuck-o-luck, the more you lay down the less you take up.'"

"Yes, I know; I *will* stop now;" and he turned away.

Now, if he had been satisfied with his twenty-seven dollars, he would have been the winner, as a matter of course; but

* This interesting species of gambling is much practiced in the army. For the edification of the *non-military* reader, I would just impart a slight idea as to how the game is played. It is as follows: Six cards—those from the ace to the six of any suit—are fastened to a table; the proprietor shakes his dice-box and upturns it upon the table: outsiders then bet that a certain number will come uppermost on the dice, laying their money upon a card containing the number on which they wish to try their luck—generally losing.

that strange fascination which allures the gambler on, took possession of him, and, notwithstanding his vows to the contrary, he returned to the chuck-o-luck bank, not five minutes after his conversation with me, and tried it again, "seeing that he *had* been so lucky." The result was, that fickle fortune vacillated, and in less than two minutes, Juggie lost his twenty-seven dollars, and all the "loose change" he had about him, besides; and he found himself a penniless soldier, without enough money to buy a "plug o' tobacker."

Poor Juggie looked very wo-begone, as his last quarter was "gobbled up;" and he said "pshaw," and "confound it," and "darn it," and "tarnation," and finally wound up with—"The d—l take it." Thereupon some unfeeling bystander remarked, that his satanic majesty *would* no doubt, some day, "take" the whole concern; and him, too, for gambling.

"Ah, Juggie," I said to him, next day, "you had much better have taken my advice."

"I know I had," he replied; "but I swear I'll never try the darned thing again."

Juggie adhered to this wise resolution, most faithfully, till pay-day; then, his purse being replenished, he again plunged into the vice yclept CHUCK-O-LUCK. Poor Juggie! His physical capacities and attainments were very good! Sorry I can't say as much for his moral.

I relate this little incident because, while it may be somewhat amusing, it will define another interesting feature in the life of a soldier; it will serve to impart to the reader an idea as to the way in which men plunge into vices in the camp, of which they would be ashamed at home. In camp, drinking, gambling, etc., are carried into excess by men who at home would scorn to have such misdeeds associated with their names.

* * * * *

The winter wore gradually away. The regular routine of exercise was kept up; save that out-door sports were somewhat eschewed in consequence of the increasing mud. Otherwise, things went on as usual; Gaskill got tight regularly, whenever he could procure anything to get tight on; Winder continued to tell his usual number of solemn un-

truths daily; Hare stuttered away as usual, getting into a fight alternately with Dave Adams and Bob Young; chuck-o-luck was carried on daily; the mud continued in good swimming order; military funerals were intermixed with other things, the muffled drum becoming a familiar sound; picket duty was done regularly; the captain was tried and acquitted—released from arrest and restored to his command; rumors, as usual, were afloat; talking was done, and opinions expressed as to the plans for the coming spring's campaign; and, altogether, we looked earnestly forward to the coming spring, when we should surely go forth to meet the defiant rebels. Anxiously, impatiently, we waited, watched and wished for clear, windy days to come and dry up the mud, that we might move forward. All was anticipation.

CHAPTER XV.

MOUNT VERNON.

FEBRUARY was fast passing away. The mud was making a move toward drying up—barely a move; the windy season was already inaugurated.

One day, near the last of February, I learned that Mount Vernon was within our lines; and I resolved to visit the interesting spot. I requested the captain to write a pass for me and get it countersigned by the colonel; he did so. It was on a clear, windy Monday morning; my pass allowed me till Tuesday evening to return.

Mount Vernon is situated on the west bank of the Potomac, eight miles below Alexandria. My route was, to walk to Fall's Church, a distance of five miles; then take the cars for Alexandria, a distance of ten miles from the church; once there, I would have to secure a passage on foot, by way of a very muddy road.

A train was to leave Fall's Church for Alexandria, at

twelve o'clock; the first question to be considered was, could I reach said place in time for said train? It was ten o'clock when I left Camp Pierpont, and I determined to try; though the road I had to travel was a very muddy one, and the wind was blowing extravagantly. I breasted the wind with desperate energy, and left the shape of my feet in the mud with great rapidity. As the sun began to admonish me that the hour of twelve was at hand, I found myself within sight of the station, and a few hundred paces too far down the railroad. A train was standing by the station, and the locomotive sent forth a shrill whistle. Oh, horror! Would I be too late after all? I hastened to the railroad, then turned to the right, and walked upon the ties, in the direction of the station. I saw that a locomotive with a train attached was headed directly toward me. Between me and the station, the track lay through a deep cut or gorge. To oppose my progress, the wind was rushing down against me with great energy. I struggled desperately against it. I eagerly watched the train; it was not moving yet. Oh, horror! the unearthly shriek of the locomotive was repeated. With redoubled energy I struggled against the wind; it almost held me back, but I made some progress. Of course it would have been perfectly absurd for my cap not to blow off at this interesting crisis. So away it went, I after it; every step taking me farther and farther from the train. Oh, the agony of that moment! Surely the train *would* start now, before I could recover my cap and reach it. At last I overtook the truant cap, and picked it up. Breathless, at last, cap in hand and hair flying in the wind, I reached the train and sprang upon a car just as the iron horse commenced his "fith-st-chu-chu," and the train moved. Twenty-five minutes later I was in Alexandria. There I inquired the road to Mount Vernon, and was told to follow the road that lay nearest the river. I passed directly through Alexandria, and soon arrived at a bridge which is constructed over a small bay or nook of the river half a mile below. At this bridge was a sentinel who very politely informed me that I couldn't "pass that way."

"But I have a pass," said I, producing that document.

"Let's see it."

"Here it is;" and I handed it to him.

He examined it, and said—

"This is only a colonel's pass."

"Well, isn't that sufficient?"

"No, a colonel's pass will not take you over this bridge; you should have a pass from your brigadier-general."

"Surely you don't mean that, partner?" said I.

"But I do mean it," he said.

"And I can't pass?"

"My orders are strict, and you can't pass."

"I'm sorry to be obliged to go back after walking fifteen or twenty miles," said I; though I had not the most distant notion of returning to camp without seeing Mount Vernon.

The sentinel looked thoughtful. He *didn't* like to see me go back without accomplishing the object of my journey. You will always find a true soldier entertaining a kind feeling of fellowship for any soldier with whom he may meet—always sympathizing with a comrade in his misfortunes.

"The officer of the guard is not far off," he said, at length; "perhaps he will pass you."

"Conduct me to him," I said, eagerly.

The head-quarters of the guard, whose duty it was to guard the bridge, were in an old building near at hand; thither I was conducted. A lieutenant, a sergeant, a corporal, and half a dozen soldiers were seated around a fire that was blazing cheerfully in a dilapidated fire-place.

The sentinel exhibited my pass to the lieutenant, and said—

"Lieutenant, here is a man from the Pennsylvania Reserves; he has come a long way to visit Mount Vernon."

"Where is his pass?" asked the lieutenant, who was officer of the guard.

"Here."

The lieutenant examined the pass a moment, then said—

"This won't pass you."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because it lacks a general's signature."

"But, lieutenant, I have come a long distance, and—"

"Can't help it," was the unfeeling response; and he handed me my pass.

This was certainly discouraging, but I resolved not to give it up yet.

"I wish I had known it," said I, "and I could easily have gotten General Reynolds to sign it."

"If you had you could have passed," was the consoling reply.

"Indeed it's hard," said I, musingly, "to walk twenty miles through the mud this windy day, in the hope of seeing the tomb of Washington, and then to be disappointed; and all because there is not, on my pass, one drop more of ink, in the shape of a general's signature."

"It *is* rather hard," said he, thoughtfully.

"Probably the last opportunity I'll have, as we're going to move soon," I suggested.

The officer was silent.

"I think, lieutenant, when you come to consider the distance I have travelled, you might—"

"But I have my orders, you know."

"I know; but pardon me if I remark that a man in your position is expected to call his own judgment into use on particular occasions. Now, I think, in a case like mine, when—"

"All right! All right! You may pass; it's the only way I can get rid of you," he interrupted.

"Thank you," I said; and I passed over, delighted at the admirable success that my tongue had vouchsafed me.

After travelling four miles, I was again challenged by a patrol; I exhibited my pass, and was allowed to go on. This patrolman belonged to a squad of six, posted by the road at this point, for the purpose of examining passes. The road was very muddy, and the wind still blew with unabated violence; it was, therefore, very laborious work to travel on foot. I was just beginning to think that I had gone nearly the whole distance, when I perceived a couple of ancient darkeys, who were engaged in chopping wood near the road. Upon inquiry, they informed me that Mount Vernon was "along a little furdur, to de left, down dere, like." This was very definite, and with such directions, one could not be at a loss as to the exact spot, as well as the distance thereto.

After I had walked "along a little furdur," I was passing a gateway at the left of the road, when I perceived a small white board attached to the gate-post, containing, in capital letters, a notice; it read as follows:—

"ALL PERSONS VISITING MOUNT VERNON ARE REQUESTED TO PAY AN ENTRANCE FEE OF TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. BY ORDER OF THE ASSOCIATION."

This convinced me that I was already at the farm; and I doubted not that the path leading to the cottage and tomb lay through the gate. I passed through, and followed a path directly through a thick wood, which soon brought me within sight of a cluster of buildings, which, together with several gardens, a lawn, etc., were inclosed by a low wall. I was soon within the walls. I met an aged darkey who looked as though he might once have been a servant of Washington. I asked him to whom I should pay the entrance fee; he informed me that it was not to be paid at all—that the place had not been much visited of late, and that all the little arrangements about the place were unheeded. Knowing that I should not have long to remain, I inquired for the path leading to the tomb; it was pointed out, and thither I bent my steps. A brick wall, ten feet high, formed an inclosure of fifteen by twenty-five feet in dimensions; it was covered with earth, and many vines were growing upon it. In the side of the wall facing the river, I perceived an arched gateway, within which hung a gate of heavy iron bars; but it was locked. Above it, on a block of marble fixed in the wall, were these words:—

"WITHIN THIS INCLOSURE REST THE MORTAL REMAINS OF GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON."

I approached, and, peering through the gate, beheld a marble sarcophagus upon a low brick foundation. Upon it was graved our National Coat of Arms—the eagle, shield, etc.—and just beneath it, the one word—the single name:—

WASHINGTON.

That was all. It was sufficient, though; for we know—the world knows his history. Nothing but the name of WASHINGTON need be inscribed upon his tomb.

I knew that that loved one rested now within that marble vault. Yet I could scarcely realize that I was actually gazing upon what contained the mouldering bones of the adored hero. Long, long I stood, as rooted to the spot, gazing thoughtfully, earnestly, upon the white marble. At length the extending shadows of surrounding objects warned me that the sun was low. I looked westward, and, lo! half the golden orb of day was already hidden behind the green pines far away. I must go. Reluctantly I turned away. Oh, I did hate to leave that hallowed spot! I could have died there! But night was fast approaching, and I must depart. I cast one lingering look within; I snatched a small twig from a vine which hung from the wall, and turned away. I repassed the cottage. Then I thought of him who once dwelt therein—whose resting-place I had just left. I remembered his unceasing, untiring toils for his idolized country, and I wondered what he would say were he living now. Ah, what would be his feelings, as the sound of the cannon employed in civil strife shook the walls of his peaceful home—when the sharp crack of the rifle in the hands of a Virginian was the death-signal of some native of Virginia's sister State! Surely, his heart would be broken!

I soon found myself again in the main road. The wind had abated, and I walked briskly on. I must endeavor to reach Alexandria that night. Darkness—thick darkness, too, among those pines—soon reigned. I soon made a somewhat remarkable discovery—I was tired. Eight miles lay between me and rest; it was too cold to sleep out of doors without a blanket. It was freezing now; ever and anon the thin ice rattled under my feet like glass. Wearily I trudged on.

"Halt!" I had reached the post of the patrol with which I met on my way to Mount Vernon.

"Who comes there?" demanded the sentinel on duty.

"Friend—with a pass," I replied.

"Was it you who passed here a little after noon to-day?"

"Yes."

"Let me see your pass."

I produced my pass.

"Come with me," he said; and he led the way to a blazing fire near at hand, around which were seated the remainder of those on duty. By the light of the fire he examined my pass, then he said:—

"All right, you can pass if you wish; but it's a rough road from here to Alexandria, and I advise you to remain with us for the night. You are welcome to stay; we have a good fire here, and plenty of blankets."

"Yes, stay with us," said another of the squad.

"By all means," said another.

"Do! It's foolishness to walk clear to Alexandria to-night," urged another.

"I believe I will," said I.

"Certainly! That's right! You have not had your supper: sit down and have some coffee."

I complied; after which we all seated ourselves around the fire, and were soon on the most intimate terms. We chatted away in merry humor for hours, relating stories, etc.

At length, I lay down by the fire, and slept comfortably till morning. Then I arose to depart. As I did so, I perceived that there was a camp of some regiment very near; turning to the boys, I asked:—

"What camp is this?"

"That's the camp of our regiment," was the reply.

"Your regiment?"

"Yes."

"Really, I believe I never asked you what regiment you belonged to."

"And we forgot to tell you—it's the SIXTY-THIRD."

We exchanged "good-byes," and I walked on, over the now frozen ground, toward Alexandria. On arriving thither, it struck me that nothing in the world would be so delightful and refreshing on that cold morning as a plate of hot oysters. Accordingly, I stepped into a saloon, called for the article, and dispatched it, which made me just thirty seconds too late for the eight o'clock train for Falls Church. Therefore I was obliged to wait for the one o'clock train; for a train was to leave at that hour.

As I had some hours to spend in Alexandria I took a

stroll, "seeing the place!" Of course I visited the "Marshall House"—the hotel in which Colonel Ellsworth was killed.

I could not help remarking the peculiar names of the streets. Five of the principal streets of Alexandria are named as follows: "King," "Queen," "Prince," "Princess," "Duke." Alexandria has not the name of being a *loyal* city, but this certainly sounds *royal*.

In order to make sure of the one o'clock train, I went to the depot at eleven A. M., and had the pleasure of waiting three hours instead of two; for the trains there are never very punctual. At last, however, I found myself aboard an open car, which was loaded with hay—it travelled just as fast as any, though—and I was soon at Falls Church once more. Then I started for Camp Pierpont. Thinking to take a near cut, I passed through an extensive wood in which I lost my way, and took a "near cut" of eight miles instead of five. Just as the sun was sinking in the west, I entered the camp of the Eighth. At the same time a mounted messenger dashed into camp, shouting—

"Fort Donelson is ours! It has been surrendered with twenty-five thousand prisoners!"

Every man who heard, shouted—

"Hurrah! hurrah! Fort Donelson is taken! Three cheers!"

A soul-stirring cheer went up; every man in the regiment shouted with gladness on hearing the welcome news. Other regiments took up the cheer, and ere long fifteen thousand men were yelling at the top of their voices; and they continued to do so until they were hoarse.

Our brass band now came forth, took its position on the most elevated spot in our regimental street, and played all the national airs they could think of; beginning with "Hail Columbia," and winding up with "Yankee Doodle." The whole regiment gathered around, cheering at intervals in a deafening manner.

"Hurrah! The war is about over," shouted one.

"Who wants to buy a good gun?" asked another.

"Or a good knapsack? I'm about done with mine," said another.

"Or a cartridge-box," was suggested.

"Or a canteen?"

"Or a haversack?"

"Or a good overcoat?"

"Ah, boys, *the war is not over yet!*" said a youthful soldier, gravely; he was a member of Company "B."

Poor fellow, he was right. Better had it been for *him* if the war *had* been over then. Then he could have returned to his smiling home on the green banks of the Allegheny. But alas! Where is he now? His bones lie buried at GLENDALE, no stone marks the spot, and his widowed mother, now doubly a widow, sits, lonely and sad, at her cottage window, gazing sorrowfully upon the glassy surface of the clear river, thinking of her boy—her only boy—her lost Willie!

Several glorious victories were shortly added to that at Fort Donelson. It was obvious that the time was not far distant when we should do something; the mud began to grow "beautifully less." By and by, we received orders to keep three days' rations in our haversacks, and be ready to march at any time.

Sunday, the ninth of March, came. It was a beautiful day, warm and pleasant. The roads were now in a pretty good condition, especially the pike by which we expected to move. The general impression was, that we should march on the following day. I took a stroll, and in my walk passed through the camps of a number of regiments belonging to our division; I found that the expected move was all the talk—the reigning topic. Surely we *would* go next day.

Morning came. We arose alive with expectation. We were somewhat disappointed to find that the sky was overcast with clouds, and a slight mist was falling. The morning began to pass away. No marching orders. What could it mean? Were we not going after all? It looked like it. Noon came, and we were beginning to be reconciled to our disappointment; we proceeded to prepare dinner. It was just ready, when a startling cry rang out, and was repeated by hundreds of tongues throughout the camp.

"PACK UP! PACK UP! MARCHING ORDERS!"

Instantly all was bustle and excitement. Coffee-pots were kicked over; a few extra provisions were thrust into haversacks; knapsacks were hurriedly packed, and in fifteen minutes the regiment was formed—we stood in line. Impatiently we waited the order to march. Oh, could it be that the time had at last come when the grand movement of the Army of the Potomac should be consummated? We could scarcely realize that it was so. Where was Colonel Hayes? Why is he not here? Probably he is at the general's quarters, waiting for orders. Ah, there he is!

The colonel rode hurriedly into camp, and shouted—

“Battalion, shoulder—*arms!*”

It was done with alacrity.

“Right—*face!*”

This command was obeyed with equal agility. Then came the magic—

“*Forward—MARCH!*”

The band struck up a favorite air, we moved as one man, and uttering one wild farewell cheer, we marched from CAMP PIERPONT—forever.

CHAPTER XVI.

T H E A D V A N C E.

THE division was properly formed, and we moved out the pike in the direction of Drainesville. We had no doubt that we were to march to that village; thence, make a flank movement on the rebel works at Centreville or Bull Run. Certainly we were not going to Leesburg, for the Union forces already occupied that place. Slowly, steadily, we marched on. The sky had now become clear, and the sun shone out warmly and beautifully.

When within three miles of Drainesville, we abruptly left the pike, filing off to the left, and following a by-road through a wood; it was the road leading to “Hunter’s Mills.” We

soon crossed the "Alexandria and Leesburg" turnpike. On we went—on, toward Hunter's Mills. The march was a hard one; many extra great-coats, many blankets, and much superfluous clothing were abandoned by the way—left lying at the road-side.

It was near evening, when, in passing through a low valley, we found ourselves called upon to cross a deep creek. Rails were thrown across from bank to bank—the creek was narrow—and we walked carefully across. Here and there trees had fallen across; and to such places many flocked for the purpose of walking over on the trunks one by one. At one of these places happened our friend Dennis, and another of OUR BOYS—Tommy Simpson. They, by dint of pushing and jamming, and heaving, and surging among the crowd, succeeded in reaching the log simultaneously. Dennis, however, being the most active, mounted upon the log ahead of Tommy. This latter gentleman, in the excitement of the moment, lost his balance slightly, and to save himself from pitching into the stream, set the breech of his musket in the water, thinking to rest it on the bottom and thus support himself; for he supposed the bottom to be but a few inches below the surface of the water. But in his calculations as to the depth of the water he was fearfully at fault; it chanced to be at this point six feet deep. Down went the musket into the water, making a terrible blubbering as it went, Tommy barely saving himself from going in, too, by grasping the adjacent coat-tails of Dennis. The result was, both Dennis' feet suddenly slipped from the log, one on each side of it, causing him to take his seat upon the log most violently, and in a truly equestrian style—his feet dangling in the water for want of stirrups. Tommy, who had only seen the back of Dennis, failed to recognize him. Thinking, however, that owing to his proximity to the water, he (Dennis) might be able to seize the gun ere it should sink, he cried out, in a supplicating tone:—

"Mister! mister! Grab my gun—quick! Oh, do!"

"Grab h—ll!" exclaimed Dennis; "sure, I'll think I'm lucky if I'm able to grab mesel' out o' this—without settin' here feshen' for yer dommed old gun."

"Ah, ah!" muttered Tommy, pitifully, giving the word the broad sound; for his musket gave a final blubber, and took a horizontal position upon the pebbly bottom.

What could Tommy do? The regiment was moving on—he was soon left behind. Must he strip off, during that cold March evening (for the sun was low, and it was getting cool), and take a dive for his fire-arm? Horror, no! Yet he must recover his gun—or else pony up twelve dollars of his next two months' pay, for another; and that would be decidedly unpleasant. A bright thought struck him; and he proceeded to act upon it. He procured a long stick and tried "feshin'" awhile, as Dennis had expressed it; but it was no go—he could feel it at the bottom, but that was all. At last it became obvious that there was but one alternative; *he must dive*. With stoic determination, he removed his accoutrements—then his raiment. Oo—oo! plunge! splash! Down he went to the bottom, the waters closed over him, and for a moment he was lost to earthly view—lost to the view of all save, perhaps, some lonely fish that sported among the waters. Presently the waters parted, and out popped Tommy's *heels*. With some difficulty he succeeded in getting "t'other end up;" then his countenance appeared above the surface, he seized some reeds that grew upon the bank, and crawled out, shivering triumphantly, gun in hand.

Weary and worn, we reached Hunter's Mills; we had marched twenty miles that afternoon. It was now dark. We were stacking arms; each man was just making the remark that he couldn't march half a mile further to save his life, when the adjutant rode up, and called out:—

"Captain Conner!"

"What is it, adjutant?"

"You will take your company and march out the road a mile and a half, where you will form a picket line connecting on either flank with the pickets of other regiments.

"Yes, sir—company, take—*arms*."

This was pleasant. Of course it was fair—perfectly fair; for it *was* our turn. There was some cursing the *luck*, though, and many words worse than "really" were uttered by OUR BOYS. We now proved that we "couldn't march half a mile

to save our lives," by marching a mile and a half with much less at stake. When a man finds that a thing *must* be done, however difficult, it is surprising how readily he manages to do it.

At an early hour on the following morning we returned from picket and took our position upon a high hill not far from an old mill belonging to Mr. Hunter. Here we were furnished with painted tent-blankets, and we established our camp and styled it "Camp Hawkhurst," in honor of the secessionist who owned the ground; but as this was a rather difficult word to remember, the boys all called it "Camp Cornstalk," and they who are living do to this day.

A word as to those renowned shelter-tents. Each man was furnished with a tent-blanket about four by six feet in size; any members were allowed to form a mess and construct a tent of any size the number of blankets might permit. Haman, Dick, and I constructed an awkward affair of ours. Enos did not go in with us; he thought we teased him too much about his affair with old Christie concerning that wood. Ort was detached with the ambulance corps; and he, too, left us. Thus we were three.

The first event that occurred in Camp Cornstalk was, it rained most mercilessly; which rain, aided by a brisk wind, succeeded in entering our frail abode in torrents, drenching us completely. March rains are no delicacy, even in the sunny South; so we huddled together within our narrow house, bumping each other's heads, knocking each other's caps off, and looking very glum. The fact is, these tent-blankets, as described, do not constitute a very spacious apartment. And—let me see—well, I don't remember *exactly*, but I think Haman swore a little, so did Dick; but *I* didn't, I know, for I quit swearing seven years since, and have held out most faithfully.

We had been in our new camp two days, and were beginning to wonder why we were not called upon to "pitch into" the rebels at Centreville, when the colonel rode into camp and informed us that they had skedaddled several days previously, evacuating and abandoning their boasted strongholds, Centreville and Manassas. This was news. and no

mistake. We didn't half like it, for we had hoped to assist them in leaving those places.

On Friday morning, the fourteenth of March, an order was issued, signed by General McCall, requiring us to hold ourselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice, *by water*. That evening, about dark, the "moment's notice" came, and we hastily pulled down our miniature tents, each making one of the blankets fast to his knapsack—we were to carry them of course. It was rumored that we were to march to Alexandria, there to embark in steam transports, for parts to us unknown. Soon we were in line, soon in motion, directing our steps toward the Alexandria and Leesburg pike.

On arriving at the pike, we halted for the night, and lay down in a wood beneath the soothing influence of a refreshing rain. By spreading out tent-blankets over us, we succeeded in keeping partly dry. Our heads and feet caught it, though, for in attempting to cover the one we were sure to draw the covering off the other; and in the morning we arose, feeling as stupid as might be.

We had taken coffee, when Captain Biddle, General McCall's aid-de-camp, rode by, ordering us to get into line—telling us that we were about to march. It was still raining. Now the turnpike bridge, crossing Difficult Creek, had been burned by the rebels, so it was necessary for us to march across to the other—the Georgetown and Leesburg pike—cross the stream by that bridge, then march back to the Alexandria and Leesburg pike east of Difficult Creek. This was an addition of ten miles to our journey. The rain continued to pour down steadily all the while; the mud became deep, and the marching was both unpleasant and laborious; a cold wind was blowing; our clothes became saturated, our shoes were filled with mud. At last, we once more reached the Alexandria pike and marched toward Alexandria. When near Falls Church we halted, and were allowed to bivouac for the night in a pine grove. The rain had gradually increased, and was now pouring down in torrents. Night was approaching. To kindle a fire was literally impossible, yet we had stopped for the night. There we stood, looking miserably enough, the rain rushing from our caps and flow-

ing soothingly adown the backs of our necks. Some had the courage to sit down upon a stump, or the trunk of a fallen tree. But, oh, such courage as it must have required! I didn't possess it, I'm sure. I tried to stand in some position that the rain might not beat into my face; I faced to the east, and to the west, and to the north, and to the south, but to no purpose; the rain seemed to be coming from every direction. I tried to shelter my devoted head with my tent-blanket, but the wind blew it hither and thither, and the rain continued to beat furiously into my face, and to run down the back of my neck. At length, exasperated and desperate, I determined that I wouldn't stand there and be drowned alive, I would walk clear to Alexandria, that I would. It was yet ten miles. I started. A thought struck me. The streams must certainly be much swollen, and they would be difficult to cross. I had better follow the railroad, that I might cross all the streams on bridges. I acted upon this suggestion, and was soon walking down the railroad, stepping from tie to tie, amusing myself with the thought of how many of those ties lay yet between me and rest—shelter. I soon discovered that I was not the only one of our division who had made this desperate resolve—to walk to Alexandria. I fell in with three Bucktails; they constituted my travelling companions. After remarking all around that it was "rather rainy," we pursued our way in silence. Darkness came on. We crossed many bridges, stepping from one tie to another, which, considering that they were wet and slippery, and that the night was dark, was certainly attended with danger.

When within three miles of Alexandria we encountered a bridge which must have been fifty feet high, and it was fifty paces in length. The waters beneath were rushing and foaming, pitching, and tossing in a manner altogether savage. We halted—hesitated. Should one of us in passing over, make a single false step, encumbered as we were, death would be inevitable.

"Boys," I said at length, "I'm going to try it."

They were silent. I commenced the perilous walk over the bridge, stepping carefully from one tie to another. I could hear the mad waters below, and I shuddered. At last

—it seemed an age—I arrived in safety on the east side of the stream.

“Boys, I’m over,” I called out.

“Well, I’m coming,” said one; and he commenced the dangerous walk.

He reached me in safety, and heaved a great sigh of relief. Another followed; he, too, arrived in safety. The last one then attempted the dangerous crossing. He reached the centre of the bridge, when, hearing the surging waters far below, his courage deserted him, and he stopped, stood still, and trembled violently.

“Come—come—and—take—my—gun,” he said.

There was a moment of hesitation. The others, being his comrades, had the best right to go; but they made no move toward it. I knew it would be dangerous to go out to him, but I could not see a fellow being perish, and I stretch forth no hand to save him. I laid my musket down and carefully approached him.

“You needn’t be afraid,” said I, encouragingly. At the same time, I thought he *need* be, and that *I* need be, too.

When I arrived to within a few steps of him, he suddenly recovered his equilibrium of nerve, and said:—

“Never mind, now; I guess I can make it.” And he began to move on.

“Let me take your gun,” I said.

“No, I can go it now; I only felt a little unnerved for a moment, but it’s all over now.”

We were soon clear of the bridge, and we trudged on toward Alexandria. At last we arrived thither, almost overcome with fatigue—having marched twenty-seven miles through storm, rain, and mud, carrying the average weight of forty-five pounds.

Learning that all the public buildings of the place were thrown open for the accommodation of soldiers, I proceeded to a public hall near the post-office, and, with many others, spread my blanket on the floor, and, all wet as I was, threw myself down, and a deep, dreamless slumber came over me. When I again awoke, the broad light of mid-day—and it was Sabbath-day—greeted my unclosing eyes.

I soon learned that our division was not the only one ordered back to Alexandria—that nearly the whole army had returned, or was returning to Alexandria, all with orders to prepare to move *by water*. After our march through the pelting rain, OUR BOYS suggested that the order to move *by water*, alluded to the rain. I doubt it, though, for the order didn't know that it was going to rain.

I arose, feeling very old, packed my knapsack, strapped on my effects, and sallied forth into the street. I was passing the telegraph office, when whom should I see but Captain Biddle. He rode up to the door, dismounted, and was about to enter, when I approached him, touched my cap, and asked:—

“Has our division arrived yet?”

“Yes,” said he, returning the salute.

“Where is it?”

“It has halted a mile from here; you will reach it by going out King Street.”

“Thank you,” I said; and leaving Alexandria, by King Street, I walked a mile out the pike, and arrived at our division.

The camp of the Eighth Regiment was pointed out to me, and I was soon among the boys, who were busily engaged arranging their tents.

“Why, where have you been?” asked Haman.

“In Alexandria,” I replied.

“In Alexandria?”

“Yes, certainly.”

“When did you go there?”

“Yesterday.”

“Yesterday?”

“Of course; when should I go, if not yesterday?”

“But you didn't walk all the way?”

“Well, I didn't run.”

“But did you go all the way a-foot?”

“Yes, I went all the way; but it was more than *a foot*.”

“And you *did* walk it?”

“Oh, yes.”

“What a walk! Where did you sleep last night?”

"In a public building in Alexandria. Where did *you* stay—in that wood?"

"Yes."

"What a sleep! I am of the opinion that my walk was more pleasant."

"Sleep! All the sleeping *we* did you could put in your eye."

"No doubt; but *I* had enough to fill both *mine*."

"Did you sleep comfortably?"

"Yes. After I lay down, I didn't know anything until about an hour ago."

"I wish I had gone with you."

"I wish you had—but what kind of a tent is that you are putting up?"

"Oh, that's a tent made of these blankets, you know."

"But it looks large."

"True. We have taken a few more into our mess."

"Have you?"

"Yes, if you have no objections."

"Oh, none! The more the merrier. Who are they?"

"Well, Captain Conner and Lieutenant Moth are coming in with us."

"Ah, very good; then we are five."

"Yes; but Sergeant Cue and Sergeant Graham are coming in."

"Ah, seven! Well, that's none too—"

"Galvesti is coming in, too."

"Eight! All right; I—"

"And Jim Rider."

"I'm glad of that! I always wanted Jim with us. Well, that's nine, and—"

"So is—"

"What! Any more?"

"No, that's all; I was only joking. Nine we are. Come on with your blanket."

"All right. What a remarkable mess we have!"

"Haven't we?"

Having completed the construction of a tent composed of nine blankets, we got dinner—or supper, I don't know which.

After this, a tremendous rain came up—or rather *down*—lasting the remainder of the day and all of the night.

When night came, we crowded together within our anything-but-spacious abode, lying very “close apart,” with the reasonable intention of “snoozing” the night away in sheer forgetfulness.

It so happened that the two sergeants, Graham and Cue, lay side by side. Neither was in a very good humor; so, Sergeant Cue said to Sergeant Graham:—

“I wish you’d quit your scrougin’, and lay off o’ me!”

“It’s *you* who are crowding; I wish *you* would keep off *me*,” responded Graham.

“It’s no such thing,” said Sergeant Cue, snappishly.

“But it *is* such a thing.”

“I know better!”

“You don’t know as *well*.”

“It’s a lie!”

“You’re another!”

“Confound you! don’t you tell me that.”

“And don’t *you* tell *me* that.”

“You’d better dry up.”

“I wish I could, but this rain—”

“You—for half a cent I’d smash you!”

“You would?”

“Yes, I **WOULD!**”

“Well, now, you work very cheap.”

“I’d as lief do it for nothing.”

“Well, I suppose that is as cheap as I can get it done; so I give you the contract. You can begin operations as soon as you please.”

“Well, I’m just the man that can do it!” said Sergeant Cue, coming all the way back to that.

“No doubt,” said Sergeant Graham, coolly. “Dear me how it does rain!”

And thus ended the bloody (?) quarrel.

I was very glad that they didn’t “get together,” for had a struggle occurred there, between those stupendous men, “down would have gone our house.” However, I suppose they had no notion of carrying the difficulty so far as active operations.

Next morning, the rain having ceased to fall, I took a walk to Alexandria. I discovered that many steam transports were lying along the wharves. The work of embarkation had already begun. I wondered when our turn would come.

Day after day passed away; troops were continually embarking, and still our turn did not come. Anxiously and impatiently did we await the order to go on board; for we wanted to be off for Dixie. All felt that some important movement was about to be made, and we were eager to begin active operations—to meet the rebels.

CHAPTER XVII.

WAITING.

As day after day passed and our turn to embark seemed as distant as ever, I began to look about me for amusement. One morning, while I was at breakfast, it suddenly occurred to me that the battle-ground of Bull Run was now within our lines; I asked myself what was to prevent me from visiting it? After some rumination, I arrived at the conclusion that *nothing* was to prevent me. Having finished my morning repast, I straightway arose, said "nobody to nothing," and went to Alexandria with the intention of taking the earliest train for Manassas. On arriving there, I was informed that no train would leave for Manassas till eleven o'clock. For amusement in the meantime, as the morning was yet young, I walked down to the shipping. The wharves were alive with soldiers who were going aboard the transports as fast as possible. General McClellan was there on horseback superintending the embarkation. A large steamboat was nearing the wharf, and his horse became restive; nearer it came, and the horse became unmanageable. But when the whistle suddenly uttered a frightful shriek, the animal executed such a violent bound, that the general was thrown from

his seat; and, as he fell, the foot of the kicking and plunging horse came within an inch of striking him upon the head. Little Mac sprang up with an easy grace, seized the bridle of his horse, remounted, and coolly remarked to the soldiers who stood near—

“Boys, you came near losing your general.”

A murmur of admiration spread rapidly among the assembled spectators.

When the hour of eleven was near, I went to the depot, and was soon aboard the Manassas train; in due time it started, and at one o'clock I found myself at Manassas Junction. I at once made inquiry as to the location of the Bull Run battle-ground. I was informed, to my chagrin, that the distance was seven miles—that no man could find the way without a guide—that it was, moreover, dangerous to go, on account of guerrillas. This was encouraging, wasn't it? Seven miles—impossible to find the way—danger from guerrillas—whew! What else? Howbeit, I determined to go.

“Which path—what direction is it?” I asked.

“Why, are you going to try it?”

“Yes,” I replied, resolutely.

“Well, if you are determined to go,” said my informant, “it's in that direction”—he pointed northward—“but I advise you not to undertake the journey.”

“I have come all the way from Alexandria for the purpose of seeing the Bull Run battle-ground, and I won't go back without it,” I replied.

I took the path pointed out, and far away through tangled forests of pines I pursued my lonely way. I walked at a brisk pace, following the wanton wanderings of the path, which, at times, became almost invisible. I was just beginning to think that I had travelled those “seven miles,” when I espied a cabin which stood a little way from the path. Wondering what secluded creature might chance to dwell in that lonely place, I left the path and walked over to the hut. An aged negro woman was the sole occupant.

“How do you do, my good woman?” I asked.

She nodded but did not speak.

"Am I on the right road to the Bull Run battle-ground?" I asked.

"Sah?" said she; although I thought I had spoken as distinctly as I could.

"Am I on the right road to the battle-ground?" I again asked.

"Yes, sah."

"How far is it yet?"

"Two miles, massa."

"Thank you—good-day," and I walked on.

After travelling what appeared to me to be two miles, I suddenly, on emerging from the wood into an open space, came upon another habitation. It was a white frame house, with two out-door chimneys as usual. Strange to say, a white man—a Scotchman—dwelt there. He was sitting by his door, and I approached and said—

"Good-evening, my friend."

"Gud-even'," was the response.

"Am I on the right road to the battle-ground?" I asked.

"The same, sir."

"How far is it?"

"Three miles un a half."

"What? You're surely joking!"

"It's true, man."

On I went. I was so provoked that I did not bid the gentleman good-evening, or thank him for his information. Three miles and a half! Now I thought he might have left the "half" off, at least. The negro woman had told me that it was but two miles from her residence; I had travelled about that distance, and still it was three and a half miles. This was a somewhat remarkable *gain*' of a mile and a half. But now, irritated by disappointment, I determined to see Bull Run battle-ground, though I should be obliged to go round by China. I hurried on, and—at last, did reach the battle-field. I was on it before I knew it. A house stood on the ground, and within dwelt a leather-colored individual, who stood at the door grinning horribly, and displaying about a fourth of a gross of white teeth, to the best advantage. It was this gentleman of decided African descent who informed

me that I was actually on the ground. He pointed out various interesting spots to me; among other things, a chimney—all that remained of a house in which an old woman was killed by the bursting of a shell, during the terrible battle of the previous summer.

With what interest did I view the celebrated battle-field! How little did I imagine that a terrible battle would yet be fought on that self-same field, and that *I* was destined to take part in it. But I must not anticipate.

The sun was fast nearing the glowing horizon of the west, and I began to feel the importance of departing. A train was to leave Manassas for Alexandria at seven o'clock, and if I was not there in time for this train, I would be obliged to remain all night at Manassas. I at once took my way through the lonely woods. The sun soon went down, and it began to grow dark. As the shades of night thickened, many pictures of guerrillas, and of having my throat cut or the top of my head shot off by some prowler among the bushes, chased each other, phantom-like, across my active imagination. But I reached Manassas in safety, just in time for the train; and in a few hours more I found myself in camp. My messmates were all asleep, and, crawling in among them, I was soon—"that same."

Next morning, on awakening and finding me with them, the boys broke out in exclamations of surprise.

"In the name of all that's not understandable, where were you all day yesterday?" asked one.

"At Manassas," I coolly replied.

"At Manassas! You don't mean to say you went all the way to Manassas yesterday?"

"Yes, certainly."

"More likely you were in Alexandria all day, on a spree."

"I don't go on sprees myself."

"Then you probably had company."

"You are wrong in your surmises. I tell you that I went to Manassas on the cars, and that I also visited the Bull Run battle-ground."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Here are some relics—an old bullet, a small stone

a piece of cornstalk, a small twig—I got them all on the field.” And I produced the above-named articles, which I really had brought with me from the battle-field.

“And *did* you get those on the Bull Run battle-field?”

“Certainly.”

“Well, I declare!”

“No doubt you do—but I am hungry; I have had nothing to eat since yesterday morning. Let us get breakfast ready.”

It was a fact. I had thoughtlessly started off on the previous morning without putting so much as a cracker into my pocket, and the consequence was I went twenty-four hours without eating.

Evening was once more approaching, when Page—the same who had the muss with Jack Burke, as previously described—came to my tent and asked me to accompany him to Alexandria. I consented, and we started, taking a near cut across the commons. These grounds were plentifully strewn with the carcasses of departed horses and mules once the property of Uncle Sam. As we walked along we saw one lying directly in our path; it looked as though it had not been long dead. Half unconsciously, we stopped and gazed upon the lifeless animal.

When two persons have nothing especial to occupy their minds, it is astonishing on what trifling topics they will talk, rather than not talk at all. Accordingly, I said:—

“Page, I wonder how long that horse has been dead?”

“Three or four days, I suppose,” was the reply.

“I scarcely think it,” said I, by way of inaugurating an argument.

“I do—I know it; look how stiff it is.”

“I don’t think it looks so stiff.”

“Yes it does; see how it is stretched out.”

“I don’t care for that; I don’t believe the horse has been dead twenty-four hours.”

“Fudge! I believe it’s been dead a week,” said Page, growing stronger in his assertions by being opposed.

“Foolishness,” said I; “I doubt whether it has been dead three hours.”

"Three hours! Merciful Moses! I'll bet a dish of oysters it has been dead for three weeks."

"Done!" said I; though I wondered how he was going to prove it.

"Very well, now—great gooseberries, look there!" And Page pointed wildly at the animal's head.

At that moment the horse, which we had supposed to be lifeless, deliberately raised its head, opened its eyes, stared tranquilly at us for a moment, then lay quietly back in its former position. The truth is, it was a horse that had been turned out to die; but its time having not yet come, it had laid down to take a nap.

Page and I passed on, entered Alexandria, promenaded till near dark, and finally entered an oyster saloon. There we called for "oysters-stews," to which we sat down and went to work on with absorbing interest. While engaged in this delightful occupation, a soldier, who was somewhat "liquorated," finished a dish of oysters on which he had been at work, and arose to pay for them. After searching all his pockets with tedious drunken deliberation, he finally produced a five-dollar bill, taking it, I think, from his coat-tail pocket.

"This, I think, is not good," said the proprietor.

"What?" asked the soldier.

"This is not a good bill," repeated the oysterman.

"But it is," said the soldier.

"I don't think it is," said the proprietor, mildly.

"But I *know* it is."

"I'm a little afraid of it."

"It can't hurt you."

"Neither can it do me any good."

"Well, now I say it's a good bill."

"I'd rather not take it."

"But I tell you it's good."

"I think not."

"And it's all I have, too."

"Well, I can't take it; I would rather *give* you the oysters than to lose the whole five dollars."

"But I tell you it isn't a counterfeit."

"I'll not risk it," said the proprietor, growing weary of trifling.

"But you've got to. You mustn't accuse *me* of passing counterfeit money."

"I don't accuse you of passing counterfeit money; you haven't passed it yet, nor you *won't* pass it on *me*," said the proprietor, beginning to lose his temper.

"But you—"

"I told you I would give you the oysters, as this is all the money you have. What more do you want?"

"I tell you this *is* a good note," persisted the soldier, with drunken obstinaey.

"Well," said Page to me, "if that isn't an idea. Here a fellow is presented with a plate of oysters, and, not satisfied, wants to whip the benevolent giver in the bargain."

It *was* an idea. One would think that the soldier should have been satisfied; but there is no reason in a drunken man. As there was some probability of a row being the final result of the matter, and I had now finished my oysters, I arose and remonstrated with the inebriated soldier.

"Come, now, partner," I said, "this man has given you a plate of oysters, and you ought to ask no more of him."

"But I want him to change this note," said the soldier, stubbornly.

"But, my friend," said I, "you don't understand him; he is a patriotic man, and don't want to take any pay from a Union soldier; so, he has pretended that he didn't like to change the note, just so that he could get to *give* you those oysters."

"Is that so?" asked the soldier in surprise.

"Certainly. Can't you see plainly?"

"That must be it," he said, thoughtfully; and thrusting his worthless bill into his pocket, he walked from the saloon, wondering what had made the *citizens* of *Alexandria* so very patriotic all at once.

On leaving the saloon, we discovered that the night was very dark. It began to be a question whether we could find our way out of the city at the right point. We could go out King Street and have no difficulty in finding our way to

camp; but as the camp of our regiment lay a quarter of a mile or more from the pike, we could, by leaving the city at a point further north, get to camp by a much nearer route. We walked up the Washington railroad, and, in the darkness, passed by the "turning-off place."

"Page," said I, after we had walked a quarter of a mile too far, "I think we have passed the road by which we should leave the city." (It will be recollected that there was no gas-light at this part of the place).

"I think so, too," was the rejoinder.

"Then let us return, and watch more carefully for it."

"I guess that *is* our plan," said Page, stopping so abruptly that I ran violently against him in the darkness.

We turned us about, and retraced our steps. We were still walking on the railroad, which, at this point, was raised to the height of five or six feet.

"I think it would be better walking down there than on these cross-ties; I think I see a smooth path down there," said Page.

The "smooth path" alluded to happened to be a ditch beside the railroad, five feet in depth, seven feet in width, and full of muddy water. The night is seldom so dark that the surface of water cannot be discerned; it was dimly seen on this occasion by Page, who supposed it to be an even path.

"I think I'll jump down and walk on that path," continued Page.

"Go ahead," said I; "but I would as lief walk here."

Page made a jump: splash! he went into the muddy water.

"Hilloa! What's up?" I asked.

"Bloc—bloc—gsh!" blustered Page; and he crawled from the water, minus a dry stitch.

I soon comprehended what was up—or rather *down*—and I rallied Page, laughing provokingly.

"Ha, ha! One would think, Page, that you were attempting suicide. Just think of it—a promising young man to attempt to put an end to his existence by drowning! How inglorious! Why, Page, what *do* you think of yourself?"

"I can't see anything to laugh at," said Page, in no very amiable humor.

"A man with so much muddy water in his eyes is not apt to see the joke of it," I remarked.

"I suppose *you* would have laughed if I had drowned," said Page, shivering.

"Oh, I can't say that I would have laughed at the *drowning* part; but I *must* have had a little laugh over that flying leap you took. Come, now, Pagey, you know it is a good joke."

"It is rather funny," said Page, with a show of returning good humor; "but *don't* tell the boys in camp."

"You don't suppose that I tell every little trifling thing that transpires, do you?" said I, evasively.

The affair did, however, leak out by some means, and I am sure that *Page* never told it.

At last we saw a light which we supposed to be in the direction of camp; and toward it we bent our steps, striking across the common, stumbling and falling over dead horses, stumps, and logs, and running bump against trees, fences, and banks, and now and then stepping into a deep gulley with such abruptness that it threatened to jerk our heads off.

With sore shins, bumped heads, and scratched hands and faces, we at last reached the light, which, to our unutterable woe, proved to be a light placed upon an earthwork half a mile from camp. Almost in despair, we turned in the true direction of camp, which we finally reached after many a fall over various obstacles, and many a tap on the shins and head. We then retired, and were soon wrapped in slumber—dreaming, the while, of confused and intermingled heaps of oysters, dead horses, counterfeit notes, dark nights, railroads, and ditches of muddy water.

Several weeks passed away. A new order was issued, stating that the programme of military operations was changed—that we were not to embark after all—that we were to take the over-land route *via* Manassas and Catlett station, and join McDowell in his movements upon Fredericksburg. The order was issued on Sunday; it stated that we

should move on the following Tuesday. The First Brigade was to go as far as Manassas, by railroad; the Second and Third were to march. I do not know why this distinction was made; feeling satisfied that *we* were to ride, I did not investigate the matter.

When the order had become patent, Watty and Ed. Morgan—two of OUR BOYS—sought me out, and one of them asked—

“Haven’t you been at Mount Vernon?”

“Yes,” I replied; “I was there in February.”

“Then you know the road?”

“I flatter myself that I do.”

“Well, we would like to go; to-morrow will be our last opportunity, as we are to leave on Tuesday; will you accompany us?”

“Yes, if it don’t rain.”

“Well, we’ll be ready; we’ll start after breakfast.”

“I suppose so; I wouldn’t like to start before.”

Next morning, having partaken of our morning meal, we started for Mount Vernon. I felt that a second visit would be interesting—nay, a hundred visits to that consecrated spot would not weary me.

Without mishap we reached the grounds. The day was cool and the sky cloudy; the indications were for snow.

As we entered the grounds, the little notice which I have formerly mentioned attracted the notice of Ed. and Watty, viz:

“All persons visiting Mount Vernon are requested to pay an entrance fee of twenty-five cents: By order of the Association.”

“What will we do? We have no money!” exclaimed both in a breath.

“That arrangement isn’t in force now,” I replied.

“Oh, isn’t it?” they said, much relieved.

We soon entered the lawn. Here we met a well-dressed gentleman, who appeared to be a kind of proprietor.

“How do you do, sir?” said Ed.

“How are you?” was the reply.

“A fine day,” remarked Ed.

“Beautiful,” agreed the man; although for the life of me

I couldn't see how the day could be thought either fine or beautiful.

"I believe you have stopped charging entrance fees; have you not?"

"Yes, we did stop it on account of the war; but now that the place is out of all danger from rebels we have commenced it again."

"You have!"

"Yes."

"But we—we—"

"This fee is not required of persons merely visiting the grounds; but if visitors wish to be conducted through the gardens and buildings, they must pay their quarter."

"Oh, that's the way?"

"Yes, that's the arrangement."

After walking around the dwelling-house three or four times, we visited the tomb, also the old vault,* then we returned to the lawn.

"I wish we had some money; I would like to have a look into the gardens, green-houses, and cottage," said Ed.

"Yes—confound it," said Watty, "I wish we had been paid; just think how much good a dollar would do us now."

"There comes a carriage!" said I; for I saw one approaching at that moment.

"Some visitors, I suppose," suggested Ed.

The carriage drew up at the entrance of the lawn, and an old gentleman, two young ladies, a well-dressed young gentleman, and a lad of the age of twelve, emerged from it.

"What a country this is," remarked one of the ladies.

"Not much like Jersey," said the other; which led me to suppose that the visitors were from the State of New Jersey.

"Is that the Potomac?" asked the boy.

"Certainly; haven't you studied your geography enough to know that?" replied one of the ladies.

The proprietor of the premises now approached the party

* The remains of Washington were at first interred in a temporary vault—a kind of cavern in the hillside; they were afterward removed to the spot I have described as his tomb. It is said that it was his request to be buried in the latter place.

and introduced himself as the man who "tended to things there." The old gentleman informed the proprietor that they had come to visit Mount Vernon, and he expressed a desire to be conducted over the premises, wishing to know how much he should pay for the party. The proprietor counted them three or four times, when, having ascertained that they were five in number, he informed the old gentleman that it would be a dollar and a quarter, he believed. The old gentleman paid it cheerfully, and the receiver proceeded to conduct the party from spot to spot, explaining many things as he went.

"That old fellow has plenty of money, no doubt," suggested Ed, thoughtfully.

"Yes, Ed," I replied; "now that I come to think of it, I wonder whether that kind-looking old gent wouldn't give us a dollar to pay our fees?"

"I suppose he would; but I wouldn't like to ask him," Ed replied.

"Why?"

"Oh, I wouldn't like, you know—"

"Pooh, that would be nothing! We are soldiers, you know."

"Yes, I know; but—"

"Well, it's nothing for a soldier to be out of money."

"Yes, but—"

"Come, now, suppose you go and ask him politely—"

"*You go.*"

"I would, but I have not the gift of loquacity that you have," said I, flatteringly.

"Yes, you have," said Ed, faintly.

"No, I haven't, you know. Now you go and ask him—you can do it just right; he won't like to refuse you in the presence of those ladies. Won't you have him nicely? Ha, ha!" And I laughed at the idea.

"That's the thing!" put in Watty.

"Certainly! He'll do it," said I, confidently.

"I believe I—I— will," said Ed.

"Of course," I urged; "go on; then we can go into the house, and see all those things of which we have heard and

read so much." At the same time *I* didn't remember that *I* had ever heard a word as to what was within the house. Nor had Ed; but he didn't like to say so, lest *I* should think him anything but well-informed. He was a printer by profession.

At that moment the party approached the spot where we stood; they were escorted by the proprietor, who, as their "twenty-five centses" were all paid, was using all the language he could command, to explain "this and that."

"This," said he, pointing to a lynn tree, "is a tree which General Washington planted with his own hands."

"Indeed!" exclaimed both ladies, in a breath; while the old gentleman said:—

"Well, now."

"Then the tree must be a hundred years old," reasoned the young man. Certainly, he was none of the brightest.

"Oh, no, it does not follow," said the obliging conductor; "General Washington has not been dead much more than half that time, you know."

"Y—ye—yes— I know," stammered the young man, in a tone that signified unmistakably that he *didn't* know—anything about it.

"Will you now walk into the house?" asked the civil conductor.

"If you please," said all but the young man, who was evidently ruminating on the piece of information he had just received.

"Now is your time, Ed," said *I*.

"With desperate firmness, Ed approached the party as they were moving leisurely toward the cottage.

"How are— how do you— good m—day," said Ed, to begin with.

Perceiving that Ed was a soldier, the old gentleman nodded pleasantly, and the young ladies smiled sweetly; the young gentleman stared at him with a look of curiosity, while the lad of twelve gazed wistfully at the row of bright buttons on his soldier coat. Ed then stammered forth:—

"Would you be kind enough—eh—ah—a—we came—I—we have come—we have—have—no—money, and—and we didn't see—we couldn't see—I—we—"

"Exactly. You have no money to pay your fees, and you would like to see the sights," interrupted the old gentleman, coming to Ed's relief; for he might have been stammering away yet.

"N—or, yes, sir; that's—it," said Ed, timidly.

"Well, well," said the old gentleman, kindly, "it would be a pity if you were obliged to go back without seeing all." And he handed Ed a dollar-bill.

"Thank you!" exclaimed Ed, gratefully.

"Oh, it's a small matter," said the old gentleman carelessly. No doubt it *was* a small matter with *him*; but with *us* it was a very *large* matter.

We now paid our fees, and had a quarter left. We were conducted into the house, where many interesting sights met our eyes. Among other things, we saw a ponderous iron key, which, we were told, was once the key of the Bastille in which La Fayette was confined. After the destruction of the prison, the key was presented to Washington by the former. We were also conducted through the gardens and green-houses, where we saw many things that were attractive and interesting.

It was two o'clock when we took our departure. Snow was already beginning to fall, and by the time we reached Alexandria it was storming, blustering, and snowing at a great rate.

On reaching that place we thought that, as we felt cold and uncomfortable in consequence of exposure to the weather, it would be no harm to step into an establishment where "something" was vended on the sly, and invest our quarter in that line. We did so, and had just tossed off our glasses, when the door was abruptly opened, and a patrol-party, consisting of a sergeant and six men, unceremoniously entered.

"How is this?" demanded the sergeant of the affrighted barkeeper.

The barkeeper couldn't tell him how it was; therefore he said nothing, but looked volumes.

"Is whiskey kept here?" demanded the sergeant.

"Nc—yes—no—I guess I have some—in the house, but

I don't sell nobody none—upon my soul I don't!" and he looked earnestly innocent.

"My friend, I have orders to destroy all the liquors I find; I am sorry, too," said the sergeant, sympathetically.

"But I don't do no harm with it; I don't sell none to no soldiers, I keep it for my own use," said the man of whiskey, pitifully.

The sergeant hesitated. Presently he turned to me and asked—

"Does he sell liquor, or not?"

"I didn't see him sell none," I replied; and to quiet my conscience I thought of a rule in "Kirkham's Grammar;" it says: "Two negatives destroy one another, and are generally equivalent to an affirmative."

The sergeant then, in mercy, told the dealer-in-something, that he wouldn't pour out his whiskey *that time*; and, urging upon the now relieved Alexandrian the importance of being careful not to sell any to soldiers, he departed. The barkeeper promised to "be careful," and as the footsteps of the patrol died away along the street, he heaved an eloquent sigh of relief, and humbly said—

"Dear me!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

MANASSAS.

THE storm continued all night; and when morning came, the snow obligingly turned into a driving sleet. This was very unpleasant, as it was the day fixed upon for our removal to Manassas. With soldierly fortitude, we packed our knapsacks, buckled on our accoutrements, and stood in line, exposed to the cruel storm. The sleet, driven by the keen wind, charged savagely into our faces. Though it was now about the beginning of April, the storm was as bitter a one as we

had experienced during the winter. While standing in line, awaiting the order to move, Lieutenant-Colonel Oliphant rode out in front of us and said—

“Now, boys, talk about your old revolutionary fathers; we, too, can suffer for our country—can't we, boys?”

A cheer arose, though it was almost drowned by the voice of the storm.

Soon after, the brigade was formed and we moved off. We marched to a point on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, about two miles from Alexandria; here we were to take the cars. Why this place was selected as the place of embarkation instead of the city itself I have never been able to surmise. Be that as it may, when we arrived at the place, no train of cars had yet come; and there we stood, shoe-mouth deep in mud—the cold wind cutting us keenly—the sharp sleet beating mercilessly upon us. An hour thus passed away. A train did come at last; but several regiments were to embark before us; and still we were left standing in the mud. The first train held only half a regiment. Another train came—another and another; still ours did not come. Thus, hour after hour passed away, and there we stood the blessed day, in that most disagreeable of storms—it lasted the whole day—waiting impatiently for the train which was to take *us*—which, however, didn't arrive at all that day.

When night came, we saw that there was no probability of our getting to Manassas before the next day; and we took up our abode for the night, within some old dilapidated buildings which stood a quarter of a mile distant. The sleet which had continued to descend during the whole day, now gradually slackened, and a snow-storm graciously consented to take its place; and four or five inches of snow fell during the night.

The greater part of another day was occupied in waiting for a train. At last, near evening, a train did come, and we were soon aboard. The train moved very slowly, and stopped very often; so that it must have been near midnight when it reached Manassas. As it was to stand till morning, we remained in the cars all night, nearly freezing by the operation; for it was very cold, and the cars were only common freight

cars, offering every facility to the entrance of the keen air. The night was clear, sharp, and frosty. When morning came, we got out of the cars and moved to a neighboring wood, where we scraped the snow from the ground in places, and pitched our fragile tents.

After our tent was erected, I took a stroll among some of the old cabins which had constituted the winter quarters of the rebels; I found many relics of the past winter in the shape of broken bottles, Richmond newspapers, etc. In one of the buildings I found an envelope which had once contained a letter. It was addressed:—

“CAPTAIN EDGAR COVINGTON,

“Thirty-eighth Virginia Regiment,

“Manassas.”

It was a fancy envelope; on it were a five-cent rebel stamp, a picture of the rebel flag, and the following patriotic verse—

“On, on to the rescue! the vandals are coming!
Go, meet them with bayonet, sabre, and spear!
Drive them back to the desolate land they are leaving—
Go, trusting in God—you have nothing to fear!”

I inclosed this interesting little relic in a letter and sent it home.

I saw many beautiful sentiments on the walls of some of the cabins, written with pencil; one of the most poetical was this:—

“You d—d Yankee cusses! These quarters are only lent to you; *we'll* be back.”

Now, I would about as soon have believed that Lord Cornwallis with *his* army would come back to this country, as to suppose, for an instant, that the rebels would ever return to Manassas. How erring is human judgment.

I returned to our camp and discovered that, from some source, a considerable quantity of spirits had made its way among the boys. Upon inquiring “whence such great good-fortune,” I was informed that a train of cars laden with whiskey, bound for Banks' Division, *via* Manassas Gap, had broken down just beyond the junction, and that OUR BOYS had

flocked over, and unhesitatingly appropriated said whiskey to their own use. Scarcely a man was there who had not his canteen full; the most of the boys had already become inebriated, and were making an unwarrantable amount of noise. The first one whom I met on entering camp was James Hare, Esquire. He had his canteen full, and seven bottles full, besides; the latter having been the property of a sutler, which was also aboard the fated train.

"T—t—t (hic)ake a horn," said Hare, to me; and he presented his canteen.

"Well, Hare, as it is a cold morning, and my feet are wet, it would not be polite to refuse," I replied.

The mouth of the canteen met mine, and—I'll not say what passed.

Next, I met Haman; he, too, had a canteenful.

"Come, old boy, take a drink," he said; and he held his canteen toward me, invitingly.

"I just had a drink," said I.

"Well, that makes no difference."

"But I am afraid it *will* make a difference."

"No, no! Nonsense! 'Take a drink."

"All right, I will *this* time; but I won't drink any more to-day." I took the canteen into my hand—our mouths met—once more I placed myself outside a quantity of the alluring contents.

Reader, perhaps you are an advocate of the temperance cause; I hope you are—I am. But I beg you will not censure me for drinking on this occasion. You may be a civilian—a lady, perhaps—and you don't know how a man feels when exposed to the inclemency of the weather—his feet wet and cold—his clothes damp, and a chill wind penetrating them! Under circumstances like these "something," dear reader, is of inconceivable service, warming one up, and making one feel good generally.

Well, every man whom I met insisted that I should drink with *him* "just this once." In vain I protested—"thank you, but—" I must drink; 'twouldn't be soldier-like to refuse. Well, I *did* drink; first, a few times; then, a number of times; and, finally, quite often; and at last I felt it pro-

digiously. Before the close of that eventful day there may possibly have been ten sober men remaining in the regiment; but I doubt it.

At four o'clock in the evening, an order was issued, requiring the commander of each company to inspect the arms of the men under him. Captain Conner, being unwell, ordered Lieutenant Moth to inspect the arms of our company.

"Fall (hic) in er line, bo-hoys—comperny xpection," said Lieutenant Moth, who was about as "tight" as anybody.

We *did* fall in, some in the most literal sense—then such a line! but few were sober enough to stand still; some faced the wrong way; some carried the musket on the wrong shoulder; and when the order—"prepare for inspection" was given, some inserted in their muskets the wrong end of the rammer. One Fred Dabbit, a Dutchman, had his cartridge-box on up-side-down. Strange as it may seem, Lieutenant Moth discovered the fact, and said:—

"You—you Dabbit (hic), look at er carrige-box."

Fred turned his head first to the right, then to the left; vainly endeavoring to fix his eyes upon the article mentioned. Failing, he said:—

"I no (hic) kin see te tam ting."

"Is'r wrong-side-out!" exclaimed Lieutenant Moth, indignantly.

"It tam not so!" said Fred, stoutly.

"What! (hic) yer talk to—I order—yer—arrest you!" blustered Lieutenant Moth.

"I care (hic) not tam," said Fred.

"Take 'm t'r guard-house," said Lieutenant Moth, decidedly, addressing a couple of OUR BOYS.

The two addressed took Fred in charge, and the three staggered off together—they didn't know in what direction—and they soon became separated from each other, and didn't find any guard-house.

Now it so happened that Lieutenant Moth had, from our earliest acquaintance, formed an unaccountable dislike for me. I could always see it sticking out; but as I generally did my duty, he had never yet seen an opportunity to extend his enmity further than mere thinking. But what is in a

man when he is sober, will develop itself when he is drunk. Accordingly, my gun not being very clean—in fact, nobody's was just then—he examined it, and said:—

“Your gun (hic) dirty as h—ll.”

I politely replied, that if the place he mentioned were not dirtier than my gun, it had been frightfully misrepresented.

“What! I—er—(hic) order—er—under—er—est!” And he passed on. He meant that then and there he ordered me under arrest; but he forgot it in less than two minutes.

The inspection over, a series of fights came next on the programme. Hare and Fred Dabbit commenced these proceedings, and pitched into each other furiously. Fred was much the largest, but so awkward that, in striking at Hare, he missed him and struck a tree that stood near, falling to the ground in the operation. Hare fell down upon him, and quite a hair-pulling followed. Presently they arose. Hare seized a musket—the bayonet was fixed—and was on the point of thrusting a hole in Fred, when I luckily knocked it aside.

“You (hic) —tam cuss!” exclaimed Fred.

“You (hic) l—l—lubberly—d—d—(hic) Dutchman!” said Hare.

A war of words thus began, was carried on—Hare stuttering and stammering—Fred swearing in Dutch. It was certainly amusing.

A number of similar rows ensued—there must have been fifty. It would be tiresome both to the reader and the writer were I to describe them; and I will desist.

Next morning I made the discovery that I didn't feel well—a discovery that a man is apt to make after drinking too much bad whiskey. For it *was* bad whiskey which we had been drinking—“fighting whiskey”—“crazy whiskey.” My head ached; my appetite was gone; and as the day wore away, I “got no better much faster,” as the Dutchman said.

In a day or two I had become so weak as to be scarcely able to walk. As I was unable for duty, I found myself obliged to enter the “sick list”—to place myself under the doctor's care. I was loth to do it, too; for it has ever been

my opinion that a man is no better than a dead man when placed under the hands of almost any of our army surgeons. This is startling, but *it is true*. An ordinary army surgeon can, by a course of treatment, bring the stoutest man to the grave; and they seldom fail to do it.

I entered the sick list and went to the head-surgeon of our regiment; he felt my pulse, looked at my tongue, and, after duly considering my case, ordered a dose of quinine to be administered.

It is a remarkable fact that most of our army surgeons invariably prescribe *quinine* for all diseases. If a soldier afflicted with the toothache appears before the surgeon, he will give him quinine; if afflicted with the headache, quinine is prescribed; if with fever, quinine; if with bad cold, quinine; if with consumption or bronchial affection, quinine; if with chills, quinine; if the patient have a pain in the toe, quinine is administered; if affected in the cranium, quinine is at once ordered and prescribed, as being the surest remedy for that particular disease.

The wounded are treated in a similar manner; amputation taking the place of quinine. If a soldier be wounded in the foot, amputation follows "to save the poor fellow's life;" if the wound be in the leg or thigh, amputation is at once resorted to; if the wound be in the hand, amputation is decided to be the only remedy; if in the arm, amputation follows immediately; if in the head, the surgeon ruminates a long while, and at last decides that, although amputation is the only remedy, the "poor fellow," in his "weak condition," would scarcely survive the operation, and might as well be laid aside to die at his leisure; the consequence is the head is left on, much to the delight of the mutilated one, who is happy to get off from an army surgeon with his head. He certainly *is* fortunate.

We had been at Manassas a week, when we received orders to move to Catlett Station, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, twelve miles from Manassas. I was too weak to walk, and was accordingly placed in a vehicle known as a "one-horse ambulance." This was my first ride in an ambulance; and, oh, how devoutly I prayed that it might be

the last! For, oh, such a ride!' I verily believe that a vehicle worse adapted to the transportation of sick and wounded soldiers could not be invented. Whenever the wheels came in contact with the slightest obstacle, the ambulance would rock, and jump, and spring, and surge, and shake, and quake in a frightful manner. Once, I remember, the wheel went suddenly into a gutter, and the body of the ambulance gave such a fearful leap, that it threw the driver from his seat, and he came down in the mud with a startling grunt. As for me, there I lay within that miserable contrivance, jostled from side to side, my head knocking violently against the frame-work at every revolution of the wheels, while I wondered how it would go to ride in such a jumping, jolting affair with a broken arm or leg.

After being knocked about in the manner described for some hours, I was at last set down at Catlett Station, near the camp of my regiment, which had already arrived. My messmates manifested the greatest kindness and attention, looking after my accoutrements (which were in the baggage-wagons), and making every effort to procure something for me to eat. Captain Conner, too, seemed much interested in my behalf, suggesting that, as our division would probably have some marching to do during the coming week, I had better return to Washington and enter a hospital. I shuddered as the captain pronounced the word "hospital," and I firmly refused to return, stating that I would as soon think of stepping out into a field and allowing the whole regiment to fire at me with buck-and-ball, at a distance of thirty paces; that I considered a man just the same as dead the moment he set foot in a hospital; that I considered our army surgeons an organized band of scientific murderers; and so they are.

Three days after our arrival at Catlett Station, I began to recover, and I went straight to the doctor and requested him to erase my cognomen from the sick-list at once. He did so, and I speedily recovered my wonted health. I was soon able for duty again. How thankful I felt as I found myself shouldering my musket once more; for I fully understood what fearful peril I had passed through in being placed under the doctor's hand.

One day—I was just myself again—I was sitting within our low tent, when, looking out upon the field in front of our camp, I descried a small inclosure of some kind, around which were planted a profusion of green pines and bushes. They seemed to have been but recently planted, for I could see fresh soil about the roots. I at once jumped to the conclusion that a soldier was interred there. No doubt, a soldier belonging to some regiment of McDowell's corps, which had passed that way a few weeks previously. I grew sentimental. [I *am* a poet]. THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE—what a beautiful subject! Surely, I must write a poem on the subject, and send it to one of our papers in Brownsville. "The soldier's grave." Ah, that was a beautiful theme! What an opportunity for the development of my peculiar faculties! I *would* write a few verses—that I would. But would it not be better to go to the immediate spot and write? Would not inspiration come to my aid while I should sit or stand near—lean upon the railing, perhaps? Yes, I would get my portfolio and repair to the solemn spot. I took my portfolio from my knapsack, and walked toward the inclosure. As I walked, I thought of the one who, no doubt, lay buried there. My imagination grew active. I thought of the disconsolate ones at home; I pictured to myself a once-happy wife, now a heart-broken widow; I pictured an orphan child—a rosy-cheeked boy; I pictured a weeping mother—a brother—a sister—a father. Oh, cruel war! Already, as I walked along, portfolio in hand, I began to put my ideas together in the shape of a verse. A moment, and I had it constructed. I could scarcely wait till I should arrive at the spot, that I might sit down and transfer my thoughts to paper. I reached the spot, walked through the bushes, and leaned upon the railing. Oh! My brain reeled! Reader, there was no soldier's grave there!—merely a rough calf-pen belonging to a farmer who resided near. Yes; and as I gazed in, a solitary calf looked up, exhibited the white of its eyes, and greeted me with a—"ba—aw—aw," that is ringing in my ears yet. How hastily sentiment fled from me then! The verse which I had already composed was gone like a flash; and to this day I have never been able to recall it. How I did "put" for camp!

As I entered our company street, I met Jim Rider, who asked me whether I had been out writing a letter.

"I *was* going to write several *letters*," I replied, "but I believe I won't *now*."

I forgot to state that, on our entering camp at Catlett Station, our mess split—Sergeants Cue and Graham, and Galvesti leaving us and going into other messes. Thus, we were now but six in number.

We had remained at Catlett Station a week, when we received marching orders; we packed up, and broke up camp. We supposed that we were to move toward Fredericksburg. A skirmish had lately occurred in that direction between the First Cavalry and a small rebel force. We learned that Fredericksburg was now occupied by our troops—that the rebels had abandoned it.

The division formed, we moved off. We left the railroad to our right, and marched due south, striking across the country toward Fredericksburg, which was about thirty miles distant.

CHAPTER XIX.

FALMOUTH.

It was near evening when we started, so that only a few miles were marched on the first day. As the shadows of night began to veil the earth, we bivouacked on the grassy banks of a clear winding stream. It was now about the last of April, and the weather was pleasant and attractive. Vegetation now, at spring's early breath, was just springing into life. Fruit-trees were covered with blossoms; the maple tree and the oak were putting forth their tender leaves; millions of blades of grass were rising up, and crowding and thronging together over the wide fields.

We constructed our tents in a temporary manner, to protect us from the dew of the night; we prepared our evening

repast, making our coffee of the pure water from "the brook that bubbled by." This done, we wrapped our blankets about us, lay down beneath our shelters, and sought repose.—Not all. Here and there, within some low tent, a solitary light, like some secluded star, glimmers merrily, casting its coveted rays upon a portfolio which lies before a soldier; a sheet of paper is laid thereon, and the soldier's pen, now taking sudden starts, now resting in its course, scratches its way across, to convey some passing thought—some little story of adventure, to a far-off home. Such is a brief picture of "The soldier writing Home." Draw near him, reader; the night is dark, and he will not see you; his thoughts, too, are far away—he is talking to his friends at home now. Now the pen stops—his hand rests. See him sit awhile in rumination. Listen! "Let me see," he mutters—"what else shall I tell?" His face turns away from the paper, and his eyes in vain endeavor to pierce the outward gloom. A moment all is quiet—all still. Suddenly he starts—he smiles. "Ah, I'll write that!" he exclaims, as some little incident of camp life, or something relative to the march or bivouac, suddenly occurs to his memory. His eyes turn upon the paper; again his pen moves right busily, till the little item is transferred to the paper. Then he stops again. Again his face grows thoughtful, and he sits in rumination. Another thought occurs, and his pen moves again. "Now," he murmurs, "I've told all." At last he has finished; he folds his letter, places it within a yellow stamped envelope, writes the address, closes his portfolio—the light vanishes, and we can see no more.

As the gray of morning hung over the eastern landscape, we moved slowly on—toward the south. About noon we reached White Ridge, eighteen miles north of Falmouth. Here we filed off into a green field, and, being told that we should remain till the following morning, pitched our narrow tents. This done, the boys might be seen striking out in all directions in quest of eggs, chickens, potatoes, etc.; some intending to buy (for we had been paid while at Manassas), others to steal. In company of Dave Malone, a good young fellow of our company, I walked out the main road a quarter

of a mile, and called at a farmer's house. The farmer, a tall Virginian, was standing at the door, and he gazed upon us with an impudent stare.

"Can you sell us a dozen eggs?" I asked.

"Yes," was the brief reply.

He entered the house, and presently reappeared—hat in hand, eggs in hat.

"How much are they worth?"

"Forty cents."

We produced a green-back.

"I can't take that," said he.

At this juncture General Reynolds rode up, accompanied by his staff, and halted opposite us. Our parley went on—

"Surely, you'll take this money, my friend," I urged.

"Surely, I won't."

"But this is the only money we have."

"Don't care; won't take it, nor any d—d stuff like it."

"What would you take?"

"Confederate script."

"No doubt you would; but it so happens that *we* don't deal in *that* stuff."

"Well, that's the only kind I take."

"You appear to have great confidence in your Confederacy."

"I have; and I think that in six months your government at Washington will go to smash, and your green trash won't be worth a snap; and I'll be glad of it."

"Ah? Judging by your 'gab,' one would be led to suppose that you, among the rest, have deserted the flag of your country."

"D—n the flag! It's a rag."

At this interesting point General Reynolds, who had thus far quietly listened to the conversation, interrupted—

"Sir, I'll trouble you to go with me."

"Go with you?"

"Yes; come along."

"Who are you?"

"I am General Reynolds, of the Federal Army."

"I don't care, I—"

"Come on, sir; you are my prisoner."

"But you—"

"Are you not coming? Do you wish me to resort to force?" and General Reynolds glanced significantly at the revolver he wore in his belt.

The "secesh" hesitated.

"Are you coming?" demanded Reynolds.

"N—yes!" he exclaimed, as he saw the general's hand move toward his revolver.

Leaving the eggs in care of a woman who had now joined him at the door, the affrighted Virginian followed Reynolds who led the way toward camp.

"Where are you going to take me to?" he asked.

"I am going to take you to camp, put a guard over you, and keep you there till you take the oath of allegiance to your country," replied the general, unhesitatingly.

"You don't mean—"

"Indeed I *do* mean."

The disconsolate Virginian was conducted to camp and placed under guard. He stubbornly refused to take the oath, and even swore he wouldn't take it, till the gloom of night began to gather over camp, when, finding that he should be obliged to sleep on the ground, or else not sleep at all, his resolution, firmness, and determination fizzled gallantly out; and he told one of the boys to go and tell General Reynolds that he would—or no he wouldn't—yes he would, too; oh, dear—take the—oh, no—yes—oath. It was administered, and he was allowed to depart.

Now, after seeing the fiery Virginian arrested and marched toward camp by General Reynolds, Dave and I concluded to walk further and call at some other house. After walking some distance along the road, we concluded to leave the road and strike across the fields. We did so, and after a walk of half a mile found ourselves at the door of a picturesque mansion surrounded by tall green trees. Thinking to call in and try to procure dinner, we knocked at the door. We did so several times before there was any response. At last the door was opened by a pleasant woman of fifty.

"Can you accommodate us with dinner?" I asked, after the compliments of the day had passed.

"Walk in—I will try," was the reply.

We did so, and were ushered into a commonly-furnished room.

"Is your husband at home?" I asked.

"No," she unhesitatingly replied; "he is in the army."

"Ah? The—the—"

"The Confederate Army—you call it the *rebel army*."

"I perceive that you do not hide the truth. A great many of the ladies of these parts, on being asked where their husbands are, say they have none—that they are widows."

"Some may say so; but I do not wish to disguise the truth. I am what you call a secessionist; my husband and only son are in the army of the Southern Confederacy. It is nothing to be ashamed of; we believe our cause is just."

"I suppose that it would be useless to argue the point with you; I could never convince you that your husband and son are fighting in an unjust cause."

"I should be sorry to say that I am not open to conviction; yet I am sure you could never convince me. To what division of the Federal Army do you belong?"

"McCall's Division—the Pennsylvania Reserves."

"What, they who fought at Drainesville?"

"The same," said I, smiling.

The lady now busied herself about preparing dinner, and when it was ready we sat down. We were treated to a very satisfactory repast, during which the merits of the war were discussed with some warmth. Our entertainer was very intelligent, and she defended the cause of the South with great enthusiasm. Dinner over, Dave suggested that we should return to camp. When we offered remuneration for the hospitality we had received, the old lady said—

"No; I ask nothing; I fed our own soldiers when they were here; I have plenty, I will give even to our enemies as long as I can."

"You are very kind, madam," said I "but I would much rather—"

"No," she interrupted, "I wish no pay; one never loses anything by being hospitable."

"I hope I may never meet your husband or son in battle."

"I hope not."

We bade the hostess good-day, and departed. I felt somewhat stung that I had partaken of the hospitalities of one whose soil I was invading.

On the following morning we were again in motion. This day we travelled the remaining eighteen miles, and halted in a grove near Falmouth.

During this day's march, Dave Winder, seeing a farmer's house a little way from the road, climbed over the fence and visited a spring which he found a little way beyond. Having filled his canteen, he returned to the road. While scaling the fence, he was just in the act of telling some of the boys that a man over at that house had ten barrels of the best "old rye," and was giving it away to the soldiers by the quart, when he (Winder) lost his balance, fell from the fence, and broke his leg. He was placed in an ambulance, conveyed to a hospital, afterward discharged, and I saw him no more.

The wood in which we bivouacked was a little way from Falmouth; and, as yet, we had seen neither that village nor Fredericksburg. Next morning we were told that we were to remove to a permanent camping-ground, and that we should pass through Falmouth on our way. We were anxious to see it, for we wondered what manner of place it was.

While sitting on the trunk of a fallen tree, "taking coffee," I heard a muss; I turned in the direction, and saw Jack Burke and Dave Adams—"at it." In order to explain the cause of their hostility, I must go back a little.

For a month past Jack and Dave had been on terms of the closest intimacy; so much so, in fact, that they were in the habit of carrying on sarcastic dialogues, and applying all kinds of epithets to each other—just for fun. For instance: Dave being rather dark-complected, Jack often called him a "nigger" in a joking way; and Jack's complexion being on the "sandy," and he a native of the Emerald Isle, Dave generally termed him a "red-headed Irishman." Now this was all in fun—no harm meant by it; but as "familiarity breeds

contempt," I prophesied that a fight would one day be the result; and my prophecy was fulfilled on this occasion. Jack chanced to be, on the morning in question, attacked with a fit of ill-humor, and wasn't in for foolishness.

"What's the matter with you this morning?" asked Dave.

"Don't ye bother me," replied Jack, pettishly.

"Oho," said Dave, "I know; you couldn't stand the march yesterday, and—"

"I till ye it's foolin' I don't want now," interrupted Jack.

"Come, now, my red-headed Irish pratie-machine," Dave remonstrated, "you wouldn't snap a feller off that way, would you?"

"Ye d—d nagur! I'll snap the divil out o' ye!"

"Oh, no, old sorrel-top, you wouldn't do that, now; for you see—"

"Blast the bloody eyes o' ye!" interrupted Jack, rushing furiously upon Dave.

It was at this juncture that I looked around, as above stated, and saw them "at work." For a few seconds they stood blurting away at each other; but presently, as though tired of standing, they lay down to it, Dave taking care to lie down first—and he did it with great energy; Jack followed him to the earth, and began to "pelt" him furiously. Dave endeavored to pelt Jack in return, but he discovered that striking upward was *up-hill* work, and he couldn't inflict a bit of violence on the person of Jack. That gentleman, at last, having pounded Dave to his heart's content, reluctantly arose, almost breathless, and exclaimed:—

"To the divil wi' ye!"

This was very uncharitable of Jack—after almost pounding the life out of Dave, to consign him to so unsympathizing a personage as the one mentioned.

"I'll go right and tell the captain!" screamed Dave, arising from his horizontal position to a reclining one.

He certainly presented an interesting picture—his face green with rage—his hair standing out in all directions, *à la porcupine*; one of his eyes was beautifully blacked; a great scratch of Jack's finger-nail wound its way from his left ear to the right-hand corner of his mouth; his blouse was torn

in two places—several of the buttons were hanging down by shreds; his shirt collar was torn open; his chin had a great bruise on the point, and the “claret” was rushing profusely from his “mug.”

“Where’s the captain?—I’ll go and tell him!” repeated Dave.

“If ye do, ye bloody squaler, I’ll smash that same black head o’ ye!” said Jack, savagely.

I gazed upon Dave, and it occurred to me that “that same black head o’ him” was very nearly “smashed” already.

“Fall in! fall in!” was at this moment reiterated from company to company.

This put an end to the affair; Dave didn’t tell the captain, nor did Jack “smash” him any more. We were soon formed and marching toward Falmouth.

As we descended the hill which lies north of Falmouth, we looked across the beautiful Rappahannock, and beheld a piece of scenery which I shall never forget. The sun was already mounting up into the blue heavens, and his full, open light shone upon Fredericksburg. That city appeared to our view as a mixture of gable-ends, chimney-tops, and tree-tops. It appeared to be a city built in the midst of a wood, or a wood of tall green trees growing up in the midst of a city. The leaves upon the trees were now full-grown, and they wore all the verdant freshness that an early spring morning is wont to inspire. Thousands of dewdrops still hung thereon, and sparkled like diamonds in the melting light of the morning sun; while in the midst the blue smoke ascended in curling wreaths from many chimneys. The Rappahannock flowing from between two green hills, half a mile above, and disappearing, in its windings, among the rolling woodlands far below, lay placid and smooth, its glassy surface reflecting the outline of a few white cottages and green trees which stood upon the opposite shore in the full light of the morning sun.

We marched into Falmouth, then took a road to the left, and marched to a pine grove upon a hill which lay opposite Fredericksburg, and there pitched our miniature tents in the best manner possible.

The pines here were not of the dwarf nature of those which we had encountered further north. They were tall and straight, with beautiful green tops, which were woven together over our heads—a shelter formed by the hand of Nature. The wood in which we encamped lay near the Aquia Creek railroad. Several bridges between Fredericksburg and the Potomac had been destroyed by the rebels, and, as yet, no trains had been able to come down from Aquia Creek Landing. We had not been long in our new camp, however, ere these bridges were re-constructed, and trains were flying along the road in a decidedly business-like way. Also three bridges over the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg and Falmouth had been burned by the rebels upon our approach. As the rebel forces had fled, Fredericksburg was unhesitatingly surrendered to General McDowell by the city authorities; and pontoon bridges were soon thrown across. The railroad bridge was soon replaced so that the cars could go over.

The people of Fredericksburg openly manifested their dislike for Yankees—acknowledged that they were secessionists at heart, and expressed the most flattering hopes that “Jeff Davis would take Washington, conquer the North, and hang all the officials from the President down to the constables.”

Meanwhile, General McClellan had landed his army at Fortress Monroe, and was commencing operations in front of Yorktown. We eagerly watched the papers for news from the Peninsula; and whenever a newsboy entered camp, shouting—“National Republican; exciting news from McClellan’s army!” it was amusing to see the crowd collected about him, every man exerting himself to be the first to get a paper lest he should be too late and get none at all; which generally was the case.

How ardently we wished that we were with McClellan. We were now under McDowell, and we did not know much about him—had no particular confidence in him. But Little Mac, who could doubt *him*? None! No one doubts him even now, though he has many enemies who say they doubt him—doubt his ability—his loyalty. Ah, if such have a

conscience (which I doubt), how that conscience must start as their foul tongues apply to that noble man such an epithet as "traitor!"

CHAPTER XX.

C O N T R A B A N D S .

ABOUT the beginning of May, Lieutenant Krepps was transferred to the regular army; Sergeant Blake was promoted to the second-lieutenancy, Sergeant Cue to the first-sergeantry, and my humble self to a sergeantry.

I had not yet visited the city of Fredericksburg; there was a stern barrier between us and that city—the Rappahannock River. Now, many men were at work upon the railroad bridge, and it was nearly completed. One day, about the middle of May, learning that the bridge was in a passable condition, I resolved to attempt to pass over and visit Fredericksburg at once. I was about to start, when Sergeant Cue notified me that I was detailed as "sergeant of the guard;" that I was to be ready for guard-mount at six o'clock in the evening. It was then about noon, and doubting not that I should be able to return by six, I started on the projected visit. When within a quarter of a mile of the river (for the camp lay at some little distance from it) I observed a sable Sambo approaching with his bundle. For about this time the negroes of that vicinity might be seen at all hours, day and night, striking out in various directions, leaving their masters. The gentleman in question was one of this class. Thinking to gain some information from him regarding the geography of that part of the world, I accosted him as soon as near enough to be favorable to the opening of communications with—

"Hilloa, Sam! Striking out, eh?"

"Yes, sah—yah-hah! hah-hah!" replied Sam, seeming to

be very much amused at the idea of *striking out*; and he exhibited two rows of immense eaters.

"Where does your master live?" I asked.

"Ober 'cross de riber dar—down below dar," replied Sam, with a voluptuous grin.

"And you've dissolved partnership with him?"

"Oh, yes; lots ob it."

"Well, Sam, can't you tell me something of the country hereabouts?"

"Yes, sah—considable."

"I believe this is Stafford County, is it not?"

"I spec so."

"You came from beyond the river, you say?"

"From be—what?"

"The other side of the river."

"Oh, yes—come from dar dis mornin'."

"And what county is that over there?"

"Oh, it's Vawginny—dat's what dey call it. Wichmond's de capilet ob it—de place dey's fightin', you know."

"Yes—but the *county*, I mean, Sam," said I, with a suppressed smile; "Virginia is the *State*, you know."

"Yes—Vawginny am de—de—yes, sah."

Perceiving that it was useless to attempt to gain any information from that ignorant darkey, I bade him good-day, and passed on. I was nearing the bridge, when I saw a lieutenant of our division engaged in conversation with a little darkey of twelve years of age. It appeared that little Sambo had been to camp to see those animals called "Yankees," and had not found them exactly what he had expected. Happening to meet with the lieutenant above spoken of, he had now opened a conversation on the subject. As I came within hearing distance, the darkey said:—

"Massa, *is dem de weal Yankees?*"

"Yes, certainly—the simon-pure—the unsophisticated," replied the officer, somewhat amused at Sam's earnestness; and he stopped with the obvious intention of holding conversation with him.

"But," argued the sable juvenile, "where is der horns I'm heered so much about?"

"Oh, the horns, eh?" replied the lieutenant readily comprehending the ideas which had prompted this question; "why, you see, they take them off and put them into their knapsacks while about camp; the Yankees are different from other animals, in that respect."

"Den do dey put dem on to fite wid?"

"Yes," replied the officer, with difficulty choking down his risibility.

"Oh, golly!" exclaimed Sam, turning away horrified.

The officer laughed and walked on. I did the same. I approached the bridge, wondering the while what *ruse* I should resort to in order to get over; for I saw a sentinel at the bridge. A few men were at work on the bridge, near the centre. Happening to know the name of the officer in charge of the laborers, I approached the sentinel, and in an authoritative tone, asked:—

"Is Captain Johns over there?"

"Yes, I think so," was the reply.

"How long will you be on post?"

"Nearly two hours; I just came on."

"Well, take a good look at me, so that you will know me when I come back, as no doubt I will return before you are off post; or, if I do not, you can tell the sentinel who relieves you, that I went over and am entitled to return—you can describe me to him." And with this, I strode boldly on, while the sentinel stared at me rather curiously; but before he was sufficiently collected to argue the matter, I had passed over.

I soon found myself at liberty to walk the streets of Fredericksburg. Many an angry scowl was cast upon me by the citizens, but I was not molested.

From the hill on which we were encamped, I had often observed a marble column, about fourteen feet in height, standing in a green field beyond Fredericksburg. I was told that it was a monument marking the spot where the mother of Washington was buried. I determined, while on that side of the river, to visit it; and thither I bent my steps. After wading through a field of luxuriant clover, I arrived at the monument. What was my indignation and horror,

when, on arriving there, I perceived that the white marble was spattered over with hundreds of bullets and shot—that the rebels, during their possession, had been amusing themselves by discharging their muskets against it! What desecration! I cannot think that it was ever tolerated by their officers. Perhaps it was done by the more vulgar ones of the rebel army; yet it was done by rebels. As I stood contemplating the sacrilegious act, I imagined that nothing could afford me greater relief at that moment, than to have a few hundred of them there. I felt that I could whip a whole regiment of such despicable barbarians.

I tarried long at the spot. When, at last, I *did* leave, I remembered that several hours must have elapsed since I came over, and I retraced my steps. While crossing the bridge I discovered that the sentinel that was on post when I went over, had now been relieved by another. On nearing him the following definite dialogue occurred—

“Did the other sentinel tell you about—”

“Oh, are you the man that—”

“Yes, I—”

“Very well, you can—”

“All right—a nice day,” and I passed on.

I arrived in camp, after my visit to Fredericksburg, just in time for guard-mount. The ceremony over, I proceeded to write out the reliefs—it was the duty of the sergeant so to do—during which I encountered some of the twistiest names I had ever heard; for instance, “Shrecenghost,” “Rappslammer;” added to these chanced to be the name of the German of our company—Heinrich Rouschenschwacker.

The “first relief” was posted; two hours later, the second; but before ten o’clock came heavy clouds came up; and the rain was descending extravagantly when the hour for calling out the third relief arrived. The corporal and I proceeded to do this in the usual manner. The officer of the guard had told me that I might allow the men to remain at their quarters while not on post. It is not the most delightful thing in the world to go over the camp of a whole regiment, hunting up a relief, the night dark, the rain pouring down, and one running against trees and falling over stumps. Then when

some of the men sleep very soundly and are hard to arouse, and others are loth to come out in the rain even when they *are* awake, if one's patience is not of a superior quality he is in imminent peril of losing it.

Heinrich Rouschenschwacker was on this relief. He had not yet retired; he was sitting within his low tent engaged in a game of euchre with some of his chums.

"Henry," said I, speaking English, "it's time for the third relief."

"Coot cosh!" he exclaimed in agony, as the idea of coming forth in all that rain forcibly suggested itself to his mind.

A moment he sat as though on a study as to whether to come or not.

"By chinks, it too tam pat!" he said, pettishly. Then buckling on his cartridge-box, and seizing his gun, he scrambled out, started for the head-quarters of the guard, and ran smack against a large pine tree the first thing. Supposing, in his ill-humor, that it was some man who had carelessly run against *him*, he levelled his fist and in a threatening manner broke out—

"What fur you run against me? I knock tam h—l out of you!"

The brave old tree stood silent and heedless, which appeared the more provoking.

"It's only a tree, Henry," said I, soothingly.

"Tree pe tam! He run right against me."

At that moment the corporal—he had been assisting in arousing the men of the third relief—called out—

"Sergeant, where are you?"

"Here," I replied; "what do you want?"

"Here's a fellow of Company 'I' who won't get up."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Smith is his name."

"Smith, eh; an odd name. Well, go with me and show me his tent—perhaps he may be persuaded to get up."

With this I followed the corporal, who led the way to a low tent constructed of two tent-blankets.

"This is it," said the corporal.

"Is he asleep?" I asked.

"I think so; but he was awake."

"And you couldn't get him up?"

"No."

Stooping down before the mouth of the tent, I placed my countenance almost within, and energetically called out:—

"Smith!"

A loud snore was the reply. The rain was beating down upon me in torrents, and I did not feel disposed to trifle very long over the affair.

"Smith!" I repeated; and I grabbed somebody's foot.

"Ouch! gosh! Don't pull my foot off!" came from within.

"Is that you, Smith?" I asked; for there were two slumbering within.

"What?"

"Is that you—is your name Smith?"

"Yes."

"Do you belong to the third relief?"

"Y—e—e—yes."

"Well, get up—we're waiting for you."

He made no reply, and I supposed that he was putting on his cartridge-box. After waiting long enough for a *thousand* men to put on their cartridge-boxes, I found my patience fast ebbing out; and I sang out:—

"Smith, are you not coming?"

A groan and a snore came from within.

"Smith!" I said, shaking him roughly, "are you not coming out?"

"What?"

"Are you coming out to go on guard?"

"Oh, it's too d—d rainy," said he, with a coolness that astonished me—just as though he could do as he pleased about coming out.

"Look ye, Smith," I said; "I can convince you that it is your better plan to come out at once, notwithstanding the rain; you see, if you don't, I'll just send to the gate for a guard, and I'll have you brought out, and I'll keep you standing in the rain all night with a guard over you."

He did not reply; and I began:—

"Corporal, go to the gate and bring a file of men, and—"

"No, no!" exclaimed Smith, with sudden energy; "I'm coming! I didn't say I wasn't yet." And clapping on his cartridge-box, and seizing his musket, he emerged from his habitation with a readiness seldom equalled.

By this time, the men of the third relief were all at the gate, waiting to be posted. I formed them at once, and handed them over to the corporal, who marched them around for the purpose of relieving the posts.

They had left the gate but a few minutes, when the report of a gun was borne to my ears. It sounded dull and ominous on the damp, misty air; and I could not tell exactly from what direction the sound proceeded. I followed the third relief round the camp, and on coming up with them, I asked—

"Where was that gun fired?"

"It sounded over in the Bucktail camp," replied the corporal.

"It don't sound right to hear a gun at this time of night," I observed. "However, it was in the Bucktail camp, and I have nothing to do with it," and I returned to the gate.

Next day a procession marched, with slow and measured step, past our camp. The fife was heard in the low, mournful notes of the "dead march;" the dismal sound of the muffled drum rolled sadly out among the thick woods; they gave evidence of a "soldier's funeral."

On inquiry I learned that a soldier of the Bucktails, whose reason had been undermined by sickness, had committed suicide between ten and eleven o'clock the previous night, by shooting himself through the brain—that he was now being borne to the grave.

This accounted for the report of the gun which I had heard during the night.

I shall never forget the singular feeling that crept over me when, on that dismal night, I heard the report of the rifle with which a wretched fellow creature hurried himself unbidden into Eternity.

About this time we heard glorious news from the vicinity of Fortress Monroe. Norfolk, Suffolk, and Portsmouth were

taken; the rebel iron-clad "Merrimac" blown up; the rebels, forced to leave Yorktown and Gloucester, had retreated toward Richmond—had fled across the Chickahominy—McClellan in pursuit. How we cheered—shouted till we could shout no more. Then how we talked. How we lauded General McClellan. How we regretted that we were not with him.

How strangely some men talk. How inconsistently. The capture of Yorktown was no achievement, they say. It was no stronghold. The rebels never intended to hold the place. Didn't they, though? Why then did they so strongly fortify it? Why did they send the whole of their available force to Yorktown? Why did they fortify Gloucester on the opposite side of the York River? But some go so far as to *lie*, and say that only wooden guns were planted on these fortifications. How ridiculous! Go to the proper authorities, if you wish to be informed on these points. You will find it recorded at the office of the Secretary of War in Washington City that *ninety-one heavy guns* were left on the fortifications by the rebels to fall into our hands. What, the rebels not fortified at Yorktown? Why should they not fortify there? Why not, if possible, prevent McClellan from getting nearer Richmond? Had they anything to gain by making the battle-ground within rifle range of their Capital?

There is a place upon the left bank of the Rappahannock, ten miles above Falmouth, known as the "Gold Mines," at which the stream is fordable. Near the last of May, our regiment was ordered to this point, to guard the ford, while a number of trees should be felled into it. While there, Sergeant Dock of Company "B," and one Jones of Company "G," got on a spree together, and went to a farmer's house in the vicinity, at the dead of night, and demanded admittance. Not being admitted, they procured an axe, and proceeded to break the door down, in the most off-hand manner. This little ceremony was about completed, when the farmer within, by way of protecting his family, fired a gun through the door, at the marauders. The shot took effect in the breast of Jones, and he fell to the earth with a groan of agony. Sergeant Dock, somewhat sobered by the occurrence, hurried

to the bivouac of the regiment, for assistance. A squad of men accompanied him to the house, and conveyed the bleeding form of Jones to the regiment. The farmer had escaped. Jones suffered the most excruciating agony, and, after the lapse of a few hours, expired. Next day we returned to our camp at Falmouth.

Soon after this a court-martial convened in our division. While on dress-parade one evening, the results of said court-martial were read to us. A number of non-commissioned officers had been tried for gambling, and were sentenced to be "reduced to the rank and station of a private soldier." Others were tried for drunkenness on duty; some for sleeping on post. One private Shark, of Company "I," was tried for absenting himself from his company and regiment without leave. He was found guilty, and sentenced to stand on the head of a barrel, eight hours each day, for a period of three days. Many similar cases had been investigated.

But the saddest case of all was that of Sergeant Dock; he had been tried for that night's business at the Gold-Mines. He was sentenced to lose his rank and station—to forfeit all pay due him—to be dishonorably dismissed from the army, and drummed out of camp, in presence of the regiment, during dress-parade.

Thus for the second time it was my lot to witness a proceeding so disgraceful, so mortifying and humiliating to the luckless offender. The poor fellow, who had been a non-commissioned officer, and consequently accustomed to wielding some authority, was now brought before the regiment, disgraced, and reduced to a grade far beneath any present.

The usual process of "drumming out" ensued. Between two guards, and followed by fife and drum playing the "rogue's march," the wretched and crest-fallen man was ushered from camp, and from the presence of his comrades, for ever.

"Reader, it was hard—*too* hard, I think; yet it is necessary that such examples be made in the army. Were they not, a body of troops invading an enemy's country would naturally become a band of robbers and murderers; aye, and

crimes too black to mention would be freely perpetrated by the unrestrained soldiery.

Yet how frequently I hear men express themselves as being in favor of what they are pleased to term, "harsh measures"—in favor of turning our soldiers loose upon the defenceless inhabitants of the seceded States, and of allowing them to burn, destroy, plunder, murder, and commit the darkest crimes without restraint. It is remarkable, too, that such are the very men who have never had the *heart* to join the army, and face the enemy they so much hate, in a fair fight. No! The cowardly heart that could suggest or sanction the "harsh measures" referred to would shrink from, and sicken at, the approach of danger!

But why speak on the subject here? To discuss it as I would like to, I should be obliged to write another volume—a larger one than this. I tell you, reader, that mercy, kindness, and consideration are the most powerful weapons that can be used in war; and they will a thousand times more likely be sanctioned by the ALMIGHTY, and crowned with success, than the doubly-blood-stained weapons called "*harsh measures!*"

CHAPTER XXI.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

ABOUT the last of May we suddenly received orders to move across the Rappahannock; we broke up camp, and, marching over a pontoon bridge, passed through Fredericksburg, and encamped half-a-mile beyond. We had scarcely pitched our tents, when any number of contrabands made their appearance in camp; they all wanted us to employ them. One mess of half-a-dozen good fellows, hired, as cook, an awfully black, shiny fellow, named Mose—so black was he that "charcoal would make a white mark on him." Another mess hired one of similar beauty, of the name of Pete.

A leather-colored, sleepy-looking fellow of sixteen sauntered into camp, and encountering Captain Conner near his tent, he said:—

“Massa cap’n, may I go wid you?”

“Go where?” asked the captain.

“Whereber you goes.”

“What would that be for?”

“I work for you.”

“What can you do?”

“Anyting.”

“Can you cook?”

“I tink I could.”

“But have you had no experience at it?”

“No what?” And the darkey grinned.

“Experience.”

“I don’t tink dey use him to cook here.”

“But I mean, have you ever cooked any?”

“No, sah.”

“What have you done?”

“Curry hosses and hoe cawn.”

“I suppose you are pretty strong?”

“Oh, yes.”

[I didn’t doubt his word.]

“Well, I will hire you; you can carry a blanket for me during the march. Meanwhile, you must try and learn to cook.”

“I will.”

“What is your name?”

“Henwy.”

“Henry—what?”

“No, sah, not Henwy what—Henwy Cwaig.”

“Henry Craig, eh?”

“Yes, dat’s it.”

“Why did you leave your master, Henry?”

“Case I wanted to go wid de dam-Yankees.”

“The what? How is that you are talking?”

“De dam-Yankees; is dat any harm? Dat’s what I alles heers you called—I tink you’s de mens.”

“Is that what they call us about here?”

"Yes, notin' else. Isn't dat you folkses names?"

The captain laughed at this, and resumed:—

"Were you not comfortable with your master?"

"Yes, sah; but—"

"Did he whip you?"

"Only once."

"And what was it for that time?"

"For knockin' de colt's eye out wid a stone; he alles told me not to fling stones at de hosses, but one day I blazed away when I tot he didn't see me, and hit his black colt in de eye; den he whale me."

"Then you deserved it."

"Yes, sah."

"Did your master give you enough to eat?"

"Yes, sah."

"Enough clothes?"

"Yes, plenty."

"Then I think that you had better have stayed with your master—that you would have been better off. However, I will hire you; you can make yourself useful about my tent, keeping things in order. Meantime, as I said before, you must learn to cook; and when it comes to the march, you will carry a blanket for me."

"Yes, sah, I tote it."

The captain turned away, and Henry Craig, Esquire, grinned, and remarked to me:—

"De Yankees is cur'us folks."

"Why?" I asked.

"Dey axes so many questshuns."

"Are you not used to that?"

"No, sah, I neber heered so many in all dis nigga's life."

"Well," said I, consolingly, "I think you'll like the captain; but be very careful that you do everything he tells you, and don't offend him, or out will come his bright sword, and off will come your woolly head."

Henry turned blue at this, and I walked away, leaving him to his cogitations.

In the meantime, Haman Jeffries, Dick Shaw, Jim Rider, and I formed a mess of our own, and constructed a tent to

ourselves. [This mess was destined to remain unchanged, without any increase or diminution, so long as I remained in the army.]

That night a little after dark the captain came to our tent and said—

“Boys, are you ready for a little adventure?”

“Yes; what’s up?” we replied, in concert.

“Some negroes have given information that a rebel officer intends to come to his house to-night to take his wife away with him; the adjutant wishes to go out with a small squad to capture him in the event of his coming.

“Where is the house?” I asked.

“Two miles out the plank road.”

“Outside the picket line, I suppose.”

“Yes, a little way.”

“How many are going?”

“The adjutant, two of Company ‘I,’ and you four. Yes, I told Nick Swearer that he might go.”

“Are you going along?”

“Oh, certainly.”

We buckled on our cartridge-boxes, took up our muskets, and followed the captain. Jim being a musician, had no gun, but he readily borrowed one.

Nick Swearer joined us, and we went to the street of Company “I,” where Adjutant Kent and two of the boys of that company joined us according to arrangement. The adjutant then procured the countersign, that we might pass the pickets, and we took our way out the plank road which led toward the southwest. The night, though clear, was dark; for there was no moon. We had no guide with us, but the darkeys who had given the information had stated that we could not miss the way—that it was a large brick house—that it stood on a hill to the left of the road—that there was a lane leading to the house which was a quarter of a mile from the road—that it was half a mile beyond the picket line, and that the name was Ross. We had passed the picket line a little way, when, peering through the darkness, we descried the outlines of a house on an elevated spot a few hundred yards from the road.

"That must be the house," was remarked.

We halted.

"It must be," said Adjutant Kent.

"Certainly it is," said the captain.

"But where is the lane?"

"Here it is!" exclaimed Haman, opening a gate.

We approached, and by the dim light—or darkness, rather—of the night, we detected a by-road leading from the gate toward the house. We passed through, walked to the immediate neighborhood of the house, and proceeded to surround it in the most methodical manner. We formed a kind of line of skirmishers around the house, yet a little way from it. At a given signal we were to advance stealthily, keeping a close watch, in the meantime, that no one might escape from the premises. I was posted within twenty or thirty paces of a cluster of out-buildings—stables, etc. They stood on ground a little higher than that which I occupied, so that their outline was described against the sky.

I was lying in the deep clover, awaiting the signal to advance, when Nick Swearer, who was posted thirty or forty paces from me, blundered over a pile of rails in the darkness, making a terrible racket, and starting three or four house-dogs to howling and barking in a style that was appalling. A moment after I saw the form of a man, held out in bold relief against the night-sky, glide from the house and approach the out-buildings aforementioned. I at once hurried to the nearest of the buildings, which chanced to be a stable. The supposed fugitive reached the buildings before me, and I was somewhat surprised on arriving thither that I could hear or see no one. I listened. I felt a little curious there by myself. Suppose the man whom I was sure I had seen, was, at that very moment, lurking in the darkness within a few feet of me, just ready to spring upon me with one of those Southern bowie-knives of which I had heard so much. My situation grew painful. Just at that moment I was startled by seeing, against the sky, the dim outlines of a man appear at the farther end of the building; he had come round the corner and he now walked right at me. He was a tall man, and to my imagination, appeared the veriest giant—long as

a rail—thick as a horse—and to help the matter, he wore a tall hat; it really looked to me as though it was at least two feet high in the crown. My heart crawled unhesitatingly up into my mouth, while my hair stood boldly up, lifting my cap politely as though to let in a little of the night air.

“Halt!” I said, determined to stand my ground.

He didn’t halt but drew nearer.

“HALT!” said I, in a peremptory tone; and I brought my musket down to a dangerous position, and cocked it, with a click that must have sounded unpleasantly in the ear of the “man at the muzzle.”

He came to an abrupt stand-still.

“Who comes there?” I demanded.

“It’s one,” was the reply; at the same time it occurred to me that he was big enough for half a dozen.

“But who are you, sir? Beware, I am not to be trifled with!”

“I belong to the premises here,” said he, coolly.

“What are you doing out here at this time of night?”

“Oh,” he replied, with unwavering coolness, “I thought I heard some disturbance among the cattle, and I came out to see if anything was wrong;” and he passed right by me and walked toward the house with slow, calm, deliberate, and measured strides; and—yes, reader, would you believe it?—he had the assurance to remark that it was a “fine evening,” in the most common-place way, as he moved away and left me standing there like a fool. And it wasn’t a fine evening at all, reader, for it was very dark, and—let me see—I think it must have been rather cold, too; for I remember that I was shivering slightly just then, and it must have been the cold that occasioned it, for it couldn’t have been—oh, no, it *couldn’t* have been because I was unnerved or anything of that kind, you know (?)

I was so taken aback by the dogged coolness of the giant Virginian, that he was half-way to the house before I recovered my presence of mind. It then struck me that I shouldn’t let him slip so easily; I hastily followed him and called out—

"Look here, my friend, I am sorry to detain you, but the captain may wish to see you."

"Well." That was all he said, and he stopped.

Meantime the signal to advance had been given, and all approached the house. Perceiving this, I called out—

"Captain, will you step this way a moment?"

The barking of the dogs had now become stupendous, and the captain did not hear me at first. I raised my voice and again called to the captain; he heard me.

"This is the wrong house, sergeant," said he, approaching me; "this is a frame house—not a brick." Then coming nearer he discovered the presence of a third party, and he exclaimed—

"Who is this?"

"I don't know; I encountered him at the stable."

"Who are you?" asked the captain, addressing the Virginian.

"I am the owner of this house."

"What were you doing out there?"

He made the same explanation which he had made to me. The captain then asked—

"Can you tell me where one Ross lives?"

"Yes, sir; but he is not at home."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know—that is—a—"

"He is in the rebel army, you mean."

"I think he is."

"Well, where is his house?"

"It is on this same ridge; you take the path that leads right past those buildings."

"How far is it?"

"Only a quarter of a mile."

"Thank you. You may now go into your house. I am sorry that I have disturbed you. Come, boys."

All had gathered around by this time, and we started. With some difficulty we followed a path that led through a clover-field, and we soon found ourselves in the immediate proximity of a large brick mansion. The usual process of

surrounding was resorted to. All being ready we crept upon the house from all sides. All was quiet. Leaving two men to watch the rear of the house, we approached the front entrance *en masse*.

"Who comes there?" demanded a voice from the dark shades of the piazza.

We remained quiet.

"Who comes there?" was repeated; and we heard the sharp click of a fire-lock as the hammer was drawn back.

"Be careful," said the captain, "we are in force. Resistance would be in vain."

"By gosh, Joe, we're gone up. There is a whole lot of 'em," said the one who had challenged us, in an undertone; he was speaking to a comrade.

"I suppose we must go with them," replied the person whose name seemed to be Joe.

"Come down, here; you are our prisoners," said the captain.

There was no reply; all was still as the grave.

"Are you coming? Or do you want three hundred bullets rattling up there in a second?"

In proof that they did not desire the articles mentioned, two men with guns in their hands walked reluctantly from the piazza, and approached us.

"What are you doing here?" asked the captain.

"We were placed here to guard this property," replied one of the affrighted rebels.

"But do you not know that you are in the immediate vicinity of the Union picket-lines?"

"Yes, we thought we would be safe this close; we never thought the reb—the Southern soldiers, I mean, would venture so near our lines."

"Why, whom do you take us for?"

"For the reb—the—the—"

"And who are *you*?"

"We belong to King's Division; we—"

"My goodness!"

"Are *you* not rebels?"

"No. We are of McCall's Division."

"You are! Why, we thought we were in for a trip to Richmond—that you were rebels!"

"Ha, ha! We took *you* for rebels!"

"Well, that's funny!"

"It might not have been funny—but who lives here?"

"A Mr. Ross."

"In the rebel army, is he?"

"Rebel army! No! He is a Union man; we are here to protect his property from his secesh neighbors."

"And where is he?"

"In Washington."

"What is he doing there?"

"He is carrying on some business there."

"Well, isn't that astonishing?"

"What is astonishing? What brings you out here?"

The captain, thereupon, explained the whole affair; then he asked:—

"Are any of the family within?"

"Yes; Mrs. Ross, two children, and the overseer."

That individual at this moment made his appearance—
if appearance it could be called, for it was so dark that he could scarcely be seen. He invited us in, and we entered. He lighted a candle; and, in a short time, a pleasant woman made her appearance, and quite a confab ensued.

It was near twelve o'clock when we left the premises and started for camp. We arrived there, feeling very weary after our wild-goose chase.

A few days after this, we were surprised at receiving orders to recross the Rappahannock. As we passed through Fredericksburg, on our return, the citizens, supposing the movement to be a kind of reverse—that we were probably compelled to fall back across the river—stood with their hands in their pockets, at the corners of the streets, staring and grinning at us with evident delight.

Once more on the north side of the Rappahannock, we encamped a little nearer the river than before.

Major Gardiner having resigned his commission, Captain Baily, of Company "I," was elected to the office of major; Adjutant Kent, who was formerly a lieutenant of Company

"I," was made captain of that company; Lieutenant Witter, a brave young officer of Company "H," was appointed adjutant of the regiment.

On the evening following our return from Fredericksburg, I was detailed sergeant of the guard. The guard was mounted at six o'clock; the ceremony over, I went to our company quarters, for the purpose of writing out the reliefs. OUR BOYS had finished pitching their tents, and rations were being distributed; George Wagner was engaged in cutting up the beef.

Now, it was customary to have some little fight or altercation of words over the rations when issued. Accordingly, Enoch Calvert, of our company, remarked that George was not cutting up the beef so as to divide it fairly.

"What's the reason I'm not?" demanded George.

"I don't know what the reason is," retorted Enoch, provokingly; "unless it is that you want to cut it so that the best may fall to your share."

"But I *am* cutting it fairly, by gosh!" said George.

"I know better; you're not."

"It's a lie!" shouted George; and he abruptly stopped in the midst of his work, and glared fiercely upon Enoch.

"What's that?" demanded Enoch; although he perfectly understood.

"I say, you *lie!*" repeated George.

"You'd better mind."

"I will *mind*; I'm not likely to forget it."

"Forget what?"

"That you are a LIAR!"

"You're a—nother."

"Look out, sir, or—"

"What, what will you do?"

"I'll smash—"

"You will!"

"Yes, I WILL! You d—d—"

"What, you—"

Enoch seized a spade that stood near, while George, butcher-knife in hand, arose and seemed on the point of rushing upon him. Both hesitated. There they stood, pale

and trembling with rage, glaring at each other in a truly demoniac style.

"Why don't you come on?" queried George.

"Why don't *you*?" asked Enoch.

"I'll show you—"

"And I—"

Both now made a move as if to advance; simultaneously they took a step forward. They presented a savage picture, with those kill-tools in their hands; and I thought it time to interfere.

"Boys," I said, "I am on guard to-night; and if you do not immediately desist, I shall be compelled, in course of duty, to arrest you both, at once."

After a little consideration Enoch laid down the spade, and George resumed his work, unmolested. It would be natural to suppose that, after this affair, the parties engaged would have been deadly enemies for many years; but such was not the case. Before the lapse of twenty-four hours, they were on as friendly terms as ever; playing "euchre," "poker," "seven-up," and "bluff" together, with innocent delight. Soldiers of one company are not apt to remain at enmity very long at a time.

I returned to the gate with my relief rolls.

Night came, and a dark night it was, too. It was near eleven o'clock, and my eyelids were just beginning to feel heavy, when I heard a low groaning within the camp of the regiment. It gradually increased in magnitude till at last it became intolerable. Evidently some poor fellow of our regiment was undergoing some torment. What could be the matter? It was truly agonizing to listen to those groans. At last I left the gate and soon stood by the tent from which the cries of pain proceeded. Yes, within that tent lay a wretched soldier tossing about, groaning, crying, and swearing to the great unrest of his messmates; he appeared to be suffering the most excruciating agony.

"I say, partner, what's the matter?" I asked.

"Ugh?" was the singular query, as though he didn't understand me.

"What seems to be the matter with you?" I repeated.

"I—o—o—oo—oo—I've got—oo—boo—boo—hoo—the d—d toothl.—oo—ache," was the reply.

"Well, well, my poor fellow," said I, soothingly, "lie still, and try to forget it."

"To—oo—for—what?" he indignantly mumbled.

Fearing that he might chance to have a load in his gun, I turned hurriedly away and ran toward the gate; falling over a stump in the darkness, as a matter of course, to the great abuse of my shins.

Strange to say, the sufferer seemed to have taken my advice, for his voice was now hushed, and I heard no more from him during the night.

Reader, my conscience has often reproved me for my want of humanity and feeling in telling that poor fellow to "lie still and try to forget"—the *toothache*. To forget the toothache! Forget such a torment as that confined within one's very mouth! A tooth jumping and dancing as though about to spring right up through the top of the head! Beating, and heaving, and throbbing like the heart of an angry lion! Forget it! Lie still! Oh, horror! who ever heard of the like! My great wonder is, that the fellow didn't shoot me.

My twenty-four hours of guard duty passed away without further event.

About this time came news of the battle of Fair Oaks; and as we read stirring accounts of the brave conduct of our troops, and of the glorious victory that crowned our arms, we again cursed the fate that had cast our lot at so peaceful a place as Fredericksburg. Again and again we wished that we were with McClellan—participating in those scenes of strife—in those struggles for the perpetuation of the liberties established eighty years ago—coming in for our share of the glory as a division of the "Army of the Potomac." McClellan had repeatedly asked for reinforcements—had requested that McDowell's corps might join him; but for some reason they could not be sent—it might endanger the Capital.

Meanwhile, Stonewall Jackson had followed Banks to the *banks* of the Potomac, when, the latter being *reinforced*, the former began to act on the defensive, and they had quite a time of it manœuvring there in the "Valley."

The first week of June passed away. The railroad bridge across the Rappahannock had been carried away by the rise in the river, and the pontoon bridges had been taken up. Measures were taken for the reconstruction of the railroad bridge; and it was no small task, for it had to be built fifty feet above water. This required much labor.

CHAPTER XXII.

"AWAY DOWN SOUTH IN DIXIE."

"HEAD-QUARTERS, PENNSYLVANIA RESERVE CORPS,
Camp near Falmouth: June 8, 1862.

"GENERAL M'CALL is happy to inform the soldiers of his command, that he has received orders to embark with his division, at Belle Plain, below Fredericksburg, where transports will be in waiting, sail around to White House Landing, and JOIN M'CLELLAN IN FRONT OF RICHMOND."

"All will hold themselves in readiness to march this evening for the place of embarkation.

(Signed) "BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE A. M'CALL.

"H. J. BIDDLE, Assistant Adjutant General."

Such was the order issued on Sunday morning, the eighth of June. To embark in transports, for Richmond! Oh, we were in *transports* already! To join M'CLELLAN in front of RICHMOND! "Long-looked-for come at last!" Oh, it was glorious!

Evening came, and we broke up camp. Our knapsacks were packed and ready to sling; the officers had their baggage packed and conveyed to the wagons.

Now it so happened that there was a coolness at this time existing between Colonel Hayes and the line-officers of the regiment. I do not remember from what cause the ill-feeling

arose; but this I remember, that Colonel Hayes was down upon all the line-officers of the regiment, and that *they* were down on *him*. Further: that the non-commissioned officers and privates sided with the colonel; so it was—"Line-officers *vs.* Colonel Hayes and the soldiers of the regiment."

Well, as line-officers are allowed transportation for only seventy-five pounds of baggage (though this article of the regulations is seldom observed strictly), the colonel thought this an excellent opportunity to make a point. Accordingly, he ordered the scales belonging to the Quartermaster's Department to be placed by the wagon that was to receive the officers' baggage, for the purpose of weighing it, to make sure that none should have transportation for more than the wonted seventy-five pounds. The first officer who approached—his darkey *toting* his baggage—was Captain Johnson. The baggage was about to go in, when the colonel, who was standing by the scales, said:—

"Captain Johnson, is that your baggage?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Well, you must have it weighed," said the colonel.

"Have---it---it---what?" exclaimed Captain Johnson, opening his eyes to an alarming width.

"Weighed," said the colonel, coolly.

"Weighed!"

"Yes, certainly."

"What for? I am not going to sell it; and if I were, I would not sell it by weight."

"You had better sell it, or a part of it; for if it's over weight, it cannot be transported."

"And what do you call weight?" asked Captain Johnson, with awful calmness.

"Seventy-five pounds."

The baggage was placed upon the scales, and the colonel proceeded to weigh it. Captain Johnson felt ill at ease; for well he knew that it weighed more than seventy-five pounds.

"It weighs ninety-three; it can't go," said the colonel.

"Can't go?"

"No, I can only allow you transportation for seventy-five pounds."

"And must it be left behind for only weighing so much as ninety-three?"

"Yes; if it weighed just seventy-six, it couldn't go. You will be obliged to lighten it by leaving something out."

"What! leave something behind?"

"Oh, yes—some little articles that—"

"I won't take out a d—d pound!" exclaimed Captain Johnson, vehemently, interrupting the colonel.

"Then leave it all out, for it don't go into that wagon if it weighs an ounce more than seventy-five pounds," said the colonel, emphatically; then seeing Lieutenant Carter approaching the wagon—baggage in darkey's hands—he called out:—

"Lieutenant Carter, don't put your baggage into that wagon until it's weighed."

"Till what's weighed?—the baggage, or the wagon?" asked Lieutenant Carter, in a provoking tone.

"The baggage of course," said the colonel.

"The baggage—weighed?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"Because, it can't be transported if it weighs more than the Army Regulations allow."

"And what weight *is* allowed?"

"Seventy-five pounds."

"Well, I'm sure my baggage don't weigh more than that."

"Very well, I hope it don't; but we must try it."

"All right, I'm sure it don't weigh *that*," said Lieutenant Carter, confidently.

The baggage was placed on the scales, which now stood at ninety-three; the beam did not move, showing conclusively that it didn't weigh as much as the baggage of Captain Johnson, anyhow. The colonel moved the pea back to ninety, but the beam remained still; he moved it back to eighty-five, but without effect; then to eighty; still the beam did not rise. The colonel then moved the pea one notch—they were half-pound notches—then another, then another, then another, and the beam gracefully rose.

"Seventy-eight! Can't go!" said the colonel, with ill-

concealed delight. Then, in a business-like manner, he said:—

“Who’s next? Captain Lemon, put yours on.”

Captain Lemon placed his baggage upon the scales; the colonel weighed it.

“A hundred-and-three! It can’t go! take it away! My goodness, it’s shocking the way men will impose on the government!”

“But, colonel—” began Captain Lemon.

“It’s no use talking; you can only have seventy-five pounds transported. Next! Captain Henry! Too heavy—weighs eighty-seven—can’t go! Next!—Captain Dawson, yours! Too heavy—seventy-nine! Away with it!—Next!”

Thus it went on; all were too heavy, and all alike were rejected. The last one was just being weighed, when Captain Johnson again appeared on the scene—a slip of paper in his hand.

“Colonel, read this,” said Captain Johnson, triumphantly; and he held the note within three-quarters of an inch of the colonel’s nose.

The colonel took the note, placed his glasses between it and his eyes, and read:—

“HEAD-QUARTERS, FIRST BRIGADE,
McCall’s Division, June 8th.”

“Colonel Hayes is requested to allow baggage weighing from one pound to one hundred and seventy-five to be transported for each officer of his regiment.

(Signed) “BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN F. REYNOLDS.

“C. KINGSBURY, Adjutant.”

“Well, yes,” stammered the colonel—“all right—exactly—one hundred and seventy-five—very well, you can put your baggage into the wagon. I didn’t like to give you transportation for more than the Army Regulations provide, without a special order to that effect; I didn’t want to be involved in any difficulties.”

“Certainly, colonel, we all know that,” said half-a-dozen officers, ironically.

All the officers smiled; and they ordered their darkeys to load up.

Captain Johnson, it appears, on being refused transportation for his effects, had gone straight to General Reynolds, explained matters, and obtained the small instrument of writing just mentioned.

The sun was just sinking among the green pines far up the Rappahannock, when we marched from our Falmouth Camp, and, with the division, took our way down the fair shores of the romantic stream. The sky was clear, and the weather beautiful and pleasant. As the shades of night began to gather over the moving column, the full moon arose, and the bright steel of our arms glittered fantastically in her mellow light.

By and by we struck a smooth road, on both sides of which arose tall hedges. The scene was delightful. The fair queen of night mounted up into the heavens, and looked calmly, smilingly, down upon the earth now green with vital vegetation. Slowly we moved along this delightful avenue—between those romantic walls formed half by Nature, half by Art. Nothing was heard save the steady, monotonous tramp of the moving troops, and, perchance, the footsteps of the horse of a field-officer, or of an orderly.

We had marched six miles, and were clear of the hedges, when we were brought to a halt and permitted to bivouac in a luxuriant clover-field at the roadside. Our arms were soon stacked, and we were ere long wrapped in slumber as sweet as that enjoyed by any king on his bed of down.

When I again opened my eyes the morning sun was staring me boldly in the face, admonishing me with mute eloquence that it was time to arise. I arose, brushed the dew from my hair, and looked around me. The clover-field was a scene of busy stir. Here and there the blue smoke was curling up in playful wreaths from our bivouac fires. The boys were making their coffee. The fences of the vicinity very kindly supplied us with fuel.

I observed that the river was no longer in view; the road had diverged from it at some distance behind. We couldn't be far from it, however.

We were soon called into line, and filing through a gate at the right of the road we marched down a lane toward a low valley that was thickly set with trees. What was our surprise when on nearing the valley we descried the tops of a number of iron chimneys intermingled, as it were, with the green foliage. They were the chimneys of steamboats.

The Rappahannock at this point flows through a narrow channel, and the shores are thickly lined with trees. At a hundred yards distant no vestige of a river can be seen; in fact, one is not likely to discover the stream till he stands on the very bank, among the underbrush and trees. Here, almost hidden by surrounding trees, lay a number of steam transports that were to carry us into the presence of our country's enemies.

Embarking a body of troops—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—is no trifling matter, and is not to be performed in a few minutes; it requires much time and is very tiresome. It was, therefore, an hour past noon when we found ourselves aboard the "R. DONALDSON."

No sooner were we on the boat than the officers proceeded to monopolize the state-rooms, leaving the floors of the decks for the non-commissioned officers and privates. Seeing the door of "No. 19" open, and the room not yet occupied, Haman, Dick, Jim, and I rushed in, deposited our luggage, and secured the door on the inside.

"I'd like to see an officer get this room," remarked Haman, after we had made the door fast.

"I guess they'll have to bu'st the door open before they get it," said Jim.

"And us, too," suggested Dick.

Rap, rap, rap-a-tap! came against the door at that moment.

"Who's there?" I asked.

"Open this door," said a voice without.

"Who is there?" I again demanded.

"Me!" was the definite reply.

"Which one?—there are so many *mes* in the regiment, you know."

"I'm Captain Gallop—I want this room."

"This room is already occupied."

"But I must have it. These rooms are for officers."

"Well, what do you call *us*?" said I, affecting to laugh.

"Oh, is that you, lieutenant?" Captain Gallop had suddenly imagined my voice to be that of some lieutenant of the regiment.

"Certainly it's *me*. Didn't you know that I took this room?"

"No. But is there no spare room in there?"

"I'm sorry to say there isn't, captain; there are four of us now."

"Four?"

"Yes."

"You must be somewhat hampered."

"We are, very much."

"Then I'll go in with Captain Lemon; there are only two in his room;" and we heard him walk away, leaving us in peaceful possession of our state-room.

By and by the boat let go her moorings, the machinery began to operate, the wheels revolved with quick splashes, and we glided down the stream—our band striking up the air—

"Away down South in Dixie."

We were at last off for the scene of action.

The day was beautiful, and our voyage down the Rappahannock was delightful. Here and there along the grassy shores we saw throngs of negroes, who, on hearing the music of our band, threw hats and bonnets into the air, shouted, cheered, danced, and manifested signs of the wildest delight. Lovely scenes, from time to time, unfolded themselves to our view as we glided down the river. On the green shores stood many a picturesque cottage of snowy whiteness in the midst of a cluster of trees. In many places the banks were very low and the bushy trees grew, in wild luxuriance, to the water's edge.

I had in my possession a copy of "Lloyd's map of Virginia," and I found it an interesting companion. Comparing it with the river in its windings, I found it perfectly correct in every curve—in every angle—in every nook.

The colonel talked and chatted with us pleasantly, as we

moved along. During one of our little confabs, Haman said to him:—

“Colonel, I just thought of something.”

“What is that, Jeffries?” asked the colonel.

“Why, if we privates were to take the notion, we could just tie all the officers, and take the whole thing into our own hands.”

“Why—I—yes; that’s a fact! I never thought of that,” said the colonel.

“But,” continued Haman, “we won’t do it, of course; we think too much of you, colonel, for that.”

“Exactly—yes, I know that,” said the colonel; and he appeared pleased and happy to know that he occupied a warm corner in our hearts—which he did.

Colonel Hayes was ever loved and esteemed by those of his command. Although some of the mischievous boys of the regiment took pleasure in teasing or annoying him, they really loved him. The colonel had no military education; but he has proved his competency to lead his regiment against the enemy.

While on board the “R. Donaldson,” we sorely felt the need of coffee; we missed our bivouac fires now, for we couldn’t boil our coffee. At length we hit upon a remarkable expedient for boiling the article; it was to hold our tin cups, over lighted candles. It is true it required about an hour and a half; but we had learned to be patient, during our soldier’s life, and we thought ourselves peculiarly favored to be able to produce a cup of coffee, even in an hour and a half. We had a plenty of candles, for during the short summer evenings, we did not use all that were issued to us.

When night came, we cast anchor, and lay to till morning. When the morning came, we discovered that the state of the weather was materially changed; the sky was overcast with clouds, the rain was descending, a gale was blowing, and the air was cool and disagreeable. The river, which is but one hundred yards wide at Belle Plain Landing, had gradually extended, as we neared the bay, to a width of several miles.

Again we moved down the stream. When within twenty-five miles of the bay, I was lounging lazily in my berth

when it occurred to me that it would not be out of place to write a verse upon the snow-white panel, on which future generations might look, and know that we were once there. I sharpened my pencil, laid off my cap, pushed back my hair, sat upright in my berth, and wrote:—

“On the Rappahannock River,
Twenty-five miles from the bay;
June the tenth in two-and-sixty—
Cloudy, rainy, stormy day.

“Who we are, and where we’re going,
Reader, would you like to know?
We are of McCall’s Division;
And to White House do we go.

“There to join the brave McClellan,
And to whip the rebels’ out;
Then secession and rebellion
Will be ‘clean gone up the spout.’”

After this little poetical effusion, as the reader may suppose, I felt weary; and I lay down and took a profound nap. When I awoke, we were lying at anchor within sight of the Chesapeake Bay. As a brisk gale was blowing, it was not considered safe to venture out till the wind should abate; hence the casting anchor. It was about one o’clock, and we lay several hours.

Again headed down the stream, we steered out upon the bosom of the bay. We could scarcely tell at what exact point the river and the bay met; for the Rappahannock at the mouth is five or six miles in width.

That night we cast anchor at the mouth of the York River. Next day we moved up the river, passing the famous Yorktown and Gloucester. From what we could see of the fortifications, I judged that they were truly formidable; and McClellan, in dislodging the rebels, certainly displayed the greatest military skill.

About noon we arrived at West Point, the terminus of the York River. Here two smaller rivers—the Mattaponi and the Pamunky—flow into the one wide channel forming the York. Our course lay up the Pamunky, which happened to be the crookedest river I ever saw. We passed

hundreds of government transports—steamboats, schooners, and tugs—and many gunboats.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at White House Landing. The boat touched the wharf, and we hastened to put on our accoutrements. This done, we were about taking a final leave of our state-room, when Haman, for the twentieth time since we embarked, accidentally struck his head against a slanting beam therein. In wrath he levelled the butt of his musket, ram fashion, and, although I cried out "don't hurt it," he dealt it a shock that made the boat tremble. I laughed, and so did Jim and Dick; and Haman, cooling down a little, and seeing how ridiculous the thing looked, laughed not a little himself.

On going ashore we pitched our shelter-tents for the night, near the celebrated "White House"—the property of General Lee. The house stood, perhaps, three-quarters of a mile from the river. It was then used as a hospital; and however beautiful and picturesque it might once have been, it now possessed but few attractions.

When morning came we struck our tents and took our way up the railroad toward Richmond. According to the mile-posts the distance was twenty miles; and we started at a pace which, had it been maintained, would have taken us to Richmond in just six hours and forty minutes. A great pity we didn't keep straight on.

General Reynolds, on this occasion, gave the most explicit orders that not a man must fall out of the ranks by the way; lest, on arriving at Dispatch Station, we should be called upon to cross the river, and all should not be present. The day was an extremely hot one; and Colonel Hayes, by way of carrying out the general's orders, rode along the lines, and, after remarking that the heat was "awful," broke forth thus—

"Boys, it's too d—d hard to march men on such a day as this. General Reynolds has given strict orders for all to stay in the ranks, but I'm not going to murder *my* men for him, or anybody else; so if you get too hot just fall out under some shade, and come along at your leisure. Confound any man who would want to melt soldiers up in this style," and

the colonel wiped the sweat from his brow in honest indignation.

The result of the colonel's well-meant admonitions was, that the men all dropped off by the way, and the regiment was strung bravely out from Tunstall to Dispatch; the colonel was also placed under arrest by General Reynolds for "disobedience of orders." Lieutenant-Colonel Oliphant accordingly took command of the regiment.

We marched to Dispatch Station near the Chickahominy, where we remained for several days. Stuart made his celebrated raid about this time, and we were sent in pursuit of him, which occupied several days more. It is well known that we were unsuccessful in our pursuit of the rebel Stuart. So, on another hot day, during the third week of June, we returned to Dispatch Station.

Next day we were ordered to be ready for review in the afternoon; it was stated that McClellan was to come from beyond the Chickahominy to review us.

At four o'clock we were in line. Two hours passed away, and McClellan did not come. And why? Simply because an artillery fight took place at the front, and Little Mac wouldn't leave danger. As the sound of the cannon was borne to our ears, we felt sure that we wouldn't get to see Little Mac that day.

We were about to be dismissed, when an orderly rode up to General McCall and placed an official dispatch in his hand. He read it and handed it to Captain Biddle, his aid de-camp. The captain glanced at the paper, then ordered the division to be massed, when he read to us an order to march forward on the ensuing morning and take a position "in the immediate presence of the enemy."

We were then admonished by General McCall that strict silence must now be observed—that no unnecessary noise must be made—that the bands must not play—that not a gun must be discharged, and that cheering must be for a time dispensed with. He told us that we should, no doubt, soon be called upon to meet the enemy, and to fight for the banner we loved—that he expected much of the Pennsylvania Reserves, and that he had great confidence in their valor.

We felt like cheering the brave old general, but silence having just been so strictly enjoined, we forebore.

CHAPTER XXIII.

M E C H A N I C S V I L L E .

AT eight o'clock on the following morning, the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps moved slowly from Dispatch Station, taking a right-hand road, and marching up the northeast bank of the Chickahominy. This was somewhat unexpected to us, for we had supposed that we were to cross the river, and join the main army. The post of honor, however, had been assigned us; we were to constitute the "extreme right."

Our destination was Mechanicsville, which lies just four-and-a-half miles due north of Richmond, and on the left shore of the Chickahominy. When within two miles of that celebrated village,* we halted, and pitched our tents to remain till the following morning. It was not considered prudent to advance with much haste.

Next morning, the coast being found clear, we resumed our march. We marched but a mile, when we were led off the road a little way into a corn-field, and there ordered to encamp. The whole division was arranged in a proper position and ordered to pitch tents for the present—all save two regiments that were detailed for picket. I observed that our position was entirely concealed by surrounding woods. We were facing to the west, and we could see the village of Mechanicsville, which stood on a hill a mile to our front and a little way from the Chickahominy.

Several days passed away in peace and quiet. Scarcely, either; for poor Haman, being subject to neuralgia, or sun-

* That "celebrated village" is composed of one dwelling-house, a blacksmith-shop, a tobacco-house, and a well.

pain, as it is sometimes called, took a spell of it about the time of our arrival at Mechanicsville, and his sufferings amounted to torture. The hot sun of the Peninsula was a great encouragement to the disease. He positively refused to be sent back to the hospital at White House Landing; and he lay in our low tent, half-frantic at times with pain. The disease is quite intermittent, and it would suddenly leave him at times, to return in a few hours probably with increased violence.

During the latter part of June, the First and Eighth Regiments were detailed for picket. We were to remain forty-eight hours, and we took our tents and all our equipage with us. One regiment was to form the picket line, while the other was to lie in reserve at the village. The picket line extended along the Chickahominy to a point half-a-mile west of Mechanicsville, thence at right angles, toward Hanover Court House.

We arrived in Mechanicsville during the forenoon. The First Regiment was appointed to do the picket duty, while we were to lie in reserve. We accordingly stacked arms in a wood near the village, then set about amusing ourselves by going cautiously to the edge of the woods, and gazing across into rebeldom. Several earth-works were visible on the opposite hills; and by the aid of a field-glass, rebel sentinels could be seen, and now and then a squad of men or a baggage-wagon going from one redoubt to another.

Twenty-four hours passed away without event. At the expiration of that time, a battery of parrott guns that had accompanied us to the village, opened fire on some of the rebel earthworks. We stood in line ready for action, and we could see the shells from our guns bursting about the rebel fortifications at every discharge. But, although there appeared to be guns mounted upon the works, the fire was not returned. With a glass, however, rebels could be seen standing by their guns as though awaiting orders to fire. They did not fire though, and our battery, after an hour, ceased to play.

It was just dark when an order came to the regiment for one company to be sent to the Chickahominy at the bridge,

the men thereof to be posted at intervals from the river back to the village—it was near half-a-mile—forming a kind of line of communication through which any order or information might be readily passed from one point to the other. Company “D” was selected; and we buckled on our accoutrements, and marched down the road toward the Chickahominy. The night was dark, and ere we were aware of it we found ourselves immediately at the bridge.

“Halt!” said the captain, suddenly.

We halted. We were surprised that we had reached the river without encountering any picket-line. We knew not what to do. Could it be possible that the pickets had been called off without our knowledge? As the idea suggested itself to my mind, I felt unpleasant; for I did not know how many rebels might at that moment be preparing to fire upon us from the opposite shore, which, barely seen in the darkness, looked very gloomy. The river could not have been more than forty yards wide at this point. A moment we stood in breathless silence. We listened. All was still. At length footsteps were heard approaching—coming from the left. They came nearer and nearer till the dark form of a man was dimly seen. The captain was about to challenge him, when he said—

“Good evening!”

“Good evening. May I inquire who you are?”

“I am an officer of the First.”

“Advance and give the countersign.”

The officer did so; then the captain asked—

“How is it that we reached the river without encountering the pickets?”

“Because they are extended to the other side.”

“Oh, is that it! Well, we are ordered to form a line of communication from this point to the village, and here we are. Are you in command here?”

“Yes; you will please post your men at intervals of twenty or thirty paces from here to the village, with orders to pass along any message that may be intrusted with them as speedily as possible.”

This was done. Our head-quarters were established at a

point about half way from the village to the bridge. Captain Conner was instructed to take his place at the head of the line to see that orders were promptly delivered. Lieutenant Blake and Sergeant Cue remained with him. At the head-quarters were Lieutenant Moth, Sergeant Zee, Sergeant Anawalt, and myself. For awhile all went well—or rather nothing went at all, for no communications were transmitted.

Near the hour of ten, a sentinel of the First Regiment, being on post beyond the bridge, saw, in the imperfect light, an object cautiously approaching him from toward the enemy's lines. As it came nearer he discovered that it was a suit of light-gray clothes, over which hung a broad-brimmed low-crowned hat. The sentinel little doubted that within that suit of clothes and beneath that ample hat was a human being, though it was too dark to discern face or feature, and he demanded—

“Who comes there?”

The object paused abruptly and stood motionless. This looked rather ominous, and the sentinel cocked his piece, brought it to bear on the suspicious object, and again demanded, in a peremptory voice—

“WHO COMES THERE?”

“Be aisy—it's a frind,” said a low, cautious voice, proceeding certainly from beneath that interesting hat. The sentinel had no doubt that the speaker was an Irishman.

“Advance, friend, and give the countersign,” he said, in a formal way.

“It's mesel' 'at hasn't got that same,” said the intruder, advancing. Now there could be no doubt that he was a native of the Green Isle.

“Then you are my prisoner,” said the sentinel, decidedly, holding his gun in a menacing position.

“Sure I've kim all the way down hur to be that,” was the reply; and the man-in-gray drew near, holding up his *hands* to signify that he had no *arms*.

“Have you come to give yourself up, then?”

“Ye've guised it entirely.”

“And you are a Confederate soldier?”

“Yes.”

"So you are tired of being in the rebel army?"

"Yes; an' was before I wint, until it."

"Were you pressed into the rebel service?"

"I was *forced to volunteer*," replied the deserter (for such he was), with a show of that imperturbable wit and humor peculiar to an Irishman.

"Well, you have got out of a bad scrape this night."

"I was thinkin' that. It's glad I am to find mesel' beneath the good ould sthairs and sthripes once more."

"Have you anything to communicate to our commander?"

"It's something particular I have."

"Then I will call a corporal and have you sent to the picket officer of the day."

"That's it!"

The sentinel called for a corporal, and on his coming, handed over his prisoner with explanations. The corporal conducted him to an officer of the First Regiment, who sent him under guard to Colonel R. B. Roberts, then in command of the picket line. As the guard passed us with their prisoner, they asked us where they would find Colonel Roberts. Lieutenant Moth told them that they would probably find him at the village; and they passed on.

A few moments after, we heard the beating of a drum, and several times the whistle of a locomotive far in the direction of Richmond. A strange feeling came over me when I heard this. I felt that some important movement was on foot among the rebels—probably they were about to evacuate Richmond. I felt sure that that drum-beating was a "sell"—that the rebels had left the opposite shore of the river—that the drum was beaten to make us believe that they were still there. It afterward proved that my ideas were not altogether at fault.

Not long after the guard had passed by with the deserter, I lay down to take a nap, leaving Sergeant Zee to see that the men on post were relieved at the proper time, telling him to call me up in a few hours, and I would take charge and relieve him.

I took my wool blanket from my knapsack, and made my bed upon the ground. For some time occasional faint flashes

of lightning had been visible toward the northwest; now it was growing more frequent and brilliant, and the low rumble of distant thunder began to be heard. I was about to lie down, when I observed Lieutenant Moth sitting quietly upon the trunk of a fallen tree; he had no blanket, and I offered to share mine with him, inviting him to lie down with me.

As I have before remarked, Lieutenant Moth had formed an unaccountable dislike of me; but I was determined not to resent it, and I felt a kind of pleasure in doing him a kindness; and as I offered to share my blanket with him, I thought of the words: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

Lieutenant Moth lay down beside me upon my wool blanket, and we used my tent-blanket for a covering.

The air had been still during the evening, but a breeze now sprang up, and in a quarter of an hour a storm was introduced—a thunderstorm. As the black clouds gathered thickly over us, the darkness became intense. The lightning, however, became quite frequent; and flash after flash lighted up the angry heavens with a vivid glare. The rain, at first slight, increased in violence until it poured down in perfect torrents.

Awhile—ten minutes, perhaps—we lay beneath our frail shelter, secure from the rain; but a great stream of water at last came crawling through between us, and we found that we must get up.

• "Lieutenant," said I, "do you feel that stream of water?"

"Yes; it would turn a mill."

"I suppose we must get up."

"Yes, we'll drown here."

"Then let us jump up. You may take the tent-blanket, and keep yourself dry if possible; I'll take the other."

We sprang from our deluged bed, and acted upon my suggestion.

The lightning was now almost incessant, and so brilliant that it was painful to the eyes; while peals of thunder followed each flash of lightning, and sounded like the crashing together of worlds. It was a terrible storm. It was in vain

to attempt to keep dry; my blanket was already saturated, and it hung about me heavy as lead, while the pelting rain went straight through it to my devoted hide.

At length the storm was over. The rain ceased to descend—the lightning glimmered at intervals upon the far-off horizon of the southeast, and the thunder rolled off and died away in the distance.

Suddenly I became aware that the sky was lighted up with an unearthly glare. I started. What was it? It could not be lightning. I looked toward Mechanicsville, and beheld two bright-blue rockets mounting up into the heavens.* I watched them and saw them burst into thousands of brilliant stars, which soon went out, and once more black darkness reigned.

A moment after an order was passed along the line, coming from Mechanicsville.

“Call off the pickets! Return to camp! QUICK!”

Such was the message, and it passed speedily from post to post to the Chickahominy. In accordance with this startling order, we hastily formed the company and marched to the wood in which we had left the regiment. It was so dark that we could scarcely find the place; but when we did—*there was no regiment there.* This was strange. Could it be that the rebels had crossed the Chickahominy at some point above, and were they about to come down upon us? Oh, impossible! More likely they were evacuating Richmond. Yet why these strange orders.

Stumbling, blundering, and falling over logs, running against trees, and falling into ditches and pools of water, we made our way out of the wood, and very naturally took the wrong road for camp, which camp we reached about daylight after a round-about march of four or five miles, during which we had waded a reasonable number of swollen streams.

We found the whole division standing in line of battle—

* It appears that the deserter, on being examined by Colonel Roberts, had imparted the startling fact that the rebel force beyond the river had suddenly decamped—probably to evacuate, more probably to cross the river some miles above, and attack us. Hence the signals.

their knapsacks packed, and their tents struck—the batteries in position, and the artillerymen by their guns. This was certainly an interesting state of things; especially when we, weary as we were, were ordered also to stand in line of battle. After several hours it was ascertained, it seems, that an attack was not imminent, and a new picket was sent out. We were then allowed to pitch our tents again, and to build up our exhausted frames with refreshing slumber.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BATTLE.

THE day and night passed quietly away.

Next morning we were called out on regimental drill; Lieutenant-Colonel Oliphant of course in command. The drill over, we were dismissed, with injunctions to be ready for a skirmish drill at four in the afternoon, in case we should not receive marching orders. We had but broken ranks and returned to our quarters when we were again called into line and ordered to stack arms. This done, we were again dismissed and permitted to go to our tents, with strict orders not to go far from camp.

As all was quiet, and there were no indications of moving, I repaired to a mill-race a quarter of a mile in front of our lines for the purpose of bathing. This race ran by the base of a hill, while beyond it was a swamp of several hundred yards in width. I descended the hill toward the race. The face of the hill being covered with timber and underbrush, I could not help remarking what a quiet, secluded place it was. The clear water flowed silently along, half hidden by the overhanging branches of trees and bushes that grew upon the bank. How little I imagined that before night thousands of bullets, shot, and shell were destined to fly across that race.

My bathing accomplished, I returned to camp just in time for a dinner of vegetable soup and hard crackers.

While at dinner we saw a balloon slowly ascend to the height of a hundred and fifty feet, where it remained. It was held to the ground by means of three guy-ropes. We could see a man in the car; he raised a telescope and proceeded to take a survey of Mechanicsville and rebeldom in general. Suddenly he lowered his glass, and in the most feeling and eloquent manner signalled to those below to draw him down quickly. The balloon had just begun to descend, when bang! bang! went two cannon in quick succession, seemingly in the vicinity of the rebel earthworks beyond the river, and a shell and a solid shot came shrieking through the air over our heads flying past the balloon—the shell exploding just beyond.

An hour later we were suddenly ordered to pack our knapsacks, strike our tents, and be ready for a march. The baggage-wagons and ambulances were soon in order and ready to move. Poor Haman was suffering terribly with the neuralgia; he insisted on marching with the regiment wherever it should go. I told him that he must not undertake to march—that he must get into an ambulance—that I would go with him to the surgeon and get him a place in one. He stubbornly refused, saying that there would probably be a fight, and he wanted to be in it. I argued that there would be no such thing—that the rebels were probably retreating, and that we should no doubt have a hard march before overtaking them.

“D—d if I’ll go in any ambulance,” said Haman, vehemently.

“But just think, Haman—”

“No use talking; I’m going with the regiment.”

“But you can’t stand it this hot day, in your present condition. Suppose you should sink down by the way.”

“But I don’t like the idea—oh!”

“What’s the matter?”

“That pain—oh!”

“Come, now,” I urged, “you’ll never stand it to march.”

We were standing unprotected from the melting rays of

the sun, and the pain had become awful. Haman, with great reluctance, consented to get into an ambulance, provided the doctor would allow him; for the ambulances were generally crowded on such occasions.

"Allow you!" I said; "we'll see if he don't allow you! Come; I'll carry your things over for you." And we walked across a little valley, and made our way to where the wagon and ambulance trains stood.

"Doctor," said I, approaching that worthy, "here is one of our men, who—"

"There is no room for any more," he interrupted.

"But you must *make* room for this one!" I said, savagely, forgetting that I was addressing a man of superior rank.

"You talk very positive," he said.

"I *am* positive. Here—"

"Let's go back and let him go to h—ll," interrupted Haman.

"No, he must make room for you. I say, doctor, this is one of the best men we have in the regiment; he is almost frantic with a torturing neuralgia, and it would be no better than suicide for him to attempt to march, or murder for you to compel him to."

He looked at Haman, and he could see the beating and throbbing of the veins on his forehead, and the feverish glow upon his cheeks.

"I'll try to make room for him," he said; "though the ambulances are pretty well crowded."

Ere long I had the satisfaction to see Haman in an ambulance, and I bade him "good-bye," and returned to the regiment. Soon after, the wagons and ambulances moved off, to my surprise, down the Chickahominy toward Dispatch Station.

As I have previously stated, our arms were stacked in line in front of our camp. For awhile we lounged about, our accoutrements on, awaiting orders to fall in. Half-an-hour after the wagons and ambulances had departed, a staff-officer rode by and said something to Lieutenant-Colonel Oliphant, who thereupon mounted upon his horse that stood by already saddled and bridled, and shouted:—

“Fall in! fall in, men! quickly!”

At the same moment, a startling volley of musketry was heard toward the right of the division. Another followed, and another, and a wild, fierce, continuous rattle ensued. With a wild shout we flew to our arms, and awaited the order, “take arms;” it was given at once by Oliphant. He then rode along in front of the regiment, addressing each company separately; as he rode by our company, remembering that he was a native of the same county with us, he said:—

“Now, boys, you will have an opportunity to show the gray-backs what old FAYETTE COUNTY will do for the UNION! You’ll do your county no dishonor—you’ll stand by your flag, won’t you?—the flag presented you by—”

His voice was drowned by a deafening cheer.

At that moment, Colonel Hayes came riding into our presence at headlong speed.

“Boys—my gallant Eighth!” he shouted; “I have just been released from arrest! I can draw my sword once more! I have come, my brave boys, to take command—to go with you into the coming battle! I trust that I will never leave you now, till we return to old PENNSYLVANIA again!”

Then, reader, the shout that arose drowned the noise of the musketry that was now raging on the right, and echoed like a scream against the hill of Mechanicsville.

The roar of artillery now joined in, and a shell went shrieking over our heads, striking the earth a hundred yards to our rear, and bursting into fragments. Our brave colonel took command of the regiment, and formed us in column of divisions, giving orders with perfect coolness; proving that he was equal to his task—able to handle his regiment in battle. He then marched us forward to the brow of the hill that descended to the mill-race and swamp, and there halted us. As I have previously stated, the face of the hill was covered with a thick growth of trees and underbrush. At the margin of the wood the column was deployed into line, where we stood for a few minutes, awaiting orders. Presently an order came, requiring Colonel Hayes to send four companies down to the mill-race, there to deploy as skirmishers. The

remaining six companies were to remain where they were, as a support to Captain Easton's battery, which was posted about two-hundred paces to our left.

The first four companies of the right of the regiment were ordered to go into the wood as skirmishers. Our company, being the third company of the regiment, was sent among others. We were ordered to lay off our knapsacks in a heap, which we did, leaving Jim Hare to guard them.

When we were ordered to enter the wood to deploy as skirmishers, it was amusing to witness the excitement of our fighting friend, Bob Young. He instantly cocked his musket—it was loaded of course—levelled it toward the woods, and seemed to be waiting and watching for a rebel to make his appearance. At the same time, he exclaimed:—

"They're coming! Hi'll shoot one! They're coming right hup through the woods hat hus! Be ready! Look—loo—hi thought hi saw one!" And he seemed on the point of firing.

"Bob," said I, speaking very loudly to make myself heard above the din of battle, "let down the hammer of your gun; there are no rebels in the woods; we are going down to the race, presently."

"But they hare hin the woods—hi know they hare!"

"But I tell you they are not. Uncock your gun, I say; you'll let it off presently, and shoot some of our own men."

Bob reluctantly obeyed, declaring that the rebels would be upon us before we could make ready.

Lieutenant-Colonel Oliphant soon led us into the wood, and with some difficulty we made our way through the underbrush to the race at the foot of the hill. Companies "A," "F," and "I" were the others that went down. At the base of the hill we halted, and deployed as skirmishers among the trees and bushes that stood on the bank of the race.

"Now, Young," said I, "you see there are no rebels in the wood; you must be more cool."

"But they were 'ere, hi believe yet," he exclaimed.

"Then what has become of them? Where have they gone?"

"They retreated hat hour happroach."

"But how did they get over this swamp so quickly?"

Bob looked thoughtfully toward the swamp, but did not reply.

We were deployed at intervals of eight or ten paces, along the race—our company directly in front of the position occupied by the regiment, Company "I" on our left, and Companies "A" and "F" on our right.

I could not help admiring the perfect coolness and bravery of Captain Conner. He directed every movement, and gave orders with as much complacency as though he were superintending the roasting of an ox. The whole regiment, indeed, officers and men, with few exceptions, behaved admirably.

Meanwhile, the fight grew fierce on the right, gradually nearing us, and finally opened on the left. A rebel battery had now taken position on the opposite hill, and opened fire upon Captain Easton's battery. Another rebel battery further to our right opened an oblique fire upon that of Captain Easton. The brave cannoniers stood by their guns—their coats thrown off, their sleeves rolled up, and the sweat pouring from their faces—while the death-dealing projectiles from the rebel batteries—one of them was not six hundred yards distant—filled the air and flew about their heads in all their terror. The brave Easton, too, displayed the most invincible coolness and gallantry.

Our situation in the wood was not very enviable. Hundreds of shells, solid shot, and charges of grape-and-canister came crashing among the trees about us, or striking in the race and splashing the water into our very faces. We were truly in the midst of the fight; yet we could take no active part, for the rebels beyond the swamp were hid from our view. They were so near, however, that at times their bugles could be heard among the trees that covered the face of the opposite hill at this point.

A number were wounded by grape or fragments of shell; among them Will Dean, a brave fellow of our company.

The first of our regiment killed was Sergeant Huston, of Company "A." He was standing beside Lieutenant Murray, of the same company, and they were gazing intently into the

woods beyond the swamp, watching for the appearance of the rebel skirmishers, when he suddenly clapped his hand to his breast, and sank to the ground, exclaiming:—

“My God! I’m shot! I’m dying! I’m dy—”

The death-rattle was in his throat; it was all over; his spirit had fled.

Lieutenant Murray bent over him, and tore open his blouse and the bosom of his shirt, and saw a few drops of blood oozing slowly from a bullet wound near the heart.

The battle went on; every moment it seemed to increase in fury. The maddening rattle of musketry pierced the ear, and the thunder of the artillery made air and earth tremble. A dense cloud of smoke gathered over us, and the sulphurous smell of gunpowder was predominant.

At length, a mad shout arose above the din of battle, far toward the right.

“Ah, that don’t sound like one of our cheers—I fear it is a rebel cheer!” said one of OUR BOYS.

“That’s no northern cheer,” said another. The difference is distinguishable.

“Perhaps they are making a charge,” suggested another.

“No doubt they are,” said the captain; “but never fear—they will be repulsed.”*

Presently a loud, prolonged, and exultant cheer rose high above the preceding one.

“That’s one of our cheers!” exclaimed the captain.

“I suppose our fellows are giving it to them now,” I remarked, just as a solid shot went crashing through the tree above my head, tearing off a large limb which fell near me.

The next moment a shell came whizzing over, exploding among the branches of the same tree; and an ugly three-cornered piece came near dropping on my head. I picked it up and was making some observations on its peculiar *tearing* qualities, when Lieutenant-Colonel Oliphant walked

* These speculations were correct. A whole brigade of rebels were charging upon the little Second Regiment, which consisted of but seven companies. The gallant Second, commanded by Colonel McCandless, stood firm, charged the rebels in turn and effectually repulsed them. Three times was this repeated on that dreadful afternoon.

by. I perceived that he was laughing at me, and I exhibited the fragment to him—it was very hot—and remarked—

“Colonel, those are a very inferior quality of shell which they are throwing.”

“Why so?” he asked, taking the piece in his hand.

“Because they break up into such homely pieces; there is nothing uniform about them.”

“That may be, but they are quite military.”

I laughed at this, and I fully realized that all things must not necessarily be *uniform* because *military*. Colonel Oliphant passed on.

The sergeants were placed along the line of skirmishers at intervals of thirty or forty yards, with instructions to pass any orders along that might be committed to them. Oliphant had but passed when I heard on my right the cry of—“RALLY ON THE BATTALION!” Perceiving that it came from the sergeant next on my right, I passed it on; and the whole line of skirmishers was soon called in and the companies formed. We hurriedly ascended the hill and joined the regiment. We had but done so when we heard a loud cheer in the direction of the rebel lines, a few hundred yards to the left. Colonel Hayes, raising his voice to the highest pitch to make himself heard above the awful tumult, shouted—

“By the left flank—*march!*”

We marched at a double-quick toward Captain Easton’s battery, for it appeared that the rebels were about to attempt to cross the valley below the swamp for the purpose of taking the battery. As we passed in rear of the battery in order to gain the left, we could look across and see the rebel battery; though it was dimly visible through the smoke. At every discharge we could see the flash—they were firing rapidly—and the next instant some horrid projectile came flying about our ears. Ball after ball, shell after shell struck in rapid succession around us; now whistling a few feet above our heads, now striking the ground in front of us and bound-over. Now and then a charge of grape-and-canister spattered around us, while a shell would come shrieking along, and burst within a few yards, the fragments whistling and singing in the air.

In less time than it requires to relate it we had gained the left of the battery and formed a line for its protection. Simultaneously with our movement a brigade of rebels in close column charged madly down the opposite hillside, uttering the most savage yells that ever greeted my ears. Rushing unhesitatingly across the narrow valley that intervened between the two hills, they were about to ascend our hill, when one of our regiments—I had not observed it before—which lay in a concealed position near the base, arose and poured such a murderous volley into the rebel ranks that they broke and fled in dismay. As they were rushing up the hill they had just descended, the battery, to add to their confusion, sent showers of grape-and-canister after them; and hundreds fell to the earth torn and bleeding.

The battery now being in no immediate danger, we were ordered to resume our former position. The first four companies returned to the race and reformed the line of skirmishers, while the remainder of the regiment took position on the right of the battery as before.

It was now evening; the battle grew fiercer. Shell, solid shot, and grape-and-canister poured into the woods, striking against the hillside in perfect storms. Some of OUR BOYS fired a few random shots, which only had the effect of revealing our position to the rebel skirmishers, and we were treated to an occasional minnie ball.

As there were many large trees standing along the race, we were ordered to take shelter behind them; for as the men were standing eight or ten paces apart, there was at least a tree at the service of each. Near my position stood a large pine tree. I did not fancy the idea of taking shelter behind it, lest it should look like cowardice; for I had not yet learned that it was both customary and fair for both sides to take advantage of every object that afforded the least shelter.

"Sergeant," said the captain, "you had better take that tree there."

"I don't much like to, captain," I said.

"But you must; it's foolish to expose yourself unnecessarily."

I reluctantly obeyed. Another argument, at that moment,

came to the captain's assistance; it was a ponderous solid shot that flew by, striking the hill-side with a stunning shock. I observed that the captain himself stood surveying the scene, perfectly exposed to the missiles of the rebels.

"Captain," said I, "why don't *you* get behind a tree? You are exposing *yourself*."

"Because, I must stand where I can see what is going on," replied the brave captain.

Thinking at that moment that *I* would like to see what was going on, I thrust my head from behind my tree, but could see nothing but smoke, and an occasional flash, probably of the rifle of a rebel skirmisher, and just as I withdrew my head, a bullet grazed the side of the tree, and cut a leaf from a bush at just the height of my eye. I looked to see whether the captain noticed it, but he had not; he was standing with his marine glass, endeavoring to make out some object in the smoke in our front.

Night closed in; but the battle went on with unabated fury. The Pennsylvania Reserves, commanded by the brave old hero, McCall, stubbornly held their ground. Not a regiment gave way—not a regiment faltered, although out-numbered three to one at the very least. We certainly had the advantage in position, and our position was a good one; to this advantage may be partially attributed our success. It is supposed that no less a number than thirty thousand was engaged against us in that battle. Captain Easton's Battery engaged three rebel batteries; for, besides those mentioned, another farther to the left opened upon it. The whole division behaved admirably.

The battle continued without intermission till ten o'clock, when the firing gradually slackened, and finally ceased. We lay down to rest, first procuring our knapsacks. Jim Rider, Captain Conner, Dick, and I lay down together.

The firing having entirely ceased, the groans, screams, and shrieks of the wounded rebels on the opposite hill could be distinctly heard. Occasionally, one could be heard to cry:—

"Oh, doctor! doctor! must I die? must I die? My God! Oh, my mother! My father!"

Although they were our enemies, my heart bled for them;

and I mentally thanked God that I was not in the same situation as they.

I began to think of the morrow. I little doubted that the fight would be resumed on the following morning, in the same position. What would be the result? Would we at last effectually repulse the rebels? Then would we pursue them to Richmond? Would the morrow's setting sun find me alive? Or would his last golden rays fall sadly on my lifeless corpse. I felt no presentiment of death. Yet my ideas of the deeds of the morrow were vague and vacillating.

I was about to compose myself to sleep, when I thought of Haman. Jim seemed to think of him at that moment, too; for he suddenly exclaimed:—

“My gracious! Won't Haman swear because there was a battle and he wasn't in it!”

“Yes,” I replied; “he will harbor no very amiable feeling for that sun-pain; it was the cause of keeping him out of the battle.”

“Listen!” said Dick; “they are moving the artillery.”

We listened. Yes, the dull sound of the wheels of gun-carriages and caissons could be heard.

“They are changing position for the morning,” I suggested.

“No doubt; oh, we'll have a time of it!”

“Captain,” said I, addressing *him*, “what think you will be done to-morrow?”

But the captain did not reply; he was sound asleep, as his heavy breathing indicated. We soon followed his example.

There we lay, within rifle-range of the enemy, fully expecting that the morrow would unfold scenes of the most terrible carnage; yet we slept soundly. I know that my sleep was as deep as any I ever enjoyed.

It is, indeed, remarkable that men can lie down and sleep so tranquilly, when they know the danger that awaits them on the morrow—when they hear the cries of the already mangled—when they know that the dead lie strewn around, and that, with the early dawn of the coming day, the work of death will be resumed.

Such is the case—and it is well; for men never so much need repose as on occasions like the one in question.

CHAPTER XXV.

GAINES' HILL.

A RATTLING discharge of musketry suddenly aroused us, and we sprang to our feet. It was daylight. We packed our knapsacks and returned them to the brow of the hill, where we left them in a heap as before. Jim and I repaired to a spring near at hand and filled our canteens with the clear water. Having done so, Jim suggested that a cup of coffee would be exceedingly beneficial to us. I told him that there was nothing to prevent him from going over to the camping-ground and making a cup; but as for myself, I could not accompany him, as it was my duty to remain with the line of skirmishers. He departed for the place mentioned, while I returned to the mill-race.

The fight was now progressing; but with far less vigor than on the previous afternoon. The musketry was pretty brisk on the left, but was languid on the right; the artillery was working very deliberately, and Union and rebel shots flew alternately over our heads, at intervals of a quarter of a minute.

Half an hour had elapsed when I heard a command uttered by some one who came down through the wood; the voice was that of Colonel Hayes, and he shouted—

“Rally on the battalion!”

The order was rapidly passed along the line, and we were soon collected, the ranks were formed, and we marched up the hill toward the regiment. Company “F,” however, not comprehending the order, remained in the wood, consequently they were taken prisoners an hour after, and they enjoyed the delightful privilege of seeing Richmond.

On arriving at the margin of the wood where the remainder of the regiment was, a question arose as to whether we should take our knapsacks. It remained a question, for no one could tell whither we were going. Some, therefore, took

their knapsacks, while others injudiciously left them; I was one of the latter. Yes, I left my knapsack, fondly, vainly hoping to return to it; but I never saw it again. Some grim rebel I suppose, soon after took possession of it, and gloried over its contents, which were as follows: A woollen blanket, a tent-blanket, a change of under garments, a "Lloyd Map of Virginia," a copy of the New Testament, a port-folio containing ample writing materials and stamps, a photograph, an ambrotype, and half a dozen letters from my darling.

As we moved off, Easton's Battery, which had not moved during the night, limbered up and followed us. We took the road toward Dispatch Station. It was necessary to move toward the left in order to get to this road; and we had but reached it, when, looking back, we saw a regiment of our division coming after us at a double-quick. The rebels were firing after them, and hundreds of bullets flew over them and whistled about our ears. The terrible truth flashed upon me with stunning acuteness; *we were retreating*. My heart sank within me. Retreating! Oh, what could it mean? I knew that we had not been worsted in the battle of Mechanicsville. Then it occurred to me that we were falling back to prevent being flanked—that the rebels outnumbering us, as I was sure they did, had probably thrown a force in a position to menace our rear and threaten to cut off our communication with the main army. It was true; my conjectures were correct.

Our retreat, if such it might be called, was well conducted. It was not precipitate; it was not disorderly—no panic. All was deliberation and perfect order.

We had marched two miles, when a rebel battery opened upon us from beyond the Chickahominy; and while passing that point, solid shot were striking around us one after another, ploughing up the ground in a style truly agricultural.

When we had passed out of range of this impolite battery, we breathed more freely; for while exposed to its deliberate fire, how was a fellow to know at what moment one of those balls would take the top of his head off?

A mile further a halt was ordered, and we sat down by the

roadside, where we remained for a couple of hours. At last we moved on; and it was eleven o'clock when we reached the vicinity now known as Gaines' Hill. There we found the whole of Porter's Corps in line of battle. They cheered us as we approached, for they had already learned of our resistance at Mechanicsville. As we neared them, many eagerly asked—

"Are you the Pennsylvania Reserves?"

On being informed that we were that body of troops, they would exclaim—

"By jolly, boys! you've give it to 'em! Do you know that you have been fighting Stonewall Jackson and his whole force?"

"Stonewall Jackson! No! We thought he was in the valley!"

"No, he has left the valley, and come to reinforce the rebels in front of Richmond."

"And where are McDowell and Banks?"

"Probably they will follow him up."

"No doubt. Oh, we'll lick 'em yet!"

"That we will."

The rebels were evidently advancing; our troops were being placed in position, the batteries were being planted, and general preparations for battle made. Our division halted; and we sat down to rest, waiting to have our position assigned to us.

"Where is Jim?" asked the captain, abruptly.

"Sure enough—where is he?" said Dick.

"The last I saw of him," said I, "he was making for the camping-ground for the purpose of getting up a cup of coffee."

"When was that?" asked the captain.

"Early this morning."

"Then I am afraid he is captured."

"I hope not," said I.

"Or he may be killed," suggested Dick.

At that moment our yellow contraband, Henry Craig, made his appearance—half grinning and almost asleep. It was the first time I had seen the gentleman for twenty-four hours.

"Where have you been, Henry?" asked the captain.

"I bin back dar."

"Where—among the rebels?"

"Yes, sah."

"But how did you get away?"

"I jes walked."

"Walked right away from them?"

"Yes."

"Did they see you?"

"Yes; um couldn't help it."

"Why did they not take you prisoner?"

"Kase dey didn't know if I wasn't one ob deir darkeys."

"Did you see anything of Jim Rider?"

"Yes, sah; I saw *all* ob him."

"Where?"

"Among de webels."

"What! Was he a prisoner?"

"Pooty near."

"How so?"

"Kase dey nearly cotch him."

"Then they didn't catch him?"

"I spec not. De last I saw, he was gittin'."

"Which way was he going?"

"Comin' dis way."

"I'm afraid—"

"There he comes now!" exclaimed Dick, interrupting the captain's fears.

We looked. Sure enough, Jim was deliberately approaching us from toward the Chickahominy—his knapsack on his back—an arch look upon his face; while he was whistling some old-time tune.

"Why, Jim," said the captain, "we supposed that you were a goner—that you were either in for a trip to Richmond, or else a bigger journey."

Jim came to where we were sitting, deliberately laid off his knapsack and sat down upon it, drew a long breath, and finally remarked:—

"Not yet."

At our earnest request he then related what had befallen him since we had seen him in the morning.

"When I went over to the old camp," said he, "I found it necessary, before making my coffee, to build a fire; for the fires which we left burning yesterday were all out. Therefore, it must have been an hour before my coffee was ready for drinking. I noticed that the firing had ceased in the vicinity of the lines, but I thought nothing of it; I drank my coffee and leisurely returned to the wood. I had not reached it, though, when some fellow of Company "F" came flying from the wood—capless, knapsackless, cartridge-boxless, musketless, canteenless, haversackless, and almost witless, crying:—

"'The rebs! the—the—rebs! They're—all—around us! You'd better skedaddle!'

"As I had supposed our boys to be still in the wood, I felt somewhat taken aback; however, I said:—

"'How do you make that out?'

"'Oh, the division's retreated!' he exclaimed, excitedly.

"'Retreated!'

"'Yes!'

"'Well, I'll go and get my knapsack before I retreat.'

"'You'd better not!'

"'Yes, I will,' I said, 'for my tobacco is in it; and my fife, too.'

"As these arguments couldn't be resisted, the fellow rushed on, and I went to the wood and got my knapsack.

"I left the wood and was coming this way, when I looked back, and saw a regiment of men coming. I soon saw that they were not our men, and I quickened my pace. I heard them shouting after me, but I wouldn't halt; and the whole crowd fired, and a shower of bullets followed me. I increased my pace to a run, and volley after volley of bullets came rattling about me, striking all the trees for rods around me—I was then passing that little grove at the cross-roads—and knocking up the dust at my heels. Every second I expected to feel an ounce of cold lead walk gently in at the back of my head. Just then, looking to the left and front, I saw a body of horsemen coming in such a way as to head me

off; and at the same time I saw Henry Craig about three hundred yards ahead of me, and I never saw a bundle getting over ground like the bundle he was carrying. As a last alternative, I turned abruptly to the right, and soon reached the river. I then walked down beside the river, till—here I am."

"Old fellow," I said, "you had a narrow escape."

"Oh, that was—"

"Yonder is an order!" interrupted Dick.

An orderly just then rode up to Colonel Hayes, and said:—

"Colonel, you are to take position in that road, near the battery which you see on the hill yonder—by order of General McCall."

"Fall into your places, boys!" said the colonel.

"We are probably going into battle," said the captain, addressing his company; "I advise you all to lay off your knapsacks—those who have them."

All acted upon this suggestion, and the knapsacks were left beneath a tree at hand. We then marched to the spot which had been pointed out by the orderly, and took our position in a road that ran northeast and southwest. The road was a graded one, and was cut through the hill, so that a bank eight or ten feet high rose on either side, the northwest bank, of course, affording us some protection from the rebel artillery which was expected soon to open upon us from a range of wooded hills three-quarters of a mile in our front. The Second Regular infantry lay in the road with us, so that we were somewhat hampered. A battery of four parrott guns and two brass howitzers was planted upon the bank behind us.

In our front was a large open field, six hundred yards in width. Beyond it was a thick wood. In this field were several small hills, ridges, etc.; and about midway, running parallel with the road, was a deep depression. A regiment of zouaves (the Fifth New York) marched into this valley, a little to our right, and marched up the opposite ascent till their position remained barely concealed from any who might be beyond; there they stood in waiting. We seemed

prepared to meet the approaching rebels. Now and then some field, or general officer, would ride to the brink of the bank in our rear, place his glass to his eyes, and look long and earnestly toward that frowning wood.

It was about noon, when, on an elevation beyond the wood, several flashes, accompanied by puffs of white smoke, suddenly burst forth, and in a few seconds a solid shot and a shell or two flew over our heads. Our battery replied. Another moment, and several additional rebel guns were let loose, and a number of projectiles passed two hundred feet above our heads. Our battery let off a whole volley; and we could hear the bursting of several shell in the vicinity of the rebel battery. Then the rebel battery went to work in earnest; so did ours.

A number of batteries, right and left, now opened, and were replied to by others. The fight soon became general. The artillery began to play rapidly; and shell after shell screamed over our heads, coming lower and lower every minute, and at last occasionally striking the face of the hill in our front, and ricocheting over us. They were getting the range. By and by a line of rebel skirmishers appeared at the edge of the wood, and were fired upon by the zouaves. They fell back into the deep shades of the wood; but presently a line-of-battle could be seen emerging slowly from the wood. Our brave zouaves treated them to a volley of bullets from their "Sharpe's Rifles." The rebels opened a brisk fire, and a continuous rattle of musketry was added to the roar of artillery. The zouaves stood their ground bravely. The musketry was not, however, confined to this point. Like the artillery, it was here introduced to be taken up by the forces both right and left; and it soon became general.

Colonel Hayes climbed to the top of the bank in our front, to the imminent risk of having his head suddenly carried away by a shell, and took a survey of the prospect with his glass. A moment he watched the zouaves, then he lowered his glass, and exclaimed, in admiration:—

"I tell you, boys, those fellows are fighting bravely!"

A move was made by many to climb to the top of the bank and look; but the colonel said:—

"Stay down! You musn't expose yourselves unnecessarily! It will be time enough when you are called upon."

The colonel again raised his glass.

"Ha!" he exclaimed; "now they are having it! They're charging! Hurrah! The rebels are standing their ground! They have nearly reached them! Ha! Three cheers! The rebels are giving way! They're running! they're running! The brave zouaves have pursued them to the wood! Now they are returning to their old position."

A wild cheer rent the air.

Many of the brave zouaves now came limping from the field—their red pantaloons stained with their still brighter blood—some of them still carrying their rifles—some cursing the rebels for shooting them. Some were being assisted from the field by comrades. Many, though, fell dead where they stood—their fingers on the trigger, perhaps, and their eyes fixed in aim upon their country's foes.

Captain Conner climbed to the top of the bank and viewed the scene with his field-glass. After a minute he sat down upon the face of the slanting bank, so that his head was just below its crest; and as he did so, a conical shell skipped the top of the bank, passed a few inches over his head and struck the opposite bank without exploding. I was surprised to observe that the captain betrayed no emotion at such a narrow escape; there he sat, his face was calm, and he was playing with the hilt of his sword in the most placid manner. I could not but admire his soldierly bearing.

Suddenly I heard an explosion a little to my right that pierced to my very brain. I naturally turned in the direction, and saw a sight that is before my eyes yet. Twenty or thirty feet from me, where the banks were not high enough to afford much protection, I saw a cloud of dust and smoke in the very midst of Company "A." I saw a man throw his hands wildly above his head, and fall backward, covered with blood. A moment he lay quivering convulsively, then he lay still—perfectly still. He was dead. Another stooped, and picked up his own arm which had been torn off by the shell as it descended, and rushed wildly toward a small hospital some distance to the rear, flourishing the dismem-

bered limb above his head, and shouting, in the broad tongue:—

“Och, dochter, me airm’s off, me airm’s off!” just as though the doctor could help it.

A percussion shell had struck fairly among the boys, killing three outright, and wounding four. It is a terrible sight to see a shell strike and explode in the midst of a body of men.

It was anything but pleasant lying in that road; the red dust was several inches deep; the heat was intense; and it was highly judicious for one to lie close to the ground, if he had any respect for the terrible missiles whose peculiar qualities were so impressively demonstrated to us, as described.

During the engagement, an officer of the battery on the bank behind us came to the edge of the bank—I verily believe he had his hands in his pockets—and with surprising coolness, said—

“Men, be kind enough to keep your heads as low as possible for a little while; I want to try a round of grape-and-canister—just one—and some of the shot may fly pretty low;” and he returned to the battery.

A moment the guns were silent. The rebel infantry, at this juncture, were pressing out from the wood in solid bodies, presenting great temptations for grape-and-canister.

Suddenly the earth shook—the hill seemed to be starting from its place as the six guns were discharged in concert; and six charges of grape-and-canister went hissing over our heads toward the road. A moment after the battery officer reappeared at the brink of the bank, and gleefully exclaimed:

“’Twas a lucky shot, boys! ’Twould have done you good to see how they were mowed down; and how the *lucky* ones scrambled back into the woods, ha! ha!”

The infantry fighting abated, while that of the artillery was resumed with redoubled fury. There was not a second that the air above our heads was free from either shot or shell. They were sent one after another so rapidly, that a constant, prolonged, and connected whizzing, shrieking, and screaming was maintained. Shell were exploding every second—now in front of us, now in our rear, and frequently over our heads. Grape-and-canister came whistling shrilly

about us; while solid shot came rushing madly along, now flying a few feet above our heads, now striking the hillside with a dull crash, and ricocheting a hundred feet into the air, and falling far in our rear.

When a shell explodes in the air above one's head, many fragments fly upward, and are heard singing and whistling in the air for half a minute before they drop. During this half minute the suspense of those beneath it is horrible to endure. How is a poor mortal to know that it is not going to drop plump upon his head? Every one is sure to think that, judging by the sound, it is descending in a straight line for his head.

During the season of cannonading, of which I have just spoken, a shell exploded thirty or forty feet above us; and we could hear a large fragment singing in the air in the usual style. We looked at each other; every man felt that it was coming right down upon his head; and all sat motionless—breathless. Down it came—whiz-z-z-st—chuck! and it struck fair upon the heel of Page's shoe; for he was reclining on his side—his feet extended. He took up the ragged piece of metal, examined it a moment, felt its sharp corners, and exclaimed—

“Holy horror!”

About four o'clock there was a lull in the storm of battle; the artillery gradually slackened, and finally ceased to play; and only now and then could be heard a solitary shot from a rifle or musket—scarcely heard either; for after the dreadful tumult that had reigned during the afternoon, the sound of small-arms was scarcely superior to a snap of the finger. Such a silence is always ominous in battle; it betokens preparations for something of vital importance.

Presently a staff officer rode along the lines and enlightened us as to the state of things, in these words—

“The enemy have been repulsed on all sides. Our left, though furiously beset, has stood firm; the artillery fighting on the right has been terrible, and Captain Tidball's battery has knocked the rebel batteries into pie. The rebels, it is supposed, are preparing to make a vigorous demonstration at this point with a force about two thousand strong; and

the Second Regulars, and the Fifth and Eighth Reserves are detailed to repel the attack."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE STRUGGLE.

THE field in our front was now clear. The rebel infantry had withdrawn to the wood; and our own exhausted infantry had retired across the road in which we lay, to reform their broken and thinned-out ranks—among other regiments, the gallant zouaves, who had been in the field during the whole afternoon.

About five o'clock the rebels began to show themselves at the edge of the wood, and to manifest signs of an intended attack. A line of skirmishers was sent toward them to develop their intentions, and the battery behind us sent several charges of grape-and-canister toward the wood. The rebels appeared firm, however, and even proceeded to advance in excellent order upon our line of skirmishers. A fire was soon opened, and for a few minutes quite a rattle of small-arms was kept up. They began to press our skirmishers rather closely—the firing increased in severity—and it began to be time for the battle to open in earnest. An officer rode precipitately to the position we occupied, and shouted—

“Second Regulars—STAND TO ARMS!”

With a shout the boys of the Second Regulars rushed to their ranks, and the regiment was soon formed. They then marched into the field that was already strewn with gory corpses, and met the advancing rebels. The conflict was terrible. Both sides, right and left, stood off awhile, as though the battle was to be decided at this particular point. A brigade of our division lay on our left to be ready to take up the fight after we should be “used up.” I will not attempt to describe the encounter of that evening. It was

indeed awful! The batteries resumed their work, and the hand of death was busy bearing men into Eternity.

By and by an orderly rode up to the colonel, and said something to him; thereupon, the colonel shouted—

“FALL IN, EIGHTH!”

Our turn had come.

Our readiness in forming was not surpassed by that of the Second Regulars; and in a moment the regiment was formed.

We entered the field. The conflict was gradually nearing us; the Second Regulars had been so pressed by overwhelming numbers that they were forced to retire to the brow of the hill that descended to the valley of which I have spoken, where the ground offered some advantages. Rebel bullets were already beginning to reach us. We had just entered the field and were marching along the valley in order to gain the right of the Second Regulars, when Nick Swearer—brave fellow!—who had left us a few minutes before we were called into line for the purpose of filling his canteen, came rushing after us at the top of his speed, exclaiming—

“By jolly, boys, I must be in that scrape! I won't be left behind in that style!”

He had but uttered the words when he fell headlong—a bullet in his hip. Poor Nick! It was sad that he should thus be robbed of the privilege of participating in the glorious struggle about to ensue. Jim Rider was following us into the field, when, seeing Nick fall, he ran to his assistance, and did not leave him till he saw him safely conveyed to a hospital.

We marched to the right of the Second Regulars, and lay down under the hill. We saw many horrid sights while lying there. Men staggering from the field with mangled hand or arm, or limping off—a leg covered with blood; some crawling away, only a few inches at a time; some—an officer now and then—were being carried off, covered with blood, and groaning in agony.

The rebels, it seemed, were aware of our position beneath the hill mentioned; for the bullets began to whistle over our heads in an industrious style. I supposed that there wasn't

a bit of danger of any of those bullets flying low enough to hit any of us; I did not suppose that they were coming in a sufficiently declining course to curve over the brow of that hill. But I soon discovered that our situation was not entirely without danger; for a ball suddenly whizzed right past my foot, and struck the hand of Heinrich Rouschenschwacker, with a startling chuck! Heinrich sprang up, uttering some Dutch word, and the captain admonished him to go at once to a hospital, and have his wound attended to. He did so, leaving the field at a beautiful pace.

The brave captain was standing fearlessly erect, watching the conflict through his glass.

"Captain," said I, observing that the bullets were flying thick, "had you not better sit down? One of those stray bullets might find you."

"Oh," said the captain, indifferently, "that's what we enlist for—to get a dip now and then."

From time to time the captain apprised us of what was going on.

"I tell you, boys, they're having it! Oh, how our fellows are standing up to them! I wish we would be called to their assistance now—"

At that moment the Second Regulars turned fiercely upon the almost exultant rebels, and made a desperate charge. Thereupon the captain exclaimed:—

"They're charging! they're charging!"

Presently the rebels broke and fled to the wood; and the captain grew enthusiastic, and eagerly exclaimed:—

"The rebs are skedaddling! they're skedaddling!"—Then, raising his voice, he shouted:—

"GIVE 'EM H—LL!"

The Second, after driving the rebels into the wood, fell slowly back before a fresh force of rebels that came to the assistance of the vanquished. Our turn had come.

"Now, Company 'D,'" said the captain, "remember that you are just as good as any rebel company we may meet. Don't be afraid, boys! Never let them call us *cowards*!"

"UP, BOYS, UP!" shouted Colonel Hayes, at that moment.

We sprang to our feet as one man.

“FORWARD!” shouted the colonel.

At that magic word we pressed on, directing our course toward the rebels who were engaging the Second Regulars, relieving that regiment and allowing it to march from the field. Perfect showers of bullets greeted us. The brave colonel led us forward, himself taking the advance, directly in front of the colors. Oh, I'll never forget how noble he looked! How, in the face of death, he pushed forward, waving his sword above his head, and shouting:—

“On, my brave Eighth! Onward!”

And we did go on. Not a man wavered. The bullets whistled shrilly about our ears; Major Bailey fell with a wound near the temple, and was carried from the field insensible—some thought, dead; Captain Johnson, Captain Wishart, Captain Gallop, Lieutenant Carter, and several other officers, besides many men, fell wounded.

In the midst of all this, an incident occurred, at which I could not help feeling amused. Among other casualties, a bullet whizzed unceremoniously along, striking Bob Young on the hand, near where the thumb grows out, you know, inflicting a slight wound. He instantly dropped his gun—clasped his hands in agony—screamed, “my God!”—fell—struggled up to an erect position—fell again—scrambled to his feet again, and rushed from the field in a jiffy.

The rebels gave way before our firm front, and we pursued them to the edge of the wood, when a battery opened upon us at short range.

Just within the wood the rebels made a stand; and we stood and fought them, loading and firing as rapidly as we could.

Now a number of rebel sharpshooters had concealed themselves among the branches of the trees for the purpose of picking off our officers. One of these gentlemen fired at the colonel, missed him, and struck a soldier of Company “C.” The colonel chanced to observe the sharpshooter, who was seated upon the limb of a tree fifteen feet from the ground; and seizing the rifle of some fallen soldier, he levelled it upon the rebel.

“Don't shoot! don't shoot! I'm coming down!” screamed the rebel.

"Yes, I know you're *coming down*," replied the colonel; and he pulled the trigger, and *down* came Mr. Reb.

Our conflict with the rebels at the margin of the wood was very desperate. We stood within twenty or thirty paces of them, loading and firing at will. The smoke was so dense that they were but dimly visible. But the flash of their pieces could be distinctly seen, and I each time chose a flash as the object of my aim. I remembered, in this critical hour, the great injunction, "FIRE LOW;" and I was ever careful not to elevate my musket too much. Bullets, with their fierce hissing sound, were passing my ears by scores. I wondered that I could escape.

The captain was among us instructing the boys about firing.

"Not so high!" he shouted, as Jake Archibald elevated his musket to an angle of forty-five degrees; "you're not firing a salute;" and with his sword he pressed the musket down to a horizontal position.

Meanwhile the enemy's bullets were doing their work on all sides. Here a man would suddenly start, drop his gun, and limp away—the blood flowing from a wound in the leg; another would suddenly spring into the air, uttering a piercing shriek, then fall back, quivering—lifeless—his eyes staring vacantly—his teeth set—his hands clenched till the finger-nails cut into the palms. Another would sink to the ground without a groan—without a gasp for the suddenly-departing breath. Another would convulsively clasp his hand to his breast—perhaps his brow—a moment stand, then stagger, reel, and fall to the earth gasping for breath—the hot blood gushing from his wound. Only the mad excitement of battle prevents one from growing deathly sick at such horrid sights.

"Fall back!"

I was loading and firing with all the rapidity I could muster, oblivious to everything save what was before me, when these words reached my ear. I recognized the voice of the colonel, and I was glad to know that he was yet safe. I was in the act of loading as the regiment acting upon this command formed in order, faced about and marched from

that fatal wood. I resolved to fire that shot yet before I should go; and I did so, at the imminent risk of being surrounded and taken. Having fired this farewell shot, I faced about to follow the regiment, which had already gone thirty or forty yards. I didn't just like to run, so I walked at a brisk pace, loading again as I went, eventually coming off the field with a loaded gun.

The rebels, perceiving that we were falling back, fired after us with increasing rapidity; and the bullets rained about us in perfect storms. Every moment I thought I should be perforated. For the rebels, or anybody else, in fact, can take a much cooler aim at a man's back than at his breast. I overtook the regiment in safety, however, before it reached the road. We came off the field in perfect order, and were treated with voluptuous cheers by the admiring regiments that had remained spectators of our actions.

The Fifth Regiment stood in line ready to take our place. The brave Colonel Simmons sat upon his horse, tranquilly surveying the scene. He was in his element; the prospect of an encounter with the rebels delighted him.

The rebels had so suffered in their fight with us, that they did not venture to follow us when we fell back from the wood. But now being reinforced, they at last sallied forth, when the Fifth walked bravely into them, holding the field till near sunset. We, or rather those left of us, returned to our old position in the road.

About sunset the rebels were reinforced, and they made the most energetic onset along the whole lines. Our troops, already exhausted and praying, like Wellington, for night to come, began to give way. The enemy pressed vigorously on; and our whole line fell back to a position on another range of hills. The rebels followed closely; already their bullets began to sing about our ears. We left our position in the road, and descended the slope in our rear; the battery ceased to play, limbered up and accompanied us.

This movement dampened our spirits. We fell back in perfect order, it is true, but some, half seized by panic, left the ranks and hurried away. Several left our regiment and dived into a deep wood on the right. Captain Conner, who

had come out of the fight with us in safety, shouted after them to return. They did not heed him, and, drawing his revolver, he rushed after them. But the dusk of evening began to hang over us—and the smoke added to the darkness—and they eluded him. He pursued them a hundred yards, then halted. A moment then he stood, hesitating whether to attempt to pursue them further or return to the regiment. He observed that it was growing dark, and he knew that the advancing rebels must soon be in that wood. He was just turning him about to return to the regiment, when he was roughly seized from behind by two persons, his revolver wrested from his hand by one, his sword seized by the other. He was a prisoner.

Meantime we reached our new position and formed line of battle. Upon an important elevation, a little way to our left, was planted Captain Easton's battery; it now opened fire upon the rebels who were advancing in heavy columns. It was very important for the safety of our whole position that this point should be held. The battery, supported by a regiment of infantry, was deemed sufficient to hold it. Charge after charge of grape-and-canister was hurled against the approaching rebels. But they pressed recklessly, stubbornly forward; death seemed to have no terror for them. Steadily they moved up the hillside in the face of the battery. Great gaps were torn through their ranks by the artillery; but they were instantly closed up again. Still on they came. The regiment supporting the battery—it was not a Pennsylvania Reserve regiment—grew timid at last, at the near approach of the rebels, and fled. This left the brave Easton in a critical situation. He might, without any reflection ever being cast upon his courage, have ordered the battery to limber up and fall back, since his support had abandoned him; but he would not—he *would* not relinquish his position; and with invincible courage he sat calmly upon his horse, and said—

"Boys, stand by your guns!"

The brave fellows did stand by their guns. With a rapidity rarely equalled they poured charge after charge of grape-and-canister—shell after shell upon the coming foe.

The rebels did not waver. As they advanced to within forty or fifty yards of the battery, they were treated to shell with the fuse pulled out, which exploded within a second after leaving the cannon, making sad havoc among them. But, now that they were so near, they would not give way; and with a savage yell they rushed upon the battery. The last charge was being put into the guns as the rebels came to within pistol-range. Aye, the rammers, as they were withdrawn from the pieces, after putting home the last charge, actually touched the breasts of the rebels—their ranks were so near. The guns were all charged for the last time; all was ready.

"FIRE!" shouted Captain Easton; and at the same moment he fell dead from his horse—a bullet had pierced his heart.

The pieces were all discharged, doing fearful execution among the rebel ranks.

Perceiving that it was impossible longer to hold their guns, the artillerymen, to escape capture, ran from the hill, and were soon among us relating the sad tale.

The tide of battle was now going sadly against us. But hark! What wild shout is that? Ha! There comes the "IRISH BRIGADE!" Yes; burning with eager desire for battle, they have come from beyond the Chickahominy—they rush madly upon the almost triumphant—the already exultant rebels; and they drive them from their blood-gained position! On, on they charge! driving the rebels before them with the swiftness of the wind. Another battery is planted upon the crest of that blood-stained hill. The Irish Brigade halts. The brave Irishmen take position, and stand by the new battery; and relentlessly it plays upon the panic-stricken rebels! Night thickens; the army is saved from panic and ruin; the firing gradually dies away, and all is still.

That night the whole corps moved quietly across the Chickahominy. All the Union forces, and all property of the government were safely over and the bridge was destroyed.

Next day—Saturday, the twenty-eighth of June—we found ourselves near Savage Station.

It became known that General Reynolds was missing; inquiry was made throughout the division, but no tidings of him could be gained; and it was evident that he was either killed or taken prisoner.

As yet we did not know Captain Conner's fate; we feared that he was killed. A number of OUR BOYS were missing—among them George Scott, one of my former messmates.

Haman now made his appearance. He was still suffering terribly from that neuralgia. But he had not missed all the fighting. Not he! Being in a hospital near Gaines' Hill on the previous day, and hearing the firing, he had torn himself away from the doctors, seized a gun and rushed into the fight of that terrible afternoon, with the first regiment he came across—and it chanced to be a Massachusetts regiment.

During the whole of the day succeeding the battle of Gaines' Hill, we lay near Savage Station. When night came, we lay down to sleep—it was too hot to sleep during the day—and had lain a couple of hours, when we were aroused by the cry of—

“FALL IN!”

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHANGE OF BASE.

LONGSTREET and Hill having crossed the Chickahominy above Mechanicsville to attack us, General McClellan sent from the main army sufficient reinforcements to enable us to hold our position against those two generals and their forces. But Stonewall Jackson, with a force of thirty thousand, slipped quietly away from the presence of General Banks, left the valley, passed through Gordonsville almost within gunshot of McDowell, and arrived at Mechanicsville

on the very day of the battle—in fact, a portion of his forces participated against us. For McClellan now to have sent from the army south of the Chickahominy sufficient reinforcements to secure our position against all these forces would have so weakened the main army as to render its destruction certain. But how should he save *us* from annihilation? But one feasible plan presented itself; it was to call us across the river and concentrate the army. He adopted this plan, and, in consequence, on the morning succeeding the battle of Mechanicsville, we received orders to fall back to Gaines' Creek, at which point there was a bridge across the Chickahominy. Had our retreat been delayed six or eight hours, we would certainly have been cut off from this bridge. To have crossed the river immediately after arriving at this point would have been impracticable on account of various encumbrances in the shape of wagon-trains; or if even practicable, it would have been injudicious—nay, absurd: for McClellan having now sent orders to White House Landing to place all the commissary stores, munitions of war and army equipage aboard the transports, burn the White House, evacuate the place and sail down to the bay and up the James, it was indispensable that we should hold the rebels in check till the orders should be executed. Hence, the Battle of Gaines' Hill.

McClellan's only plan now was to move the army by flank toward the James River, that supplies might be received through a new line of communication, viz., the James River. Had he even been able with the force at his command to take Richmond by a *coup de main*, it would have been madness; for he would suddenly have found himself entirely without supplies, as the transports could not have reached Richmond on account of Fort Darling. Moreover, our situation would have been very critical there with a large rebel force in our rear.

But when we consider that the rebel forces at Richmond outnumbered us two to one, and possessed advantages in fortifications and in the proximity of their supplies, it is not to be presumed for a single moment, by any intelligent person that Richmond could have been taken, notwithstanding

that a great warrior, and a man fondly yecept "Fighting Joe," asserted that "Richmond *might* have been taken."

Many censure McClellan for his operations on the Peninsula, simply because they *wish* to, though they are totally ignorant of anything connected with them. McClellan, the most able general we have had, has many enemies—snarling politicians AT HOME. Whenever you find an enemy of General McClellan, you will find an inveterate civilian. No brave soldier will ever turn his tongue against Little Mac. Among the most prominent of that noble man's enemies are army contractors, etc., who, as a matter of course, will be in favor of any measure that will prolong the war, and dead opposed to any man who is likely to end it soon.

Reader, what think you of the "Committee on the Conduct of the War?" What do you think of the stupendous investigations they made—that intelligent body?

If purely a committee on the conduct of the *war*, why did they begin their investigations at the very date of McClellan's instalment at Washington, and conclude them directly after the date of his removal? I allude to the report published in the spring of 1863. Why did they not investigate his West Virginia campaigns? Why did they not investigate the doings of other generals? Why did they not investigate the conduct of the generals in the West? Why not the conduct of General Hunter? Why not that of Butler? Why not that of Banks? Why not that of Fremont? Why not that of Halleck—of Buell—of Rosecrans—of Grant, and of many others? Why did they so carefully gather every little fact and incident that could by any possible means be made to appear to the discredit of McClellan? And why were all these little clauses and sentences *printed in italics* in that report? It would not be unreasonable to answer all these questions thus: *Because the investigations of the so-called committee on the conduct of the war were made and published for the sole purpose of destroying, if possible, the reputation of our most faithful, brave, able, and patriotic commander, George B. McClellan!*

The little instrument might have been, with great propriety, entitled:—

"REPORT
OF THE
COMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE AND CONDEMN
THE
WORDS, ACTIONS AND TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES
OF
GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN."

When, during the night of Saturday, the twenty-eighth day of June, we were aroused by the cry of "Fall in," a slight mist was descending, and it was dark. We were lying about two miles north of Savage Station, and when we formed, we marched in that direction. Our way lay through a thick wood, and at times over marshy ground; but we had a good corduroy road under our feet, so that the nature of the ground was immaterial.

During this march, owing to the concourse of baggage-wagons, artillery, and various bodies of troops moving on the one road, but a few steps were marched at a time, when there would be a "choke up," then a halt of a few minutes—which is decidedly unpleasant.

We had halted after travelling a couple of miles, and were standing upon a corduroy road, when feeling very weary, I thought to step off and take a seat upon a log which I could dimly see a few yards distant. The road appeared to be raised about a foot above the ground which also appeared solid at this point. But height, distance, shape, and dimensions are very deceptive to the eye, in the darkness; and as I stepped from the road to the ground, instead of from the moderate height of one foot, I stepped from the rather immoderate height of four feet, and fell forward with a vengeance against the supposed log, which, however, proved to be a *dead horse*.

"Forward!"

I hastily picked up myself and my gun, one at a time, and, in no very amiable humor, climbed upon the road and trudged on with the regiment. We progressed so slowly, that when daylight came, we were barely beyond Savage Station. So many army wagons and ambulances blocked

up the way, that we did not average a mile an hour. It was past noon when we arrived at White Oak Swamp. Of course a strong rear-guard was left behind the teams, which were making their way toward the James River as fast as possible.

Though the sky was thickly overcast with clouds in the morning, they rolled away before noon, and the sun blazed forth upon us in his wonted style.

While halting once near White Oak Swamp, General McClellan rode by, accompanied by his staff; it was the first time we had seen him since we landed at White House. We had felt somewhat cast down at this movement of the army; but when we saw Little Mac ride by—a calm, confident, pleasant expression on his face—we were reassured, and our spirits were raised to an unusual degree. The presence of our loved commander ever had this effect.

We crossed White Oak Swamp on a corduroy bridge, and halted in a field a short distance beyond, where we stacked arms. We were surprised that we had not yet been attacked, for that the rebels would attempt to annihilate us during this movement, we little doubted. Our brigade was now commanded by Colonel Seneca G. Simmons, of the Fifth Regiment—General Reynolds being among the missing. Lieutenant Moth commanded our company—Captain Conner being also among the missing.

We had rested several hours beyond White Oak Swamp, when we were called into line; we resumed our march, and the sun was just sinking when we reached New Market Cross Roads. We stacked arms in a large field, and thought to rest for the night.

We could now hear the cannon at Savage Station; for it was on that evening that the battle was fought there—the evening of Sunday, the twenty-ninth of June.

Night came on. The sound of thunder was heard in the distance, and dark clouds were hurrying hither and thither; now rolling and crowding together, now scattering. Mingled with the sound of thunder, were now and then the heavy discharges of artillery. The thunder storm, which appeared to be also in the vicinity of Savage Station, did not reach us.

The shades of night had gathered thickly over us, when

our regiment was ordered to proceed out the road toward Richmond, accompanied by a battery, and establish a strong outpost for the night. The road we took ran at right angles with the one we had been travelling during the day. The night was so dark that we encountered many difficulties in establishing ourselves in position. We were not molested during the night, although the rebels were certainly not far off.

Next morning we returned to the large field where the whole division lay, and stacked our arms with the rest. The forenoon wore quietly away.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GLENDALE.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro.

* * * * *

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.

BYRON.

“FALL IN, FALL IN!”

It was one o'clock when this cry suddenly rang out, and spread with whirlwind swiftness over the division. In a moment we rushed to our stacked arms, and seized them.

“Cool, boys, cool!” said the gallant Colonel Hayes, who was mounted upon his steed, and riding in front of our line in less than half a minute.

Poor Haman was with us, and he was still suffering the most excruciating pain from the neuralgia. The colonel seeing him in the ranks, and knowing how he was suffering, said—

“Jeffries, you are not able to be in the ranks, are you?”

"I'm—going—to—to try it," said Haman, scarcely able to articulate for pain.

"You're a brave fellow!" said the colonel, in admiration, "but I am afraid you can't stand it; we shall probably have warm times."

"That's why I want to go along," was the reply.

The various regiments began to take their positions in line-of-battle. We marched toward the left, and took our position in a wood.

Having formed line-of-battle, facing to the west, we stood awaiting the attack. I ever made it a point to go into battle with my canteen full of water, if possible; for the excitement of battle, and the strenuous exertions, together with the fumes of gunpowder, create a burning thirst. I discovered that my canteen was empty. I knew that there was a spring of cold, clear water a few hundred yards to our front, but I did not like to go that distance from the regiment. I looked about me, and presently discovered in the wood a pool of stagnant water; with this water, I filled my canteen.

The sound of artillery began to be heard some distance toward the right; it was at White Oak Swamp; the battle had already opened there. For an hour the artillery could be heard playing away with some fierceness; but it grew no nearer.

One by one OUR BOYS grew weary of standing, and began to sit down; some laid off their accoutrements. At last, as the air was very hot, I laid off mine. Knapsacks, we had not; for all who did not lose them at Mechanicsville, lost them at Gaines' Hill. As I sat down at the root of a tree I remarked:—

"Well, boys, a fellow may as well rest; I don't believe we are going to have a row after all."

I had scarcely uttered the words, when a tremendous discharge of artillery pealed forth, and a perfect storm of grape-and-canister, shot and shell, came dashing and crashing among the trees above our heads, tearing off limbs and branches and scattering them around us.

"Up, boys!" shouted the colonel.

I think that I buckled on my effects on that occasion in

a little less time than I ever before performed the same operation. The ranks formed, our line was advanced to the edge of the wood, and we were there ordered to lie down. A battery on our right replied to the rebel batteries; and for a few minutes an active artillery fight was carried on. As we lay near the battery, we were much exposed to the projectiles from the rebel guns; and, for awhile, shell were exploding about us, and solid shot were flying over our heads, tearing the trees shockingly; while charge after charge of grape-and-canister rattled among the trees, and spattered the ground in our midst. Our artillerymen stood by their guns, loading and firing with a rapidity that kept up a constant roar. It was soon evident that the rebels were getting the worst of it in the artillery fight; for a regiment of infantry soon emerged from a wood a few hundred paces in our front, and advancing half the intervening distance, prepared to charge. They came so close, in fact, that we heard their colonel give the following command:—

“Sixth Georgia, fix bayonets! Give the Yankees a little cold steel!”*

We heard the clinking rattle of their bayonets as they placed them on their guns, and we felt that warm work was at hand.

We saw that a charge was about to be made upon us, and we nerved ourselves to resist it; but ere the rebels had well succeeded in fixing their bayonets, one of General McCall's aids rode hastily up, and shouted:—

“Eighth Regiment, General McCall orders you to CHARGE!”

'Twas enough. Our bayonets were already fixed; and, with a savage yell, we sprang up and rushed madly upon the Georgians. They couldn't stand it; away they went, flying hither and thither in the most disorderly style. Having charged half-way across the open space between the two woods, the regiment halted. Seeing some rebels in the act of disappearing among the trees in the marshy valley to our

* The latter part of this command is not to be found in *our* tactics; but it may be in those adopted by the rebels.

left and front, a dozen of us—Haman among the rest—imprudently rushed down the descent, in pursuit. On arriving at the edge of the marsh, we discovered that the rebels had crossed; and we very rashly followed. A fire was opened upon us from the bushes, and several of OUR BOYS fell; but we rushed on, with some difficulty gaining the opposite side of the swamp. The swamp was narrow, and running from the left of our lines, toward the northwest. Having crossed, we saw a squad of rebels toward the right, and we followed them, firing an occasional shot as we went. Half-a-dozen of them, supposing that there was a host of us at their heels, instead of a dozen, suddenly stopped, threw down their arms, and held up their hands in token of surrender—their faces pale, and their eyes starting from their sockets, they were so terrified. On reaching them, I told them not to be alarmed—that they were prisoners of war, and as such should be treated.

“There are our guns,” said one, pointing to the muskets which they had thrown down.

I glanced at them, and perceived that they were old muskets altered from flint-lock to percussion; and I let them lie.

“Never mind,” I said—“Boys, some of you will take charge of these prisoners, and conduct them to the rear.”

Several of the boys thereupon took charge of the rebels, and started back with them. Will Mitchel was among them; *it was the last time I saw him.*

At that moment, I observed a brawny gray-back standing just among the bushes, about twenty paces from me.

“Come here, sir!” I yelled, savagely, and with an imperative gesture.

He raised his foot, and a moment hesitated as to which way to step—whether to advance or retreat. He concluded to try the bushes, and take the chances of the contents of my musket rather than fall alive into our savage Yankee hands; and he darted deep into the bushes, and was lost to view in a moment. I sent a ball and three buck-shot after him, but whether they hit him or not can never be known. I hastily reloaded. I had but completed the task, when I saw another rebel run from the bushes toward a little bank which would

afford him greater protection. I drew a bead on him. He was scarcely forty paces from me, and the idea of missing him did not even suggest itself to my mind. I fired. The rebel did not fall—he did not start—he did not drop his gun, nor take to limping suddenly; but he kept steadily on, at the same brisk pace. I had missed him.

I loaded my musket for another shot; but of course the rebel succeeded in gaining the little breastwork spoken of.

The rebels began to discover that there were but a few of us—that ten or a dozen of us had chased them several hundred yards, taken half-a-dozen prisoners, and almost frightened them out of their wits; and they grew bold, and began to make their appearance, emerging from the bushes by scores. They opened a brisk fire upon us, and we began to realize the danger of our situation and the importance of returning to the regiment at once. Acting upon this, we commenced a retrograde movement, keeping up a retreating fire. At every tree one of us would stop, take shelter behind it, and fire upon the pursuing rebels. The bullets were following us at a great rate, whistling past our ears, and knocking up the dust at our heels and upon either side of us. The air seemed alive with the leaden messengers of death.

We recrossed the swamp. On reaching the *right* side once more, Haman—his face flushed with the excitement of battle, together with the pain he was suffering—called out to me:—

“Old boy, I killed one d—d grayback!”

The regiment was now forming to receive a brigade of rebels that was about to advance from the wood a little to our right and about two hundreds yards to our front. Another regiment had now come to our assistance, and the whole force had taken position behind a slight swell in the ground.

I had returned to within thirty paces of our new line, when one of our fellows looked, I thought, right toward me, and called out—

“Hilloa, you rebel there, are you wounded?”

I thought that he was addressing me—that he had taken me for a rebel; but glancing to my right I saw, within a few

yards of me, a wounded rebel lying under a peach-tree—the blood gushing from a wound in the breast. Although the rebels were already beginning to rally on us, I could not refrain from stopping a moment with the sufferer—he was trying to support himself on his elbow. I bent over him and asked—

“Are you much hurt?”

He did not reply, but looked imploringly into my face, and seemed struggling for breath.

“Are you much hurt?” I repeated in a louder tone, that I might be heard above the din of battle, which had now opened, and was raging fiercely on the right.

“Oh, yes—I—am—dy—dying!” he muttered.

“Can I do anything for you?” I asked.

He tried to speak, but could not. I observed that his lips were dry and parched, and I did not doubt that he wanted water. So I asked—

“Do you want water?” And at the same moment a bullet whistled by my ear and struck the peach-tree.

“Oh, yes! oh, yes!” he replied, with all the energy he could muster.

I placed my canteen to his lips, and he eagerly drank. Then wishing to make a good impression upon him, regarding us *Yankees*, of whose cruelty I had no doubt he had heard the most horrible tales, I said—

“You see, my friend, that we know how to treat even an enemy with kindness.”

“Ah,” said he, solemnly, speaking with more ease, “*you’re no enemy of mine.*”

“Why,” said I, thinking that he had taken me for a rebel; “I am a Union soldier.”

“YOU’RE NO ENEMY OF MINE!” he repeated.

The rebels were now decidedly advancing; bullets were whistling about my ears in great luxuriance, and I found that I must hasten on. I took the dying man’s hand in mine, and said—

“Good-bye!”

He did not reply. I cast a parting glance upon him—a

deathly pallor had settled upon his face—his eyes were set, and staring vacantly. *He was dead.*

A moment after I was with my regiment. The first man whom I met was Adjutant Witter. The brave fellow said to me—

“Well, sergeant, I perceive that you are still unhurt.”

“Yes, adjutant, I am glad to see that *you* are not hurt. You escaped those bullets, did you?”

“Yes, I escaped *them*, but I got a charge of shot in the shoulder, but they are the small ones;” and he pointed to his right shoulder, which was perforated with small shot.

The rebels were now firing as they advanced, and we were ordered to lie down to avoid the bullets. Colonel Simmons stood by his horse within a few feet of where I lay.

“Boys,” said the brave old veteran, “lie still; don’t arise or fire till I give you the word. I’ll give you the word in time.”

The bullets of the rebels were now flying over us in perfect swarms. Every moment I expected to see the gallant Simmons fall. At length the rebels arrived to within thirty paces of us.

“Now, boys, let them have it!” shouted Colonel Simmons, and at the same moment he was struck in the breast, and fell dead, almost beneath the feet of his horse.

We arose and poured a murderous volley into the rebel ranks.

“Fall back into the field beyond the wood!” shouted Captain Biddle, McCall’s aide-de-camp, riding up at that moment.

He had but uttered the words, when he fell from his horse mortally wounded.

It so happened that as I arose to fire, some fellow stepped in front of me, so that I was afraid to fire lest I should hit him; and I walked forward a few steps, while the whole line fell back. The smoke was so dense that of the whole brigade of rebels I could only see three. They were standing together beneath a peach-tree, in an attitude that led me to suppose that they were hesitating whether to advance, or retreat—after that volley. By way of advancing an argument in favor of the latter plan, I blazed away at them, then

followed the regiment which had already gained the wood. This rendered my situation rather delicate, and I walked hurriedly after the regiment, loading my musket as I went, turning and firing when I reached the wood. Hundreds of bullets followed me, striking the trees around me with a perfect clatter. I hurried through the wood, again charging my gun.

On reaching the edge of the wood, I saw before me a large clover field. In this field, about two hundred yards from me, our lines were being formed anew to receive the rebels in case they should follow us through the wood. Directly in front of me was the battery that had first replied to the rebels at the commencement of the fight—and the guns looked frowningly at me as I emerged from the wood. It occurred to me that the battery might open upon the wood before I could get out of range. Just then I saw six flashes and six clouds of smoke suddenly burst forth, and then six charges of grape-and-canister rattled about me—some striking the ground, others flying over my head and striking the trees. I felt my situation to be a peculiarly embarrassing one; for I knew that I could not get entirely out of range ere another charge should follow. I suddenly swerved to the left, and made my way toward a line of infantry that was being formed on the right of the battery. Again the battery was let off. I dropped upon my face, to evade the missiles, and a shell and about a quart of grape-and-canister whistled savagely over me. I then sprang up and hurried toward our lines; and before the guns were again discharged, I was out of range. I now wondered whether some impulsive fellow of our division would not take me for a rebel and blaze away at me, accordingly. I did not relish the idea of being killed by our own men—in fact, didn't care about being killed at all. But I reached the regiment in safety. The first one of OUR BOYS whom I met was Ed. Morgan, who informed me that Sergeant Zee was killed—that he had been killed in the wood through which I had just come.

The whole division now formed a new line on General Hooker's division, which had been lying at our left and

rear.* Presently the rebels made their appearance at the edge of the wood, and the battle was renewed with vigor by both sides. Our battery played upon them in a delightful way; and the reformed lines of infantry opened upon them fiercely. We were in the open field—not a tree, not a bush to protect us from danger or from observation. The brave colonel sat fearlessly upon his horse, the bright buttons of his uniform, and his shoulder-straps rendering him a conspicuous mark. Every moment I feared that I should see him fall. Presently his horse was struck by a shell and it fell upon its side dead. The colonel was caught beneath the horse, and was in imminent danger of being crushed: but several of the boys rushed to his assistance, and succeeded in extricating him from his perilous situation under the animal. He arose, and the boys gathered around him and asked him if he was hurt.

“Oh, no; none to speak of!” he said; although it was evident that he was suffering much pain.

The fight was kept up at this point till near sunset, when the rebels gave way, and fell back through the wood. They were effectually repulsed in front of our division; but it was at a terrible cost that we succeeded in holding the field. Yet I am sure that the rebels suffered equally. We stood in line for some time waiting for them to reappear; but they had had enough of it at this point, and they deemed it prudent not to attack the Pennsylvania Reserves any more that night.

Meanwhile the battle raged savagely on the right; the musketry rattled fiercely, and the hoarse thunder of the artillery made the earth tremble.

About dark I began to look about me to see how many of the boys were yet safe. Many were missing, but Haman and Dick were yet with us.

“How does your head feel, Haman?” I asked.

“Oh, its awful!” he exclaimed, and he groaned to prove it.

* In his official report, it pleased General Hooker to say that we were “routed.” I have only to say of his statement, that it is *false* we were ordered to fall back to this position, and we did so in order.

"Have you any water?" I asked; "I have drank all mine."

"No, not a drop—oh!"

"I wonder where we could get any?"

"I don't know; I guess the rebels won't be back—we might go and look for some."

"I am willing."

Acting upon this suggestion, we obtained leave of the colonel, and started toward the right—we didn't like to go to the rear. Half-a-mile brought us to a small house near which was a well. We succeeded, with some difficulty, in obtaining a little muddy water, which we eagerly drank. Directly in front of us the battle was raging fiercely, and hundreds of bullets, and many shell came singing around us.

About this time the troops at this point, being heavily pressed, began to give way. Gradually they fell back—step by step, and the rebels followed closely. The result might have been serious, but a brigade just arrived from White Oak Swamp dashed up to the rescue. With a yell they set upon the rebels and forced them back. The rebels rallied again, and for a while the conflict was desperate. The rebels were ultimately repulsed, however, and this point was held.

It was the gallant "Irish Brigade" that so fortunately came to the rescue. They had been fighting at White Oak Swamp during the whole afternoon; now they came to our assistance, as they did at the battle of Gaines' Hill, at a most important crisis.

It was now growing very dark, and Haman and I proceeded to return to the regiment. It was a difficult task, too; for our way lay through thick woods, and the darkness had increased since we left the regiment. In passing through these woods on our return we got mixed up with some disordered regiment—I know not to what division it belonged—got lost from each other, and, in fact, almost from ourselves. After looking in vain for Haman, I sank down upon a log to rest, for I was much exhausted.

In a few minutes I arose and groped my way through the wood toward the point where Haman and I had left the regiment. I lost my way, and after wandering about the

wood for an hour, now and then falling over the body of some fallen soldier—a knapsack—a dead horse or mule—I came out upon a road which I followed a short distance, and found myself near a hospital. Walking to the rear of the hospital, I found a number of men lying beneath a large oak tree against which a flag was leaning.

“Are any of the Pennsylvania Reserves here?” I asked.

“Yes. Is that you, sergeant?” was the reply.

“Yes. Is this the Eighth?”

“Yes; what’s left of it.”

“Is that you, Charley?”

“Yes. Come and lie down.”

It was Charley Brawley, a brave young fellow of our company. I lay down beside him, and, notwithstanding that cries of agony proceeded constantly from the hospital at hand, I was soon wrapped in slumber.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MALVERN HILL.

“I SAY, sergeant, wake up! The regiment has gone, and the rebels will be on us in ten minutes.”

It was the voice of Charley Brawley.

“Wh—a--t?” I said, about half-awake.

“Rouse up! The regiment’s gone; and we’ll be captured if we stay here long.”

I sprang up and found that the sun was already up, and glaring hot.

“Why, how is this?” I exclaimed.

“I don’t know how it is, but so it is; I just awoke, and I find the regiment gone.”

“I wonder which way it went?”

“Hard to say. Toward the James, I suppose.”

Our accoutrements were buckled on in a moment, and we departed.

We had but gone when the advance of the rebels arrived at the hospital, and took possession. We barely escaped capture.

A few miles were passed over, and we found ourselves within our lines, and ascending Malvern Hill. The batteries were already posted, and the cannoniers standing by their guns awaiting the approach of the rebels. The troops were in position, and everything was in order of battle. A brass band was playing "Yankee Doodle" with a cheerfulness that must have sounded very invitingly to the advancing rebels.

Charley and I were informed, upon inquiry, that the Pennsylvania Reserves lay at the summit of the hill. As we ascended the hill we met Little Mac riding down toward rebeldom, accompanied by his staff. We saluted him, and he was careful to salute us in return, although he was busily engaged in conversation with an officer of his staff. I heard him say something about bringing a cavalry force into use. I saw that he was expecting an attack; there was something of eager earnestness in his manner, but more of confidence.

Charley and I, on arriving at the crest of the hill, distinguished our regiment by its battalion flag, and found the boys sitting by their stacked arms.

"Why, sergeant, is that you? I feared that you were dead; I felt sure that one of those balls must have hit you, and left you lying dead among the bushes in that wood." The speaker was Haman.

"Yes, Haman," I replied; "and I feared that one of them might have hit *you* after we were separated. I am glad you are safe."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"With the regiment under that tree by the hospital. Why did the regiment go off and leave Charley and me asleep?"

"O, we were aroused and hurried off very suddenly; it was not daylight yet."

"Have you learned of the result of the battle?"

"We've heard something. General McCall is missing."

"Then General Meade has command of the division."

"No, he is wounded. General Seymour is in command."

[It will be recollected that, some time previous, General Ord had been transferred to a command in the Western Army, and that General Seymour had been appointed to the command of the Third Brigade.]

"How does your head feel this morning?" I asked of Haman.

"It's nearly as bad as ever; but I'm getting used to it now."

"How about our company? How many are killed or wounded?"

"Lieutenant Moth is missing."

"Ah, I believe I did not see him after that charge. Who else are missing?"

"Mitchel is missing, and so is Jake Archibald;"* also Jim Roland, Hen Underwood, John Young, Ike Mayhorn, and Will Haddock. Sergeant Zee and McWilliams were killed. John Gue was badly wounded. John Woodward was slightly wounded, too; also Finley Whitmire."

The report of a cannon was heard at this juncture, and a solid shot flew over our heads. Several others speedily followed; our batteries replied, and a hot artillery fight was soon in progress. Bodies of infantry were soon pushed forward; but our division having suffered severely in the battle of the previous day, we were ordered to remain in reserve.

The infantry of the opposing forces began to meet. Here and there were heard scattered discharges of musketry; volleys followed, and finally the sound of small-arms swelled into a fierce incessant rattle. The operations of the artillery increased in magnitude, its hoarse thunder chimed in with the rattle of musketry, and echoed in heavy peals against the opposite shore of the James. The Battle of Malvern Hill was opened.

Suddenly, there arose behind us a stunning report that made the old hill shake; and a monstrous shell went screaming over our heads, dropping in the vicinity of the rebel

* It was afterwards ascertained that Jake Archibald was mortally wounded, while crossing the swamp alluded to, in the previous day's battle—that he died half-an-hour after. Mitchel's fate was never known.

batteries, and exploding with a terrific crash. It was from a gunboat that lay quietly at anchor on the bosom of the James. In a few minutes another followed—another and another, at intervals. Surely, the shrieking sound of those terrible projectiles, as they were hurled through the air, was enough to appal the rebels. The very sound was terrifying; it was like the howl of some wild beast; the scream of a panther is scarcely worthy to be compared to it.

The fight went on. Shell after shell, hot from the mouth of the rebel cannon, whistled over us, or exploded near us; while many a solid shot ploughed up the ground in our front, or, flying over, struck in rear of us, and went bounding and rolling down the hill toward the river.

Meanwhile, our batteries were thundering away, pouring death and destruction into the rebel ranks; while ever and anon the heavy, jarring report of a gun on the James was heard, and a great howling, shrieking demon of a shell would make a circle in the air, over our heads, striking and exploding among the rebels, generally, as some of OUR BOYS expressed it, "clearing out an acre of ground." The musketry raged fiercely; we could see the bullets dropping upon the ground in front of us, but few reached us.

How worn—how weary we felt! There we lay; we had slept but little, eaten but little, and fought three hard battles within the past week. Our spirits were low. Even there, lying in line of battle—the thunder of the artillery bursting upon the ear every second—the missiles of the rebels flying about us—the sound of musketry continually piercing the air—I, before I was aware of it, grew drowsy; my eyelids grew heavy, and refused to stay up—they fell—closed—shut out the battle-scene. *I was asleep.*

Presently, a wild cheer aroused me. It was on the right of the division. I opened my eyes—looked—listened. Why, what does this mean? I sprang up. Look at our fellows! A few minutes ago, they lay, amid the tumult of battle, dull, drowsy, languid—no life, no energy in their exhausted frames. Now they are dancing, shouting, cheering—tossing their caps into the air. Ha! Who is that riding along the

lines, amid descending fragments of bursting shell, the bounding shot? 'Tis McCLELLAN!

Who so unjust as to associate with that man's fair name so base a term as coward—to cast reflections upon his bravery? Reader, in the "Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War," published in the Spring of Sixty-Three, it was stated that on the morning of the first of July, General McClellan posted the troops at Malvern Hill, then left the field until the afternoon. The falsity of this statement, wherever it may have originated, is too palpable to need comment. But, oh, reader, it is galling to me to see men resort to means so foul as this piece of slander in order to tarnish the pure name of our loved commander—my commander—the noble, generous, brave, true-hearted McCLELLAN!

Little Mac rode along our lines—his cap in his hand—that calm, quiet, confident smile upon his face. We cheered him till we were hoarse. The very thunder of the storm of death was drowned for awhile by our voices.

During the whole of the day, from morning till night, McClellan was on the field riding from point to point—from battery to battery—from regiment to regiment—from division to division.

Throughout that terrible day the battle raged. The rebels marched in heavy columns to the very mouth of the cannon; but they were mown down by hundreds, and thrust back. Again and again they charged upon our batteries; but in vain; each time they were compelled to retire, leaving the ground strewn with unsightly corpses.

The sun had just set when they made a last, desperate, determined onset. They came forward in good order, and with a firmness that seemed to defy death. They were cut down by the artillery like grass before the scythe. They would not yield; on they came. Our infantry met them. Then the struggle was fearful. Sheets of fire blazed savagely forth; and showers of lead were rained upon the contending parties. The rebels pressed steadily on. Our fellows, worn and exhausted, began to waver before the mad fury of the desperate rebels. Evidently *we* should be called upon now.

The fight grew nearer; the bullets began to reach us. Suddenly a staff officer rode furiously toward us and shouted—

“PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES, STAND TO ARMS!”

In an instant we were up—in line. But just then the “Rush Lancers” rode madly to the front, formed, and prepared for a charge. The way was made clear for them; they were ready.

“FORWARD—CHARGE!”

Like the wind they dashed forward, followed by the loud cheers of thousands—on, on—and while the death-dealing bullets flew thick and fast, they disappeared in the smoke of battle. Like a hurricane they bore down upon the almost victorious enemy. Terror—dismay seized the rebels; their ranks melted away—they fled. Hundreds fell bleeding to the earth—cut down by the sabre, or thrust through with the spear.

Hope died within the rebels; they could rally no more; their whole lines gave way—many of their guns being abandoned, and falling into our hands.

Darkness was now coming on. Our batteries were moved forward; they took new positions and resumed the work of death with redoubled vengeance. Flash after flash lighted up the earth and sky with a red glare—peal on peal shook the hills—the air was alive with the instruments of destruction—storms of shot and shell were sent whistling and screaming after the panic-stricken foe. The woods and fields were strewn with the wounded and dying, and with the ghastly forms of the dead.

At last the battle was hushed, and all was still. Night veiled the earth. Its gloomy shades were thickened by a sulphurous cloud that, like a pall, hung sadly over the field of the dead. We lay down upon the crest of that immortal hill, and were soon wrapped in slumber.

Near midnight we were aroused, the regiments were formed, and we moved quietly down the James.

The campaign was over.

Our loss during the Seven Days' Fight was, in killed, wounded, and missing, fourteen thousand, nine hundred and twenty-four. The rebels admitted their loss to be

eighteen thousand; which, of course, means *thirty-six* thousand. Twenty-six pieces of artillery were taken at Malvern Hill by our forces; which repaid us for all that we lost during the grand movement of the army.

CHAPTER XXX.

HARRISON'S LANDING.

SLOWLY we took our way down the left shore of the James. It was past midnight when we started, and the night was very dark. We were very much worn, and we still felt most sensibly the need of repose. The road as usual was blocked up here and there with teams and artillery, causing many a halt in our march, and rendering it very trying.

As the gloom of night melted into the gray of morning dawn, rain began to fall, and it gradually increased in violence till it finally came down in torrents.

Slowly, steadily we marched on—the rain beating mercilessly upon us. About the middle of the forenoon we neared Harrison's Landing. As we did so, a forest of masts and steamboat chimneys loomed up to view. It was evident that we were near our journey's end—that here was to be our camping-ground. A large plain lay before us, and it was covered with bodies of troops, baggage-wagons, ambulances, etc. The rain was still pouring down with great violence, and we were led into a pine wood, where, under these peculiarly gloomy circumstances, we bivouacked. Dick, Haman, Jim, and I found ourselves able to produce, among us, three tent-blankets, with which we constructed a rude shelter. Then going to an adjacent wheat-field—the wheat had lately been cut—I procured several sheaves, carried them to our shelter, and spread them out beneath it. We then lay down, wet and uncomfortable as we were, and slept for several hours.

When I awoke it was still raining, and a gentle stream was pouring through a rent in one of the tent-blankets, right down into my ear; and if it was not sufficient to "turn a mill," it certainly caused me to *turn* with great rapidity. Feeling very much *refreshed*, I arose and satisfied my appetite by wishing for something to eat.

As the rain could make me no wetter than I already was, I walked forth to have a look about me. The moving of cavalry, infantry, artillery, baggage-wagons, and ambulances had worked up the plain to a perfect bed of mortar. For miles around the mud was from six inches to a foot in depth.

The last of our forces had just arrived; and after them came General McClellan and staff. His garments were saturated with rain, and hung about him as heavy as lead. He rode straight to the landing. It was half a mile distant, and I walked down. When I reached it, there stood General McClellan knee-deep in the mud. He had dismounted, and was holding his horse by the bridle—surrounded by hundreds of soldiers from various divisions; he was shaking hands with them, and talking freely with them as they eagerly crowded around him.

"God bless you, boys," he said, warmly; "God bless you. You have done your duty nobly; you have suffered much; you have stood resolutely by your flag; you have braved the dangers and endured the hardships attending the movement of the army, with truly soldier-like fortitude. You shall rest now, boys; reinforcements are coming, and they shall take your places in the front."

And reinforcements did come. Several divisions arrived that afternoon—among them Shields' Division—and were immediately sent to the front where lines of defence were formed. Several corps of the "Army of the Potomac," which had least suffered during the Seven Days' Fight, took the front also; and a strong line was formed in a semicircle, each flank resting upon the James.

How singular that men have the effrontery to assert that McClellan, after arriving at Harrison's Landing, remained idly there for twenty-four hours, without taking any position, forming a line, or making any show of defence. Yet there

are some who have the audacity, and utter disregard of manly principle, to stand up in the face of the truth, and make such false, outrageous assertions.

Between three and four in the afternoon the rain ceased to fall.

When night came we again lay down beneath our frail shelter, and slept soundly till morning.

An hour after daylight we were suddenly ordered to fall into line; the report of a cannon was heard, and a solid shot charged furiously over our heads and struck in the mud with a splash. It came from a point on the right. A rebel battery had approached very near our lines, and opened fire; and many of the shot reached us. One of our batteries replied, and soon silenced it. When the artillery fight was over we repaired to a field near Heron Creek, stacked our arms, and called it our camp.

We were soon supplied with rations; for McClellan took care to have provisions landed at once. Knapsacks, shelter-tents, and blankets, too, were soon issued to us.

The following day was the "Fourth of July." The sky was clear, the sun shone forth, and the mud began to dry up. In the afternoon, we were drawn up in line for review, and Little Mac rode along, wearing his usual smile; and we cheered him enthusiastically, as was our wont. His address as issued to the Army of the Potomac was read to us; it was, as nearly as I can remember, as follows:

"SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC:—

"You have been attacked at your position in front of Richmond by far superior numbers; and, there being no hope of reinforcements, you have succeeded in changing your base of operations by a flank movement—always considered the most hazardous of military operations: you have borne the privations and perils attending you with a fortitude never surpassed; you have repulsed the enemy in every encounter, always holding the field at night; of guns and munitions of war, you have captured more than sufficient to repay you for all that you have lost. Our lines are now re-established, our position is strong; and if the enemy have

the hardihood to attack us, he will be severely punished, and effectually repulsed. There can be no longer any doubt that each one of you may say, with pride, 'I belong to the Army of the Potomac!' And on this, our nation's birthday, we declare to our foes who are rebels against the best interests of mankind, that this army *shall yet* enter the capital of their so-called confederacy, at whatever cost of time, treasure, or blood.

(Signed) "GEO. B. McCLELLAN,
"Major-General Commanding."

How different this address from the proclamation issued by General Pope not long after:—

"No more ditch-digging; no more strong positions; no more lines of retreat; no more base of supplies; no thought of any position save one from which the army might most easily advance against the enemy—head-quarters in the saddle!!!"—in fact, General Pope was just going to "wind this thing up without any more *foolin'* about it." The world knows how well he succeeded.

The excitement and fatigue attending the Seven Days' Fight now began to tell upon some of our brave fellows. Colonel Hayes grew ill, and his strength began to decline. At last, at the urgent advice of Assistant Surgeon-General King, he resigned and very reluctantly left us.

Lieutenant-Colonel Oliphant, not strong at the best, having also been constantly at his post during that trying week, was now attacked with fever; for a time, his situation was critical, and his recovery was despaired of; he recovered, however, but with the total loss of his hearing. He, of course, was compelled to resign, and he left the regiment with many a regret, and went to his home in Western Pennsylvania.

Major Baily having been dangerously wounded at Gaines' Hill, the regiment was now entirely without field officers. Captain Lemon, of Company "H," being senior captain, took command of the regiment.

Lieutenant Blake was the only commissioned officer remaining in our company. He, too, grew ill, and resigned. First-Sergeant Cue was promoted to the second-lieutenancy.

A number of OUR BOYS were sent off to hospitals in the north. A number, also, were discharged on account of disability; among them were Enos Strawn and John Snyder. The latter died after reaching home.

The division was now commanded by General Seymour; Generals McCall and Reynolds being prisoners, and General Meade wounded. The conduct of all these officers during the Seven Days' Fight was brave and soldier-like, and entitles them to a fair place among the heroes of the nation. General Reynolds was captured late in the evening of the Battle of Gaines' Hill while endeavoring to rally some disordered troops. The brave Meade was wounded just at dark near the close of the Battle of Glendale, and refused to be *carried* from the field, but remained upon his horse. General McCall, on the same evening, having posted a regiment at a certain point, left it for a short time to attend to another part of the line. On returning to the spot, he found that the regiment had retired, and that he was surrounded by the enemy. Rebels who assisted in capturing him, and have since been taken prisoners, have stated that the blood was dropping from his sword at the time.

On our coming to the Peninsula sutlers had been excluded; but now they were allowed to visit us once more, with their usual prices; for instance, butter one dollar per pound; cheese seventy-five cents; eggs sixty cents per dozen; tobacco one dollar and a half per pound; preserved peaches one dollar and a half per pint-bottle; raisins seventy-five cents per pound; ham thirty cents; cards—the common article—sixty cents per pack; whiskey (on the sly) two dollars per pint; and, in fact, everything else in proportion.

It is amusing, when a sutler has been for some time excluded from a regiment, to see how eagerly the boys crowd around him on his reappearance. As soon as the establishment is open and the proprietor ready for business, hundreds throng around, money in hand, all asking for something at once, and the confused sutler hears something like the following—

“Here, sutler, give me—” “cents' worth—” “I want—” “dollars—” “some o' that—” “I—” “tobac—” “give me four”

—“cheese and—” “bologne sau—” “four sheets o’—” “envelopes—” “sutler, hand me—” “your^s money for—” “in a burry; I—” “for any sake, give—” “ain’t you going to—” “a fellow to wait all day—” “sutler, wait on me; I—” “preserved peaches—” “those cigars—” “of butter—” “here, [—” “stamps—” “that ham worth—” “how do you—” “eggs—” “those suspend—” “pies, and—” “a pound of—” “steel pens—” “that—” “sutler, do—” “cards—”

“Who says the rebels are advancing?” suddenly asks some soldier of the crowd, in a loud, distinct tone.

In a moment all is still—every voice is hushed.

“Sutler, give me four pounds of that cheese, and here’s your three dollars,” continues the shrewd soldier, who had resorted to this *ruse* to make himself heard.

He gets his cheese, hands the sutler a “two” and a “one,” and retires. The old proceeding is then resumed, and continued throughout the day.

Meanwhile the weather was very hot. Although Harrison’s Landing is but three degrees south of Pennsylvania, it certainly appeared to me to be at least ten degrees hotter than I had ever seen it in my native State. I remember one day that my canteen was accidentally thrust out from beneath my tent, and it remained for some time exposed to the rays of the sun before I discovered it. When I did discover it, I noticed that it felt very hot; and I poured some water from it upon my hand to ascertain how hot it had become. It proved to be so hot that I could not bear it upon my hand; it seemed almost boiling.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A MIDNIGHT SCENE.

THE month of July wore away.

On the last day—and it was a hot one—of the month, Jim and I walked down to Heron Creek which was a quarter

of a mile from camp. It was past noon, and the heat being excessive we repaired to the bank of the creek, beneath a spreading tree. Beneath its grateful shades we took a bath in the waters of the stream.

Heron Creek is from eighty to one hundred yards in width; it winds its way through a swamp six hundred yards wide. This swamp is covered with tall reeds, which, at high tide, stand actually in the water. The creek, in its windings, touches the solid ground alternately north and south of the swamp. The stream touched our side at a point not far from camp, and a great many were bathing there. Jim and I repaired to a spot a hundred yards above; it was beyond a nook or swamp that was fed by the creek. We were obliged to walk three or four hundred paces to get around the barrier.

At this point, several large boats, belonging to a pontoon corps, were lying at anchor. A small boat or skiff was usually there, but at this time it was down among the bathers who thronged the shore and the water a hundred yards below.

"Jim," said I, after our bath, "I think it would be very nice this hot day to take a ride up the creek in that small boat yonder."

"I think so, too," he replied.

"Then suppose we do."

"But those fellows yonder are playing with it."

"No matter; they won't play with it while we are riding in it."

"But they won't give it up."

"Oh, I think they will; they ought, at least, for they have had it to themselves all day."

"All right; if you can get it, we'll take a ride."

"Then remain here a few minutes, and I will bring it over, and take you in."

I walked around the nook previously mentioned, and was soon standing on the shore of Heron Creek, at the interesting bathing place. I suppose there were two hundred soldiers in the water; and they were splashing, and floating, and swimming, and diving among one another, in a manner

that reminded me of the tiny creatures seen in a drop of water, through a microscope. I stood a moment watching them, and at last, in an authoritative tone, called out:—

“I say, boys there, you have the captain’s boat, and I have come after it.”

“Captain who?” asked several.

“Why, Captain Grover,” said I, inventing a name; “Captain Grover, of the pontoon corps.”

“Well, we’ll bring it ashore presently,” said one.

“Be in a hurry about it then,” I said.

Supposing me to be a sergeant of the pontoon corps, they soon brought the boat to the shore.

“Where are the oars?” I demanded.

“There wasn’t no oars in it when we got it.”

“Are you sure of that?”

“Yes.”

I knew this myself; but I only asked the question to confirm them in the belief that I had something to do with that boat.

“I suppose they are lost, then,” said I, “and I will be obliged to paddle it along with this board.” And I picked up a small board about the size of a common shingle.

I then got into the boat, and paddled toward the spot where Jim stood. As it glided from the throng of bathers, some of them began to suspect that I had deceived them, and that I had no greater claim on the boat than they; accordingly, one called out:—

“Old fellow, I don’t believe you have any business to take that boat away.”

“Oh, yes, I have—lots o’ business,” I replied. I was now a dozen yards from them.

“Look! he’s laughing!” said another.

I was laughing, and they looked upon the fact as being the clearest evidence that I had “done” them.

“Bring that boat back!” shouted several.

I did not reply.

“Don’t let him take it, fellows,” said one, who, too big a coward himself to attempt to prevent me, thought to incite others to do so.

"Oh, *do* let me take it, fellows!" said I, mockingly.

"But we *won't* let you," said several.

"How do you propose to prevent me?" I inquired.

"We'll show you!" And half a dozen plunged in, and swam after me with a rapidity that led me to just wonder whether I *could* paddle fast enough to escape with the boat.

They gained on me, and a chase of considerable interest was soon in progress; Jim saw the state of things from where he stood, and he was watching me with some anxiety.

"Hurrah!" he shouted; "you can distance them!"

"I know I can," I replied, although I was far from knowing it.

The crowd cheered my pursuers.

"Hurrah! hurrah! catch him! you can do it!" shouted a multitude of voices.

"Then *duck* him when you catch him," added a number of others.

Duck me! Oh, horror! I wondered whether they *would* undertake to put this fiendish suggestion into execution, in case they should overhaul me. With redoubled energy, I plied my paddle, and the boat skimmed the water with increased speed. The distance between the pursuers and the pursued began to increase; save that one resolute fellow—a better swimmer than the rest—continued to keep pace with me; nay, he was still gaining on me. The others gave up the chase, but he kept on. I felt quite at ease now, however, for I was not much afraid of *one* man taking a boat from me. It was obvious that he would overtake me before I could reach the shore at the point where Jim stood. When he was within a few yards of me, I began to negotiate with him.

"I say, partner," I began, coolly, "are you aware that a very slight tap on the cranium with some small weapon—a piece of board, for instance—is sufficient to have the effect of drowning a man when he is in the water?"

"You'd better try it," he said, savagely; and he continued the chase.

"I've just made up my mind to try it; I think that after a gentle tap on the crest, you will go down quietly this hot day."

It must not be supposed that I really had the least notion of hitting him.

"Hurrah! hurrah! Don't give the chase up now! Catch him!" shouted the spectators.

"Don't let him have it," said Jim. I was now within a dozen yards of the shore.

"I fear I *will* be obliged to *let him have it*," I replied, alluding to something else than the boat.

Upon hearing this my pursuer struck out with such determination, that the next moment he laid his hand upon the stern of the boat. I was sitting aft, and looking, in an awful (?) manner, upon the fellow, I asked—

"Well, what do you propose to do?"

"I am going to take this boat," he replied.

"Do you intend to swim all the way back with it, or get in, throw me out, and paddle it back?"

"I'm going to swim back with it," he replied, with dogged assurance.

"We'll see," said I.

"We *will* see," he retorted; and he made spasmodic efforts to swim toward the crowd, and draw the boat after him.

But he discovered that he could only use one hand to swim with while the other held the boat, and that my paddle was superior to his one hand; the boat, propelled by the paddle, moved slowly toward the shore.

"I advise you to give it up for a bad job," I said, in a quiet, business-like way.

"No, I won't," said he, savagely; and he proceeded to climb into the boat for the purpose of trying "that other plan."

I did not interfere with his proceedings till his body was poised upon the edge of the boat; then, suddenly dropping my paddle, I gave him, with both my hands, an impetus that sent him into the water several yards in rear of the boat with a fearful splash! Before he recovered I reached the shore and took Jim in. The gentleman who had given me so much trouble now thought it prudent to relinquish the enterprise he had in view, which he did very reluctantly. He was very wroth, however, and he said—

"Confound you! I wish the boat was in h—ll, and you, too!"

"If so," I replied, provokingly, "you might stand a chance of having another chase after us. But say, my friend, are you going to swim all the way back to where your clothes are, or shall I take you into the boat and convey you thither?"

"Oh, you scoundrel! You think you've done something sharp; but I'll pay you; I'll watch for you till you come back, then d—d if I don't tan you."

"It won't be necessary, my covey," I replied; "for if the sun shines so hot as this all the time, I will be already *tanned* before I return."

"Oh, you needn't make light of it."

"I won't; it would be difficult to make *light* of anything *you* say."

We glided up the stream, leaving the foiled adventurer to swim back at his leisure.

"I expect that fellow will be watching for us when we return—he is so angry," said Jim.

"I scarcely think so; it's a hot day, and he'll *cool* down."

"I don't know; I think the crowd will urge him to wait for us, that they may see the fun."

The tide was coming in, and we soon disappeared from the throng round a curve among the tall reeds. It was not so hot on the water. Indeed, it was quite pleasant; a slight breeze fanned us, and we enjoyed ourselves prodigiously. We went far up the stream, propelling the boat by turns, till it began to grow more narrow and crooked. Having gone "about far enough," we concluded to return. Jim was at this time using the paddle, and thinking that he was scarcely using it with sufficient energy or skill, I said:—

"Jim, I can beat all such paddling as that."

"I don't know," he replied.

"I'll wager the buttons of my blouse that I can."

"Well, you may try it."

I took the paddle, and Jim sat down amidships.

"I guess I'll try it standing up; I can execute a longer stroke," I suggested.

"Well, be careful that you don't tumble out."

"No danger."

I then brought a tremendous stroke, and the boat being unsteady, I began to totter to and fro.

"Don't fall," cried Jim, laughing.

But I did fall. As I lost my equilibrium, I caught at the side of the boat, but missed it, thrusting my right arm into the water, and going in after it, upside down. The water was very deep, and I did not go to the bottom; I returned to the surface. As my head popped out of water, I looked about, and could see no boat—no Jim. Hearing a loud laugh behind me, I turned me about in the water, and looked. There sat Jim in the boat, eight or ten yards from me, almost bursting with laughter. I swam after the boat, and was soon crawling up over the side.

"Where's your cap?" asked Jim.

Sure enough; where was my cap? I knew it wasn't on my head. Presently I espied it floating lazily upon the water's surface at the spot where I had fallen in. I was about to swim after it, but Jim said:—

"Get in; we'll row the boat to it." And he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

Having procured my cap, I wrung the water from my clothes as well as I could, and the sun soon dried them.

"That's your improvement in propelling a boat, is it?" said Jim.

"Certainly; anything is an improvement that decreases the weight of the cargo."

As we rounded the bend above the point from which we had started, Jim said:—

"There are those fellows waiting for us, as sure as I live! They are determined to give us some trouble for taking that boat away."

"I do not presume that any of them will molest us but that *one*; he will probably pitch into *me*. I wonder whether he is as good a pugilist as he is a swimmer?"

"I believe I recognize him standing there on the shore; he doesn't look dangerous." And Jim pointed out the one to whom he referred.

I recognized, in the one pointed out him who had so

desperately attempted to prevent me from taking the boat away. He didn't look dangerous at all; he was rather smaller than myself, and, I thought, not very compact. There he stood, however, awaiting our approach, and looking altogether as though he were determined to have satisfaction. I didn't like the idea of mixing up with a rude fellow in a rough-and-tumble affair; yet I was determined not to be intimidated. Having landed our barque and made it fast, Jim and I walked boldly up the sloping bank, talking about the war. We would have passed on, but the soldier confronted me, and said:—

“Now look here—I see by your stripes that you are a sergeant, but I don't care a cuss for that; I want to know what you took that boat away for awhile ago?”

“Oh, is that you?” I asked, with a show of surprise.

“Yes, it's *me*.”

“Oh, yes, I know you now by that cut on your face.”

“What cut?” he exclaimed, raising his hand to his face.

“That great gash there from which all those profane oaths came when I took the boat away,” I replied coolly. He *had* a very large mouth.

There was a laugh at his expense, and several of the crowd said—

“Will you take that?”

“Now,” said he, decidedly, beginning to square off, “I want to know what you took that boat away for?”

“Why, is it possible that you don't know?”

“No.”

“Can't you guess?”

“No, nor aint a goin' to try.”

“Well, then, I'll tell you. I took it away for the purpose of having a ride up the creek.”

“You did, eh?”

“Yes, certainly.”

“And do you know what I am going to do?”

“No; I have just been wondering.”

“Why, I am going—I—I have a d—d notion to thrash you.” He was beginning to vacillate.

"Have you, though? Now that sounds dangerous—*have a notion*, eh? Well—why don't you do it?"

"For a cent, I would."

"Well, I won't pay a cent to have it done. You know how scarce change is here. You had better do it for nothing."

"If it wasn't for raising a row—"

"Bah! bah!" shouted the spectators in derision; they were somewhat disappointed, for they had expected to see a fight as soon as I should land.

"Is that the whipping you were going to give that fellow for taking the boat away?" asked one.

"And for pushing you into the water, and nearly drowning you?" suggested a second.

"And for taunting you about having to swim back?" put in a third.

My adversary was silent.

"If I was him, I'd whip *you* now," said a fourth.

My antagonist turned a little pale at the idea. The great courage and determination which he had manifested in the water seemed to have deserted him now.

"Don't be alarmed," said I; "I am not going to pitch into you."

"I'm not afraid of that," he replied, a little stung, and recovering a little of his wonted bravado.

For a while nothing was said.

"Well," said I, at last, wishing to bring the affair to a crisis, "what do you intend to do? If you are determined to fight about the boat, why don't you go to work? If not, I will pass on; it is growing late, and I expect to be on guard this evening."

He was silent.

Now was my time to impart a moral lesson; and I began:—

"Don't you see that those fellows are making a fool of you by urging you to fight about nothing? They care nothing for you, so that they see the fun."

"I think so myself," he said, thoughtfully.

"Then you are very foolish to gratify them."

Jim and I walked on, and were not interrupted. The unfortunate youth, who had been made a dupe, was now freely ridiculed by the crowd.

“Ha! ha! That’s the great fight that was to come off!”

“That’s the way you were going to knock that fellow off his pins. Ha! ha!”

Presently the youth replied:—

“If you want to see a fight, go and fight the fellow yourselves; for be darned if *I* do!”

It was five o’clock when we reached camp. We had not been there long, when Sergeant Anawalt came to my tent and said:—

“You are detailed for guard to-night.”

“I expected it,” I replied.

“You are to act as *officer* of the guard.”

“As what?”

“Officer of the guard.”

“How is that?”

“Because our company must furnish an officer of the guard, and Lieutenant Cue being in command of the company will be called upon in his turn to act as officer of the day; I being first-sergeant, my duties will not allow me to do guard duty. You are next in command, and must of course act as officer of the guard.”

This was true. Captain Conner and Lieutenant Moth were missing; Sergeant Graham had long since been transferred to the Construction Corps; Sergeant Zee had been killed at New Market Cross Roads; Sergeant Anawalt was now first-sergeant, and I was next.

“Well,” said I, “I will go of course; but it will be awkward for me to act in that capacity. I presume I must wear sword?”

“Yes; Lieutenant Cue will lend you his.”

At six o’clock the call was sounded for guard-mount, and I walked out and took my place at the right of the line—the sword I wore knocking awkwardly against my heels. As the reader is probably aware, there is much ceremony connected with the mounting of a new guard; the forming in order; the counting off; the inspection of arms; the beating

off; the close order and present arms; the wheeling into sections, and passing in review. During these delightful little proceedings on this occasion, a cheer arose within the camp, and swelled out over the whole division. Contrary to military order and discipline, I turned my head toward the camp, as did all, and saw the boys of all regiments running hither and thither, and forming groups here and there apparently around some interesting or delightful object. The truth flashed upon me; an exchange of prisoners had been effected, and those of OUR BOYS who had been captured during the Seven Days' Fight were now returning to us from Richmond.

When the ceremony of guard-mount was concluded, I marched my guard to head-quarters, relieved the old guard, took a short leave of absence, and went to our company street. Sure enough, there stood Jim Roland, John Young, Hen Underwood, and Mr. Ike Mayhorn—all returned prisoners—surrounded by the boys, who were eagerly asking questions in rapid succession.

"Did you see the captain or Lieutenant Moth in Richmond?" was asked.

"Yes, both of them; and General McCall and General Reynolds. We saw them in prison at Richmond; but we did not remain there long till we were removed to Belle Island. The officers are not yet exchanged."

"Do you know anything of Mitchel or Jake Archibald?"

"No; but we saw Will Haddock. He is wounded."

It was amusing to hear the returned prisoners relate what they had seen and experienced during their captivity, especially on Belle Island. Mayhorn's doings there were particularly interesting. Jim Roland related an amusing anecdote of him of which I will give a brief sketch.

During the first day of their sojourn on the island, Mayhorn observed a rebel lieutenant—an officer of the guard—wearing a pair of magnificent boots. It at once occurred to him that he would like to possess those boots. Being at liberty to walk about the island, he watched the officer, followed him from place to place, and haunted him like a shadow till night. When, at last, the officer retired, May-

horn succeeded in hooking the boots and making off with them. Next morning, however, he began to grow ill at ease, lest the officer, missing his boots, should institute a search, discover the boots in his possession, and deal summarily with him, for he remembered that he was in a rebel camp. He, therefore, carried the boots to another part of the island, and sold them to one of the rebel sentinels for twenty dollars, which was very cheap. The rebel supposed that he was getting quite a bargain; and so he was, as we shall presently see.

Meantime, the bereaved officer missed his *dear* boots, and took active measures to recover them, in the shape of offering twenty dollars reward. Mayhorn heard of it, and seeking out the officer, he said:—

“Will you give *me* the reward if I tell you who has your boots?”

“Yes, certainly; why not?”

“I thought because I was a Yankee—”

“Oh, that makes no sort of difference; tell me who has my boots, if you know, and here are twenty dollars;” and the officer produced a twenty-dollar confederate note.

“Well,” said Mayhorn, “I will point out the fellow who has your boots, but I don’t want him to know who informed on him or to see me; he would kill me if—”

“Very well; he shall not see you. Come with me and point him out, and here is your money.”

The unfortunate rebel sentinel was on post at the time, and wearing the stolen boots, large as life.

“Yonder he is! He has them on!” exclaimed Mayhorn, as he led the officer to a point from which the sentinel could be seen.

“So he has! O, the villain! The barefaced scoundrel! —to steal my boots—here, take your money—O, I’ll fix him! Who would have thought it?—to steal my—and from an officer—O, the—”

“It’s too bad,” said Mayhorn, sympathizingly; and he thrust his twenty-dollar bill into his pocket, and sought a position from which he could see the—as he called it—*fun*.

The rebel officer approached the sentinel, who was walking

his beat displaying his boots to the best advantage—his pantaloons thrust within the tops.

“You burglar!” exclaimed the officer, savagely.

The sentinel looked up in innocent surprise.

“You criminal!” thundered the officer.

“What!” And the rebel sentinel expanded his optics to an incredibly large size.

“You complicated villain!”

“Why—I—what—”

“You unsophisticated knave!”

“What have *I* done?”

“What have you done! Varlet, LOOK AT THOSE BOOTS!”

The sentinel surveyed his boots with evident pleasure; he began to think that the officer was jesting with him. Supposing this to be a piece of unpardonable impudence and reckless defiance, the officer grew violent.

“You infernal rascal! OFF WITH THOSE BOOTS!” he vociferated.

The sentinel now perceived that the officer was in earnest; and he asked:—

“What do you mean, any how?”

“What do I mean! You d—d thief! You insolent villain! Those boots are mine! You stole ’em; you know you did!”

“They’re my boots; I bought ’em.”

“You lie! You didn’t!”

“I did; I bought ’em of a Yankee.”

“You lying scoundrel! I’ll—CORPORAL OF THE GUARD!”

And the corporal made his appearance.

“Corporal,” said the officer, “bring another man here, and put him in this one’s place. He has stolen my boots, and he must be arrested.”

“Yes, sir,” replied the corporal, retiring.

“I didn’t steal the boots,” persisted the hapless sentinel.

“Yes, you did; you—”

“No, I—”

“Yes—”

“But—”

"Not a word, or I'll punch a hole right through you, you miserable scamp!"

The corporal soon reappeared, accompanied by three men; one to relieve the sentinel, the others to arrest the offender, take off the stolen boots, and escort him to a place of confinement. What was afterward done with him is not known.

The returned prisoners related many other pleasing (?) stories connected with their imprisonment on Belle Island.

"It was remarkable," said one of them, in conclusion, "what a snappish humor seemed to prevail among our fellows while on Belle Island. The least thing in the world would lead to a fight. For instance, one in walking by the tent of another would accidentally strike his foot against a tent-pin or cord. Then—'Confound your d—d old tent!' he would say. 'D—n your black-hearted feet; keep them off my tent!' would come from within. 'Go to the d—l!' would be the retort. 'I'll send you there mighty quick!' would be the next thing; and out would rush the ill-tempered inmate and pitch right into the ill-tempered offender. Then they would have it, rough and tumble, up and down, pulling hair, gouging eyes, and knocking teeth down throats. I cannot account for the ill-humor that pervaded while we were on the island, save on the grounds that our allowance of rations was so small as to keep down our spirits. Short rations, you know, will put any soldier out of humor."

"Yes," suggested Gaskill, who had been listening with interest to the narration, "it's enough to put a fellow out of humor when *spirits* can't be *raised*."

I returned to the head-quarters of the guard. Between eight and nine o'clock that evening a tremendous rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, visited Harrison's Landing and vicinity. The sky was overcast with heavy black clouds, and the darkness, save when brilliant flashes of lightning revealed everything, was intense. The rain poured down in floods; the wind blew savagely; the lightning gleamed in all its fierceness athwart the angry heavens; and the heavy thunder vibrated stunningly upon the air. Nine o'clock came; still the storm raged violently. As I did not deem it really necessary, or even important,

that men should be kept standing camp-guard during such a night, I went to Captain Lemon and asked his permission to dismiss the guard for the night, assuring him that everything about camp would be perfectly safe without a guard. The brave are ever kind-hearted and generous, and Captain Lemon, who was about to retire, came to the door of his tent, and peered out.

"Yes, sergeant," he said, warmly, "dismiss the guard and let them go to their quarters; it would be inhuman to keep men exposed to such a storm as this, when there is no urgent necessity."

I thanked him, and at once sent the sergeant and corporal to the various posts with instructions to call off the sentinels and send them to their quarters. I then repaired to my quarters, laid off the sword I wore, stretched myself beside my comrades, and was soon lulled to sleep by the steady patter of the rain on our low tent.

A terrific discharge of artillery aroused me from my slumber. It was followed by the whizzing of a solid shot and the bursting of a shell over our camp. Another solid shot struck the ground so near that I could feel the shock; and I sprang up. The rain had ceased to fall, but it was pitch dark. Several shells went screaming over, bursting—the fragments flying and singing in all directions. What could it mean? I sprang from our low tent and stood erect. As I did so, I encountered Mose, a contraband cook. He was much terrified, and he exclaimed—

"My Lod! whar ar dey flingin' dem from?"

I was just asking myself that question; where were they *flinging* them from? The missiles—they were now flying through the air in great profusion—were certainly not coming from the front; they appeared to be coming from the river, which was three-quarters of a mile distant. What *could* it mean? Had the artillerymen at the river batteries arose in their sleep, turned their guns upon us, and opened fire? Or was it that rebel gunboat that was reported "just finished" come down from Richmond to shell us. I lighted a match and looked at my watch; it was twelve precisely. Jim, Dick, and Haman emerged from the tent and joined me.

"What's up?" they exclaimed.

"Why a big shell is *up*, and it's coming *down*," I replied; for at that moment I heard a shell approaching, which I judged by the sound was coming in a neat line for the spot where I stood.

I had barely uttered the words, when a monster shell struck the ground with a shock, a dozen yards in our front, bounding over our heads and bursting some distance behind.

"Why, it's getting warm!" exclaimed Jim.

"Yes—I wonder what it means?"

At that moment, a solid shot struck in the street of Company "H," right at the feet of a sound sleeper who was yet snoring away. It had the effect of arousing him, though, and supposing himself to be killed, he sprang erect with such violence as to tear up his low tent by the roots.

For a while, the hostile cannon seemed to have it all to themselves; but presently one of our gunboats, which lay a thousand yards down the river, commenced operations. We began to comprehend the true state of things. Several rebel batteries of heavy artillery had come down to the opposite bank and taken position under cover of the darkness; they had opened fire just at midnight between July and August to give the affair a romantic touch and facilitate the writing of a novel on the affair, in future ages.—So I suppose.

A battle of some magnitude now took place. One of the rebel batteries turned upon the gunboat, while the others plugged away at us. The picture was a grand one—a terribly grand one. The night being very dark lent great effect to the scene. Flash after flash burst forth from the gunboat, lighting up the surface of the James with a vivid glare; and at each flash a stunning report with a dozen echoes shook the earth, and a shell, with its tail of fire, could be seen making a circle against the gloomy heavens, screaming like a very demon, and bursting near the rebel batteries with a crash. They followed each other so rapidly, that the operations of the rebel batteries were thrown entirely in the shade. The rebels couldn't stand it; their batteries were soon silenced, and they beat a hasty retreat. Our gunboat

continued to hurl "feelers" until it was obvious that they had fled beyond reach.

It was one o'clock; the fight was over; and we resumed our slumbers.

The James River at Harrison's Landing is a mile wide. As the rebels had no force opposite us, neither within miles of us, on the south side of the river, no pickets had heretofore been posted there. It now became a matter of importance to take possession of the opposite shore of the James. Accordingly, next morning, a regiment was sent over to take possession, and to burn several beautiful mansions that stood upon the green shore opposite our camp; for it was supposed that from observatories on these houses the rebels had been, for some time past, keeping watch over our camps. No opposition was offered to their landing, and they burned the houses to the ground.

The day passed quietly away; and at six in the evening, I was relieved from guard.

About this time, we received "Springfield Rifles" instead of our muskets, and we were now a rifle regiment. We were highly pleased at this; for it cannot be doubted that the rifle is a more effective weapon than the musket.

On the third day of August, a cavalry reconnoissance was made upon the south side of the James, to within ten or twelve miles of Petersburg. When about five miles from Harrison's Landing, our cavalry encountered a regiment of Virginia cavalry drawn up in line to receive them. Our fellows at once charged upon them, put them to flight, pursued, drove them several miles, right by their camp near "Sycamore Church," routing them completely. As they returned, they destroyed all the tents and equipage about the rebel encampment.

That evening, our regiment was detailed for picket duty beyond the river; and we were carried over by one of the transports. Nothing of importance occurred; and next evening we returned.

On the fifth of August, McClellan recaptured Malvern Hill; and but for a mistake that occurred in the disposition

of his forces, he would have bagged about thirteen thousand rebels who were posted there.

At the same time the Army of the Potomac received orders to be in readiness to march at a moment's notice, and we supposed that a movement was about to be made on Richmond. How little did we dream that the Peninsula was to be abandoned!

CHAPTER XXXII.

"MAN OVERBOARD!"

It was evening. We were about to leave our camp at Harrison's Landing—about to march—we knew not whither.

It was obvious that we were going to embark, for we marched toward the landing. Whither were we going? Probably to Malvern Hill; probably to City Point, in order to move on Petersburg; probably we were going around to join Pope. We halted near the landing to await orders.

Night came on, but it was not very dark; the full moon was looking serenely down from a cloudless sky. After much delay, we embarked. We found ourselves aboard a crowded steam transport, with scarcely room to lie down. Every nook and corner was speedily occupied, and I began to ask myself where I should sleep? After some consideration I ascended to the hurricane deck; I found it so crowded with soldiers who had already lain down to sleep, that to walk from stem to stern without stepping upon some one's shins, stomach, or head, would be a very skilful feat indeed.

By and by it occurred to me that to sleep on the wheel-house might not be impracticable. Yet, would there not be danger of rolling off? No, I could arrange that; there was a beam extending across the top of the wheel-house, and I

might lash myself to it by means of my knapsack-straps. I resolved to try it; and I was soon at the summit of one of the wheel-houses, with my accoutrements. I lashed my gun to one side of the beam, and myself to the other. I lay with my feet at the edge. Not long after my arrangements were completed, the boat was got under way, and we moved off—down the James.

My eyes were soon closed in sleep.

“Jumping Joseph! if that isn’t a place for a fellow to sleep!”

“Isn’t it, though!”

“Why, I wonder that he didn’t roll off during the night!”

“He might have done so, and it wouldn’t have awakened him—if one may judge by the way he is sleeping now.”

“Ha, ha! Come now!” and I received a hearty thrust on the ribs.

The voices were those of my messmates. I was about half awake—in that dreamy state when one hears all that is said, yet is not sufficiently himself to speak. At last, however, I opened my eyes, and found that it was morning. Haman had climbed up to my lofty perch, and was endeavoring to break the stubborn chains of slumber wherewith I was bound; Dick and Jim remained upon the hurricane deck, which was eight feet below, and they were enjoying a laugh at my expense.

“How is this?” asked Haman.

“How is what?” I queried, rubbing my eyes.

“What ever put it into your head to come up here to sleep?—we have been looking for you all over the boat.”

“I selected this place as being the least crowded, and the most airy.”

“You might have found it more *watery*. Suppose you had rolled off!”

“No danger of my rolling off,” I replied, carelessly, concealing the fact that I had lashed myself to the beam.

“I wouldn’t like to risk *my* life that way,” said Jim.

“Nor would I,” said Dick.

“Oh, it wasn’t much of a risk; I am sure it would have

aroused me from my sleep had I fallen off. But where are we? Are we still on the James?"

"Yes."

"Then the boat has not been moving all night?"

"No; she has been lying at anchor ever since eleven o'clock in the night."

"And how long has she been under way?"

"An hour."

"Have we passed the mouth of the Chickahominy yet?"

"Yes, only a quarter of an hour since."

"Well, really, I wish you had not disturbed me for a while; I was just in the midst of a glorious dream of sitting down to a dinner of roast turkey."

"We awoke you to give you some coffee; we have succeeded in getting some boiled at the furnace, by paying the fireman a quarter. So, come below, and we will drink it."

"What! can it be possible that you have left it below without any one to watch it?" I asked, in surprise.

"Oh, no, not by any means. It is still in the hands of the fireman."

"Oh, I thought—" and I set about unbuckling the straps which bound me to the beam.

"Oho! I see now why you didn't roll off, ha! ha! You lashed yourself to the timber," exclaimed Haman, observing the secret; and my comrades rallied me immoderately.

Leaving my effects lashed to the beam, I accompanied the boys below, and we regaled ourselves with a cup of coffee—the soldier's friend. This done, we returned to the hurricane deck, in order to enjoy the delightful scenery that adorned the shores of the James. Many beautiful cottages and mansions, surrounded by romantic trees, stood on the picturesque shores.

About noon we arrived at Hampton Roads. Here we saw all that was visible of the wreck of the Cumberland; viz., three masts, with the wonted rigging, protruding in a slanting manner twenty or thirty feet from the water.

We also passed a number of schooners each with a heavy mortar mounted upon deck. Transports, tugs, and gunboats greeted our vision in great numbers.

By and by we approached the bay. Near the mouth of the river we observed a hill, as it were, rising from the water. On nearing it, it appeared to be a huge heap of stones; and it was. It is known as the "Rip Raps." Opposite this on the left was Fortress Monroe, and is yet, I presume. We glided out upon the bay and cast anchor, which afforded me an excellent opportunity to view the stupendous fortifications. It is scarcely in my line to describe them. Suffice it to say that two hundred and fifty barbette guns frowned upon us; and an equal number of heavy guns could be seen peeping out from the port-holes. The two celebrated guns, "Lincoln" and "Union," were mounted upon the sandy shore in front of the fort.

Splash!

"Man overboard! man overboard!"

"Where? who? where is he?"

There was an unreasonable amount of confusion, of running to and fro, of bumping against each other, and of treading upon each other's toes. Evidently a man had fallen overboard. We had been lying off Fortress Monroe at anchor for an hour. All heard a wild splash, but none saw any one fall; none knew who it was that had fallen overboard, or where he fell from. Whoever it was, if he was not a swimmer, certainly stood an excellent chance of drowning, for the water was no less than ten fathoms deep, and that is "over any man's head." Men were anxiously peering over the sides of the boat at every point; but no one could be seen in the water.

"Who is it? who is missing?" asked some one.

No one could tell; each one looked at himself to make sure that *he* wasn't missing.

I was at that time aft on the lower deck; I looked over, but could see no one. I listened. Presently I thought I heard a movement in the water below—a slight ripple. Owing to the projection of the deck I could not see the rudder. I climbed over a low railing, and stood upon a space of three inches; then I grasped the railing for support, and,

leaning over, saw, in the green water below the leg and foot of some mortal, minus any apparel.

"Here he is!" I shouted.

"Where? who is it?" and a rush was made for the stern of the boat, and many heads were thrust over the railing, making my situation precarious.

"Some one appears to be holding to the rudder."

A boat was soon lowered and rowed to the stern.

"Why, it's a fellow in a swimming!" exclaimed one of the boatmen.

"Yes," said a voice, which, I doubted not, belonged to the owner of the foot and leg which I saw, "of course it is; what is the use of making such a fuss about it?"

"Why, it's Teddy Smith, of our company!" exclaimed one of the boys of Company "A," on hearing the voice.

"Yes, and he's boozy, too," said another.

"I say, Teddy," called out one of his comrades, "get into the boat and come out; the transport will move up the bay soon."

"Not a bit of it till I get my swim out," replied Teddy; "it's not every day that a fellow has such a nice chance for a dive—no danger of striking one's head against the bottom;" and Teddy let go the rudder, disappeared beneath the water, and presently came up near one of the wheel-houses, climbed aboard, and proceeded to don his garments.

It was near two o'clock when we moved up the bay. About four o'clock we encountered a squall; and the wind was so strong as to materially retard our progress. The waves rolled savagely and threatened to capsize us; for our vessel was not a sea-going one.

That night we anchored near the mouth of the Potomac, and I retired as on the previous night, and was soon wrapped in repose. When I awoke, it was yet dark, and the air was very cool; the temperature of the atmosphere was here quite at variance with that at Harrison's Landing. The air felt decidedly too chilly and damp to sleep with much comfort on the wheel-house. Loosing myself from the beam, I crawled down, and made my way to the hold of the vessel; which operation was attended with sundry stumblings and fallings-

over-men, whereupon the stumpled-and-fallen-over awoke, and called down numberless imprecations upon my unhappy head. At last, finding a vacant spot of three feet by eight inches, I doubled myself up and lay down for a nap. When I again awoke, I discovered that my arms and legs were still *asleep*, owing to stagnation of the blood, the result of compressing myself into so small a space. It was day, and the boat was in motion. I made my way to the upper deck, and there, near the wheel-house, I beheld a scene which I shall never forget. There stood Dick, Haman, and Jim, the most solemn-looking men in the world; they were gazing sorrowfully upon my goods, which still lay lonely and desolate upon the spot where my form had slept. Dismay was written on the face of my messmates.

"Poor fellow!" I heard Jim say.

The truth flashed upon me: they supposed that I had rolled off during the night, and was a "goner". In truth, indications certainly favored such a conclusion. There were my accoutrements, just as I might have suddenly and unexpectedly rolled away from them—my knapsack, cartridge-box, and haversack, where my head had been; my wool blanket still stretched out as it had been when I lay upon it, and my tent-blanket fast by one corner, and hanging lazily over the side of the wheel-house.

"He ought to have known better," said Dick, a tear thrusting itself from his eye.

"I suppose there is no hope of recov—"

Haman could not finish the sentence.

"Oh, it's awful!" said Jim. No doubt he was beginning to ruminate upon the task that would fall to *his* lot—*writing to my friends*.

They had not the least doubt that I was drowned. This circumstance gave me opportunity to observe the fact that my messmates harbored the warmest feelings for me—affection, in fact. I thought that it would be cruel to keep them any longer mourning their supposed loss. Accordingly, I abruptly confronted them, remarking that it was a "fine morning; though a little cool after the rain, to be sure."

"Why—ah—I—what!"—"Well!"—

"If he—this—well—" were their broken exclamations.

"What's up, my coveys?" I innocently queried.

"Oh, we thought it was *all* up with you!"

"How so?" I coolly asked.

"We felt sure that you had fallen off the boat and were drowned."

"You did?"

"Yes, certainly."

"What, in the name of all that's mysterious, ever put such an idea into your heads?" I asked, in pretended amazement; at the same time, I thought the *idea* the most natural in the world.

"Because we knew that you slept here, and seeing your effects hanging in this way, and you gone, it was very natural for us to suppose that you had fallen off during the night."

"Well, that's a joke," I said.

"If you ever do such a thing again—" began Jim.

"Oh, *you* have no room to say anything," I interrupted; "you know what a fright you gave us all at Mechanicsville, when we thought you either killed or a prisoner!"

We went below, and took breakfast; which means drinking a cup of coffee without milk or sugar, and eating two hard crackers.

Meanwhile, our boat glided up the Potomac; and about ten o'clock, we arrived at Aquia Creek Landing, and there disembarked. This done, a rush was made upon all the sutlers and storekeepers in the vicinity; and we purchased all the cakes, pies, apples, cheese, lemonade, and whiskey which they chanced to have on hand.

Here we heard the most interesting stories of what was going on. Pope had just fought a terrible battle with the rebels, at Cedar Mountain, and both sides had held their ground. Then three hundred thousand volunteers had arrived in Washington, and were about to join Pope. The latter individual was to take command of all the troops east of the Allegheny Mountains; and he was going to call them "The Army of Virginia." He was also to enter Richmond "the last of this week, or the first of next." Oh, dear!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FALMOUTH AGAIN.

THE reader is probably aware that there is a railroad running from Aquia Creek Landing to Richmond *via* Fredericksburg. A train of cars was soon ready to convey us to the latter place; we embarked and away we went. On this occasion I placed myself, in company of a number of others, on the roof of one of the cars. About half way between Aquia Creek and Fredericksburg the railroad crosses a deep gorge, through which a small stream quietly flows. The depth of this gorge is ninety feet; its width three hundred feet. The bridge over it consisted of tressel-work. The train was moving very slowly over the bridge, and I could not help thinking what a fall it would be from the top of the car to the brook, a hundred feet below; for, setting my mathematical faculties to work, I supposed the car to be ten feet high, and I added it to the height of the bridge, arriving at the sum of one hundred feet. While making these scientific calculations, the train suddenly separated; the fore part moved on after the locomotive, leaving several cars, mine among them, standing upon the unsteady bridge. Thus we were left on the bridge for ten or fifteen minutes, while the train was being reconnected. During that time I felt very uncomfortable, especially as a drunken fellow of Company "G" was on the same car, and talked of jumping over just for exercise, and even proposed taking one of us along. He was a stout fellow, too, and I feared that he might take *me* along, as I sat near him; which, considering that there was nothing on the roof of the car to cling to, was very unpleasant to contemplate. At last, to my relief, the train was joined together, and we moved from the bridge.

The train stopped at a depot of Government stores half a mile from the Rappahannock, and we disembarked and marched to the top of a hill a little way to the left, where we

found an unoccupied encampment of Sibley tents of which we at once took possession. Several other regiments soon after arrived.

When we were settled down in our new quarters, Jim and I concluded to take a walk in quest of fruit. We rambled over the country for several hours, and on our return we observed a flock of fine sheep in a field at the right of the road. Jim suggested that we might get up a crowd and come out after one that evening; and with this idea we hurried to camp, which we reached about six o'clock. As we approached, the most copious cheering arose and was borne to our ears.

"Hark, what's that?" said Jim.

"It sounds like cheering," I replied.

"I wonder what's up?"

"Hard to say. It's scarcely *marching orders*."

'No; perhaps Pope has taken Richmond.'

"Or perhaps the rebels, alarmed at his approach, have succumbed."

"That's it, no doubt."

Our conjectures were miserably at fault. Two horsemen rode into camp; they were the brave Reynolds and Meade; the former, having been a prisoner, was now exchanged; and the latter had sufficiently recovered from his wounds to be able to take the field again. General Reynolds took command of the division, and General Meade of the First Brigade. We felt like cheering when we saw these heroes with us again.

After supper we made arrangements to go sheep-stealing as soon as night should come. Our party was soon made up; it consisted of Jim, Haman, Dick, and myself, and another mess, namely, our friend Dennis, George Wagner, and Mr. David Cease. When eight o'clock came we found it dark enough to embark in our enterprise, and we sallied forth. Just think of it, reader, respectable men like ourselves going out deliberately and premeditatedly to *steal sheep*. Sheep-stealing, you know, is universally acknowledged to be of all thefts—of all crimes—the meanest and the most degrading. But we were soldiers.

We arrived at a gate that opened into the *sheep-field*, and there held a council of war. How should we set about tackling one of those sheep? Each proposed a plan of his own, which he considered to be infinitely superior to those of all the rest put together. At last, however, the following plan was agreed upon: that we should all get over into the field at once, and "try to catch one, some how." This wise plan could only have originated with a deep-thinking, far-seeing man (?). I am not prepared to say who the proposer was, but I think it was Mr. Cease.

We entered the field, and, after much searching, found the sheep. They smelt a rat, sprang up, and bounded away like the wind. One of them had a bell on, too, and it rattled and rung so prodigiously, that all the dogs for twenty miles around had a good bark over the affair.

After much skillful manœuvring, we succeeded in driving all the sheep into a corner of the field; then we felt sure of one. Slowly, steadily, we advanced upon them, in a kind of "line of skirmishers." At last, our proximity became painful to the sheep, and they made a wild, violent, desperate rush through our lines. I grabbed a big fellow by the wool, but he was going by with such velocity that I was thrown at full length upon the ground, my head striking a stone with such violence that the quantity of fire exhibited to my vision was truly wonderful. The rest of the party fared similarly—all save Haman. He, more fortunate than any other of the party, succeeded in capturing a nice animal; though the way it struggled was anything but nice.

"Hold him fast, Haman!" said Jim, arising from where he had last lain.

"Don't let him get away, Haman!" said Dick, rising to a sitting posture.

"Knock him on the head, Haman!" exclaimed Cease; and I wondered what he would do it with.

"Take this, and cut the throat of him," suggested Dennis, handing him a knife which he had brought along for the purpose.

Haman *did* cut "the throat of him," whereupon his struggles ceased. This *job* was just completed, and I was

wondering whether we were observed, when Cease suddenly exclaimed:—

“Listen! I am sure I hear somebody coming!”

I then felt relieved; for, when Cease said that he heard some one, I was convinced that no one was about. Mr. Cease, in addition to his peculiar untruthful qualities, possessed anything but iron nerves; and he felt ill at ease, lest the owner of the sheep, who resided in a house near at hand, should come out with a shot-gun, and kill us all at one shot.

George Wagner, being a butcher, removed the hide of the animal in a business-like way, and we *hid* it. He then cut the sheep up into seven pieces; and half an hour after, we entered camp, each carrying the one-seventh part of a sheep. The result was that we had mutton three times a day for twenty-four hours.

We had been in camp several days, when our company and another were detailed for railroad guard. We were to guard the road from the river to the high bridge previously mentioned. We started at eight o'clock in the morning, and marched up the road toward Aquia Creek, dropping off in squads at the various posts. I was left in charge of a squad of ten, at a point near our old camp-ground. Having posted several sentinels, I concluded to visit our old homes; and, crossing a thickly-wooded valley, I found myself at the spot.

Two months had wrought a great change; I could scarcely recognize our old camp-ground. It was overgrown with weeds and grass; and thick bushes had sprung up and covered the spot where our tent had stood. 'Twas very quiet and lonely now in that pine wood. A bird here and there might be seen hopping from branch to branch, uttering, ever and anon, some little note that sounded too mournful for a song. Only here and there the sun penetrated the thick foliage. The scene was one of solitude.

My mind reverted to the time, but a few months gone, when that green grove was a scene of life and mirth—when the roll of the drum and the bugle notes floated gaily out among those green pines. I fancied I could still hear our brass band playing some favorite air at guard-mount or at dress-parade. Where now was that life-inspiring band?

Gone!* I thought of the many merry voices, now hushed forever, that once rang out in joyous peals of laughter, at some amusing little scene of camp-life—at some trick or prank of Gaskill, perhaps; 'twas at the spring's early opening. They were gone now; they would join our ranks no more; they would answer to roll-call no more; their names were no longer called now; the word "killed" or "missing" was written opposite the names of many on the roll-book. I thought of many of our brave comrades, once so full of careless glee, whose forms now lay mouldering away in front of Richmond! I thought of many who, two months before, full of eager anticipations of glory, marched with us from that camp-ground, to return to it no more forever! Near at hand lay the old camp-ground of the Fifth; and as I looked upon it, I thought of the brave Colonel Simmons. He, too, was gone—gone to the land of shadows!

I returned to the railroad.

At two o'clock Lieutenant Cue came to my post and requested me to go to camp for the mail, which would probably arrive at three. I walked down the railroad, and soon found myself in camp. I went to the quartermaster and inquired whether the mail had yet arrived; he said it had not. I then concluded to wait till it should arrive, and, in the meantime, I went to my tent to write a letter to a friend. I took my writing materials from my knapsack, and was soon engaged in telling my friend "all about it." I had about finished—in fact, I had just written "I remain very respec—" when a voice called out—

"Hilloa, sergeant! all alone?"

I looked up, and there, just without the tent, stood Captain Conner and Lieutenant Moth. I dropped my pen—it was full of ink—right on my letter, making a savage splotch, and, springing out, seized them by the hands.

"Why, captain, is this—can it be you?—and you lieutenant?"

"It's us—where are all the boys?" asked the captain, eagerly.

* While we were on the Peninsula, all bands, except martial bands, were dispensed with, by order of the Secretary of War.

"They're on railroad-guard a few miles above; I came down for the mail."

"And how are the boys?"

"As usual—those left of them. But, captain, you look thin; does not Richmond agree with you?"

"No; provisions are scarce there."

"And you, lieutenant," said I, addressing Lieutenant Moth, "you, too, look slightly *slight*."

"Yes," he replied; "life in Richmond is not what it is cracked up to be."

I conducted them to Lieutenant Cue's tent, and they sat down; whereupon we all related what had befallen us since we were together before.

It was past four o'clock when the mail came. When it did arrive, I took that of Company "D," and was about to go up the railroad when Captain Lemon rode into camp, and seeing me, said—

"Sergeant, are you going up the railroad?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Then as soon as you reach the first post send word up from post to post that we have marching orders—that we will march to-night, and that the two companies on duty are to return to camp immediately."

I hastened to the railroad at a startling pace; when I reached it, I hurried up, going over four ties at a step. On reaching the first post, I sent a messenger up the road, giving him the mail to distribute, and charging him to deliver the marching orders at each post without delay.

At dark we stood in line in front of our camp, waiting for orders to march—we wondered whither.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BULL RUN.

A LONG time we awaited the order to march. At last, when it began to rain, the order came and we marched from camp. We moved down the hill, crossed the railroad near the depot, and crossed a small creek which I fell into, it was so dark, and got thoroughly saturated; and as it was raining at a reasonable rate, it was probable that I should remain so for a while. The darkness every moment grew more intense, till it arrived at a pitch of perfect gloom. After crossing the creek we found ourselves upon a level plain of some extent just below Falmouth; but it was so dark that the proper point by which to leave the plain could not be found, and we actually made a circuit of a mile and arrived at the place from which we started. We were then ordered to stack arms and rest for the night. After several hours the rain ceased to fall.

Next morning we arose, passed through Falmouth, and, taking a northwest road, marched up the Rappahannock. We marched during the whole day, and near evening were visited with a tremendous rain of an hour's duration. Soon after, we halted, having marched twenty-nine miles since morning. During the whole day the sound of artillery had been heard at intervals in the distance. It was still further up the river, and at night it sounded scarcely nearer than it had in the morning.

We bivouacked for the night in a clover-field at the roadside.

Next morning we were taking our coffee, when, seeing Lieutenant Moth pass by, I invited him to sit down and take a cup with us; and, thanking me, he complied. I imagined he gave me a pleasanter look on this occasion than he had ever given me before. Lieutenant Moth was a brave man,

and naturally warm-hearted, and he could not pass lightly over a little act of kindness.

Presently the captain approached, spoke pleasantly to us all, and addressing Lieutenant Moth, said—

“Lieutenant, you will take command of the company; I am to assist Captain Lemon in commanding the regiment.”

“Yes, sir; I imagine things are fixing up for a fight, don't you?”

At that moment a discharge of artillery was heard up the Rappahannock.

“There,” said the captain; “that sounds like it.”

“Yes; do you know where it is, captain?”

“I have understood that it is at Rappahannock Station.”

“I suppose we will move soon.”

“Yes; the division will march in half an hour.”

Ere long we were in motion. We took a road that diverged slightly to the right, and which seemed to lead directly toward the firing, the sound of which continued to reach our ears. By and by we noticed that the sound was growing gradually nearer as we advanced.

During the forenoon the clouds rolled away, and the day became very hot. Water was very scarce during this day's march; not a stream lay in our way; houses we seldom passed; and when we did, we were nothing the better for it, for we were strictly forbidden to leave the road. My canteen was empty, and so were nearly all in the regiment. For several miles I looked eagerly and in vain for some small stream at the roadside. At last I resolved to strike for the first house that should come in view, hoping that, perchance, I might not be observed by any general officer, and might succeed in filling my canteen at a spring or well.

At length a house hove in sight; it stood several hundred yards from the road. On arriving at a point not quite opposite, I scaled the fence, and ran across the field toward the house. I was half way to the house, when I heard some one calling out, from the road—

“Hilloa there, you!”

Very naturally supposing myself to be the “hilloa-there-you” addressed, I turned toward the road and saw General

Meade, who was riding at the head of the column, beckoning to me in a decidedly savage manner.

"Come back here!" he cried.

There was nothing left for me but to obey; for I knew that the old general¹ carried a brace of strong-shooting revolvers, and how was I to know that he wouldn't blaze away at me if I didn't return? I, therefore, retraced my steps, wishing General Meade's spectacles* at the bottom of the well at that house, and three pints of water in my canteen in exchange for them.

A mile further we passed through a little valley in which lay the bed of a stream; but there was no water in it. The column halted here, and, following the course of the brook, I at last arrived at a pool of stagnant water, through which all manner of "wiggie-tails" and overgrown animalcules were sporting. I unhesitatingly filled my canteen from this pool, taking care to exclude those innocent little creatures; for it would have been cruel to deprive them of liberty, and to confine them within the narrow limits of my canteen. I returned to the regiment.

The reader may think it strange that, after so much rain, there were no streams of running water. It is easily explained; for some weeks back, the weather had been unusually dry; and when the rain *did* come, it was speedily swallowed up by the parched earth.

At two o'clock, we reached Rappahannock Station. A few pieces of light artillery, planted upon a small redoubt, were playing away upon the rebels, who occasionally made their appearance a mile beyond the river. The bridge was leisurely burning, and a few trains of cars that stood near the station, laden with commissary stores, were undergoing the same delightful operation. We expected that a halt would be ordered here, but it was not; we marched on. About four o'clock, we were once more treated to a magnificent storm of rain, wind, thunder, and lightning. At night, we halted and bivouacked at a place which was "no place;" for

* General Meade usually wore a pair of spectacles, and it was through them that he saw me; his powers of perception were astonishing.

there was no village, house, nor habitation in the vicinity. We lay down on the wet grass, and a kind of miserable sleep stole over us, and rested on us till morning. When morning came, it was discovered that it was Sunday; though how it was found out, I never could tell, nor even conjecture. We again took up our line of march toward Warrenton; we reached it about noon. Sheering off to the left, we took position on a range of hills one mile west of the town. There we lay till the following day. We became aware that fighting was going on some distance to the west. We could see the smoke arise from the field, and now and then the explosion of a shell in the air. We were ordered to fall into line, and be ready to march.

The division soon moved out the road, and at a point three or four miles west of Warrenton, we halted and stacked arms.

We lay at this point for two days. On the second night we received two days' rations, together with orders to be ready to march on the following morning.

When morning came, we fell into line, and after standing three or four hours, we marched from the field in which we stood, into the road—back toward Warrenton.

We marched directly through Warrenton, taking the Alexandria pike, eastward.

While passing through the town, I observed a sergeant whose form appeared familiar, standing upon a sidewalk; as we marched by, he turned toward us, and I beheld Sergeant Graham. He recognized me, and rushing out, seized my hand.

"Why, how are you?" he exclaimed.

"I'm all right—how are you?"

"The same."

"Are you still with the construction corps?"

"Yes; but it shouldn't be called that now."

"What then?"

"It should be called a *destruction* corps."

"Why so?"

"Because, for the last week, we have been busily engaged in burning bridges, destroying stores which could not be removed, and tearing up things, generally."

"Have you an idea as to where we are bound for?"

"Why, it is reported that Pope has dextrously decoyed the rebels through Thoroughfare Gap, that he has enticed them to follow him to Bull Run, and that we being on this side of them, they are entirely surrounded."

"O, that's glorious! I suppose that this movement is to hem them in more closely—to tighten on them."

"No doubt. But I must return to our rendezvous; we, too, will march soon. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

During this conversation, Sergeant Graham walked beside me as we moved along. He now returned to the headquarters of the construction corps.

It was generally reported that the rebel army was—bagged at last! We began to think that General Pope was a very great man, and that, after this mighty achievement, the great warlike deeds of Alexander the Great, of Julius Cæsar, and Napoleon Bonaparte would be cast entirely into the shade—would sink into gloomy oblivion.

We marched slowly toward Bull Run; it would not do to march fast; it was necessary that much caution should be observed, lest a part of the rebel force should escape us; and we didn't want that to happen, we wanted to capture all. The country was, accordingly, scoured on all sides, as we moved slowly along. We thought this a sure guard against the escape of the leader of the rebel army, who would certainly endeavor to effect his own escape.

When night came, we found ourselves only ten miles east of Warrenton. We halted, formed line of battle facing toward the northeast, stacked arms, made our coffee, drank it, and lay down to sleep.

Early next morning, we arose, formed, and resumed our march. For a quarter of an hour, we marched very fast; but at the end of that time, we were suddenly brought to a stand-still. After a few minutes, we moved on again; but very slowly—very cautiously; so slowly that it was noon before we found ourselves five miles from the place we left in the morning. Again we halted; and again we moved on. Several miles were passed over in a reasonable space of time,

when the report of a cannon was heard a mile in our front, and a shell flew over our heads, striking in a field on our right. A halt was ordered. Half a dozen additional shell and shot now came crashing and smashing around us. General Reynolds—brave fellow—was among us; and, with soldierly coolness and courage, he proceeded to arrange a line of battle.

As the reader will surmise, a rebel battery had opened upon us; and with great earnestness, too, for shot and shell began to follow each other in rapid succession, striking about us in the most familiar manner.

Our brave little adjutant had just ridden by me to convey some order to Captain Conner, who was at the left of the regiment, when I heard a shell explode not far behind me. I turned, and saw a riderless horse plunge wildly from amid a cloud of smoke and dust, run a short distance, then fall. I perceived that a shell had exploded in the very midst of Company "G." When the smoke cleared away, I beheld the form of the adjutant lying prostrate, bleeding, motionless, upon the hard pike. The regiment had not yet moved, and I stood gazing upon the scene with great interest. I felt like going to the spot, but I did not like to leave my place at such a time. Captain Conner hastened to the assistance of the adjutant, and lifted him up. He was not dead; but the blood was flowing from his face, and his right thigh was horribly mangled. He was carried to the rear, and his leg was soon amputated. He was not the only sufferer from that shell; seven others, of Companies "G" and "B," were either killed, or disabled forever. Among the killed was a very dear friend of mine—Sergeant William Leathead, of Company "G"—who was torn in a shocking manner. Several lost an arm or a leg; one lost both legs.

One of our batteries, hastily taking a position, replied to the rebel battery, and the latter soon ceased to play. Line of battle was formed. Our regiment took position at the margin of a wood upon a slight elevation on the left of the road. We could see dark lines of rebel infantry upon a range of hills a mile to our front, and a little to our left. We had very little doubt that a fight was at hand—that a

force of rebels were about to cut their way out of the *net* into which they had been drawn by General Pope. What, therefore, was our surprise, our amazement, our astonishment, our disappointment, our chagrin, when, after standing in line for half an hour, we were suddenly marched by the right flank, across the road, through a wood, across a field, over a hill and far away! We marched across the country several miles, when we reached a common road, filed into it and turned toward Manassas. As we had had no rain for several days, a big one came up and presented us with a complete ducking at this interesting crisis. This over, it was found to be four o'clock.

The sound of artillery began to be heard far to our left; it was evidently in the vicinity of the old Bull Run battleground. When within two miles of Manassas, we turned to the left. The firing in that direction was still heard. It was not difficult to perceive that we had taken this roundabout course in order to get around those rebels. When I say "we," I mean not only our own division, but all the forces that we had had in the vicinity of Warrenton; for that place was now evacuated.

We were told by some teamsters, who were *en route* from Manassas to the battle-ground with provisions, that General Sigel with his corps was "down there fighting the rebels like thunder;" that Pope had "been playing smash;" that the rebels had been "taking pleasure-rides in their carriages all around us," and that they had made a dash upon Catlett Station, had captured a number of wagon-trains, stores, etc.; that they had invaded the sanctuary of General Pope's own private baggage-wagons, and had taken all his cash.

This was interesting. If anybody had been surrounded, it was more likely that it was we than the rebels. From the time we started in the morning, up to the time of which I speak—a period of ten hours—our confidence in General Pope had fallen a hundred and thirty-seven degrees.

The sound of the artillery grew nearer and nearer, or rather we drew nearer and nearer to it, till at last, a little after the sun had gone down, we found ourselves within hearing of the musketry.

Near nine o'clock we drew very near the scene of action. Soon after, the firing gradually ceased, and all became still. The night was very dark. We stacked arms and lay down to rest. I felt sure that the morrow would be a terrible day, and I just wondered, by the way, whether I would be living at that time of night one day later. While thus ruminating I fell asleep. This was the evening of Thursday, the twenty-eighth day of August.

I do not know how long I had slept when I was suddenly aroused by having a heavy weight placed suddenly upon my stomach, for some one had stepped upon me. But what was up? All were flying to their arms with one wild rush. I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs.

"The rebels are upon us!" cried a hundred voices.

At that moment a horse dashed right across our line of stacked arms—knocking several stacks over, and discharging several pieces—his feet passing my ear like the wind as he went by.

Now I was in the habit of removing my shoes from my feet before going to sleep, and I had done so on this occasion. I, therefore, proceeded to put them on with great deliberation; for I doubted whether the rebel cavalry was really upon us. Having put on the right shoe and tied it, I began to feel for the other. I found it, and on endeavoring to thrust my foot into it, I was startled to discover that it was also a shoe for the right foot, though certainly not the *right* shoe. It then occurred to me, for the first time, that although "two wrongs will not make a right," two *rights* are certainly capable of making a wrong.

"It's only a frightened horse running away," said some one, and the word spread rapidly.

Nearly all the boys had sprung up and seized their arms. It *was* only a frightened horse running away that had caused all this disturbance. The boys began to return to their blankets and lie down. John Young returned to the spot which he had occupied near me, and remarked—

"I think I put somebody else's shoe on."

"And *I* have left somebody else's off," I replied.

"Who is that? Is it you, sergeant?"

"Yes."

"I think your gun is knocked over."

"No doubt; I am going to look after it in a moment."

"I think I must have put one of your shoes on; the one on my right foot feels so queer."

"Because it is the left shoe."

"Then you have my right one?"

"Yes, here is a right shoe belonging to some one; it has been *left* here."

Our conjectures were correct: John had my left shoe on his right foot, while he had left his right shoe for me to put on my left foot. So much for the hurry and excitement. John restored to me my left shoe, and took the *right* one which he had left; I then placed my left foot within my left shoe, and found it all *right*.

Repairing to the stack in which I had placed my rifle, I found several of the boys engaged in setting the stack up; for it chanced to be one that was knocked over by the frightened horse. I assisted in reforming the stack, then returned to my humble couch.

When morning came, we were not aroused by the sound of the cannon, but were allowed to awake at our leisure. When it came to preparing breakfast, we felt rather awkward—we did not know how to set about it; for we were entirely out of rations, no water was to be had, there were no fires to cook or boil anything over, and we were forbidden to kindle any, lest the smoke should attract the attention of the rebels, and draw *their fire*.

By and by, we were ordered to fall in. Having done so, we were marched through a wood a few hundred yards to an open ground which I at once recognized as the old Bull Run battle-ground. Here we halted, and were massed in column of divisions. We stood upon the very spot over which the famous "Black-Horse Cavalry" once charged so fiercely. Our lines were faced toward the west. A battery of artillery took a position a quarter of a mile in our front, and it presently opened upon the rebel lines, and was replied to by a rebel battery a mile and a half distant. An artillery fight of half-an-hour ensued. The rebels appeared

to be scarce of shell, for they threw solid shot; although they nearly all flew over our battery, but few of them reached us.

After an hour, we returned to the spot where we had slept during the night, and from that point began to advance toward the rebel lines. We moved slowly and cautiously; in fact, having crossed a small valley and arrived at a wood, we halted. The Bucktail regiment was thrown forward as skirmishers.

The fight was beginning on all sides. The battery which we had been watching resumed its work, and several others farther toward the right commenced operations.

As the Bucktails could not find any rebels in the wood in our front, we were massed in close column, and actually stacked arms. From the position which we occupied, we had opportunity of witnessing operations on the right. The sound of musketry was soon added to that of the artillery, and things generally began to wear a very warlike aspect.

But I cannot give a general description of this, or any other battle; the reader must look to history for detailed accounts of the engagements of this unhappy war. It is my object to relate merely what is connected with OUR BOYS.

Near eleven o'clock our brigade was ordered forward with a battery to the support of a brigade (of some other division) that had made a reconnoissance beyond and a little to the right of the wood in our front. We moved directly forward through the wood, and found ourselves in a large clover-field which, except on the north side where the pike ran, was entirely surrounded by woods. Taking a right-oblique course, we soon found ourselves at the northwest corner of the field. We heard a battery playing away in a lively manner to our right and front. Suddenly a brigade came rushing from the wood in our front at a double-quick. A brigadier-general whom I did not know was with them, and he appeared very much excited. General Meade rode up to him, and asked him what was up.

"Oh, that's a d—d hot place," he replied.

General Meade led us right into the wood by way of the pike, when we found ourselves fairly in range of a battery

that was on our right, though we could not see it. It was belching forth grape-and-canister, and they were spattering about us, striking the trees on all sides. It was, without doubt, a very hot place. It seemed to me that every tree for twenty yards around was struck at every discharge, and it became a matter of speculation with me how so many of us *could* escape. We passed through the wood at a double-quick, and soon found ourselves slightly out of range for a time.

On arriving at the western extremity of the wood, a line of battle was formed and our skirmishers thrown forward. The rebel battery abruptly ceased to play; it was probably taking another position, for had it remained where it was we would have taken *it*. Our own battery did not unlimber, for as yet no good or safe position presented itself.

In our front was a slight elevation, at whose summit numbers of bushes and small trees stood. Our line of skirmishers began to ascend the hill, but had only advanced fifty paces when they were fired upon from the bushes. They returned the fire, and a lively skirmish ensued. Many of the rebel bullets passed over the heads of our skirmishers, and manifested an inclination to strike about where we stood. This was very annoying.

It was soon discovered that we had been drawn into an ambuscade; in proof of which the rebels began to make their appearance in force in our front and upon either flank. A battery also opened upon us from a concealed position on our left. General Meade hastily ordered the skirmishers to rally and join us. This done, we began to fall back through the wood in perfect order, still maintaining our line of battle. When we returned to the clover-field we found the remainder of the division there, and we moved toward them for the purpose of joining them. Meanwhile the rebel battery began to play savagely upon us, and shot and shell were hurled into the field with great rapidity.

It soon became evident that our position was one which we could not maintain. As no support was nigh, the whole division retired in perfect order through the wood on the east side of the clover-field. Shot and shell followed us, ploughing up the ground and crashing among the trees.

Having passed through this wood and arrived once more upon what appeared to be our side of the field, we were no longer annoyed by the rebel artillery.

The battle, in the mean time, raged furiously on the right, while some slight intercourse opened on the left. At the point which we occupied all now became quiet; we lay in waiting for the enemy to emerge from the wood.

It must not be supposed, merely because I have not kept it before the reader, that we did not feel the pangs of hunger during all this time. We *were* hungry. The last rations we had received were two days' rations issued to us on the previous Tuesday night near Warrenton. It was now beginning to be Friday night, and we were entirely without anything in the eating line.

It was near evening, when General Reynolds, accompanied by his staff and several orderlies, rode into the wood in our front to see whether any rebels were there. Riding at the head of his party, he had advanced two hundred paces, when he suddenly found himself confronted by a party of rebel skirmishers. He quickly turned about, and rode from them, with difficulty escaping.

On coming from the wood, he was joined by General Meade, to whom he related his adventure; and he requested him to send a regiment into the wood, with instructions to throw forward a line of skirmishers. General Meade sent our regiment into the wood. Our flanking companies were deployed as skirmishers; they advanced, and soon came in contact with the rebels. A brisk contest ensued, during which many minie balls, flying over the heads of our skirmishers, came whistling about our ears in a decidedly unpleasant sort of a way.

As night closed in, the firing gradually ceased; not only in our front, but also along the whole lines. Our skirmishers were called in, and we began slowly to retire to a less exposed position.

Moving troops in the darkness and in the immediate presence of an enemy is a very ticklish and uncertain operation. It was, therefore, incumbent upon us to fall back entirely clear of the rebels, that the army might be placed in a safe

position for the night. The division had already begun to retire, leaving our regiment to bring up the rear; and as we were in line, we simply faced about and began to move slowly after the main body.

We were crossing a slight swell in the ground a few hundred yards east of the wood, when we distinctly heard the tramp of troops apparently pursuing us.

"Halt!" said Captain Lemon.

We halted—stood motionless—listened. Yes, we distinctly heard the footsteps of what appeared to be a regiment approaching from rebeldom.

"About—*face!*" commanded Captain Lemon, in a cautious tone.

We faced toward the enemy once more.

"Boys, you are all loaded?"

"Yes—yes—yes—"

"*Lie down!*"

We crouched down to await the approaching enemy.

"Now, boys, not a shot till you get the word!"

We remained quiet—the stillness was death-like. On came the body of troops. Certainly, it was no mere line of skirmishers—it was not less than a regiment.

"They're coming, boys! Steady! Keep cool! Be very quiet; they don't know we're here, and we'll take them by surprise."

Nothing could now be heard, save the steady tramp of the advancing troops—perchance, the suppressed breathing of some soldier. They were within thirty paces of us.

"MAKE READY!"

With a clicking rattle, our pieces were cocked.

"Hilloa! Don't fire on *us!*" said a voice in front.

"Who are you?" asked Captain Lemon.

"New York troops."

"Halt your regiment then and come forward, whoever is in command."

"Halt!" commanded a voice.

They halted, and an officer rode forward.

"What regiment?" asked Captain Lemon.

"The Fourteenth Brooklyn," was the reply.

"What! the fellows with the—"

"Red breeches," interrupted the officer.

"It's very dark—will you come a little nearer, that I may see if you wear our uniform?"

"Certainly!" And the horseman rode almost upon us.

"All right! I perceive that you are a Federal officer. How did you get between us and the rebels?"

"By a flank movement; we have been engaged a little further to the right this afternoon."

"Are you aware that we came near firing upon you?"

"I imagined as much when I heard your boys making ready; I presume that I called out just in time?"

"Yes, you did. Do you know whether the rebels are far from us now?"

"Not far—listen! I hear—"

At that moment a party of rebels *were* approaching.

"I'll get my regiment ready for those fellows!" said the commander of the Fourteenth Brooklyn, gleefully; and he turned, faced his regiment about, and awaited the approach of the rebels.

On they came. When they arrived within twenty-five paces of the Brooklyn boys, the commander of that regiment, in order that no blunder should occur, called out:—

"Who comes there?"

There was no reply—there was a sound as of confusion—several "clicks" were heard, and even the report of a gun, followed by the whistling of a bullet.

"Fire!"

The Brooklyn boys poured a fierce volley of bullets into the rebel ranks, and they fled in disorder.

"Load again, boys, and give them another!" exclaimed the commander of the Fourteenth Brooklyn.

They *did* load; and another shower of bullets whistled after the dismayed rebels.

The battle of Friday, the twenty-ninth of August, was now over. It was after nine o'clock—we fell back, and joined the division—our post was assigned us—we lay down upon our arms, wondering what the morrow would bring forth—and slept.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A CHARGE.

THE memorable Saturday—the last day of the Second Bull Run—the thirtieth day of August dawned upon us. All was quiet—the air was oppressive; dull, heavy clouds hovered over.

Our first move in the morning was to form close column of divisions, and march again to the spot famed for the Black Horse Cavalry charge. From that point we moved forward over Bull Run, and took our position upon a hill beyond. As yet, the sound of a gun had not been heard. It was evident that the rebels had retired a short distance the previous night, to reform their broken lines.

After half an hour, we moved to a position some distance up the stream. From our new position, skirmishers were thrown forward into a valley a little to our front; they soon came in contact with the rebel skirmishers, and a scattering fire was opened. The rebel skirmishers at last gave way, and we prepared to move forward across the valley and take position upon a hill a quarter of a mile to our front. The firing ceased, and we descended into the valley. As we did so, I looked across to the hill opposite, and saw a sight which I shall never forget. The whole face of the hill was literally covered with our dead. The fighting on the previous day had been, at this point, very desperate; and so thick did the dead lie, that one might have stepped from one to another for several hundred yards. They were all our own men—the rebels, I suppose, having removed theirs. As we ascended the hill, we had to walk with care to keep from stepping on some of them; and the battery that accompanied us could not ascend at all without running over some of the poor fellows.

Our battery was planted upon the hill, and we took our position in the rear. Our skirmishers had moved forward, descending the hill, and were again at work. The battery

opened upon a rebel battery which could be seen upon a hill three-quarters of a mile in front. The rebels replied with grape-and-canister, which, with a graceful curve, swept over the hill and descended among us. The fight between the two batteries grew very warm, and the projectiles rattled about us in all their terror. Our own brave artillerymen worked with all their might; one charge had scarcely left a gun till another was rammed home and ready to follow. The captain of the battery sat coolly upon his horse watching the effect of each shot through his glass, occasionally exclaiming—

“Hurrah, my boys! you’re knocking them! Let them have it!”

And they worked till great drops of sweat chased one another down their powder-blackened faces.

After half an hour of brisk cannonading the rebel battery ceased to play, and things became very quiet.

In a short time we fell back to the position from which we had advanced. Our battery took position on the hill, while we fell back beneath it near the stream. There was water in the creek, but it was muddy and red.

It seemed that “fall back” was the order of the day; for without any cause that we could see (though doubtless there was cause enough) we were ordered to fall back across Bull Run into a wood a little to our left and half a mile to our rear—the same wood in which Reynolds encountered the rebel skirmishers on the previous day.

We took a position at the east side of the wood, where we stood for some time in line of battle, wondering what was going to happen. All was quiet; no cannon could be heard—no rifle—no musket. That silence was ominous. What we had yet experienced at Bull Run was as nothing when compared with what we were destined to see during that Saturday afternoon. The clouds which had hung heavily over during the forenoon began to break away, and the sky was soon clear.

It must have been after three o’clock when the dread silence was broken by the report of a single cannon, and the next moment a solid shot came crashing among the trees.

Half a minute yet all was still. Suddenly a thundering discharge of artillery shook the earth, and a dozen shell went screaming toward the rebels. Our batteries had opened. Several rebel batteries now began to play. Each moment some new battery chimed in on either side, and the air was soon alive with the fierce missiles.

An officer galloped wildly toward us and delivered a message to General Reynolds.

"Up, boys! fall in!" said the general.

We were soon in our places.

"By the right flank—*march!*"

We moved off by the right flank, marched across a field, down a hill, over Bull Run, and up another hill into an orchard in which some of our batteries were planted.

The battle had begun in earnest—and it *was* a battle. A hundred guns on each side were at work; whole batteries were discharged at once. Shell, round shot, grape-and-canister, case shot, railroad iron, and stones were hurled upon us. The rebels grew bold; they began to make their appearance from the woods in our front in heavy columns and firm, unbroken lines. As far as I could see toward the right were heavy bodies of our troops awaiting the approach of the rebels. They were closely massed, and in good order for battle.

We were now obliged to pass through a hot place—an orchard in which were posted three of our batteries as closely together as they could stand, and all were thundering away at the enemy; while the rebel batteries were treating that point with the greatest attention. The iron hail struck in such quantities, tearing the fruit trees, tearing the earth, tearing men, that it seemed to be rained from the skies. We passed through the orchard at a double-quick. Many of our brave fellows fell by the way. The battle seemed to increase in fury every moment. When we had passed through we found ourselves out of immediate range, and we sat down to rest. The battle went on. Musketry was opened on all sides—the infantry was hotly engaged. Captain Lemon rode to an elevated spot, and with his glass took a survey of the field. When he returned to us he remarked—

"Boys, a mouse couldn't live in that wood we have just left. The battle is raging terribly there; the rebel infantry are in the wood, while our infantry is two hundred paces east of it, and they are at it. The artillery, too, is playing on them. Surely, there will not be a leaf in that wood that won't have a hole through it."

"Fall in! fall in! Left—*face!* forward—*march!*"

It was General Reynolds, who, at this juncture, rode along our lines, and gave these commands in a loud voice.

We were again led toward the left, but this time obliquely to the rear. In fact, we passed some distance in rear of the orchard, down a hill, recrossed Bull Run, ascended another hill, and once more found ourselves on the ground famous for the Black Horse Cavalry charge. Here a battery of brass howitzers took position, and opened out toward rebel-dom with great earnestness. We took position to support it. Each brigade was deployed in line, ours in front, the Second immediately in rear of us, and the Third in rear of them. Each brigade comprised a line about as long as a regiment ought to; so many had fallen out on account of hunger and fatigue, while many had been killed or wounded. Company "D" consisted of eleven—all told. Lieutenant Moth was the only commissioned officer; while Sergeant Chair and myself were the only non-commissioned officers. The regiment consisted of about a hundred and twenty; the brigade of five hundred; the division of less than two thousand.

The smoke and dust had become so dense that the sun was but dimly visible; and objects could not be distinguished at the distance of eighty yards. It appeared that our infantry in front had given way, and the battery was holding this point. The artillerymen worked with great spirit and enthusiasm.

A cheer—it sounded like the wailings of an approaching storm—rose above the din of battle; it came from the wood a few hundred yards in front; it was a rebel cheer.

"They're coming!" exclaimed the captain of the battery; "they're coming, boys! Nothing but case shot—bring nothing but case shot!" he shouted to the men who were carrying the ammunition from the caissons to the guns.

Reynolds, Meade, and Seymour sat upon their horses near the battery; they appeared to be enjoying themselves prodigiously.

Another rebel cheer burst forth; it was nearer than the first.

"Up, boys!" shouted Reynolds; "they're going to try to take this battery; you won't let—"

A wild cheer drowned the voice of the brave Reynolds.

"Fix—*bayonets!*"

Our bayonets were fixed in a second.

"Boys, I know I can depend on the PENNSYLVANIA RES—"

"You can! yes, you can!"

"Forward, then—CHARGE!"

With a mad shout that arose far above the thunder of the artillery, we rushed forward—General Reynolds leading the charge. Bullets were poured upon us from the wood in swarms. Still we rushed on. There is a wild excitement about a charge in battle which induces men to face death without a thought of fear. How fast our poor fellows fell during that charge! My wonder was that any of us could pass unscathed through that leaden storm. I could actually hear the savage bullets striking and crashing among the bones of men around me. We could not see the rebels—the smoke was so dense; but *we knew they were there*. We charged across a road, and right into the wood.

About this time, the colors of the Seventh Regiment were cut from the staff by rebel bullets, and fell to the ground. General Reynolds, in the twinkling of an eye, sprang to the ground, seized the colors, remounted his horse, waved the flag over his head, and shouted—

"On, my brave fellows—on!"

We charged to the very ranks of the rebels, when they turned and fled. We halted, opened fire upon them, and rained bullets after them without mercy. A rebel battery opened upon us with shot and shell. How they got the range of us is more than I can explain; but they threw their missiles with tolerable accuracy, for a solid shot struck the ground uncommonly close to my left foot—so close that it

came near being *left* forever. In order to avoid the artillery fire, we formed in the road where banks of from three to five feet in height afforded a slight protection. The rebel infantry began to rally, and to return our fire; and for half an hour, the fight went on with great fierceness. We effectually repulsed them at last, however, and continued to rain the bullets after them so long as a single shot was returned.

Meantime, shells were flying over our heads most extravagantly; but, being warmed up with our infantry encounter, we scarcely noticed them. One exploded so alarmingly near the top of my head, as I stood upon the bank upon which I had climbed to peer through the smoke after the rebels, that I could not, for the life of me, explain why my head was not abruptly torn off. A moment after, another shell went screaming over our heads, struck a wounded man who was limping from the field leaning on the arm of a comrade, and, exploding, tore him to fragments—almost to nothing—while his comrade was uninjured. But so bewildered was the latter when the man leaning on his arm was thus suddenly annihilated, that he dropped his rifle and started to run—he knew not whither—and presently brought up against a tree with a shock that brought him to his senses. Thus restored to equilibrium of mind, he began to look for his gun, and not finding it, he picked up that of a fallen soldier, returned to the lines in the road, and went to work.

The sun, tired of gazing on the terrible scene, had just hid his face behind the far-off hills beyond Bull Run, when we were ordered to fall back upon the battery again. We had become somewhat scattered during the charge, and our regiment now consisted of but forty men. I was pleased to see that Captain Lemon was yet unhurt and riding at the head of the regiment. As for Company "D," there was but one with the regiment! O, horror! Where were the rest? Could they all be killed or wounded? When we reached the battery we lay down to support it, and it began to play away in the same old style. Three more of OUR BOYS now joined me—Charley Brawley, Bobby Haught, and Jim Ryan.

At dark, the battle began to grow beautifully less, and finally ceased altogether. We supposed that we had held the

field; but what was our surprise when we were ordered to fall in, and take the pike for Centreville! I was just wondering why this was, when a rebel battery, which had gained a position on our left, opened upon us at long range. They were throwing solid shot; and when I considered that it was very dark and that they could not see us, I imagined that they were doing remarkably good shooting; for some of those "feelers" came most *feelingly* near to us. It was evident that the left had given way. The battery kept up a brisk fire for a quarter of an hour, but finding that we treated it with silent contempt (!) it ceased to play—to our great relief, too, for we were so crowded in the pike, that we couldn't get out of range very fast.

When we had arrived to within two or three miles of Centreville, we halted for the night. We were in no kind of order; and the commanders of regiments were allowed to use their own will and judgment with their commands. Captain Lemon, therefore, concluded to halt and rest for the night, as did many others. He requested me to go over into a field, and see whether I could find a suitable place to lie. I soon found a "suitable place," and reported to him. We then left the road, entered the field, and marched to the spot, when Captain Lemon informed us that we were at liberty to lie down and rest for the night.

"Charley," said I, addressing Charley Brawley, "this is the thirtieth day of the month."

"Well," said Charley, who thought this a very singular and uncalled-for remark.

"Do you remember this night two months ago?" I asked.

"O, yes—the night of the battle of—"

"Exactly; do you remember whom you slept with that night?"

"O, yes—I slept with you."

"Then suppose, just for the sake of coincidence, that we—"

"I was just going to propose that myself—why, it's beginning to rain, as I'm a sinner."

And it *was* beginning to rain. We lay down together, arranged our tent-blankets so as to shelter us as much as possible, and proceeded to—go to sleep.

As my eyes closed, I thought of those now lying upon the battle-field cold in death, and of those dying from their wounds, crying perhaps for water to slake their burning thirst. I felt that I had great reason to be thankful that I was still spared. Why it was so I could not tell; for well I knew that many better men than I, and exposed to no greater danger than I had been, had fallen, while I was still allowed to come out of the battle without a scratch.

The pattering of the rain upon my tent-blanket lulled me to sleep beside my brave comrade—Charley.

* * * * * *

Next day (Sunday) was spent at Centreville.

On Monday we began to fall back; and that evening the Battle of Chantilly occurred. We lay within supporting distance during this fight, but were not called into action. Twenty-four hours later we were lying comfortably upon Arlington Heights.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

M A R Y L A N D .

VARIOUS rumors began to gain currency as to the rebels, their position and intentions. It was stated that they were heavily massed near Vienna. Some thought that they were about to make a most desperate assault on Washington; others, more wise, expressed it as their opinion that Lee was about to cross the Potomac and invade Maryland.

We had lain on Arlington Heights two days when we received marching orders and moved to Upton's Hill, where we pitched our small tents and began to feel very comfortable. But it appeared that we were not destined to remain longer than two days in one place, for on the evening of the second day we very suddenly and unexpectedly received marching orders. We struck our tents, and moved off in the direction

of Washington. The full moon arose and looked calmly down upon us, making our journey more pleasant than it would have been in the darkness. We marched to the Long Bridge and passed over, leaving Virginia—at last. Near eleven months had elapsed since we entered Virginia. How many of our brave boys had marched with us over the Chain Bridge and were not in the ranks now? When I thought of them I considered myself peculiarly favored to be allowed to return.

We marched into Washington to Seventh Street, then turning to the left we moved toward Meridian Hill. A mile from the city we halted for the night. Next morning we moved on—northward. It became obvious that the rebels had indeed invaded Maryland. Some of the startled citizens informed us that “Lee’s whole army of two hundred thousand had crossed the Potomac—had taken Hagerstown and Frederick, and were marching right on toward Baltimore.”

Since leaving the Peninsula we had been attached to General McDowell’s Corps; he had been relieved of command, and General Hooker now commanded us.

At the junction of two roads twelve miles from Washington we halted and remained thirty-six hours, during which time we were supplied with clothing and rations, of which we stood sorely in need. Again we marched on, taking the right-hand road—a turnpike.

Captain Conner was now in command of the regiment; Captain Lemon, having been taken sick, had remained in a hospital in Washington.

After marching a dozen miles, we halted near Brooksville, and bivouacked for the night in a beautiful clover-field near the residence of a wealthy gentleman. It was here that I had a striking illustration of the effect shoulder-straps are wont to produce on the fair, especially when contrasted with the humble apparel of a common soldier like myself. Jim, my messmate, was unwell; he had refused to remain in Washington at a hospital, insisting on accompanying us through our Maryland campaign. We had just halted on the evening in question, when, perceiving that he looked wan, I asked him how he felt.

"Oh, I can get along," he answered, evasively.

"Jim," said I, "you are not well enough to march; I advise you to—"

"No," he interrupted, "I never was in a hospital, and I never will enter one. I consider it suicide."

"I cannot but acknowledge that I am of the same opinion, when I come to think about it, Jim. Have you anything you feel like eating?"

"No; I—"

"Would you relish some milk?"

"I think so."

"Then I'll go to that house and get some if they have any." And I threw down my effects, took my canteen and walked to the residence of the wealthy gentleman before alluded to.

Two young ladies of from eighteen to twenty years were seated on the front piazza. They were tastily dressed, and the moment I looked upon them, I perceived that they were handsome. A second glance convinced me that *they* knew that before *I* did. Howbeit, I had nothing to do with their beauty, and I bowed, said "good evening," told them that I had a sick comrade, and that "if they would be kind enough," and all that sort of thing, I would be glad to be able to procure some milk for him. A sly wink was exchanged by the bewitching pair; they didn't suppose that I observed it—but *I did*. At that moment, the mother made her appearance at the door, and one of the maidens apprised her of the object of "that soldier's" errand. The old lady took my canteen and entered the house while I stood upon the steps awaiting her return, feeling just as awkward as possible; for any man will feel awkward when he knows that his general appearance is being criticized by two saucy-looking angels.

Now the lady of the house had but disappeared with my canteen, when the father came up the path and ascended the steps of the piazza, accompanied by an officer—a major. The officer was not a fine-looking fellow, but he wore two rows of bright buttons on his blue cloth coat; and on each shoulder, a great broad gold shoulder-strap about the size of a spade.

“Daughters,” said the Marylander, “let me introduce you to major—a—eh—”

“Smith!” whispered the major, coming to his relief.

“Smith! yes, Major Smith! My daughters, major.”

The two lasses arose, executed scientific courtesies, smiled, and said, “Major Smith,” in the most killing manner.

“A beautiful evening,” remarked Major Smith.

“Splendid!” exclaimed Miss Mary, the elder.

“Lovely!” agreed Miss Louisa Catharine, the younger.

“You have a beautiful place here,” remarked Major Smith, taking a seat which was offered him.

“Do you think so?” said both ladies, somewhat pleased.

“Indeed I do! And I think that—I observe that there is a great resemblance between the—the—in fact, the people seem well-suited to the place.”

The ladies were still more pleased, for they saw in this a compliment to them. They blushed, and said “Oh, no!” although it was evident that they thought, “Oh, yes!”

Meanwhile, I was standing there unnoticed, waiting for that milk, ruminating on the weaknesses of human nature, and mentally making promiscuous calculations as to the relative value of brass and lead—of swords and rifles—of blue cloth and kersey. At last, to my great relief, the kind lady of the house reappeared with my canteen filled with milk. I asked her how much I should pay for it, but she wouldn't take any pay for it, and I thanked her, bade her good evening, and departed. A deep sigh of relief escaped me as I passed through the gate and found myself once more in the clover-field.

Next morning we arose, prepared our breakfast, dispatched it, and felt ready to move. But the morning began to wear away. Near twelve o'clock we moved on; but not by the pike; we took a by-road to the left, and marched over some of the most beautiful country I ever saw. Many beautiful orchards full of ripe tempting fruit met our eyes as we marched along. To leave the ranks and attack any of the orchards was a thing strictly forbidden, and consequently unsafe.

· Near evening we were passing an orchard of nice fruit,

when a corpulent fellow of our regiment concluded that those red apples were too tempting for human nature to bear. Looking about to make sure that he was not observed by any field or general officer, he mounted the fence at the roadside, and was soon standing beneath the nearest tree. The heavy laden branches hung low, and grasping a limb he gave it such an energetic shake that about a bushel and a half of apples came showering down. Simultaneously with the rattling of the fallen apples, a grim, buzzing sound was heard in the tree above the soldier's head. A moment he stood and listened.

"Buz—z—z—z—z—z—z," greeted his ears, and a great swarm of hornets came darting at him.

With a cry of horror, he turned him about and "streaked it" for the fence. But too slow were his feet for the wings of the pursuing fiends. On they came—"buz—z—z—bat!" Just as he reached the fence *they* reached *him*; and as he sprang over one of the monsters settled on his nose, another over his eye, and half a dozen among his hair; while any number buzzed unwholesomely near his ear, undecided as to where to attack him. This was a warning to all evil-doers, and no more such attempts were made that evening.

The sun was just sinking when we filed off into a beautiful green field, stacked arms, and bivouacked for the night. There was a house near the field, and I started for it at once to procure some milk for Jim. General Meade was riding up a lane near the house as I approached, and seeing a peach tree laden with fruit, he called a cavalryman—one of his orderlies, I think—and left him to watch the tree till a guard should be detailed. He then rode up to the house for the purpose of ascertaining what number of guards would be required to protect the premises. I got my canteen filled with milk and was returning to our line of stacked arms, when I observed that the cavalry sentinel who had been placed on guard over the peach tree, was busily engaged in helping himself to the delicious fruit; for he could reach it while sitting upon his horse. But how romantic it is that at that very moment General Meade was returning from the house and "caught him in the act."

"What are you about there?" he called out, savagely.

The guard started.

"Why, you thief!" exclaimed General Meade.

The cavalryman looked confused.

"You mercenary villain; I set you to guard that tree, and—and—you—" and Meade rode at him.

The sentinel was terrified.

"I'll cut your head off!" and the general drew his sword and flourished it above his head as he reached the offender.

The young gentleman looked awful. Every moment he expected the bright blade to descend. General Meade with the *back* of his sword began to saw upon the back of the terrified offender's neck, who, feeling the cold steel, and imagining that his hour had come—at last—shrugged his shoulders, drew in his head apparently like a tortoise, writhed his whole body into the most frightful contortions, and said—

"Oh—oh—oo—oo—hoo—hoo!" and he seemed on the point of falling from his horse for dead.

General Meade, thinking that he had punished the poor fellow enough, suspended operations, and was returning his sword to its scabbard, when the magnitude of the unfaithful sentinel's offence seemed to strike him more forcibly than ever, and seizing his sword by the blade, he menaced the soldier's countenance with the hilt.

"O, you rogue!" he exclaimed; I must kill you yet! I can't help it!" And he seemed on the point of letting him have it right below the eye.

Then, of all the dodging, and blinking, and squinting, and shaking, and quaking that I ever witnessed, that executed by the terrified sentinel far excelled.

"Confound you! I can scarcely keep from murdering you!" said General Meade, at last returning his sword to its scabbard.

The soldier heaved a sigh of relief, as the sword returned to its place with a clank.

"Oh, you deserve killing!" said Meade.

The soldier groaned; he feared that the general might kill him yet before he should go away.

"Don't you think I ought to kill you?" persisted the latter, looking savagely upon the offender from behind his spectacles.

The soldier was silent.

"Say!" demanded Meade.

"Yes, sir," was the faint reply.

General Meade rode away, and I imagined I saw a slight smile play about his firm lips.

The night passed away without event, save the returning to the regiment of several officers who were wounded during the Peninsula Campaign—among them, Lieutenant Carter.

The next day's march brought us to the "National Road" at Poplar Springs, forty miles from Baltimore. Here we were informed that on the previous day a scouting party of rebel cavalry had been there, had behaved very civilly toward the citizens, had made inquiry as to whether any "Yankees" had been there, and had at last returned toward the west.

At this point we halted for the night. At ten o'clock next morning we formed, and marched westward, following the pike.

We had marched ten miles, when General Reynolds received a dispatch instructing him to transfer the command of the division to General Meade, and to report at Harrisburg, where a command would be given him. It was at this time that he was promoted to major-general. It was impracticable for him to take any formal leave of us, as we were on the march; but he was cheered with great enthusiasm as he rode away. I never saw him again.

General Meade took command of the division; and Colonel Magilton of our brigade.

We marched a few miles further, and halted for the night.

About noon next day—Saturday, the thirteenth of September—we reached the Monocacy River. We passed over on a stone bridge from which the rebels had been driven a few hours previously, filed from the road, and stacked arms in a field by the river.

During the past few days, the sound of the cannon had been constantly heard in front, and we had no doubt that a fight would soon take place. Various rumors were afloat as to the movements of General Lee. A strong force of rebel

cavalry had been driven from Frederick City, which was a few miles in front. It was generally thought that Lee had established himself in a strong position some miles beyond Frederick City, and that he would make the most desperate defence. But we felt confident, for we knew that McCLELLAN was once more our leader; and we didn't feel *Bull-Runish*.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

WHEN night came and there were no indications of marching, we wrapped ourselves in our blankets and sought repose.

The morning of Sunday, the fourteenth of September, was beautiful—the sky clear. Before noon, however, it became clouded over, and there was every appearance of rain. We had time to breakfast before we were ordered to fall in. At last we were on our way again—westward. An hour after we passed through Frederick, where the number of flags and white handkerchiefs waved at us from doors and windows was truly gratifying. At almost every door stood some bewitching creature with a pail of clear, cold, sparkling water; while others stood with glasses in their hands inviting us to drink. They talked pleasantly with us, and manifested every indication of preferring us to the rebels. I can't for the life of me tell what made me so thirsty that morning; for I must have stopped a dozen times for a drink of water; and each time it chanced (?) I was helped to a glass by a beauty.

As we progressed the sound of artillery began to be heard in front. We had marched twelve miles and were certainly within two miles of the firing when it ceased. A little after three o'clock we found ourselves almost at the base of a tall mountain. Here taking a by-road we (our division) filed off

the pike to the right. We had marched nearly half a mile when a rebel battery which was posted at the summit of the mountain opened upon us with shell and round shot. By a left-oblique movement, we soon succeeded in gaining the cover of an abrupt ridge near the base of the mountain. The battery then ceased to play. A line of battle was now formed and preparations made to move forward.

About this time Lieutenant Carter said to Captain Conner—

“Captain, I think there will be a fight!”

“No doubt there will,” replied the captain.

“Captain,” he continued, earnestly, “I know I shall be shot.”

“Oh, nonsense!”

“But I will; I am an unlucky mortal. I was shot while on the Peninsula almost the first chance I got—I was only wounded there; to-day I will be killed; I know it.”

“Come now, lieutenant, it’s only a foolish notion that has got into your head; get rid of it; cheer up: you will come out all right.”

“I wish I could think so. I will fall doing my duty, captain,” said the brave fellow; for he *was* a brave man.

“I know you will do your duty, lieutenant.”

About four o’clock we began to advance. We toiled up the steep ascent in front of us, when we discovered that a valley lay yet between us and the main ascent of South Mountain. While passing through a corn-field upon the hill, the enemy’s artillery again opened upon us with solid shot. Down the hill we went—across the small valley—up the steep ascent of the mountain. A few hundred yards from the base of the mountain was a stone-fence. Below this, the ground was clear; above, the face of the mountain was covered with trees and rocks. When within fifty yards of the stone-fence, a murderous fire of musketry was opened upon us by the rebels, who lay concealed behind it, and swarms of bullets whistled about our ears. With a wild shout, we dashed forward—almost upward—while volley after volley was poured upon us; but we heeded it not; we rushed madly on. The rebels, intimidated by our voices,

and taken aback by our recklessness and disregard of their bullets, began to give way. We reached the stone-fence, and sprang over. The rebels reformed among the rocks, and fought with remarkable obstinacy.

Captain Conner had left his horse at the rear, and he and Lieutenant Carter were just springing over the wall, within a few feet of each other, when the latter was struck in the head by a bullet, and fell back—*dead*.

We pressed the rebels closely. They stood awhile, loading and firing, but at last began to waver. Directly in front of the right of our regiment, they gave way; and several companies from the right—ours among them—pressed forward, becoming detached from the regiment. We soon found ourselves thirty or forty paces ahead of the regiment, having gained the flank of the Seventeenth South Carolina. We were within twenty or thirty steps of them, directly on their left, and they did not see us; then we mowed them down. Poor fellows! I almost pitied them, to see them sink down by dozens at every discharge! I remember taking deliberate aim at a tall South Carolinian, who was standing with his side to me loading his gun. I fired, and he fell into a crevice between two rocks. Step by step we drove the rebels up the steep side of the mountain. By moving a little to the left, I reached the spot where I had seen the rebel fall. On my arrival thither, he arose to a sitting posture, and I was convinced he was not dead yet. I inquired whether he was wounded, and he very mournfully nodded assent. The blood was flowing from a wound in the neck. He also pointed to a wound in the arm. The same bullet had made both wounds; for at the time I fired, he was in the act of ramming a bullet home—his arm extended vertically. He arose to his feet, and I was pleased to find him able to walk. I informed him that, in the nature of things, he was a prisoner; and I sent him to the rear, under charge of one of the boys.

Having done so, I threw myself upon the ground, and crawled among the rocks to a position fifteen paces in advance of the company, with the intention of taking some unwary rebel by surprise, and getting a fair shot at him. Cock-

ing my rifle, I abruptly arose from my position, which was protected by a rock three feet high. Oh, horror! there, scarcely ten paces from me, stood a great grim rebel, just on the point of bringing his gun to an aim—right at *me*, too, and his dark eyes scowled fiercely upon me from beneath the broad brim of a large ugly hat. Now it is sheer nonsense to talk about taking a cool aim under such circumstances. Therefore, with a little more agility than I had ever before exhibited, I blazed away at random, and dropped behind the rock—every hundredth part of a second seeming like an age; for I felt sure that the rebel bullet would catch me yet, ere I could drop behind my redoubt. A bullet tipped the rock above my head as I dropped.

Step by step, the rebels retired. I waited at my new position till the line came up. OUR BOYS had just reached me, when Dave Malone was struck in the head by a bullet, and he fell back, quivering and gasping for breath. He soon expired. After the battle he was buried in that wild, lonely mountain—where he fell.

By sunset we had driven the enemy to the crest of the mountain. Many were the dead and the wounded they left lying among the rocks. Many prisoners were taken. Among the wounded left on the field was a rebel officer of manly appearance. He was wounded in the thigh, and appeared to be suffering intense pain. Captain Conner approached him, and said:—

“You are wounded, are you not?”

“Yes, in the thigh—and badly,” was the reply.

“May I inquire your name?”

“I am Major Meanes, of the Seventeenth South Carolina. May I ask you the same question?”

“I am Captain Conner, of the Eighth Pennsylvania Reserves.”

“The—the—Pennsylvania Reserves!”

“Yes.”

“Well, captain, your men fight like devils; they are driving our men right up this steep mountain; I never could have believed it!”

"Ah, major, there is blood in Pennsylvania as well as in South Carolina."

"I am convinced of that."

About dark, the rebels abandoned the mountain at this point, and the firing ceased. At the left and centre, however, the fighting continued till nine o'clock, when it ceased, and the whole rebel force gave way. O that it had been daylight, that we might have pursued them at once! Under the circumstances, however, it was impossible. The night was very dark, and the ways of the mountain obscure. We lay down among the rocks and slept.

Our whole loss at the Battle of South Mountain was twenty-three hundred; that of the enemy, more than four thousand. If there was ever a victory gained, in any war, in any campaign, the Battle of South Mountain resulted in a most decided and complete Union victory.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ANTIETAM.

As our division was on the flank of the army, we were not the first to start in pursuit of the rebels on Monday morning. It was necessary for the greater part of the army to cross South Mountain by the one road—the pike. It was ten o'clock when our division moved. As we descended the western slope of South Mountain, a wide valley of many square miles lay extended to our view. Here and there a village could be seen—Boonsboro' among the rest. The sound of artillery could be heard, and bright flashes and puffs of white smoke were seen beyond Boonsboro'. The advance of the column had already come up with the rebels, and were now feeling for them with shell; though it scarcely seemed like *feeling for them*, at all.

On reaching Boonsboro', we took the Sharpsburg pike;

and at four o'clock, we found ourselves at Keedysville, where we halted. We were now near the scene of action. A battery a little way to our right and front was carrying on a little fight with a rebel battery. The rebels were throwing shell very carelessly, for some of them reached us.

The road for some distance back was crowded with troops. We had but halted when a cheer arose in the direction of Boonsboro', and was borne faintly to our ears. It grew more distinct, louder—nearer, clearer.

"That's for McCLELLAN!" exclaimed half a dozen of OUR BOYS, in a breath.

"It must be—he is coming this way."

Louder and nearer grew the cheering.

"McClellan must be coming!" exclaimed one.

"He will be along here presently—won't we cheer him?"

Yes, McCLELLAN was coming. The cheer was taken up by each regiment as soon as he hove in sight of it, and continued till his form disappeared in the distance. The tumult swelled out to a roar of voices as he arrived within sight of us. We knew that he had directed the movements of the previous evening, and we felt ready to embark in a still more dangerous contest under his guidance. On he came, riding at a moderate pace—his cap in his hand, and a smile upon his manly face. How glad we felt to see him among us now that a decisive battle would probably soon be fought! Little Mac, accompanied by his staff, rode over to the battery to see how things were going on.

At six o'clock we moved forward a few hundred paces; then taking a by-road we left the pike and moved toward the right. Half a mile from the pike we halted and took position in an orchard. Darkness came on, the batteries ceased to play, and we sought repose.

Next morning a dense fog hung over us and obscured everything from view. It was obvious that nothing would be done till the fog should disappear. The white veil hung heavily over us till near noon; then it began to move away. Still it was cloudy, and rain was even expected. The artillery fighting was resumed, and continued till near three o'clock. Then we began to move. We marched out the

road, crossed Antietam Creek, marched three-quarters of a mile, and halted for half an hour. All was still. That silence more dreadful than the battle of which it is ominous now reigned. We moved on half a mile further, then marched into a field on our left, where we formed close column of divisions. Then we advanced across several fields—our course nearly westward. Having gained the crest of a gentle slope, the head of the column wheeled to the left; I imagined the whole movement to be one intended to gain the flank of the enemy. I think, however, that the entire front of our army must have been changed that evening; at least the right and centre.

When our column turned to the left I observed that a general who did not belong to our division was directing the movements. As at one time he chanced to ride very near our regiment, I discovered, to my gratification, that it was McCLELLAN; and it led me to believe that the movement in progress was one of no little importance. Noble LITTLE MAC! How his very presence cheered us! The very mention of his name was sufficient to inspire us with a ready desire to meet the enemy; for when McCLELLAN was with us we knew that all would be well.

We were now marching toward a wood that skirted the field on the south side; on our right and on our left were corn-fields. When within two hundred yards of the wood a rebel battery opened upon us from a slight elevation beyond, and shot and shell began to fly about us in a way at once lively and disagreeable. We instantly deployed into line; while a battery took position in the corn-field on our right, another on our left, and a third, well supported, went forward and took position in the wood. They opened vigorously upon the rebels, when several additional rebel batteries joined in. Evening was now approaching.

We advanced to the margin of the wood and formed line of battle. A rebel battery far to the right opened a flank fire. The battle was terrible. Amid the storms of iron hail GENERAL McCLELLAN rode up to the battery in the corn-field on our right, and directed it to change its position in

order that it might play upon the rebel battery on our flank to greater advantage.

“Lie down!”

Such was the command that passed along the lines, shortly after, and I took a seat upon a stump that was near where I stood; for I thought I should be as safe in a sitting posture as in a horizontal one. Most of the boys stretched themselves upon the ground to avoid the missiles which were now being copiously rained about us. Just as I sat down, a large ragged fragment of a shell whizzed savagely past the top of my head, and struck the ground a few paces in rear with a fierce spat! It must have struck my head had I been a moment later in sitting down.

“Whew!” exclaimed Juggie, with an oath—he was a profane young man—“What if that had hit you!” Juggie had lain down near the stump.

“I suppose it would have killed me,” I replied; “but what if it had hit you with that great oath in your mouth? I tell you, Juggie, a man is mighty apt to get hit for swearing—you had better quit it.”

Whiz! bang! went a shell at that moment, bursting into fragments ten or fifteen feet above our heads.

“Je— or I forgot!” exclaimed Juggie. He had come very near swearing again.

Juggie was ill at ease; he could not help thinking now and then what a terrible thing it would be if one of those shells *should* chance to hit him.

The cannonading continued with great fury. Meantime, the musketry had opened on our left, with some fierceness. At half-past nine the firing ceased—all became quiet.

For four hours we had been exposed to the most terrific artillery fire. During all this time Captain Conner, having dismounted from his horse, was walking quietly to and fro in front of the regiment, regardless of the showers of shot and shell which were continually hurled upon us. When the firing ceased, I took off my knapsack, lay down, and slept.

Morning—the morning of the memorable Wednesday, the seventeenth of September—came. With the early gray of

dawn, the battle was resumed with artillery; and, as on the previous evening, the missiles from the enemy's guns came crashing through the belt of timber in our front, striking all around us. For half an hour this interesting process was carried on.

"Fall in! fall in!—By the right flank—*march!*"

It was the voice of General Meade. We arose and moved toward the right. When we had marched three hundred paces, the head of the line, directed by General Meade, began to break off in divisions, by the left flank; and we were soon marching in column of divisions toward the enemy. The head of column halted just at the edge of the wood, and we hurriedly closed *en masse*. The artillery fighting continued with all the violence of the previous evening. After half an hour, the column again moved forward; the front emerged from the wood.

I knew that we were going into battle; that it would prove to be a desperate one, I had no doubt. I felt that Lee was about to make a last desperate effort to maintain the foothold he had gained on the Maryland shore; and as McCLELLAN was equally determined to dislodge him, the conflict promised to be a terrible one. I examined my cartridge-box, and found it all right; it contained forty rounds. I examined my cap-box, and found *it* all right; it contained about half a pint of caps. Then I thought of the thirst under which a man labors in battle, and I looked to my canteen: to my chagrin, I found it *empty*. I had filled it on the previous afternoon just before we left our position in the orchard, and I could not account for the mysterious disappearance of the contents.

"Haman," said I, addressing my messmate, "I find that I have not a drop of water—have you any?"

"Yes—here, I'll divide with you," said the brave fellow; and as we were moving but slowly he began to pour some of the water from his canteen into mine.

"There, that's enough," I said.

"But you haven't half yet," he argued.

"I'll make it do, though."

The column moved slowly on, and we soon found ourselves

entirely clear of the wood, and moving directly toward a large corn-field.* Just in front of us, near the corn-field, there was a slight depression, on reaching which we hurriedly deployed into line. A battery took position upon a slight elevation behind us, and opened upon the rebels who occupied the corn-field. The rebel infantry suddenly opened upon us from the corn-field; the fight had commenced in earnest.

Presently Colonel Magilton, who sat calmly upon his horse near us, ordered our regiment to a small grove two hundred paces to our left, where a regiment of rebels were amusing themselves by picking off our artillerymen. We moved by the left flank, and I had an opportunity to look around. I saw General Meade sitting quietly upon his horse by the battery; he was calmly surveying the prospect in front through his spectacles, while the rebel bullets were spattering the ground at his horse's feet, and many, no doubt, singing about his ears. The brave Magilton, too, still sat tranquilly upon his horse in the very face of death.

As we neared the grove—it was at the corner of the field—a regiment of rebels, who had lain concealed among the tall corn, arose and poured upon us the most withering volley we had ever felt. Another and another followed, and a continuous rattle rent the air. We could not stop to reply—we could but hurry on. The slaughter was fearful; I never saw men fall so fast; I was obliged to step over them at every step. I saw Lieutenant Moth fall senseless to the ground—stunned by a spent ball. Poor Page fell dead; John Woodward, too, fell to the earth—a bullet buried in his brain. Putty Stewart, Jim Hasson, John Swearer, Dave Cease, Juggie, and a number of others fell wounded.

We reached the grove, and drove the rebels from it. They retired obliquely into the corn-field, keeping up a retreating fire. I observed, not thirty yards from me, two stout rebels assisting a wounded comrade from the field, supporting his fainting form between them. I could have

* The corn-field famous for being the scene of the desperate struggle between Hooker's corps and that of Longstreet.

killed one of them; their backs were presented toward me very temptingly. I was going to fire, but at that moment I heard the wounded man groan. I hesitated. Could I shoot one of the men who were bearing him away and allow him again to fall to the earth? I could not. I sought another mark; and seeing a rebel in the act of loading his gun just at the edge of the corn-field I fired at him.

I now saw a long line of rebels filing from a wood at the right and rear of the corn-field and coming upon the scene. They hurriedly marched by the right flank, which brought them toward those already in the corn-field. As we had driven the rebels entirely from the wood, we opened fire upon the yet far-off reinforcements. But they changed their course slightly by an oblique movement, and came to the aid of the rebel lines two hundred paces to our right.

Lieutenant Moth having been wounded, and assisted from the field by Sergeant Anawalt, and Lieutenant Cue having remained at Keedysville sick, I suddenly, for the first time, found myself in command of Company "D"—and in battle, too. I saw, however, that OUR BOYS did not stand in need of much commanding just then: they were doing very well—selecting their own positions, and firing at any rebels who presented the most tempting mark.

In order to gain a better view of the field, I stepped forward to the crest of a slight elevation, and stood by a small oak tree which I hoped would shield me from observation—it was too small to afford protection. From this point I had an excellent view of the rebel lines in the corn-field. I could distinctly see their colors. I saw that they were not aware of the position of our regiment—they were looking to the front—and it occurred to me that it would be a beautiful thing, in a military point of view, for us to open a flank fire upon them. I turned and called to OUR BOYS, beckoning at the same time, and they joined me. Will Hoffman and Charley Brawley stood beside me. At the same moment, Haman glided by us and took his position by a tree still farther toward the front. As he did so, a spent ball struck him on the ankle, and he fell; but he immediately sprang up, stood by his tree and proceeded to retaliate with great deliberation.

"Boys," said I to Will and Charley, "do you see those rebels?"

"Is that their line?"

"Yes."

"So close as that?"

"Yes—don't you see their flag? And look! See how they are peppering away at our fellows on the right! Fire away, boys! WHO WILL BE THE FIRST TO BRING DOWN THAT FLAG!"

Without further ado, we went to work. I aimed every shot at the point over which the flag waved; at every fire I looked eagerly to see it fall.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WOUNDED.

I HAD fired a dozen rounds at the rebel flag, when I suddenly became conscious of a most singular and unpleasant feeling in my left leg. I was in the act of ramming down a ball at the time, and I would have finished, but my left foot, of its own accord, raised from the ground, a benumbing sensation ran through my leg, and I felt the hot blood streaming down my thigh. The truth flashed upon me—I *was wounded*. I could not yet tell where the ball had struck me, but on looking down I perceived, by a small round hole in my pantaloons, that I was shot in the thigh about three inches below the hip-joint. It was plain that the bone was broken; the contracting of the muscles had shortened the limb, and raised the foot from the ground.

"Boys, I—I—I'm shot!" I said.

Brawley and Hoffman looked seriously into my face.

"Where?" they asked, in a breath.

"Here." And I pointed to the perforation which the bullet had made.

They took hold of my arms.

"Let me fire this charge yet," I said.

I endeavored to ram the ball home, but I grew weak and faint, my head became dizzy, and a mist obscured my eyesight.

"Boys, I—I—can't make it," I said; and I leaned my rifle against the small tree by which we stood.

"We must carry him away, Brawley," said Hoffman.

"Certainly!" replied Charley; and they supported me between them.

"Wait a moment," I said—I felt my strength fast leaving me—and I threw off my haversack, canteen, and knapsack.

The cartridge-box remained. I hesitated: I thought of some stamped envelopes which I carried therein. Would I throw it off and lose them? Yes; perhaps I should never need them—and off it went. While ridding myself of these incumbrances, I had been standing on my right leg.

"Now, boys."

Supporting my whole weight between them, my brave comrades moved slowly toward the rear. My left leg hung powerless, my foot dragged upon the ground, and I felt the shattered pieces of bone grinding together. The pain thus caused was so acute that I grew deathly sick, everything faded from my sight, and sense left me. But I soon awoke. Where was I? I could not at once recall my scattered senses. The rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery sounded familiarly in my ear, and I soon remembered what had happened. My comrades had laid me down, and were standing anxiously over me; they feared that I was dead. When I opened my eyes they were much relieved, and I was asked—

"How do you feel? are you in much pain?"

"No—not—m—oh! oh!"

"Let us place him on this blanket," suggested Charley, and he picked up a blanket that lay near.

"Yes, we can carry him better on that, and—here, let us get those two fellows to help."

They called to two men who had just carried a wounded comrade from the field and were returning to the fight. They

assisted, and I was soon laid on the blanket. Then, each seizing a corner of the blanket, they moved slowly toward the rear. The pain caused by every motion was terrible; I had never experienced anything worthy of being compared with it.

As yet we were scarcely fifty paces from our line of battle, and many a bullet flying over the heads of OUR BOYS followed us, striking the ground and throwing up the dust about us, plainly manifesting that they had no respect for a wounded man. I was carried directly through the strip of woods near which we had lain on the previous evening and during the night. Just in the rear of this wood stood a number of ambulances ready to convey wounded men from the field. I was placed in one—a *one-horse one*—another sufferer was placed beside me, and the jumping, jostling, springing, shaking, quaking vehicle moved off. I opened conversation with my companion in misery.

“Where—are—you (oh! oh!) wounded?” I asked, as the ambulance went plunging along.

“In the side—oh!” he exclaimed, as it gave a sudden leap. Then he asked—

“Where are you wo—oh!”

“In the—oh, dear—leg—thigh—oh!”

“Partners,” interrupted the driver, at that moment, “we are about to go over a little rough place now, but we’ll soon be over it.”

“What kind of a rough—”

“Oh, it’s only a little corn-field.”

The ambulance now began to go over the ridges of the corn-field, and it made such a succession of starts and knocked me about so alarmingly, that I really wondered that the wounded limb stayed on at all. My companion groaned in agony.

At last the vehicle came to a stand-still, and we were lifted out and laid down in front of a barn. Many wounded were lying in and around the barn. Some one very near me uttered a deep, agonizing, heart-felt groan; and, turning my head in the direction, I beheld Juggie lying prostrate upon the ground—pale as death, and his clothes sprinkled here and there with blood.

"Juggie, is that you?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!"

"Where are you wounded?"

"Through and through! Oh! oh!" and he pointed to a bullet-hole in his right side.

A youthful surgeon was passing at that moment; and I requested him to look at my wound.

"In one moment," said he, passing into the barn.

After the lapse of a hundred times "one moment," he returned, made a slight examination of my wound, and said—

"Oh that's—a—a—the—"

"The what?"

"The bone is all smashed, and—"

"And what?"

"Why, I expect—*that leg will have to come off.*"

"WHAT!"

"I'm afraid that—here's the bullet that struck you!" and he produced that interesting article, having taken it from my drawers, where it had lodged after passing through my thigh; it was much bruised, but I could make out that it was an ounce minie ball.

I took the ball—what a consolation! and put it into the pocket of my blouse, but afterward lost it.

"Do you really think there is any probability of amputation being necessary?" I asked.

"It is almost *certain*," and he again passed into the barn.

Oh, horror! could it be so? Must I lose my leg? *I?* I would not—I could not reconcile myself to it. The surgeon was a young man—perhaps he didn't know.

About this time, our boys in front began to give way. The fighting came nearer and nearer, and a shell or two came flying over the barn. It was decided to remove the wounded, if possible, and I was placed, with several others, in a two-horse ambulance. After a ride of twenty minutes the vehicle stopped, and we were lifted out and laid upon the ground near a small school-house. Within this little building, the work of amputation was going on. It was a kind of field hospital. The surgeon-in-charge came out after half an hour, and I asked him what he thought of my

wound. He examined it, and very coolly and indifferently said:—

“I’ll have to take that leg off for you after a while, but I hav’n’t time just now—there are so many cases on hand, you know.”

I assured him that I could wait; and he left me and returned to his work.

It was near evening when my turn came. I had lain during the whole afternoon without the school-house, listening to the horrible screams which came from within, and occasionally, to kill time, gazing upon a heap of men’s arms and legs which lay piled up against the side of the house. The sound of the battle could still be heard.

But to be brief.

I was carried into the school-house, and laid upon the operating table.

“Tell me, doctor,” I said, earnestly, “*must* my leg be amputated?”

He coolly thrust his finger into the wound, and felt the pieces of shattered bone.

“That bone,” said he, “is shivered all to pieces; and if you value your life—”

“Can my life be saved only by—”

“Yes, and even then I doubt—I—” He hesitated.

“You think it a doubtful case, even then?”

“Yes.”

I said no more; chloroform was administered, I sank into unconsciousness; and when I awoke—it was all over.

* * * * *

’Tis enough. I will not tax the reader’s patience by a recital of my subsequent sufferings. I will not detail the circumstances connected with the autumn and winter which followed. I will not tell how I lay for weeks in an old barn near Antietam Creek, neglected for days at a time by those who called themselves “surgeons”—“doctors.” I will not ask the reader to accompany me to that miserable institution called “Smoketown Hospital,” where I lay in a tent, without fire, during the greater part of the winter, suffering from cold, hunger, and neglect. Ah, reader, the hardships and sufferings

connected with the campaign are not to be compared with those I experienced in the hospital! Yet such are many of our hospitals. Ye who sleep on your beds of down, ye who gather around your tables covered with plenty, ye who are free from pain, from hunger, from danger—how little do ye know, how little imagine, of the misery that reigns in our far-off hospitals! You may have brothers there—fathers, sons, husbands, lovers—none to whisper a kind word to them, to soothe the aching heart! No!

“The rude oath and the heartless jeer
Fall ever on the loathing ear.”

There are doctors there—*doctors*; but what kind of men are they generally? Do *they* care for the sufferer? No! All they care for is *money*!

Ah, were it not that the days of miracles are past, 'twould be strange that fire falls not from heaven to consume a few thousands—not only of army surgeons, but also of others, who care not how long the work of death goes on, that they may fill their pockets!

But, as GOD is just, a day—a terrible day of vengeance will come, when many now glorying in wealth and renown, the proceeds of torture and blood, will cry in agony unto the rocks, “FALL ON US!” and unto the hills, “COVER US!”

CHAPTER XL.

C O N C L U S I O N .

THE EIGHTH is no more. The PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES are disbanded, and those left of them have returned to their homes.

Reader, have you felt interested in the fortunes of OUR BOYS, and have you patiently watched their progress as you read this narrative? If so, a word in conclusion may not be inappropriate.

The officers of our division would demand a few remarks; but history will tell you of them. History records no brighter deeds than those of McCall, Reynolds, Meade, Ord, Magilton, McCandless, Hayes, Simmons, Woolworth, Sickels, and others. Were I an historian I would ask no prouder names wherewith to adorn my pages.

Major Bailey became colonel of the Eighth; Captain Lemon, lieutenant-colonel; and Captain Gallop, major.

Captain Conner resigned his commission in consequence of ill health, but has since won his way to distinction in the Western Army.

Lieutenant Cue became captain of Company "D."

Lieutenant Moth was killed in the battle of Fredericksburg.

Sergeant Graham returned to the regiment, and was commissioned adjutant.

My brave messmates are still alive.

Dick and Haman became non-commissioned officers—the former being first-sergeant at the time the regiment was mustered out. Jim refused to accept any position—he resolutely adhered to his fife.

Gaskill is still alive. No bullet was ever made to kill *him*.

Dave Winder recovered from his fracture, re-enlisted, and entered the army in West Virginia.

Hare, Maythorn, and Smith are still alive. Underwood deserted.

Cease recovered from his wounds. His *morals* are unimpaired; for, to this day, he has never been known to speak the truth.

Dennis—brave fellow—passed unhurt through many battles, and at last fell a victim to disease. He sleeps in a quiet churchyard on the banks of the Monongahela; and the snow-white stones that mark his resting-place can be seen by travellers as the boats glide up and down the smooth stream.

Others whom I have not mentioned—though no less worthy of notice—have died of disease; but many more lie buried where they fell. The soil of Virginia and Maryland covers them, and green as ever is the sod above them. Yes, they

are scattered over the fields of Cold Harbor, Glendale, Beaver Dam, South Mountain, Antietam, Gettysburg, Fredericksburg, and the Wilderness of Spottsylvania, where friend and foe

“In one red burial blent”

lie wrapped in the sleep that knows no earthly waking—the sleep that will only be broken when the last trump shall wake the slumberers to new life in a land whose bright and happy skies are never veiled in the storm-clouds of war, and a land where the shriek of the shell and the whistle of the bullet are never heard.

THE END.

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