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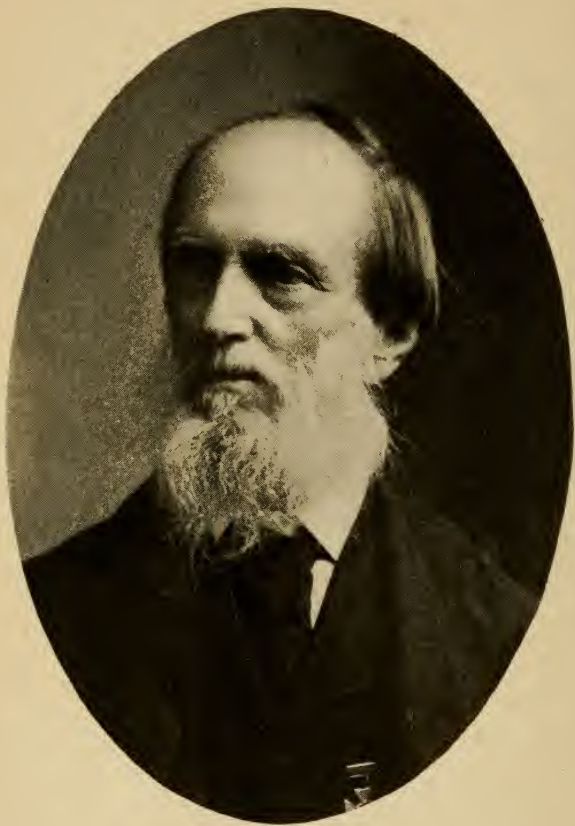
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Yours Very Truly,
John B. Beall

IN BARRACK AND FIELD

POEMS AND SKETCHES OF
ARMY LIFE

BY LIEUT. COL. JOHN B. BEALL

IN THREE PARTS

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PART I.

POEMS.

WITH few exceptions the verses here presented are the spontaneous expressions in varying moods of some of the passing or cherished fancies, aspirations, or thoughts that have marked the different phases from youth to age of a mind prone to revery rather than the studied efforts of one striving to contribute to the treasures of poesy with which the genius of the time has enriched our literature.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

ON the border of a valley
Where the Tallapoosa glides,
Where the placid hush of nature
In the forest shadow bides—
There, by wood and glen surrounded,
Deeply hidden in the shade,
A rustic homestead, ancient founded,
Rears its unpretending head.

Peacefully the night is closing,
Closing softly o'er the scene,
And saddened hearts, in peace reposing,
Dream of joys that once have been.

But in that wood-embowered cot
One there is, who dreameth not ;
Unto the widow's God a prayer
Is rising through the silent air ;
Angel pinions bear it heavenward,
Angel hands record it there.

“O God, thou hast been good to me,
And every blessing thou hast given ;
My love, my life I owe to thee,
But grant me this, O God of heaven :
That he, my young, my wayward son,
Now gone to mingle in the fight,
The struggle of his life begun,
May ever tread the path of right.

Guide him, O God, in honor's way,
Shield him from the treacherous foe,
And teach his erring heart to pray
And look to thee in every woe.
To thee, O God of Israel's king,
Son of the holy virgin bride,
O bend his early faith to cling,
And let his hope in thee abide.

And O forgive, forgive the pang
That rends a mother's anxious heart!
Thou knowest the anguish throes that hang
Around the hour when loved ones part."

Thus she prays, and faith, new-springing,
Bears the burden of her soul
Up to Him whose praises, ringing,
Sound while endless ages roll.

A VISION.

[In compliment to a comrade who was teaching a night school at the Post Chapel.]

As I went ganging t'other night
Out o'er the way, I cared not where,
Hoping to banish from my sight
The visage of a pressing care,
I met as queer a looking wight
As it has been my lot to see:
A sooty form, with horns bedight,
And glowering brow, confronting me.

I gazed a moment in his eyes,
Still thinking whether it were wise
To turn about and flee instanter,
As once the luckless Tam O'Shanter.
For surely, if the rhyiming chiel,
The "ram-stam bard" of Caledonia,
Hath spoken right, it is the "De'il,"
"Auld Nick" himself, that stands before me.

While yet I stood and gazed in wonder,
"Fear not," he said, "for, though, by thunder,
You have many a wile and trick
To make your conscience chime and click,
I shall not worry,
For that I'm sure of at the nick
Requires no hurry.
So, if you wish to gang this way
And end the labors of the day
With social chat or other plan
That meets my views, then I'm your man;
Or come along,
An' if it please you more, I can
E'en sing a song."

"Auld Cloutie" spake with such a smile,
And, smiling, bowed with such a grace,
That, though I knew his garb the while,
I doubted I'd mista'en his face;
Such holy frown!
I've seen its like in other place
O'er surplice gown.

“I will,” he said, “confide to you
A secret grief of mine or two.
Things are working famous well
For my dominions down—below ;
 Envy and Hate
Are sailing high, with fleets in tow
 Of glorious freight.

And Pride is doing noble work,
For he is bold, and scorns to shirk,
Making in front the main attack,
While sneaking Malice, at his back,
 Brings up the rear,
And Flattery assails the flank,
 And wounds the ear.

And Love of Gain is fighting hard,
With faro and the faithful card ;
For winners feel a sweet alloy,
Which I have taught them to enjoy
 As real pleasure,
While losers envy them the cloy
 Of ill-got treasure.

Old Tenpin too is faithful still,
And serves me with a right good will ;
'Tis vain that laws and judges fret,
He lures new victims to my net,
 And aids the bar
To bring a greater cargo yet
 Than Hate or War.

All these things, both far and near,
Are working well, and even here;
But lately I've been sorely tried
To see my power here defied
 And spit at, too,
By one whom I imagined tied
 As hard as you.

This Dutchman Reeder, with his school,
Teaching to work and live by rule,
Will cut more ties that I have bound
And set more thoughts to floating round,
 Of good intent,
Than Parson B. hath ever found
 His sermons lent."

'Tis true, I thought, and made a vow
I'd sometime tell friend Reeder how
"Auld Nick" regards his glorious work,
And how it makes him wince and jerk
 When we do well;
Then homeward turned, and bade good night.
He did the same, and took his flight
 Off straight to sheol.

Fort Washita, Ind. T., 1859.

CALLED BACK.

[Impromptu in self-defense, the "Little Maiden" whom I had unwittingly offended having gone and left me to the mercy of her friends of my household]

DEAR MYRTIE, come back,
And don't go in a huff,
Though I frankly admit
That my manner was rough.

IN BARRACK AND FIELD.

Little maiden, so witching,
Don't make such a pother ;
Can't I hold fast to one
Without losing the other ?
You've made the house brighter,
Your presence became
As the light of the moon
In her orient flame ;
But since you have fled,
'Tis the moon in her wane
And we sigh for your sweet,
Quiet presence again.

What if Mary remain,
If the light is gone out
That shone so around us
When Myrt was about ?

It is dismal and dark,
And I humbly declare
I'm afraid they'll eradicate
All of my hair.

So come, little maiden,
As quick as you can ;
If you don't, odds zounds !
I'm a baldheaded man.

LITTLE BLANCHE.

LITTLE BLANCHE, with eyes of gray,
How sweet thy baby prattle,
Laughing all the hours away,
Nor dreaming of life's battle !

O, charming is the spring of life,
In sunny ripples flowing;
Naught of the painful, anxious strife,
Nor tears nor anguish knowing.

Thy sparkling eyes have no deceit,
Thy love is all unfeigning;
Truth in thy heart holds fast her seat,
No rival with her reigning.

Men barter favor for a price,
And bend to wealth and power;
Even woman smiles on gilded vice
In banquet hall and bower.

But thou, my Blanche, so pure thy heart,
An angel's were no purer;
Thy tongue hath neither guile nor art,
And Truth can be no truer.

AS THE CROWD GOES.

"He's a genius," so they said,
And they passed on th' other side—
Passed him with his load of care,
All his weary weight of care,
Heedless though it press him down;
But the whisper still went round,
"He's a genius."

"He's a blockhead," so they say,
But they cringe to catch the ray
Of his smile; low they bow,
And in his train they follow now,

For he's very rich, you know ;
So the crowds all fawning go,
But, even as they fawn, they know
"He's a blockhead."

NA-LI-TAH.

O, LOVELY Chickasaw maid,
If thou wilt fly with me—
Fly to some distant isle
In some enchanted sea—
Thy gentle spirit's love,
A priceless boon to me,
Is all my heart shall crave ;
Then come, O come to me !

Thine eyes my heaven shall be
And Love shall ever smile
On thee, and thou on me,
In that enchanted isle,
Away in the open sea,
The opalescent sea.

There Love and you and me,
And Fairies with us three,
Shall find the Houri's heaven,
Where the silver lutes of day
And the golden harps of even
Awaken music's spell
And fill each shadowy dell
With notes of joyous glee,
In that enchanted isle,
That isle of the summer sea.

IN BARRACK AND FIELD.

Sweet Philomel shall trill
Harmonia's sweetest air
For thee, for thee, my fair,
And every golden rill
Will pause to get thy kiss,
Then laugh and sing its bliss
And tell it to the flowers,
That only bloom for thee
In our enchanted isle
Of the peaceful, moonlit sea.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME.

SECURE from vernal showers that fall around,
Beneath the canvas roof I lay me down,
While flitting pictures pass in swift review,
Which Fancy paints, in ever-varying hue.

With musings fond, on scenes of other years,
With swelling heart, or unregarded tears,
Where Caha's stream, mid oaken groves along,
Finds out her devious way, I raise my song.
I strike no harp that bards of old have strung,
When scenes of strife in epic phrase they sung;
Far dearer themes, in humbler song, I bring—
A new-fledged muse must touch a simple string.
The farmer's hearty joys, his griefs, though few,
The scenes 'mong which my early friendships grew,
Where easy toil content and health do bring—
These scenes I love, and 'tis of these I sing.

O'er plains "expanding to the skies" I roam,
 Away from parent, friends, and early home,
 Unfriended, toiling in the world's great-mart,
 With oft a cheerless, oft a heavy heart.
 But now a dewdrop, sparkling in the sun,
 The music of a laughing brooklet's run,
 A ray of sunshine, or the pattering rain,
 Restores the past and brightens all the plain.
 Unwonted smiles now kindle up once more,
 Unwonted sighs the treasured past deplore.

"Look forward—hope," some friendly mentor cries ;
 I look, but scarce does Expectation rise,
 Ere Disappointment, with his surly train,
 Obscures the view and sinks my heart again.
 A murky night lies out before my mind,
 A glorious light illumines all behind.
 Then, since the Future thus withholds her charms,
 I turn again to Memory's willing arms ;
 Each bygone pleasure in her eyes I'll trace,
 And feel the rapture of her dear embrace.

The wood-crowned hills again I wander o'er,
 The sunny glades, the brooklet's pebbled shore,
 Where, in my youth, with Mary oft I strayed,
 Or, lonely, sought the ivy's grateful shade ;
 The broad fields too, where erst a cheerful band
 The harvest gathered, of a generous land.

What fragrant flowers there bloomed around us then !
 How cool the spring that gurgled in the glen !
 There, with a zest that only labor feels,
 We paused to rest and share the noontide meals ;

IN BARRACK AND FIELD.

At evening then, with many a rustic song,
We hastened home, through wooded shades along.
To bin the grain the summer's sun had dried—
The full, plump grain, a farmer's special pride ;
To feed the flocks or drive the "lowing herd."
Zealous to win the sire's approving word.
And well we knew that many a cheering smile,
The rich reward of daily finished toil,
Would greet us when, with hearty, manful tone,
The elder told how well our work was done.

Paternal smile! My childhood's dearest boon!
So loved, so cherished, lost to me so soon!
How vividly warm fancy brings to mind
That brow! There love and reverence sat enshrined ;
There God had written, with a stainless pen,
Each manly virtue that the angels ken.

And one yet dearer to my infant soul,
Whose eye would kindle, if my praise were told ;
Whose heart, indignant, would repel the shame,
If aught reflected on my spotless name.
A brow where meekness and affection blend,
A heart, whose love nor time nor death can bend.
The seat of every Christian grace and worth,
And only waiting heaven while serving earth.

Delightful memory! Scenes forever past!
Sweet, fleeting hours, when joys, too bright to last,
Filled each dear heart that, round the homely hearth,
Warmed with delight to see the other's mirth!
Grim-visaged Care groaned in the winds without,
Nor marred the picture that affection wrought.

The arts refined, that wealth contrives for show—
We knew not these, nor ever wished to know.
Nor Latin puns nor Grecian games we knew :
For glowing thoughts electric language flew,
While every thought an answering current found,
And circling smiles with hearty glee went round,
Happy to see a mother's care beguiled,
And all most happy when our father smiled,
To warm our hearts, we wanted not the fire
Of Virgil's genius, nor of Ovid's lyre.

"MORE LIGHT."

WITH little joy and much of woe,
The fitting seasons come and go,
While sinks the sun of hope so low
 I scarce can see
Its light upon the distant shore.

O blessed light, across the sea,
Send once again thy rays to me!
Beam out upon my trackless way—
 I scarce can see,
Amid the storm, thy cheering ray.

The waves run high, dark is the hour ;
O Watchman, from thy beacon tower,
Thy lifeboat launch ; I sink, I fail !
 I scarce can see
Thy glimmering light, I am so frail.

Take courage, soul, fear thou no harm ;
A cross looms upward o'er the storm,
And one is walking on the wave—
 Look up and see—
Who reaches forth his hand to save.

MY JEWELS.

THESE are they whom, in my youthful prime,
I cherished with a pleasing care,
Rejoicing fondly in the hope that Time
 Would crown their lives wi' fortune fair.

With diligence I strove, and courage too,
That, whatsoever else might come,
Their hearts all pure and ever sweet and true,
 Their smiles should light and bless our home.

They leaned upon me then, and in my smile
 Found that which made their young hearts glad ;
With sorrow drooped, and tearful eye, the while
 They saw me sorrowful or sad.

They leaned on me. But now since years have flown,
 Of strength bereft, I on them lean,
As onward toward life's evening horizon
 I gently go, with soul serene.

The threshold of my cot, with careful skill,
 They guard, and by love's pleasing art
Shut out the care—the soul-benumbing chill
 That else might touch and scathe my heart.

Even crowns I may despise, and jewels fair ;
These but reflect a borrowed light :
Mine have a light within, their own, most rare,
God-given, that shines in darkest night.

CAN I FORGET?

CAN I forget their tenderness,
And shall my soul e'er cease to bless
The hands that held, o'erflowing, free,
Love's sparkling, foaming cup to me?

Forget the smiles that, on life's way,
With hope lit up the darkest day?
Nay, nay ; though far I wander yet,
Their smiles nor tears will I forget.

A VETERAN'S MUSINGS: AN OLD TREE.

UPON the plain there stands an oak,
Whose limbs, half lopped away,
Have stood the blast of ruthless storms
Through many a wintry day.

Erst on his spreading branches grew
A wealth of foliage green,
And wood nymphs often sported there,
Beneath the shadowy screen.

But as the years grew on apace
And, one by one apart,
The ruthless winds bore off his limbs,
Age gan to chill his heart.

IN BARRACK AND FIELD.

His foliage gone, his breast left bare
To Winter's icy blasts,
With Summer's heat and saddening rain,
Decay is hastening fast.

But here a sturdy sapling stands,
And here some others spring,
Upon whose boughs young birdlings come
And to the old tree sing.

Their arms inclasp the wasted form,
Their youthful fires impart
Good cheer that sets the sap aflow
And warms the aged heart.

TREASURE.

"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

IN hearts that feel an answering pain
My lightest griefs awake again
Sweet sympathies, that might have slept
While youth and joy gay revel kept.

Though Time obtrude his misty screen
Of years, and deserts spread between,
Nor doubt nor fear shall vex my heart;
I cannot feel from these apart.

So nigh in spirit they, when gone,
The power of love shall linger on
In lands remote, and on my brow
I'll feel the touch that soothes me now.

And I shall greet them oft again,
Where'er, on sea or inland plain,
Or here or there, my feet may rove—
Space cannot part the souls that love.

Warm fancy shall the winds outrace
To catch the beam of Love's dear face;
Nor sea, nor mist, nor mountain high
Shall hide the loved one from Love's eye.

FOR YOU.

Look up! The cross is raised on high,
A beacon sure and true;
Behold the Christ, the Saviour, die!
That cross was reared for you.

For you, for you, a beacon forever,
Shining forever for you.

Lo, darkness veils, as with a shroud,
The sky's ethereal blue;
Hark! 'tis the Lord, in anguish loud,
" 'Tis finished," all for you.

Th' atonement is complete for all,
The veil is rent in two,
The power of Love has pierced the pall,
Love lights the way for you.

Press onward now, nor longer grope,
His hand will lead you through;
Beyond the gloom His star of hope
Is shining still for you.

TO MY NIECE, NANNIE. (*Aged Five.*)

LITTLE Nannie, gentle Nannie,
Bright are all your smiles to-day,
As your sober, earnest childhood
Glideth sweetly on its way.

Gentle-hearted little Nannie,
When I hear your guileless tongue
Prattling now, so sage and earnest
For a child in years so young,

Often think I of the sorrows
Which the charms of youth dispel,
And to Him my heart commends thee—
Him who "doeth all things well."

Loving Nannie, angels tend thee
As thy childhood glides away,
And may angels still defend thee
When life's sorrows cloud thy way!

May the innocence that lends thee
Half the charms that deck thy brow
Ever win thee earnest blessings,
As it wins my blessing now!

Fort Washita, Ind. T., 1859.

BEREAVED.

IN our hearts we have hidden our sorrow,
While we nerve us again for the strife
That cometh again with to-morrow—
The old, old struggle of life.

IN BARRACK AND FIELD.

God help us! The struggle's a hard one,
And fain would we pause for a while,
Till the tears of our anguish have fallen,
Ere we turn to the world with a smile.

But Fate hath not favored or blessed us
With Fortune's beneficent smile;
Of our jewels her mandate bereft us,
Her fiat remands us to toil.

The winds of the desert are scorching,
Our burden is heavy and sore,
And we sigh for the rest that is promised,
Where sorrow and death are no more.

TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

WHERE heavenly pastures spread their living green
And waters still reflect a golden sheen,
Where every breeze ambrosial incense bears
And God's own hand shall wipe away all tears—
Within the shadow of that tree which grows
Hard by the stream that ever constant flows
Out from Jehovah's throne, a crystal flood,
Life-giving unto all that come to God—
Our buds, earth-blighted, bloom in beauty now,
Surpassing all that mortal life can know;
From grief, from pain, from all heart anguish free,
Their souls enlarged with one great ecstasy,
That beautifies all things above, below,
With the soft light of heaven's radiant glow.

Ah me, it were a fancy sweet to think
 That, while they bask upon the river's brink,
 Enraptured, scanning all the heavenly scene,
 Some ray of earth across their sight may gleam—
 That they may wish us there to share their bliss,
 Or sigh again to give the filial kiss:
 As one who lingers in some brilliant throng
 When gayety and gladness rule the hour,
 And finds that beauty, wit, and joyous song,
 To charm his soul, have lost their wonted power;
 Because, amid the concourse gathered there,
 The one is wanting to his soul most dear.

But thus to sigh is not for those who stand
 Amid celestial scenes, a white-robed band,
 Around the throne of Him whose glory gilds
 The walls of heaven, and all the distance fills;
 And fills with ecstasy the wondering soul,
 That one drop more would break the crystal bowl.

And yet, at moments when life's sky is dark,
 My spirit, sinking, overwhelmed with care,
 With anguish wrung, and when Hope's quivering ark
 Seems driving on a sea of keen despair,
 Their presence seemeth often strangely near,
 And hands unseen dry up the starting tear,
 While Spirit breathings move the silent air
 And to my soul unfold a region fair,
 Where God will to our longing arms restore
 Our precious ones, and we shall part no more.

HELP ME, LEST I DRIFT AWAY.

WHENEVER, in life's busy mart,
Pursuits of gain engage my heart,
Or aspirations move my soul
To strive for any earthly goal,
Lord, guide me, lest I go astray ;
Help me, lest I drift away.

If Fortune smiles and friends are kind,
And o'er life's sea fair blows the wind,
Let not my soul be touched with pride,
But draw me nearer to thy side ;
Be thou my anchor, thou my stay ;
Help me, lest I drift away.

If poverty my lot attend
With grievous ills I cannot mend ;
If friends, afloat on fortune's tide,
Pass by me on the other side—
Be thou my comfort and my stay ;
Help me, lest I drift away.

Pour on my soul the oil of grace,
Lend fire from thy holy place
To warm this faltering, fearful heart ;
Let me not drift from thee apart ;
O Lord, my Lord, be thou my stay ;
Help me, lest I drift away.

When stirs the heart with painful thrill,
Shrinking from some threatened ill,
While Mercy, veiled, seems yet afar,

IN BARRACK AND FIELD.

And hope my anxious fears debar,
Give grace my fainting faith to stay ;
Help me, lest I drift away.

Whate'er my lot, whate'er betide,
With Jesus let me still abide ;
Safe in his love, however frail,
Whate'er temptation shall assail,
With trustful prayer, from day to day,
I know I cannot drift away.

THE WILLOW AND THE OAK.

(Matt. xxiii. 13; v. 3-5; Rom. x. 13.)

I SAW, when the winds swept over the mead,
The willow that stands by the brook,
Bending low as, with pitiless force, the storm
Threw down the unbending oak.

The storm had passed by, the willow uprose,
Her branches in beauty outspread ;
But the monarch of trees, in his pride cast down,
Lay prone on the earth and dead.

O Christian, look up, life's storms will soon pass ;
Rejoice, ye with sorrow low bowed ;
Our Lord in his hand holds the lightning shaft,
His smile is behind the cloud.

The mists and the gloom of the storm pass by ;
Sit still and await on the Lord ;
He heareth, he heedeth the voice of your cry ;
Rest thou in the strength of his word.

IN BARRACK AND FIELD.

And thou, who art proud, O turn ye in time,
Nor fall as the desolate tree;
God's mercy, his infinite love, is thine,
Awaiting, inviting thee.

THE RIVER AND THE TREE.

"And on either side of the river was there the tree of life." (Rev. xxii. 2.)

Is the path of life so rough and steep
That you long for rest and the peaceful sleep,
The promised rest, the journey o'er,
And greetings sweet on the other shore?

Beyond the mists essay your flight,
For there is the land of glorious light,
And the beautiful river is there, is there;
The tree and the river of life are there.

See, just over yon mountain high,
Shimmering on the upvaulted sky,
The glow of the river's silvery sheen,
The waters still and the pastures green.

On, up the rugged and stormy height,
On, on, though darker grow the night,
Press on to the beautiful river of life,
Eternal peace and rest from strife.

Lay all your burden upon the Lord;
Anchor your soul upon his word;
Believing, trusting every day,
His loving hand will smooth the way.

READY.

"Be ye also ready."

READY? Yes, ready and willing to go ;
Keep me, O Father, keep me so,
By the strong support of thy wonderful grace ;
By the holy light of thy kingly face,
O light my path, as it windeth low
In ways of sorrow and human woe.

And when the labor of life is done,
When the weary race hath all been run,
Then take me, O Father, into thy rest
And crown thy pilgrim among the blest.

Willing? Yes, willing to suffer and bear
Toil and pain and all the care
That thou, in thy wisdom, may command,
Leaning, O Father, on thy right hand ;
Meekly, through life's allotted years,
Meeting the ills that time will bring,
Till, ending the winter of sorrow and tears,
I sleep, and awake to eternal spring.

A VETERAN'S FANCIES.

At times I fancy that, not far away,
Beyond a mystic river, I can see
Fair hills illumed with more than golden ray,
And hear in air a heavenly symphony :

Breezes soft, across the valley coming,
Incense-laden. Daylight gently fading,
Vesper spirits whisper in the gloaming,
Ever unto rest and peace persuading.

IN BARRACK AND FIELD.

As evening shadows, creeping toward the west,
Life's twilight mists now slowly round me gather,
Night's myriad voices call my soul to rest,
Whispering: "Weary pilgrim, strive no further.

Rest from thy weary groping and the moil
Of wearing thought. What matter if thy years
Have brought thee less of triumph than of toil?
Or less of pleasure than of cause for tears?

The bivouac fires, upon yon heights ablaze,
Mark well the way, as star-bestudded skies,
Across the mystic vale, beyond life's maze,
And there, behold! the land of Beulah lies."

TO FANNIE.

WHAT thought that with magical power shall enshrine
A tribute of friendship, enduring and rare;
What wreath can I weave that is meet to entwine
A brow yet untouched by the finger of Care?

Were it cruel, O maiden, to whisper just now,
While the path that you tread is with roses all
strewn,

What shadows may fall on that joy-lighted brow
When the roses have withered and springtime hath
flown?

Yet, believe me, 'tis well, while life's morn is shining,
To think of the shadows that evening will bring—
That when Care shall touch thee he bring no repining,
Nor mingle remorse in the tears he shall wring.

The flowers that blush in the dews of the morning
May wilt in the noontide's shimmering rays ;
Yet their beauty, though brief, is the landscape's
adorning,
And the fragrance they yield is the incense of praise.

And thus may thy life, all devoted to duty,
As the flowers in sweetness, not like them to fade,
Thy spirit unfolding all graces of beauty,
Shed blessings along where thy pathway shall lead.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

(Psalm cxxx.)

OUT of the depths, O Lord, my God,
I, helpless, cry to thee ;
Hear thou my humble, suppliant word
And still attentive be.

If thou, O Lord, should sternly mark
The heart's iniquity,
O who shall stand when troubles dark
O'erhang life's stormy sea ?

But, that thou may'st be ever feared,
Forgiveness is with thee ;
My soul waits for the living Lord ;
Unto his word I flee.

Far more than they that anxious watch
For morning's rising hour,
My waiting soul doth long to catch
The spirit of his power.

Let Israel hope, my God, in thee,
For thou hast mercy still;
And plenteous grace, redemption free,
Attend upon thy will.

He shall from all iniquity
Redeem his Israel's host,
Give crowns of glory to the free,
Salvation to the lost.

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

(Gal. v. 22, 23.)

[Suggested by a sermon of Rev. W. J. Stewart, pastor of the Centennial Baptist Church.]

SPIRIT of God, thy fruit is *Love*,
Rejoicing in the truth.
It faileth not in hoary age;
It glows in tender youth.

In human hearts a holy *joy*
Thy gracious planting yields,
And peace divine, without alloy,
As flowers in sunny fields.

Long-suffering, gentleness, and faith,
Thy touch awakes to life;
Suppresses envy, malice, wrath,
And stills the mental strife.

Goodness, meekness, temperance
From thy sweet influence spring;
Let Christians all their powers advance
Thy worthy praise to sing.

O, Holy Spirit, come this hour ;
Thy warming presence give ;
Let all hearts feel thy moving power ;
Bide with us while we live.

OLIVE.

A MESSENGER from Paradise

She came, enrobed in beauty rare,
With light that shone from heavenly eyes,
Commingling blessings with our care,
And bearing, in her graceful mien,
The sweetness of her native air.

As some refreshing eastern breeze,
O'er a parched desert sweeping,
From far-off groves of orange trees,
Unto a pilgrim, faint and weeping
O'er hopes about to perish there,
Long-cherished ending in despair,
Brings back departing life to breathe
The ambrosial incense, and to dream
Of fields celestial, where the wreath
Of ever-blooming flowers shall gleam
Upon the brow of the redeemed ;
So she, when sorrow's blasting power,
Like desert sun with red heat glowing,
Checked the bloom of Hope's young flower
Within our hearts then freshly blowing—
She came, like morn's refreshing dew,
With heart so warm, with soul so true,
Her very presence spoke of heaven ;

And hope revived, life's charms returned,
All soul-depressing clouds were riven ;
High aims, unto despair long given,
By her inspired, with new life burned,
And every one beheld life's sky,
As painted on her soul-lit eye,
Or there reflected, glorious bright,
A prelude to the land of light.

O gentle Virtue! Most divine,
Most wonderful her magic power !
Who feels her touch, in heart and mind,
Is better from that happy hour.

Her grace, her spirit, beauty charms
Man's heart in most untoward mood,
And every guileful thought disarms
At once, and turns it into good.

Virtue has fled! Sustain us now,
O Hope! Virtue has fled above,
And we before Grief's altar bow,
Uncharmed and unconsolated by Love.

Our Father, thou alone canst know
The anguish of our broken hearts,
The while, submissively, we bow
And kiss the afflicting hand that parts
The ties that to our idol bound us,
And wound their tendrils so around us
That, in parting, life itself must part,
Did Faith, in mercy, not sustain the heart.

If human love could but restrain
The happy spirit, as she flies,
Or human sorrow call again
Angelic beings from the skies,
O, Olive, would'st thou drop a tear
For heaven, to share our sorrows here?
We would not have it thus, ah no!
Some waves of time's perpetual flow,
Onward to the eternal sweeping,
Soon will waft us to the shore,
Where shall end our weary weeping.
Sweet Olive! In that happy clime,
Our Father, in his own good time,
'Mid heaven's radiant glories beaming,
And amid the white-robed throng,
In golden rays, translucent, gleaming,
While they raise the heavenly song,
Will there unto our arms restore
Our sainted ones, and we shall part no more.

DEAR HEART.

DEAR heart, that hath ceased to beat,
Resting under the sod,
The memories still are sweet
Of the days thy tender feet
O'er life's pathway trod.

Dear eyes, that are closed in sleep,
To wake beyond the sky:
The vigils that we keep,
The tears that Love doth weep,
Seest thou from on high?

IN BARRACK AND FIELD.

Oft Love, oppressed with care,
Passing under the rod,
Sighs to be with thee there,
With the redeemed and fair,
Safe at home with God.

FOR MY NIECE'S ALBUM.

SOME years ago, dear Emma,
When my heart knew not of care,
And my soul, as thine, was buoyant,
With hopes as bright and fair,
I might have penned, dear Emma,
In language passing fair,
Some thoughts to please thy fancy
And perhaps engage a tear.

But since those days of gladness,
When we gave our hearts to mirth,
As we gathered there at evening,
Around the blithesome hearth
(Ah! hallowed is the memory
That makes my being thrill
As I pray that those around it
Are blithe and happy still)—

Since then I'm somewhat changed
And my thoughts seem now less free,
And the hopes that are departed
Have stolen the melody

IN BARRACK AND FIELD.

From the fairy visions floating
On fancy's idle wing—
Life's growing cares bear with them
Full many a silent sting.

Yet think not I've forgotten,
Or that I shall cease to pray
For the smiling little fairy
Who threw flowers in my way.
May the light that beamed upon thee
In childhood's happy years,
When the frost of age comes o'er thee
Still banish care and tears!

The light of love, dear Emma,
Of confidence and truth,
Of trust, that gives to innocence
The cheerfulness of youth—
May it hallow all thy pathway,
And, when thy sun goes down,
Illumine with rays of promise
Life's evening horizon!

TO MY NIECE.

I HAVE not wandered o'er the trackless main,
Nor bent my footsteps unto foreign lands,
And yet my pilgrimage, not all in vain,
Hath brought me on o'er many barren strands,
And I have mused amid the desert sands
And gazed indiff'rent over boundless plains.

I've marked the hunter, in deep solitude,
Pleasure pursuing in the exciting chase,
And, wandering lonely in the silent wood,
Observed the axman, as he pensive stood,
And studied nature in his thoughtful face.

I've stood with hundreds on the crowded quay,
Where Expectation, tiptoe, looked around
And scanned each trav'ler as he made his way
Amid the thoughtful, careless, grave, and gay,
If haply some friend returning might be found.

I've stood in lighted halls where reign
Hilarious Pleasure's smiling, flitting throngs,
And dear Harmonia's sweet and thrilling strain
Is trilled, as sweet as when o'er Eastern plain
The harp of Judah swelled with Zion's songs.

I've seen Ambition move the yielding crowd
Of human things, that gaped to hear his words,
And ride to power on the deep and loud
Huzzas of creatures, whom, with sorrow bowed,
He'd pass unnoticed, as inferior herds.

Hast thou not listened to the man of God,
Rapt and in wonder why the world should sin,
And why mankind, in universal good,
Should not combine, one endless brotherhood,
And Peace o'er all the earth extend her reign?

And thus, dear Maxa, on the world's great stage
Each actor plays an ever-varying part,
As moved by passion, love or grief or rage,
Or by ambition; each one has his page
In the eternal history of the human heart.

IN BARRACK AND FIELD.

From all, my dear, that I have seen of man,
In all the varying phases of his life,
Not much of happiness within the span,
Not much of glory or of lasting gain,
Is found along the ways of ardent strife.

Bless thou the world, and it thyself will bless,
A maxim is, humane and true, I own ;
But if the world hath aught of happiness,
If aught to soothe a heart in sore distress,
Thou'lt find it in the sacred realms of home.

Camp Johnson, Va., January 18, 1862.

FOR MARY'S ALBUM.

SISTER, were there none to love me
But thine own dear, faithful heart,
None to heed with care my rovings
In the world's distracting mart—
This alone would be a treasure
Rich beyond my highest claims,
A light whose rays would ever guide me
In the path of higher aims.

Oft, when all is dark around me,
Fairest hopes receding fast,
There comes a spirit voice of cheering
From the rosy, dreamy past ;
And sweet memories of childhood
Once again reveal the star
Of faith that led us gently heavenward,
Ere we knew or dreamed of care.

Fort Leavenworth, Kans., 1856.

TO HENRY HOUSTON, FRIEND AND
COMRADE.

WHATEVER fate hath written out for me,
Whatever storms I meet on life's great sea,
Whatever joys shall fill this heart of mine,
May Heaven avert each storm that threatens thee,
And joys as sweet, dear Houston, e'er be thine!

If kindly fate, in years to come, should give
To me with ease and quietude to live,
My dearest joy, still burdened with a prayer,
Would ask kind Heaven one pleasure more to share:
That thou, dear Houston, might be with me there.

I pledge thee, then, in this fair cup of wine:
Who thee befriends not is no friend of mine,
And who shall help thee in thy hour of need
Him Heaven help and fortune give Godspeed!

EPISTLE TO MARY.

[Written on a scrap of note paper, Dallas, Ga., 1861.]

Dear Cousin:

I have, you'll perceive
(Though it's nothing to grieve),
Come to this sort of very short paper;
Not that paper is scarce,
But a thing rather worse,
My ideas have all gone away far.

For what with my chills,
My drugs and my pills,

IN BARRACK AND FIELD.

My bitters and things stimulating,
My mind, t'other night,
Took such a high flight
Its return I'm still patiently waiting.

So if you'll excuse me
Nor pardon refuse me,
I'll not try now to write you a letter,
But wait till such time when,
With less of my rhyme then,
I may chance to have thoughts that are better.

I wrote you last night,
But when Emma, the bright,
Just hinted my begging your pity,
I took up that same
And alighted a flame—
An act which I think was more witty

Than writing you this,
Unless with a kiss
You'll punish my silly transgression;
And if you've a mind
To impose such a fine,
My sins then shall all have confession.

So now a good-by,
Let me breathe, let me sigh,
Or in some endearing way tell:
I'm your cousin and friend
Until life hath an end
And the world knows no more of

YOUR BEALL.

LOVE AND PLEASURE.

ERE Melancholy, long ago,
Had thrown her baleful shadow o'er me,
My lithesome heart, exempt from woe,
Saw none but joyous days before me.

I lingered not with Beauty then,
Nor prized her as a priceless treasure ;
I smiled at Love: "We'll meet again,"
I said, "when I have done with Pleasure."

But Love, offended, flew away,
And gentle Pleasure, now repining,
At once withdrew her cheerful ray,
No more upon my breast reclining ;

Till strolling late beneath a grove,
My heart absorbed in pensive sadness,
A maiden met me, leading Love
And Pleasure with her wonted gladness.

THEN AND NOW.

MARY, the song you sang to-night
Breathes sweetly of the long ago,
When, in life's rosy, morning light,
We felt the flush of young love's glow.

Quicker moved my heart's pulsation
As the cadence of thy song,
With memory's rich treasures freighted,
Floated on the breeze along.

Sweet the sunlight on thy brow,
Strolling 'mong the roses fair;
A brighter halo crowns it now,
Shaded o'er with loving care.

Franklin, Ga.

TO MARY.

MARY, darling, wife o' mine,
Mary of the dark blue eyne,
Why those looks of sadness now?
Why that shade upon thy brow?

Are all the hopes that once you cherished
Gone, like summer friends, so soon?
All thy youthful fancies perished,
Like flowers beneath a hot simoon?

Cheer up, darling, Mary mine,
Lassie of the azure eyne,
Hopes may fade and fancies die,
But love will bloom eternally.

The clouds so dark above thee glooming
But prelude an April shower,
And thy hopes all fair and blooming
Shall revive with newborn power.

Sweet, my darling, smile again;
I shall be most blessed of men
When I no more vainly seek
For the roses on thy cheek.

Amid the ecstatic scenes of heaven,
That we may perfect bliss enjoy,
The happiest hours that here are given
Must still be mixed with some alloy.

O then, dearest, look above,
Heaven and earth were made for love,
Love in joy, love in pain;
Look up, darling, smile again.

Dallas, Ga., August 2, 1863.

THE SOFTLY SPEAKING EYE.

My love gied me a red, red rose,
A red rose gied to me;
But the gift was no so sweet as was
The sparkle in his e'e.

He stooped to place it in my hair;
Though not a word said he,
I read, wi' bosom throbbing sair,
A message in his e'e.

I felt my quickened pulses bound,
Fain looked another way,
Lest he might see the depths profound
Within my heart that day.

A thrilling, all-delicious pain
Did my puir bosom swell;
The message flashed to me was plain:
"Dear lass, I love thee well."

A warm handclasp, a kiss, a sigh,
Love's passion may express,
But best the softly speaking eye
Tells love's deep tenderness.

TIRED OF THE STRUGGLE.

I WOULD that I were in some little isle,
Far away from the conflicts of men,
Forever to bask in my Mary's sweet smile,
Nor return to the struggle again.

My spirit is weary, and O how I long
To fly with my darling away
Where the light of her eye and the thrill of her song
Would cheer me from day unto day;

Where, far from the world, with its sorrow and tears,
My soul from her warfare should rest,
And my spirit, refined by the glory of hers,
Would thrill with the joys of the blest!

Atlanta, Ga., June 2, 1866.

TO LITTLE MEG. (One Year Old.)

O MEG, little Meg, what makes you so sweet,
With dreamy blue eyes and tiny pink feet?
Is the world all so bright that it wakens your glee?
(I wonder if ever it seemed so to me.)
Perhaps if every one smiled and looked kind
As they greet one another, even grandpa would find

This world not so gloomy as sometimes it looks,
 And would not so often dream over his books.
 Pray tell me your secret, sweet little one, tell
 How 'tis you enjoy this old world so well—
 World dark to so many and bright to so few—
 Is't because we are old, or because you are new?

Does the halo around you just let in the light
 Of fairyland? Painting all things to your sight
 In silvery sheen, or in rose-colored hue,
 While cherubs peep out in the exquisite view?
 Or perhaps, on reflection, the silvery wing
 Of an angel, commissioned by Heaven's high King
 To guard you from evil, reflects from the sky
 The light that is beaming so bright in your eye.

O, you sly little rogue, I see it all now :
 You've stolen from mamma that fairness of brow ;
 And the spirit that lurks down deep in the blue
 Of that exquisite eye, why, that was hers too.
 You've robbed Love himself of his dimple and smile
 (O, you needn't deny it—though that is the style).
 And the color you wear, you sly little thing,
 I saw it in May, when she led in the spring.
 It was spread on her cheeks—and her arms, I suppose,
 That very same lily, just mingled with rose!

But the lily and rose and the dimple and smile
 Are yours, little darling, yours without guile ;
 And so let their beauties with innocence blend,
 Ever adding new grace, till thy journey shall end.

THE SHELTER OF HOME.

To the shelter of home, where my Eve in her beauty
Allures by her smile at the close of the day,
To rest from the toil and exactions of duty,
In the softness of twilight, I hasten away.
Let the world, with its frown and its censure, assail me;
Let Pride, with his cold eye averted, pass by:
There's a comfort that warms, it never can fail me—
'Tis the love light that shines in her soul-speaking
eye.

TO LUCY.

O HEART that, by duty inspired,
Shall with patience endure, fainting not
If thy feet in the journey grow tired,
Or pleasure or pain be thy lot—

When the greeting that dear heart shall thrill,
"Enter into thy heavenly rest,"
Heaven's echoes shall ring with the trill
Of thy voice in the choir of the blest.

Thy soul shall awake to the thrill
Of a music unearthly and grand,
And the yearnings that time cannot fill
Will be answered in angel land.

Sing on, then, and know as you sing
The angels will sing unto thee,
And the songs that in Paradise ring
Are the rhapsodic shouts of the free,

IN BARRACK AND FIELD.

Yes, the angels will sing to thee, dear,
In the mansions of glory above ;
With a rapture undreamed thou wilt hear,
And the theme will be infinite love.

TO MY NIECE. (ACROSTIC.)

JUSTICE slept within a cave,
Out far removed from haunts of men ;
Honor had not power to save,
Nor Wisdom courage to defend ;
'Neath Anarchy's dread, reckless reign,
Intent on power, Ambition's mind
Engendered strife with all mankind.

Bright Fancy paled ; no longer free,
Religion lost her wonted power,
And all good angels wept to see
Mad Frenzy rule the frantic hour ;
Bold Passion held erratic sway,
Lithe Labor bent in hopeless toil,
Ending each successive day
The home light brought nor rest nor smile.

But Justice, waking, raised her wand ;
Each enemy of virtue fled,
And Peace and Pleasure, hand in hand,
Low-laughing Beauty joyous led,
Love laurels resting on her head.

WHY THE MAIDEN SINGS.

[To Miss Nobie T. Beall, Gordon, Ga.]

I KNOW a maiden, winsome, fair,
As light and happy and free as air ;
And she is good and true and wise,
And beautiful too, with lips and eyes—
Like cherries the one, the other, why, they—
Can't tell the color, but this I say :
The mystery in their depths, to me,
Is ever a marvel and sweet to see.

All fancy-free is this maiden fair,
And light her step as the evening air
That moves the heads of the golden grain,
When the sun is low beyond the plain ;
And her voice is low and sweet and clear,
As she talks to the breeze and the breeze to her ;
And the woods are glad, when wi' pail a-swing,
She trips down the path to the shaded spring ;
And they tell her their secrets, listening sly,
While the babbling branch goes laughing by,
And the toad on the bank just winks one eye
And the goslings cease their unmusical row
And Laertes greets her wi' solemn bow.

So, one by one, as I wandered about,
The trees and the breeze let her secrets out,
The birds took it up and sang it amain,
The corn blades rustled and told it again ;
Until, on a night when Luna's pale light

Fell soft on the fields of waving corn
 (Such a comfort to lovers, lone and lorn),
 As I sat 'neath the bough of an apple tree,
 A cicada sang it aloud to me:

“Have you seen,” she said, “a maiden fair,
 With dreamy eyes and raven hair,
 Who wanders here when evening glints
 Enrich the clouds with purple tints?”

“Why, what is she to you?” I cried.
 “To me? To me?” she shrill replied;
 And the shadows quivered, and tree boughs bowed,
 The moon withdrew behind a cloud,
 The stars laughed out away in the sky,
 As upward rang the quavering cry:

“Why, she is my lover; I have a part
 That all nature has in her tender heart;
 Butterfly, song bird, flower, and tree
 Have each a share in her sympathy:
 All that the hand of God hath made—
 The morning light, the evening shade,
 The twilight's calm, the storm sublime,
 The wind that sighs in yonder pine,
 The dove's soft coo in nesting time,
 The purling brook's low babbling song,
 Floods that in anger rush along,
 Sunny glade and shadowy dell,
 The snow-capped peak, the arid fell,
 And sluggish creek, that windeth low
 Through marshes where the swamp ferns grow;

The dashing torrent, that o'erleaps
The crag and falls in foamy heaps,
Or, broken in its dizzy way,
Descending in a feathery spray,
Steals from the sun his rainbow hues—
All Nature's scenes, that wake the Muse
To tuneful lays within the soul,
Are hers. And so her sweet songs roll,
And voice to sympathetic hearts
What Nature unto her imparts."
'Twas thus a cicada sang unto me
Under the moon and the apple tree.

*ON RECEIVING SOME GEORGIA
NEWSPAPERS.*

THESE flowers, thrown on my path by friendly hand,
Have bloomed and blossomed in my native land.
Sweet is the fragrance that to me they bring,
And dear the song that to my heart they sing.

I'll strew them round me, that their fairer parts
May charm, enrich, and gladden other hearts,
Their beauties stir, in other souls than mine,
Thoughts that ennoble, elevate, refine.

Go then, fair flowers, rich in truth and gladness,
Go bloom in beauty, till fanatic madness,
In admiration of thy fairer hue,
Shall turn from its false life and seek the true.

No fairer flowers have ever bloomed than these,
Nor ever flowers have bloomed on nobler trees,
Nor trees have flourished in a fairer clime;
Then flourish these until the end of time.

Fort Washita, Ind. T., 1859.

*TO FRED W. REEDER, MY COMRADE AND
FRIEND.*

IF, when the evening of your life comes on,
You lightly turn these fading leaflets o'er,
Haply to think of pleasures that are gone,
Heart-throbs which can return no more, no more,
Wilt pause at this page, one moment pause,
And, glancing backward over Life's dark sea,
Forget Life's sorrows and their finite cause,
And give one moment's thought to me?

The years now passing, bearing from us away
The genial fragrance of our youth, will seem
The panorama of a distant day,
The fancy painting of a summer's dream.
If faithful memory unto friendship true
Should then recall one thought into your mind
Of traits that friendship hath exposed to view,
In joy or grief, O let that thought be kind!

None, none are perfect; in the race of life
Whatever good we may resolve or do,
Follies and failures in the earnest strife,
Poor human frailties still appear in view.

We know our weakness, yet with self-deceit
Unconscious follow what must still allure;
Regret our follies, yet our lives repeat
What sad experience still seems vain to cure.

Who, then, shall learn with kindly hand to throw
Oblivion's mantle o'er his fellow's sin,
His generous heart, with charity aglow,
Unmarking where a brother's faults begin;
Shall still enact the better part of man,
Although unknown to fame; to honor true,
And to himself—this, this is Heaven's plan;
May Heaven commend it, Reeder, unto you!

Fort Washita, Ind. T., 1859.

CHARITY.

“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these.”

OF charity I sing, and all sweet charms,
All gifts of service—whatso'er disarms
Pain of its anguish, and the soul uplifts
Into the light of Heaven's smile, through rifts
Of burden clouds, that, since old time began,
Have darkened so the heart of fallen man;
Of love, that findeth out a brother's grief
And speeds the willing feet with quick relief,
Pardons wrong in him that's led astray,
And bids him seek the right, and shows the way,
Or leads, with sweet seductive grace,
The faltering one to follow in the race;
As mother birds their nestlings lure to try,
Until, though falling oft, they learn to fly.

There is a time to lend the inspiring smile,
To speak the cheering word, and so beguile
The sinking heart of him who, bending low,
Receives the shock of dire misfortune's blow.

Sweet Charity, prime grace of human hearts,
At thy approach grim Want, abashed, departs,
And sad-eyed Pain looks up with patient smile.
Sorrow forgets her weight of grief, the while
Thy feet, upon Christ's errand, linger near,
And Hope, reviving, triumphs over Fear.
The wintry blast, the frost, the freezing sky
All blend in warmth before thy melting eye;
Even Crime into his secret den retires,
Shamed by the love thy bounteous grace inspires.

As Spring's soft air, by heavenly music stirred,
A kindly deed, a sympathetic word,
A friendly token, in love's spirit sent,
A sunny smile, perchance by friendship lent,
Oft proves more potent than Hygeian art,
To heal the wounds that gall the burdened heart.

God bless the heart that prompts the generous
thought,
And bless the deed in kindly feeling wrought,
And every loving wile that charms away
The doubts that hinder Love's triumphant sway!

CHRISTIAN CONFIDENCE.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And that my eyes shall see
His glorious face; his promise gives
This precious faith to me.
(Job xix. 25; Rev. xxii. 4.)

I know that, when he shall appear,
Like Him I then shall be;
By love, that casteth out all fear,
Made perfect, pure, and free.
(1 John iii. 2; iv. 18.)

For I know whom I have believed,
One able well to stay,
And willing, though by sin aggrieved,
My trust against that day.
(2 Tim. i. 12.)

I know that all things, by His grace,
Together work for good
To them, of every name and race,
Who love the living Lord.
(Rom. viii. 28.)

I know I've passed from death to life,
Because his saints I love;
This rugged way leads up through strife
To peace and rest above.
(1 John iii. 14; Rev. vii. 14.)

I know that when this house shall fail
I have a building grand
In heaven, where no storms assail,
Not made by mortal hand.

(2 Cor. v. 1.)

TO A YOUNG POET-LAWYER.

You have girded on your armor
For the conflict with the world;
In the heated race for honor
You have joined the giddy whirl.

Once the Muses' smiles you courted,
And they gave thee visions bright,
Gleamed a realm of heavenly poesy
On thy youthful, ardent sight.

Then thy soul, with music thrilling,
Sang her pæans to truth and worth,
And, with skillful touch, thy fingers
Waked the notes of love and mirth.

Thy soul, discerning in the distance
Fame, with fair, inviting mien,
Hope unveiling all the future
Clad in radiant, silvery sheen—

Now, with heart and brain inspired,
With the goal of wealth before,
Wielding with ambitious daring
Sword and spear of legal lore.

In the worldly, fiery combat
All opposing forces part
'Fore the high determined valor
Of the strong, unfaltering heart.

Does thy soul grow weary ever
Of the everlasting strife?
Turns the tired heart, with longing,
To a better, peaceful life?

Does the bitter, ceaseless wrangling
Fill thy soul with strong disgust?
Comes a sick'ning sadness o'er thee
With decay of youthful trust?

Dost thou find, of patriots, many
False in heart and false in sense,
Skilled in popular palaver,
Their moral gauge expedience?

Battle on, all wrong condemning,
Right maintain, with courage bold,
Fighting hard brings clear discerning
Of the dross and of the gold.

Tune thy harp to notes of gladness,
Unto Truth loud pæans raise;
To despair is only madness;
Hope is power and length of days.

THE ONION.

If you desire the Muses to dispel
And drive them from a rival poet's cell,
But just secrete an onion there, and while
It there remains they will refuse to smile.
He may invoke and vow, but all in vain ;
This odious plant will quench his every flame.

The very name itself's enough to fright
The liveliest fancy from sublimest height ;
From contemplation of the sweetest flower,
To all that's bitter, shapeless, all that's sour.

"Sour! Avaunt!" our scanning critic cries,
But tears unwary fill the critic's eyes,
And as he scans the hapless piece at length,
He feels the pungent *subject's* potent strength ;
Forgets, what else to all so plain would seem,
That words are chosen suited to the theme.

There are two things—I grant them no excuse—
For which this plant may serve a potent use ;
The one (here, critic, ply again your lash)
To save mine hostess' well-compounded hash ;
For, as a man will slander not his taste,
It needs but this ingredient to last.

The second use to which the "yarb" applies,
A use that brainless dandies well may prize,
Is this: it gives one, in the best society,
What many like, a famous notoriety.

Just take enough to season well a dish
Of ham or eggs, or, if you like it, fish ;
Walk in, no matter where nor how you sit,
Nor even strive to show yourself a wit—
Even though you take the humblest seat about,
Your faithful servant soon will mark you out ;
You'll be conspicuous, as you well deserve,
And all observers will yourself observe.

If "Distance lends enchantment to the view,"
'Tis hoped enchantment will be lent to you.

A VETERAN'S MUSINGS.

THE honeysuckle in the glen
Is blooming sweet and wild,
The sweet shrub yields its rich perfume
As when I was a child.

The flitting clouds upon the fields
Fantastic shadows throw,
Where touch-me-nots and dewdrops spring
And wild dewberries grow.

Contented kine browse on the knoll
And in the lower glade,
Where bloom the wild forget-me-nots,
Or, listless, seek the shade.

The laughing brooklet, from the spring,
Comes down in sportive song,
Or sleeps in pools, or through the glade
Dances its way along.

IN BARRACK AND FIELD.

I hear them talk of summer sport,
Of horse and dog and gun ;
Of trout that flashes in the brook,
Of rollicking and fun.

But what, O youth, are all thy sports ?
What, nature, is thy rest,
To him whose summer brings no rose,
His autumn still unblessed ?

October's chill presages now
Life's winter, cold and drear ;
The shrinking form, the pulse-beat low,
Heart quivering, as with fear.

Aye, quivering, but it falters not ;
Sweet faith, with gentle mien,
Unfolds to view elysian plains
Aglow in summer sheen.

Beyond the changing shores of time
An endless summer lies ;
Who feels but thorns on earth may find
The roses in the skies.

Birmingham, Ala.

MOONLIGHT MUSINGS.

[As we lose interest in the present and grow tired of life's burdens, Memory presents rosy pictures of the past, while Hope consoles us with visions of a fair haven of eternal rest.]

MEMORY teems with scenes of gladness,
As the rippling of a rill
Steals upon my waking senses
In the moonlight's holy still.

Sweet the pleasure-laden hours
Of the sunny days long gone,
Bright the skies, and fair the flowers
That clustered round thee, dear old home.

But a shadow, thwart my vision
Of the past, comes flitting o'er;
'Tis the thought that youthful pleasure,
Once departed, comes no more.

Cares upon the heart are pressing,
Bending low the feeble frame,
Strength and youth no more possessing,
Nor ambition's ardent flame.

O the pain of life's long battle!
O the heaving, restless tide,
Sweeping on, we know not whither,
While we sigh for peace denied!

Hark! A whisper, low and tender,
Gently on the night breeze comes;
"There remaineth," God hath said it,
To the faithful, rest and home.

CHRISTMAS.

AGAIN we greet thee, hallowed Christmas day,
Another milepost on old Time's highway.
A weary way, but why turn back to see
The thorny maze through which our paths have led?
Let those look back who will; it seems to me

More wise to "let the dead past bury its dead,"
Nor view the past with aught of vain regret;
The night comes not until the sun has set.

Thus far upon the journey we have come,
And life and love and joy yet survive;
The future is before; what though, to some,
Dire anguish it may bring? To all who live
Remains the dear prerogative of hope;
We have the eternal *now*, and need not grope
For what is hid behind the veiling clouds;
Peace lurks in lower vales, life is most fair
In safe seclusion, far from striving crowds
Where Hope lies bleeding, stricken by despair.

To-day lift up the fallen, give good cheer
To him whose sorrow marks the dying year,
Recalling how, as shepherds watched by night,
Behold, a heavenly glory round them shone;
An angel, pausing in his aërial flight,
Proclaimed the glorious news—a *Saviour* born.

What marvel if the vaulted sky was riven,
And hallelujahs filled the courts of heaven?
Glory to God most high, good will to man!—
'Twas thus the blest annunciation ran.

Ye murmurings of Earth at day's decease,
Ye breezes soft, from out the deep'ning shade,
Proclaim again the day, bright day of peace,
And let its spirit all the earth pervade,

THE DYING YEAR.

THE year is dying. Let its wrongs
Be buried with the vanished throngs
That sleep entombed with centuries past,
To rise no more until the last
Of all the race of years shall lie
Pulseless 'neath the melting sky.

Forgotten be thy tears, dead year!
Oft wrongs have come and needless fear,
And oft suspicion, dark and dire,
Hath thrust his green, envenomed fire
Into the sacred heart of love.
There is no spot where man may rove
But these have had their place and power;
The centuries never nursed an hour
That sped it on at such a pace
That wrongs found not their time and place
To mar our peace. If 'twere not so,
If life were all exempt from woe,
If perfect peace should crown each year
And perfect love cast out all fear,
This earth would be so fair that even
The soul might cease to sigh for heaven.

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.

WITH many sweet dreams of a day that is past,
O let no repining our spirits enthrall;
Discontentment away—to the winds be it cast,
As we cheerily wish happy New Year to all.

The years of our pilgrimage soon will be o'er ;
Then let us now only their pleasures recall,
Though to us they may come with their brightness
no more,
While we heartily wish happy New Year to all.

Many loved and departed we cannot forget ;
But our love and our duty, whatever befall,
Let us give to the friends who are left to us yet,
And hopefully wish happy New Year to all.

Let Faith to our sight all the glories unfold
Of that beautiful land where no fear shall appall—
Whose light is a throne in a city of gold—
And our wish be a prayer—happy New Year to all.

LOSS AND GAIN.

WHAT have the silent years deprived me of,
Momentous, hopeful years, so swiftly fled?
What aspirations, fancies, dreams that move,
Uplift and thrill the ardent soul, lie dead?

I would have won the plaudits of good men,
And aimed at heights sublime in word and deed,
All knowledge seeking, given to human ken,
The world uplifting, knowing sect nor creed.

Ah, soon, too soon, youth's visions, grand and fair,
Dissolve in gathering mist. The passing years,
Aglow, but now, with fancies sweet and rare,
Baptized my too ambitious dream in tears.

What have ye brought to me, O silent years,
With all your toil and care, so fleetly sped?
What recompense give ye for bitter tears,
Hopes unfulfilled and aspirations dead?

The vanished years this miracle have wrought:
That what I thought most dire and sore defeat
Hath victory become; aspiring thought
At length perceives all loss with gain replete.

For, what I thought misfortunes, what were they
But barriers, in the path I would have trod,
That turned my footsteps in another way,
Where, groping, I have found the peace of God?

A steadfast hope, from keen heart anguish wrung,
Grand visions, for youth's glowing fancies flown,
New songs, for strains aspiring hope had sung,
And bidding peace the passing days to crown.

THE SPRING.

WHEN life was fair and hope was young,
To hear the oriole sing his lay,
To dream the rosy hours away
Where lowland fern luxurious sprung,
I often rested by a spring,
And oft essayed myself to sing
The beauties in its depths concealed,
But to my dreaming soul revealed,
Of flitting shadows, sky serene,
And arching trees, whose mantling green
Threw shimmering colors o'er the scene.

IN BARRACK AND FIELD.

When years had passed, and on their way
Had sprinkled well my locks with gray,
I, wandering to the spot again,
Looked for my spring, but looked in vain.
Before me stretched a field of sand,
As treeless as a tide-beat strand ;
No beds of fern, no grateful shade,
No matin song or serenade
Of warblers vocalized the air ;
Gone every charm that made so fair
The scene when youth sat dreaming there.

Now, glancing backward o'er life's track,
The way seemed long, and stretching back
O'er valleys broad and mountains high,
And yet so swift the flight of years,
My dreaming by the spring seemed nigh ;
I scarce could realize that tears
Had come between the then and now,
Though wrinkles, lined upon my brow,
Marked traces of much painful thought
And change in me that time had wrought,
While changing thus this valley scene,
Whose yellow sands replaced the green
Within whose shades youth found repose
And painted life *couleur de rose*.

Again, when other years had gone,
When hopes that I had fondly cherished,
In the flush of manhood's dawn,
Had like my ferns and flowers perished,

Aweary of the city life,
 The whir of traffic and the strife,
 I sought the hills, where boyhood's ways,
 "Adown the stairs of yesterdays,"
 Oft come to light the heart of age
 And cheer him in his pilgrimage ;
 And, wandering there in pensive mood,
 Near where my father's cot had stood,
 Quite careless where my footsteps drew,
 Scarce conscious of the birds that flew
 Up in my path, with whirring wing,
 I came upon my dear old spring.

There at my feet it bubbled free,
 Reflecting neither flower nor tree ;
 Along the vale its waters run,
 Dancing, sparkling in the sun,
 And, joining near a larger brook,
 Their way, with many windings, took
 Onward toward the valley wide
 Where the forest shadows bide.

While all the space around was bare,
 The rocks my father placed were there,
 Walling in the crystal flood,
 As when, in childhood's days I stood
 Upon its brink, and thought the sky,
 Reflected there, was not so high.

To him who bides with Nature long
 And listens to her magic song—
 Who loves her quiet, restful mood,
 That sweetly leads his thought to God,

IN BARRACK AND FIELD.

While whisperings, like breath of prayer,
Pervade and move the ambient air—
To him she opens wide her page,
Aglow with beauties that engage,
Richer than the gems of Ind
In all that elevates the mind.
And so a lesson from my spring,
A thought, its purling waters bring.
When life's young, roseate days are fair,
About his child, with rock of prayer,
Cemented with sweet mother love,
More holy than the nesting dove
Unto her tender fledgeling gives—
A love that, when the evening gilds
The western slope of life, survives—
A wall the Christian father builds,
That guards within the loved one's heart
A heavenly germ, of life a part.

Though Sin wild desolation spread
Along the plain of life, good seed
Implanted in the fruitful soil
Of mind held not within the coil
Of Sin's polluting, foul embrace
Will perish not; but, by his grace,
When God shall send his husbandman,
Obedient to his gracious plan,
And in his own good time, to break
The earth crust through with Spirit share,
And touch the germ abiding there,
That germ to light shall quickly wake;

The fountain, buried long, shall spring,
And, bubbling forth a living thing,
Exalted by the Spirit's power,
Flow sweetly onward from that hour.
The Lord forgetteth not his own,
Nor any seed that he hath sown.

THE SOUTH IN ANTE-BELLUM DAYS.

MID wood-crowned hills and on the mountain side,
And in fair vales, where crystal waters glide,
Where cooling zephyrs temper summer's heat,
And virgin forests give a safe retreat
From winter's blasts, the Southron dwelt secure;
And whether, hid within some glen obscure,
His home were but a cabin, simple, rude,
Or, not more dear but more pretentious, stood
In some broad vale or on some shaded hill,
There Nature's myriad voices came to fill
His soul and lift it up in grateful praise
For peace and plenty crowning all his days.

Content, remote from trade's distracting mart,
Her secrets Nature opened to his heart;
At night her voices lulled him to repose,
And when at dawn he from his couch arose,
On healthy breezes, o'er the valley borne,
Came cheery greetings in the rustling corn.

In cribs unlocked, in bin and barn unbarred,
The bounteous fruits of willing toil were stored;
And in his house—his father's house before—
He slept, serene, with wide, inviting door,

IN BARRACK AND FIELD.

From which no stranger ever turned away ;
The broad hearth blazed with more enliv'ning ray
If but a neighbor shared its cheering light,
Or stranger called for shelter overnight.

Around him grew his sons, a sturdy band,
Who, freedom loving, loved their native land.
They tilled the soil, nor was their toil severe,
Nor leisure wanting in their humble sphere,
To snatch from labor many a pleasing pause
For contemplation deep of Nature's laws,
Of objects that ennoble heart and mind,
Enlarge the soul and elevate mankind.

Nor was there wanting manly sport and fun :
Oft they wrestled, oft the race was run,
That makes the sinews strong, the footstep sure,
And fits the body hardship to endure.
With sturdy arm their axes oft they slung
And, with loud crash, that through the forest rung,
They felled the lofty pine or monarch oak ;
And oft their horns the morning echoes woke,
That called the baying hounds unto the chase,
The wild halloo, the spirit-stirring race.
Along his secret paths, through glade and wood,
The nimble deer they oft in stealth pursued,
Or, bounding over hills with horse and hound,
With deadly aim the antlered buck brought down.
Nor these alone pursued their even way,
Their country's hope and freedom's surest stay ;
Where broad rivers pour their currents strong,
And spreading vales, their sinuous course along,

Sleep in the sun's warm glow ; where golden grain
 And fleecy cotton clothe the fertile plain—
 There thousands, who had never bent to toil,
 Nor mingled in the market's wearing moil,
 Among their colored servants dwelt in peace.

The master, joying in the year's increase,
 Made glad the hearts of those who served him well ;
 And if misfortune on the land befell,
 The servant, knowing neither want nor fear,
 Rang out his songs as when a prosperous year
 Filled all the bins ; if there were grievous loss,
 In sympathy he sighed, "Poor mas', poor mas',"
 And went his way, still loyal to the core,
 And sang his songs as gayly as before.

He faithful served. The master's gentle sway
 Was firm, though kind, in patriarchal way,
 And, notwithstanding certain poets' cant,
 Severe alone on the recalcitrant.
 Assured he was through life, at every stage,
 In helpless infancy, in tottering age,
 Of kindly care, of shelter, warmth, and food,
 Dependent on no overseer's mood ;
 And medicines he had, physician's skill,
 And nursing, when it chanced that he was ill ;
 All things sufficient for his daily need—
 For loyal service his unfailing meed—
 The master gave, and gave with princely hand.
 And who withheld, in all this Southern land,
 Supplies essential, whatso'er his fame,
 Fell under ban of public scorn and shame.

IN BARRACK AND FIELD.

The burdens heavy, sore, that labor bears
In every other land—the care that wears
The soul—touched not the negro's careless heart ;
Contented, peaceful, acting well his part,
All history shows, in all recorded time,
No laboring class so little stained by crime ;
Sheltered in age, his master's ward at birth,
The happiest laborer on this teeming earth !

O happy South ! Thy people, watchful, true,
The higher ends of statehood kept in view,
And, seeking ever just and equal right,
High prizes held for men who led the fight,
Inspired with honest, patriotic zeal,
Against all wrong and for the public weal.
O happy South ! Thine was a righteous sway,
Justice the balance holding, day by day,
With gentle Mercy smiling at her side,
Wisdom directing, Heaven-inspired guide,
Protecting all, yet leaving each one free
In his own way to seek prosperity,
Conditioned only that he injure none,
Live honestly, and unto every one
His rightful dues in truth and justice pay,
Even as decreed in great Justinian's day.

A people thus protected want no more ;
All State paternalism leaves the shore
Of safety, venturing forth, with rotten sail,
On seas where treacherous squalls of "graft" prevail.
Supported by a pure constituency—
Of faithful service, surest guarantee—

Thy statesmen history numbers with the great,
Whose guerdon was the glory of the State,
A people happy, prosperous, content,
Who ne'er, for favor, unto power bent.

Night's mantle gently falls upon the earth ;
Now toilers gather round the blithesome hearth ;
With smiles the housewife greets her loving lord
And lights his heart with many a cheering word ;
The sons attend, with reverential care,
The daughters come, with charming, modest mien,
And, all united, all together share
And make at once this earth's most lovely scene.
All over this dear Southern land of ours,
Grand in her people's worth as fair in flowers,
In mansion and in cot such scenes are found—
In rural homes, whose dwellers till the ground ;
In urban place, where toilers in the mart
Find rest and solace for the troubled heart.



PART II.

ON THE FRONTIER IN ANTE-BELLUM DAYS.

DURING the last four decades our literature has been so aglow with the marvelous in military adventure and event that I have felt no little hesitation about putting before the reading public a work relating to army life and yet not depending, for its chief interest, on thrilling narration of martial achievements or heroic daring or the clash of arms. But after all we are a peace-loving people, and I cannot doubt that in the minds of Americans, and especially of American youth, much interest attaches to the daily life of the American soldier, even in times of peace. These sketches, however, while designed to show the enlisted man in garrison, in camp, and on the march, with sufficient minuteness of detail to interest the student of character, will, if I have not through want of skill failed in the proper use of my materials, be found not altogether wanting in the spice of adventure and a variety of incident pleasing to the general reader.

ENLISTMENT.

IN the year 1855 I enlisted in the army of the United States as a common soldier. I think I was moved to this rash act by a morbid despondence induced by chronic indigestion. My family had fondly indulged for me hopes of a higher destiny. My father, who had been a soldier of the war of 1812-15, and subsequently Assistant Adjutant General of the State, and who had been a devout and faithful exemplar of the Christian virtues, was at rest in the old graveyard, where the dust of his father also awaits the resurrection. My mother still lingered, awaiting the summons of Him in whom she trusted, bearing patiently life's burdens, fulfilling its duties in love. I had been, from childhood, of extremely delicate constitution. It is therefore not a matter of surprise that she was afflicted in the last degree upon hearing of the rash step I had taken. There is ever in the mother heart something that binds her most strongly to the feeblest of her offspring, as if nature would in this way compensate the child of affliction for having been denied the blessing of a robust constitution. I shall never forget the expression of 'indescribable anguish with which my mother embraced me on my return on a short leave of absence from the recruiting station: "O my son, what have we done to you, that you have enlisted in the army?"

At that moment I would have given all I hoped

for, and suffered all I feared, to have my enlistment canceled. But I had gone too far; and she, with the habitual submission of a mind accustomed to seek of Heaven comfort in every trouble, consolation in every sorrow, became ere the day of parting in some degree reconciled to my going:

Habitual trust in the goodness and mercy of a higher power has been to me, from a very early period of my life, a most pleasing subject for reflection. There is a beauty, a sublimity in Christian resignation which no mere human philosophy can approach. He that, under the pressure of great affliction, when the heart is wrung with anguish and the mind bewildered with its weight of care, can say earnestly, truthfully, and trustfully, "Not my will, but thine, be done," though not able to triumph over life's ills, may ever summon to his aid fortitude to bear them with equanimity. Such was the sublime trust, such the childlike submission, of the mother whose heart I had so sorely wounded.

At the expiration of my leave of absence I returned to the recruiting station, accompanied by two young friends who were going to enlist.

WAYSIDE HOSPITALITY.

On the way we stopped at a place about a mile south of the Chattahoochee River and bargained with the proprietor for dinner—bargained because, having but a small sum among us, it was necessary to know before dining that the charges would not exceed our cash assets. We had not long to wait; and having brushed the dust from our clothes as well as we could,

and bathed face and hands, we were conducted across the back yard to a cabin, and sat down to a dinner of which the best that can be said is that it took off the edge of the appetite of three very hungry boys.

After dining we sat down to rest in the open passage of the dwelling. Our host was curious to know our destination and all about us. Being told that we were to join the United States cavalry for service on the frontier, and would probably go first to Kansas, he became much interested, and requested me to write and send him a full description of the country, its resources, character of soil, climate, etc., all of which I promised to do.

Near the rear end of the passage where we sat there stood a large hogshead, around which bees were buzzing and from which there came a very pleasant flavor. One of my comrades casually remarked: "It seems to me like I smell cider."

Our host was apparently too much absorbed in visions of Kansas to notice this remark. But my young comrade had his lip set for cider. His throat was evidently dry, so he ventured this further remark: "Mr. G—, is that cider in that barrel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'd like to try a glass."

Upon this our host brought a pitcher and glasses, and filled one for each of us. When I had paid for the dinner and we were about going, my comrades being already out of the gate, something in the manner of the man impelled me to ask what he charged for the cider, and to my surprise his reply was: "Five cents a glass." As I paid the bill I mentally revoked

my promise to write the coveted description of Kansas.

How much to be pitied is he whose love for money is so inordinate that he can never enjoy doing a generous or benevolent action! But to judge a community by one individual would be a great mistake. In the little city of Newnan, only a few miles away, in a little circle of ladies and gentlemen, upon whom I had no claim except that I was my father's son, I met with a kindness—a generous sympathy—that could not fail to prompt in an ingenuous mind resolutions to be worthy of it.

Nothing of special interest occurred while we remained at the recruiting station. There was the usual amount of drilling and routine duty, which, being novel, was not at all irksome. There was at first some fighting among the men; but as it was made a rule, when two men quarreled, to form a ring and let them fight it out, the most boisterous fellows soon learned to curb their tempers. There is a great deal of moral suasion in a fair fight.

EN ROUTE TO THE RENDEZVOUS.

IN the month of July, 1855, we boarded the cars and commenced the journey westward, Fort Leavenworth, Kans., having been designated as the rendezvous of the regiment. The route was by rail, via Atlanta and Chattanooga to Nashville, and thence down the Cumberland and Ohio Rivers and up the Mississippi and the Missouri.

Memory lingers on the voyage down the Cumberland with an interest which I despair of communicating to the reader. Captain Anderson had contracted with the owner of the little steamer, *Alida*, to convey the company to Jefferson Barracks, Mo. We had cabin passage, and the fare was good. It was my first experience in traveling by water, and I found the transition from the jar and rattle of the cars to the easy gliding of our little boat most agreeable. We had among us a choice spirit, gifted with the faculty of song, and his melodies, ringing out over the rippling waters on a moonlit night, threw an additional charm over the scene. His selection of pieces was such as to indicate a mind which, however fallen now, had been subject to refining influences.

On one of those rarely bright nights that clothe our river scenery in almost magic beauty, as I observed this singular man seated on deck, an expression of profound melancholy resting in his dark eyes, varied by a deeper or a lighter shade as the sentiment of his song happened to be plaintive or pathetic, I was moved with a desire to know something of his past life. Alas! I little thought how soon for him the hard campaign of life would end.

A SOMEWHAT PAINFUL SCENE.

One day, as we glided along the Cumberland, Lieutenant C— informed me that the Orderly had made an error in his morning report, and directed me to find and correct it. Having done so, I knocked at the door of the Lieutenant's stateroom, and, at his bidding, entered. I found him reclining on a low berth, a

chair at his side. That he might conveniently look over the report book, I seated myself in the chair and began to point out what I supposed the error to consist in.

“Never mind, Sergeant.”

He had interrupted me in the midst of my explanation, and I did not immediately cease.

“I tell you I do not want to hear it, sir.”

This was said fretfully, and with a decided emphasis. I looked up in surprise. He turned his head, evidently to avoid my look. I got up, shut my book, and left the room. It was no part of my business to look after the morning report. I had naturally expected some commendation of my cleverness in finding out the error so easily, and now to be snubbed in this way—well, it was cutting. It was some months later that I learned that the “head and front of my offending” consisted in taking a seat in the presence of an officer.

Had the lieutenant availed himself of this occasion, after kindly attending to what I had to say, to say to me, “Sergeant, the general ideas of military life which you have gotten from your father, or from books, are, in the main, correct; but there are many minor details in the regular service with which it cannot be expected that you are acquainted, and which may cause you some embarrassment. Upon one point, particularly, it is necessary that you should be posted, and that is, that the discipline or etiquette of the army does not allow of enlisted men sitting in the presence of officers unless specially invited to do so. Nor should this circumstance be regarded either as honoring to the offi-

cer or degrading to the soldier ; it is merely a part of a system which the experience of mankind has proved to be essential to subordination"—if, I say, he had thus spoken on this occasion, he would have had my thanks and saved me a little mortification subsequently.

A CASE OF CHOLERA.

ONE morning one of the men, Campbell by name, was reported sick. That it was no ordinary case was evident from the air of seriousness with which the officers walked to and fro in the cabin, holding occasional consultations. We had several cases of sickness on board, but none of them had excited any alarm. As it began to be rumored that there was a case of that terrible scourge, cholera, and the men were ordered to remain in their staterooms or on the upper deck, and especially not to go aft where Campbell lay under an awning, the whole company, as if every heart had been seized with some great sorrow or the dread of some impending calamity, became suddenly subdued and serious, the merriest and most noisy moving about in a listless manner, with the deepest anxiety depicted in their countenances.

Campbell and I were of the same county, and, though I had not been acquainted with him, I requested and obtained permission to see him. As I stood by the dying man my imagination wandered to the home which he had left so short a time since in the full bloom and confidence of manhood, and drew a picture of the little circle in which his departure

had left a vacancy never to be filled. How the fond mother's heart will bleed when informed that her son, for whose return she daily prays, his campaign of life so early closed, has taken up his final bivouac on the shore of the Ohio!

Five years afterwards I met his parents. They had not yet been certainly informed of his death, and still cherished hopes of his return. It was painful to dispel the fond delusion, and I perceived that they strove to convince themselves, with what success I could not tell, that I was mistaken as to his identity.

Our little steamer floated easily enough down the Ohio, but when she began to breast the mighty current of the "Father of Waters" she seemed to quiver at every stroke of the paddles. We began to ascend this river about dark, and rounded to at the landing about three miles below Jefferson Barracks about our usual breakfast hour. Through a misunderstanding (?) between our captain and the commander of the *Alida*, we were put ashore without the interesting ceremony of the customary morning meal. And here the first evidences of dissatisfaction among the men began to appear.

The sudden interruption of any habit is apt to excite discontent, if not physical suffering. Among other sometimes inconvenient habits, that of eating breakfast is not exempt from this general rule. It is not, or rather should not be, a matter of astonishment that some of the men grumbled as they trudged along up to the barracks, a distance of three miles, under burdens almost equal in weight to the equipment of Cæsar's renowned infantry. It was near the hour of

noon when breakfast was served, consisting of pickled pork and baker's bread, which some of the men facetiously styled "wasp nest." The change to this diet from the excellent fare enjoyed on the *Alida* was depressing in its effects on the spirits of the men, and had a very decided tendency to deepen the gloom which had already begun to appear in the prospect before us.

I remember the few days of our stay at Jefferson Barracks as a period of anxious waiting. The men were alarmed about cholera, and they began to see that the life of a soldier had much in it besides the sportive and holiday aspect which they had seen in the distance. We had been at the post but a few days when two of our comrades were taken to the hospital. It was believed that they had cholera, and that night ten men deserted. A few days later Sergeant Milledge Welch died at the hospital. He had passed through the perils of the Mexican War to fall a victim here to the terrible scourge. The other case, Comrade Smith, whose songs had so enlivened our journey down the Cumberland, had also a fatal result, and the voice that had so charmed us was hushed forever.

I have no memorandum of the date of leaving Jefferson Barracks. I think the officers were hardly less pleased than the men when we went aboard the old steamer, the *Martha Jewett*, and commenced the voyage up the Missouri. The character of this river is so widely and well known that I shall not attempt an extended description of it. It is here to-day, there to-morrow. The pilot of to-day may have as much difficulty in finding the channel a month hence as if

he had never floated on its turbid waters. The soldiers, the majority of whom had never seen a steamboat until they arrived at Nashville on our journey westward, found interest and amusement in the cry of the man who stood on the prow, ever throwing the lead and calling out the depth of water for the information of the pilot.

Occasionally we ran into a sand bar. In the prow of the boat was fixed a stout upright spar, thirty or forty feet in length, rigged at the top with ropes and tackle. The ropes were attached to the upper ends of two heavy beams which rested on the gunwales, one on each side, and, passing through the pulleys, hung down to the foot of the spar. When the boat grounded, these heavy beams were dropped to the bottom, and then, by means of another set of ropes and pulleys with which they were rigged, the men lifted the boat out of the sand and she moved forward or back, according as the pilot determined whether he would attempt to work over the bar or back off and seek an open channel. This operation, interesting at first because it was novel, soon became monotonous and scarcely relieved the impatience caused by the delay. What we especially desired now was to push forward to our destination. Our food was so much inferior to that served on the Cumberland steamer, and the manner of serving it so foreign to our ideas of what is due the soldiers of the great republic, that we felt we had good reason to complain. Some of the men had berths between decks; some, through the favor of the engineer, found warm places near the engine; but many preferred the upper deck

and the chilly air to the warmth and crowd and foul smells below.

Among the latter was my friend Joe, more than once referred to in the course of this narrative. He was ill from the beginning of the voyage up the Missouri, and his symptoms grew worse until I became anxious about him. My memory recalls particularly a night when, as he lay on the upper deck wrapped in his overcoat, with only a blanket between him and the board, my mind went back to the circumstances of his enlistment and dwelt on his present situation with painful brooding. I had not by any appeal, persuasion, or suggestion induced him to enlist, but his enlistment had been a result of my rash example. He was a boy of most amiable disposition, of lively wit, faithful and ardent in his friendship, generous and truthful. He was my junior by some years. I had rejoiced in the prospect of his companionship, but now I most heartily wished him restored to the circle of loving ones at his old home in the balmy South. Approaching him, and finding that he suffered from the chill of the night, I spread my greatcoat over him. Later I found him sleeping comfortably; and having walked the deck until weariness began to subdue emotion, I lay down by my friend, and the thread of painful thought was soon lost in slumber. My apprehensions proved groundless. Joe was soon on his feet again, and in his turn became the anxious watcher, while I lingered long on that mysterious borderland, where one may almost hear, floating in the misty air, echoes from the other shore.

ALMOST A ROW.

The men employed on our boat were coolies. One day a landing was made for the purpose of taking in wood. The soldiers, always on the lookout for objects of interest along the shore, stood along the rails, and points of vantage below, observing the scene. Two gang planks were quickly thrown out, and at a signal from the boatswain the coolies marched out in single file over one of the planks, going at a half trot, and, each one having quickly taken up his load of wood, returned by the other plank in the same order.

The boatswain stood upon the gunwale overlooking the work, now and then prodding the men with a sharp word to keep up the required haste. Suddenly he was seen to spring at the line and strike a man full in the face, uttering at the same time an angry epithet. The man staggered, and a second blow felled him, with his burden of fuel, to the deck. He scrambled to his feet, his face bleeding and distorted with pain, and hurriedly, without a word or gesture of resentment, gathered up the wood and took his place in the line.

It is remarkable that the only visible effect this little spurt of the boatswain had upon the line of wood carriers was to quicken the movement of every man in it. Is it possible to conceive of Americans thus submissive—thus apparently indifferent to the cruel treatment of one of their fellows? Nearly all the soldiers aboard were Southern men familiar with the treatment of slaves, but some of them had probably never seen one subjected to the lash. (I had myself

never seen but two negro men whipped; and one of these was a runaway, and the other received a few sharp cuts with a rawhide in the hands of a man, not his master, whom he had aroused to sudden anger, and from whom he broke and fled, the angered man vainly pursuing, much to the amusement of the few witnesses.) If a master or overseer had been guilty of beating a slave as this coolie was beaten, whether with billet or his fist, unless he had done it in self-defense, he would have been regarded by his neighbors as an inhuman brute. Public opinion, while it approved of necessary discipline, generally protected the slave from wanton cruelty.

Our soldiers looked upon the conduct of the boatswain as inhumanly cruel, and, in the vehemence of indignation, did not hesitate to give loud expression to their opinions. So high, at last, rose their excitement that, but for the interference of the officers, aided by a few of the cooler heads among the men, our sportive boatswain would have fared worse than his unresisting victim.

Cruelty is not inconsistent with animal courage, but true manly courage is ever humane.

AT FORT LEAVENWORTH.

We had at last reached the end of our voyage on the Missouri. Taking up our knapsacks, arms, and accouterments, we went ashore, and upon the roadside, a hundred yards from the landing, sat down to rest and wait, as I suppose, for quarters to be selected and prepared for us in the old fort on the hill. Looking up the hill, over a little bridge which then spanned

IN BARRACK AND FIELD.

a ravine at that point, the upper stories of the white-washed walls of the quarters, with the dark roofs above, appearing partly veiled by the deep green foliage of intervening trees, the eye fell upon a scene worthy of an artist's pencil.

Perhaps Lieutenant C— expected us to recognize the charms of the scene. But for my part, being far from well myself, I was discouraged by the bad state of health in the company; and when he asked me how I was pleased with the place, I very promptly told him that to me it appeared rather gloomy. To this he replied sharply: "The fact is, you are determined to be dissatisfied." How far he was mistaken as to me, the reader may judge from the following extracts from letters written a few days afterwards:

FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANS.,

August 11, 1855.

Dear Mother: . . . We still have a long list of sick—thirty, I believe, out of about eighty men. But we have had no case of cholera in two or three days, and many who are reported sick are only weak, too weak to water and curry horses. Among these last I class myself. I have watered my horse but once, and that was on the day he was assigned to me. I have just had a severe headache, which, with my weakness during the last three or four weeks, I attribute to dyspepsia, which, you will recollect, was at its worst with me at this time last year and year before. Still, I am up in the morning at reveille, a little after dawn, and at tattoo roll call, at nine in the evening. I have no duty except to conduct the sick to the hospital before breakfast in the morning, and then take my meal of toast and tea, which is very palatable, and perhaps more nourishing for me than beef, bacon, beans, or

potatoes, any of which I could have, with coffee, if I chose. I should not consider my indisposition worth mentioning, but I suppose you will hear of the sickness here, and you might think that I am more unwell than usual. . . .

Joe had to go back to the hospital, and has been quite sick, but is now much better. . . .

All the deaths but one have been of cholera. We have lost seven men—one on the Cumberland, two at Jefferson Barracks, and four here. I think we are done with it now. . . . We have lost eighteen men by desertion, some of whom ran off from the cholera, and a few on account of ill treatment at the hands of the orderly sergeant. He gets drunk occasionally, and he then uses very abusive language. I see no reason why we should not live very comfortably here. We have good quarters in a large brick building. Below are the kitchen, pantry, dining room, and two small vacant rooms, while above there is the garret for storage, the orderly room, and, lastly, the sleeping room, which contains bunks for the accommodation of fifty-two men; and there is ample room for the remainder to make themselves comfortable on the floor, each one having a good blanket and every two a "bed sack" filled with new hay. The country people—Indians and whites—bring country produce of all sorts for sale, and any sort of groceries is convenient at the store here and at the neighboring towns of Leavenworth and Western, two and five miles distant. Eggs are worth twenty cents; chickens, from fifteen cents to twenty-five cents; Irish potatoes, one dollar and fifty cents. So you see, if we are not satisfied with the government allowance, we can supply ourselves with what we want. We get our clothing very neatly "done up" for seventy-five cents per dozen. We have cotton jackets and pants to wear in warm weather. These we shall not need much until next summer. It is not too warm any morning for

an overcoat, and it is quite cool when the wind blows after a rain. We get our water mostly from the river, which runs within two hundred and fifty yards of our quarters, though we are on a hill seventy or eighty feet above the river's level. Boats are passing frequently, and sometimes furnish us with lemonade or other dainties, according to our taste. We use, also, a good deal of rain water (which is preferable to all other here); and there are springs around, but we have not troubled ourselves to visit them. Twenty pounds of ice per day is allowed each company. So, upon the whole, I can't see why we may not have an agreeable time enough, as soon as our sick list gets down to a reasonable number, so as to make the duties of all lighter. There are now thirty sick, and a few days ago they numbered forty.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANS.,

August 25, 1855.

Dear —: Being myself just far enough out of the hospital to be off duty, and Joe being just far enough out not to be on duty, both feeling very well and more than usually cheerful from having received your letter of the 6th inst., the first since our departure from home, we go to work to reply to your inquiries.

Company I is getting on very well now. The men, having of necessity made up their minds to quit growling and do their duty, have become better satisfied, and everything moves on smoothly. Only thirty-five are sick now. Joe is well, and has been for a week, but he was kept in the hospital because he wouldn't take care of himself. He is yet too weak for duty.

We have had very agreeable weather this week, and have been drilling on horseback. Any man with good resolutions and without laziness or false pride would be satisfied here, as far as one can be so away from friends and home. If one will only cherish the

belief that cheerfulness is a duty and try habitually to make the best of everything, he must be in a measure contented. I take my motto from Tupper: "Success, the offspring of cheerfulness and courage."

Garrison duties are rather monotonous, and we are now anticipating with pleasure an expedition to the plains about the 20th of next month, for which orders are already out. There has been a massacre in that direction.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANS.,

September 8, 1855.

Dear Mother, Brothers, and Sisters: Well pleased I was to receive letters from home dated August 23d yesterday evening — only fifteen days old. They seemed all too short. 'Tis true there was some bad news, but I almost forgot it in the joy of hearing from home. We have had no pay, and I have been destitute of envelopes and paper. I am this morning indebted to Mr. Clarke for a supply, which enables me to answer your kind and flattering letter.

In my intercourse with the world I have often been made to feel my imperfections keenly; but, upon the whole, I guess I have no reason to complain about the appreciation of my fellow-men. There is a sort of selfishness which will not acknowledge merit in others, and will shoot its shafts of sarcasm at you whenever you expose a vulnerable point. Fortunately, there is a generous spirit which is ever ready to give commendation when it is deserved, feeling it to be the less sin to go beyond the mark and make an overestimate of merit, rather than fall short of it. Relying on its own strength, its generous argument is that it can well afford to inspire the despondent with courage and self-reliance, when it can do so, by timely encomium. It is the small mind that imagines its own importance magnified when it depreciates another. It has been my good fortune to number among my

friends a few of those kindly natures whose happiness it is to inspire others with the feeling—you may call it sentiment if you will—that makes them think better of mankind and of themselves. To prove myself grateful to these shall be my constant aim.

We are briskly preparing to march on the 20th—drilling four hours every day. The heat is almost insufferable. There has been no rain for about two weeks, and the dust rises about us in clouds so that one's most intimate friend would hardly recognize him as he comes from drill. Our company has not yet received arms. We rode at first with stirrups crossed over the saddles. I have seen a half-dozen men thrown at a single drill. The simple foreigners, many of whom never before mounted a horse, use the spur to hold themselves in the saddle. The natural result follows. The horse rears and plunges until the saddle is emptied.

I rode one day at drill a very stubborn horse, quite untrained. We were exercising in the school of the trooper. When it came my turn to move out, my horse, instead of moving forward, raised himself on his hind legs and, falling to one side, caught my leg under him. Extricating myself, I mounted again, and again he lifted his fore legs in the air. I was expecting it this time, and, placing my hand on the pommel, sprang back, pulling him over with such force that he was never disposed to try the experiment again, and I had no further trouble with him.

To the soldier garrison life is more or less monotonous according to his temperament and habits. The first few weeks at Fort Leavenworth was, with a large majority of the rank and file of the First Cavalry, a time of apprehension and gloom, on account of cholera and several fatal cases of typhoid fever. A number of the younger men were seized with a morbid

longing for home. Gradually this wore off as the health of the garrison improved and one after another of the convalescents took up the routine duties of the Post. Things began to assume a more cheerful aspect. Recruits began to feel ambitious to imitate the *sang-froid* of the old soldiers among us. Many sought excitement in gambling; a few found forgetfulness in frequent potations. There was at that time no Post library where one not inclined to mix with the crowd could retire during the intervals of duty and enjoy the society of books.

THE DAILY ROUTINE.

The routine of each day included, first, reveille, when at the sound of the bugle the men fell into line in front of the company quarters, and the roll was called. Stable call followed immediately. At this call the orderly sergeant marched the company to the stables, where, under the supervision of an officer, they groomed their horses, which were fed at the same time by men detailed for that purpose. This duty performed, the company marched back to quarters. Breakfast call followed, after an interval of time sufficient for due preparations.

After breakfast came water call, the signal for repairing to the stable and watering the horses. Then came guard mounting, usually at 8 A.M. in summer and at 9 in winter. An hour later the bugle called to the drill ground, where the men were exercised from one to two hours.

Dinner at 12, drill again at 3 P.M., then water call and stable call again; the assembly (for roll call) at sundown, then supper; tattoo at 9, and taps—the signal for putting out lights—at 9:15. Surgeon's call was the signal for those who had reported unable for duty to repair to the hospital for examination and treatment. They were usually accompanied by a non-commissioned officer, with a book containing a list of the sick. The order of the surgeon in each case was entered on the list, for the information of the orderly sergeant.

The sanitary police of the Post was done by men detailed each day, or by prisoners, under the direction of a noncommissioned officer. The signal for this service is denominated "fatigue call." Men detailed for any special work for the day also responded to this call. The company quarters were policed, ice brought from the ice house, and bread from the bakery by men detailed each day for the purpose, the details being read out at the assembly roll call each evening for the next day. The thoughtful young reader will readily perceive that the life of cavalrymen in garrison is not all a holiday affair. Yet, when a man happened to escape a detail, he had some time to devote to pursuing the suggestions of his taste. A few of us employed some part of this leisure pleasantly, if not profitably, in rambling about the woods, searching for hazelnuts, alarming the shy rabbit, watching in a dreamy way the grand sweep of the river's current around the bluff; or, climbing the hills, we sought the most favorable point for observing the surrounding

country, with all its rich prospect of prairie and forest, and farm and village.

It was my custom to write in a commonplace book something of what I saw on these rambles. I copy a page showing the impression I had of the scenery about the fort at that time.

Sunday, March 27, 1857.—Seated on the tallest spur of the hills adjacent to Fort Leavenworth, the view in front is extensive, varied, and beautiful. There to the south is the United States farm, with its thousand acres of pasture inclosed by rural-looking fences, and dotted with many a pleasant grove of oak and hazel. Beyond is the rising city of Leavenworth, and there, just below, is a little gleam of the great river, on whose banks it stands, looking, as the rays of the noonday sun fall upon the rippling wavelets, like a lake of silver set in the majestic forest. And there miles and miles away to the south a column of smoke, from one of the river steamers, rises above a rift in the forest and floats away in fantastic wreaths until lost in shadowy clouds.

A little west of south is Pilot Knob, a sort of promontory extending out into the plain which skirts the river here, and forming the southern extremity of a circuitous ridge—the western boundary of the great amphitheater in which stand the fort and city of Leavenworth and the public farms.

Southward from Pilot Knob, and between it and the river, an uninterrupted succession of plains, that seem to rise one above another, extends as far as the eye can reach. Northward, about five miles from the fort, the city of Western lies half hidden among the

bluffs beyond the Missouri, its situation suggestive of a design to shut itself out from the world and seek, in serious meditation among the wilds of nature, that happiness which 'tis said is found not in the crowded thoroughfares of men. But "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

Next, in an opening in the forest, south from Western, are discovered the smooth fields of the upper farm, very beautiful now, with their carpeting of velvet gray; but when the green corn and golden wheat wave and rustle at the touch of summer breezes, how beautiful then!

THE COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Before entering the service I had been assured that the officers were tyrants, who took advantage of the authority conferred by rank for the purpose of maintaining that subordination without which an army would become a mob, and used it to hector and abuse the enlisted men. In five years' service, during which I was associated on duty with officers of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, I met with not more than two or three instances of positive unkindness. On the contrary, I found them usually courteous in the exercise of authority; and while exacting obedience and respect, their conduct toward their men was that of guardians looking humanely to their welfare rather than tyrannical or oppressive. Many of the officers of the old First Cavalry—now the Fourth—have since become distinguished. In the great con-

flict between the States, the North took from this regiment Edwin V. Sumner, Sedgewick, Emory, Delos B. Sacket, G. B. McClellan, Tom J. Wood, Sturgis, Eugene A. Carr, Tom Crittendon. The South called to her defense Joseph E. Johnston, William N. R. Beall, McIntosh, William S. Walker, De Saussure, G. H. Stewart, J. E. B. Stuart, Alfred Iverson, Robert Ransom, George T. Anderson, Lomax, John N. Perkins, and Ingraham. A more gallant set of officers never led soldiers to victory or stood by them in defeat.

The laudable admiration of Americans for their countrymen who have won renown by distinguished public services imparts a certain interest to the recitation of incidents which, if related of ordinary men, would be passed by with indifference. Such interest attaches, in the mind of the writer, to the anecdotes here recorded; but they are given for the purpose, mainly, of illustrating the disposition of our officers toward their men.

ANECDOTES OF COLONEL SUMNER.

Colonel Sumner, known to the men as "Bull of the Woods," from some cause (possibly a sternness of demeanor, which had been growing on him from the habit of command for the third of a century, was unpopular with many of the younger officers. It may have been because he exacted of them the same rigid adherence to the lines of discipline which was required of the enlisted men. Whatever the cause, the fact existed that he was less popular with the officers than with the men. Perhaps they, the enlisted men, rec-

ognized by intuition the heart of gold that lay concealed under the sternness of years and rank.

My first experience with him had much to do with the impressions I had of his character, and which have never left me. I had from some cause forgotten a service which I had been directed to perform, and received a summons to report at headquarters. I went, conscious of being without excuse, and not knowing what penalty I had subjected myself to. I had been guilty, though unintentionally, of disobedience of orders, and the result, without a pardon, could be nothing less than reduction to the ranks. The soldier can imagine the state of my nerves as I entered the office of the post adjutant. There sat the Colonel in all his terrible dignity. As he turned his eyes upon me I made the usual salute, saying: "Colonel, I have been directed to report here." To his question whether I had received orders to perform a certain duty, I was obliged to say that I had.

"Have you done it?" this somewhat sternly.

"I am sorry to say that I have not."

"And why, sir?"

I frankly told him that I had forgotten it.

His reply was emphasized with a shake of the great head. "A soldier never forgets, Sergeant; a soldier never forgets."

Upon my assuring him that I would not let the offense occur again, after some kind words of caution he dismissed me.

I witnessed another incident that will serve to illustrate the humane side of this stern old soldier. The regiment was at drill, mounted. A horse suddenly

broke from the ranks and, dashing across the fields, ran straight into a passing team of oxen, of three or four yokes. He went against the chain behind the second yoke with tremendous force, and horse and man went down together. The leading oxen were jerked backward, the wheelers were filled with terror, and the cavalryman and his steed were, for the moment, in imminent danger of being trampled to death. One of the soldier's company officers had followed him, and called loudly to the wagoner and his assistants, who stood as if utterly bewildered by the suddenness of the affair, saying: "Get that horse out of there, get that horse out of there." Colonel Sumner had followed the officer closely, and, hearing his order, shouted with a voice that might have been heard a mile: "Get that man out of there, G—d d—n it to h—l, get that *man* out of there!" Few who heard it could forget the emphasis which he put upon the word "man." He seemed to rise in his stirrups to get a stronger grip on it. This was the only time I ever heard Colonel Sumner use profane language. In his view, evidently, the occasion called for emphatic ob-jurgation, and polite terms of rebuke did not just then occur to him.

LIEUT. J. E. B. STUART.

The chivalrous J. E. B. Stuart was regimental quartermaster, and even at that time possessed that fondness for display which characterized him later, when, as the great cavalry leader of the South, he was winning imperishable laurels. He liked occasionally to stroll about in citizen's dress, and I am indebted to this

fact for my personal acquaintance with him. Just north of the fort a little bridge spanned a ravine crossing a road leading down to the river. Walking here one day, and somewhat absorbed in thought, as I approached the bridge from below I saw coming from the opposite direction a man of medium height. He wore a neatly-fitting sack coat of black alpaca, black pants, and broad-brimmed Panama hat. A black ribbon hung loosely from his hat, the lower end tied in a buttonhole of the coat. There was nothing about him to indicate the officer; and although I had a slight impression that he was one, when we met on the bridge I passed him without saluting. I had walked off the bridge when, without looking back, I became aware that he had stopped and was looking at me.

“Look here!” The tone in which these words were spoken was such as any one might use in calling attention. I turned and faced him.

“Didn’t you know that you are required to salute officers here, when you meet them?”

“Yes, sir; but I didn’t know that I was expected to recognize officers in citizen’s clothing.”

“A-a-h. But you must salute when you do recognize them.”

I gave him to understand that it would be a pleasure to do so; gave the salute, he returned it, and we went on our several ways.

GENERAL S. D. STURGIS.

I HAVE heard some adverse criticism of General Sturgis. I know not whether he is yet on the stage of action, nor how many there may be who will smile at his praise or frown at his censure. Waiving the circumstance of his having got such a drubbing at Bryce's Crossroads by Forrest and Rucker and Morton and the other fellows, that I know: that Sturgis had a heart of humane mold. The following incident illustrates a trait of character that won for him the hearty good will of his men:

A garrison court-martial of which he was president was sitting for the trial of petty offenses against the military code. Among the cases before the court was one growing out of the following circumstances: On a cold winter night a youth, who had apparently barely reached the age required for enlistment, was brought to the guardhouse and turned over to the sergeant in command as a deserter. Cold as it was, his clothing was of cotton. He was small of stature, pale, and pitiable in appearance. The sergeant, moved by a sense of humanity, permitted him to sit in the guard room by the stove, intending to lock him up when he had warmed himself. Leaving him there in charge of the corporal who was on watch, he returned to the officers' room. Later in the night, going into the guard room to look after his prisoner, he found him asleep, lying under the raised platform erected for the men off duty to sleep on, his feet projecting out toward the stove. The humane corporal agreed with the sergeant that to awake the boy and

lock him in the prison room or a cell, where he would have to lie on the bare floor without a blanket, would be an unnecessary cruelty, as he could be safely kept where he was. So the young man was allowed to sleep where he was and "remember his misery no more" until morning. After daylight no apprehension of his escape was felt, so he was not locked up. The junior sergeant of the guard first went to his breakfast. Upon his return the sergeant in command went, leaving the junior in charge. Guard-mounting came on at the usual hour, when, in turning the prisoners over to the new guard, it was discovered that the new prisoner was missing.

Upon these facts charges were preferred by the officer of the day against the sergeant for "neglect of duty" in allowing a prisoner to escape. The sergeant was aware that, under the rigid rules of the code military, it was his duty to have locked the prisoner up; and though his neglect to do so may have been, under the circumstances, a failing that "leaned to virtue's side," he felt that he was technically guilty as charged, and, when his case was called, entered a plea accordingly, and proposed to introduce his captain, who was present, for the purpose of showing good general conduct in mitigation of sentence.

Captain Sturgis, President: "If he is going to plead guilty, what is the use of any evidence in the case?"

The Judge Advocate: "The prisoner is allowed to introduce evidence under a plea of guilty to show previous good conduct."

Captain Sturgis: "Yes, I know; but under a plea

of not guilty he would have a wider range of evidence. We don't know what he might prove. It may be that the prisoner got away while he was gone to breakfast and the junior sergeant had charge."

The Defendant: "If the Court will permit me, I withdraw the plea as entered and plead not guilty."

The sergeant would have been dull indeed if he had not seen the loophole which the generous-minded president had made for his escape. The plea of not guilty having been entered, the corporal who had been in charge of the guard room on the morning of the escape was sent for. The sergeant was allowed to confer with him privately about what he knew touching the case, and he was then sworn as a witness. The corporal testified that he saw the prisoner in the guard room about sunup; that soon after that time the defendant went to breakfast, and that he did not remember having seen the prisoner afterwards. Another witness had seen the prisoner after daylight.

With this evidence the case was submitted to the Court, and the sergeant was acquitted.

FROM LEAVENWORTH TO KEARNEY.

The 20th of September, the day appointed for our westward move, arrived at last, and as the regiment marched out the men were inspired with new animation. The first three days' march led over a prairie country, rolling and rich of soil, with here and there a high ridge where the soil was thin, and in places bearing scrubby black-jack. For some days I had been in a low state of health. In fact, I suppose I was sick; but as it was understood that this was to

be an expedition into the Indian country, and there might be some fighting, I had stubbornly kept off of the sick list, feeling that it would be a disgrace to be left behind. Lieutenant Carr had proposed to have me detailed to remain in charge of the company property. I thanked him, but respectfully declined, which was a great mistake on my part.

On the evening of the third day we encamped near a small stream skirted by a luxuriant growth of timber. The grass on the prairie fronting our camp was three or four feet high. Next morning my horse was missing, having pulled up the picket pin. In going about to look for him my feet and legs got thoroughly wet with the dew, and before I had found him there fell a heavy shower. I returned to my tent tired as well as wet.

Our marching orders included one requiring the horses to be unsaddled at the noon halt, and blankets put over them to protect their backs from the sun. When "boots and saddles" sounded on the afternoon of that day, I found my strength unequal to the feat of lifting my heavy dragoon saddle to its place. I paid a man a quarter to do this service for me. After this evening I did not answer at the company roll call again until Christmas had come and gone. On the next morning I was unable to mount. I was put into a common wagon—without springs—to be hauled three hundred miles and left at Fort Kearney, in Nebraska. And this was glory! I could never remember much of the march after this date. It is all like a dream. There were a number of sick men in the wagon, among them private Gunnels, a native of my

county, and a member of Company I. Gunnels was chiefly noted for his peculiar physical development. He was Brobdingnagian in height and Lilliputian in breadth. He was, by the way, an inveterate grumbler. He would lie most of the time flat on his back, his head near the front, his legs stretched well out toward the back of the wagon. I have a vague recollection of sitting with my back against the sides of the wagon body, my knees drawn up against my chest, the long form of Gunnels ever stretched out before me. Now and then he would utter a cry of pain or a doleful complaint at our fellow-passengers for crowding and getting on him. Perhaps it was true, possibly my fevered imagination made it appear that the stronger men were imposing on Gunnels, and the impression was left on my mind that, in efforts to protect him, I used language not laid down in the catechism.

The scene changes, and I find myself in a hospital tent at Fort Kearney, a young surgeon bending over me and asking questions about me of the attendant. His tone was gentle, and the expression of his face most kindly. I had afterwards the impression that I had tried to bribe him to give me special attention by telling him that if he would get me up I would help him about the other sick men, and that he replied soothingly: "Yes, I want you to get well." One day, stimulated for the moment by the fever, I had walked a little way out from the tent, being perhaps only half-conscious, and was returning when I fell down. Attempting to rise, I tumbled over again. The surgeon happened to see me. I heard him tell some one

to carry me into the hospital. I was conscious of being raised on a blanket, then the light went out. Hope and fear and care for life and its responsibilities had slipped away and left me in a mysterious region of shadows and forgetfulness:

“Where my wrecked, desponding thought
From wave to wave of fancied misery drove,
Her helm of reason lost.”

Did you ever, when a child, having slept at some place other than your own bedroom, upon awaking in the morning, lie very still for a little space of time trying to make out where you were and how you came there? It was just so with me. On a fine day in November—about the 1st—I discovered myself lying on a cot in the corner of a room with a rather low ceiling, my feet to the wall. “Where am I?” “How came I here?” were questions which I was trying to answer, as I lay very still looking about. I was conscious of a murmur of voices in the room, but there was no one within the range of my sight. Listening, I made out presently that three or four persons of different nationalities were conversing in subdued tones, and that some person who was very sick was the subject of their talk. This was about what I heard:

“He may linger days yet, don’t you know?”

“He’ll be det before the sun goes down mit the hills.”

“And, poor fellow, it’s a hard time he’s been afther having. Did yez hear him the night talkin’ to his mother, like she’d been there kneelin’ by the bed of

him and he lookin' into her blessed eyes? And it's goin' to see her I'm thinkin' he is afore long."

I hear the light steps of some one approaching; then a face comes into the line of my vision and bends over me with a look of sympathetic but hopeless inquiry. As I look up into his eyes they flash with sudden light, and a gleam of satisfaction mantles the kindly face. "Och, bejabbers," he cries; "he's risin'! He'll come out o' it yet." Then the others come around and look at me, while my good-hearted Irish friend rushes out and directly returns with the hospital steward, who feels my pulse and asks me, smilingly, how I feel. I felt very weak, and so expressed myself, and it was unanimously agreed that this was not a matter of surprise.

I was, in truth, in a sad plight—my mouth was almost covered with a scab, while fever sores dotted my body here and there, and a little patch of bone peeped out at each hip, where the skin was worn away. If I could have recovered my strength without being reclothed with flesh, I might have made a fortune exhibiting as the living skeleton. When I had grown strong enough to inspect the cot upon which I lay, I found the hay with which the bed sack was filled in a condition which suggested that it might have been part of a supply laid in by Noah of old to feed the animals in the ark. It was not merely broken into little bits; it was practically pulverized. I do not suppose that such an article could be found in any United States hospital now, thanks to a more rigid system of inspection and a better understanding of the money value of liberality in the matter of hospital

supplies. Nor do I believe that the surgeon then in charge was responsible. His hospital wards became crowded at a time when it would have been difficult, if at all possible, to procure new hay or straw, and it was probably necessary to bring into use again articles that had been condemned and laid aside. I received the kindest and most careful treatment at the hands of Surgeon Alexander and his steward.

COMRADESHIP.

Reminiscences of this somber period crowd upon me as I dwell upon it, trying to recall such incidents as may serve to illustrate army life as seen from the standpoint of an enlisted man. But, lest my narrative become tedious, I pass over many things that linger in memory as minor lights and shadows of soldier life.

There exists between the soldier and his chosen comrade a mutual confidence, which, in its completeness, is found only among men associated together in scenes of suffering or peril, or between persons isolated for a long period from former friends. I have already had occasion to mention in this narrative a young soldier whose amiable qualities had won the good will of most of his comrades. I had known Joe from his childhood. The ties of old association were confirmed and strengthened by our comradeship and separation from our mutual friends. Before I was taken with the fever he had confided to me the keeping of some money which he did not need, and I had in

turn deposited it with our captain. When the regiment, returning from the expedition into the Cheyenne country, halted at Fort Kearney, Joe came to the hospital to see me. I had been for many days entirely oblivious of my surroundings, my mind wandering in a "sea of dreams tumultuous." I had made no conscious response to the surgeon who treated me, nor to the steward or attendant who administered the medicines. But when the voice of friendship spoke, gently calling my name, the mind, with sentient bound, broke through the dense cloud with which the fever had so long shrouded it, and saw and knew the face of Joe leaning there above me.

A French soldier, on the retreat from Moscow, was found where he had fallen in the snow, exhausted, chilled, and speechless. A comrade said: "Put some brandy to his lips; he will come back to taste it." The voice of friendship is stronger than the spirit of the vine.

Joe's anxious inquiries answered, one of us (I know not which) mentioned the money he had put in my care, and I told him to get Captain Anderson to come in and I would tell him to let him have it. I think his going and my lapse into unconsciousness were simultaneous. I never looked upon the kind face of little Joe again. He has preceded me to the mystic shore which seemed so nigh me then. Again I wake to consciousness for a brief moment to ask Captain Anderson, as he holds my hand, to let Joe have twenty dollars of the money placed with him. I learned afterwards that a number of my comrades

came in to see me that day. I recognized none of them, nor knew of their coming.

My recovery was rapid, and on November 22 I was sent to quarters. But the change from the hospital diet to the regulation rations was so revolting to my system that I was taken back to the hospital in less than forty-eight hours.

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

I do not know whether the psychologists have noticed the difference between the vagaries of the mind in fever and those which occur in sleep when no fever exists; nor, indeed, whether such difference, as a rule, exists at all. But, in my own experience, I have observed that dreams very rarely relate to anything on which I have been thinking, whereas in the unreasoning vagaries of fever the mind persistently clings to and dwells upon whatever most occupied the thought just prior to the attack. That I had, after becoming too feeble for duty, dwelt much on the idea of going home on furlough was quite natural. A hundred times had I pictured to myself the scene of a meeting with my family and friends. To realize this dream was the one grand purpose that pervaded my soul in the delirium of fever, and time after time I fancied myself about to accomplish it. And always as I approached the consummation of my purpose the same obstacle presented itself—a United States hospital.

In one of these vagaries, after overcoming many difficulties, I imagined I had reached a place within twenty-five miles of the old homestead. My path seemed to lead up a narrow hollow between two

ridges. At first these ridges were low, and some distance on each side from my path; but they seemed to increase in height, converging as I advanced. Suddenly a large building loomed up before me. I noticed quickly that it filled the narrow gorge from hill to hill. There was no way around. The path led straight up to the entrance. I dismounted and went in. Looking about, I found that I had entered a hospital ward. There were a number of cots, all occupied but one, upon which hung a soldier's trousers. I sat down by the fire. Presently an attendant appeared, and I told him that I wanted a place to sleep.

"There's a bunk over there," he said.

"Do you take me for a fool?" I replied. "Don't you see those trousers? Don't you know that some one, who has just gone out, occupies that bunk?"

The attendant made no reply, having disposed himself to rest on a cot just at the right of the fireplace. I sat there some time and, becoming impatient and indignant at his inattention to my wants, reached over and gave him a shake, saying as curtly as I could: "Get up from here, and show me where to sleep." Then my vision faded out, and all was blank. All this creation of fevered fancy was as clear in my memory after my return to consciousness as any real occurrence that had passed. I found the hospital ward where I lay the exact counterpart of that of my imagined adventure. There were the same number of cots, occupying precisely corresponding positions, just as I had seen them. A young Englishman lay on the cot at the right of the fireplace.

I was told that one night during the period of my

unconsciousness I had risen from my cot and taken a seat by the fire; that after sitting there in silence for a while I had gotten up, seized the sleeping Englishman by the hair, and jerked him to a sitting posture. He yelled as if all the demons were after him. The attendant, who, contrary to orders and to duty, was out of his ward, rushed in. He first grasped the situation and then grasped me and threw me almost across the room into my cot of powdered hay.

On December 7 I was again sent to quarters, was returned for duty on the 10th, and mounted guard on the 11th. I turned the scales that day at ninety-six pounds.

The quarters, which were built of adobe, or prairie sod, were very comfortable as winter quarters. Having no horse to care for, my duties were light; yet I was not happy, for I was filled with longing to rejoin my regiment, and I still clung to the fading hope of getting a furlough, if not a discharge, on the ground of my extreme debility.

A BOOR WITH SHOULDER STRAPS.

While yet in the hospital, I learned that a detachment under command of a major of infantry was to leave for Fort Leavenworth with some Indian prisoners, who had been ordered there to await the pleasure of the government. I immediately applied for permission to accompany this detachment. It was granted, and on the morning appointed for setting out, soon after reveille, I reported to the acting orderly

sergeant. He asked me about my rations. Supposing the sergeant would be furnished with a list of all who were to be attached to the party, and would draw rations for them, I had only procured at the sutler's a pound or two of crackers. The sergeant, however, said but little about it, and having designated a wagon in which to place my arms and accouterments, kindly invited me to take coffee with his mess.

Directly after breakfast I was told that the major wanted to see me, and was conducted into the presence of a man of medium height, dressed in buckskin, with fringed overshirt and leggings, and wearing a broad-brimmed slouch hat. He was a man of compact and sturdy frame, better adapted, I should judge, to the gentle offices of a ditcher or hod carrier than to military feats. He had been conversing with Captain Wharton, the Post Commandant, who stood at his side. Turning to me, he said: "Are you going to Fort Leavenworth with me?"

"Yes, sir; I want to go."

"Where are your rations?"

"I supposed the sergeant in charge would draw rations for all the party, sir."

"You're a purty sergeant," he hissed; "who made you a sergeant? Git your things out o' that wagon, sir."

Surprised beyond measure at this exhibition of venom in an officer of the army, humiliation and indignation struggled in my heart for the mastery. Looking helplessly at Captain Wharton, I saw in his eye an expression which I interpreted to be one of sympathy—an interpretation which was confirmed by

the tone in which he said to me: "You had better go back to the hospital, sergeant, and wait till you are stronger. You are too weak to go on this trip anyhow."

Sorrowfully I proceeded to "git my things out o' that wagon" and return to the hospital, assisted by a common soldier, who with Captain Wharton could look down from his higher plane of humanity and perhaps pity him whose sense of his own importance could prompt him to use his authority to crush an inferior.

Had the major not wished to humiliate me before his men, he would have recalled the fact that I was a member of a new regiment made up entirely of recruits ignorant of the details of the service; that from these it had been necessary to select the sergeants. Ignorance of that which one has had no opportunity to learn is excusable. In truth I had not in a single instance had anything to do with the matter of drawing rations for detachments. It was not in the line of my duties. Besides, the order attaching me to this command should have given direction as to rations. But the redoubtable major entered up judgment against me without asking if I had a plea to file.

THE RETURN—"THE BRAVEST ARE THE TENDEREST."

On December 18 three officers, with an escort of twelve men, with two ambulances and two wagons, set out for Fort Leavenworth, whither they had been ordered to attend a court-martial. Captain Wharton very kindly took advantage of this opportunity to send another soldier and the writer to our regiment.

A third man, who had been discharged on the surgeon's certificate of disability, accompanied the party.

Several old campaigners had advised me not to try to cross the plains at that season of the year. They said that, while a robust man accustomed to exposure might go through safely, it would be extremely hazardous for a man like me, who had been but a few days out of the hospital, weighing barely a hundred pounds, and who had never experienced the rigors of a northern winter. Notwithstanding this well-meant advice, it was with a light heart that I took my place in one of the wagons and proceeded to make myself comfortable in buffalo robe and blankets. Through the kindness of Dr. Alexander I had been provided with a quart of excellent brandy, with directions to take a tablespoonful four times a day—a prescription not hard to take.

We crossed the divide—as the upland between the Platte and the waters of the Kansas River was called—on the first day, and camped about sunset on one of the head branches of the Blue. Getting out of the wagon, I picked up a long-handled shovel and began to clear away the snow. It was about a foot in depth, and it was necessary to clear off spaces for the tents. Being one of the party by sufferance, as it were, I felt it right to do a reasonable share of the work incident to camping. Our party was in charge of Captain Henderson, of the Sixth Infantry, an old veteran, whose left arm, disabled by a wound received during the Mexican War, hung rigid at his side. The good Captain had left his seat in the ambulance and was standing a few feet from me. Conscious that he was

observing me, I looked up. Catching my eye, he said gently: "Put down that shovel, Sergeant, and get back in the wagon; we don't want you to do anything." Welcome words, because so kindly said; making me realize more fully than ever before how true it is that "the bravest are the tenderest." After that evening, until we arrived at Fort Leavenworth, when we went into camp I kept my place in the wagon until the fires were made.

I had, before leaving Kearney, bought a buffalo robe. It was not well-dressed, but the best I could get with the limited means at my command. At this first camp I spread it on the ground at night, and it made an excellent bed. There was a roaring fire in front of the tent. Next morning I found my robe quite wet, the ground having thawed under it. I could not get it dry before leaving camp, so I folded it up. During the day it froze, and I did not succeed in thawing or unfolding it until after we got to Leavenworth. However, I did very well without it.

At the crossing of the Big Blue, where there was a trading post, known as Marysville (the only settlement then between Kearney and the vicinity of Leavenworth), we were joined by two men who had been discharged at Fort Kearney and who were on their way to the States. They got permission to go on with us and to ride in one of the wagons. One of them, being tipsy, fell in the river in the early morning, getting his feet and legs wet. Driving over the plateau east of the Big Blue that day, the wind swept down upon us with chilling force. This man would sit in the fore end of the wagon, his feet hanging out. His wet

clothing was soon frozen stiffly about his legs. He took whisky pretty freely during the day. At camp that evening he staggered against a lieutenant of our party, who promptly knocked him down. In the morning his feet were very much swollen. The result, as well as other details of the journey, is related in the following letter :

FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANS.,
January 3, 1856.

Dear Mary: On my return to this post, on December 25, I was much gratified to find quite a budget of letters from various quarters, among them two or three from yourself. For this kind remembrance you have my heartfelt thanks. . . . But you were doubtless aware that chances in a military life to send letters home are very uncertain, while there is some certainty of my getting letters, if properly directed, though I were hundreds of miles from regimental headquarters.

If my letters from Fort Kearney do not get out of the way, you will, before receiving this, learn the cause of my long silence. During my stay there I wrote several, but none of them left there until the very day upon which I left myself, and our party out-traveled the mail to this post. We came at a fierce trot or gallop, except when ascending hills, making the distance of about three hundred miles in eight days, over frozen snow, or ice into which the snow had been converted by thawing and again freezing. Often on a descent the wagons would slide sidewise many yards, sometimes approaching the precipitous banks of deep ravines so nearly that it would almost make my hair rise. In such cases nothing could save us but to keep the mules at their utmost speed. The tendency of the wagon to slide off to the lower side of the road was overcome by a rapid forward movement.

Indeed, when the team was fairly in a trot down anything like a steep decline, the teamster was powerless to stop unless there happened to be unbroken ground upon which he could turn aside and bring the wagon upon a level. But, in the providence of God, it so happened that none of us had our necks broken, and only three were frost-bitten. One of these, a discharged soldier—a very stout man—having got drunk, came very near freezing to death. He was brought to the hospital here, and the surgeons found it necessary to amputate both of his feet—one at the ankle, the other at the instep.

This is a very cold climate. I would not advise Southerners to come to Kansas. The splendors of a boundless view on a plain covered with ice and snow glistening in the sunshine, or clothed with flowers and waving grass in summer, fail to compensate the beholder for enduring the uninterrupted, the chilling, the freezing northern blasts of winter, and the cheerless bleakness of an atmosphere often darkened at midday with the freezing mist.

If our people, freed from the insatiable and corrupting thirst for wealth, would but learn to appreciate the blessings which a bountiful Providence has showered upon our sunny Southland, they would all see in her rippling streams, her wooded hills, and her fertile valleys ten thousand beauties undiscovered by eyes too much elevated in their gaze toward an imaginary paradise beyond the Mississippi. . . . "Ho, for California!" "Ho, for Texas!" "Ho, for Kansas!" are expressions found in almost every newspaper of the day. Our editors would do their readers a better service by advising them to stay at home and hoe for cotton and corn. Georgia will be a happy State when her citizens shall have ceased to look beyond the resources of their native land. Then it will be found that our Southern soil is not so unfriendly to progress that the spirit of enterprise need flit away to some

Western wilderness in search of fields for its energies.

On the evening of December 25 night came on us while we were yet several miles from Fort Leavenworth. In places where there was neither timber nor fence to serve as guide, in the uncertain light that reflected from the snow that lay along the route, the teamsters could not follow the road. The sergeant of our escort volunteered to walk in front, and so led us into the fort. I learned next day that his toes were severely frost-bitten.

Upon going to my old quarters I found that my company had moved into new buildings on the opposite side of the plaza. The man heretofore mentioned, who had been discharged at Kearney on account of disability, was with me, seeking a place to lodge for the night. We had gone half across the plaza when he sank down in the snow. I helped him to his feet again, but he was quite unable to proceed. Leaving him, I hurried on to the new quarters. Seeing a light in the dining room, I rushed in there. Perhaps a dozen men were grouped around the fireplace. Such was their astonishment at seeing me alive (as some of them afterwards told me) that they actually believed, as they saw me advance across the room, that my spirit had appeared before them, so certain had they been that I had died at Fort Kearney. It was some time before I could get any one's attention. As soon, however, as they got hold of the fact that my appearance was no illusion, three or four men rushed out, brought the poor fellow in, and made him as comfortable as possible.

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

AMONG the old friends of my father resident at Newnan, Ga., in 1855 was the late Judge Hugh Buchanan, then a rising lawyer. Being in his office one day after my enlistment, he said to me that during the period of my service there might come a time when friends at home could do something for me. "I am not in politics now," said he. "I intend to devote myself to my profession until I acquire a competence; then I may enter politics. If any occasion should arise in which I can be of any service to you, do not hesitate to call on me. I will do anything in my power to advance your interests."

At the election in the fall of that year, Mr. Buchanan was chosen Senator for his district. The exacting duties of legislation did not make him forget his desire to do something for the son of his old friend. After consultation with others who felt a kindly interest in the matter, he introduced a resolution instructing the Georgia delegation in Congress to ask the President to give me a commission. The resolution was adopted without a dissenting voice, approved by the Governor, and complied with by the Senators and Representatives in Congress.

One morning in the spring of 1856 I was ordered to report for guard duty. Nearly, if not all, the regiment was in garrison, and the guard was proportionately large, commanded by an officer, and having two sergeants and two corporals. When the details from the several companies had taken their places in line on the parade, it was observed that a large number of

officers were grouped in front of the post headquarters, within the parade ground. This was the usual position for persons coming to witness guard-mounting. But it was unusual to see there, as on this occasion, half the officers of the garrison. Another unusual thing happened. No officer appeared to take command of the guard. I was the senior sergeant, and was directed to take command. I was perhaps somewhat embarrassed, having never inspected so large a guard, nor marched so large a body of men in review. Besides, such practice as I had in these ceremonies had not been under the eyes of a dozen West Pointers, who, with the Colonel, now stood along the railing in the rear of the officer of the day. The little tremor which the novelty of the situation had given me, however, was shaken off as I proceeded with the inspection, and I went through with it and marched in review without an error. The ceremony of relieving the old guard was just concluded when I was summoned to the adjutant's office by an orderly. I went at once, and was informed that an order had been received from the Secretary of War directing that I be examined, with a view to promotion, by a board of officers to be appointed for that purpose by the colonel; that the board was already appointed, and I was to appear before it at eleven o'clock. It was now ten.

"Suppose I decline the examination," I said to the adjutant (Robert Ransom, afterwards Major General of the Confederate Army, of honored memory). "I have never graduated in mathematics. I have not seen a text-book in over a year."

He replied kindly, saying that the order was from the Secretary of War, and that he did not suppose I would be permitted to decline.

At 11 A.M. I reported to the board of examiners: Lieut.-Col. Joseph E. Johnston (Chairman), Surgeon Cuyler, and Capt. William S. Walker. The very natural surprise at the situation in which I found myself, as well as the diffidence of youth, of which I had my full share, placed me at serious disadvantage. The kind manner of the chairman, however, soon put me as much at ease as it was possible for me to be under the circumstances. The subjects of the examination included the Constitution and History of the United States, the Law of Nations, Geography, Mathematics, and Natural Philosophy.

I believe I had a fair knowledge of the Constitution, and was familiar with the salient points of the history of our country. I had read Blackstone on the Common Law, and Vattel on the Law of Nations. I was at home in geography, and had but an indifferent acquaintance with natural philosophy. I frankly told the committee that I knew nothing of mathematics beyond geometry, and but little of that.

The examination was suspended at dinner call and resumed in the afternoon. Colonel Johnston did most of the questioning; and when he had gone through the several subjects as far as he desired, he invited expressions from the other members of the board as to whether there was any reason for not closing. Captain Walker arose from his seat and said, in substance, that he was satisfied and willing to recommend the promotion of the candidate. Surgeon Cuyler sug-

gested an adjournment to another day in order that the candidate might write something for their inspection. This proposition was accepted, and it was suggested that I write a statement or account of the course of studies I had pursued and of the books I had read.

When the board met next day, Capt. Delos B. Sackett appeared in the place of Captain Walker. The writing was submitted to the board, and after it had been inspected Captain Sackett proceeded to question me on branches of mathematics of which I had disclaimed any certain knowledge. He succeeded in so confusing me that the little acquaintance I had with the elements of geometry was utterly unavailable for the occasion. This was the end of it. I know not what report was made. I was informed by a clerk in the adjutant's office that Colonel Sumner's indorsement on the report was in these words: "This candidate is too young and too inexperienced in the details of the service for promotion." With this indorsement it went to the War Office, where it was pigeonholed, and no further action was taken upon it.

As the question of promotion from the ranks is one of some importance in itself, and of no little interest in military circles, the writer proposes to make here some comments. More than forty-nine years having elapsed since the occasion related, he believes he can discuss it as dispassionately as if he had not been an actor in the farce. For the purpose in hand, he will consider the young man who appeared before the board of examination in 1856 as a person in whom he had no particular interest.

If the Secretary of War, in inditing his order in this case, had, instead of the words "with a view to his promotion," written "examined with a view to avoid his promotion," and added the words, "it being the determined policy of this department to discourage promotion from the ranks," his order had been more consistent with the method of procedure adopted.

The act of Congress authorizing promotion from the ranks does, or did, if my memory is not at fault, provide for the examination by a board of officers of any soldier who may on account of meritorious conduct be recommended for promotion by his commanding officer. But this was not a case under the act of Congress. The candidate was not recommended by his commanding officer, but by the Legislature of the great State of Georgia. The order for his examination, therefore, while possibly within the legal discretion of the Secretary of War, was clearly an act of supererogation. Certain facts disclosed in the foregoing account of the case suggest with emphasis the purpose of avoiding a compliance with the recommendation. Why was the examination so hastily entered upon that the candidate was given barely an hour for preparation? Why was the one officer who expressed himself satisfied with the young man's proficiency removed from the board and Captain Sackett put on?

The First Cavalry, the regiment to which the young man belonged, was, with three others, raised the year before, and had a large proportion of officers appointed from civil life. There were four captains thus appointed to this regiment. None of these officers were subjected to the ordeal of examination. It

is no disparagement of their worth to say that hardly one of them could have passed a critical examination on all the subjects prescribed. Some of them would have failed on every one of them. Why, then, should this young soldier be subjected to the trying ordeal?

Let us examine a moment Colonel Sumner's indorsement on the report of the board: "This candidate is too young and too inexperienced in the details of the service for promotion." Was this true, in the light of the fact that a number of young men held commissions in the regiment who, until they joined it, had never seen a military encampment, and were totally ignorant of tactics? The candidate was twenty-two years of age, had been over twelve months a sergeant in the service, and had been drilled in the manual of arms and company evolutions in his boyhood. But Colonel Sumner probably reasoned that if the government, under pressure of the influence of powerful politicians, had made the mistake of commissioning men ignorant of the details of the service, that fact put him under no obligation to become a party to a like error. He was in full accord with the Secretary of War in his opposition to promotion from the ranks, and, whether the wishes of that functionary had been intimated to him or not, he was perfectly aware that his unfavorable indorsement would meet with the approval of the head of the War Office. From these considerations, which seem to spring naturally from the history of the case, it is apparent that the failure of the young man to get a commission was attributable solely to his being an enlisted man. I would not discourage patriotism, but boys who as-

pire to a military career cannot too early learn that the way to a commission in the army does not lie through a recruiting station.

UNDER ARREST.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANS.,

March, 1857.

THE ways in which authority is exercised by men in power are as various as their mental and moral characteristics. The demeanor of an officer toward his men depends, in some degree, doubtless, upon his early training, and much upon self-discipline, by which, aided by the study of correct models, one may acquire that suavity of manner which, under all circumstances, marks the gentleman. It is true that one who has the feelings of a gentleman may be abrupt in speech, and of stern demeanor, for there are diamonds in the rough. If such a one be an officer, his want of suavity is unfortunate for his subordinates—more unfortunate for himself. It is true, also, that one having little or no claim to those qualities of heart and mind which are the foundation of true gentility may, by force of acquired habit, observe ordinarily the laws of good breeding; but such a man, wanting the innate principles of refinement, cannot at all times conceal, under the cloak of habit, his littleness of soul. His suppressed natural boorishness will assert itself and betray him.

The most perfect subordination is not inconsistent with a tender regard for the self-respect of the sub-

ordinate. The wise teacher appeals to the reason of his pupil, to his common sense, his self-esteem, his love of approbation, and governs successfully without corporal punishment, except in rare instances. His pupils recognize in him a friend, they give him their confidence, they obey with pleasure.

On the other hand, the teacher who, ignorant of right methods of inspiring respect in children, appeals to their animal nature, their fear, their sense of shame, must govern by brute force, for he can govern in no other way. The usual result to the pupil is: First, crushing humiliation; and, secondly, bitter resentment, followed by stubborn insubordination. Soldiers and children are quick to recognize the qualities of those who are set over them; and the officer who, while mindful of the dignity that belongs to his office, tempers his authority by moderation in enforcing it, which shows that he recognizes the human nature in his inferiors, finds the intelligent soldier ever ready to respond with dutiful respect and unquestioning obedience.

Immersed in reveries that carry your mind a thousand miles from your surroundings, you unconsciously pass Captain Sackett without saluting. You are recalled by his gently saying, "Won't you touch your cap, Sergeant?" and you heartily and honestly respond, "With pleasure, Captain!" Under like circumstances, passing Captain Bobadil, you are startled into a lively sense of your environment by the angry utterance, "Look here! Next time you pass me without saluting, I'll have you court-martialed!" and you rejoin in your

heart, while your lips are silent, "I salute your shoulder straps."

Orderly Sergeant Voss, of Company Blank, had the unenviable reputation of a martinet and a toady. Imagine a man obsequious to his superiors to a degree bordering on servility, supercilious toward his inferiors, never hesitating to

"Crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning,"

never extending mercy to a subordinate who is so unlucky as to be detected in a lapse of duty, puffed up with an overweening sense of his importance and of his official dignity, domineering in his manner, harsh in the exercise of authority, and you have before you the impression with which Sergeant Voss had inspired his enemies.

The natural and usual effect of unnecessary severity in the government of men is to arouse a spirit of insubordination. And such was the result in the case of our sergeant. One evening after dark, when passing the quarters adjacent to his own, some men in whom he had stirred uncontrollable resentment fell upon him and beat him severely. But for the interference of cooler heads, who, attracted by his cries, rushed upon the scene, his supply of wind for future storming might have been cut off forever.

Doubtless these imprudent young men only intended to give the Sergeant a mild drubbing, by way of reminder. But, as old soldiers very well know, the operations of a fight are not always carried on in accordance with the original plan. Sometimes the other fellow is contrary and interposes obstacles that ren-

der a change of schedule necessary, and some other times Passion takes control and runs the fight in his own wild way.

It transpired that two noncommissioned officers—a sergeant and a corporal—neither of them members of Sergeant Voss's company, had participated in the affair. They were arrested, put in irons, and locked up in a guardhouse cell. A charge of mutiny was preferred against them, and an order issued requiring that they be kept in "close confinement"—that is, not be permitted to go outside of the prison for any purpose.

The prison room was about ten by twenty feet, exclusive of the cells, which opened into it at one end. Prisoners in close confinement were permitted to come out of their cells to exercise here at certain hours every day. The only entrance was by a door opening into the guardroom, which was always in charge of a noncommissioned officer, and usually occupied by the men of the guard while waiting their turn to go on post. At the opposite end of the house was a small apartment known as the officers' room. A veranda, reached by a flight of steps at one end, extended across the entire front. Below was a large basement room with dirt floor, known as the "bull pen." The "guardhouse rats"—as chronic offenders who were often undergoing sentence were called in soldier parlance—usually occupied this room. Here also were occasionally found the poor fellows who, now and then, happened to mix too much sutler's goods with their water.

Some time after the imprisonment of the two non-

commissioned officers, I was detailed one day for guard duty. A commissioned officer usually commanded, but on this occasion no officer appeared, and the command devolved on me as senior sergeant. It was the first time I had mounted guard, or at least the first time I had commanded the guard, since the two young mutineers had been committed to prison. The retiring commandant of the guard having given me the standing orders, I divided the guard into reliefs, repeated to the noncommissioned officers the usual orders of the day, and, placing one of them in charge of the guardroom, took my place in the officers' room. Occasionally during the day I looked into the guardroom and the prison. Sometime in the afternoon, while a corporal was in charge of the room, upon going through I missed our mutineer prisoners. Turning to the corporal, I said: "Where are Blank and Blank?"

"They are gone to the rear in charge of a sentinel."

"How long have they been gone?"

He could not tell. I requested him to go at once and see about them. During his absence I learned from members of the guard that the two prisoners had presented themselves at the door between the prison and guardroom, and, calling the corporal, said, "We want to go to the rear," or "Want a sentinel to go with us to the rear;" that while the corporal was looking about, evidently with a view to selecting a man to send out with them, the sergeant had said: "Johnson will go with us."

"All right," said the corporal, and Johnson had accordingly gone. They had selected their own guard.

After learning this, I did not expect their return. I awaited the return of the corporal of the guard until my patience was exhausted, when at last he was seen leisurely approaching. Upon hearing his report that he could not find them, I sent the junior sergeant of the guard in haste to report the facts to the officer of the day. In a little while he returned with an order, in form and substance substantially as follows:

FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANS.,, 18..

To Sergeant J. B. Beall, Commandant of the Guard.

You will turn the command of the guard over to the junior sergeant of the guard, take a file of the guard and follow the men who have escaped and bring them back.

(Signed)

T. J. WOOD,
Captain First Cavalry and Officer of the Day.

Selecting two men on whom I felt that I could rely, and directing them to get their horses as quickly as they could and meet me at a place designated, I hurried to the stable, and very soon was galloping back to the appointed rendezvous. I had left the stable but a few paces when I saw the tall form of Colonel Sumner approaching from the left, with terrible strides, the line of my direction. Of course I did not know that he intended speaking to me, and while he was yet a score of yards from my path I was about to pass him when he accosted me with: "Hold on there, Sergeant!" His tone was not reassuring. I brought my horse up so suddenly as to almost throw him on his haunches.

I do not know whether others who served under Colonel Sumner have observed that when he wished

to appear particularly severe he had a way of looking as if taking aim at you over the end of his nose. On this occasion, as he strode up to me, his great mustache seemed fairly bristling. Throwing his head back as he came near, he said: "Sergeant, how'd you let those men get away, sir?" He spoke rapidly, and with the emphasis of strong feeling. I replied, stating the facts briefly and as rapidly as possible, looking the while into the stern eyes which he kept fixed upon me for the humane feeling which I knew to be in the old veteran's heart, though hidden under the veil of sternness woven by habit. When I had finished my statement, raising his right arm, his forefinger extended, he exclaimed, emphasizing every word by a shake of his head and that extended right hand and forefinger, "Now you'd better bring 'em back!"—a slight pause, as if to get a better grip on the emphasis—"I *tell* you, sir, you'd better bring 'em back!"

I think I knew "Old Bull of the Woods" better than some of the men who had served with him much longer. In fact, I believe most of the men were afraid of him. I did not believe that any man who intended to discharge his duty to the best of his ability had any reason to fear him. I was satisfied that he suspected me of conniving at the escape of these men. I knew he was mistaken, and did not doubt that he would find it out. So I failed utterly to feel the trepidation which his manner and words might have been expected to produce, as I said quietly, "I will do the best I can, sir," and with a parting salute galloped on.

Joining the two men, I told them to follow me, and dashed out into the road leading to Leavenworth City. We returned about ten o'clock that night, mud-bespattered from head to heel. It is needless to say that we did not "bring 'em back, sir;" nor did we get any trace whatever of the fugitives. Upon being relieved from guard next morning, I was directed by the officer of the day to consider myself under arrest.

A GENERAL COURT-MARTIAL.

The laws governing the army of the United States provide for general courts-martial for the trial of persons charged with the more serious offenses against the rules and regulations, for regimental courts-martial, which have a more limited jurisdiction, and for garrison courts-martial, the jurisdiction of which is restricted to offenses committed within the boundaries of the post whose commandant orders the assembling of the court.

Sometime in March, 1857, a general court-martial assembled at Fort Leavenworth in pursuance of orders from department headquarters. In due time I was notified to appear before this court for trial upon the charge of "neglect of duty," with specifications duly set forth in a copy accompanying the notice. Colonel Sumner was president, and the twelve members of the court were of different regiments and arms, but my impression is that the First Cavalry had a larger representation than any other regiment. They were an unusually intelligent body of men, and as I looked into their faces on being arraigned I felt that they were without prejudice. I entered a plea of "not

guilty," and the trial proceeded. When the Judge Advocate finished the examination of each witness on the part of the government, he would ask in my behalf such questions or cross-questions as I suggested. Such witnesses as I wished were called and examined, and I took notes of the testimony. When the examination was concluded, the Judge Advocate asked me if I wanted time to prepare a defense. I replied that I should regard it as a kindness if the court would grant it.

"How much time would you like to have?"

"I suppose I could be ready in an hour."

"Well," he said, "you had better take until to-morrow morning."

"That will be better, if the court will favor me so much."

The court granted the time, the president speaking for all, and no one objecting.

I kept no copy of my written defense, but the main points were these:

1. That I had not been on guard, before the time to which the charges related, since the arrest of the prisoners in question, and could therefore have had no knowledge of an order requiring their "close confinement," unless it was communicated to me by my predecessor in command of the guard.

2. The government had failed to show by the officer of the guard whom I relieved that he had turned over this particular order to me. His testimony shows him to have been in doubt about it himself.

3. It appears, moreover, from the testimony that the irons had been removed from these prisoners some

time before, and that it has not heretofore been customary to keep in close confinement prisoners from whom the shackles have been taken. The defendant could not, therefore, presume the existence of such an order.

I might rest my case on the proposition that an officer cannot be held responsible for failure to enforce an order which does not appear, either by positive proof or by fair presumption, to have been brought to his knowledge. But the evidence shows that I had, in the conscientious discharge of duty, placed a corporal in charge of the guardroom, and that he took the responsibility of allowing these prisoners to leave the guardhouse under the escort of a sentinel.

Upon this I respectfully submit the question whether, under any circumstances, the commandant of the guard may be held responsible for the act of a subordinate done without his knowledge or consent.

When the Judge Advocate had read my defense, I retired to await, as patiently as circumstances would allow, the judgment of the court. The orderly attending the court gratified me by informing me, confidentially, after the court had adjourned for the day, that, judging from expressions uttered by several members after I had retired, my defense had been favorably received. The president of the court, especially, had spoken of it in flattering terms.

The proceedings of courts-martial are written out—the charges and specifications in each case, the plea, the evidence, and the findings of the court, signed by the Judge Advocate and transmitted to the headquarters from which the orders convening the court ema-

nated. Here they are reviewed and approved or disapproved by the commanding officer or a member of his staff, in his name. Not until the court has done its work and adjourned are its judgments made known by the promulgation of its proceedings in general orders. In my case, the reviewing officer was the Department Commander, whose headquarters were at St. Louis. I therefore expected that it would be several weeks before I should know the result of the trial.

An officer or a noncommissioned officer under arrest is not permitted to perform any military duty. But if he is fond of books and can procure them, especially when there is no fighting going on in which his comrades may win laurels while he is fretting under bonds, he need not necessarily find the time irksome. He employs it in reading, writing letters, scribbling in a diary, some conversation, and an unusual amount of reflection. If not in close arrest—that is, restricted to quarters—he has the privilege of going anywhere within the limits of the garrison. This privilege I enjoyed, after twenty-five days of close arrest, and availed myself of it to visit places of interest, the chief of which, to me, was the post library. But after fifteen days of this restricted liberty I found it pleasant to resume my military duties, it appearing from general orders promulgating the court proceedings that I had been acquitted.

A few extracts from my diary will give an idea of the writer's methods of killing time under the circumstances:

March 1. Under arrest since the 6th ult.

Mar. 3. Released from close arrest and allowed the

limits of the garrison. A clerk of the A. G. O. tells me to let my mind be entirely at ease relative to my arrest. So I will; and my body too.

March 4. Saw two prisoners taking a drunken sentinel to the guardhouse, escorted by a corporal and file of the guard. Very gloomy day. Night clear and cold. Attended last night the performance of the Fort Leavenworth Dramatic Association; actors all drunk.

March 5. Received two months' pay, which I find insufficient to meet demands. First Cavalry armed with the movable breech carbine.

March 9. Mailed letter to mother and a book to Mary. Bought a copy of "Scenes and Adventures in the Army," by Philip St. George Cooke, Lieutenant-Colonel Second Dragoons.

March 11. The sun is sinking in the west, and for the first time within my memory I find myself alone in the company squad room. No, not alone. Certain nasal sounds issuing from a bunk near remind me that I have company in the person of a Mr. Tutt. And who is Mr. Tutt? An old acquaintance and schoolmate of Captain Anderson. Nurtured in a Southern clime, his intellect fostered in a favorite, popular college, he is now a human wreck, and has wandered thither to enlist in the army, that *dernier ressort* of the unfortunate. Thus the path which one seeks through a spirit of adventure, or patriotism, or worthy ambition, is sought by another from dire necessity. Luxury and Pleasure sit in the same car with Poverty and Sorrow. The one contemplates with delight or with awe the beauty and grandeur of nature; the other wonders how he shall obtain another supper.

March 12. Commenced reading Macaulay's "England," Volume III., having taken something very like distaste for Colonel Cooke's description of prairie scenes. I begin to think there is a sameness in

the Colonel's reveries. Yet he no doubt discovers and has a high appreciation of many beauties in nature which are hidden from more careless or less intellectual observers, and there are many very touching passages in his work.

March 13. A squad of recruits joined this morning. To avoid the confusion, I retired to the library, and spent the morning with Macaulay. After dinner smoked and read a chapter of Cooke. Thought him prudent in letting poetry alone at three stanzas, but, upon the whole, was well pleased with the chapter. Lit my pipe and walked out to a little knoll a few hundred yards south of the fort. It is a beautiful spot, or rather a spot favored by a beautiful view of surrounding scenery. There on the north side of the plaza, seemingly in the edge of a forest of cottonwood, its faded green front almost hidden by the foliage, stands the residence of the commanding officer. It is flanked on each side by buildings which, from their situation among the forest trees of cottonwood and elm and their rude structure, present such a picturesque blending, half rural, half urban, and all charming under the shifting lights and shadows, that one cannot but wish he were an artist with power to perpetuate the scene on canvas. To the right is a compact row of barracks, fronting which the parade falls with a graceful slope to the base of a little octagonal magazine, that, with its corners of granite and its blue panels, surmounted by a circular roof, is set like a gem in the center. Beyond and over all the flag of our Union flutters in the breeze, half like a stray fragment of some golden cloud resting in the distant sky, far above the horizon.

March 17. Restless and little inclined to read. Attended a funeral. Taps is sounding, and I must to bed, though I would much like to finish a chapter of Cooke.

March 18. Released from arrest, having been ac-

quitted of the charges preferred against me on the 6th ultimo.

March 19. Twenty-four years of age to-day. The spring of life past, winter threatens to usurp the place of summer. To-day I witnessed the punishment of a deserter, who was flogged and drummed out of the service.

March 21. On guard. Very cheerful in the morning; but now, in the evening, after the desertion of a sentinel and the loss of three prisoners, I feel that there must be some truth in the saying, with which every one greets me, that I was born under an unlucky star. This is the second case for me in the month's experience. But as an officer commands the guard this time, I suppose I will not be called to account.

A NIGHT SCENE IN THE GUARDHOUSE.

HEAVENS! What a confusion of voices! There is a fight among the prisoners. Forty men packed into the little room, in Cimmerian darkness.

"Sergeant of the guard!" "Sergeant of the guard!"

How that call rings in my ears like the voice of despair! I hasten to throw open the door. A group of prisoners crowd up in front of it, barring my entrance. As I press forward an unseen hand snatches the candle from me. Another is brought. A man wedged in the center of the group thrusts out his hand to seize it. Quick as he is, the hilt of my saber comes in contact with his chin, and he fails of his purpose, and now they give way and I enter. One man has been cruelly beaten, and his face is bruised and bloody. The wretches who have perpetrated the

villainy, under the cloak of darkness, are snoring (?) under their blankets.

The freshman at college is sometimes subjected to hazing; the guardhouse prisoner is initiated among the old offenders by a "rolling." In the stillness of the night he feels a hand exploring the vicinity of his pocket; he attempts to rise; a blanket is clapped over his head and he is held until the rifling of his pockets is completed. If he attempts to cry out, he is smothered; if he resists, he is beaten. A wholesome fear of the result of arousing the vengeful feelings of his persecutors insures his silence afterwards, at least so long as he remains a prisoner. In fact, it rarely happened that the offenders could be identified.

BLEEDING KANSAS.

IN the troublous times of 1856, when Eastern fanaticism and Southern folly were rampant in Kansas, the First Cavalry and the Second Dragoons were employed in trying to keep the people from cutting each other's throats and devastating the country with fire. The troops were distributed among the settlements in detachments, a company here and a squadron there. Captain Anderson's company was encamped for a while in the beautiful valley of the Wakarusa. While at this camp the writer, with Private McLean and another, was sent out in pursuit of two deserters who had taken French leave during the night before with horses, arms, and equipments.

SAVED BY A FLASH.

It was late in the evening of the second day of our pursuit when, having followed the road leading to Kansas City to a point seven or eight miles east of Bull Head Tavern, and having lost all trace of the fugitives, we decided to abandon the pursuit. This decision was hastened by the appearance of dark banks of clouds rising to the eastward and a sultry stillness of the atmosphere, portentous of heavy rain and high wind.

Turning about, we began to retrace our steps, feeling that we had done our duty in good faith, but not at all sorry that the men had escaped us. The soldier gets little credit for arresting a deserter in time of peace, and the punishment by the lash is a sorrowful scene to witness.

When about five miles from Bull Head Tavern, which was visible from the summit of a ridge, it looked as if we might reach shelter before the storm would break upon us. But the wind had risen and the clouds now came on with such rapidity that, when we reached the crown of the next ridge, the plain beyond was all obscured; and though we moved at a brisk gallop, we had proceeded hardly a mile when almost total darkness enveloped us, and we had to trust our horses to follow the road. When perhaps a fourth of a mile from the tavern, the rain burst upon us.

Thinking only of getting under shelter as quickly as possible, we dashed on, around the corner of an inclosure extending out some four hundred feet in

front of the house, down a slight rocky declivity, and were crossing a slough at the bottom when suddenly the whole scene was lit up by a blaze of lightning. It was but an instant, but I saw plainly by that flash a line of men drawn up in the piazza of the tavern, about a hundred feet away. It took but a few leaps of our horses to carry us to the gate, where, quickly dismounting, I threw the reins to a man or boy who had come out, and walked immediately into the piazza. The landlord met me, apologized for having no light, and said he would have the house lighted directly. The men who had a moment before lined the piazza from end to end had disappeared like magic. Nor did I see that night or the next morning any others about the place than the three or four men and boys who seemed to belong there.

My comrades, after seeing our horses provided for, joined me in the house. We were served with a substantial supper, and soon afterwards went to sleep with pistols buckled on. Next morning, after an early breakfast, we took horse and rode on to our encampment on the Wakarusa, where we arrived without further adventure.

In the summer of '57, about a year after the events related, I was with Joe Johnston's command on the Cimarron, where a supply train reached us. While conversing with some of the men belonging to this train, a man who had accompanied it approached and spoke to me, calling me by name. I could not place him, and asked him where we had met. He then reminded me of my adventure at Bull Head Tavern.

“Do you know,” said he, “that you had a narrow escape from being fired on that night?”

“How was that?”

“Well, it was the lightning that saved you. You see, the Jayhawkers had been threatenin’ to burn out the place, and the proprietor had reason to expect an attack that night. So he had notified our folks for several miles around, and a number of them had gathered there to help defend the premises. Of course you could not be seen as you came galloping down the road, and the noise made by your heavily shod horses, clattering over the rocks, seemed to us, excited as we were, like that of a score or so, instead of three horses. Twenty men had taken their places in the piazza—some with double-barreled shotguns, some with rifles—and were ready with guns cocked, aimin’ to shoot just as you reached the lowest point in the hollow. Just in the nick of time, that flash of lightnin’ showed you three fellows down there just as plain’s I can see you now. Instantly every gun went up, and the men filed through the door and into the house. Some of them were stowed away in the kitchen, others upstairs and in other rooms, so that you saw nothing of them. I tell you, sir, it was a close call for you, an’ no mistake.”

THE FIGHT AT FRANKLIN.

COMPANY I lay encamped on the Wakarusa, five or six miles from the villages of Lawrence and Franklin. The latter was then a mere hamlet of perhaps a dozen residences and stores, with a post office and an unfin-

ished hotel, distant from the former some three or four miles.

We were aroused one morning about three o'clock by the bugle sounding reveille. "Boots and saddles" quickly followed, and we were soon galloping away toward Franklin. A man, bareheaded and coatless, and wet to his waist with the dew, had come into camp and reported that Franklin had been attacked by several hundred men from Lawrence; that about a dozen of the villagers, among them a United States marshal, had shut themselves in a little hewed log cabin and were making a brave but hopeless defense, the assailants having at least one piece of artillery; and that he had been sent by the marshal to ask the assistance of the cavalry. He had passed out at the rear of the cabin and escaped the observation of the enemy by crawling into the tall prairie grass which grew up close to the back yard.

We came in sight of the village a little before the sun glanced over the prairies from the eastern hills. In the distance there was no sign of battle. We halted at the upper end of the one street of the little hamlet, and as Captain Anderson rode forward some half score of forlorn-looking men came out to meet him and tell the sad tale of their gallant defense and final defeat.

On discovering the approach of an armed force estimated to be from one hundred and fifty to two hundred men, the few Southern men in the village, resolving not to be driven from their homes by a mob without making such resistance as lay in their power, had assembled with such arms as they had in a

small log cabin that stood about the middle of the hamlet, at one side of the street. It was no mean position for a small force. The house was built of logs hewn square and well fitted together, and had a stout door shutter, on each side of which there was a small, square window. These windows served as portholes, and commanded the street for some distance to the right and left, as well as directly in front. It was flanked on the right by a small frame building, in which the post office was kept, and on the left by a large two-story frame in process of erection, the floor not having yet been put down. In the rear the cabin had the protection of a small framed addition which was used as a kitchen. From this appendage there was a door by which one could go into the unfinished house on the left without direct exposure to fire from the street. The position was on the south side of the street, whose direction was east and west. The mob began the attack from a position at the upper or west end of the street, their line extending across the street northeast, with flankers and sharpshooters deployed on their right and left. Having ascertained the position of the villagers, they concentrated their fire on the front of the cabin, and kept it up with such rapidity that the men at the windows were in imminent peril; yet they stood at their posts, firing whenever a fair aim was possible. Two men went around into the unfinished house on the left, and for a while did effective work. Thus the defense was maintained for hours. The marshal received a bullet in his shoulder. A lady who, with her child, lay on the floor under a bed (a position which the men had urged

her to take, not only that she and the child might be as much as possible out of danger, but also that she might not embarrass their movements in the little room) was painfully wounded by a shot in the foot.

At length the leaders of the mob, despairing of dislodging the little band of defenders by the use of their rifles; decided to use more effective means. That they did not resort to their field gun, if they had one, was doubtless owing to the proximity of the cavalry, whose attention would be attracted by its report. The flames of burning houses might be visible at some distance, but they could not be heard even as far as could the roar of the rifles. Arson is an offense a degree less heinous than murder. He that is ready to commit the one will not halt at the other unless restrained by fear.

This, then, was their plan: A wagon was loaded with dry hay. A sufficient number of men to move it easily backed it into the street, and up against the front of the post office, taking care, as they moved, to keep it well between them and the windows of the little stronghold. A lighted match was touched to the dry straw, and as the fire crept upward its light flashed across the windows of the cabin, striking despair into the hearts of the brave men within. They saw now that the only alternative to surrender was to take the chances of being shot down in an effort to escape by the rear. Between the two they must choose promptly, and they chose the latter.

About fifty feet back of the cabin a plank fence extended along the edge of the yard, inclosing also, I think, the back yard of the adjoining lot. Appre-

hending an attack from this point, it had been constantly observed by some of the villagers from the first. Early in the fight some of the enemy's flankers were seen to take position behind the fence. They soon found the position untenable, and moved around toward the front, one of them leaving great splotches of his blood where he had squatted. None of them had afterwards been seen in that direction. It was not likely they would leave this point unguarded long. No time was to be lost. The besieged, therefore, when they had decided to make the attempt to escape capture, passed quickly out at the back of the house, dashed across the yard, over the fence, and away into the darkness.

The fight was now ended.

I am not informed whether the leaders of the mob ordered their men to put out the fire they had started, or, having learned of the approach of the cavalry, hastily departed, leaving the fire to be extinguished by such villagers as had lain concealed during the fight.

An inspection of the premises corroborated what the villagers told as to the serious character of the attack. The front of the log cabin was dotted all over with bullet holes, and the weatherboarding of the unfinished house was perforated in many places. The post office building was partially burned, but the fire had been subdued in time to prevent its extending to the adjoining buildings.

DEMONSTRATION AGAINST LECOMPTON.

A PART of the First Cavalry, under Lieut.-Col. J. E. Johnston, and a part of the Second Dragoons, under Lieut.-Col. Philip St. George Cooke, with one light battery, had been lying near Lecompton for some time, keeping a strong picket in the town.

One morning at early dawn we were aroused by the bugles sounding the "assembly," followed by "boots and saddles," and in a few moments were trotting toward the village. As we ascended the ridge south of the town, we discovered a line of armed men drawn up on foot across the ridge. They were in single rank, and numbered about five hundred—of all ages, from the ruddy boy of sixteen to the white-haired fanatic of sixty, and of every variety of dress common to the country. They manifested neither surprise nor the least concern at the approach of the cavalry, and seemed equally indifferent when a section of the light battery was wheeled into position on their left, where a single discharge, properly aimed, would probably cut down half their entire line. Yet these men were no fools. They knew perfectly well that United States forces would not begin a fight with citizens, and they were equally aware that their own leaders were not in the habit of assaulting superior forces. Hence their present coolness.

After a short colloquy between the Lawrence leaders and an officer sent forward by Colonel Cooke, these people moved off and disappeared over the hills toward Lawrence. Lecompton was saved for the present.

Such was the service of the cavalry in the time of the birth throes of the free State of Kansas. If a settlement devoted to destruction by the stronger party discovered their enemies' designs in time to secure the presence of troops for their protection, no hostile demonstration was made. If, as was the case at Franklin, the assault was a surprise, the cavalry arrived too late to be of service.

"BRAN."

AMONG the men of Company I was Private Bran, a man noted for both wit and drollery, and, when sober, for his obliging disposition. He often had little groups of comrades around him, roaring at his witty sallies or his droll parodies on popular songs. He would make any reasonable sacrifice for a friend, and a friend to him meant the man who needed the favor.

But Bran loved his cup, and when under its influence was disposed to be quarrelsome with people who had incurred his displeasure, and, under certain circumstances, even with his friends. He seemed, when drinking, to lack the faculty of perceiving the difference between a reasonable and an unreasonable request. If he asked a favor the granting of which would involve his friend in a breach of discipline and might subject him to severe penalties, he expected a compliance no less than if it were the simplest thing possible, and involving no risk or sacrifice whatever. He was often put under guard for trivial offenses, and

as often, when he could get to speak to the officer who had ordered his confinement, would, by some unexpected witticism or drollery, set the officer to laughing, and the interview would end with an order for his release.

One night when drunk he went into the squad room next to that of his own company, gathered up three or four overcoats, brought them into the company squad room, and there offered them for sale. This was a commercial transaction which did not meet the approval of the men whose property was thus offered at a bargain. They had no difficulty in tracing the goods and identifying both them and the purloiner. He made no effort at concealment. He had probably intended a practical joke, and was too drunk to see the danger of carrying it too far. So he was committed to the bull pen.

What the bull pen is has been told in another place. One feature of it, however, was omitted in the former description. There was usually among the prisoners some one who had acquired such an ascendancy over the others that among them his word was law, and he usually lorded it over his submissive subjects with a tyranny as absolute and unquestioned as that of a crowned despot. He had, too, his courtiers, who were ready to roar at his dullest joke, dance when he fiddled, and do the dirtiest work at his bidding; ready also, as cowardly cringers to power ever are, on the first intimation of the fall of their master, to transfer their allegiance to the rising power. Woe be to the unlucky prisoner who, ignorant of the laws

of this little autocracy, dares to question the authority of the autocrat of the bull pen!

At the time of which we write, one Simpson held the reins and ruled with rigid sway. When Bran was committed to the pen, he was still under the influence of his potations; and humiliated as he was by the consciousness of having unwittingly subjected himself to so grave a charge, he submitted to I know not what indignities at the hands of the autocrat. But he could get no liquor here, and with the return of sobriety reason began to resume its normal sway. With the return of reason his manhood began to assert itself. Low as he felt that he had fallen, he came of a race that ever hated tyrants and tyranny. His grandfather had attested his love of independence on many a hard-fought field in the ranks of the Revolutionary Whigs. Why should he now be the puppet of Simpson?

One day Bran came to me, a sentinel with him, and told me that Simpson was persecuting him in every conceivable way; that on that day at noon he (Simpson) had caught up a handful of dust and thrown it into his soup; that he was afraid to resent it, for if he got into a fight he would be tied up by the thumbs. "Besides," said he, "Simpson has a crowd to back him, and I have no one."

I told him: "It would be an unheard-of thing for the number of Americans that are held in the pen to be brought together without including some who love fair play. If you sound them, you will doubtless find two or three resolute fellows who will stand by and see that you have a fair fight, because

they hate Simpson's domineering spirit. You can whip Simpson; and when you have done it, the crowd will be yours."

On the very next day Simpson repeated the experiment of seasoning Bran's soup with dust from the dirt floor. "The "ha, ha's" of his cowardly satellites were cut short by what followed. Bran coolly took up his cup and dashed the contents into the autocrat's face.

Simpson's first sensation was that of astonishment. "Is this the man who for a week has submitted to every insult that ingenuity could devise? And does he now dare me in this outrageous manner?" The thought was bewildering. He sprang upon Bran with the fury of a hungry tiger. The wondering crowd expected Bran to go down like a broken reed before a storm. Simpson was a powerful man, with muscles hardened by daily use, and the prestige of many months of lording it over all with whom he came in contact gave him self-reliance.

Bran's advantage, if it was an advantage, of an inch or two in height was more than offset by his antagonist's superior weight. But he had the courage of desperation. Defeat to him meant total subjection to daily indignities during the whole time of his imprisonment. Victory meant freedom from the jeers and taunts by which his spirit had been galled from the time of his entry. He had something to fight for, and he was ready. When Simpson rushed upon him, he was met by a right-hander, which, taking him on the left cheek, checked the impetuosity of his rush; and before he could recover Bran had gripped

him in a hug that almost took his breath. Bran was not skilled in boxing. He was aware of that, and had no notion of standing up to receive the sledgehammer blows that Simpson knew so well how to give. His wiry frame was well adapted to wrestling. In that exercise he had never met a man of equal weight who could down him. So supple was he in body and limb that his antagonist knew not where to have him. Simpson exerted his great strength to the utmost to break Bran's forceful hug, but found himself lifted off his feet and slung around so that he had to give his mind to his best efforts to keep from being hurled to the earth. Understanding Bran's policy at once, he exerted himself so skillfully to defeat it that it looked as if the former's utmost skill would fail to throw him, notwithstanding the advantage gained in taking his "hold" at the outset.

The crowd of prisoners, greatly excited, gathered around the contestants, and a number of Simpson's most officious satellites began to encourage him with such cries as "Go for him, Captain!" "Break his domned neck, the spalpeen, to insult the loikes o' you." Surprised and disappointed at the way in which Bran met the attack, they pressed forward, and seemed about to interfere, when a tall young fellow, who had since his incarceration been so quiet that he had scarcely been noticed, stepped before them and, his eyes blazing, said: "Stand back. The men here who love fair play are going to see that Bran has a white man's chance. If any of you fellows want to interfere now, just pitch in."

"That's the talk."

“That’s what I say.”

Such were the expressions that echoed around the room, not a man present being willing to put himself in the attitude of not being in favor of fair play. So they stood back, leaving a good space in the center for the combatants. For a while, as the struggle went on, there was a silence almost oppressive.

Bran, perceiving that if the terrible struggle continued much longer it would end in his being outwinded and beaten, resolved upon a feat very difficult of performance with a wary and powerful antagonist, but which, if successful, would most likely give him the victory. If it failed—well, he would take the chances.

Round and round the little space and across and back the wrestlers writhed, sometimes one of them off his feet, looking as if his fall was inevitable, but coming down solid and lifting the other. At length, when Simpson had been lifted apparently higher than at any time before, Bran, bending far back, seemed to give way. The silence of the crowd was now broken by a murmur. “He’s gone! he’s gone!” was distinctly uttered in tones of disappointment. Bran was going down backward, the entire weight of his antagonist upon him. His head almost touched the ground. Suddenly, with lightning swiftness, their positions were almost completely reversed. Simpson’s body flew over to Bran’s left and struck the ground with a stunning force. Bran’s left shoulder barely touched the soil. Throwing his legs across his antagonist’s body, he lay squarely upon him, grasping Simpson’s right wrist with his left hand, his own right hand free.

For a moment both rested. Simpson seemed to have been winded by his fall; and Bran, exhausted by his great effort, was glad to have a breathing space, ready at the first movement of his prostrate foe to renew the fight. But Simpson was beaten, a fact he made known in time to avert further punishment by simply saying: "I give it up, Bran; you are the better man."

The men who had suffered under the bullyism of Simpson could no longer restrain their long-suppressed emotions. They fairly yelled with delight. One brought to Bran a cup of water, another brushed the dust from his clothes. All who had not bowed at the shrine of the now humbled bully did everything they could to demonstrate their satisfaction. Bran was the hero of the hour, and henceforth the king of the pen.

Bran's victory was fortunate in its results to all concerned. He wore his triumph so modestly, and used the influence won by his valor so wisely, as to win encomiums from all quarters, and it is not at all improbable that it led to the withdrawal of the charges against him and his release from prison. The opinion of a few partial friends that the overcoat business was only a drunken frolic was accepted by all. So he quite recovered his standing in the squad room.

The affair quite broke up bullyism in the bull pen for a long time. In this respect it was a Godsend to the less able-bodied and the peace-loving among prisoners. But perhaps the highest benefit resulted to the fallen bully, Simpson. He changed his manner of life, and became as gentle in bearing as hitherto he had

been rude. He betook himself to literature, and pursued it with a zeal worthy of success, devoting all his leisure the next winter to a work of fiction. I lost sight of him soon afterwards, and cannot say to what extent his labor was crowned with success, except that in employing himself in that direction he kept his feet from straying in ways forbidden to the orderly soldier.

A FORAGER SURPRISED.

LATE one evening in the spring of 1856 the commandant at Fort Scott received information that a detachment of the notorious Montgomery's Jayhawkers was on a raid a few miles from the post, taking off or destroying stock, wagons, and whatsoever else it pleased their fancy to take or destroy. With the information there came also an urgent request from the citizens for protection. So Company I was detailed for the service, and was on the march in perhaps less than an hour after the messenger had dashed into the fort on his foam-flecked horse. Sometime after night we halted, and went into bivouac at the place of a Mr. Belford. Our commissary had not been provided with hard-tack. Supper had therefore to await the slow process of making bread. I think most of the men, after attending to their horses, betook themselves to their blankets, preferring, after the wearying ride, to let appetite wait upon sleep. A few, however, were fortunate enough to obtain some-

thing from the kitchen of Mr. B—, who entertained the company officers.

A hasty breakfast by the light of bivouac fires next morning; then into the saddle and off again before day. All day, without rest, we rode over the beautiful prairie, from farm to farm, seeing very few people, and getting no definite information of the whereabouts of the raiders. Once, when there was a brief halt near a farmhouse, I got permission to leave the ranks, rode up to the house, and asked the people for some bread. I was getting sick with the hunger and the seven or eight hours in the saddle. I rode back to my place in the ranks, taking liberal bites from the edge of a corndodger—bread as delicious to my taste then as were the old-time ginger cakes I used to get on muster days when a boy. By the way, you can't get that sort of cake now. The good old woman who used to bake and sell them at the court and muster grounds about the country passed away when the railroads came, with steam bakeries and dry, sugary biscuit; and the poor boys of this day can never know the luxury of an old-fashioned ginger cake with persimmon or potato beer. I'm sorry for the boys—or maybe I'm just hungry.

To resume the narrative, the company returned a little after dark to the place of bivouac of the night before. Some men had been left in charge of the wagons and baggage. Tents ready-pitched and blazing camp fires welcomed the returning troop. Very quickly the horses were tethered and fed, and the men, with pleasing anticipations of breaking their long fast, sat about in groups watching the preparations

for supper—most of them, not all, as the sequel will show.

One of the sergeants was requested by a message to vacate for a few minutes the tent where he lay resting. Going out and strolling along the fence which formed one side of the lot in which the camp was pitched, he had scarcely passed beyond the light of the fires when he came upon two men in a corner who seemed to be picking a bird of some species. Slightly changing his direction, he walked down the slope to a little branch that could, in the stillness of the night, be heard rippling along across the lower end of the lot. Here he came upon some men who were evidently engaged in dressing some animal—perhaps a sheep or goat—which had been slaughtered. Turning sharply, he went off muttering: “The foragers are out to-night. I wonder who they are, though. I cannot see well enough to tell if they be soldiers or not. It is very dark, very dark, indeed.” The sergeant returned to his tent in time to partake of an excellent chicken stew. Where or how the cook got the material, he did not know.

About the time of the occurrence of the incidents just related, two soldiers, one of them Jim by name, having the care of Captain A—’s horses (a member of an almost indispensable class of men known in soldier parlance as “dog robbers”) had occasion to enter Mr. B—’s barn to get some fodder. Jim climbed into the loft, and, finding chickens there as well as fodder, began forthwith to wring off their heads and hand them down to his comrade. Meanwhile the comrade, becoming suddenly conscious that some one

was standing at his elbow, looked around and recognized the owner of the barn and the poultry. It immediately occurred to him that he had business elsewhere—business so urgent that he did not even stay to exchange greetings, nor to announce the arrival of the uninvited visitor.

Jim, utterly oblivious to the fact that his friend had left a substitute in his place, continued to hand down the chickens very quietly, and Mr. B— just as quietly took and put them into a basket which hung on his arm. He had received three or four in this manner, when he was startled by the sudden squawk of a favorite rooster. Mr. B— was a good-natured man, and could appreciate a joke, but this was more than he could stand. Just as Jim was about to decapitate his captive, as he had the others, his ears were smitten with the astounding cry: "For God's sake, don't kill him."

How Jim got out through a little window at the back of that loft and reached *terra firma* safely is more easily imagined than told. Jim himself could never tell exactly how he did it.

Next morning Mr. B— presented a bill for over twenty dollars for poultry and animals, and a sergeant was instructed to collect it from the men by voluntary subscription unless he could find out who the raiders were. The amount required was subscribed, and the captain footed the bill. Whether he ever collected the subscriptions, this deponent saith not.

SKIRMISHING WITH JAYHAWKERS.

CAPTAIN ANDERSON, having received information that Montgomery, with his band of thieves, was raiding the settlements several miles west of the fort, took twenty men and went out in search of him. I shall endeavor to relate the incidents of the expedition substantially as given me by different men who participated in it.

From a ridge over which our detachment was passing, the raiders were discovered in a valley to the westward, moving with evident haste toward a body of timber perhaps a mile and a half in their front. To reach this timber, they had to cross a level prairie about a mile in width. This level terminated on the west by a steep ridge extending out at right angles to the line of the timber. On the east or hither side it was bordered by a small branch, near which the land was quite marshy.

Captain Anderson, seeing at once the great advantage the marauders would derive from getting into the timber, determined, if possible, to come up with them before they could attain their object, and pressed forward at a trot. The raiders at the same time put forth every effort to get into the shelter of the timber. They moved as if their motto was "Devil take the hindmost!" Yet the cavalrymen seemed to have a good prospect of overhauling them, until they came upon the low and marshy ground lying between the ridge and the level prairie described above, and which the fugitives had already passed. Here the feet of the horses sank so deeply into the yielding earth that

only the best of them could keep up any pretense of a gallop. The result was that when Captain Anderson reached the higher prairie his twenty men were strung along for two or three hundred yards to the rear.

Only two men had found their horses sufficiently powerful to lead the Captain's favorite stallion. One man was abreast of him, and two others close behind. In this order, not waiting for the weaker horses to come up, they dashed forward, and had reached a point within fair rifle range of the ridge at the western edge of the level, when they received a volley from the summit of the ridge.

Both the men in front went down under this volley. The Captain got a flesh wound in the leg, and his horse received a shot in the neck. The men who had come up returned the fire, but they could only fire at random, for the only visible sign of their foes was a puff of smoke now and then rising from a boulder on the ridge.

The face of this ridge was too steep for a direct assault by cavalry. Withdrawing to the depression along the branch mentioned above, out of range of the Sharp's rifles, Captain Anderson sent a messenger to the fort for reënforcements. Another man went forward on foot and invited a parley with the raiders for the purpose of relieving the two men who had fallen, if they were yet alive. When he had gotten near them, he was hailed from the ridge and ordered not to come any farther. He then made known his object, and the parley resulted in an agreement for the two fallen soldiers to be removed from the field. It

was found that a bullet had pierced one of the men through the body. He afterwards died of the wound at Fort Scott. The other man was unhurt. His horse, which was shot dead, had fallen on his leg and held him there. Perhaps he did not make any great effort to release himself, as the body of the horse sheltered him, as he lay, from the enemy's fire.

A small reënforcement having at length arrived from the fort, the command was now divided into two parties, one of which proceeded down the little branch, with a view to moving on the enemy through the timber, while the other was directed to make a circuit to the left and, moving down the ridge, dislodge the riflemen from among the rocks and push on to rejoin the party in the timber. These movements were carried out, but no raiders were found. The gallant captain had been outwitted. Several horses and some wagons loaded with plunder were found at the edge of the wood, where they were visible from the prairie, and where they had probably been left for the very purpose which they served—that is, to make the impression that the marauders were still in the wood, awaiting an assault.

Nearly all, if not quite all, the captured property was afterwards identified and claimed by citizens from whom it had been taken by the marauders, who had now added murder to their other crimes.

*A NIGHT WATCH—HOW A TENDERFOOT
MAY GET BEWILDERED ON THE
PRAIRIE.*

At Fort Scott, Kans., one morning at reveille roll call we were startled by the report of a pistol. Bang! bang! bang! three shots in quick succession. A little dwelling stood at the southwest corner of the plaza, occupied by a Georgia emigrant by the name of Head, who had imprudently brought his slaves here. One of the negroes, seduced from his allegiance by the insidious whisperings of the free-soilers, had run off and had been captured and returned to his master.

When the pistol shots rang out, on the morning in question, the attention of the men in line was attracted to Head's house, and Head was seen standing on his doorsteps, half clad, firing at the negro, who was some fifty yards off making kangaroo jumps down the hill. The men broke ranks, and a number of them started in pursuit; but the fleet-footed negro disappeared in the timber skirting a branch which runs along some hundred and forty yards to the south of the plaza, and was seen no more.

It was thought that the fugitive would lie concealed until night, and then, under cover of darkness, make his way northward. I received a request from the sheriff to accompany him to a point on the road several miles north of the fort, and there lie in wait. Setting out as soon as the shadows of evening were sufficient to conceal our movements from people who would be apt to warn the fugitive, we rode rapidly to the place which the sheriff thought best suited to his

purpose. Picketing our horses in a hollow at some distance, we lay down by the road and waited.

I know not how long we had been there. The sheriff was asleep. I was listening intently, and watching for any object that might come along the road from the direction of the fort, when I heard footsteps. I nudged the sheriff and whispered: "Some one is coming."

"Where? Where?" he exclaimed, and would have sprung to his feet if my hand had not restrained him.

"There, up the road," I said; "lie still and listen."

At this moment the form of a man passing a point on the road more elevated than our position loomed up against the clouds that now shut out the stars, and we distinctly heard the creak, creak of new shoes as the man walked briskly toward us. We saw, too, that he carried a stout club in his right hand, and that a small bundle hung from his left.

"That's him," whispered Mr. Sheriff. "Some o' them fellows has given him a pair o' new shoes."

The man came on. When exactly against us, the Sheriff, with a spring like that of a cat, was upon him. The right arm, which might have wielded the club, was helpless in the powerful grip which the sheriff had fastened upon it.

"Howly mother of Jasmus! Would ye murder me? What? bareheaded?" Such were the exclamations which greeted us, as the man, his head thrown back, looked from one to the other in wild alarm. This was no negro dialect evidently. The sheriff had caught the man. To turn him loose was the next business. Explanations were in order. They were

given without delay, and our Irish friend went on his way, apparently satisfied that he had escaped being "murdered entirely."

We resumed our watch. Perhaps half an hour had elapsed when a light was discovered to the northward. It seemed to be about a quarter of a mile distant, and appeared to be moving rapidly in the direction of our horses. It occurred to us that some one encamped near might have heard the horses and started out to look for them. What puzzled us was that if the light emanated from a torch carried by a man it so obscured him that we could not discern his form. At all events, the light was moving toward our horses, and we decided that we had better look to them. Acting promptly on this decision, we hurried out into the hollow where we had left them securely picketed. Having reached a point which I felt sure was as far out as we had left them, I threw myself flat on the ground to try if I could see my horse against the heavy clouds which were now scurrying swiftly across the sky from southwest to northeast. My vision had not swept half around the horizon when I discovered him, and, to my great alarm, he was moving in a gallop toward the fort. I sprang up and ran with headlong speed toward a point in the road to which I was a little nearer than he, hoping to intercept him. Suddenly, as I ran, my horse loomed up right before me, standing stock-still, giving me a friendly nicker as I brought up close by his head.

"This won't do," I said to myself. "I must think; I must stop and untangle myself." Examining the picket pin, I found it driven up to the swivel, as I had

left it. I looked at the clouds; they were scurrying off toward the northeast, a direction opposite to that in which my horse had appeared to be running. The problem was solved. It was the movement of the clouds, against which I had seen the horse, that made him appear to be moving in the opposite direction, and I, running to intercept him, had unconsciously moved in a circle. Looking to the north, I now plainly saw that the light, the discovery of which had terminated our watch by the road, emanated from the fireplace in a shanty, the door of which stood open. It was probably the home of our Irish friend, who had doubtless kindled the fire to comfort himself withal after his unwonted experience.

BARRICADED.

Mounting, we set out to return to the fort, taking a direction which we thought would lead us into the road on our left within two hundred yards. We had proceeded perhaps a quarter of a mile when I suggested that we had better turn more to the left. The sheriff thought we could safely trust the horses to carry us right. At length, after riding perhaps a mile, we entered the road. If we had given the rein to our horses instead of trusting our own judgment at the start, they would probably have gone into the road about where we had intended to strike it.

Rain now began to fall in great drops, and we rode on rapidly. It was so dark that we could scarcely see each other as we rode side by side. A storm was imminent. The sheriff proposed to turn off to the house of a friend of his and rest there until morning.

It would be next to impossible, he said, to get through the Marmiton swamp by the route we were on in such darkness. I readily agreed to his proposition—the more readily as, even while we talked, the storm broke upon us with great fury. The almost incessant lightning, however, enabled us to find the way, and we soon reached the place. The sheriff's call elicited no response until he had repeated it several times. I saw by the lightning flashes that there was a barricade of rails outside the door, extending to the top of it. This suggested the thought that the people were away from home, and I mentioned it; but my companion persevered in calling until some one answered with "Who's that, and what do you want?"

"It's Sheriff ——; don't you know my voice?"

After some further parley the cautious citizen climbed out over his barricade and asked us to "light." Right glad I was, after seeing my horse provided for, to get into a comfortable bed, where I soon fell asleep.

I discovered next morning that the stable of our host was also barricaded with rails across the front and up to the comb of the roof. To such measures were the unhappy citizens driven in these perilous times for the protection of their property and their lives. Assassination was not infrequent. The man who opened his door at night to answer the hail of a supposed belated traveler did so at his peril. In this way recently, in one night, three men were lured to their death within a few miles of Fort Scott.

DEMORALIZATION IN THE RANKS.

A SOLDIER-HIGHWAYMAN. HIS TRIAL BY A COURT
NOT PROVIDED FOR IN THE CODE MILITARY.

That the general demoralization of the community extended its baleful influences to the rank and file of the army was a natural result, illustrating the principle stated in the oft-quoted lines :

“Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

A community in a state of war requires arms and ammunition. Our arms, especially carbines, mysteriously disappeared, until perhaps a fifth of the men were left with only pistols and sabers. Cartridges disappeared with the carbines. The commanding officer found it necessary to take the pistols from the men and have them locked up, in charge of the acting quartermaster sergeant. The close watch instituted failed to materialize in the detection of the thieves, but that they were of our ranks I had not the slightest doubt. Nor was there any doubt that they were hired to steal the arms to be used for unlawful ends by roughs who infested the country, and who were doing all they could to promote internecine strife, that they might conceal their own rascality under the cloak of party zeal. The better class of soldiers—a very large majority of the whole—became restless and indignant under the ill repute they had to bear from the conduct of a few comrades who were known to consort with roughs, but whom they failed to detect in

any overt acts of a character to subject them to punishment under either military or civil law. Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that when, at length, a citizen was robbed on the highway, under circumstances that left no doubt that the robber was a soldier belonging to the company, the long-repressed indignation of the men found vent in action.

Some government mules had either been stolen from the corral or else had gone astray, and one or two squads of men were sent out to search for them. Some hours after these men rode away a citizen rode into the fort and reported that he had been robbed by one of our men. He stated that his wife was sick, and he was on his way to Fort Scott to consult a physician and get medicines for her when he met three cavalymen on the public road; that after making inquiry of him about some stray mules two of them rode on. The third one continued to engage him in conversation until the others had gotten off out of hearing, and then demanded his money, enforcing the demand by presenting his pistol. He had but ten dollars in the world, and had brought that along to buy medicines for his wife; but he had to give it up. He described the man who had robbed him as of medium height, firmly knit, and plump in form, coal-black hair and eyes, and very dark complexion. No member of the company who heard the description had any difficulty in identifying the man as Private Simmons, a quadron of Cherokee blood.

The affair was kept as quiet as possible until the return of the men from hunting the mules, when the story of the citizen was corroborated by the two

cavalrymen who had been with Simmons. They had witnessed the whole transaction, though at a distance too great to hear the talk between the robber and the robbed. That night the rank and file of Company I met in a vacant room in a government stable, and, having locked the doors, resolved themselves into a drumhead court-martial. A paper was drawn up and duly signed, by which each member committed himself to an equal share of responsibility for the proceedings to be taken.

Simmons was put on trial, and, after examination of witnesses, some of whom were not held strictly to the rule as to hearsay evidence, was found guilty and sentenced to banishment from the company, or, as an alternative, to receive five lashes at the hand of each man in the company. He was put under guard, and given a reasonable time to decide for himself the question whether to go or not to go. Finally he announced to the guard that he would accept the sentence of banishment, and upon receiving his solemn promise to leave the post and its vicinity at once and forever, the guard, having been previously authorized to do so, released him. But Simmons, arguing that this promise was made under duress, and therefore not binding on his conscience, went straightway to Captain Anderson and appealed to him for protection. Of course the whole proceeding had been disorderly from a military standpoint. The Captain's duty as an officer was, unquestionably, to protect the man from the enforcement of the sentence of the men, who had no authority to try him. Having ascertained that a record had been kept of the proceedings, and that it

was in possession of one of the sergeants, the Captain demanded it. The sergeant surrendered the papers, remarking that if the Captain desired to keep such a man as Simmons in the company he supposed the men could not help themselves.

Had Simmons had the good sense to return to duty, pursue a conciliatory course toward the men, and conduct himself with propriety, I verily believe they would never have taken any further steps in the matter. But at stable call next morning he indulged in abusive language and threats against the men, that gave new life to the spirit of indignation which had been partially quelled by the unexpected interference of the Captain.

After stable call, a sergeant, being on his way to deliver a pistol to a man who was to go on a scout that day, was ascending the steps to the squad room when, looking up, he saw Simmons standing at the head of the steps looking down at him with an ugly scowl, which he felt to be a threat. "Simmons," said he, "I am informed that you have been threatening some of the men about the part they took in your trial last night; now if you don't leave here in half an hour you'll 'go up.'" As he said this his hand felt the butt of the revolver that was thrust into the breast of his jacket. Simmons went hurriedly down the steps and across the plaza to the Captain's quarters, where he passed out of sight around a corner.

The excitement among the men now grew apace, and in a short time a squad of volunteers was organized, with Sergeant Hyde at the head, resolved to carry out the sentence of the night before. It was ascer-

tained that Simmons was in one of the rooms of a tavern kept by one Brocket. The boys entered the office of the hostelry and asked for Simmons. Brocket said that he was not in the house that he knew of. Sergeant Hyde told him plainly that the man had been seen to enter his house, and he had just as well bring him out or show them the room he was in, for they did not intend to leave without him. Brocket thereupon began to bluster; and going to a desk behind a counter, he raised the lid and took out a pistol. Click, click, click! Half a dozen revolvers were ready in the hands of the boys. Mine host turned a little pale, put up his pistol, and changed his tune of anger to one of remonstrance. Sergeant Hyde at length agreed to go with him to see Captain Anderson, he agreeing to abide by whatever the Captain should say. Arriving at the Captain's apartments, they stated the case to him, whereupon the Captain invited Brocket to a private conference in another room.

After what Hyde thought was a very long time, they returned. As they came in, the Captain was saying audibly: "My advice to you, Brocket, is to have nothing to do with this matter. When my boys set their heads to anything, all hell couldn't turn them."

Brocket seemed quite reconciled to letting the boys have their way now, and returned with Sergeant Hyde to the tavern. On arriving there a man was sent to the second floor to call Simmons. He soon returned, and announced that Simmons was gone. An investigation revealed the fact that he had escaped through a back window, having let himself down by a rope. It

was learned afterwards that he ran down to a wagon train near the Marmiton and begged a company teamster to hide him, saying that the boys would kill him. Our teamster told him he wanted nothing to do with him, whereupon he dashed into the creek and across, and disappeared in the timber beyond. And that was the last we ever heard of the soldier who had turned robber.

A HORSE FANCIER.

ANOTHER EXTRAJUDICIAL TRIAL.

In the shadows of the narrow line of timber, just by the little stream that laves the foot of the slope that falls gently from the south side of the plaza at Fort Scott, there was encamped an immigrant. He had probably selected this charming spot as a place where his family and his property would be secure, under the protecting arms of the United States Cavalry, while he prospected for a suitable place upon which to erect a home where his children and his fortunes could grow up with the country. Whatever his purpose may have been, he was there, and was the possessor of two valuable horses. One morning one of his horses was missing, and all his efforts to trace him proved unavailing. It was reasonable to suppose that a thief would have taken the pair; at least so thought this immigrant, to whom the crooked ways of horse thieves were as a sealed book. He therefore indulged the hope that the horse had strayed off and would be found somewhere in the vicinity feasting on the

luxuriant grass of the prairies. At length, however, he was driven to the conclusion that his horse was stolen.

In the stillness of the night a soldier lay in one of those wakeful dreams in which some scene of the past comes up for review and, whether pleasing or painful, floats around in the brain until every detail has been lived over again. He had been lying thus a little while, when he heard low and apparently cautious whispering from a bunk near him, occupied by two men. The word "horse" coming to his ears aroused his attention. He listened, and before he slept was in possession of the mystery of the missing horse.

The whispered conversation which had been overheard disclosed the fact that one of the men, whom I will call Tradwick for convenience, had stolen the horse, and concealed him in a dense thicket somewhere in the swamp that borders the Marmiton below the fort. In the lapse of time some of the minor details of the affair have faded from memory. I have the impression that Tradwick was to receive a stipulated sum from some man who was to take the animal and carry it off, and that this man had failed to put in an appearance according to his agreement, or, having appeared, sought to take advantage of his knowledge of the theft and of Tradwick's fears to compel the latter to abate somewhat the stipend agreed upon. At all events, there had been a hitch in some way in the plans for disposing of the horse; and though several days had elapsed, it remained hidden from Tradwick's accessory, as well as from the owner.

Next morning the facts in the case were made known to a few, and were quietly revealed to others during the day. Many of the men, as may be supposed of soldiers, animated by a proper *esprit de corps*, could hardly restrain their indignation or repress their scorn for the man who had thus disgraced his company, until the proper time for such action as could alone save the reputation of the command.

At night nearly the entire company assembled in the vacant stable room. Tradwick was put on trial in manner and form as related in the case of Simmons, and with the same result. He was but a boy, and this fact, together with his previous good conduct, perhaps saved him from a worse fate. He had been seduced into crime by older men. His immature mind had been unable to resist the common demoralization of the times. But, with favorable surroundings, there was still a chance that he would redeem himself and become a worthy man. In any of the penitentiaries, where all grades of convicts are kept in a forced association, he would inevitably have become a hardened criminal. As it was, he did, in fact, reform and became a good soldier, as will appear from

THE SEQUEL.

Tradwick, having, in obedience to the unanimous sentence of the self-constituted court, laid down his arms and departed to parts unknown, was a short time afterwards, to the no little embarrassment of his former comrades, arrested by a lieutenant of the Second Dragoons and sent to Fort Leavenworth under charge of desertion. Company I had returned to Fort Leav-

enworth when Tradwick's case came on to be tried before a general court-martial, of which Capt. Thomas J. Wood was president. The prisoner pleaded not guilty, and furnished a list of witnesses to be summoned to testify in his behalf.

There was much consternation among the men who were summoned. They apprehended serious consequences to themselves when the doings of that night in the Fort Scott stable should be related before a court-martial, to be written down, and, worst of all, to be read, in all of its offensiveness to the military mind, by the department commander, who was no less a person than "Old Bull of the Woods" himself. Their views under the indignation and excitement of the former occasion were very different from those entertained now, when, without the support of passion, they began to see the rueful consequences before them. Then they would have dared the severest punishment that military discipline could inflict rather than submit to associating in the ranks with a man who had disgraced them. Now—well, they thought that perhaps they had better not have done it.

But there was no escape from testifying, be the consequences what they might. One of the witnesses sworn was a sergeant who had acted as secretary in the meeting to be investigated, by the proceedings of which the prisoner sought to show that he was driven from the company. The witness, in response to questions, related what had occurred at that meeting, even stating the sentence: "To leave the company, or to receive five lashes at the hands of each member thereof."

Question by the President: "How do you know these things, Sergeant?"

Answer: "I decline to answer."

Question: "What! You decline to answer?"

Answer: "Yes, sir."

The expression of surprise and consternation the President of the court put into that word "What!" had its counterpart in the expression of his features, but it cannot be written. That an enlisted man should be aware of his constitutional right not to reply to a question the answer of which might criminate him, and dare to assert that right, seemed to strike the Captain as something astounding.

The witness was directed to retire until the court should decide whether or not he should be required to answer. He was not recalled.

Tradwick was found guilty of desertion, and recommended to the clemency of the department commander. Colonel Sumner, in orders promulgating the findings of this court, took occasion to comment with great severity on the laxness of discipline indicated by the facts disclosed in the trial of Tradwick. He was especially severe on the noncommissioned officers, whose actions he characterized as "conduct highly unbecoming a soldier" and as "violative of every principle of military duty." Beyond question the old veteran was right, and the noncommissioned officers aforesaid were right glad to accept his word-lashing for their share, and let the matter "drap."

Tradwick was pardoned and returned to duty, and afterwards, as long as this narrator knew him, conducted himself with propriety.

ON THE PLAINS. EXPEDITION TO MARK THE SOUTHERN BOUNDARY OF KANSAS.

May 16, 1857. After the usual hurry and bustle incident to leaving winter quarters for a summer campaign, we took up the line of march this morning at ten o'clock in force, two squadrons of cavalry and two companies of the Sixth Infantry, all under command of Lieut. Col. Joseph E. Johnston. The object of the expedition is the protection of a party of civil engineers in tracing and marking the southern boundary line of Kansas. One poor fellow, a French recruit, was thrown from his horse twice on leaving the stables. After a little instruction, however, he learned that his spurs were not made to hold on with, and made out to ride very well. Our foreign recruits are generally wretched riders until trained. The men seem cheerfully disposed, and the prospect is in every way good for an agreeable tramp.

May 21. I received orders yesterday evening to be ready to move this morning at six. Four men were detailed to accompany me. Leaving horses, I was to take a wagon with a team of four mules and push on to overtake a forage train which had been thrown forward on the route, conduct it to a point forty miles west of the Quappa Agency, have it unloaded there, and send it back, remaining there with my party to guard the corn until the command reached that point on its westward march. I reported to the adjutant this morning in due time, and found nothing ready except a wagon with a crippled team. At length, however, by dint of an industrious use of my legs, I

had the satisfaction of moving off from the outskirts of the camp just as the bugles sounded "boots and saddles."

May 22. Our camp this evening is in the edge of an open body of timber, in plain view of a dark, dense line of forest which marks the course of the Osage River as it comes down from the higher plains far to the westward. To-day we moved thirty miles, passing the village of West Point and the river Mer de Cygne. Four deer ran near our camp and were fired at at long range without apparent effect. Prairie chickens abound here. This section of the country is well watered, exceedingly fertile, and beautifully diversified with hills and plains, noble forests and cool savannas. Numerous circular, conical, stone-capped mounds rise up in the midst of the valleys, like grim sentries set over the vast treasures of floral fragrance.

May 23. Camp seven miles south of Fort Scott. This post has not been occupied by United States forces for some years, the public property having passed into private hands. It is pleasantly situated on the point of a ridge overlooking on the north the valley of Marmiton Creek, whose banks are shaded by forests of heavy timber and whose waters abound with choice fish. Fort Scott, like other military posts which an advancing frontier has left in the lap of civilization, has become a quiet and peaceful village. The brook that winds along the base of the ridge on the south furnishes water for the boiler of a steam mill; then, meandering around the point of the ridge on the east, separating it from a body of several hun-

dred acres of marsh land, its waters mingle with those of the Marmiton.

The click of the printer's type is heard where, not many years since, the sentry was wont to pace his nightly rounds on guard against the wiles of swarthy foes. Yet since this journal was begun has the madness of a frenzied fanaticism thrown a pall of darkness and blood over the peaceful scene; for here and in this vicinity were enacted some of the most revolting barbarisms of that revoltingly barbarous and unnatural strife through which the territory came to be christened "Bleeding Kansas." Our route to-day led through a country of most charming scenery.

May 24. Moved six miles and went into camp to wait for the forage train, which we had passed on the route. Took a tramp with a rifle, hoping to shoot a deer. Found tracks abundant, but no game larger than a squirrel.

May 25. Moved fifteen miles and encamped ten miles north of Cow Creek. Timber within a mile of the route ten miles north and at this point.

On the 27th I reached Spring River, near the mouth of Shoal Creek, crossed over and encamped near the residence of a gentleman who had moved from Georgia with the Cherokees. On learning my destination, this gentleman informed me that the Quappa Agency was six miles down the river on the Missouri side; that, in consequence of the heavy rains that had fallen that day, there would be such a rise in the river that it would be impassable by the fords for several days; and that by going down on the western side I could reach a trail leading in the

direction of my proposed route westward, without crossing the river at all. The only serious obstacle was Brushy Creek, about a mile and a half below, and he thought we might pass that with little trouble. Fortunately the "bull" train had encamped west of the river, and, learning that the rise would probably not come down to prevent my recrossing at daylight in the morning, I decided to rest here to-night.

May 28. Recrossed to the west bank at daylight. It had rained during the night and I found the prairie bottom, where the train was parked, under water an inch or two in depth. The wagon master furnished me a horse, and we rode down to Bushy Creek and selected a place for crossing. All the men, except two left to guard the train, were then brought down and put to work, some clearing a roadway through the narrow swamp, others throwing a bridge over the little stream. The work was pushed with such vigor that by noon we had finished it and returned to the train.

In the midst of the plain, about half a mile from the edge of the timber that skirts the river and west of the road, there stands a conical hill about half a mile in circumference at the base. The direct line to our crossing was between this hill and the river. But finding upon riding over it that the ground here, owing to the quantity of rain that had lately fallen, was quite marshy, the wagon master conducted his train around to the north of the hill, where he found the earth comparatively solid, until we got within some two hundred yards of the timber on the creek. Here the wheels of the leading wagon began to sink, and

finally went down so deep in the soil that the team could no longer move it. An extra pair of oxen was brought forward and attached before the team. Another pull. The huge wagon moves, but at every turn the wheels sink deeper. Another pair of oxen, another pull, another halt. The front axle touches the ground. There is higher and firmer ground near the creek. Will they ever reach it? Two more yokes are attached—ten pairs of huge oxen to one wagon, with a driver for every two pairs, each driver armed with a whip about eighteen feet long attached to a staff of some twenty to twenty-four inches, and having a heavy lash. You see it whirling round over his head in snakelike coils, and expect to see him lash himself in the face. Suddenly, with a slight extension of his arm, the lash flies straight out and—pow! It is like the report of a pistol. He will bet you any small sum that he can cut a steer's ear at twenty feet with that lash four times out of five.

All ready! Whoa, Broach! Come up there, Harney! Pow! pow! pow! You would think there was a battle, or at least a sharp skirmish. Such yelling! Such cursing! As one ox struggles forward under the keen lash, his mate is thrown back. "Steady, there, Bragg!" Now they settle down to it. "All together!" The wagon moves, thirty—forty feet. Now a rest, and on again, until at last the wagon is past the marsh and over the creek. When the last wagon ascended the hill beyond the creek, it was time to go into camp. "The command" had come up with us, and we were glad to spend the night with our comrades.

LIEUT. COL. J. E. JOHNSTON. HIS CARE OF PUBLIC PROPERTY.

I was to go on with the forage train next morning, and I thought it desirable to be provided with extra cartridges. I say extra, but, in truth, the supply that had been issued to me was about exhausted, a fact that I did not care to mention to the Colonel when I approached him to make known my want. I found him in his tent, the flap turned back only enough to admit light for reading. Hearing my footsteps, he looked up expectantly.

"Colonel," I said, "will you give me an order for fifty rounds of ammunition, extra, for my party?"

"What do you want with extra ammunition, Sergeant?"

"I thought," I frankly replied, having no better answer handy—"I thought we might have an opportunity to shoot a deer or a turkey now and then."

I fancied I saw a slight twinkle in the keen eyes as he replied: "Uncle Sam doesn't furnish ammunition to hunt with, Sergeant."

I knew he was right, and retired with what grace I could, not much disappointed. No man was ever truer to a trust than Joseph E. Johnston. There was no better disciplinarian in the army; yet, on account of his easy urbanity, which seemed to sit upon him as fitly as his uniform, and which he never threw off except under extreme provocation, he was universally esteemed by his subordinates.

On the morning of the 29th my little party moved out with the forage train. Intersecting a few miles

from camp the trail mentioned before, we followed it across the Neosho River, and on twenty miles beyond to a small tributary of the Verdigris River. The section of country drained by these two rivers and their tributaries and those of Spring River, now owned and inhabited by the Osages, Cherokees, and Quappas, is, I think, the garden spot of the West.

CAMP SNOW, OSAGE NATION, KANS.,
May 31, 1857.

Dear —: My last from Fort Scott informed you of my having been sent forward to overtake a forage train. From Fort Scott we traveled southward to Spring River, which we reached at a point about five miles from the Missouri line and six from the south line of Kansas.

Going down on the west side of the river about five miles, we came into a trail leading west. Following this trail, we reached, about noon, a mound from the summit of which the tents of the command, which had gone several miles farther down Spring River, were plainly visible. Yesterday we crossed the Neosho, a stream about the size of the Big Tallapoosa. There are along the road in the bottoms bordering this stream walnuts and sycamores from eight to ten feet in diameter, and higher than the loftiest pines in Carroll. Here in the midst of these monarchs of the forest, close by the trail, is a little cabin, in passing which we had a glimpse of a woman and two or three children. They have chosen for their habitation the very verge of the western frontier of the Mississippi Valley.

We are camped this evening on a clear, timber-fringed stream, twenty-two miles west of the Neosho. The train is unloaded and ready to start back in the morning. The wagon master will mail this at some convenient place on his way.

The lands over which I have traveled are well watered, and there is good timber along the streams. There seemed to be a depreciation in the quality of the prairie lands as we came southward, but there are large streams and more timber. I think the Cherokees own one of the most desirable regions in America. Their river bottoms are burdened with the heaviest timber, and exhaustless beds of coal lie embosomed in their hills.

Within a hundred yards of my wagon trout and perch may be seen playing in the clear water. At sunset squirrels were barking in the woods close by, and there are plenty of prairie chickens around on the higher plains. Last night we had for supper two that I shot on the road.

Give my love to all who are kind enough to remember your unworthy brother.

CAMP SNOW, June 1.

The train, having been unloaded, left us this morning. Before going, the wagon master proposed to exchange some flour with me for hard-tack. I accepted his proposition, and gained in the exchange two or three days' rations of bread, the liberal fellow leaving us so much more than he took away. This was a fortunate circumstance for us, as, by reason of waiting longer than had been expected for the civil engineers to determine by astronomic observations the initial point of the line, the command did not reach this camp until several days after the expiration of the time for which we had been supplied. But for this extra supply of flour, we would have been without bread, as we were without other supplies, for two days. For several days we made our salt pork do triple duty. We caught a few fish. To fry these for

breakfast, we would fry a few slices of pork to obtain grease. For dinner we gathered "lamb's quarter" and wild onions, which grew in abundance about our camp, and boiled them with the fried pork; for dinner next day the pork was again brought into requisition to season a mess of "scouse," which was compounded of scraps of bread, wild onions, and bits of the salt pork. I found it very palatable.

We spent the days in happy, careless indolence, hunting a little, fishing a little, reading Goldsmith (my only literary companion), and washing our shirts in the clear water of the brook. Gathered about our little fire at evening, we exchanged sage opinions as to the destiny of the great West, and the probable scarcity of tobacco ere we should return to winter quarters and new supplies.

Now and then an old Indian would stalk into our camp begging "tobac." On one a comrade of ours got off a joke that quite disgusted him. Shehane was one of those men, not infrequently met with in civilized communities, who let the future provide for itself. He had spent his money for whisky, and, though an inveterate chewer, had supplied himself with only enough tobacco to last a few days. He was now on the beg, and not well pleased with his Indian rival, who, like him, was a stalwart fellow with extremely somber features. Each of us in his turn had contributed to our dignified visitor's supply of the much-coveted plug until he came to Shehane. To him, as to the others, he held out his right hand, pronouncing the word "tobac." "Lemme see how much you got," said Shehane. The simple child of the forest held up his left

hand and slowly unclosed the four digits that had inclosed his precious store. Whereupon Shehane picked out the largest piece, and instantly conveyed it to his mouth, not changing a feature of his stolid face. If there ever was an astonished Indian, here was one. The tone of disgust which he threw into the utterance of the one syllable "Ugh!" as he drew back his hand grasping closely what remained of the tobacco, cannot be expressed on paper. It was some time before we could restrain our laughter, but we did not let our visitor go away dissatisfied.

I asked this Indian what the stream on which we were encamped was called. Sweeping his arm around, he answered "Caha," giving the "a" the broad sound in both syllables (Cawhaw.) From information subsequently obtained, I suppose he did not understand my question, and meant to tell me that the lands here belonged to the Cahas, a band of the Osages. Nevertheless, I gave this name to the little stream; and if it has not retained it, I am not responsible.

During the hours of leisure enjoyed here my mind dwelt much on old associations. The weather was delightful, and as I sat upon the banks of the stream, looking into the transparent water, loved faces came up and smiled on me again.

CHASING A HORSE.

June 8-12, 1857. The anxiously expected column came in sight on the evening of a day when our ration box had run so low that we could hardly find scraps

for next day's "scouse." When the command came to my camp, it made a short halt and then moved on and encamped some two miles farther down the creek. I availed myself of the halt to take charge of my horse, and picketed him in the grove until the sun was low, and then moved him a little out in the prairie. Next morning, having again picketed him in the shade, I took my rifle and walked up the creek to look for game. Returning an hour later, when I came in sight of my horse I was surprised to see him acting in a very restless manner, walking rapidly about, now and then pulling at his lariat. I hurried toward him; but when I was yet a hundred yards off, he pulled up the picket pin and galloped off, dragging it after him.

A few yards below my camp a small branch emptied into the Caha. The trail made by the marching column crossed it about two hundred yards from the larger stream. I supposed that the horse's restlessness was due to his separation from his companions, and that he would, on arriving at this trail, take and follow it down to the encampment. What was my surprise and disappointment when I saw him cross the trail and gallop away to the northward until the swell of the prairie hid him from my view! I ran as quickly as I could to the higher ground, and coming in view of him again saw him still galloping on northward, now more than a mile away. I stood and watched him until he again passed out of sight in a depression, beyond which was a lofty ridge running east and west. In a little while he appeared ascending the ridge. Reaching its summit, he paused. For one brief moment I saw his dark form against the

sky, his head turned as if giving me a farewell look, and then he went out of my sight over the ridge.

I hastened back to my camp and sent one of the men, who had just returned from the encampment below, to report the fact to my captain and secure a horse.

Having obtained a mount, I set out on the trail of my little bay. It was now near noon. He had been gone nearly three hours, yet there was a chance to overtake him. He would not keep up the gait at which he moved before ascending the ridge. Possibly he would stop to graze. I rode rapidly to the summit, and scanned anxiously the open prairie beyond. Not a solitary living object was in sight. With a feeling of disappointment, I sought and found the fugitive's tracks; and as he had moved in a straight line north, I had no trouble in following them. A little stream at the foot of the ridge had cut a channel several feet in depth. He had gone up this two or three hundred yards to where the channel was shallow and, having crossed, turned down on the opposite side to a point opposite that at which he had left the course he had been following. Here his tracks led northward again, and continued on a direct line until they intersected an old, well-beaten trail running due east. I now pressed forward at a gallop.

This trail must intersect that by which the command had moved. "Doubtless," I thought, "my horse has it in his head to return to the settlements. If so, he will keep this path to its intersection with the larger trail." I galloped on several miles, glancing now and then at the tracks left by the fugitive. At length I

failed to see them in the path. A close inspection convinced me that he had left it. I rode back, examining the path carefully until I came to a little creek, where I had observed not only the tracks but also the marks left by the lariat and pick pin. I soon discovered that, on coming out of the creek, he had gone directly down it, the course being due north. Some distance below, the stream takes a bend to the eastward. Here I found where he had entered the stream, but could see no sign of his having ascended the higher bank on the opposite side.

Down to this point the prairie bordered the stream, but here was timber, with undergrowth along the bank so dense that it was difficult to ride through it. The length of the shadows reminded me that I was now far from camp, and night was coming on rapidly, when it might be impossible to distinguish landmarks upon which I must depend to guide me back to shelter, companionship, and supper. Deciding promptly, I turned my horse's head to the south. Instead of moving directly for the camp, I took a course for the road several miles farther east, for I knew that, once in the trail, I could follow it easily. As I have said, the course of the little stream was north. Looking carefully along the summit of the ridge which met the horizon southward, with a view to selecting some landmark by which I could keep my direction, my eye fell upon three low hillocks, or mounds, which stood in a line at right angles to my course. Selecting the middle one, which was somewhat higher than the other two, I brought my horse's head in a line with it and pushed forward at a rapid walk.

I had advanced perhaps a mile when some prairie hens started up on my right, so close by me that I was tempted to try a shot at them. They were between me and the setting sun, which perhaps confused my aim. Anyhow, the shot missed, and as I watched their flight toward the golden west I let my horse walk on. I do not think I had advanced more than twenty yards when I turned my eyes to observe my landmark. To my surprise, it was nowhere to be seen. It could not be that my horse had changed his direction, for the sun had just gone down on my right, and by that I knew that my face was to the south. It was a mystery of which I knew there was some natural solution, and perhaps a very simple one, but quite beyond my experience.

I gave my horse the rein, believing he would keep straight on his course, resolved not to interfere unless I saw plainly that he was diverging. I was not at all alarmed or confounded, but as I rode forward I felt an oppressive sense of loneliness while the shadows of evening gathered around me. I suppose my horse had been carrying me at his own will about thirty minutes when he began to ascend at a much sharper angle than that of the general slope up which we had come. A few steps brought him to the summit. Looking around, I discovered that I was on the top of a cone-shaped hillock, some twelve or fifteen feet above the general level of the ridge. Looking to the right, I saw, at a little distance, a similar mound, not quite so high; on the left, about equally distant, was another of about equal height to that on the right.

My horse had brought me as straight as a bee would fly to my lost landmark.

I now saw the very simple explanation of the mysterious disappearance of the little hill. From the first point of observation it was on the line of the horizon, and was plainly visible against the sky. Ascending as I advanced, when I reached a point of elevation which brought into the line of vision the high land beyond the little hill, the hill itself was no longer visible, because its outlines, now below the horizon, were lost in the shadows of a background of prairie of exactly the same color. It had happened that I reached this point of elevation when my attention was fixed on the birds. Hence my perplexity. Riding forward now with more confidence, I soon reached the road, after which a ride of an hour and a half brought me into camp.

Next morning by sunrise I was in the saddle again, and, in company with Private John Sanders, returned to the trail of the runaway horse, and took it up where I had left it. We rode rapidly for several miles and came to a beautiful lake in the prairie, where my little bay had gone down the sloping bank without changing his course, and straight across, climbing a perpendicular bank on the opposite side. Riding along the southern shore about two hundred yards, we crossed a small brook at the western extremity of the lake, and, taking the trail again, followed it until we reached the summit of a ridge overlooking the valley of the Osage River.

Pausing but a moment to take in the grand view of sunny slopes and shadowy forests, we pushed on

down the northern slope of the ridge, straight through an almost impenetrable swamp, which separated the forest from the lower slope of the uplands, and whose grasses swept our knees; on into the forest through dense undergrowth of shrubbery and intertwining vines that made our progress difficult and slow; on until we came upon a ravine of six or seven feet in depth, the channel of a branch only about two feet wide at the bottom, but with banks so precipitous as to seem at first view utterly impracticable for a horse. But it had not turned our little bay from his course. Here was the upturned earth, where his feet had plowed their way down the declivity; and there his hoofs had dug deep into the opposite bank, as he ascended.

Sending my comrade to the other side by a convenient log that spanned the gulch, I drove his horse down the bank. He crossed safely and mine followed. Then going over myself, we remounted and followed the trail through an open forest, and soon reached the bank of the river, which we found flushed by recent rains. Here the strayed horse had, for the first time in fifteen miles, diverged from a line due north, as nearly as I could determine without a compass. His tracks now led us along the bank of the river, some degrees west of north. A few yards up the river the prairie extended into its banks, making a gap in the forest some hundred yards wide.

We were about to enter this opening when I was somewhat startled at seeing a man in hunter's garb riding along the foot of the hill. Halting and giving Sanders a caution to keep still, I observed the man

closely. A small bay horse was following him, at a distance about equal to the length of the lariat. So much did this horse at that distance resemble my little bay in size and color that I felt sure it was he.

We did not move until he had crossed the neck of the prairie and was entering the timber about a hundred yards to our left, where he rode down into the low bed of a lagoon, now dry, and was for a moment out of my view. As he did not appear on the opposite side of the lagoon, I concluded that he was following its channel; and being particularly anxious to interview him, we gave spurs to our horses, galloped through the open woods, and intercepted him while he was yet riding along between the low banks. My disappointment was keen when I discovered that the little bay following him was not my horse at all, but a well-grown two-year-old colt.

The man was an Osage Indian, and either could not or would not understand my inquiries. While I was trying to get some information from him, another hunter, who proved to be a half-breed, came out of the woods near the river, and across the prairie toward us. I advanced to meet him, and learned that he had come from a crossing several miles above, and had seen no horse. He had seen tracks. Probably the horse had crossed the river before he himself had reached it. It was but a few miles to the Osage agency on the other side of the river. The horse, if he had not already been taken up, would fall into the hands of some of the Osage Indians, or half-breeds, many of whom were none too good to hide him in the depths of the swamp until we had gotten away.

It was now afternoon, and we were at least twenty-five miles from camp. To-morrow, if the column moved to-day, it might be twenty-five miles farther. These thoughts ran through my mind rapidly, and, deciding promptly but regretfully to abandon the chase, we turned and rode back to the command, which we reached without adventure, late at night, about five miles from where we had left it.

(In the spring of the following year I went with my company to escort the United States Agent for the Osages, whose business on this occasion was to pay an annuity due the tribe. While at the agency, I learned that a Creole living in the vicinity had in his possession a horse resembling my little bay. A younger brother of this man came into our camp one day, and, upon being questioned about it, said that his brother had such a horse; that he himself had found it near the Osage River, in June of the year before, and that it was branded with the letters "U. S." on the left shoulder, the letter "I" on one hoof, and had on a government halter and lariat. His brother had taken the horse away from him, hence his willingness to disclose the fact. So my horse was recovered at a cost to the government of ten dollars, the sum usually paid in such cases.)

At the Verdegris, our next camp, we rested several days, giving the men opportunity to wash, bathe, and do some needed mending. Near the river, on the west, was an Indian cemetery, where I first saw an illustration of the Indian method of putting the dead to rest on platforms built upon stakes. These were about twenty feet high and covered with brush.

The soil along the Verdegris, and some miles west, is very good, and there is good timber on that river and its tributaries, but it is not in such abundance as on the waters of the Neosho.

DIARY 1857.

THE ARKANSAS. THE CIMARRON.

July 12. Approaching the Arkansas River, the soil becomes gray and rocky, and vegetation stunted. Patches of scrub oak and black-jack are frequent. Ascending a gentle slope, the valley of the Arkansas River suddenly burst into view, and the river, emerging from two grayish bluffs several leagues away to the right, was discovered gleaming in the noon-day sun, sweeping along through the broken forest.

We encamped on the left bank, and prepared to make the crossing, which was effected next day, four metallic wagon beds bound together serving as a boat for the transportation of baggage. On the right bank the "Glorious Fourth" was celebrated in due form by firing cannon, running horse races, and imbibing the necessary quantity of "the spirit of"—rye; all finished off and duly spiced by a patriotic display of pugilism between a son of Erin and a descendant of that same John Bull who was thrown into convulsions of anger and astonishment at his offspring on this side of the Atlantic, this same day eighty-one years ago.

Westward from the Arkansas the soil gradually be-

comes poorer. Even on the creeks, of which there are several within a few days' march, there is but an occasional strip of good bottom land, with very little timber.

July 13. By turning two miles off our route yesterday we found wood, water, and a little grass. We had met a hunting party of the Big Hill band of Osages, who represented to us that we could not reach water on our route before nightfall. This, however, was doubtless a mere ruse practiced by these "simple" children of the forest to induce our command to encamp near them, that they might have an opportunity to beg tobacco; for we found water early in our march to-day, but no timber, and our fires now are of *bois de vache*, and our water such as the ravines have preserved of the last rain, warm and muddy. To-day I saw antelopes for the first time and prairie dogs.

July 16. After marching two days over an arid, barren prairie, we came, yesterday, to the Red Fork or Little Arkansas. Here we find good grass and pure water. Yesterday and day before we marched through a sandy desert extending about fifteen miles east and west, and southward beyond the limit of vision. Throughout this tract, however, there is grass sufficient for grazing, with water at convenient distances for encampment.

As we approach this stream the water becomes brackish, and has, after standing awhile, a very unpleasant odor. Twenty miles south of here are the "great salt plains." Buffalo and other animals, such as the red and gray fox, the antelope, the wolf, and the prairie dog, are abundant in this vicinity.

July 20. The last four days' march has brought us over a most unpromising country. Now the long line crept over an unbroken plain, dreary and unrelieved. Frequent mirages in the distance, resembling silvery lakes, reflecting in their clear, cool waters overhanging trees of cottonwood, mocked us with delusive hopes as we moved wearily on, with parched and sometimes bleeding lips. Now, as we came suddenly to the banks of some ravine, we leaned forward, anxiously gazing into its depths, only to find the bottom incrustated with sand and often covered with a saline sediment resembling that on the shore of a salt lake; or, if water answered our longing gaze, and, leaping from our horses, we ran eagerly down to drink the grateful draught, we found a sal-sulphurous liquid, of which the more we drank the more we craved. On the 17th we entered a hilly country, and encamped in a beautiful grove in a little valley, where, by digging some distance from the bed of the stream, comparatively pure water was obtained. In all these prairie valleys water is usually found immediately under the alluvial crust; and if not very pure, it is at least cool.

On the 18th the country presented a picturesque mountain scenery, appearing to have been, in former ages, a vast, unbroken plain, now long since cut into a thousand shapeless, precipitous hills and hollows, finger marks of the untiring hand of time. Among these hills are many narrow hollows where some timber and very good grass exist, but no water, except it may be in the rainy season, without digging.

A COMRADE DRINKS AND DIES.

We left in the morning (of the 18th) a well of pure, cool water, the first that we had had since the 12th that was free of salt. The sun had reached the meridian, and seemed to dispense his heat with more than usual power. The south wind burned upon our faces like a fever.

The column had halted near the summit of a high ridge between two deep hollows. The one on the right, from its luxuriant growth of timber, gave promise of water for animals and men—a temptation which induced many of the latter to leave the ranks without the usual ceremony of asking permission. With cup and canteen they rushed eagerly down the hill, hopeful to allay their burning thirst. Soon, however, with disappointment depicted in their flushed cheeks, they toiled slowly back up the steep ascent, having only added the fuel of exercise to the fire of thirst.

The “advance” was sounded again, and as the column moved slowly forward over a succession of ridges, every hollow, ravine, and gorge among the hills was anxiously scrutinized in search of nature’s beverage. At length, about two o’clock, the “halt” was sounded, and we dismounted on the bank of a ravine, where a few scrubby cottonwood and elm trees afforded a grateful shelter from the scorching sun. The pioneers, digging at the bottom of this ravine, had found the long-sought element. It was difficult to separate it from the sand; but no matter, the wet sand itself pressed to our parched lips was something to be grateful for.

The press around the water was so great that to an officer was assigned the duty of serving it out by cupfuls, each man, as he received his allotted portion, retiring to give place to another.

One poor fellow, a private of Company C, after drinking his cupful, asked for more. The officer warned him of the danger of taking too much, but the cravings of nature were stronger than the voice of reason. "I had rather die," he said, "than ever want water as bad as I have to-day." And so he drank more, and two hours after fell into delirium, which ended in death. His body lies, in its long rest, on a bluff overlooking the quiet valley of the Cimarron. Here, far from loved and loving ones who would have planted flowers on his early grave and come at gentle eventide to water them with tears, his ashes mingle with the mother dust.

"He is sleeping, he is sleeping,
With a quiet now, and blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

But not all unmarked is the spot where poor Charlton lies. Friendly hands, though rude, have planted willows about the little mound, fondly hoping, in their great hearts filled with sorrow that refused to find relief in tears, that the sun of that desolate region would shine lightly upon them.

On the 19th, marching out from our encampment, and leaving with regret a well of pure, cold water under some overhanging willows, the column ascended a high plain. Here the soil changes from red to gray and becomes less broken. I observed, on

the very summit of a ridge, small pools of water, surrounded by luxuriant patches of grass. The water here in the hilly country seems to be free from salt.

July 26. The scene in front of the encampment this evening is one of unusual beauty. At a distance of a few hundred yards, the waters of the Cimarron sweep along, almost on a level with the valley. Beyond, a gentle slope, rising in smooth wavelets, presents, as the lingering rays of the sun fall lovingly upon it, an aspect at once soothing to the imagination and striking in contrast to the abrupt bluffs which rise up behind and cast their shadows over the camp. The march for several days has been through a country remarkable for nothing but sand hills and salt water. Grazing is better, however, and there is some timber.

After a two days' march along the valley of the Cimarron, the column, bearing to the left, ascends by a winding path to the elevated table-land or plateau which stretches away to the south and west as far as the vision extends. In the vicinity of our camp are numerous small ponds, which, though not usually affording water, recent rains have left with a generous supply. The scenery where the column debouched from the valley is worthy of notice. To the right, as we ascend a ridge in a southwesterly course, a range of bluffs, rock-ribbed and steep, not too far to leave the outlines of each fantastic mold distinct, nor yet too close to leave obscured those inequalities which would take away the enchantment of distance, rises abruptly from the valley below, like embattled walls frowning in mockery of the quietude that sleeps along the willow-fringed banks of the Cimarron.

A FOUL MURDER.

At this encampment the lieutenant colonel commanding received dispatches from Captain Garnet (who with two companies of infantry had been left in the valley as an escort to the civil engineers engaged in marking the southern boundary of Kansas) informing him of the murder of an attaché of the surveying party by two Kiowa Indians.

A hack drawn by two mules followed the surveyors, conveying the implements used in constructing mounds at short intervals to mark the line. Besides the driver and two men, to whom the work of erecting these mounds was assigned, it was usually escorted by a guard of four soldiers, who, on this occasion, were of the infantry. Our little party, on seeing two Indians approach, were entirely unsuspecting of any design on their part on anything of greater value than their tobacco pouches, and, without the least fear or thought of danger, permitted them, on approaching a ravine, to follow the ambulance as it turned off to the left to find a crossing, while they, on foot, went straight across. Fatal delusion! No sooner had they ascended the hill on the opposite side of the ravine than the report of a gun swelled up from the deep gorge below, sounding the death knell of the driver.

The guard ran back to the brow of the hill, from which, at a distance of three or four hundred yards and at the very bottom of the ravine, they saw the Indians quickly detach the mules from the ambulance, remount, and triumphantly gallop away. They even

took time in their diabolical coolness to cut some of the curtains off the carriage. Several shots were fired at them without effect, and, passing around a projecting bluff, they were seen no more.

It is of melancholy interest to reflect on the malicious manner in which this murder was planned, and which is apparent in every movement of the inhuman perpetrators, from the moment when they first approached the wagon train. It was evidently their intention at first to shoot the teamster of the hindmost wagon. Mark with what cunning dexterity and diabolical coolness every step tending to their purpose was devised and carried out. Approaching the advanced part of the train, they place themselves, as if by accident, on opposite sides. Step by step they fall back from one wagon to another—now exchanging a “how” with the teamsters as they pass along, now holding out the treacherous hand for “tobac.”

At length they are on opposite sides of the last wagon, and while the attention of the teamster is drawn to the one on his right, the other checks his horse in order to place himself behind his intended victim, turns the muzzle of his piece toward the wagon, ready by a single movement of the finger to launch his unsuspecting fellow-being into eternity. At this moment the surveyor's hack appears on the summit of a not very distant ridge beyond the shallow river. Here is a better chance, or at least a safer one, for the perpetration of the foul deed. One of the fiends perceives it. A grunt and a motion of the hand informs the other, and they move off quietly to join our little party.

What though our hack is accompanied by a guard of four men? They are footmen. The Indian of the plains entertains a supreme contempt for an infantry soldier. Wanting no other excuse than is usually conceded to Indians—that of curiosity—they are received without suspicion, with the friendly “how, how.” The driver, in order to cross a ravine, finds it necessary to diverge from his course. In pursuance of their plot, they accompany him. They are mounted—it is inconvenient for them to pass over with the footmen. Our hackman suspects nothing; their going with him to find a crossing is perfectly natural. They descend into the hollow out of view of the escort, which has already crossed above and ascended the opposite hill. Now is their time, and now, while our hackman directs his attention to one of these “children of the forest,” who has ridden up on his right, the fatal shot is fired from the other side, and he falls without even a death shriek to warn his friends.

Lieutenant Colonel Johnston sent a company of cavalry in pursuit of the murderers. After several days the company returned, men and horses exhausted by hard marching, never having come in sight of the miscreants.

A STORM ON THE PLAINS.

It was sunset on the 25th of July. I was on guard, and the officer of the day had selected the guard station on an eminence overlooking the encampment. It had not rained for several weeks, and an army of

clouds gathering above the horizon, north by west, portended, in the opinion of the weatherwise, a heavy storm; but as the wind was in the southwest, I thought it questionable. I hastened, however, to post the first relief of the guard.

Crossing the dry channel of a brooklet at the base of an abrupt bluff (which we had descended with some danger and not a little difficulty), and placing the second sentinel on a little mound, we were hurrying forward when big drops of rain began to fall around us. The wind had suddenly shifted two or three points northward, and was now hurrying battalions after battalions of clouds across the heavens with great rapidity. When we halted at the point selected for the third sentinel, we found ourselves shrouded in darkness. Finding our way as best we could by the flashes of lightning, we hurried on, leaving sentinels at proper intervals around the wagon train; and crossing a deep ravine—now fast filling with water—we ascended a high bank, which, as near as I could judge in the almost palpable darkness, was near the spot selected for my last sentinel. (I had sent a corporal to post sentries on the left.)

The wind now blew a gale; I shouted my orders in the sentinel's ear, and made my way along the bank of the ravine, or creek, to find a place where I knew I could cross if I could only reach it in time. This point was just opposite the tents of my company. Thinking I had moved far enough along the creek, I paused to see if I could distinguish the line of tents on the opposite bank. Sheltering my face with the sleeve of my talma, I gazed long and anxiously, un-

til a vivid flash of lightning disclosed the line of wagons and the fact that I was yet more than a hundred yards from my crossing point.

I was on the point of moving forward again, when a sudden gust of the storm nearly prostrated me. And now, as the torrents of rain and hail beat against me, and the lurid lightning flashed and blazed in my face, and the deep-toned thunder mingled its mutterings with the howl of the rushing storm, my breath came short and thick, and I was fain to turn my face from the wind and retrace my steps to a little ravine, where an opportune flash had a few minutes before prevented my falling headlong to the bottom.

As I sat there alone in total darkness, relieved only by the lurid glare of electric flashes ever and anon discharged from the clouds with a crash that shook the earth, I could not but feel an awful sense of the majesty of the storm that howled above me. How minute, how insignificant is man, who, with all his boasted power, becomes the toy and plaything of the elements! Drenched to the skin, crouching down at the bottom of the ravine to avoid the hailstones hurled with such force by the relentless wind, I could almost forget my discomfort in reflections on the terrible sublimity of the scene, and my soul bowed in humility to His Majesty, who rules the storm.

But the fury of the wind was soon spent. Emerging from the ravine and following the bank of the creek until opposite the camp, I hastened to cross, wading up to my belt where half an hour before there was no running water, and twenty minutes later it was swimming.

Next morning I had the guard to fire off their rifles in order to clean them after their unavoidable wetting, for which piece of supererogation I was placed under arrest.

August 8, 1857. The march yesterday was over a high plateau, which seemed to find its limit in the horizon. Elevated places in the distance, above the silverlike mirages, had all the appearance of clouds. Swart shadows, which we not unnaturally took for Indians mounted on ponies, and magnified by the medium of vision to the size of giants, moved before and around us with the retreating mist.

Late in the evening, in a desolate spot among the sand hills near the northern extremity of the American desert, we encamped. Company I had a few kegs of water in the wagon—enough to make a cup of coffee for each man. Men were sent out to look for water, and about half a mile from the encampment there was found in a depression a shallow plash in which countless tadpoles sported, awaiting transmutation to frog life. Some of the companies, whose officers had not had the foresight to provide water in kegs, obtained here a scant supply for coffee, and a few of us watered our horses before a guard was put over the plash to prevent its use for that purpose.

At sunset the western horizon was darkened by rising clouds, and at eight o'clock we were blessed with a grateful shower which furnished us with a bountiful supply of that best of beverages. The manner of obtaining it was somewhat novel. Holes of sufficient depth were scooped out in the sand and lined with gutta-percha talmas, which retained every drop that

fell on them. In this manner many of the men obtained water for their horses, and nearly all filled their canteens.

We marched this morning at eight, and encamped at the Santa Fé road, on the Cimarron, at about 2 P.M. Here we have plenty of grass, water, and *bois de vache*. At this camp the Santa Fé mail stage passed us, and the gentlemanly conductor very kindly received letters to be mailed to our friends on his arrival at Independence, Mo.

August 12. In front of our camp to-day is a monument of bones, four or five feet in height, said to be the remains of about forty mules that perished in the snow at this place some years ago. The mornings are quite cool, which is indicative of the great elevation of the valley at this point.

August 16. Marched sixteen miles up the Cimarron, having left the Santa Fé road where on its western course it crosses that stream for the last time. The high bluffs of broken and cragged rock which here bound the narrow valley afford a most pleasing interruption of the wearisome monotony of plains and sand hills over which the marches of the last twelve days have brought us. Here the Cimarron is yet a mere brook; its waters, fresh from the hills, have not yet found the hungry sand of the great desert, which, farther eastward, swallows them up and leaves the river nothing but its name, and we may say that that too is *lost* (cimarron).

The banks are here and there shaded with little groves of cottonwood; and a few adventurous cedars, which have obtained a footing in cleft and crevice,

look down from the bluffs above. The soil is poor, and grass scant, except very near the water. We shall find both improved as we ascend the valley.

The rain is falling in floods; but, with the good canvas stretched above me, I give myself to reflection and the full enjoyment of Nature's music, "the winds whistling round me."

Now the Christian heart goes out in sympathy to the poor and shelterless, the loving draw their loved ones closer to them, and the lonely and loveless feel a deeper and unutterable yearning for affection. Separated by many miles of plain and hill and river and forest from those who claim the first thoughts of my life, this rain, pattering heavily on the strong canvas, and the thunder, now rumbling in the distance, now bursting near with a crash that makes the earth tremble, remind me of several ties—of dreams and hopes and aspirations of long ago. There is no music like the song of Nature. It is no artistic combination of sounds, momentarily quickening the pulse till the eye sparkles with delightful excitement, nor of deep impassioned notes awakening softer emotions; it is a music that speaks to the soul like a voice of the past, soothing the mind and inclining it to reflection on the awful majesty and unutterable goodness of Him who rules the universe.

August 20. We are now near the source of the Cimarron. Immense piles of white and gray sandstone are around us on every hand. Before me, as I write, four lofty mounds rise up like grim sentinels guarding a deep, narrow gorge through which the rivulet enters the valley. These mounds, together

with the surrounding bluffs of nearly the same height, with their corresponding strata of red, white, and bluish sandstone, present the appearance of having once been parts of an unbroken plain. The one there to the left, with its white sandstone base, surrounded by a little thin soil, in which a little grass has sprung up, rising in a conical form to the height of seventy-five or one hundred feet, and entirely detached from the bluffs which bound the valley, awakens a singular train of reflections, leading the mind back through the dim vista of years, when it might have been the foundation of a heathen temple.

Directly in front of our encampment stands the largest, if not the loftiest, mound that can be strictly so called which I have seen. It rises with a graceful curve to the height of eighty or a hundred feet; here a perpendicular ledge of rock (sandstone) about forty feet in height on the western side, and declining gradually on the north and around toward the east, where it disappears in a luxuriant growth of cedars, while it to some extent mars the symmetry of the lofty pile, yet lends to it a degree of grandeur. From this ledge upward the mound is nearly in the shape of a cone flattened at the top. Its height is about two hundred and fifty feet, and it is surmounted by a small cairn erected there by some of our men.

About half a mile farther west is another mound similar to the last, but not so large. Between this and the ridge bounding the valley on the west is a curious pile of earth and stone darkened with cedar. Its detached position, together with its uncouth roughness, might make the impression that it was thrown

up by an eruption; but the most probable conclusion is that it has derived its appearance from the gradual tumbling down of the stone, as the rain of centuries, perhaps, carried away the earth that once held it up to the level of the neighboring mounds.

From this pile a half mile nearly northward is a conical hill which from a distance seems to rest against the ridge or form a part of it, but on a near approach it is found to be entirely detached. This mound rises like a regular cone to within forty or fifty feet of the summit, where the regular ascent is interrupted by a terrace extending horizontally around its sides. This is surmounted by a cone which rises to the height of about two hundred feet from the level of the valley. The whole mound is ornamented with cedars, which have sprung up at irregular distances, from the base to the summit.

From this camp we countermarched several miles, and, resuming a westerly direction, ascended another, and I believe the head, branch of the Cimarron, now so nearly dry as not to afford running water.

August 24. Rain, mist, fog, and mud! Cold nights and wet blankets; rations short, men barefoot and ragged, supplies due four days ago not yet heard from!

August 27. I now feel keenly one of the many privations to which camp life is incident. Not being allowed conveyance for even a small trunk, two or three books which I selected to bring along as best I could have been lost or destroyed.

September 3. The engineers having run out the line of the southern boundary of Kansas from Missouri

along the thirty-seventh parallel north latitude to New Mexico, a distance of 462 miles and 1,001 feet, the escort begins its return march this morning. The corner stone is established near the source of Willow Creek, a small tributary of the Cimarron.

September 6. Encamped on the Santa Fé road, near the crossing of the Cimarron. Coming down from the plains where the command was encamped yesterday, our company having been detached in advance, we saw a small herd of mustangs. Approaching from behind a little ridge, we had come within three hundred yards of them, when they raised their heads, and, after regarding us a minute as if considering whether it were necessary to fly, started off at a swift and graceful gallop, a large bay taking the lead, the others following closely in his wake, mane and tail streaming like banners in the air. What a valuable prize would be that black stud which brought up the rear with such defiant and graceful leisure!

Flocks of black birds, curlews, and ducks abound in the valley around our camp, affording sport for our officers and a plentiful supply of delicacies for their own table, with a liberal share for the company messes.

September 7. Early yesterday morning a party of traders, returning from New Mexico, passed down the road in sight of our encampment. At night, soon after dark, two of them returned with the information that a party of Kiowas, whom they had met on the road some twelve miles below, had reported that about three hundred Cheyennes were lying in wait some miles farther on, near what is called the nine-mile

ridge, for the purpose of procuring animals, and had warned them that it would be dangerous to proceed. Captain A— immediately dispatched a messenger to Colonel Johnston and detached a party, under Lieutenant Ingraham, for the protection of the traders. At Colonel J—'s camp reveille was sounded at 3 A.M.; at four the column was in motion, and at 8 halted for breakfast near our camp. Captain A—'s company (I) moved on in advance to the traders' camp, where Lieutenant Ingraham had detained the Kiowas until daylight. About 3 P.M. the main column came up, and after a short rest moved down the valley and encamped about four o'clock, the two companies of infantry having been left in rear with the train. On the morning of the 8th, we were in the saddle at three o'clock, and moved on without sound of bugle. There was something peculiarly impressive in that silent morning march. My position was at the rear of the column. It was evident, from the subdued conversation going on in the ranks before me, that many of the men thought they were about to be led into their first battle.

Colonel Sumner, after a long and tedious pursuit, had overtaken the Cheyennes beyond the Arkansas, and the engagement which followed had resulted in their total rout, the destruction of their wigwams, and the capture of many of their ponies.

Our supply train was expected along the Santa Fé road. There was, therefore, some plausibility in the story that these wild rovers of the plains, writhing under the mortification of defeat and anxious to in some measure repair their losses and revenge their

supposed wrongs, were watching for an opportunity to fall upon the first passing train and capture or destroy whatever they could.

Crossing the valley, we ascend to the table-lands on the northern side. As we move quietly along, dim and shadowy forms are observed against the horizon far to our left. They move, they gallop along in a direction parallel to our own. There they are! there they are! As we strain our eyes in the vain endeavor to get a distinct view of their forms, they seem to increase to hundreds, and move along in single file with that graceful motion characteristic of the Indian rider.

“Head of column to the left! Trot, march!” Skimming along the level plain at this rapid gait, as we approach them their forms become more distinct; they halt. Are they enemies? Then God and the right be with us.

In the midst of our speculations as to what might be the result of our movement, the order to halt is suddenly given, and a short consultation is held at the head of the column. The guides who had galloped forward have returned, and almost by the time they have reported the fact the increasing light enables us to see with our own eyes that the array of forms in our front, the sight of which had raised our animation to the battle pitch, is nothing but an immense herd of antelopes!

Thus closed the first act of the farce; now for the second. The column countermarched and resumed its former direction. As it approached the point where the road, leaving the high prairie, reënters the

valley of the Cimarron, the whole line was thrown into agitation by seeing an officer, who was slightly in advance, gallop back toward the head of the column, swinging his hat over his head. This was the place at which we had at first expected to find the enemy. It was most evident that Lieutenant Bell had discovered them, for Colonel Johnston promptly directed him to gallop forward with his company and put the main column into a trot. This pace soon grew into an irregular gallop. Currycombs, carbines, and other articles of accouterment, breaking loose from the saddles, were scattered in wild disorder along the road. There was every evidence of the excitement incident to the beginning of battle by troops unaccustomed to it. But Colonel J— is said to have remarked, with his characteristic coolness, that it was not worth while to hurt our horses, for he did not believe there would be any fight.

As Company K, which had so gallantly led the advance at a gallop, moved left into line in front of the position supposed to be occupied by the enemy, five peaceful Kiowas were discovered sitting upon the point of the ridge, evidently regarding the spectacle with immense satisfaction.

What purpose the Indians whom the traders had met had in view in reporting that the Cheyennes had taken position here with hostile intent can only be surmised. Probably their object was to detain the traders, by exciting their fears, in order to have the better opportunity to fleece them.

The column had but just halted when the anxiously expected supply train was discovered winding slowly

along in the distance, far down the valley. The command moved forward to the nearest water and went into camp to await its arrival. We ate for dinner the last of our supply of bread, with merry hearts, in anticipation of fresh stores in sight, not only of rations of every sort, but of many needed articles of clothing, and especially of tobacco.

The train arrived about dark. It had not been long in camp before the sutlers accompanying it were doing a rushing business. Such was the eagerness of some of the men to supply themselves that, as reported, while the traders were waiting on customers with all possible dispatch, at the front of their wagons, other customers waited on themselves at the rear and went on their way without ever asking for their change. The traders, not liking this sort of business, were constrained to suspend until they had asked and obtained guards for their protection.

By the supply train news was received confirming the report of Colonel Sumner's victory over the Cheyennes.

From this point we moved back along the Santa Fé trail, with a view to returning east by way of the north fork of the Canadian River.

DOWN THE CANADIAN.

The following extracts from my diary indicate the direction of our route and the character of the country over which it led:

September 16. There is a cold wind this morning, the breath of autumn, warning us of the approach of hoary winter. 'Tis such a day as brings to mind the

sparkling fire on the homestead hearth. Yet eight hundred miles, half of it through a region little known, are to be measured before we reach winter quarters; and already many of the men, as before hinted, are sadly in need of new clothing and shoes. Our encampment is a few miles south of the Santa Fé road. The summits of Round Mound and one of the Rabbit Ear peaks are just visible over the ridge to the west. It is said that this valley sheds its waters into the Canadian.

September 17. Too cold last night to sleep comfortably with a single blanket. I think there must have been frost this morning. Cottonwood Creek, upon which we are encamped, is a timbered ravine, having its source near the Santa Fé road, in view of Round Mound, and running south of east a few miles to the northeast of the Rabbit Ear mounds.

September 19. We are now fairly on the return march, having left the Santa Fé trail to-day and moved eighteen miles down the Rabbit Ear, a branch of the Canadian. The soil here is poor and sandy. The scenery is not unlike that of the region where we have lingered for several days past. Numerous mounds, rising from the elevated plains toward the west, with groves of cottonwood in the foreground along the creek, give the country a picturesque appearance.

September 22. (Morning.) Camp on Rabbit Ear. Marched yesterday about seventeen miles over a high plain to the right of the Rabbit Ear. Not a sprig of timber has relieved the view since yesterday morning. We had light rain—very cold. It is quite pleasant

this morning. Reveille at four; general (signal to strike tents) at six. This portends a long march. Course yesterday, one degree south of east.

(Evening.) After marching about sixteen miles over a high plain, we were agreeably surprised at coming to a small lake, where we are now encamped. This lake—or plash, rather—is about a mile in circumference, and is situated in a sort of basin scooped out of the high plateau, six or eight miles north of the north fork of the Canadian. It is so shallow that grass rises out of the water all over it, but there is enough water for a much larger command than ours. As the column approached, a herd of about twenty mustangs was seen scurrying away over the plain.

September 23. Marched due east. Camp on Canadian. No timber. Our fuel is chiefly wild sage and other weeds. Very pleasant weather. I got hold of a copy of Byron to-day. Noted these lines:

And when we bid adieu to youth,
 Slaves to the specious world's control,
 We sigh a long farewell to truth;
 That world corrupts the noblest soul.

This is very sad, if not cynical. But why be slaves to such control?

September 24. Camp on Canadian. Marched seventeen miles. Passed, this evening, a Kiowa village. They have very fine horses and comfortable lodges. They are stalwart and active, and as ugly as his Satanic majesty.

September 25. Camp on Canadian. Marched twenty miles, east southeast, winding among sand hills. We have timber again, and very salt water. A long, nar-

row lake in rear of the encampment very salty. A branch which rises in the sand hills to the left runs through the lake, and empties into the river half a mile below. A creek comes in from the right several miles above.

IMPLICIT OBEDIENCE: ANECDOTE OF GEN. JOSEPH
E. JOHNSTON.

Sometimes a boy or even a young man imagines that a strict compliance with instructions received from his employer is not necessary. Perhaps he thinks he knows a better way to accomplish what is required of him than that pointed out for him. He has been told to do a thing at a certain time; but some other time, earlier or later, suits his convenience better. So, in the exercise of his discretion, he departs from the letter of his instructions, in a greater or less degree, as his convenience or inclination may suggest. Such departure from the instructions does not in every case result disastrously, but it is always liable to do so. No man, however wise to plan and skillful to execute, can be sure of the success of any enterprise in which subordinates are to be employed until assured that his employees will, in good faith, carry out his instructions in every detail.

In military affairs, a strict and prompt compliance with orders is indispensable. This fact Colonel Johnston impressed upon all who served for any length of time under him.

Bearing himself with a knightly courtesy toward all who showed themselves worthy, he exacted of every subordinate unquestioning obedience to orders. The

absence of anything like friction in the conduct of every department of his command put beyond question his administrative ability. No detail of any branch of the service was too small for his attention.

An incident occurred soon after we left camp this morning that illustrates his habit of requiring a strict compliance with orders.

It was my turn to command the guard. I was instructed by the officer of the day to ride at the head of the wagon train, which was sent forward some time before the cavalry moved. The proximity of Indians doubtless suggested unusual precaution.

Any cavalryman who has tried it knows that to curb trained cavalry horses down to the ordinary gait of a wagon train requires constant attention. I found it so on this occasion, and deemed it a sufficiently strict compliance with orders when I allowed the horses of the guard to move at their usual gait until a hundred or a hundred and fifty—possibly at times two hundred—yards in advance of the train, then halt, wait for it to come up, and then advance again. We had proceeded in this way several miles when, becoming interested in the discussion of some geometric problem with the corporal of the guard, I had moved out farther from the train than at any time before. It had just occurred to me that it was time to halt, when I heard the tramp of a horse that was evidently, from the sound, not in column. Looking back, I discovered Colonel Johnston close upon me.

“Sergeant,” said he, “what orders did the officer of the day give you this morning?”

“He directed me to ride at the head of the train, sir.”

“I’ll have you to understand that you are to obey orders, sir.”

Passing me as he uttered this sharp rebuke, and evidently not expecting a reply, I turned quickly to the guard and gave the commands: “Halt! Dismount!”

There was no better disciplinarian in the army than Joseph E. Johnston. He impressed his personality on officers and men in such a knightly way that all desired to win his approval, and were usually as careful not to incur his displeasure as a dutiful child to avoid parental reproof.

September 26. Crossed to the right bank of the river, and, following a direction parallel with its course for about sixty miles, crossed again to the north bank on the 29th.

Our route led usually over ridges from which plenty of timber along the river could be seen.

Small tributaries running into the Canadian from the south afforded abundance of water. At the point where we crossed to the left bank veins of chalk were found under a substance resembling plaster of Paris. On the 30th we bade adieu to the Canadian, and, after marching sixteen miles northeast, encamped on some ponds near a deep ravine.

Moved from this camp in a northeasterly direction, reaching the Cimarron and crossing it on the 5th of October, at the mouth of Red Fork. Passed the salt plains on the 10th, the Red Fork of the Arkansas on the 13th, and arrived at the Kansas line on the 14th. From this point the expedition followed the route pur-

sued on its outward march, back to the Missouri line, and on to Fort Leavenworth, where it arrived November 15, having been out exactly six months.

IN WINTER QUARTERS.

AFTER the long summer tramp "the command" is again safely housed in winter quarters. Uncle Sam has opened his purse and reduced his surplus by a fair divide with the boys. The boys have visited the sutler and supplied themselves with a superabundance of the things they most felt the want of while on the tramp, some of them buying such quantities that one would suppose they expected to start immediately on another expedition that would carry them beyond all opportunity of buying again.

The squad room is alive with chuck-a-luck, roulette, faro, *vingt et un*, *rouge et noir*, three-up, seven-up, poker—all the devices whereby gamblers contrive to fleece the unwary.

Here at one end of the long room, where the fire-place opens with an expanse that calls to mind the generous hospitality of your ancestral home, an "evening group" is drawn and stories of the late summer tramp, as well as other stories, are in order. Some of these stories linger in memory, and several of them are here presented, as illustrative of different phases of the life of the soldier of that day, on the plains and in garrison, or wherever he served, as well as of individual character.

A RAINY NIGHT ON PICKET.

I HAVE no incident to relate under this caption. It is only a phase of soldier life. To the old soldier the headline tells it all. To the uninitiated, to the farmer lad, who, in the midst of the peaceful surroundings of his rural home, may accommodate his business to the vagaries of the weather, when he begins, as boys do, to grow discontented and to look upon his quiet life as a humdrum existence altogether unfitted for a lad of spirit, it may be well to suggest that the routine of camp duties is not to be broken by a shower or a bit of snow.

Sitting at your cozy fireside, in the old homestead on the hill, where with the morning sun you can look out over the dewy fields, you say: "We're going possum-hunting to-morrow night." To-morrow night it rains, and, instead of the hunt, you frolic with the boys in the barn. Or, mayhap, some of the boys have brought their sisters. In that case, the big room is cleared and you have "twistification," and "blind-man's buff," and "hunt the thimble," and "Brother I'm bobbed;" and if you happen to think of the rain, you are glad it did rain. Or, perhaps, your good father, thoughtful each evening of plans for the ensuing day, as good farmers are, that each worker may be ready for his part without confusion, announces that "We must trim the hedge around the red-top pasture to-morrow." In the morning you are called from your dreams by your restless, enthusiastic younger brother, Tom, yelling at the top of his voice: "Gee whillikins! the ground is covered with snow! It is

three inches deep!" "O pap, let us boys go rabbit-huntin'. You know you said you would first time it snowed." So the hedge holds its too luxuriant growth until a more seasonable day for trimming, and thus the alternations of sunshine and rain, and of summer and wintry weather, only enable you the better to mix rational sport with honest toil.

But how is it with the soldier? Mark the contrast. You are detailed for picket. You see it is going to rain, but you must go. It may rain as if old Pluvius had set in to empty all his pails upon you—no matter, you must stick to your post. The whole plain may be covered with snow a foot in depth, glazed so smoothly on top that the wind does not know it is there. Grim old Boreas, coming out of his cave in the far north and sweeping down to search your very bones, feels no friction as he glides along, so glassy is the plain. If you face him bravely, he nips your nose; turn your back upon him, and he pinches your ears until they are blue and feel as if they would break like glass. If you stoop to avoid his obtrusive breath, he creeps under your collar, down your spine, into your very boots. Your toes seem to be getting heavy, and—well, the only good thing about it is you're glad, very glad, when you see the relief coming.

I remember one night's picketing near Lecompton—not, however, on account of any suffering or hardship. I think it was fixed in my memory by two circumstances. It rained all night, and I slept all night on the ground without shelter, with a rock for my pillow, and felt no ill effects from it afterwards.

The picket consisted of three men and myself. On

arriving at the point to which my orders directed me, I asked the men whether they preferred to take regular turns of two hours on post, or to divide the night into three watches and each take one, so that he could have his entire time on the post at once. They preferred the latter plan, and, giving number one his orders, I handed him my watch and told him to call number two when his watch expired. Number two was instructed to call number three, and I was not to be disturbed except in case of alarm. Lying down, I drew my feet up under my talma, the cape of my cap cover down over my collar, and, with my head on a convenient rock, was soon asleep. I waked at daylight to find one of my boots nearly full of water. I had thrust one foot out and, my trousers being tucked in the boot leg, the water running off the talma had run into the boot. I was dry everywhere else. The boys reported that it rained all night.



“AN UNPARDONABLE NEGLECT OF DUTY.”

IN military service occasions frequently arise when the soldier, in the discharge of duty, must be deaf to the voice of humanity. The suggestions of sympathy may move the heart to pity, but military law is inexorable, as well as arbitrary, and holds the soldier rigidly to the line of duty. Pity's tears shall melt the eternal granite ere Mars shall feel their softening power. Any one can recall illustrations of this sad truth in times of war. That even in the tranquil times

of peace the soldier must be on his guard against his softer sentiments, was aptly illustrated in a bit of experience that came to me on the expedition of the southern boundary survey of Kansas. It was on Willow Creek, one of the head branches of the Cimarron, among the foothills where that stream begins its course. Time, the last days of August.

It had been raining a good deal, and the nights were uncomfortably cold—so much so that men who were well clad usually gathered close about the camp fires until taps. Many of the men were sadly in need of new clothing, supplies, now overdue, having failed to reach us. Some were barefoot. I had command of the guard one night, when one of these barefoot men was on Post No. 1, near the guard fire. It was unusually cold, and so dark that the light from our fire scarcely made visible objects less than twenty feet away. The sentry, walking to and fro near the fire, was tempted to approach and warm his benumbed toes at its cheerful blaze. At this moment the officer of the day, Lieutenant ——, suddenly appeared on the opposite side of the fire. No one had seen him approach. Some one uttered, in an undertone, the warning words: "Sergeant, the officer of the day." I looked up, and he was there. I could think of nothing to say or do that would have been appropriate to the occasion. In fact, I was somewhat in the condition of a certain Tar Heel of Buncombe County, N. C., Bill Wilkins by name. Bill's immense capacity in the use of profane language had won for him a broad reputation in that line. Upon the slightest provocation he would roll out oaths with a volu-

bility that would put to shame the most accomplished sailor. The habit had grown on him until it was believed that he knew no other language of emotion. On a fine morning in autumn, Bill, having made preparation the evening before for an early start, set out from his mountain home with a cart load of apples for market. Some miles on the way there was a hill which the road ascended, at a sharp angle, several hundred feet. Slowly the patient oxen toiled up the steep ascent, stopping now and then to "git their wind." They had nearly reached the summit, when one of the wheels dropping off a rock gave the cart such a jar that the tail gate of the bed sprang out at the bottom, and the apples began to pour out. Bill simply said "Whoa," and stood, silent, looking at the big red apples chasing each other down the long slope to the very bottom. A farmer who had been chopping in the woods close by witnessed the accident. Bill's extraordinary conduct amazed him, and he called out: "Hello, Bill; why don't you cuss?"

With the emphasis of intense disgust, Bill responded: "Cuss? hell, I kain't do the subject jestic."

Nor could I, on this occasion, "do the subject jestic." I was conscious that I had no excuse to render for letting the sentry stop at the fire, that would count from a military standpoint.

"What does this mean, Sergeant?" asked the officer of the day sharply.

"You see the condition of the sentry's feet, sir," I replied. "He had but this moment stopped to warm them."

"An unpardonable neglect of duty, Sergeant; an un-

pardonable neglect of duty, sir. See that it does not occur again." And the officer of the day went on his rounds.

On the next day a man who served the officers' mess told me that the lieutenant had, while at breakfast, spoken of the hardship of the men doing guard duty without shoes and expressed his sympathy for them, and that was the last I heard of this case of "unpardonable neglect of duty."

GOOD FELLOWSHIP.

FOR genuine good fellowship, commend me to the American soldier. He may be rude at times, or uncouth, as viewed under ordinary lights. It is in times of trial that his higher and truer qualities shine forth, as delicate flowers that spring among briars and thorns where you least expect to find them. He will divide the last gill of water in his canteen with a comrade when his own throat is parched with thirst. Under whatever circumstances comradeship appeals to his self-abnegation and sympathy, his heart responds with a refinement and delicacy of feeling like that which in woman wins the devotion of men. It would be a mistake to suppose that the ties between soldiers grow out of the exhibition of the heroic in character. They are drawn together rather by the endurance of common hardships and privations, by their isolation from earlier associations, and, above all, by mutual amenities, for which occasions constantly

arise in the routine of service, and in the practice of which the ties of comradeship are so strengthened that they will hold amid the perils of war, inspiring men to deeds of daring in support of each other and of their leaders.

If one will read between the lines in the sketch which follows, he may see faintly outlined something of that generous consideration for his comrades which characterizes the American soldier. Time, late in September, 1857; place, the sandy region of the Upper Canadian.

Following the trail made over the ridges of sand by the cavalry, the tired mules dragged the train of wagons wearily on, until, late in the evening, the column turned sharply to the right and, crossing the dry bed of a small run, entered a rolling prairie where the surface was solid and of sufficient fertility to produce a light growth of grass. A rain coming on so softened the earth that the mules, weak from insufficient forage and partially exhausted by the hard pulling over the sand, were driven forward with much difficulty. One of the teams in the baggage train became so exhausted that it was found necessary to turn it aside in order not to delay the others. It belonged to Company I.

The acting quartermaster sergeant of the company, in fulfillment of his duty to see the last wagon into camp, remained behind with this one, accompanied by two or three men detailed to assist the teamster when it became necessary to put shoulders to the wheels. A cold, drizzling rain prevailed.

When the party with the wagon arrived in camp,

long after dark—cold, wet, and weary—they were cheered by the sight of a roaring log fire blazing up against the trunk of a big cottonwood that chanced to lie opposite the ground assigned to their company, and which the men had made haste to preëempt. For weeks our fuel had been only *bois de vache*.

The unexpected change was most gratifying to our belated travelers. Whisky had been issued to the command, and our wagon party also received their share—a gill each—on arrival. This, with the fire about which they grouped, made them quickly forget the toils and discomforts of the day. Some of the men had killed a fat young buffalo in the evening, and the acting quartermaster sergeant was presented with a juicy roast. Borrowing a skillet, he proceeded to cook it according to his own ideas of the culinary art. Having arranged a fire about it to his satisfaction, he was sitting by watching it when a friend of his, Private Henry Houston, approached him, saying: "Sergeant, come to the tent with me. I want to see you a minute." Without the remotest idea of what his friend had to say to him, he rose and went with him. Entering the tent, his friend stooped down and, taking from behind a knapsack at the back of the tent a tin cup, handed it to him. "Whisky was issued this evening," he said. "I did not want any, so I kept this for you. I knew you would be wet and cold."

The sergeant, having already drunk his gill, urged Houston to drink it himself. But he refused, and the sergeant, to please him and show himself not ungrateful, drank the extra gill, and returned to the fire to watch his roast.

In a little while, having occasion to go to the commissary wagon to issue sugar to one of the company messes, the sergeant had climbed into the wagon and had weighed out the sugar, when Private Battles raised the wagon sheet at one side, and, thrusting a cup at him, said: "Here's some whisky I kept for you, Johnnie."

"Well, it's very kind of you," replied the sergeant, "but I've had enough; I've drunk two rations already."

"Pshaw! drink it. If you don't, I'll never save another thing for you."

Now Frank Battle was a good fellow, and a native of the sergeant's own county, in the good old State of Georgia. So to oblige him he took the cup, stirred some sugar in the whisky, and sent it, or rather a part of it (for he managed to spill a portion), to join the contribution which his good friend Houston had made to his inner comfort. Then the sergeant went back to watch the cooking of his roast.

He had not long enjoyed the merry chat of comrades about the big log fire when he was called on again to supply some article from the commissary. A friendly corporal heard the request, and thinking, doubtless, that the sergeant was tired, kindly offered to attend to the matter for him. His services, however, were declined, the sergeant saying, rather gruffly: "I reckon I can attend to my business."

Going to the rear end of the commissary wagon, he put his hands on the ends of the bottom rails, and leaped—

They were kindly hands that lifted him from un-

der the wagon and bore him gently and silently to his tent, careful to avoid observation.

Poor fellow, he had not thought of the peculiar effect, on one long unaccustomed to it, of—a cotton-wood fire!

When the sergeant awoke at reveille next morning, none the worse for his late exposure to the rain and cold, he bethought him of certain preparations for supper in which he had been engaged. There was a vague impression on his mind that he had fallen asleep without having realized certain appetizing anticipations of feasting on a choice bit of buffalo.

“Boys, what became of my roast?”

His comrades manifested surprise at this question, and assured him that he had partaken of it most heartily. He was somewhat incredulous, for he had no recollection of anything at all after his leap at the wagon.

If he was the victim of a conspiracy, his comrades never confessed it, and his captain would, at any time, have certified that the sergeant was never drunk while he commanded the company.

Possibly there are old campaigners in the army to-day who could give you a ready solution of any mystery that may appear in the case.

RETRIBUTION.

THERE is an unwritten law of retribution. Statutes of the commonwealth, civil and criminal, often fail to effect the purposes of their enactment, and, through

imperfections in the machinery provided for their execution, cease to be operative. But this unwritten law is never suspended; its decrees are certain, its penalties are inexorable. A man may do murder or commit any other heinous crime against his fellow-man, and escape the sentence of the penal code; but that retribution will follow and at last overtake him is as sure as that Dame Nature punishes every violation of her laws. Not always is the punishment apparent. The criminal may conceal his crime, but there is no secret covert where he can hide himself from the demon of remorse.

Among the supplies provided for the expedition on the southern boundary line of Kansas was a herd of beef cattle. Four Mexican herders drove them by day and watched to prevent their straying by night. Sometime before the expedition left Fort Leavenworth, there enlisted one Marston, who had been a soldier in the British army. He was a "rough," and talked much of himself and of his feats of courage. He boasted of having beaten a British officer, and of having saved himself from the consequences of his mutinous act by escaping from prison and from the guard under circumstances requiring extraordinary coolness, courage, and resolution. Some of the less thoughtful looked upon him as a marvel, and envied his self-reported prowess; but the larger number were disgusted by his bravado, and liked not his society.

It required no learned physiognomist to translate the word "brute" that Nature had stamped upon his features, and "bullyism" was easily read between the lines of his self-laudation. He professed a perfect

acquaintance with the duties of the soldier under army regulations, and was doubtless proud of an opportunity, presented very early in the campaign, to illustrate his exact knowledge, as well as his devotion to the doctrine of strict construction.

One night when Marston was on guard one of the Mexican herders, riding around the cattle in the discharge of his duty of keeping them from separating, came near his post. Marston challenged him, and, either not hearing or not satisfied with the Mexican's answer, shot the poor fellow through the body. He alleged afterwards that he heard no answer to his challenge. On the other hand, the three other herders, who were at the time on the opposite side of the herd, stated that they heard the challenge, "Who comes there?" and their comrade's answer, "Mexicano," and that the dead man could not speak English.

I do not remember what action was taken by the authorities. My impression is that a Court of Inquiry was ordered. Possibly it was decided that the sentinel was only too zealous in the discharge of what he understood to be his duty.

About five months afterwards, when the expedition on its return march had reached the settlements north of Fort Scott, and when snow deeply covered the broad prairies and icicles glittered on the leafless trees along the water courses, Marston failed to appear at reveille roll call. It was expected that he would come up at the next camp, but he did not, and we saw him no more. The impression prevailed among the men that the Mexican herders had killed him, in revenge of their countryman, and they talked

of it as a thing to have been expected, and for which the Mexicans were not to be blamed. It was believed that he had falsely pretended not to hear his victim's answer to his challenge, and had shot him down in mere bravado and indifference to human life. In short, his comrades regarded him as an assassin, and were glad to be rid of him.

It was in the next year, at that season when grass and flowers, instead of snow, clothed the vast prairies, and pendent icicles had given place, on tree and vine, to dark green verdure. At a house about a mile from the public road, and some thirty miles north of Fort Scott, two cavalymen from a passing squadron called, in quest of some product of the farm or dairy.

How it delights the cavalryman's soul to get away from the dusty road, away from the trampling of the horses, on such an errand! How delightful to sit in front of the hospitable door and quaff a bowl of sweet milk, pure and deliciously cool, while the mind wanders back to the old spring house and hears the soft and tender music of the water bubbling among jars of the delicious fluid! And then, with canteens filled and haversack stuffed with big fat yams, to ride back, taking a route that would bring him up with the column and into camp just at the latest moment that a proper regard for discipline would allow.

The two cavalymen, having enjoyed their refreshments and obtained such articles as they wanted to carry away, were preparing to remount when the farmer came from around the house and greeted them. Greetings exchanged, they asked him some questions about the route they wished to pursue, and, having

received his replies, were about to ride away when the farmer, in his turn, asked a question: "Say, was you uns with the cavalry that camped down here on the road 'bout a mile one night last October when it snowed so?"

"Yes, our command camped there."

"Well, didn't you uns lose a man at that camp?"

"Yes, I believe we did."

"Well, do you uns know what become of him?"

"Never been heard of since."

"Well, I kin tell you. Leastways, a man in uniform like you uns has on was found several days arter the cavalry camped there, 'bout halfway 'twixt here an' the camp, lyin' in the snow, dead as Hector. There warn't a scratch on his body—jes' only ol' scars, an' a gallon jug 'bout half full o' whisky was settin' by 'im. An' we foun' out he had been to a place not fur from here where a fellar was sellin' whisky, an' got 'is jug filled, 'n' he hung aroun' thar 'til about ten o'clock, 'n' was purty boozy when he left. So we uns decided 't he jest got too drunk to travel 'n' lay down in the snow 'n' froze to death."

"Good riddance!" remarked one of the cavalymen.

"So the Mexicans didn't get him, after all," said the other, and they rode off, leaving the honest farmer much puzzled by their comments.

*THE SERGEANT BECOMES A PRIVATE, AND
GETS A TASTE OF PETTY TYRANNY
FLAVORED WITH ONIONS.*

IN the autumn of 1858, at Fort Leavenworth, I had a disagreement with my captain; and since I could not dismiss him from office, I decided to dismiss myself, and tendered my resignation, having been a sergeant three and a half years. It was accepted.

A few days afterwards I was, through the kindness of Captain Carr, detailed for extra duty in the commissary department. Lieutenant Baily, an infantry officer, was acting post commissary, and had for his clerk one Wilson, a citizen. My ordinary duties were to keep the commissary stores in order, weigh out rations, saw wood for the office stove, and do the drudgery of the business generally. The one redeeming feature about it was the freedom from responsibility. The duties were mainly routine in character, and when anything out of the usual order came up I simply had to carry out the directions given. It was a humble employment, but the work was light, and there was no reason why it should have been disagreeable. I soon found, however, that Wilson had an exceedingly high sense of his importance, and was, for my peace, too fond of exercising his authority.

I had been there but a few days when one morning he directed me to carry a piece of beef to Lieutenant Baily's kitchen.

"Hasn't Lieutenant Baily a servant?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "I suppose he has, but he will ex-

pect you to carry his beef. The young man we had here before always did it."

We had some other talk about it, which ended with my refusal to obey.

When Lieutenant Baily came in, as he usually did every morning, to attend to such matters as required his attention in the office, I was sitting by the stove in a small room adjoining the storeroom in which was the clerk's desk. He had given his directions for the day and was, I suppose, about to go out when Wilson said to him: "Lieutenant, I had a very nice piece of beef for you this morning, but this young man we've got here refused to carry it round."

"Refused to carry it round?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he?"

I supposed that Wilson was aware that I was in the stove room; but whether he was or not, I was unwilling to listen to a conversation not intended by both parties for my hearing. I therefore arose and went into the storeroom. As I entered Lieutenant Baily said: "How's this, Beall? Mr. Wilson tells me you refused to take a piece of beef to my quarters this morning."

"Lieutenant," I replied, "I have never been accustomed to doing anything like that. If you want a man for that kind of service, I suppose there are plenty of men in the garrison who are willing to do it, and I hope it will put you to no inconvenience to send me to my company and get another man. I would much prefer it."

“My understanding of the duty of a soldier,” said he, “is that he is to obey orders.”

“Yes, sir, I also have been so taught; but I believe the army regulations do not require a soldier to perform a menial service.”

“Do you consider that a menial service?”

“Yes, sir.”

Receiving an intimation that the interview was ended, I returned to the stove room. The Lieutenant remained some time longer and was going out when Wilson said to him: “What shall we do about this young man, Lieutenant? Hadn’t we better get another man? He is likely to give us trouble.”

“Put him in the guardhouse.”

I smiled to myself when I heard this. “Old Bull of the Woods” might be opposed to raising a soldier from the ranks by promotion, but he could be relied on to protect him in the ranks.

I went to Captain Carr, explained the situation to him, and asked to be returned to the company. He expressed regret that I was dissatisfied. He said that he had gotten me detailed for the place, supposing it would be somewhat unpleasant to me to serve in the ranks where I had so long exercised the authority of a sergeant. He told me, however, to return to the commissary, and that he would see what could be done for me. Wilson now began to exercise his ingenuity to entrap me into some punishable offense.

One day he directed me to take an empty barrel to the colonel’s back yard, doubtless expecting me to refuse. But I knew that general orders required the

commissary department to furnish barrels for the slops at officers' quarters for the purpose of their being carried off by the police carts, and decided that the department might be required to put them there. So I rolled the barrel down to the colonel's quarters and set it over his yard fence.

But the culmination of Wilson's meanness in putting petty vexations upon me was an order to transfer a barrel of pickled onions from a leaking barrel to a good one that would hold the vinegar. There were no cooper's tools in the store. I had to take the onions one at a time and drop them through a bung-hole. It may be readily imagined that it was with no little satisfaction that, when the last precious pickle had been transferred to the new vessel, I left the perfumed precincts of the cellar and reported to Mr. Wilson that the work was done.

I had heard no mention of the beef matter since my interview with Captain Carr. Several days had elapsed, when one morning Wilson called me to the back end of the storeroom, whence a staircase led down to the cellar. As I approached, he began to descend the stairs, saying: "That girl of Lieutenant Baily's came after beef this morning. She wouldn't go down into this dark place with me to get it, and you'll have to carry it round."

"No, I won't," I replied, and, turning on my heel, walked straight back to where I had been employed. Wilson was evidently shocked at my obstinacy, but said nothing.

Self-esteem is commendable; but when a man attempts to impose on another, his equal in every way,

services that he would not stoop to himself, his self-esteem becomes insolence. Wilson thought too much of himself to bring a piece of beef up out of the cellar; but a United States soldier was not too good, forsooth, in his estimation, to bring it up and carry it to an officer's kitchen.

With this I dismiss him. He was only the representative of a class that ought to have no existence in the army, and whose places should be given as rewards of merit to faithful and intelligent enlisted men.

A LONG MARCH.

About this time a movement of troops from Fort Leavenworth relieved me from my unpleasant position, and the kindness of Captain Carr secured me a very agreeable one. Having sent for me one day, he, after some questions relating to my fitness for the office of hospital steward, informed me that our squadron was ordered to Fort Washita, in the Chickasaw Nation, and would move in three days, and directed me to report to Dr. Page, who was to go as surgeon of the command. I did as directed; and having answered the Doctor's questions to his satisfaction, as far as I could judge, he told me to go to the post hospital and tell the steward to teach me all he could about the duties of the office in the three days before our departure. The steward, who was a German—I regret that I have forgotten his name—very amiably accepted the task of instructing me, and did his work so well that I had no difficulty afterwards in the performance of the duties required.

At the time appointed our squadron, consisting of Company C, Captain Thomas J. Wood, and Company I, Captain Eugene A. Carr, Captain Wood commanding the squadron, took up the line of march for Fort Washita. I have to regret that I kept no notes of this march, which led us through a country abounding in charming scenery. The route was by Fort Scott, Kans., Tahlequah, the capital of the Cherokees, and old Fort Gibson, on the Neosho near its confluence with the Arkansas; crossing the chief western tributaries of the Missouri and the Mississippi, between the Platte on the north and Red River on the south; traversing the lands of the Cherokees, the Creeks, and the Choctaws—a country unsurpassed in agricultural resources, then undeveloped; rich in prairies waiting for the sod to be turned and in forests of timber awaiting the ax and overshadowing deep alluvial bottoms along streams abounding with fish.

Several scenes through which we passed linger in memory, as happenings of youth, which, seen through the shadows of intervening years, are pleasing to the fancies of mature life. One of these was the crossing of the Kaw (or Kansas) River.

We encamped on the north bank in the evening, and made preparation for crossing next morning. Several forked saplings were found and cut in shape to run on the ice. Slats were nailed across from one branch to the other, and a rope was passed through an auger hole at the forward end, and knotted around sticks about four feet in length, with intervals of several feet between them. This completed the preparation.

The ice was tried next morning, and found too thin to bear up the teams. Several horses, however, were led over, a foot breaking through now and then. The wagons were unloaded, and their contents, loaded on the improvised sleds, were drawn across by the men.

About seventy-five feet from the north bank was a sand bar upon which there were but a few inches of water. Upon sounding, it was found that the water between this bar and the bank was shallow enough for the mules to draw the wagons across to the bar. The first thing to do was to cut a channel through the ice wide enough for the wagons.

While engaged in this work, and when it was nearly finished, a little dog belonging to one of the men was pushed off the ice into the water. The current was strong, and it was evident that without help he would be swept under the ice below the channel. Some one pushed the end of a rail out, and the owner of the dog, anxious to save the animal, which was struggling doggedly against the current, essayed to reach him by crawling along the rail, his comrades holding down the other end. Reaching out, he had gotten a grip on one of doggie's fore paws, not pausing to consider the danger, when suddenly the edge of the ice cracked off, and down went rail, man, dog, and all into the rushing water. It was not deep, and as the man came up snorting like a porpoise he had his dog securely in his arms.

The uproarious laughter at this episode had hardly subsided when attention was called to another scene that excited no little merriment. A man walking across

on the ice a few yards up the river had stepped on a thin sheet of ice that had formed over a hole where a horse's foot had broken through, and which was concealed by a thin covering of snow, and as we turned to look the vision that met our view was a man's head and a pair of shoulders, with arms extended on the ice. "Come out of that!" "I know you're thar!" "I see the top of your head!" were cries that greeted the man as he hung on the ice, his body and legs dangling in the cold water below. A pole laid across in front of him enabled him to climb out on the ice.

When the mules were taken from a wagon, after drawing it to the bar, a long rope was attached to the pole, and twenty or thirty men would seize the rope and rush with it to the other shore, keeping as far from the edge of the ice as possible. Close by the bank, which here lies back several rods from the water, a number of buckets filled with whisky had been placed, and the men, while they worked on the ice, "kept their spirits up by pouring the spirits down." They made of what seemed at first a forbidding enterprise one grand frolic.

I well remember how Lieutenant Ingraham seemed to enjoy a ride on the last wagon from the bar out to the shore. Mounting into it just as all was ready, he shouted the signal to move, and the men did move. As the foremost reached land, others seized the rope, and, rushing with it up the bank, moved the wagon with such speed that the water dashed up over the front gate, and the jolly lieutenant was baptized from head to foot. Never a boy enjoyed sport more heartily. Ingraham was one of those young men, ap-

pointed to the army from civil life, who might have been considered "too young and too inexperienced in the details of the service for promotion," to use the language of Colonel Sumner; but when he fell at Shiloh, pierced by a Federal bullet after he had surrendered, there fell one of Nature's noblemen. Here's a tear to his memory.

Having spent the day in transferring wagons, baggage, and equipments, commissaries, and ordnance stores to the south bank, the command went into camp among the trees. Rousing fires were built to dry the wet clothing, and canteens circulated freely, preventing any drying of the inner man.

Rev. John B—, in describing the marvelous effects of a storm that had swept over his plantation, said: "It was a terrible wind, sir, a terrible wind. It blowed down big oaks on my place that never had been blowed down before!"

The whisky was in its effects on some of the men, who were little addicted to its use, very like Mr. B—'s storm.

I found the duties of my new position light, the health of the command being exceedingly good. Now and then some unpleasant symptoms, or slight hurt, called for a prescription—about often enough to keep me in mind of studying the *Materia Medica* and learning its nomenclature.

FORT WASHITA.

This post is situated just on the edge of the timber bordering the Washita River, about three miles from a ferry on that stream, and twenty miles from

its confluence with Red River a few miles above the village of Preston, Tex. After a march of nearly a month's duration, covering a distance of about five hundred miles, the squadron arrived here, in good health. I found the hospital to be a substantial one-story brick house of seven rooms, in the form of three sides of a parallelogram—a long, low building, with wings extending back from each end. The front was to the east. At the extremity of the southern wing, facing west, was the steward's room; next to it, the dispensary; corresponding to these, in the opposite wing, were the kitchen and dining room. At the back of the main building a veranda connected the two wings. Another veranda extended along the front, across the northern side, and around back of the north wing, making a way from the office to the kitchen without passing through other rooms. The body of the house contained three rooms—the office, ward-room, and storeroom.

About a hundred feet to the south stood the surgeon's quarters, a grove of oaks intervening. The grounds in front were also studded with trees for some two hundred feet, beyond which was the open prairie. On the north of this grove was the hospital garden.

One of my first duties after taking up my quarters in this hospital was to make an inventory of the hospital stores. Among other things of value, I found dozens of old rye, of pale brandy, Jamaica rum, and sherry wine, that had been lying here growing old and mellow, in the care of the faithful old ordnance sergeant, perhaps since Braxton Bragg, whose name

was yet on the doorplate of the commanding officer's quarters, had commanded the post. The country needs more just such men as this old sergeant in positions of trust. In the summer of this very year, during a three months' campaign on the plains, these same stores were left in charge of a hospital attendant in whom Dr. Page had implicit confidence and who I believed to be honest. On the return of the squadron I found that nearly all the bottles had been broached, most of them had been watered, and others had lost an ounce or two of their beady fullness. I learned that the lieutenant left in command of the post had been drunk nearly all summer. Like "Old Uncle Tim," he

"Had a nose like a red woolen sock,
And pimples on his face not a few,"

and our honest attendant's face was blooming "like a red, red rose."

I had not been long installed in the hospital when, in addition to other duties, I was charged with that of keeping the post office, the postmaster having no suitable room for it. This duty, bringing me in contact with the people of the neighborhood, as well as with the soldiers and the employees of the quartermaster's department, I found to be rather agreeable than irksome, and the little profits of the office enabled me to provide myself with literature without reducing my income. Besides, it finally led to the organization of a small literary club, from which I derived no little pleasure, and of which I shall give some account farther on.

How I appreciated the life of light duty and abundant leisure which I now enjoyed will appear in the following extracts from letters to my mother and sister :

FORT WASHITA, February 9, 1859.

I am well and living a quiet enough sort of life, with little to do except studying ; and that I find doesn't agree with my digestive functions, so I don't do a great deal of it. However, I employ myself one way and another, so that the time doesn't hang heavily on my hands.

Since I left you I have not been so well contented as now. Indeed, as far as my well-being is concerned, aside from other considerations, I believe there are better prospects open for me here than I shall find again. The question is, if a kind Providence has opened before me a clear prospect in a path of life at once honorable and adapted to my humble abilities, is it not my duty to follow it? I became engaged in this branch of the service by no act of my own. I had not even thought of it when I was directed to report to the surgeon. I am satisfied that for whatever advantage I now enjoy I am indebted to Captain Carr. Dr. Page, the post surgeon, has treated me most kindly. He seems to wish me to study medicine, and I would not be disinclined to do so but for the shortness of my remaining period of service. . . .

FORT WASHITA, February 18, 1859.

Your favor of December 9, after a circumlandibus route via Forts Leavenworth and Riley, came to hand at last, by last mail. . . .

I am quite well, and more contented than I have ever before been in the service—occupy a room by myself, and acting hospital steward, keeping post office, etc. Not much to do, but manage to pass the

time without ennui. Weather very warm; peach trees blooming.

February 20. Nothing new, only had the pleasure of receiving by to-day's mail *Harper's Magazine* for December, January, and February. . . .

I am sorry to hear that your health is no better. Do not forget that cheerfulness conduces to health. Get books by the best of authors, and fill the little spaces of leisure with reading. To be all the time employed has an astonishing effect on one's spirits and health.

Fort Washita is a quiet place. Everything around me here wears an air of repose truly soothing and delightful to the contemplative mind.

There are a few soldiers in our squadron who have a taste for literature, which has prompted them to prepare and circulate at given periods a sort of manuscript newspaper for our mutual satisfaction. It is proposed to issue it twice a month, the articles to be under assumed names, and all parties being pledged to inviolable (?) secrecy.

I must close the mail. My love to Mr. Hardin.

Your affectionate brother.

THE WASHITA FLY LEAF.

SUCH was the name given by its author to the manuscript newspaper mentioned in the foregoing extract. The title was given it in honor of the *Fly Leaf*, a paper published by the senior class of College Temple, in the city of Newnan, Ga., during a period of several years, beginning, I think, in 1855—a paper whose columns exhibited the excellent results of the high training which the young ladies in that institution enjoyed.

The organization of our Fly Leaf Club came about in this way: Among the men who used to come often to the hospital was one Frederick William Reeder, at that time a clerk in the office of the orderly sergeant of Company C. He had some trouble in one of his eyes, and for some time came daily to have it treated. He gradually fell into the habit of lingering about the reception room, after taking his prescription, until I had leisure for a chat with him. From this he got to calling at my room of evenings. Our intimacy grew rapidly, and I soon learned the salient features of his past life. He was a Prussian, and his father, having intended him for the profession of medicine, had provided for his education accordingly.

When the time arrived for entering on his professional studies, he found himself so much averse to the line of life chosen for him that he could not bring himself to comply with his father's wishes. His father, offended by his obstinacy, bound him to service with a merchant. He found this situation very irksome and galling to his spirit, and, perhaps feeling a degree of resentment at what he thought was injustice in his father's treatment of him, determined to escape from it. Going secretly on board a vessel about to sail for New York, he worked his passage to that port, where he soon procured employment in the German department of a large retail store.

I know not how long he had been in this position, where it seems he had an excellent prospect of advancing himself, when one day he got a fright that upset both his plans and his judgment. It was only the sight of his uncle on the street. Reeder at once

jumped to the conclusion that this uncle had crossed the ocean to search for him, and that if he fell into his hands he would be carried back and again bound to a service that would, after his taste of freedom, be more galling than ever. I know not what circumstance suggested enlistment in the army as a means of avoiding such a fate. Suffice it that he did enlist, thus exchanging the fears born of a morbid imagination for the livery of Uncle Sam.

He was of a temperament that in no small degree unfitted him for military service. Easily led by kindness, he was impatient of dictation. This led to embarrassing friction between himself and noncommissioned officers under whom he served. To work off the fire which on such occasions his sensitive nerves carried to his brain, he would engage in any dissipation or revelry that circumstances suggested. For instance, if he had money, he would go into any game, no matter what the odds against him, and play as long as he had a stake, and then seek refuge from remorse as well as from unhappy memories in artificial stimulation—not, however, to the extent of absolute drunkenness.

As I became interested in him his vagaries annoyed me, and I began to treat him coldly when he would linger about the office, taking up a book or paper, or employing myself in some way, and answering his remarks in monosyllables until he would go away. This had gone on several days when one evening he came into my room and, being received with formal courtesy, took a seat near me. I waited

for him to speak, which he did presently, saying: "Johnny, what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing that I know of," I replied; "why?"

To my surprise he burst into tears. "Why," said he, "do you treat me so coldly? What has changed you?"

The man whose sensibilities are such that he feels so deeply a wound like that and does not resent it angrily may be redeemed from the thralldom of habit and, under favorable environment, become a happy and a useful man. Only he whose sensibilities are so dead as to be untouched by the reproof of friends is lost to virtuous aspirations.

I told Reeder frankly than in view of certain habits of his, which I need not particularize, it was apparent that our paths diverged so widely that, without a change, any intimacy between us on the terms of mutual respect, upon which alone friendship can exist, was impossible. On any other terms it was not desirable. I had chosen my path, and had no inclination for any other. He had chosen his. It was for him to determine whether he would value his friends more highly than the habits into which he had fallen; for if he did not abandon the one, the other would surely abandon him.

Of course I give only the purport of our talk. It ended with assurances on his part of a resolution to mend his ways, and of sympathy and such help as lay within my power on mine.

The observations of subsequent years have shown me that the life of many a promising youth is wrecked for want of employment congenial to his tastes and

adapted to his capacity. I knew nothing at this time of the theory of "work cure," and it was probably because I knew of no other way in which I could help Reeder that I fell upon the plan of finding something for him to do that would interest him and serve the twofold purpose of filling, in part, the spaces of his leisure, and of taking him away from the temptations that beguiled him. Possibly the idea was suggested by dim recollections of certain sage maxims by which in the receptive time of childhood I had been sometimes warned of the evil of idleness; such as, "An idle brain is the devil's workshop," and

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

I had long desired to study French, a language in which Reeder was adept, being occasionally required by his captain to translate French letters into English, and the replies into French. I took up the study under his tuition. This seemed to give him immense satisfaction.

One evening, after my lesson, we fell into a talk about literature, in the course of which I spoke of a weekly paper that had been issued in manuscript at Hiwassee College. The avidity with which Reeder caught up the idea was amusing. His eyes sparkled with enthusiasm as he brought his hand down in a heavy slap upon his knee, exclaiming: "By George, let's do that here!"

In fifteen minutes he was off to submit the scheme to two comrades, and on the same evening, in the steward's room at the hospital, our club was organ-

ized, and our scheme discussed, with as much earnestness as if it had been proposed to establish a rival of the *Atlantic Monthly* or *Harper's Magazine*.

There were four of us, and to each was assigned a special department. L. A. Reese, the eldest and most experienced of the quartet, had been an editor of a country newspaper; from that he had essayed the publication of a magazine. His resources not corresponding to his ambition, this enterprise had failed, and, preferring the excitement of life in the frontier service to unprofitable broodings over the hapless result of his literary venture, he had joined the cavalry.

To him was assigned the classification of the matter and determining the positions, in the paper, of the several articles making up its contents, and notice and review of books and periodicals—a work which he performed with the care and gravity of one filling the editorial chair of a standard magazine.

Irwin, who was the youngest of the group, was a bright, jolly young Irishman, of body low and rotund, red-headed and ruddy-featured, even-tempered and big-hearted. Ambitious to improve himself, he was ready to work at anything that held any promise of elevating the standards of life among his comrades. To him were assigned the local news and "Answers to Correspondents" columns. He volunteered to do Reese's part of the copying, as Reeder did mine, in part. Reeder and I seemed to have been left free to write as the fancy or the whim of the hour suggested. I have before me a copy of the second issue. It was on bluish-tinted paper—two sheets 18 x 21 inches.

It is old and tattered and torn, one precious piece torn from a corner and gone—precious to me because of its dear associations. Part of it is in the handwriting of Reeder and part in that of Irwin. Each page is divided into two columns by a double line in red ink. Similar lines are drawn across the top of each page, and in the margin above, inclosed in figures drawn in lines of red ink, or red and black, are written quotations relating to the subject-matter of the page or column above which they are placed. The captions and signatures are underscored with red, and the several articles are separated by double lines in the same color.

Reese, being of a romantic turn of mind, adopted the pronomen of "Guy Oakleaf;" Irwin became "Mutus," as indicating his reticence; Reeder took the name of "Ranger," which he fancied was characteristic of his past life; for a like reason, perhaps, "Erro" became the *nom de plume* of the fourth member in the quartet.

The copy before me is dated Fort Washita, C. N., March 15, 1859, and has for its motto the words: "Devoted to Moral and Mental Development."

The following editorial fills the first page:

OUR OBJECTS, EXPECTATIONS, AND WISHES.

Having thought, when the idea of the Washita *Fly Leaf* first occurred to us, that such an enterprise would meet with just encouragement among those men in the army who, while cheerfully performing every military duty, feel yet that the culture of the mind, the development of the intellect—in a word, the higher aims of life—should not be entirely lost

sight of, we entered into it earnestly and in good faith; not, however, we admit, without some misgivings about the propriety of the undertaking, and not a few doubts concerning the reception which so novel an affair would meet with among the mass of readers.

That our enterprise has, on its first appearance, awakened at least a friendly interest, we are assured; but this may be only the result of the dress and air of novelty with which it presents itself; and which, as it is thrown about in future stages, and becomes a familiarity, must be torn off, leaving it to stand upon the merit of its intrinsic value, or, wanting such support, to fall and be forgotten.

Conscious of this, we might well shrink from an undertaking the pleasures of which, at the best, may fall far short of being proportionate to its toil; but having "set our hands to the plow," as our motto is "Onward," we are determined not to be easily discouraged.

Just as by a law of nature two atoms of matter cannot occupy the same space at the same time, so, when the mind is filled with one reflection, all others are excluded. If, then, the mental faculties be preoccupied in the contemplation of such subjects as afford the highest degree of satisfaction, it follows that there can be no room for those broodings over dead hopes "and past happier days" which tend so much to oppress the soul with ennui and sink the heart in bleak and barren discontentment.

Assuming thus much as an abstract truth, we shall continue our paper, presenting it from time to time to a small circle of readers, not expecting them to receive it as a substitute for any amusement in which they may have found something of the spice of pleasure, but modestly hoping that it may meet with their approbation as some slight addition to their means of entertainment during the intervals of duty. And we wish it understood that our columns are open to those who

have time and inclination to use the pen on any subject, be it grave or gay, poetry or prose, literary or political; provided always that it be impersonal.

If our own articles should appear cramped or wanting in that ease of style and graceful flow of language which characterize the productions of the professional writer, it will be remembered that we are novices in the literary field, and that our researches are necessarily restricted to a narrow circle.

But as from time to time our errors in style, philology, or diction shall be pointed out by friendly critics, we hope to improve and, as we gather confidence, to bring a new zeal to the work, seasoning our productions with a warmer zest and a refinement of polish more commensurate with the literary attainments of our readers.

ERRO.

Then follows, on the second page, an article by Guy Oakleaf, on "Serenades and Serenaders."

On the third page we have the "Drunkard's Doom," an essay by Ranger, followed by the "Cavalryman's Song," under the imposing title of "Camp Fire Song of the Cavaliers."

Next, beginning on the second column, fourth page, is an "Epistle to N. J. C.," by Erro; then on the fifth page a poem entitled "Stray Thoughts," by Ranger, after which, on the same page, Guy Oakleaf begins "Review of Current Literature," which covers three columns, ending on the seventh page. Then comes a poem "To Lily," by Erro, after which Mutus indites a paragraph to "Correspondents." "Lily's Reply" follows; then on the eighth page something over a column is devoted to answers to correspondents, over the signature of "Mutus" (Fighting Editor). A notice of "Divine service every Sabbath

morning at half past ten o'clock in the chapel, Rev. I. Burke, pastor," concludes the bill of fare given our readers in this issue.

We made, and distributed through the post office, six copies, one for each company, and one each for the commanding officer, the officer's mess, the chaplain, and Mr. Vance, the sutler.

For some time much of the writing and all of the copying was done in the hospital steward's room, but after one or two numbers had been sent out Captain Wood sent for Reese, having suspected him to be one of the projectors of the enterprise, and questioned him about it. Reese avoided a direct answer in a way that confirmed the Captain's suspicions, whereupon the wily old soldier, bringing to bear on the case his fine knowledge of human nature—especially that part of it which pertained to Reese—proceeded to praise the several articles in a copy of our paper which he held in his hand until, when he came to commend one of Reese's own articles in flattering terms, Reese's vanity could endure no more, and he disclosed the whole secret of the work.

The Captain made no secret of his delight that an enterprise so novel and commendable had originated in his command. He gave Reese authority for the club to take possession of a vacant house, with fireplace, closets, and table suited to our work, and allowed us to keep lights after taps. This highly appreciated favor restored to the steward the privacy of his room, and gave our club members a place where they felt somewhat more freedom in going and coming as they pleased.

In addition to other advantages, the good chaplain, Mr. Burke, now tendered us the use of his library, and further encouraged us by commending our enterprise and our articles in flattering terms. Upon the whole, we were as favorably situated as was then possible for enlisted men on the frontier. The tedium of the service was gone, and the weeks slipped away light-footed as the hours when young life is all rose-hued. We pursued our studies with no less enthusiasm, and with more confidence, and dreamed of winning places on the roll of fame with names like Goldsmith, Burns, and Addison.

But it must not be understood that we devoted our leisure so severely to study as to neglect the pleasures found in amusements of the lighter sort. Not infrequently side-splitting stories, jests, and repartee consumed the evening hour. Once, I remember, an intended joke seemed on the point of ending in a tragedy, of which the joker was in imminent danger of becoming the victim.

A brief description of our clubhouse is necessary to an understanding of the occurrence. It was a two-roomed, hewed log cabin, having a low piazza along the front. There was a closet on each side of the stack chimney separating the two rooms, both closets opening into the right-hand room, which was our sanctum. At the back of each closet was an aperture about eighteen inches square, opening into the opposite room.

One evening about ten o'clock, disinclined to sleep and feeling the want of companionship, I left my room at the hospital and strolled down toward the

clubroom, hoping to find some of the boys there. Approaching the place, I saw the room was lighted, and when a little nearer recognized the voices of Reese and Reeder within. It struck me that here was a chance for fun. My plan, which was formed at once, and without any thought of possible miscarriage, was to enter one of the closets through the vacant room, and when inside to knock upon the wall. The result I calculated on was that my friends would suppose some one knocking at the door for admission, and would get up and open it. Finding no one, they would be perplexed. After a while I would repeat the knocking, which would lead to another opening of the door and more decided perplexity. Then I would disclose myself and have my laugh.

I removed my shoes and, entering the vacant room, went stealthily to the opening at the back of the closet, on a shelf of which we usually placed our hats. Having passed my shoes through the aperture to a shelf within the closet, I proceeded to follow them. The base or sill of the little window being some four and a half feet from the floor, I was under the necessity of going head foremost. Putting my arms and head through, I sprang up and was resting with my chest on the sill, feeling about for something substantial to lay my hand on, when I heard the moving of a chair, as of some one rising suddenly and pushing it back, and at the same time the voice of Reeder saying: "I'll go and get it."

The closet was narrow; my face was almost against the door, and my body almost filled the hole in the wall. If he should open the door and find confront-

ing him the head and shoulders of a man projecting from the solid wall, and in the dim light that would penetrate the dark closet, what must be his terror? The timorous in our nature predominates in hours of darkness. All this and more flashed through my mind as I made a vain effort to push myself back. One step, and his hand was on the door latch. I had only time to put on an apologetic grin, thus making the apparition more hideous, ere the door opened, and Reeder, leaning forward to reach his hat, thrust his face almost against mine.

Did he faint? Never cat sprang upon its prey with more agility, never antelope sprang more quickly to avoid the fangs of the deadly snake, than Reeder sprang back from that closet. He slammed the door with such force that the rebound brought it wide open and revealed him crouching at the opposite end of the room, wild-eyed, evidently looking about for some offensive weapon. Reese, exclaiming, "What in the world is it?" leaned over so as to see into the closet, and, recognizing me, added hastily, "Why, it's only Beall!" and began to laugh uproariously.

Reeder, pale and much agitated, as soon as he realized the nature of the case, tried hard to join in the laugh, but with rather indifferent success.

I believe that was the last of my practical jokes "indurin' o' the army."

A CHICKASAW'S JEALOUSY.

WHILE at Fort Washita the writer had many opportunities to observe and study the character of the natives.

As a general rule, the Indians resent any special attention to the young females of their race by the white man. Only by long residence among them, and a line of conduct on the part of the white man that wins their confidence, is this race prejudice overcome. It is well understood among them that a large majority of soldiers—at least ninety-nine out of a hundred—who seek the society of their girls do so merely to spend agreeably the passing hour, and that their special attention cannot be relied on as indicating any desire for marital relations. It follows that the boys in uniform are regarded by the young Chickasaw gallants with a suspicion which they take no pains to conceal, and now and then their jealousy crops out in violence, just as does that of people with higher claims to civilization. Yet, on several occasions during the period of my service there Uncle Sam's boys prevailed on a number of dusky damsels to grace with their presence public balls given at the fort. Not all dusky, either, for I remember one of distinctly Circassian features, in the meshes of whose charms one of our boys was caught and so entangled that it required the interposition of his captain, assisted by a furiously jealous cousin of the fair Indian maiden, to release him.

Kenney was a spirited Kentucky lad, in whom his captain took a special interest, being a Kentuckian

himself, and having been, as I was informed, appointed guardian of the lad's person and property, under the laws of that State. Whether or not the captain's influence and authority over his ward would have been sufficient to wean the young man from his infatuation for the fair Rowena is extremely doubtful.

The young lady, with her sister, Wenona, for a time quite frequently visited the fort. Here was her post office and the sutler's store, where the people of the vicinity came to do their shopping. On the occasions of these visits opportunities for interviews between the lovers were not wanting. There came a time, however, when the sisters were seen no more within the military reservation. Possibly the good captain had given their family an effective hint. It was rumored that a cousin of the fair Rowena, who had long worshiped at her shrine, had sworn that he would kill Kenney if he did not cease his attentions at once and forever. Possibly a prudent desire on the part of Rowena to avert impending danger from her white lover was the secret of her seclusion. However the fact may have been, Kenney was not disposed to abandon the pursuit of so fair an object. He was not to be deterred by trifles.

Rowena went one evening to spend the night with a friend about three miles from the fort. Kenney met her there. Possibly the meeting was by preconcerted arrangement. We can only surmise as to that, as well as to how the jealous cousin got information that enabled him to waylay the ardent lover as he rode back in the darkness.

It was about midnight. Kenney was riding lei-

surely through a swamp bordering a small stream, when, as he came opposite a large tree growing hard by the road, two men sprang from behind it. One caught at his bridle. The startled horse threw up his head so quickly that the man failed to catch the rein. Kenney's keen glance detected the gleam of a long knife in the right hand of the other man, in the act of striking him. Throwing out his right hand, he checked the force of the blow and turned the deadly blade aside. The frightened horse, at one bound, carried him beyond the reach of his assailant, and Kenney, feeling that he had no further business in that locality, gave the noble animal free rein until within hail of the garrison sentinels.

The young man was very pale and very serious as he related to the surgeon the particulars of his adventure, the while preparations were made for removing a small piece of the bone of the right fore-finger, which had been cut off smoothly about an eighth of an inch from the first joint.

It was whispered about that the opinion was entertained by some of his comrades that Kenney was not assaulted at all, but had chopped off his own finger, with the expectation of getting a discharge on account of it. It was his trigger finger, said these gossips, and no knife, they argued, would cut straight through a finger unless it were laid against some solid object. But such suggestions are easily accounted for by the jealousy of these fellows on account of Kenney's better standing in the captain's favor. He was an intelligent fellow; and if he had wanted to cut off his own finger, and had done so, he would not

have concocted a story that subjected him to charges for slipping his horse out and absenting himself from the garrison at night without leave; and he knew very well that the loss of the first joint of the finger would be no ground for a discharge.

One thing was plain to all: Kenney's ardor was materially cooled. His assailants had their faces daubed with mud, and, in the shadows of the swamp, he could hardly have identified them if there had been no manner of disguise; yet he never entertained a doubt that they were of the family of his inamorata.

It must be allowed that even an enthusiastic lover might shrink from pursuing beauty through forests where mud-painted kinsmen lurk behind trees in waiting to assail him with the deadly knife. I do not know whether our young comrade and Rowena ever met again. If so, I am quite sure it was not as lovers.

"THE CUT DIRECT."

Another event occurred about this time, illustrating the workings of the green-eyed monster in the Indian mind.

Among the soldiers of the garrison was Merchand, a Kentuckian, as full of vital energy as one would expect in a native of a State noted for the manliness and vigor of her people. He was, moreover, a lover of fun and frolic, the gayest of the gay, and without a spark of vindictiveness in his nature.

He was a favorite with his captain and other offi-

cers, as well as with the men, and the restraints of military life sat lightly upon him. If the amusements that served in a measure to relieve the tedium of garrison life palled upon him, he sought and found variety of amusement and adventure in the neighboring country, usually in company with some congenial comrade.

On one occasion he attended a little party several miles from the post, where dwelt one of the dark-eyed belles of the Chickasaws. This damsel had a lover of her own race who was displeased at the attentions shown her by the young cavalryman, and at this party his jealousy reached a climax that came unpleasantly near being fatal in its results.

In the midst of the festivities, the Indian lover brought out a canteen of whisky and passed it around from one to another where they sat. Merchand, unsuspecting of treachery, when the canteen was offered to him, took it to his lips and threw his head back to drink. The observant eye of the Indian girl seeing that her dusky lover, as he released the canteen from his left, carried his right hand quickly to the hilt of a knife that hung in his belt, she uttered a warning cry. Like lightning the polished blade flashed in the air, the blow was struck, and the lithe fellow leaped out at the door. Merchand, startled by the scream of the young woman, and perhaps catching the deadly gleam in the eye of his assailant, and divining therefrom his murderous intent, ducked his head in time to save his throat, but too late to avoid the thrust entirely. The knife penetrated his left cheek, knocked out two teeth, and cut

a gash in his tongue. Throwing down the canteen, he rushed out after the would-be murderer. Finding that he was already on his horse flying from the scene, he hastily mounted his own and followed, a comrade and others crying after him to come back. The wily Chickasaw had so much the start that pursuit was vain, and vain the several shots sent after him while both horses were at the top of their speed.

Two or three hundred yards from the house Merchand fell from his horse, faint with the loss of blood, just as a comrade, who had ridden madly after him, came up. He was brought to the hospital and his wounds were treated by Surgeon Page, with such skill that when discharged, after a week or two, the scar on his cheek was not an ugly one, but a souvenir of love to be carried through life's campaign.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

WHILE the stream of life was running smoothly with us at Fort Washita our neighbors at Fort Arbuckle, sixty miles farther west, had some experiences of quite a different sort. The troops on the Texas frontier, and within the borders of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations, were constantly on the lookout for the hostile Comanches, whom no adverses could bring to terms of peace. They were plunderers by instinct—the Arabs of the southwestern plains, roving from the borders of New Mexico to the Chickasaw settlements, and from Texas to beyond the

Arkansas, into the country of the Cheyennes, in Kansas. They warred not only with the whites but with such tribes of their own race as they could surprise-unprepared for defense or escape.

Troops from Arbuckle engaged them twice about this time, within twenty miles of that post. Captain Carr's company, I (my old comrades), was dispatched on the 29th of February to reënforce the garrison at Arbuckle.

On the 28th of that month Lieutenant Stanley, Company D, met and defeated a party of Comanches, killing seven, with a loss of one man wounded. About the same time a detachment of cavalry on a scout came upon a body of these wily horsemen of the plains, with whom they had a sharp skirmish, killing four, and losing one killed and one wounded.

In this fight a cavalryman had a thrilling adventure. While in pursuit of the Comanches, he had placed himself alongside of an Indian whom he mistook for a Wichita belonging to his own party. Being a little in advance of the main party, they charged on together for nearly two miles. Meanwhile a real Wichita, one of our allies, was urging his horse at utmost speed to overtake them. His more practiced eye had at once perceived that it was a Comanche in company with the "white soldier" in front, and that he only waited to reach a body of timber not far ahead to give the death shot and take the scalp of his unsuspecting foe. On they dashed, these two deadly enemies side by side, over the plains, just in the rear of the retreating friends of the one, the flying foes of the other.

Suddenly the soldier was startled by a wild shout of triumph behind him; and turning his head, he saw the horse and rider at his side hurled impetuously to the earth, and in an instant the Wichita, leaping from his saddle, thrust his knife into the heart of the prostrate Comanche.

The brave ally, unable or not wishing to check the superior speed of his horse, had allowed him to come in collision with that of his enemy, who was thrown to the earth as if horse and rider had been struck down by lightning.

UP THE WASHITA.

ON the 20th day of June, 1859, the squadron took up the line of march on an expedition to the Antelope Hills, and on the 28th joined Capt. D. B. Sackett's squadron from Fort Smith at old Camp Arbuckle. Our route to this point was via Chickasaw Academy, Tishomingo City, and Fort Arbuckle, through a country alternating with hill and valley, woodland and open plain, mountain stream and dry ravine.

On June 30 I saw wild turkeys and deer, and I was tempted to ride after one of the latter. I failed to get a shot, but succeeded in getting an official scold for running my government horse.

As we ascended the western slope the timber indicated a less productive soil. On July 1 we passed a forest of black-jack, such as may be found on the

most sterile ridges of Georgia and Alabama. On the same day we caught a glimpse of the Canadian, away to the north. At the edge of the woods, near the decaying trunk of a fallen tree, I found to-day the skeleton of a papoose. There was no indication of a grave, or of any effort having been made to protect the remains from the ghoulish wolves.

On the 10th of July the mails brought my appointment as hospital steward. The following extract relating to this appointment, from a letter written at Fort Washita in March of this year, will give some idea of

THE RED TAPE PROCESS IN UNCLE SAM'S WAR
OFFICE.

The Post Surgeon states to the Adjutant General of the army that there is no steward at this Post, and recommends me as "eminently qualified" (?) for the appointment. My company commander writes his assent on the same sheet. It is now handed to the Post Commandant, who "respectfully" forwards it, through the Assistant Adjutant General, Department of the West, who, in his turn, and "by order of Department Commander," indorses it "Respectfully forwarded to headquarters of the army," where the Adjutant General "respectfully" refers it "to the Surgeon General" for his decision. The Surgeon General "respectfully returns" it and recommends that "the man" be put on trial for six months, by which time it will be known whether the Post is to be permanently occupied or not, and whether "the man is really qualified for the appointment he seeks." Finally the Adjutant General of the army indorses it again: "Respectfully returned. The man will be put on trial as suggested by the Surgeon General."

Well, "the man" has served the prescribed period of probation and has received his official warrant over the signature of the old hero of Lundy's Lane. Nor did "the man" seek the appointment, in the sense of asking for it. He was detailed for the duty without his knowledge, and all that ever passed between him and any one on the subject of the appointment was a question by Assistant Surgeon Page and "the man's" answer:

Dr. P.: "Would you like to be transferred to the medical department?"

"The Man:": "I would like it very much."

And there the matter ended, except so far as an honest endeavor to merit the appointment by a faithful discharge of duty may be regarded in the light of seeking it. The true soldier does not solicit promotion. If he cannot win it, he will not beg it as a boon.

I have already, in another place, expressed my grateful sense of obligation to Capt. Eugene A. Carr and Assistant Surgeon Charles Page on account of their generous and practical interest.

On the second of August the command crossed the line into Texas and encamped on the point of a ridge overlooking the valley of the south fork of the Canadian. The view from this ridge is diversified by shadowy groves and grassy plains, broken here and there by barren sand hills, with mountains in the distance. We lingered in this vicinity for some time, moving from place to place to find grass for the horses, living a quiet sort of life, not devoid of interest, yet without excitement, except such as an occasional hunting party enjoyed. One of these parties killed a small black bear, and I found a piece of steak from one of its hams quite palatable. We found antelopes in great

numbers; but, as is well known, they are exceedingly shy, and, except by accident, only the most skilled were successful in hunting them.

One day when we were on the move, and the long train of wagons was strung out along the side of a gentle slope for half a mile or more, three or four of these active little animals came bounding over the ridge. Their direction was toward the center of the moving train. When within two hundred yards of it, all but one turned to the right and ran off toward the rear. This one, turning to the left, came down the line of wagons toward the front, running the gantlet of half a dozen rifles at a distance of perhaps a hundred and fifty yards. I procured a rifle and placed myself in position for a shot, scarcely hoping that it would escape the several rifles which it must pass before reaching a point where I could safely fire. It came on, however, and, dropping on one knee, I took deliberate aim and fired. The beautiful creature went by me like the wind, neither quickening nor slackening its speed, nor swerving from its course, until it gained a point where there was a long gap in the line of wagons. Here it turned sharply to the right, crossed the line, seeming to hardly touch the ground in its easy, graceful leaps, and fled on without apparent loss of speed until it disappeared over a ridge far to the east.

While in this region, the stage on the overland route between Fort Smith, Ark., and Albuquerque, N. Mex., passed us, leaving mails from the States—one of those events that afford a pleasing interruption in the channel of thought of every soldier

who is not entirely cut loose from home ties. Letters received on this occasion made a charming episode in the soldier life of the members of the Washita Fly Leaf Club, whose literary labors had been suspended with the commencement of preparation for the summer campaign. Before leaving quarters, the club had made a special issue of their paper complimentary to the editors of the College Temple *Fly Leaf* of Newnan, Ga. The several members of the club were much gratified upon the receipt, by the overland mail, of a letter from the secretary of the senior class of College Temple, acknowledging in flattering terms the receipt of their little paper.

RETURN TO WASHITA.

I HAVE had, in writing the foregoing very meager and unsatisfactory account of this summer's tramp, the aid of a few brief memoranda made at the time. As the summer advanced, my duties required more and more of my time, until the number of patients under the surgeon's care was reduced by the separation of our command from that of Captain Sackett. The death by typhoid fever of a comrade whom I had nursed several weeks gave me further relaxation from duty, as well as from a burden of anxiety that had rested upon me heavily. This was the only soldier who died under the care of Dr. Page during the eighteen months that I had the honor of serving under him. Nor did he lose a single case among the quar-

termaster's men. This may be regarded as somewhat remarkable in view of the fact that the garrison at Fort Washita numbered about three hundred men, women, and children, and while with Captain Sackett during this summer the total was about eight hundred. From about the time of beginning the return march I left off taking notes altogether.

Stafford, the man with typhoid fever, required almost constant attention. We had to move him from camp to camp in the ambulance. Our medical stores did not include the remedies adapted to the case, and he grew worse daily. I found it exceedingly painful to sit by and watch the steady advance of the disease and see the young life giving way under it, powerless to aid the suffering victim. He was a young man and made a long and hard fight against the deadly fever, but succumbed at last. We made him a grave in the prairie, hard by a strip of timber, and here, with military honors, his body, clad in his uniform and wrapped in his blanket, was deposited. "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

DEATH IN WASHITA RIVER.

ON the return, after marching some distance down the South Fork of the Canadian, the two squadrons separated, Captain Sackett's command returning to Fort Smith. Captain Wood's squadron, diverging to the right, crossed the divide between the waters of the Canadian and Red Rivers, and took a route along the

side of the slope falling southward toward the Washita and parallel to the general course of that stream.

One morning several men obtained leave to go on a hunt. Late in the evening the command encamped on a creek across which it was necessary to throw a bridge. All of the hunting party but one came into camp in time for the evening roll call. They reported that upon leaving camp in the morning they had ridden straight to the timber that skirts the river, and then hunted along the edge of the woods, occasionally turning up a creek or branch, having divided their party so that two men hunted in company. The missing man was Private Garriner, of Company I, a Georgian from the vicinity of Griffin. Later in the evening he had gone on in advance of his comrade, who, not coming up with him, and observing by the tracks of his horse that he had turned up a large creek to the north, rode on up the stream into camp, not doubting that Gerriner had preceded him. He had failed to observe what the tracks afterwards disclosed: that Gerriner, after riding some distance up the stream, had turned and gone back to the river. Evidently, having failed to find a practicable crossing, he had conceived the idea of getting to the opposite side of the creek by entering the river above, then riding down and coming out below.

Opposite the mouth of the creek, and a little way out in the river, was a sand bar rising some feet above the water. Riding across to this bar, as appeared from the horse tracks, he turned down the river past the mouth of the creek and entered the water again, never to leave it in life.

Next morning a search party was sent out. Going to the point on the creek where his companion in the hunt had last seen the tracks of the horse, they followed the trail to the sand bar, and discovered the displacement of earth where the horse had ascended the bank below the mouth of the creek. Having some knowledge of the treacherous nature of the river bottom, and knowing it to be unnecessary to take the risk of following the horse by the route he had taken, since they could easily reach the east bank of the creek by returning to the bridge now nearly completed, they returned to camp and reported.

Meantime Gerriner's horse and a little dog that had been with him had come in. The searchers took the trail of the horse and, accompanied by the dog, followed it back. When they were yet some distance from the river the little dog ran ahead. Stopping now and then, he would look back, whine pitifully, and then run on. On reaching the river, he stopped on the bank just where the horse had come out, and set up a howl which was described by one of the men as almost like a human wail.

Gerriner's body was found about ten feet from the bank, at a depth of between five and six feet. His belt, with cartridge boxes, cap pouch, and pistol, was buckled around him. The bottom was of mud and sand. It was supposed that the horse, on reaching water beyond his depth, had begun to plunge, probably rising on his hind feet and sinking in the mud, and that Gerriner was either thrown off or jumped off to give his horse a better chance to relieve himself. However that may have been, the horse had struck

him in the face with his foot, and the iron shoe had cut a deep gash across his nose and one eyebrow.

No other incident worthy of remark occurred on the return march, which brought us by way of Fort Arbuckle. It may, however, be mentioned as a fact illustrating the faithfulness and skill of our worthy surgeon, Dr. Charles Page, that we left at this post the only military patient that came under his care during eighteen months whom he failed to relieve, with the sole exception of Stafford, whose death I have already related.

On arriving at Fort Washita, the usual routine of garrison life was resumed.

ON FURLOUGH.

On the first of September, having obtained a furlough for thirty days commencing on that date, I set out on a visit to a brother in Tarrant County, Tex. My route was by way of Preston, Denton, and Fort Worth. The first twenty miles was to the left of, and parallel with, the general course of the Washita, by a road which I found to be little better than a path, leading through a level woodland country, with here and there an open glade. As I proceeded southward, my path became less and less like a road until sometime in the evening I was forced to the conclusion that I had somewhat diverged from the proper and more traveled route. The route I was pursuing, however, I knew could not be far from my proper direction; so I pressed forward, urging my little Chickasaw pony to a brisk trot, trusting that the now hardly discernible path would somewhere inter-

sect a more beaten track. As I advanced I noticed that the forest was no longer broken by open glades, which gave such pleasing variety to the scenery along the route of my morning ride. A deep sense of loneliness began to oppress me. Dense shadows of over-arching trees made twilight while the sun was yet some distance above the horizon. I recognized the fact that I was in the depth of a swamp. The densely shaded land yielding but little grass, the path was now plain. Knowing the practice of the natives in making bypaths where the main roads diverge from a right direction, I pressed forward, assuming that my path was a cut-off, or shorter way leading to the same point on Red River; that it had entered the swamp at the point of an easterly bend of the Washita, and that, passing this bend, it would come out again into the open country.

The forest, however, seemed to grow denser and darker, until I began to contemplate the dreary prospect of spending the night in the swamp. At length I came upon a path crossing my way at right angles, evidently more traveled than the one I was pursuing. I concluded at once that this would lead me directly out of the swamp; but calculating that the rate at which I had come must have brought me very near the river, I kept on. I had proceeded perhaps less than half a mile when the deep gloom began to abate, and I soon caught through the interstices of the forest a glimpse of water glinting in the rays of the now setting sun. I scarce could restrain a shout as I galloped over the intervening space and halted with the broad current of Red River spread out before me.

The path led down to the water; but, though the place was evidently a crossing, it would have been folly for me to undertake it, not knowing what direction to take to avoid quicksand and reach the place of egress on the south bank. I therefore returned to the path I had crossed, and, taking the east end, soon reached the open country and came directly upon a cabin in the woods. As I rode into the open space of hardly a quarter of an acre a pack of dogs rushed toward me, barking fiercely. At first I was somewhat startled, but on perceiving that they were hounds quickly recovered my composure, and rode forward just as the owner came out and called them off. The man was a characteristic backwoodsman. He had the natural reserve of one little used to the society of men, with the grave dignity of one who finds companionship in the solitudes of nature.

Having exchanged greetings, I explained briefly the circumstances that had led me to his solitary abode and the necessity of asking his hospitality. Bidding me welcome to such entertainment as he could give, he invited me to "light," tie my pony, and come in. His family had come out, or to the door of the hut, to see the stranger. The group consisted of the wife and some half dozen children, from boys nearing manhood down to a little tot that peeped out from the mother's skirts, all with faces and clothing suggestive of the coal pit, or at least a pine knot fire.

The good woman, by the time I had unsaddled my pony and taken a seat in the yard with mine host, had already set about preparing supper, and a half hour later I sat down to partake of corn hoeecake and

fried bacon, with all the relish of one who, with appetite sharpened by a long ride, had so recently had but dim prospect of finding anything to stay his hunger for the night.

At one side of the yard was a second and somewhat larger cabin, vacant and without flooring. Into this, with my host's permission cheerfully given, I led the pony; and tethering him between two sleepers, I spread my blanket between the next two and, wrapping myself in it, with my saddle for a pillow, slept the deep, sound, refreshing sleep that comes to him who, aweary with toil, is oppressed with no harassing care.

Truly, I was not altogether free from apprehension. I had made the crowded condition of the one room occupied by the family a convenient excuse for proposing to sleep in the vacant cabin, but I had a secret fear that my faithful Ben (pony) might get loose and stray into the pathless forest—a thing quite possible, with a little help from an outsider. I preferred, therefore, to sleep with him, as it were. Nor did the balmy goddess respond at once to my wooing. I was somewhat disturbed by speculations relating to the unknown character of my host, who had chosen to isolate himself from his fellow-men to dwell in this wilderness.

I had known in my youth away back in my native Georgia a class of restless, migratory people who, when neighbors began to settle within a few miles of them, would pull up stakes and push on westward, keeping, as far as lay in their power, ever to the extreme frontier of civilization—men whose pulses quickened at the voice of the baying hound, and who

found a bounding joy in the excitement of the chase. Possibly my host was one of this class; and possibly a fugitive from the face of justice—a criminal who might at that moment have been meditating another crime of which I should be the victim. No, no; I would not indulge suspicions so unworthy. Crime does not make its abiding place in the deep solitudes of nature. Here, where all things are suggestive of peace and harmony and the beneficence of the Creator, villainy must lose its instinct and imbibe a new nature from its surroundings. Let those who dwell in the crowded places of earth lie down at night in tremulous dread of murderous burglars; let those who struggle in the world's great marts, wearing life away in the greed of gain, too often bartering truth and honor for gold—let them fear the cowardly assassin and the hired thug; for there, hard by and in the midst of the throngs of civilization, are the deep, dark, polluted purlieus of crime. It is there that human creatures, when the curtains of night have fallen over the haunts of men, come forth from secret dens and stalk abroad, more dangerous than any panther that ever waked the echoes of the forest. Whether my speculations ran exactly in the channel here set forth or not, certain it is that they were soon lost in sleep, from which I did not awake until the birds began to proclaim the coming of another day.

As soon as it was light enough to discern a path, having received very plain directions from my host as to the route, I mounted and proceeded on my journey. A ride of half a mile brought me out on a ridge to the trail which I had lost the evening before. Fol-

lowing this, I soon came to the river, and, calling the ferryman from the other side, crossed over into the little village of Preston, which I found to be almost destitute of two of the important elements of a town—houses and people. From this place I rode through a very sparsely settled country to Denton, where I found a population of about two hundred, and very good accommodations in a small tavern.

BEN CRUELLY DECEIVES ME.

The route from Denton to Fort Worth led over a rolling prairie country. Early in the afternoon Ben began to show symptoms of weariness. It was my intention to ride through to my destination, twelve miles beyond Fort Worth. As I proceeded, Ben seemed to lag and become more and more indifferent to the spur, until I began to fear I should have to spend another night on the way. At the same time I felt sorry for the little fellow and was reluctant to urge him. I resolved to relieve him as far as possible of the burden of my weight; and dismounting at the foot of every long ascent, I led him to the summit. Proceeding in this way, I had walked until quite weary, when, having crossed the Trinity at a ferry, I rode into Fort Worth, which I found to be a small village situated on a bluff overlooking the river.

Stopping only long enough to get some necessary information about the way, I pushed on. I had reached the top of the ascent from the village to the table-land which stretches away to the south when I discovered a prairie hen in the grass about fifteen paces to my right, and stopped to take a shot at it

with my revolver. At the report of the shot the bird fluttered straight upward to a great height, then, spreading her wings, sailed off toward the Trinity, without a movement of the wings that I could discern, until she disappeared in the timber. At this moment a gentleman, driving a splendid horse, in a light gig, came up. He had come from the village and was going my way. In response to a request for more particular direction to my brother's place, he said that he was going into his neighborhood, and that if I would keep up with him he would show me his house. I told him that my pony seemed to be tired out, and asked to be directed, so that if I should fall behind I would know how to go. While he described the route I observed that, although the horse trotted along right briskly, my pony kept along at the side of the gig without any urging on my part; and when the gentleman, having finished his directions, let his horse out in a sweeping trot, little Ben sprang forward with the spirit of a racer, still keeping his place, and with apparently little effort. To say that I was surprised expresses it but feebly. And when he had kept neck and neck with the horse for ten miles without break I said: "Ben, you are a little hypocrite." Parting from my unknown friend and leaving the road, a trot of something over a mile across the prairie brought me to my brother's door.



PART III.

CAMP, TRAMP, AND BATTLE IN THE SIXTIES.

THE author has, in these Reminiscences, told no unusual experiences—related no thrilling adventures, such as hundreds of veterans have told, and well told, in print. While his story includes something of battle and danger and death, if battle were the only, or even the best, test of a soldier's courage, he might well shrink from putting it in contrast with the tales of a thousand heroes of conflicts in which Death rode reckless over fields of carnage. But the things that try the souls of men in war are not all in the line of battle, and he trusts that his simple narrative will bring to the notice of the reader features of the life of the soldier in time of war which, though rarely presented, are yet essential to an understanding of what war really is.

A PATRIOT MOTHER.

"My son, I have given you all up to the country." It was the year 1861. Georgia had passed the act severing her relations with the federation of States, and the Confederate Government had been organized. Volunteer companies and regiments were forming all over the South; the spirit of war was in the air. I found time in the midst of my own preparations to take the field to visit my mother, who had for ten years been a widow. We were alone. "Mother," I said, "this war will probably go on for a long time. It is likely that all your boys who are not too old will engage in it; how do you feel about it?"

"My son, I have been praying over it, and I have given you all up to the country." As she uttered these words—noble as ever fell from the lips of Spartan mother—the dear, melting eyes seemed to look into my very soul. Their expression lingers in memory now, after forty-three years, and will perhaps remain with me while I have power to recall the past. She had married a soldier, just returned from the war of 1812-15; she had given up a sturdy boy of fifteen to fight the Seminoles in the Everglades of Florida; another son had been an officer in the Creek wars; she had persuaded my father not to accept for me an appointment in the United States Military Academy, because she thought me physically unfit for the toils and hardships of military life. But now, when her country calls for it, after appealing to the

God of battles for support, this mother, whose dominant characteristics were meekness, love, and self-abnegation, with what hidden agony we know not, comes uncomplainingly to the supreme sacrifice: "My son, I have prayed over it, and I have given you all up to the country."

And she was a type of Southern women. Is it possible to conquer a race of men born of such mothers? They may be overwhelmed, they may be crushed by superior numbers and resources, but—conquered? Never. Much has been written about the patriotic, self-sacrificing spirit of the Southern woman. Her praises have resounded from every rostrum from which Southern eloquence has electrified the hearts of men, and Poesy has called up her sweetest fancies in laudation of her courage; yet not the half has been told.

SECESSION—UNSUCCESSFUL APPLICATION FOR COMMISSION.

I had been opposed to secession. I believed it would bring on a war, for which we were by no means prepared. In Kansas I had heard the first mutterings of the storm. I had witnessed indubitable evidences, in the conduct of the agents of the New England Emigrant Aid Society in the bloody strife in which that unhappy territory was involved, that fanaticism, in the blindness of its wrath, would halt at nothing that stood in the way of pushing the "Irrepressible Conflict," which had been already inaugurated, to its logical and inevitable conclusion—the destruction of the Constitutional guarantees established by our forefa-

thers, even though it should involve the disruption of the union of the States.

The secession of the Southern States would give the fanatics the occasion they wished for, bringing to their aid those who, hitherto indifferent on the question of slavery, held the perpetuation of the Union paramount to all other considerations. Entertaining these views, when the election came on for delegates to the convention called to consider the policy to be pursued by the State under the circumstances, I exerted the little influence I had in favor of the anti-secession candidates in my county. They were elected by small majorities.

The action taken is matter of history. Georgia's relationship to the Federal Government of the United States was severed. I had been bred in the doctrine that the first allegiance of the citizen was due the State—a doctrine generally accepted, as appeared by the acquiescence of the people in the action of the convention. When it was known that the Federal Government had resolved on the policy of coercion, there lingered in my mind no doubt as to where the path of duty lay.

The Governor was authorized to raise and equip two regiments of regulars. I immediately applied, through the Adjutant General, for a commission in one of these. Later I learned that Hon. Ahaz J. Boggess, then Surveyor General, had, in conjunction with other friends, without consulting me, recommended me for a commission. Major Boggess wrote me expressing implicit confidence in the success of their application. That he was deceived became apparent

when I received from the office of the Adjutant General a list of the full quota of officers appointed for the two regiments, my name not appearing in it.

I had within a year ended a period of five years' service with the United States cavalry on the frontier. I was well versed in the army regulations, experienced in the discipline and details of military service, and fairly skilled in tactics. I do not yet think I was over-ambitious in asking for a lieutenancy. I was disappointed, but not discouraged. There was more honor in the confidence of the gentlemen who had indorsed me than his Excellency could have conferred in granting their request.

MAJ. AHAZ J. BOGGESS.

Maj. Ahaz J. Boggess was one of Nature's noblemen. No more unselfish man, nor one more devoted to his family and friends, or truer to public trusts, was ever nurtured on Georgia soil. He entered the Confederate service with the company of Capt. A. T. Burke, of the Seventh Georgia, serving as private, though not enlisted, and paying his own expenses. At the first battle of Manassas, as aid to Col. L. J. Gartrell, of the Seventh, he did gallant service, not only in carrying orders, but in encouraging and rallying the men when compelled by superior forces to retire, and cheering them on in their last grand charge, when the enemy was driven from the field. Once he was knocked down by a shell, but with dauntless courage continued to discharge the duties assigned him.

Another brave son of Georgia, Willie Garrison, who afterwards fell at Seven Pines, in an eloquent tribute

to Major Boggess, says: "Although acting as bearer of dispatches, he found time to be with the Carroll Volunteers (most of whom were his old friends and acquaintances) and encourage them to stand to their posts and do their duty worthily."

When Captain Burke fell, his thigh shattered by a bullet, Major Boggess bore him from the field on his horse. After the battle he devoted himself to the care of his wounded comrades in the hospitals, until, stricken with typhoid fever, he was sent to Richmond, where in a few days his useful and promising career ended in death, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

When tidings of the death of Major Boggess were received in the county of his former home, meetings were called at Carrollton, Villa Rica, and Farmville Academy to give public expression to the deep sense of loss and the profound sorrow of the people. I can only reproduce here a brief extract from the preamble to the resolutions adopted by the meeting at Carrollton: "He did not fall amid the roar of cannon and the din of war. Providence spared him that the nobleness of his soul might shine out and be fully displayed before it set forever, in soothing and attending, as no other could, the cares and wants of the wounded. In this mission of love he contracted the disease which has deprived us, the State, and his family of a patriot, husband, father, friend."

With those who fell in the frantic hour of battle, their faces to the foe, he was spared the spectacle of his country's desolation. My father's friend and mine, I give to thy honored name the sincere tribute of a grateful memory!

RAISING A COMPANY.

HAVING failed to get a commission in the State regulars, I joined, as a private, a company which Captain Jenkins had begun to raise in the county of Paulding for twelve months' service. An election for officers, held at Dallas, resulted so unsatisfactorily, in regard especially to one of the lieutenants chosen, that a number of men—sixteen, if my memory is not at fault—at once withdrew. Subsequently the company disbanded and was reorganized. I did not participate in the reorganization. This was the first company sent out from Paulding, and one of the first to receive the baptism of fire at Manassas, under the lamented Bartow. The stubbornness with which they met the assaults of superior numbers, as well as the heavy loss sustained, sufficiently attests the high spirit of the volunteers, undisciplined as they were.

The disbanding of the original company of course released those who had been unwilling to serve under the officers at first chosen, and they at once began to take steps to raise another company, of which they proposed that I should be captain, with Hon. Miles Edwards as first lieutenant. Mr. Edwards was a man of Christian character, well known and highly respected throughout the county. Yet we did not find any great enthusiasm for enlistment in the proposed company. The call was now for men to serve "three years, or during the war." Many who were ready to enlist for twelve months halted long to think about the three years. I made little talks wherever I could get audiences over the county, presenting as

well as I could the view that if the war should be prolonged beyond a year, no true lover of his country would want to give up the fight. Indeed, we would then be in better condition to carry on the war than now, because we would then have the advantage of discipline, training, and experience. Some objected to me as captain. "He is from the regular army," they said, "and will want to enforce regular army discipline."

That was not the only instance in which I have known objections urged against a man on account of the very qualifications that most fitted him for, and therefore constituted his highest claim to, the post to which he aspired. Four years of war removed the popular prejudice as to the enforcement of discipline; for every experienced soldier, of average intelligence, knows that the men of those commands in which a just but firm discipline is maintained always fare better and do better service than those of commands in which it is neglected.

THE NINETEENTH GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

At length our company was organized, equipped, and mustered in as part of the Nineteenth Regiment, Georgia Volunteers, at Camp McDonald, in the county of Cobb, where the Fourth Georgia Brigade was assembled for instruction.

The officers and companies of the regiment were as follows:

Colonel, W. W. Boyd; Lieutenant Colonel, Thomas J. Johnson; Major, A. J. Hutchins; Adjutant, James P. Perkins; Acting Surgeon, George L. Jones; Com-

missary, A. J. Kennedy; Quartermaster, Samuel V. Sheats.

Company A, Fulton County: Captain, F. M. Johnson; First Lieutenant, W. T. Mead; Second Lieutenant, F. W. Stovall; Third Lieutenant, William Mackie.

Company B, Fulton County: Captain, James H. Neal; First Lieutenant, D. S. Myers; Second Lieutenant, John Keely; Third Lieutenant, H. Fenton.

Company C, Campbell County: Captain, James J. Beall; First Lieutenant, William H. Johnson; Second Lieutenant, J. A. Richardson; Third Lieutenant, R. D. Hogan.

Company D, Coweta County: Captain, J. D. Hunter; First Lieutenant, C. C. Seavy; Second Lieutenant, J. W. Hance; Third Lieutenant, W. J. Bridges.

Company E, Heard County: Captain, Charles W. Mabry; First Lieutenant, S. McDowell; Second Lieutenant, D. H. Simmes; Third Lieutenant, G. S. Martin.

Company F, Carroll County: Captain, William Ezra Curtis; First Lieutenant, Augustus H. Black; Second Lieutenant, H. M. Williams; Third Lieutenant, H. W. Benson.

Company G, Henry County: Captain, T. W. Flynt; First Lieutenant, H. Stokes; Second Lieutenant, J. R. Selfridge; Third Lieutenant, B. S. Elliott.

Company H, Paulding County: Captain, John B. Beall; First Lieutenant, Miles Edwards; Second Lieutenant, M. T. Pickett; Third Lieutenant, J. W. Neely.

Company I, Carroll County: Captain, John T. Chambers; First Lieutenant, J. J. Abercrombie; Sec-

ond Lieutenant, F. A. Wilds; Third Lieutenant, J. L. Chambers.

Company K, Bartow County: Captain, John W. Hooper; First Lieutenant, J. Dunlap; Second Lieutenant, W. M. Tumlin; Third Lieutenant, D. Brownfield.

A number of young gentlemen of the Georgia Military Institute were detailed as drill officers, and did good service in converting our volunteers into soldiers. I did not require their assistance, but one of the cadets, who had been assigned to my company but had not reported, took occasion very kindly to call my attention to certain cavalry maneuvers which I had unconsciously mixed with my infantry tactics, a result of my long service in the cavalry.

An agreeable comradeship was quickly established among the officers—a harmony founded on mutual respect and a common purpose, which was never, within my knowledge, except in a single instance, interrupted. We discussed freely questions relating to the service. I found that most of the officers entertained the opinion that it would not do to enforce strict military rule until after entering the field of operations. I thought it better to begin at once the enforcement of discipline, that we might, when we should come into the field of active service, rather relax the hand of military rule than otherwise. Recalling now the subsequent history of my company, it appears that I was right. Only one man of Company H was ever brought before a court-martial while I had the honor to command it, and in that case I did not prefer the charges. I do not claim that none of the boys ever

went just a little astray. The true disciplinarian will sometimes shut his eyes or look the other way. Only the martinet keeps a search light playing among his men looking for petty offenses.

One of the first offenses for which a penalty was inflicted was that of Private Al Kemp, of Company H, who was required to dig up a stump on the company parade ground, for having refused to serve when detailed for guard duty. Some ladies passing while he was manfully struggling with his task, one of them said in his hearing, in a tone of sympathy: "Just look at that poor man." Al, raising his six feet of anatomy to its utmost altitude, his mattock suspended above his shoulder ready for a telling stroke, paused only long enough to respond: "I God, madam, this is the way I got my sta-a-r-t."

Kemp proved himself a good soldier, and never afterwards, as far as I knew, subjected himself to any penalty.

While at this place there occurred an incident, not of itself worth relating, but which I afterwards had reason to remember with pleasure. In battalion drill Captain Flynt was my chief of division. He was not up in this branch of the tactics, and on one occasion, when the preliminary commands had been given for the performance of a certain evolution, seeing him uncertain about the movement required of our division, I ventured to suggest it by a question, as if asking for information. His quick intelligence caught the idea, he gave the proper command promptly, and went through the evolution triumphantly. He called on me afterwards, thanked me, and added that if I had, on

that drill, told him what to do in a way to show his men that I knew more about it than he "there would have been a fight right there." And I was glad I hadn't.

The friendly relations having their beginning in this trivial incident were such that I was able subsequently to assist in the adjustment of an affair between the gallant Captain and another friend, of no less courage, which had been almost at the point of "pistols and coffee for two." Captain Flynt was a very sensitive man, and quick to resent any trespass on his rights or discourtesy to his person; but he was generous and just, and animated by a courage that no danger could appall. To the great loss of the service and sorrow of his comrades, he was desperately wounded at Sharpsburg, and his military career ended.

ADJUTANT PERKINS.

The ludicrous is sometimes in curious juxtaposition to the serious. I recall a case in point. The brigade was to pass in review before the Governor and his staff, and was marching to the field. On the fences and banks along the road many people had taken places for a good view of the moving column. Adjutant Perkins, of ours, was marching along in all the glory of sash and sword and padded uniform, with head erect and martial stride, when his attention was attracted by a loud "Ha, ha" from the fence: "Ha, ha, ha! Well I'll be golderned if thar ain't the old Squar!" Looking in the direction from which these, to him, ill-seeming sounds of hilarity emanated, Perkins recognized the lank form of a countryman

whom he had frequently seen at court when, in the recent heyday of peace, he had presided as Justice of the Peace in the good county of Floyd.

It was this same Jim Perkins who, being desperately wounded and in the hands of a surgeon, had with him the following colloquy: "Doctor, what chance have I of recovery?"

"Well, Adjutant, that's a hard question to answer."

"Have I one chance in ten?"

"I am sorry to say, Perkins, that I think not."

"Is there one in a hundred?"

"It grieves me, old fellow, to say it, but I fear there is not one in a hundred."

"Well, is there one in a thousand?"

"Yes, I believe there is."

"Well, by gum, I'll take that one."

He took it and recovered. Dear old Perkins! Worthy brother of that other Adjutant, John N. Perkins, of the First Georgia Cavalry, who, in an assault on a Federal garrison at Murfreesboro, Tenn., for the encouragement of the boys, galloped around the courthouse until a chance shot from an upper window knocked him off his horse. These brave brothers were of the class of soldiers who win the hearts of comrades. Dear old Perkins, of ours, I forgive thee thy putting a sack over the top of my chimney at Camp Johnson, Va., and smoking me out of my tent. And I wish that some gentle hand would for me place a wreath upon thy tomb, wherever thy bullet-shattered bones repose.

OFF FOR LYNCHBURG.

OUR regiment had attained a very fair efficiency in discipline and drill when it was ordered to Lynchburg, Va., and on a fair summer day we found ourselves on a freight train, whirling away northward. After the parting with our loved ones, I think most of us were glad to be in motion. At Dalton it was said that the train would be detained some hours. I availed myself of the delay to call on some relatives in the city. I was so kindly received and so delightfully entertained that all too quickly the time allotted for my visit sped away. Feeling it to be the severing of the last link connecting me with the pleasures of home, I bade my cousins good-by and went out into the night. Hurrying to the station, I found, much to my surprise, that our train was gone. It had moved out an hour earlier than the time given me for its departure.

Determined not to be left again, I sat down at the station to await the passenger train, following ours, and to think of the charming group I had just left, and of other groups where love and pleasure and peace had smiled on life, and hope had opened to view fair visions of a glad future. Would this war blast them forever?

Getting aboard the passenger train on its arrival, I passed the troop train somewhere *en route*, and, in the early morning, alighted at Loudon to await it. Having breakfasted, I took a position near the track, ready and eager to rejoin my comrades. At length our train appears, but there is no apparent slackening

of speed as it comes on. It passes me. I step out on the track, hoping it will stop farther on. It sweeps on across the bridge—it is gone!

I think I might have been excused if I had said some words, or even quoted Lord Ullin's despairing utterance,

"Come back, come back," he cried, in grief,
Across this stormy water;

but I thought it better to consult the railway schedules. I did so; and finding there would be no passenger train east until next morning, I got on a west-bound freight and went back to Athens. Here I hired a horse and rode out twelve miles to visit a very dear sister in Monroe County. Returning to Athens by starlight next morning, I caught the east-bound passenger, and at last, late in the evening, had the satisfaction of coming up with my command at Bristol.

It transpired later that some one had written, to another some one in Paulding, that "Captain Beall had deserted." This is a lesson on circumstantial evidence. Also it teaches that malice is mendacious. From Bristol the regiment went by rail to Lynchburg, where, on a plateau back of the city in a fine grove bordering on a field, it encamped. Here we wrote letters, mounted guard, drilled, and suffered an epidemic of measles. The monotony of daily routine was relieved agreeably by the interchange of visits among ourselves and with citizens, many of whom opened their homes to us with genuine old Virginia hospitality, so that, though our hearts were heavy over the depletion of our ranks by the epidemic, the time did not drag.

I had here a bit of interesting experience with some men of Colonel Wheat's battalion of Zouaves. Colonel Boyd, having sent for me one evening, said: "We have here half a dozen prisoners belonging to Wheat's battalion. They have been arrested several times and sent under guard, the officer of the guard having orders to deliver them at Colonel Wheat's headquarters. But by some means they have invariably escaped. Colonel Wheat is to leave for the front by an early train to-morrow, and wants these men to go with him. Do you think you can take them securely to the station and deliver them to him?"

I did not regard this as a very formidable task. It was not as if one were ordered to storm a redoubt. So I replied: "If ordered to do it, I would certainly endeavor to obey."

Thus it happened that I found myself next morning at the head of a guard, conducting our prisoners into the city. When we had advanced some distance into the corporate limits one of them asked permission to speak to me. "What is it?"

"Captain," said he, with a graceful salute, "I put out some clothes to be washed—only two blocks down that street—all the clothes I have, except these I have on. Can I have permission to go and get them? Send a guard with me, if you don't want to trust me."

"No; there will be no turning aside until we get to the station and report to Colonel Wheat. You can then ask his permission to return."

We had scarcely advanced another block, when another one of my charges discovered that he had a sister whom he must be permitted to embrace for the

last time. "She lives at a house just yonder at the end of this alley, plainly in view."

Even this pathetic appeal to my sympathy did not move me, so inexorable is military rule. We had reached the block in the rear of which is the railway station, when my firmness was put to the last test: "Captain, my comrade and I left our rifles, cartridge boxes, and bayonets in a room back of the restaurant we are approaching. It is only just through the restaurant and up a short flight of steps. If you will wait while we run in and get them, we will not detain you a minute."

This was plausible. But it had already become apparent to me that in this way these men, by playing on the credulity of officers young in the service, had heretofore so often escaped. Five minutes later I turned all my prisoners over to Colonel Wheat at the station. Two of them approached him and evidently got permission to go into the barroom of the hotel opposite the station. At least they went there. The others very quietly entered the waiting train, took seats, and began to produce from about their persons their light Zouave uniforms and put them on over the apparel in which they had before appeared. They made to Colonel Wheat no pretense whatever of having left anything in the city for which they wished to return.

ORDERED TO MANASSAS.

THE VOLUNTEER'S ANTIPATHY TO HOSPITALS—
WRECK ON THE RAIL.

On September 15 the Nineteenth Georgia was ordered to Manassas. The morning report of Company H for that date showed: For duty, 3 officers and 21 men; sick, 1 officer and 42 men. This company was from the hill country. It was not so bad with those gathered from the cities and towns. The most of the latter had fortunately had measles in childhood, and were now immune. In fact, the boys from urban communities were, generally, less affected by the exposure incident to camp life than were those from rural districts—a fact doubtless due to differences in their habits of life—the town boy often spending much of the night in quest of adventures that give zest to his existence, whether profitably or not, and sleeping when sleep is convenient. The farmer boy is apt to live more closely up to the maxim of good old Ben Franklin:

Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Not that he expects any such results from this manner of living, but at night he is usually tired, he wants sleep, and there are few temptations to go abroad that outweigh his inclination to rest. Hence it happens that the irregularities of life in camp involve such radical changes in his habits that his health is very apt to be injuriously affected.

One of our boys had died of measles. We had

put him in a tent close to mine and had given him every possible attention, but could not save him. Nearly all the volunteers had an unreasoning prejudice against hospitals. It was difficult to convince them of the fact that in the hospital, under regulations enforced with military strictness, is found the surest chance for the safe and speedy recovery of the sick.

I spent most of the day preceding our departure visiting the boys in the hospitals. I cautioned them against the danger of relapse by getting out too early, and enforced the caution by promising to send back the first man who should come into camp before he was thoroughly cured.

On the night of the 16th, as we sped northward, our train became uncoupled, the engine, with perhaps a third of the cars, going forward with increased speed, the other part following with but little less. Through the stupidity of a brakeman, who stood upon the hindmost box with a red light, instead of running forward to the front of the detached section, as the engineer ran back a collision resulted and a box car was telescoped and torn into splinters.

It seems providential that only two men were killed. The body of one of these, a soldier, was horribly stabbed by splinters and was with much difficulty extricated from the wreck. When the surgeons had done all for him that could be done, as he lay on a mattress at the roadside he spoke to me, calling my name; and I found, to my surprise, that he was an old soldier of the Sixth United States Infantry, who had known me at Fort Leavenworth in the days of my cavalry service. His injuries proved fatal. The oth-

er victim of the wreck was a negro servant of Capt. C. W. Mabry. He was sleeping on the platform of one of the cars and was killed outright.

At length we were safe at Manassas Junction. We availed ourselves of the first opportunity to visit the far-famed scene of the first bloody struggle between the opposing forces. Here where the Seventh and Eighth Georgia of Bartow's Brigade met the fire of the foe in tenfold numbers I noted signs of the wild marksmanship of the Federal infantry, in bullet scars twenty-five to thirty feet up on the trunks of the small trees. But this battle ground has been so often described that anything I could write of it would be of little interest. Its memories are cherished with the names of Bartow and Bee and Howard, and the hundreds of less known but no less brave men who here gave their lives in defense of their country.

The following extract from a letter of October 17, 1861, is given as illustrative of the cares of a company commander:

Just half of my company here. About a third of that half are unfit for duty. Two cases of fever and one of epilepsy. The men have received no clothing yet. Fortunately, most of them brought suits of jeans from home. I could have had every man comfortably clad before now if I had not depended on his being supplied from home. I got the Colonel's approval to send Lieutenant Edwards home to bring clothing, and have written him to go on from Lynchburg, but the commandant there may not let him go. In any event he can't get back before the 4th of next month, and we have already had days cold enough for greatcoats.

Well, I reckon they have done the best they could for us at home, and we ought not to complain; and I

could not foresee that it would have been better to have depended on getting clothing in Virginia, so regrets on that subject are vain.

Pardon me for writing all this to you. It was on my mind and will give you some idea of the anxieties that press upon me.

In a letter of earlier date (October 8, 1861) I had written:

The next thing in your letter calling for reply relates to the probabilities as to a battle here on the Potomac. As the lawyers says, it is an improbable possibility. The enemy well knows our strength and his own weakness—too well by far to attack us here. All his ingenuity will first be exhausted in trying to draw us on to an attack, or to induce our General to detach a large force to protect some threatened point.

There was firing between the pickets this morning, and it has been kept up at intervals all day. We believe our hope well grounded that there will be no great battle for weeks, perhaps for months, to come, and by that time our brave boys will be able to take the field. I am told that the enemy's pickets were driven back this morning, with a loss of five prisoners.

The large proportion of the sick in the regiment kept us from picket duty, which would have somewhat relieved the monotony of the daily routine of guard duty and drill.

A WONDERFUL MEMORY.

A FEW days after our arrival at Manassas, Colonel Boyd sent me up to army headquarters, near Fairfax C. H., on some business with the office of the

Adjutant General. On the way I had the good fortune to fall in with ex-Governor Smith, of Virginia, who brightened the way, as far as we rode together, with converse so entertaining that I was really sorry when we came to the parting of our ways. His sentiments were those of a patriot, his manner that of a cultured gentleman. Our ways diverging, I approached the headquarters alone, somewhat concerned about whether I would be able to bring myself to General Johnston's recollection. Dismounting at a gate and leaving my horse, I walked up a gravel way which led by an easy ascent to the house. General Johnston was standing in the yard talking with Gen. Robert E. Lee. While I was yet ten yards away, he turned toward me and called out: "Hello, Beall." He had last seen me at Fort Kearney, Nebr., in the summer of 1858. But neither lapse of time nor change of apparel from the uniform of a sergeant of United States Cavalry to that of a Confederate captain had for a moment baffled the old hero's wonderful faculty of remembering names and faces. His power in this respect is strikingly illustrated by the following anecdote related by the late Gen. William S. Walker: During the Mississippi campaign leading up to the siege of Vicksburg, a young man arrived at General Johnston's headquarters, near Jackson, with dispatches from Pemberton. The General himself came out of his tent, received the dispatches, and, having learned the courier's name and that he wished to start back next morning before day, told him to call, before leaving, at the Adjutant's office for dispatches. He then called an orderly and, having instructed him to see

that the man and his horse were provided for, retired to his tent. He saw the young man no more during the war. Some time after the return of peace, General Walker, being tax collector of Fulton County, Ga., chanced to employ as a clerk in his office in Atlanta the young man who had been Pemberton's courier. One day General Johnston came into this office to exchange greetings with his old comrade—for they had fought together in Mexico, and General Walker had been a captain of the First United States Cavalry when "Old Joe" was its lieutenant colonel. Having given the hand of his old friend a hearty shake, he looked around the room to see if there might be others whom he would greet. His eyes fell upon the former courier, who, at his desk across the room, had looked around. Without the slightest hesitation or expression of doubt as to the man's identity, he pronounced his name, stepped across the room, and gave him a cordial greeting.

GENERAL LOVELL.

FINDING the Adjutant General engaged, I came out on a little portico at the front to await his leisure. Here also sat General Lovell and another officer whom I did not know. They were discussing the situation at New Orleans, to the command and defense of which General Lovell was to be appointed. I was surprised to hear him speak disparagingly of General Twiggs and express his resolution not to serve under

him. Afterwards, when New Orleans had fallen, in view of the very imperfect and ineffective measures which had been provided for the defense of a position of so great importance, it occurred to me that it had been quite as well to have left the old volunteer general in command. Major General Twiggs had won in Mexico, at the head of a division of volunteers, a reputation for both courage and skill that entitled him to very high consideration.

True military greatness is never overconfident nor prone to depreciate ability in others, and it is an unwise government that puts its trust in men who make rank and power a condition of service and fealty.

November 1, 1861. There is heavy firing down on the Potomac to-day. Our regiment is so placed as to support a regiment guarding the fords of Bull Run and the Occoquan to the right of Manassas, in case of attack, which, however, we do not apprehend. I have fourteen sick, two of them dangerously. I have to watch closely to keep them from being neglected, sending out two of the boys every morning to procure fresh milk for those in the hospital. There are many sick in the regiment. No leave of absence for longer than ten hours is granted. I could not send any one from here after clothing, but succeeded in getting Lieutenant Edwards off from Lynchburg, he having been left there with the sick.

ASLEEP ON POST.

At the north end of the depot at Manassas Junction the platform was extended to a point. From its shape this place was known as "The Triangle." There had

accumulated here a large quantity of boxes and packages, shipped to men of different regiments from their homes, and a sentinel was posted here to guard them. Approaching this post one night on the rounds as officer of the day, in discharge of the duty of seeing that all sentinels were alert, I found a sort of alcove at one side, made by removing some of the freight and piling it around, so that the position was protected from the wind on three sides. Here I came upon the sentinel, seated on a box and leaning against another, comfortably sleeping. I picked up his rifle, which I found at his side leaning against the wall of boxes, and paced forward and back on the platform, thinking—thinking how to deal with this poor fellow, who was evidently only a boy. Asleep on post! What a chance to get a reputation as a vigilant officer, a good disciplinarian! Upon my word, I didn't think of that. I just kicked that boy on the foot, and when I saw he was aroused said rather sternly: "What are you doing here?"

"I was put here to guard this stuff."

"You're doing it, ain't you? Where's your gun?"

"Ain't that it you got?" casting a glance at my side.

"You're a pretty sentinel. Do you know the penalty for going to sleep on post?"

"No, sir."

"Did you never hear the army regulations read at company parade?"

"No, sir."

"How long have you been a soldier?"

He answered, naming the time.

“Now,” I said, “it is perhaps my duty to put you under guard for trial by court-martial. If I do not, do you think you will keep awake when on post hereafter?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, take your rifle now, and walk your post. Never sit down on sentry duty. If you had kept moving, you would not have gone to sleep.” I then explained to him the gravity of the offense and the penalty liable to ensue, adding as a caution: “Never say anything about this. If I ever hear of it while we are both in the service, or hear of your sleeping on post again, I will still prefer charges against you, and have you tried by court-martial.”

I think I left him thoroughly alert. My justification to myself for the course I took, however others may view it, was that the boy had been put on a duty for which he had not been properly instructed, and that his company commander, by his negligence, was a sharer in his fault.

A COURT-MARTIAL.

A GENERAL court-martial was assembled at Manassas for the trial of such cases as should be brought before it. It was with much trepidation that I received an order assigning me to the duties of Judge Advocate for this court. I had so little experience in the practice of law, upon which I had just entered when called to arms, that I had not acquired the confidence which the successful attorney brings to the bar, and my

knowledge of the rules of evidence was only theoretic. Fortunately, I obtained a work on "Courts-Martial," and by diligent study got some knowledge of the practice and rules of procedure in military courts.

When the members were assembled for organization, Colonel Boyd, who had been named as president, did not appear, and the presidency devolved on Lieutenant Colonel Young, of the Fourth North Carolina, the next in rank. Among the members were eight lawyers, several of whom had already achieved success and distinction in the practice of the civic courts. It may well be supposed that a knowledge of this fact increased my already painful diffidence. But as the business of the court proceeded, and I found that all looked to me for the initiatory steps at every point, I was much relieved. I discovered that not one of my able confrères had made a study of military law, or of practice under it, but I, on the other hand, was much assisted by their suggestions on the rules of evidence.

My regiment moved to Occoquan while I was on this duty, but did not leave me wholly desolate. Almost every day invitations to dine came to me, and I often enjoyed a "feast of reason and a flow of soul" at the hospitable mess table of the officers of the Fourth North Carolina. I had here some Georgia friends also, with whom I sometimes foregathered at grub time and lingered to talk over the brighter past days or to discuss the prospects of the war.

Among those who helped me to banish the sense of loneliness was a young Alabamian, Mr. Wiley Fuller, whom I had met at Carrollton while he was a stu-

dent there. I was much indebted to him for assistance in copying the court proceedings. These were in some cases voluminous. Not only the charges and specifications in each case must be written out, but every question and answer of the testimony must be set forth, in order that the reviewing officer may know upon what the findings of the court are based.

One case, some of the details of which linger in my memory, gave the court and me a great deal of trouble. There had been a little row in an artillery company, in which the captain had met with some indignity that so exasperated him that he preferred charges of mutiny against one of his sergeants. He was himself a witness in the case, and the infinite detail into which he entered in giving his testimony, and the verbose phraseology with which he lengthened it out, would have charmed a stenographer paid by the hundred words. I remember that I half suspected, perhaps from the Captain's manner, or possibly from facts disclosed by other witnesses, that he was afraid of his sergeant, and would like to have him shot. I had great difficulty in bringing out all of the circumstances of the case, some of the witnesses being very reluctant to testify. It appeared that the sergeant and those who acted with him had indeed been guilty of insubordination, but there were mitigating circumstances. The method of discipline used in the company had not been that which has been wont to convert the American recruit or volunteer into a veteran. It was, rather, like that of the old-time boatswain, who drove to their labor his crew of coolies on a Mississippi steamer. The prisoner was adjudged guilty of a low-

er grade of offense than that charged, and sentenced to wear a ball and chain six months.

It was gratifying to me, as well as to Lieutenant Colonel Young, the president, and to the several members of the court, that the findings in every case tried were approved by the reviewing officer.

It might well be supposed that the labors in connection with the court-martial would have so engaged me as to shut out all care about my company. The following extract from a letter written a few days before the departure of my regiment shows that the work did not altogether relieve my anxieties:

CAMP PICKENS, MANASSAS JUNCTION,
November 23, 1861.

My Dear Friend: By employing a friend to do a good deal of copying for me, I have secured leisure to write to you. I am just now in a mess of trouble with the sickness in my company. The men are taking pneumonia, and it seems that all are going to have it. One, who was previously diseased, died after an illness of only a day and a half. We have several very critical cases now of men who day before yesterday were well and hearty. I can't do anything for them except to see that such means as we have for their comfort are applied, and that the directions of the surgeons are carried out, until they are sent off to the general hospital, out of my reach. Being on this court, I have little leisure to visit the hospitals, so that duty devolves on Lieutenant Edwards. Had the men been provided with overcoats, as we were assured they would be, two weeks or a month ago, it is probable that the most of this sickness would have been averted.

It is morning, with a little sleet and rain—a bad

prospect for the poor soldier. . . . I feel like I would rather risk the dangers of a great battle, and have done with it, than to lie here and see our men suffering under the ravages of disease. I think it not improbable that we shall lose more men during the first two winter months by disease than a victory would cost us if the enemy would attack us here. Hence it is not at all unreasonable to wish such an attack to be made; for who would not rather "give away his breath" on the field of battle than gasp it out on a wretched bed of straw?

There was at one time, while the regiment lay near Manassas, so much sickness that one of the largest companies—that of Capt. C. W. Mabry, from Heard County, Ga.—had only fifteen men for duty.

AT OCCOQUAN.

My duties at Manassas being at last concluded, I rejoined my regiment, which had been attached to Gen. Wade Hampton's Brigade, and was encamped near Occoquan. Here, looking across the broad bosom of the Potomac, one could see the enemy's sloops and boats lying close under the opposite shore, and the tents of a land force in the background beyond. Occasionally the boom of guns came to us from above or below the mouth of the Occoquan. At the head of deep water in the estuary of this stream earthworks were constructed, designed to resist any force attempting to cross from the opposite side of the creek or to land from boats coming up from the Potomac. A strong picket was posted here, another, of two companies, at the village a mile or two above, and a smaller

one at a ford still farther up the creek. Here, as at every other point on the line of the Army of Northern Virginia, we were prepared to meet the foe whenever he might attack.

But not the half of December had gone when the idea of a general engagement this winter was abandoned. We now began seriously to prepare for winter. The first step was the selection of a new site for encampment, to which we moved, and which was christened "Camp Johnson." The Georgians were now provided with overcoats supplied by the State. They were of light material, about one-fourth wool and three-fourths cotton, but very serviceable. There was still much sickness, but with the advantages of a permanent camp and sufficient clothing improvement was rapid.

I find in a letter of January 8, 1862, a reference to weather conditions, followed by a brief account of efforts to make my quarters comfortable:

It is raining. There was a snow last week, and it is on the ground yet, thawing every day and freezing at night.

I have very comfortable quarters, made by digging away the earth and fitting a tent into the side of the hill, a good fireplace cut out of the hard clay, the flue running back two and a half or three feet underground and connecting with a stick and dirt chimney. So, you perceive, I have an underground apartment. I try to keep employed. Have worked a good deal lately fixing up my tents. You would have laughed to see me down on my back digging out the flue with a bayonet.

We have had fun snowballing and sliding downhill on planks since it snowed. Some of the boys go

skating on a neighboring mill pond. Unfortunately, one poor fellow broke through the other day and was drowned.

At night we sat around the fires and swapped stories. More than once a merry group was suddenly half suffocated by smoke which, meeting some obstacle in its usual exit, was turned back into the tent. "That's Perkins, confound him," some would exclaim. Then a rush for the outer air. Nothing could be seen of Perkins, but a corn sack would be found spread over the top of the chimney.

Often we discussed the probabilities of the enemy's next move and our own, not forgetting that we were too far removed, in rank as well as location, from the head of the army to know really anything about it. Once or twice the tedium of camp life was relieved by a ball, for which we were indebted to the ladies of the vicinity. The boys from the cities and towns doubtless excelled in grace of movement to the strains of the spirit-stirring violin, but we of the country prided ourselves on jumping as high and swinging partners as sturdily as any of them.

Lieut. Col. Thomas J. Johnson had succeeded W. W. Boyd as Colonel, the latter having resigned on account of disability caused by rheumatism. The Colonel did not distress us with too much drilling, but kept the regiment up to a fair degree of efficiency, and was popular with officers and men.

During the entire winter we had but two little spurts of excitement. One night Lieutenant Seavy, leading a scouting party, crossed Occoquan Creek at a ford

above the village, proceeded to within a mile of the Federal lines, and placed his men in ambush near a road leading out from the enemy's picket post opposite the village. As he had calculated, the Federals returning to camp from this post between dawn and sunrise fell into the trap. The little party of Confederates delivered their fire at short range with deadly effect. They were too near the Yankee lines to risk more than a round or two, nor did they tarry to ascertain the losses of the foe or to make captures. At a preconcerted signal they sprang from their concealment and quickly disappeared in the direction from which they had come, followed by a few parting shots from the astonished foe.

One day, being at the village, I received an urgent summons to report at camp. The messenger could not inform me definitely of the cause. There were rumors that the enemy was about to land from the Potomac, or had landed in force, and the regiment was ordered out to aid in repelling him. Making my way to camp in all haste, I found that the regiment had already gone. With a few men who also had been absent, I followed. I was much relieved on coming up with the command to find that there had been no occasion for my services. There had been no landing of the enemy, and I had been in my place but a few minutes when we were ordered back to camp.

THE SITUATION.

BATTLE is not the only, nor even the highest, test of courage. The dull routine of camp life, the absence of loved ones when the heart aches for the joys of domestic peace, with the prospect of reunion too remote for faith; to look upon the faces of comrades dying of disease, to drag the weary feet on hopeless marches through night and rain and mud, while one disaster after another to our country's arms appalls the ear—these are the things that try the souls of men, things which only men of the highest courage can endure without demoralization; and these only, with a resolution that laughs at obstacles, hope on while yet a chance remains to snatch victory from despair.

Therefore it is that I put down in these reminiscences many things which, though of no special importance in themselves, will, I hope, give a clearer view of phases of soldier life in times of war that historians usually consider but lightly.

When the time came for the expiration of the period of service of the short term regiments, the subject of their reënlistment was one of grave concern to the government and the army. The following extract from a letter of February 12, 1862, shows the prevalent view of our thoughtful men about it:

The present aspect of the war is rather discouraging, but it is hoped that it will arouse the spirit of those men who have heretofore been watching the progress of events from home, and induce them to come forward and fill the ranks. I don't think the people generally have yet learned the importance of encouraging enlistments for the war. Had the six

and twelve months' men all volunteered for the war, we should now have before us the prospect of a brilliant campaign in the spring; whereas, unless the places of those who are now being rapidly discharged can be filled before the sun dries up the mud and the roads become practicable for military operations, it is not at all improbable that the Army of Northern Virginia will have to abandon its position, and so lose all advantage gained at the cost of so much blood on the plains of Manassas, and so many valuable lives sacrificed by exposure in holding the position through the winter.

It appears that the twelve months' men here are generally reënlisting; but on a visit to the Seventh Georgia the other day I found that most of them, while they propose to reënlist in a short time, are disinclined to do so under the terms of the furlough law.

I trust, however, that the current of reënlistments will reach them before the expiration of their term of service, or that public opinion will move them to return upon the expiration of the thirty days which the law would give if they enlisted now.

A GRIEVOUS TEMPTATION, A PLEASANT EPISODE, AND A DISAPPOINTMENT.

ABOUT this time an order was promulgated providing for the detail of an officer from each company for recruiting service at home. The captains were offered the privilege of taking this service. It was to me a sore, a grievous temptation. But Lieutenant Edwards's wife was sick. He was expecting a recruit in his family. I could not urge my claims; but it hurt, way down deep!

Edwards was a good fellow, and never received a favor that he did not deserve. Brave? Yes, and lucky too. He went through thirteen battles without a scratch, and came home and was sent to the Legislature.

The letter of February 12, before quoted, has also this, which illustrates the spirit of our Southern women: "I received a welcome present to-day from one of my cousins at Cartersville. It was a box containing a piece of black cassimere large enough for a blanket, two blouses or overshirts, four pairs of gloves, and twelve pairs of socks, for the men and me. The generous donor of these useful articles is Mrs. John Erwin, who is a daughter of Noble P. Beall, of Cartersville."

This was one of the pleasing episodes of camp life, bringing to us far more than the value of the articles contributed, in the inspiring assurance that we were remembered by tender and sympathetic ones at home. And this brings to mind a less agreeable episode. My mother and sister had made for me a suit of jeans. They had selected for it the finest of lamb's wool, and with their own dear hands carded and spun every thread of it. And they had woven it in the old hand loom, behind whose harness when a boy I sat handling threads many an hour when I knew the fish would bite right along. A tailor, who had my measure, had cut it, and the loving ones, with skill equal to that of the matron of Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night," had made it. Its color was gray and its texture superior to that of cadet cloth. It was intrusted to one of my boys, who chanced to be at home on furlough,

for conveyance to me. Alas! he slept in a warehouse at Richmond, in which floor room was allowed way-faring soldiers for repose. While sleep was busy knitting "up the raveled edge of care," the carpetbag containing my suit was removed by some fellow that wanted it. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. Thus passed my gaudy anticipations of being the observed of all observers at dress parade in my new uniform.

We prepare our minds to endure stoically great troubles, but who among us is proof against the penetrating shafts of petty vexations?

So I wrote home:

I have long since determined not to be discouraged by any reverses to our arms; but I wasn't at all prepared for the loss of the suit so long expected and which cost the dear ones at home so much labor and pains. This upsets my philosophy, and I think of writing a treatise that shall infallibly convince rogues throughout the habitable globe that they really ought not to steal.

The war will be prolonged by our recent reverses; but we'll not despair as long as we can keep a third of our fighting men in the field, though we lose all our cities. There were many darker hours in the days of the Revolution than we have yet seen.

*BACK TO THE LINE OF THE RAPPA-
HANNOCK.*

ON the 7th of March Whiting's Division, of which Hampton's Brigade was a part, took up the line of march for Fredericksburg, where we arrived without accident or adventure. The movement of the army

from Manassas to the line of the Rappahannock has been called, by General Johnston's critics, a retreat. In justice to one of the bravest and best of our leaders, as well as for the sake of the truth of history, it should be remembered that the army was withdrawn from Manassas in pursuance of a council to which General Johnston was called by President Davis on the 20th of February.

The removal of military property from Manassas Junction and other points in Northern Virginia was ordered on the 22d, and from that date until the 9th of March, when the divisions at Centerville and Bull Run (the last to retire) were withdrawn, all the means of transportation available were energetically employed in bringing it away. There is no reason at all to doubt that the President sanctioned the move. Besides, it was necessary to put the army in position to meet McClellan, whether he should advance by way of the lower Rappahannock or of the Peninsula.

General Johnston has been charged with the unnecessary destruction of army stores. One scribbler, whose venomous diatribe was given to the public anonymously, says: "He burned eleven miles of baggage (valuable beyond computation) when he retreated from Manassas."

The facts as given in "Johnston's Narrative" are his sufficient defense. No unprejudiced person knowing these facts can attach to him an iota of blame.

My veneration for the name of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, both as a leader of the armies of the Confederacy and as a man who had in his person all the elements of true greatness, prompts me to reproduce

here, in part, an editorial written for my paper when such unjust and injurious aspersions on his fair fame were first brought to my notice :

What are the facts? The following extract from a letter of Col. R. G. Cole, Chief Commissary of the Army, written to General Johnston February 7, 1871, will throw some light on the question :

“By your direction I requested the Commissary General to increase the supply of provisions to an amount sufficient for fifteen days’ rations for the army. In a short time I discovered that the accumulation was too large, and reported the fact to you, and by your direction I telegraphed, on the 4th of January, 1862, to the Commissary General that you desired all stores sent from Richmond stopped at Culpeper C. H. At this place I had, by your orders, established a reserve depot. Supplies continued to come from Richmond, Lynchburg, Staunton, and Fredericksburg. I requested the Commissary General by telegraph on the 16th of January to have the shipments to Manassas stopped. On the 29th I repeated the request, indicating that the amount at Manassas was nearly double that required.”

It will be observed that as early as January 4 the Commissary General was informed that General Johnston desired the shipment of supplies to Manassas stopped; that no attention was paid to this request until it had been repeated on the 16th and 29th, when the amount of supplies had been doubled by the continuous shipments in spite of General Johnston’s request. But this is not all. The government had not only thus incumbered the army with a million and a half pounds of supplies which it did not need, for which there was not sufficient storage, and to guard which added heavily to the burdens of the rank and file and largely reduced the effective strength for op-

posing the enemy; but it had also established, without consulting the general commanding, a depot for meat-curing at Thoroughfare Gap, and had accumulated there about two million pounds of meat. General Johnston was in no degree responsible for the accumulation of this immense surplus on a frontier line. It was done against his views repeatedly expressed and as often disregarded. It is a part of history that as early as before the middle of February the government began to contemplate a retrograde movement. On the 22d of February General Johnston issued orders for the removal of the military stores, and the work was carried on, with all the means of transportation available to the chief of the Commissary and Quartermaster's Departments of the army, until the 8th of March. All the supplies that should have been at the front, and more than half of the large surplus which, if General Johnston had been consulted, would never have been there, were brought away, while about one-third of the abandoned stores was already damaged and unfit for use. The idea of Joe Johnston abandoning or destroying unnecessarily anything of value belonging to the government is simply an absurdity. No general ever led an army who exercised more care or evinced more skill in saving public property than he has throughout his entire military career.

The statement that General Johnston demoralized the army on the retreat from Dalton needs no refutation. There are perhaps yet more than 10,000 survivors of that army who are ready to testify that the morale of the army improved from the time Johnston took command until he was relieved; that the order relieving him was a heavier blow and had a more demoralizing effect on the soldiers than a lost battle would have had with Joe Johnston still in command. That they were in perfect fighting trim, ready to meet the foe whenever their beloved commander gave the

signal, the battles they had fought against such overwhelming odds under his leadership are silent but unimpeachable witnesses.

Hampton's Brigade remained at Fredericksburg until about April 10. Advantage was taken of our rest here to exercise the men in all the movements known to infantry tactics. The officers who had been sent home on recruiting service rejoined here. They had been so successful that our force was increased by about twenty-five per cent. On or about the 10th our division, now under Gen. G. W. Smith, was ordered to "Move toward Richmond," leaving a mixed force equal to a brigade in front of Fredericksburg.

On the morning of departure a supply of hard-tack was issued. That served to Company H (I do not know whether others were more fortunate) proved worthless. The regiment was already aligned in marching order when the hard-tack was delivered, and, being in barrels, its worthless character was not discovered until it was too late to have it exchanged for good bread. To leave the ranks while passing through the city was prohibited by general orders. The thought of marching all day without bread and with no prospect of getting any at night was discouraging.

As we marched toward the city I called Lieutenant Neely aside and instructed him to take two men, proceed to a bakery or other place where it could be obtained, buy as much bread as they could carry, and bring it on to camp. Having provided him with Confederate scrip, I gave him a written order, for

his protection in the event of any trouble arising under the general order in regard to leaving the ranks.

We had entered upon a harder march than we had yet taken. During the day we crossed a little run, which, flushed by a recent heavy rain, spread over the bordering lowlands to the width of several hundred yards, concealing ditches the existence of which one would discover by sinking up to his hips in the water.

We halted at night in a wood, fortunate in finding abundance of fuel, and our bivouac was in a short time enlivened by blazing fires. Some time after dark Lieutenant Neely and his two men came in with a supply of bread. The men would have consumed it all, without overeating, but I thought it better to divide it and keep a portion for breakfast. It turned out to have been a happy thought, for we got none from the commissary next morning. There had been some mistake or mismanagement, I know not whose the fault. I again reported the rationless state of my company to Colonel Johnson, who assured me that when we should overtake the wagon train we should be supplied.

On this second day's march one of my boys, who I think had been recently sick, sat down by the way and declared himself unable to proceed. His rifle and accouterments were taken forward and put into the company wagon, and we left him to follow on after resting. A few miles farther on another man required similar assistance, but we were then near the wagon train. We marched by it, momentarily expecting to halt for the purpose of supplying our haver-

sacks with hard-tack ; but, much to our disappointment and indignation, there was no halt. Late in the evening it rained, and when we went into bivouac, a little before twilight, I found myself very tired and suffering with a severe headache. I sat down against a large pine tree and fell asleep. One of the boys, full of kindly sympathy, went off to see if he could get lodging for me at a neighboring residence. When he returned and aroused me to tell of his success, I discovered that water dripping from the tree had fallen inside the back of my collar, and my neck was quite stiff. My friend conducted me at once to a residence about a quarter of a mile from the bivouac. On arriving there the host, much to my dismay, could only express his regret that, if he had promised, he had forgotten the name, and others had come in until the house was full to its utmost capacity. He could, however, give me a cup of coffee. I entered a large room, which was already occupied by perhaps a dozen young officers, who were sitting about an ample fireplace where a big log fire was ablaze. Lieutenant John Keely, an officer whose deportment was ever marked by a most gentle courtesy, made room for me in a corner at one side of the fireplace, near a bed. I was now quite sick and yielded to the temptation to extend myself on the side of this bed and rest my head on the inviting pillow. Very soon, soothed by the genial warmth, I slept. It seemed but a brief space of time until some one, giving me a gentle shake, said: "Get up, Captain. Come and have supper." Rising, I saw that a tempting repast, smoking hot, was ready on a table set out in the center of the

apartment. It must have been by a mutual understanding among the young men that a seat at the "first table" was provided for me. I was gratified by their generous attention. It touches my heart as I recall it now. "The bravest are the tenderest."

I partook lightly of the supper, and resumed my recumbent posture on the side of the bed, expecting to vacate when our host should get ready to assign beds to his guests. I slept again. When I awoke morning had dawned.

I suppose this good Virginian sheltered that night at least a hundred men, most of them in a tobacco house, which the boys said was a very comfortable place.

ON TO YORKTOWN.

NOTHING of unusual interest occurred until the division reached Ashland, as many men as cars could be provided for having made the last stage of the journey by rail. Here the command halted to await orders. The brief rest at this place is remembered chiefly on account of the distress resulting from the development of measles among the recruits. In a few days we were on the way to Yorktown.

A notable feature of this long, weary tramp was the disappearance of a number of the officers of our regiment from the line. Some were on leave, others (doubtless on the surgeon's order) obtained seats in ambulances, and one took the saddle. Fortunately, I was able to foot it with the men, partly by reason

of my light weight—a hundred and twenty pounds. My feet troubled me very much, and I found it a great relief, when I could get some distance in advance, to sit down and bathe them in a branch or pool of water until the company would come up. But for this I should probably have been compelled, in the later stages of the march, to follow the example of some of my brother officers in seeking some other means of locomotion. We soon became so accustomed to the ordinary hardships and inconveniences of the march and bivouac that they were not noted.

One day we had started out with haversacks uncomfortably flat, and two men were sent off the route to try to buy something with which to replenish them. They rejoined us on the road, coming from different directions, one bringing half a dozen pones of beautiful white corn bread, the other a side of ribs, the appearance of which did not clearly show whether they had been dried in the sun, barbecued, or baked. They had evidently belonged originally to a very large sheep. While the bread was being distributed, as we stood in the road, I tore those ribs apart and handed them out to the boys, reserving one for myself. I have never eaten meat more agreeable to the taste than was that.

At Yorktown Smith's Division was placed in reserve, so we did not get on the fighting line. However, we furnished details for a picket at the village, and shots from one of the Federal batteries fell into our camp.

Our picket post was under a bank on the shore of the bay, and screened from the Federal gunboats by

a projection or point of land upon which trees were growing. When one of those enormous shells would sweep along close to the shore, shrieking like a thousand demons, it made one feel like hugging the bank closely, though assured that the deadly missile had already passed several feet above and in front of our post.

We had the opportunity while here to exercise the men in company drill. Men lying idle in camp soon lose the power to endure the fatigues of a forced march.

One day I traced for some distance a ditch supposed to have been dug during the colonial war of secession, either by the British in defending or by Washington's men in prosecuting the siege of Yorktown.

On the 3d of May the army was ordered to withdraw from Yorktown. The reason for this movement is well understood. While Magruder had done well in delaying McClellan here by presenting a formidable front, it was evident that if the latter found he could not break through our line he could, with his superior guns, destroy our batteries at Yorktown and Gloucester Point, run up York River, and gain our rear.

Smith's Division began to move at midnight. The explosion of shells among the stores at Yorktown that could not be brought away sounded like a battle.

While the Nineteenth was standing in marching order, waiting to take its place in the column, I noticed a group of men around a fire on the site of the camp we had just left. Approaching them, I was

cheerily greeted by one whom I had long known as one of the most promising youths of my native county, and whom I now knew as a soldier always ready when duty called—one of the Kingsbury brothers.

He immediately offered me a cup of coffee, which perhaps, of all things, I most needed to fit me for the night march before us, for I was already weary. It is pleasant to recall courtesies like that—flowers springing up in desert places.

The whole army, except a rear guard of cavalry, was concentrated at Williamsburg about noon next day. Magruder's Division was sent forward in the evening, and Smith's, which was to follow at two o'clock in the morning, moved a short distance out on the New Kent road and halted. Late in the evening the roar of battle was heard beyond the old town. It was McLaws's, Kershaw's, and Semmes's Brigades, which had met the enemy, pressing back our rear guard of cavalry, beyond Fort Magruder, on the Yorktown road. The Federal forces were driven back, losing a field gun.

The men of Hampton's Brigade, when night came on, threw themselves on the ground, thinking only of rest, and were quickly asleep. It seemed to me that I had just closed my eyes when an order to fall in was passed along, arousing the slumbering ranks. The brigade moved back toward the town, filed to the left, advanced about a quarter of a mile into the woods, and was drawn up in line of battle facing York River. I suppose the object was to be ready to meet any Federals that might come from the nearest landing, which was six miles away. After standing here

in line an hour or two, the enemy not appearing, we returned to our bivouac on the road.

At daybreak we moved on, following the New Kent road. It was raining, and the deep mud made the marching hard. I drank of the water that stood between the ridges left in an old field by the last plowing, and found it refreshing. We bivouacked at Barhamville. Luckily our commissary train was convenient to us here, else we should have fared badly. I bought a ham and some flour, and enjoyed my first experience of cooking bread on a ramrod. The product of this first experiment was somewhat tough, owing to the want of "rizin' ;" but, with a piece of fat ham broiled on oak coals, it was not bad to take for one who had marched fifteen miles through rain and mud without dining, after having breakfasted before day.

ENGAGEMENT AT ELTHAM'S LANDING.

NEXT day intelligence was received that the Federals were landing in force at Eltham's, and it was known on the morning of the 6th that they occupied a dense wood on the right of the New Kent road. General Smith was directed to dislodge them, and his division was put in motion at an early hour, Hood's and Hampton's Brigades, under General Whiting, leading. Before arriving at the point of attack the Nineteenth was detached and ordered to take position three hundred yards to the left of the road by which the column was advancing, at the edge of a large field bordered by the woods in which the enemy

had established his lines. Here my company and another, under my command, were ordered to advance about a hundred and fifty yards into the woods, halt there, and deploy as skirmishers. The line was deployed to cover about one and a half times the front of the regiment, the men placed in couples from thirty to forty feet apart and instructed to conceal themselves as much as possible behind trees and bushes, disregarding, for this purpose, the exact alignment as far as necessary.

The boom of guns, the roar of small arms, and the terrible yells now and then from human throats indicated hot work in the woods in front of us and not very far away. I was sitting by a tree in the rear of the line, listening and anxiously trying to determine by the sound which way the battle tended—whether to the right toward the river, which would indicate the triumph of our arms, or to the left, which would show the contrary—when suddenly the peculiar ringing snap made by rifle hammers in bringing them to the position of “ready” rang out in the woods. Snap! snap! snap! all along the line. Springing to my feet and looking to the men, I saw that every one in sight had his rifle at “aim.” Running forward, I saw among the bushes in front a man in blue on his knees, his hands raised. As I came nearer others appeared beyond him, evidently waiting to see the fate of their leader before venturing farther. I ordered the men to hold their fire, and invited the gentleman in blue to come forward. He did so promptly, followed by comrades until sixteen had appeared. Only one of them could speak a word of English, and he could

scarcely make himself understood. The Federal Government was playing the old game of George III. There were Hessians still to be hired. I sent the wretches on to the rear. I say wretches, for, of all contemptible things on earth, that thing in the form of man who undertakes for paltry wages to fight for the stronger party in a war that does not concern him is the most despicable.

I had resumed my position when, a few minutes later, word came along the line of file closers that "Yankees" were approaching in front of our right. I ran to the place indicated, arriving in time to receive the surrender of another batch of Federal hired soldiers. They were sent on after their fellow-hirelings.

While we waited with some degree of impatience for further developments of the day's events, I received an order recalling me. My little command was quickly rallied and moved back in quick time to the border of the woods, where an orderly met me with orders to follow the regiment, which was moving along the edge of the field toward the road leading to Eltham's Landing. We went after it at double-quick, and soon joined it; for, after entering the road, its movement had been obstructed by ambulances and wagons bringing the wounded from the battlefield.

The position to which we were now assigned was on the right of the road, in the lowland bordering the river in an open forest. The enemy was sending from his gunboats frequent showers of grape, which made a disagreeable rattling and crashing over our heads among the branches of the trees.

IN BARRACK AND FIELD.

While waiting here, being quite thirsty, I went out to the front to prospect for water, which fortunately I found about a hundred yards from the line where a small branch had cut a deep channel through the bottom loam. In a short while the men had refreshed themselves, filled their canteens, and were gleefully joking each other about dodging the grapeshot that whistled above us.

In about two hours and a half from the beginning of the attack Hood and Hampton had driven the Federals back to the protection of their gunboats. The object of the battle was to insure the safe passage of our trains. This having been accomplished, the march was resumed, Smith's Division following the New Kent road.

A few veterans who yet survive, and who will read these recollections of their old comrade, will be able to recall the difficulties of a night march in darkness, through mud about the consistency of brick mortar, in weariness approaching exhaustion, in utter despair of keeping in touch with one's own company. No description within my power to write would enable any reader who has never gone through such a trial to realize it. Mud in the road, where the wagons and teams had cut it up and mixed it to unknown depth; mud at the sides of the road, where the horses of mounted men, seeking for their weary animals an easier way, had torn up the wet soil; mud clinging to the shoes; mud accumulating on the legs until they become a burden difficult to drag along—mud everywhere. At length we reach the place selected for bivouac and hear men crying out the numbers of

regiments, as a guide to their position in the line, which we find at last, and lie down to forgetfulness—in mud.

The army took a position extending from the Long Bridges on the Chickahominy to the York River Railroad. Commodore Tatnall having destroyed The Virginia, which had proven herself a foe so terrible to the wooden ships of the United States Navy, it was now possible that McClellan would advance against Richmond by James River, as well as by way of West Point. To be prepared for this contingency, the Confederate forces on the 15th crossed the Chickahominy, and on the 17th encamped three miles from the Confederate capital, in front of a line of redoubts previously constructed.

SEVEN PINES.

MCCLELLAN had made the mistake of advancing his left wing across the Chickahominy, while he held his center and left on the other side. General Johnston saw the error at once, and began to make his dispositions to crush the detached wing, which consisted of the two corps of Heintzelman and Keyes. The tardiness of Huger's division in coming into action saved them from annihilation. For descriptions of the battle the reader is referred to Johnston's "Narrative," and Long's "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee." I intend to relate here only what came under my observation, with the addition of such facts derived from

other sources as may be necessary to clearness of statement.

On the evening of May 30 orders were given for an attack early next morning, by the divisions of Longstreet, D. H. Hill, and Huger, to be led by Hill, who was nearest to the point of attack. Late in the evening it began to rain heavily, and continued nearly all night. It was confidently hoped that the flooding of the Chickahominy would prevent the Federals under Sumner from crossing and coming to the support of the two isolated corps. Smith's Division was on the nine-mile road, and constituted the left of the forces expected to participate in the fight. On the morning of the 31st General Johnston, who had placed himself with Smith's Division, which was the most favorable point for getting the earliest report of any reënforcements that might come from beyond the Chickahominy, awaited with much impatience the sounds of battle. Communicating with Longstreet by messenger, he learned that the attack was waiting on Huger's Division, which, it seems, was held back by a little creek. When at last, about two o'clock, Hill advanced and engaged the enemy, the condition of the atmosphere was such that the sounds of battle did not reach the position of Smith's Division. About four o'clock a staff officer, who had been dispatched by General Johnston to ascertain the situation, returned and reported that Hill's and Longstreet's Divisions had been fighting two hours.

No advance of Federals from the Chickahominy having been reported, General Smith's Division was now ordered forward to assail the right flank of the

force with which Longstreet was engaged. The division was at once put in motion, and proceeded at double-quick along the nine-mile road. When the head of the column reached a point near the York River Railroad, it encountered the advance of Sumner's Corps. The Nineteenth Georgia was ordered to the right, and, passing through a dense wood, entered a field which the heavy rain of the night before had flooded to the depth of several inches, concealing ditches and the channel of a branch, into and across which we plunged. Entering a road beyond this field, the column filed to the left. As we moved along this road President Davis and Gen. Robert E. Lee were seen observing the column as it passed. Diverging to the left and following an old roadway, the column came out into a large field. As we entered it another column of Confederates was seen entering from the opposite side. A shell from a battery hidden from us by dense timber on our left exploded in their ranks, creating about as much confusion as would the blowing off of a hat by a sudden gust of wind. Our column, again filing to the left, moved across a lagoon and along the edge of a dense wood that screened us from the enemy's view. Arriving at a point opposite the position to be attacked, the regiment faced to the left and advanced in line a short distance into the wood, halting in rear of a line that had preceded it. While we stood here a Mississippi regiment moving by the right flank came up and halted a few paces in the rear and opposite my company. A captain at the head of the column cried out: "Why in the hell don't you take that battery?" Colonel

Johnson, who sat on his horse close by, looked around and said quietly: "We have a general here to command us, sir." "Well," responded the valorous captain, "let us through there, and we'll take it." I opened a gap in the line of my company and, saluting the captain, pointed to it with my sword. But either the quiet sarcasm of Colonel Johnson or the gibes of the men, following the initiative of Lieut. J. A. Richardson, of Company C, had cooled the captain's enthusiasm, or, it may be, a moment's reflection had restored his sense of military propriety. At all events he did not avail himself of the opening made for him to pass through our line.

After a short delay the two lines moved forward with an interval of thirty or forty yards between them. As we advanced I came upon two men (not of the Nineteenth) who stood threatening with their bayonets a Federal soldier who, lying on his back between two intersecting branches of a huge oak log, was begging for his life. Ordering the men forward, I called a sergeant and put the prisoner, who did not appear to have been severely wounded, if at all, in his charge.

As our lines pressed forward the right entered a field, along the edge of which was a road leading in a direction about thirty degrees to the left of our objective point. There was a slightly upward incline from the woods some distance into the field. Rushing forward, the Nineteenth came suddenly upon the regiment which preceded it, lying down. The Nineteenth, without orders as far as I heard, followed its example, and the two lines became one. The position

was just at the apex of the incline before mentioned, and was such that by hugging the ground closely the enemy's fire was avoided.

The firing, which had for some time been very heavy on our left, where other forces of Hampton's Brigade were engaged, was now heavy all along the line. My first care was to look to my own men. Just on my left was the road, and beyond it dense woods. In the road was planted the standard of the regiment with whose men ours were mingled, the color bearer lying with cheek against the mud three feet below the possible range of any shot from the front. I saw one of my boys (John Roberts, a South Carolinian) put his rifle up at one side of the flagstaff to aim, and, the position not suiting him, draw it back and put it on the other side and fire. Here was coolness for you! I noticed that the earth at the crest of the slope opposite the flag was frequently thrown up by bullets. The flag had evidently become a special target. I therefore directed Roberts and other men who were near it to change their positions.

I saw more than one man, lying on his back, raise his piece to an angle of about forty-five degrees and fire without aim. To touch him with the point of a sword and call attention to his folly was usually enough to put such a man to a better use of his ammunition.

These observations were made in perhaps less than one-fifth of the time that it takes to recite them. I knew no reason for the halt here. Though nearly half the Nineteenth was in the open field, and more than half of the other regiment, neither field nor staff

officer was visible. While waiting and constantly expecting an order to advance, I studied the enemy's position; but the condition of the air was such that the smoke of the battle settled low over the field, and I could see only the blaze of guns and the flash of rifles. There was a sudden cessation of the firing near me. Looking around, I was startled by what I saw. My boys had their eyes turned upon me with looks of expectation. I looked out where the line had been. It was gone. The flag that but now had stood near me had disappeared. It made me feel lonesome. Never had I been in the least inclined to follow up people who showed a disposition to avoid my society, but I at once determined to follow these who had so unceremoniously left me here. I waved my hand toward the rear, as a signal to retreat. The boys had never seen that signal before, but they read it instantly, and stood not upon the order of their going. A man near me as he turned to the rear fell forward on his hands. I thought he was shot, but he quickly sprang up and followed his comrades. I picked up a rifle where he had fallen, but when I came up with him afterwards I found it was not his. As I entered the wood, Lieutenant Neely was walking before me. We had advanced a few yards when, looking back at me, he said: "Captain, I'm hit." To my anxious inquiry as to where he was struck, he replied: "In the right shoulder." Examining the place indicated, I saw what appeared to be a bullet hole near the shoulder blade. A closer inspection showed that the shot had not gone through the cloth, but had left in it as

perfect a matrix of a Minie ball as one could make in wax.

The retreating Confederates, having gotten within the shelter of the wood, had relaxed their pace, and I came up with them. There were perhaps two hundred men in sight. I gave the command: "Halt!" Most of the men looked back; but seeing no field officer, they moved on. All of my own men within hearing responded promptly to the order. I re-formed the company, Private Thomas Merrell, of Company F, falling in with us. Lieutenant Edwards and five men were missing.

We moved by the right across the wood, and then diagonally across the field along the edge of which we had approached the point of attack, thus keeping out of the line of the enemy's artillery fire. About the middle of the field we met a regiment advancing in line. Some men of this regiment, as our little company approached, cried: "Run over them, run over them." Without noticing this gibe, we passed by their left flank and about a hundred yards farther on fell in with a part of our own regiment: Company A, Capt. F. M. Johnson; Company C, First Lieutenant William H. Johnson; and some officers of Company B. I was immediately called to a consultation with the officers present. Being requested to express my opinion as to what move the detachment should make, I proposed to follow and unite with the regiment that had just gone forward. This meeting a decided negative, I then suggested that we move into the wood on the opposite side of the field, where we would probably find the other remnants of our regi-

ment. This was at once accepted. Captain Johnson was the senior officer present, and should have assumed command, but he gave no orders except to face to the left and march. This put me at the head of the little column, and I led it along the depression at the bottom of which was the lagoon we had waded earlier in the evening, and just beyond which was the wood in which we expected to find our comrades.

As we proceeded I perceived that Captain Johnson was diverging to the left. Changing my course to correspond to his, I had reached a point well up on the hill to the left of the lagoon when Adjutant General Barker galloped up and, in manner showing great excitement, asked: "Where are you going?"

"We are going," I replied, "to join our regiment, if we can find it."

"There's where the fighting is," he exclaimed tragically, pointing with his sword in the direction in which the noise of continuing battle was heard. "Go there. My God! the legion is being cut to pieces! Will nobody go to its aid?"

I then informed him that Captain Johnson, and not I, was the senior officer of our detachment, whereupon he dashed away to Captain Johnson. After an evidently exciting colloquy with him, he rode back and directed me to take command of the detachment and take it into the fight.

I knew that this was folly. Later on in the war no general would have thought of sending fragments of regiments picked up here and there, or even a whole regiment, back to a field where entire brigades had been shattered. The legion should have been

withdrawn when our lines were broken in the first assault, and because of lack of experience, not through want of courage in the field and staff officers, fell back in confusion, there being no reserve within supporting distance. With the entire force reorganized there might have been success in a second assault. To hurl fragments of regiments, without community of command or concert of movement, against a foe well-organized, trained, and in a good position, is somewhat like a hunter, his rifle broken, attacking a grizzly with pebbles.

But I am a soldier, and the first duty of a soldier is to obey orders. Therefore, giving the command "File right," I marched down the hill to the lagoon, and was crossing it when men toward the rear of the column began to cry: "Captain, the order is to fall back." "Whose order?" I asked. They were silent. "My orders are to go forward, and I shall obey them." Lieutenant Johnson, commanding Company C, had halted, doubtless expecting me to order a countermarch. The young and gallant Lieut. J. A. Richardson, of the same company, approached me at this point and asked me if I was going on. Upon receiving an affirmative answer he exclaimed enthusiastically: "Then I am with you." Lieutenant Johnson as gallantly responded, "So am I," in tones audible to all his men. So we pressed forward.

Many stragglers going to the rear had passed us already; but when we had passed the pond and were approaching the wood, there came out from it a mass of men, not in haste, not in panic, but without pretense of order, sullenly and sorrowfully retiring.

Their leader, Brigadier General Hatton, had fallen, and our own Hampton had been wounded. Under these circumstances I did not hesitate to counter-march to the crest of the hill from which we had advanced. Along a fence that was now pretty well torn down I placed my little command, and about a hundred and fifty men of other commands who responded to my appeals to rally here as a favorable place to check the enemy, if he should follow, until our forces could be reorganized. Among those who fell in with me I recognized our Mississippi captain who, earlier in the evening, had so politely requested to be informed why we didn't "take that battery." We had not been long in this position when I saw, far afield, the gallant regiment we had met advancing as we retired, now itself retiring. It was a grand spectacle—that line of gray, marching in common time, perfectly aligned—a line of blue following within fair rifle range, firing as they moved. I watched them anxiously until the Confederate regiment disappeared in the wood at the opposite side of the field and the Yankee regiment retired. One of my sergeants, Sterling Roberts, begged permission to fire at the line of blue. Considering that we would probably suffer greater damage by drawing the fire of the Federal guns upon our position than our rifles could inflict on the foe at so great a distance, I withheld my consent.

As twilight deepened, the sounds of battle were hushed, and now orderlies came to direct us to the places of bivouac selected for our several regiments. We found ours close at hand; and now, oppressed by

a mortifying sense of failure, a severe physical depression which had had no power over me while the work of the day engaged my faculties, began to assert itself. With body chilled in my wet clothes, my head aching terribly, having no blanket, I crept in between two of the boys, who very generously made room for me, and there forgot both care and pain in sleep.

About seven o'clock General Johnston, as related in Johnston's "Narrative," received a slight wound in the right shoulder, and a few minutes later was unhorsed by a fragment of shell which struck his breast. He had previously announced to his staff that "each regiment must sleep where it might be standing when the contest ceased for the night, to be ready to renew it at dawn next morning."

If any reason why the contest was not renewed next morning, besides the fact that General Johnston was disabled, has ever been made public, I have not seen it.

There were sounds of heavy firing next morning, which we learned later was between Pickett's Brigade, assisted by two regiments of Colston's, and a superior Federal force. We supposed it to be a renewal of the general engagement which darkness had suspended the evening before. But our army, except the two brigades above mentioned, rested all day Sunday close to Sumner's front and on his right flank, while the two Federal corps, Heinzelman's and Keys's, were six miles away and the remainder of McClellan's army beyond the Chickahominy.

On Sunday morning I found my boys all present or accounted for. The companies forming the left

wing of the regiment, and which had been in the woods during the battle, had suffered heavily. Among the slain was the gallant young Captain Black, of Carrollton, Ga., commanding Company F. Captain Black, though in age not much beyond his majority, had already won distinction in the forums of law and politics. He had been the candidate of the secession party of his county, and in public meetings discussed the principles involved with an eloquence that never failed to stir the enthusiasm of his audience. In the election he had led his ticket, and was defeated by only a few votes. Proving his faith by his works, he was one of the first to volunteer under the banner of the Confederacy. His wife, a daughter of Maj. Ahaz J. Boggess, and two children survive him.

William Garrison, Orderly Sergeant of Company F, was another hero who gave his life to his country on this field. I knew him well. From his childhood up to the day of his fall I had observed him. Being of a high order of intellect, he had been a devoted student, and no scientific attainment was too deep or too high for his mental grasp. As a soldier, no man was more devoted to duty, none more prompt or skillful in its performance. He was a son of P. G. Garrison, late of Henderson, Tex., a brother of Prof. George P. Garrison, of the University of Texas, and a nephew of Col. William Ezra Curtis, of the Forty-First Georgia Volunteers, who was wounded to death at the head of his regiment in the fighting near Dalton, Ga.

If space permitted, I would gladly record here the names of all the heroes of the Nineteenth who fell

in this battle. Patriots all, their names should be written high on monuments of marble erected by their grateful countrymen to perpetuate the fame of their devotion through the ages to come. The loss in the entire division, as reported by General Smith, was 1,233, and McClellan reported Sumner's loss at 1,223.

Early Sunday morning Hampton's Brigade, after standing some time in line of battle, moved back several hundred yards on the Williamsburg road and went into camp, leaving a picket of three companies of the Nineteenth, which I had the honor to command. I was directed to deploy to the left and hold the position until sundown. The place was in open woods with a dense thicket in front. Having established my line, the right resting on the road, I posted a line of vedettes out some distance into the thicket to guard against surprise, as an enemy approaching could not be seen until within less than fair musket range. In the afternoon, when stillness reigned in the forest, the sounds of several shots from a battery beyond the thicket burst upon the air. A shell shrieking over my head cut off, about twenty feet from the ground, a sapling ten feet behind me. Other shells exploded, one after another in quick succession, about a hundred and fifty yards off on our right front. There immediately followed the sound of galloping horses, as of a body of cavalry charging. They were evidently coming along the road from the direction of the Federal position. There was excitement in the ranks, so that some men near the right, in their anxiety to get a view of the road toward our right front, began to move out of their places, unobserved by their com-

mandant, who also had his whole attention fixed on the road. I spoke to him and he immediately restored his line, after which not a man moved. In a moment what appeared to be the head of a column of cavalry appeared in view, evidently pressing their horses to their utmost speed. But, just in time to prevent our firing, it was seen that they wore the gray, and it soon developed that there were only a dozen or fifteen of them. What a noise they made racing along the hard road! While we waited and watched for a probably pursuing enemy, an officer and a sergeant from our line of file closers came running up, quite out of breath, from the same direction. Lieutenant Pickett afterwards related what then occurred, as follows:

“As we approached the Captain he, looking like a small thundercloud, asked: ‘Where in the hell have you been?’

“‘We’ve just been down there at that abandoned Yankee camp,’ I replied.

“‘What the hell’d you go down there for?’ he said, ‘n’ he said it sharp.

“I answered: ‘We thought we might get us a blanket apiece.’

“‘Well, you came d—d nigh gettin’ it, didn’t you?’ This the Captain said in allusion to the custom of burying a soldier in his blanket.”

Now I was not at all in the habit of using words bordering on profanity, and I have ever entertained a slight suspicion that Pickett “stretched the blanket” just a little to please the boys, who always liked to have a laugh on “the Captain.”

It transpired that the cavalrymen, who were on scout duty, had halted at a camp that a regiment of Federals had abandoned in haste the day before, and were looking about for any portable articles of use that might be found, when they were discovered by the artilleryists of the nearest Federal battery, who began at once to throw shells at them. Hence the mad gallop along the road that had so startled us.

Late in the evening my vedettes reported the approach of a body of men through the woods. Going out to the front to ascertain for myself whether they were friends or foes, I met a company of North Carolinians, whose captain informed me that he had been on picket farther to the front, and, in reply to a question, that his orders were, as mine, to hold his position until sunset. It was a good while before sunset now, and at my request he placed his men beyond the road on my right, in a thicket of ivy, which made a natural ambush. While I was still out in front of our line another company came up, whose captain admitted that he had the same orders, but said he had seen the Yankee cavalry preparing to charge, and, knowing he could not hold his position against them, he had decided to move back to camp. He refused to join my command, and marched away to the rear. It was well that I had taken the precaution to post vedettes, else we might have had the misfortune of firing on our friends, thus coming from the front through so dense a thicket.

It seemed to me grossly unmilitary to have placed one line of pickets in front of and out of sight of another without informing each commandant of the

other's position and orders. At or soon after sunset our pickets were withdrawn, and on Monday the army fell back to encampments near Richmond.

PICKET DUTY.

I RECALL several incidents that occurred while we waited on General Lee's preparations for striking McClellan the stunning blow which was to send him back to Washington—incidents which, if not otherwise interesting, serve to illustrate soldier life in an army confronting another of equal or superior force, each ready to grapple in a fight to the death whenever the other shall take the initiative or expose a vulnerable point.

Being officer of the guard one night when sentinels were to be posted so near the enemy that it was necessary to place them after dark, I found that the line to be occupied penetrated a very dense thicket. Proceeding by a path so narrow that its windings were difficult to follow in the pitchy darkness, I posted the first relief, the last post so near the enemy that laughter and song were distinctly heard in his camp. Going around with the second relief, in the deepest and darkest part of the thicket I came upon a vacant post. Directing the men to keep silent and still, I put my ear to within a few inches of the ground and listened. Directly I heard whispers among the bushes. Assuming that one of the whisperers was our missing sentinel and the other he that

should be on the next post—a little apprehensive too that they, having orders to fire on any one coming from the front, might fire on the relief—I gently called one of them by name. He answered promptly, and, being told to come back to his post, did so. These men, excited by the terrors of the dense darkness and a sense of the nearness of the Federal line, had imagined themselves encompassed by foes, and sought protection in each other's company. They were not Americans. Talk about battle being the highest test of courage! Many a hero of deadly conflicts in open day would cower under the horrible loneliness of a post like this on an almost rayless night.

On another occasion, when officer of the day, I had to post a line of pickets covering the front of the brigade in some fields in the Chickahominy bottom. The line selected was about three hundred yards from the river, and, the Federals being just across it, in order not to expose our position it was not occupied until after dark. At the appointed hour the several details for the service were assembled at the foot of the uplands fronting the bottom. I pointed out to each commandant the position he was to occupy. At the extreme right was a big walnut tree by a hedge that led straight to it from the hill. The officer commanding the right was instructed to extend his line from this point to within twenty yards of a large walnut on another hedge, which also extended to the hill. This tree was to be the post for the first file of the next detail. I pointed it out to the two men who were to occupy it, showing them that they would reach it by keeping along the hedgerow. And the

line from there on to the left was marked by a hedge running parallel to the river. Having given the orders for the night, I proceeded with the first detail to a point near the center of its position, saw it deployed, and marched off toward its position in the line. I then returned to the point from which the right file of the next detail had been sent to its post and, accompanied by an orderly, went along the hedge they had been directed to follow. When about halfway to the post designated for them, I discovered the outlines of two men standing by a small tree out to the right. This was not within a hundred yards of the intended line. I approached to ascertain who they were and why at that place. To my great surprise, I found them to be the two men whose post was at the big walnut close by the hedge I had so plainly pointed out to them. Bidding them follow me, I went forward. When within about twenty paces of the big walnut, I was startled at seeing five men grouped about it. None of our men had any business there. The two who belonged there were behind me. We did not know whether the enemy picketed on this side of the river or not, but it seemed probable that here was an advanced picket of Federals. One of them challenged me. Being too close to retire, I quickly decided that if they should prove to be of the enemy I would fire at them with a little derringer I carried, and take the chances of escape afterwards. I knew I could depend on my orderly, little Haynes, of Company H. I had little reliance on the two men who had stopped so far short of their post. In answer to the "Who comes there?" I replied promptly,

"Pickets of the Nineteenth Georgia. Who are you?" I saw the man reach out and take up his rifle, which had been leaning against the tree, as he slowly drawled out: "Pickets o-f—the—Nineteenth—Georgia." Advancing, I found that three of the five men were bunches of weeds. The other two were men who should have been on the next post, beyond the hedge.

I now proceeded to the right, feeling for the left file of the first detail. I stumbled over ridges where corn had grown and sank over shoes in mud between them—ten paces, twenty, thirty, and yet no pickets. Orders had been given to "Fire on anything coming from the front," and I doubted not that I was in front of this misplaced line. It may well be supposed that, having set my face toward the hills, I proceeded cautiously. I would advance a few feet, halt, and try to stoop low enough to see any object as high as a man in the line of vision between me and the horizon. At length, during one of these pauses, I heard voices. Advancing with the utmost caution, I saw directly several men grouped together, evidently consulting. Trusting that they would recognize my voice, I spoke, saying: "What are you boys doing way back there?"

Yes, there they were, along a little ditch more than a hundred yards in rear of the line pointed out so carefully to their commandant, and not properly deployed at that. I tell you there was a sight of fun in picket work on dark nights.

At another time the whole regiment was on picket near the Federal lines in a grove of old field pines

of several years' growth. The place was perfectly flat, water from recent rains covering it to a depth of two to four inches. The proximity of the enemy precluded lights and fires. I found a brush heap, spread my blanket on it, and slept soundly until morning. In the morning fires to boil coffee were allowed. Where to kindle them was the question. For me it was solved by one of my men, Jim Pucket, who always supplied me with coffee on the condition that I would supply the money to buy it. He kindled a little blaze on the pile of brush I had slept on, and I have rarely enjoyed a more refreshing cup of the fragrant Rio than was made in my tin cup that morning.

In the reorganization of brigades after the battle of Seven Pines the Nineteenth Georgia was transferred to Archer's, in which were three Tennessee regiments—the First, Seventh, and Fourteenth—and the Fifth Alabama battalion. The brigade was attached to A. P. Hill's Division, which constituted the left of the Confederate army, and was confronted by the Federal General, J. B. Reynolds, with six or seven thousand men of Fitz John Porter's Corps, stationed at Mechanicsville, north of the Chickahominy. The main body of this corps, which numbered 25,000 of all arms, was under Porter's immediate command at Gaines's Mill, six miles below Mechanicsville. The other corps of the Federal army, about 75,000 men, occupied a fortified line, south of the Chickahominy, extending from near New Bridge to White Oak swamp.

Soon after Archer's Brigade had taken the position

assigned it, it began to intrench. The work, being in sight of the Federal outpost, was carried on at night, and the finished work covered with brush before day. It is not improbable that the design was to give McClellan the impression that a defensive policy was to be pursued, when the real design was to attack. Certainly a military man with a good field glass looking from the opposite hills would not be deceived by the screen of brush as to what it covered.

I was detailed one night to superintend the work in front of the brigade. There was a detail from each regiment, and I was rejoiced to meet in the officer at the head of that from the Fifth Alabama battalion an old friend, Captain Burton. He had married a schoolmate of mine, Miss Rebecca Diamond, and I had stood up with him at his wedding. Having assigned to each detail a section of the work, I sought Captain Burton, and, reclining together on a blanket spread under a tree, we talked long of old friends and happier days—dear, peaceful days, when hope enlivened fancy with whispers of great things in the dim future. Two days afterwards, as we moved to engage the enemy, I saw him for the last time. He did not return from the battle.

Next day General Archer rode up to our encampment, accompanied by an orderly leading a saddled horse. By the General's direction I mounted this horse and rode with him along the ditch we were digging and the line upon which it was to be extended. He observed closely the topography of the ground, pointing out places where it would be necessary to make curves, all the while asking questions to

elicit my views about the work. When he had finished his observations we rode to his quarters, where I dined with him and, when about to take my leave, received his instructions to carry on the work. But our ditch was never finished.

MECHANICSVILLE.

ON the morning of the 26th of June Archer's Brigade filed out of its encampment and moved in the direction of Meadow Bridge. Near the bridge there was a halt to await Jackson's arrival within supporting distance. About four o'clock in the afternoon the brigade crossed the bridge and, turning to the right a little beyond it, approached Mechanicsville by a road running nearly parallel to the river, the Nineteenth Georgia in advance. When near the entrance to a lane leading along a depression which extends to the village, Gen. A. P. Hill and his staff were seen coming over the ridge on our right, followed by a cavalry escort under the gallant Captain (afterwards Brigadier General) Gilbert J. Wright, of Georgia. They were evidently in view of the Federals, who were hidden from us by a heavily wooded forest on our left; for as they descended toward the road a number of shells passing over them exploded near the summit of the ridge.

We had halted to let the men lay off their knapsacks. General Hill and his escort crossed the road, proceeding along the edge of the field under the

shadow of the timber, to a point favorable for observing both the enemy and our advancing brigades, now about to go into action.

Each company commander was directed to leave a man to guard the knapsacks. The youngest boy of Company H had been detailed for this service, when an older man approached me, saying he was sick, and begged to be left with the baggage. I looked at him, and his bloodless face showed me that he was telling the truth. I had no doubt that fear had caused it; but recognizing the fact of the result, I told him to stay, but he must stay as a sick man. The boy already detailed should guard the knapsacks. The Nineteenth was now ordered forward.

Moving forward, when we had passed the woods on the left, our light artillery (about eighteen pieces), aligned along the crest of a low ridge, was seen firing rapidly at the enemy's works, plainly visible beyond Beaver Dam Creek. A gun with a broken axle was dragged into the road as we passed. Far to the left two brigades, down near the creek, were advancing.

Before seeing all this I had felt some trepidation—a natural tremor of the flesh under the consciousness of exposure to peril that must be met. But after I had seen those brave fellows fighting their guns so gallantly, and the line of gray there on the left advancing so grandly, the sense of danger was quite forgotten. Shells from the Federal guns, aimed at our batteries, coming with unwelcome frequency, and striking the crest of the ridge on our left, would ric-

ochet and, passing over us, explode or bury themselves in the ridge on our right.

Arriving at the village, the Nineteenth filed to the left along a road just outside the field occupied by our artillery. This road, descending from the village into a deep hollow, then led up and over the opposite hill, and, with a slight curve to the right, on down to the Beaver Dam, toward the enemy's position.

When the head of the column reached the summit of the ridge, a point on a line with and on the right of our batteries, there was a halt. Colonel Johnson rode forward and had just entered the curve in the road, when his horse, alarmed by a charge of grape rattling through the heavy undergrowth, whirled around and dashed back. The Colonel quickly checked him and was riding forward again, possibly to recover his hat which had fallen off, when he met a second charge of grape, and the horse refused to proceed. A man near the head of the column was wounded. But a minute or two elapsed, however, before the regiment was put in motion, filing to the right. It moved far enough to clear the road, faced to the left, and advanced through the woods. Presently, without orders, I think, firing began on the right and quickly extended along the entire line. Possibly a picket or a vedette of the enemy had been seen. But as I saw none, I immediately stopped the firing near me. The only effect of this premature firing was to apprise the enemy of the direction of our approach.

Advancing until the right came to the margin of the Beaver Dam, still in the woods, and the left had passed out of the woods into a field and was yet some

distance from the creek, there it halted. The stream had been dammed, and there was an unknown depth of water before us. The edge of the field formed, with the line of the creek, an acute angle. The right of my company was opposite this angle. There had been a fence here, and part of it, four or five rails in height, was yet standing. The men, squatting by this rotten fence, were screened from the enemy by a dense thicket of oak bushes that had grown along in the corners.

Firing was now renewed all along the line. Looking at the enemy's works, I could see nothing but smoke and the blaze of their guns. I noticed one of my boys, young Cantrell, loading and firing as rapidly as he could, apparently with careful aim. Putting my hand on his shoulder, I said: "Cantrell, don't waste your ammunition; don't fire unless you see an enemy to fire at." Looking up at me, he replied excitedly: "Why, Captain, don't you see 'em? Don't you see that big man going along inside their breast-works?" "All right," I said, "if you see them, fire away." And he did.

Seeing Colonel Johnson a few yards in the rear, evidently trying to make himself heard, I ran to him and asked what the orders were. "Forward," he replied, "forward all the time." He rode off toward the right, and I never saw gallant Tom Johnson again. A few minutes later young Breckenridge, who I think was a volunteer aid, appeared in our rear. From the energetic working of his jaw he seemed trying to convey some important order. Going to him, I learned that he too was shouting "Forward, forward!"

I now proposed to the company commanders next on my right and left to stop the firing, so that an order could be heard, and then rush across the creek. In order the better to see what was in my immediate front before making the rush, I stepped through the line, over the little fence, and out into the corner of the field. There was backwater from the edge of the field to the beginning of the abatis, which covered the hillside beyond the creek, and bullets were splashing into it like hail. As I turned to retire, I felt a sharp tap on the side of my head, just above and a little back of the left ear. Stepping back into the bushes and through the line, I passed close by Corporal Haynes, in the line of file closers, and had faced to the front when I saw that the poor fellow had fallen forward on his face. I started to him, intending to lay him on his back with his head up the incline. I had made one step when, my weight being on the left foot, my left thigh snapped, and I found myself on the ground, close to the feet of my fallen comrade.

Sergeant Harrison ran to me, and by my direction made a tourniquet of my handkerchief and a short stick, and put it around the broken limb above the wound. Lieutenant Selfrige, of Company G (from Henry County, Ga.), came to me and said: "Captain, what do you want done?" "Fight on," I replied. Meanwhile my brave Corporal Parks, who was on the litter corps, had come to his fallen comrade, Haynes. As he stooped over him he received a buckshot in the left temple. Ranging downward, it came out under the jaw. Here were three of us, within elbow touch, down in about thirty seconds. Blood

was dripping down on my shoulder, which led those who had come to me to suppose that I had been wounded in the head; but it was found that only the lobe of my left ear had been slightly clipped. There was a knot above the ear about the size of a partridge egg, but the skin was not broken.

Selfrige and Harrison, without waiting for my consent, took me up and carried me up the hill. As they, with no little difficulty, bore me along, one of them trod upon my sword. The chain by which it hung from the belt broke, and the sword was lost. I regretted it much, for it had been my father's.

Halfway up the slope I was lifted upon Sergeant Harrison's back, and, with arms clasping his neck, was borne comfortably up to the crest of the ridge. Here we came upon a man with a litter lying behind a log. Lieutenant Selfrige proposed to use this litter for me. The fellow's expression was absolutely fiendish as he replied: "I'll be d—d if anybody that don't belong to my regiment gets this litter." It was entirely evident that the defensive log behind which he lay was dearer to his mongrel soul than were his comrades dying on the fighting line some hundred yards away.

Sergeant Harrison, the brave and tender-hearted (he had been my schoolmate at old Hiwassee), ran off and returned directly with a litter. In the meanwhile there had arrived on the spot three men who said they were going after a litter for Colonel Johnson, who had been killed. Selfrige thought they were too many to be going together after one litter, and so directed them to go with Sergeant Harrison and

carry me out and then bring the litter back. Having seen me placed carefully on the litter, he said, "Sergeant, you go on with the Captain, and I'll go back to my company," and walked rapidly away toward the front. O the brave heart! I grieve that I am never to meet him again this side of the final bivouac.

As my bearers approached the road, it was found blocked by artillery teams. A shell fell among the horses. I was so frightened at the thought of being trampled to death by the frenzied animals that I begged the boys to bear me farther from the road. When we entered the road in rear of the guns, I saw our Adjutant General in the field on our right galloping toward the rear. Calling him, I told him that the Nineteenth Georgia was "down there at the creek suffering terribly, with no possibility of doing any good." He replied: "It will be recalled as soon as I can find the — Tennessee." (I was informed afterwards that, when the battle was at the hottest, General Archer had exclaimed: "My God, haven't I a fighting brigade? Just look at the Nineteenth Georgia down at the foot of the hill as firm as a rock." This was the origin of the name "Rock Regiment," sometimes applied to the Nineteenth Georgia after this battle.) As the Adjutant General spoke, a cannon ball, plainly visible, passed just above him. Looking up, but never checking his horse, he exclaimed: "God! Don't that stink?" I watched the flight of the ball. It entered the back of a chimney in the village and disappeared. It appears that the effect of my wound had not been to withdraw my attention from the ordi-

nary incidents to be expected in a battle. The mental depression was to come later.

Following the route by which the regiment had advanced, we came to the post of a field surgeon near the end of the lane. Here I was given morphine and a little brandy, and was informed that a little farther on an ambulance would be found, which would convey me to the division field hospital, beyond Meadow Bridge. My bearers had proceeded only a few yards when a young surgeon came out to the road and asked who was on the litter. Sergeant Harrison having informed him, he said, "Wait a minute," and, hurrying back to his post, immediately returned with a bottle of brandy, of which he advised me to take a good draught. Having been hospital steward in the old army, I had been trained to follow prescriptions very precisely. A "good draught" is not definite as to measure, and I gave myself the benefit of the discretion implied. I think it possible that another Knight of the Probe and Scalpel stopped that litter before it arrived at the ambulance; but having lost considerable blood, my memory naturally began about this time to be perhaps a little confused.

I was at length safely bestowed in the ambulance, which had not proceeded far when a hub of it collided with a hub of that same crippled gun carriage which had been dragged out of the field some two hours before. What use was there for a road in the rear except as a place in which to pile up the débris of the battle? But the jolt of that collision of the ambulance with the débris here brought the ends of a broken bone together with a grind that made the

victim wince and almost wish the fellow who had no better sense than to leave obstructions in the line of retreat had been crippled himself, instead of his gun. There were other jolts on that four-mile journey, but at last the ambulance arrived at its destination, and its load was duly deposited in a big tent, where the already distinguished surgeon, Dr. Beatty, was giving his attention to a prior arrival. Stretched on a blanket, I very quickly fell asleep. I was aroused by deep groans of some one near me. I recognized Lieutenant Brownfield, of Company K, as the sufferer. I have never seen any one else endure such agony as his expressions indicated. Presently Dr. Beatty said to me: "Captain, it's your turn now; can you wait till I see if I can do anything for Brownfield?" "Certainly," I replied. Presently he said to Mr. Brownfield: "All I can do for you is to give something to alleviate the pain."

I was asleep again when I was aroused by some one who seemed to be trying to pull my leg off. Starting up, I discovered that an attendant was actually trying to pull off—not my leg, but—my boot. "Cut it off!" I shouted. Having removed the boot, he began tugging at my pants. He seemed disconcerted when he found that he was hurting me. I told him to rip the inside seam and he could then uncover the wound without tearing me to pieces. He hadn't thought of that.

I was half dozing again when I felt the Surgeon's fingers about the wound. Presently he said: "Captain, I'll have to cut a little now." "Cut away," I replied. I clamped my teeth together, as I felt the

keen blade among the nerves at the back of the broken thigh. Then something, perhaps forceps, was gently thrust into the orifice made by the knife and withdrawn, and the Surgeon, saying, "There it is, Captain," dropped the half of a Minie ball into my hand. The ball had split when it struck the bone, and part of it had passed out at the side of the thigh, leaving a somewhat ragged wound. Some bandages were put on, and Dr. Beatty said: "That's all I can do for you, Captain." "You are done?" I asked. "Well, I reckon I can grunt now, can't I?" "Yes, grunt as much as you please." I fetched a good, long grunt from away down, and it did me lots o' good. Then I slept.

On awaking next morning I found that poor Brownfield was at rest. He was beyond the pain and the anguish and the agony of war.

UNCLE BILLY VS. SURGEON GREEN.

I WAS sent to the Third Georgia Hospital at Richmond. The ambulance had hardly stopped in front of the entrance when Uncle Billy Pace presented himself. Uncle Billy had seen the winters of more than threescore years when he enlisted in my company. He had been the cook of our officers' mess, but, growing feeble in the climate of Northern Virginia, had been detailed as a hospital attendant and assigned to this hospital.

Scarcely had he finished his greetings before he

asked if I wanted to go to a private house. On receiving an affirmative reply, he darted off like a boy up the street, reappearing presently and directed the driver to the house of a Mr. Frazier, about a block from the hospital. Here, with much difficulty, I was carried up a narrow stairway to a room in the second story, fronting on the street.

Dr. Green, Chief Surgeon of the Third Georgia Hospital, in which I had been enrolled, came promptly to see me, accompanied by an assistant, whom I suspected of bringing instruments for amputation. The doctor questioned me in a sort of family physician way—a very kind way—and, having finished his examination, said: “Well, Captain, I will advise you as I would my own brother. You’d better have it taken off.” “Well, Doctor,” I replied, after a moment’s reflection, “I believe I’ll let it stay on and risk it.” “Very well,” he rejoined, and, turning abruptly away, went out, followed by his assistant. I really think the good old Doctor was somewhat offended. He returned, however, and put me into a contrivance for which I have never found a name, and I have never seen its counterpart. It consisted of two boards about $\frac{3}{4} \times 3$, extending from the armpits down each side to a board, against which my feet rested, and into which the side pieces were mortised. To this board, which was about $9 \times 12 \times 1$, my feet were firmly bound by bandages passed through auger holes. Bandages were passed around my thighs and through holes in the side pieces, with bands about my body, so that only arms and head were left free.

Uncle Billy Pace stayed with me. In vain Surgeon

Green, zealous for the public service, ordered him to return to his post at the hospital. The only thing that at all moved him was the Surgeon's threat to discharge him from the army. This raised in his breast a terrible conflict between his devotion to me and his ardent desire to remain in the service. He was restless and unhappy. Seeing this, I said to him: "Do not worry about it, Uncle Billy. Let him discharge you. You shall go home with me, and when you get ready to come back I'll reënlist you." From that moment Uncle Billy was himself again. Man never had a more faithful nurse; and if he was wanting in skill, he made it up in the tenderness and constancy of his devotion.

For a few days I had another attendant, of even more gentle mold—a young lady who was visiting in the house. She was beautiful, intelligent, charming in manner. But her visit ended, she went away, and I saw her no more.

After a few days my feet began to pain me intolerably. Doctor Green prescribed large cotton handkerchiefs, to be tied over the bandages, which he thought would relieve the pressure, but the promised relief did not follow. One evening I had a chill. I sent Dr. Green a request to call. He came, put his finger on my nose, and said: "Yes, it's on you now." He then turned away, and, after examining two other patients who occupied the room with me, was going out. I called him, and asked what I should do.

"Take quinine and brandy."

"Will you send it from the hospital?"

"No. You will have to send out and buy it."

I was surprised and indignant that he did not give me a written prescription, and that I had to pump it out of him. Having, in reply to my questions, given his reluctant directions, he went below and told Mrs. Frazier that I would not survive twenty-four hours after that chill. "They all go that way," said he.

I did not know this until some time afterwards, but I noticed the unusual expression of sorrowful sympathy in the eyes of Mrs. Frazier and others of the household, who, though not accustomed to entering my room, came that day and looked at me.

Uncle Billy went out and procured some quinine and a bottle of brandy, and I began at once to take it. One night—I think it was that following the morning of the chill—I fancied myself aiding in the defense of a small earthwork, the walls of which seemed to be twenty-five feet high. While looking out at an embrasure at the top of the wall on one side I heard a commotion behind me, and, looking, saw that the enemy had effected an entrance through an opposite portal. The only way to avoid capture was to jump from the embrasure to the ground outside of the works. Suddenly I became conscious, and found myself trying to get out at a window by which stood my cot. Had I been able to get off the cot, I should doubtless have fallen to the pavement below. This circumstance awakened in my mind very serious reflections. It occurred to me that death might not be very far away. But in five minutes I had shaken off the thought, and my faith in recovery, which had not faltered before and did **not** afterwards, revived.

But I could not longer rely on our surgeon's treat-

ment. Two of my brothers, Hon. Thomas N. Beall, of Irwinton, and Hon. Noble P. Beall, of Dallas, Ga., came to me about this time. The condition in which they found me gave them little hope of my recovery. The circulation was completely cut off from my feet, and from the left foot the sense of feeling seemed gone. I had the bandages loosed. The result was the lapping of the thigh bone and shortening of the leg, but it saved my life. By hard work and repeated effort, my brothers got my right knee joint in working order again, and by much massage the blood was persuaded to return to my feet. From that time on I gained strength from day to day, until, at the end of about nine weeks from its breaking, my thigh was pronounced strong enough to bear my weight.

To the lay mind it is somewhat mysterious that one whose life is despaired of rises to contradict the prophecies of his death, while another, whose condition excites no fears, declines in despite of hope and medical skill, and dies. While I lay there, waiting on the healing of my wound, one of our lieutenants (his name I have, to my regret, forgotten), whose wrist had been lacerated on the inner side by a bullet, sank slowly into the sleep of death in a house near me. Another brave young officer, of splendid physique, having typhoid fever, occupied the room with me. Becoming convalescent, he had the appetite which is characteristic of recovering fever patients. One day, through a negro servant, he procured some cucumbers. These he sliced into a common tumbler, poured vinegar over them, and ate them. He relapsed, and

not many days afterwards his body was borne away to a cemetery.

Why is it? The result of differences in treatment? In temperament? In the skill of nurses? Has Providence nothing to do with it? In my own case, when all despaired of my recovery, hope sustained and animated me. But whence came hope?

As soon as I thought myself able to endure the fatigue of the journey I started home, Uncle Billy going with me. I lay in a car on the cot upon which I had rested in my tedious waiting at Richmond. On account of the crowded condition of the trains, we were detained a day or two at Lynchburg. At length, through the intervention of Lieutenant Mead, of Company A, Nineteenth Georgia, who had been in the mail service, and who was also *en route* to Georgia, a place for me was found in a mail car. Nothing of special interest occurred *en route*. We arrived safely at Acworth, Ga. Here, but for Uncle Billy, I would have lost my trunk. The train was going on with it, Uncle Billy running along by it, much to the amusement of the public, shouting in his shrill tones, "Stop, you've got the Captain's trunk, you've got the Captain's trunk," the soldiers aboard the train cheering heartily. Luckily the conductor's attention was attracted, the train was stopped, and the trunk put off. Uncle Billy, having seen me comfortably placed in a hotel, bade me good-by, and joyfully set out for home. I never saw the kind-hearted old man afterwards, but he has ever held a place in my memory as a man worthy of the highest esteem.

After resting a day or two, accompanied by Hon.

W. W. Merrell, who had ridden over to meet me, I went on to Dallas, where, in my brother's home, I rested until late in September. I then went to Carroll, and was happily united with the dear ones at the old homestead, and a few days later became a benedict.

AN ARBITRARY CAPTAIN.

A "PULL" WITH THE POWERS THAT BE MORE POTENT
THAN LOYALTY AND WOUNDS.

EARLY in 1863 Mrs. Beall and I paid a visit to my sister, Mrs. M. A. Hardin, of McMinn County, Tenn. Mr. Hardin was a soldier in one of the Tennessee regiments of infantry. An old lameness in one of his feet had developed, so that on a long or rapid march he found it impossible to keep his place in column. He had made application to be transferred to cavalry, and his captain, being unfriendly, had withheld his approval. There was no military reason in this. In the case of one of my own men, Private Roberts, whom I knew to be of the best, fearless and deliberate in battle, prompt in all the routine duties of the soldier, and who, being a South Carolinian, had, on that ground alone, applied for a transfer to a regiment of that State, I had without hesitation approved his application. A good soldier is ever the better soldier from being satisfied with his company and regimental relations.

I knew there were difficulties in the way of getting a man transferred without the approval of his cap-

tain, but I did not suppose them to be insurmountable. As the reader will see, I had not yet learned the full scope of the arbitrariness of military rule. If I had, I would not, as I did, have made a journey to General Bragg's headquarters, and then to Richmond, to solicit personally an order for the transfer of Mr. Hardin, although I felt that my effort was in the interest of the service; for, if successful, it would give the army a first-rate cavalryman, while taking from the infantry a man fit only for garrison duty.

I determined to see General Johnston, not expecting him for any personal consideration, or any consideration whatever, to depart in the least from that rigid military propriety which was a characteristic of his entire career, but still hoping that he would find in the good of the service ample reasons for his interference in this case.

On arriving at Tullahoma, I went to the office of the Adjutant General with Mr. Dever, of Rock Mart, Ga., who had come on business with that office. Mr. Dever having concluded his business, we were coming out of the office, when, looking up at a group of men on a portico at our left, hoping to catch a view of General Bragg, whom I had never seen, I caught the eye of General Johnston. Instantly he came down the steps and grasped my hand, greeting me like a brother. In the course of a brief conversation that ensued, an opening was presented of which I availed myself to present the case of Mr. Hardin. The General showed a kind and sympathetic interest in the case, but he could not interfere in a matter which was in General Bragg's department and subject to his

exclusive jurisdiction. I do not now recall all that was said, but there was some expression that discouraged any application to General Bragg and inclined me to take the matter to the Secretary of War.

General Johnston's kindness of tone and manner soothed, if it did not take away my sense of disappointment, and I was glad to learn that I should have the pleasure of traveling on the same train with him next day as far as Chattanooga.

When we met at the train next morning the General gave me a kindly greeting. He was accompanied by Tennessee's war Governor, Isham G. Harris, and several Congressmen. I took a seat some distance from them. About ten o'clock the train stopped at a water tank, and nearly all of the passengers in our car got off to stretch their limbs outside. I was leaning out at a window, enjoying the fresh air that seemed to rise with a delicious coolness from the running water which here spread out along the track, when some one walked along the aisle and stopped opposite me. I looked around. "Old Joe" was standing there with a glass brimming full of an amber liquid. Thrusting it at me, he said: "Here, drink this." The first duty of the soldier is to obey. I therefore promptly put myself outside of the contents of that glass. It was domestic wine of excellent flavor and most refreshing. As I handed back the empty glass the General leaned near me and, his eyes twinkling, said in an audible whisper: "A lady sent me that this morning just before I started. I think it's pretty good, don't you?"

At Chattanooga I changed cars for Athens, Tenn.

While the train stood at Cleveland a few minutes I stepped off on the platform of the station, hoping to find in the throng gathered there some friend of better days when I had played the youthful pedagogue in that vicinity. Instead of a friend I found a thief—or he found me rather. In making my way back through a crowd of men on the platform, moving with difficulty on my crutches, my blanket was torn from my shoulders. I looked back as quickly as I could, but it was nowhere visible, nor could I get any information about it.

It is one of the evils of war that things in the form of men,

“Both careless and fearless
Of either heaven or hell,”

in the guise of soldiers, follow in the wake of armies, hang upon their flanks, and mingle in the crowds that gather at stations on lines of transportation, always on the lookout for loot; wearing the uniform of either army according to their field of operations, preying on citizen and soldier alike, ravaging the stately mansion and the humble cot, despoiling the home of the patriot soldier who is away fighting the battles of his country, and of the widow over whose soldier the flowers are already blooming. Often by disguises and false representations, they attach the bad odor of their crimes to some regiment or other body of soldiers in the vicinity. Their vile imposture in this respect falls more heavily on the cavalry because the scoundrels are usually mounted (on stolen horses) and the cavalry move about the country more than infantry.

These plunderers are of that class from which, in times of peace, the jails and penitentiaries are peopled. In peace they do not all get into the institutions they are so fitted to adorn; in war they carry on their nefarious trade with almost perfect impunity.

I now proceed with my narrative. Returning to Mr. Hardin's, I rested a few days, and then rode up to the encampment of the First Georgia Cavalry, near Kingston. I found many sick in the regiment, and the horses needed much the rest as well as the abundant forage provided for them here. Among the sick was my wife's brother, George W. Merrell, the poet-lawyer of Carrollton, Ga.

I spent a pleasant day and night with old friends of my native county, members of Capt. O. P. Shuford's Company, and would gladly reproduce here if I could some of the stories of adventure and daring which I heard around their camp fires. The men who followed Joe Wheeler heard often the zip of the Minie ball and the vicious song of the shell.

Next morning I was in the saddle early, and, in company with George, who, on his surgeon's recommendation, had been granted a short leave of absence, set out to return to the dear ones awaiting us on the Chestua, down in Monroe, where we arrived without accident or adventure.

Soon afterwards I returned to Georgia and, leaving Mrs. Beall at home, proceeded to Richmond, hoping to secure some place in the service for which my wound did not disqualify me. At Augusta, when about to leave the hotel where I had lodged to go to the railway station, as I turned away from the clerk's

desk I found myself face to face with my brother, Thomas N. Beall, of Irwinton. I had not dreamed of meeting him. To me it was as with a traveler who, journeying across some dreary plain, weary and athirst, comes suddenly upon a group of trees overshadowing a spring of pure, cool water. A glad, hearty greeting, a brief exchange of inquiries about our respective families, and I hurried away to the train. Next day, as our miserably slow train crawled along, an episode in most unpleasing contrast with that just related occurred. At some place where the train had stopped I had taken a vacant seat. A tall man, apparently somewhat advanced in years, came in from somewhere, approached me, and said: "You've got my seat, sir." "I am very sorry, sir," I replied; "but you see my condition: I can't very well get about on crutches while the train is in motion. I found this seat vacant, took it, and I think I shall have to keep it."

Whereupon he began to bluster and tried to bully me, which made me the more determined to hold the seat. Whether the conductor interfered or the blusterer read disapproval of his conduct in the faces of the passengers near us, I do not now remember; but he at length desisted and sought another place, where he probably made himself unhappy, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm." The boor is of all countries, but this man was the only citizen of the South who was rude to me during the four years of war.

At Richmond the Congressman representing my district favored me by going with me to the War Office and presenting me to the Assistant Secretary,

to whom I appealed in vain in the matter of Mr. Hardin's application for a transfer to cavalry service. The judgment of his captain in the case was final.

I now proceeded to the office of the Commissary General, to whom also I was presented by our Congressman, and made known my wish to be employed in the government service. The Commissary General kindly advised me to file a written application, which he said would be considered in its turn, adding for my encouragement: "There are already some fifteen hundred applications on file."

I learned subsequently that an able-bodied man had been taken from the ranks of the Nineteenth Georgia and made a paymaster's clerk. Later on in the war a captain of the same regiment, who had received a flesh wound in the left arm, was made a post quartermaster within about thirty days after receiving the injury. Both these appointees were of the city of our Congressman's residence.

THE TRIUMPH OF HUMANITY.

FROM Richmond I went to visit the Nineteenth Georgia, near Fredericksburg, and was greeted on arrival with flattering expressions of pleasure by the men of my old company and many others of the "Rock Regiment."

There are few who understand the strong and tender sympathy between soldiers associated in the hardships and dangers of war, and that such sympathy

is not limited to the relations between comrades of the same company or regiment. The highest human qualities are developed in the hearts of the brave under exposure to common suffering and danger—a humanity that distinction of rank cannot suppress and scenes of carnage cannot harden. As if Nature intended some recompense for the horrors of war, this fraternal principle embraces even foes in its sweet beneficence. The chivalrous cavalryman vacates his saddle for his foot-weary prisoner; the gallant footman, in the exaltation of magnanimity, pauses in the storm of battle to give his canteen or his flask to a wounded enemy, knowing not how soon his own throat may be parched with the fever of deadly wounds.

“The bravest are the tenderest” is considered trite, but every veteran will recall instances of self-sacrifice in behalf of comrades that illustrate its truth. I do not speak of mere physical bravery—the burglar and the bulldog have that, and are cruel—but of that higher courage of the soul that overcomes self and, when every nerve in it is crying out for rest, spurs the body to further effort to relieve a suffering comrade, or even an enemy. I recall a case in point:

At night on the day of the battle at Savage Station a Confederate officer, exhausted by the marching and fighting, in which there had been but one day’s cessation in five, groping in the dark on the battlefield for an easy place on which to dispose his tired body for the night, came upon two wounded men. One of them proved to be a captain of an Ohio regiment, the other a private, a South Carolinian. The Federal captain, lying on the ground, had become chilled. He

asked our young officer if he could not have his surgeon give them some whisky. Worn out as he was, the young Southerner made his way to the surgeon, got the whisky, and returned. He then immediately set out in search of something to put between the wounded men and the chilly ground. In an old abandoned house he found some straw, of which he made for them a comfortable bed. Nor did he cease his ministrations until both of the wounded men assured him that their sufferings were greatly relieved, and began to insist that he share with them the bed of straw. He threw his weary body down, and side by side the comrades in gray and the comrade in blue forgot their weariness and wounds in sleep.

At dawn our officer bade his new friends good-by, and as he marched away for Frazer's Farm and Malvern Hill copious tears attested their appreciation of his timely help.

The Confederate officer of this incident was Capt. A. J. Richardson, of Atlanta, Ga., now an honored teacher.

HOW PRIVATE TIDWELL ESCAPED.

DURING my visit to the regiment near Fredericksburg there were related to me several incidents of the battle of December 13 and 14, 1862. One of these, illustrating the fact that even battle has its mirth-provoking events, I will here reproduce.

If the reader will refer to General Lee's report of the battle of Fredericksburg, found in Long's "Mem-

oirs of Robert E. Lee," page 554, he will find that in the line of battle there was an interval between the brigades of Lane and Archer, of A. P. Hill's Corps. This interval was a low, marshy place in woods extending out into the open plain, Archer's Brigade being on the right of it. When Franklin's Corps advanced, that part of it opposite this tongue of woodland, not meeting the storm of shot that checked his advancing lines to the right and left of it, penetrated between Lane's right and Archer's left. The boys of the Nineteenth, comfortably squatted in a ditch behind a low bank that had once marked the boundary of a field, were pouring a destructive fire into the Federal ranks, when suddenly it was discovered that bullets were hitting the bank on their side of it—zip, zip, zip—all along. Looking to the rear, they were startled by the apparition of a line of blue moving along an old road parallel to our line and about a hundred yards behind it. Nearly all the men were warned in time to retire into the woods behind the old road before the Federal column had advanced far enough to intercept them. Several, however, tarried until it was too late for a prudent man to think of anything but surrender. Private Tidwell, of Company H, was one of these, but he didn't happen to think of lying still and yielding himself a prisoner. Springing up to his full six feet of height, he started with greyhound leaps straight at that column of blue. As he approached it, at a point some twenty yards in from the head of the column, swinging his rifle like a balancing rod, he was greeted with loud cries of: "Come on, Johnnie; we're waitin' for you."

But Tidwell suddenly made a file left spring that changed his direction to one parallel with the column. There was much shrubbery here—bushes three and four feet high. They were not in Tidwell's way. He went over them like a three-tined buck leaping a ten-rail fence when caught in a wheat field in May. "Go it, Johnnie; go it, Johnnie!" Bang, bang! "Stop that firing, you babies; go it, Johnnie; huzza! ten to one on the gray sprinter against the field." My, how those Yanks did yell and cheer! And while they cheered Tidwell ran around the head of the column, across the road, and disappeared in the woods.

COMMERCIALISM IN WAR.

RETURNING to Georgia by way of Lynchburg, I stopped in that city to pay my respects to some of her citizens who by their courtesy and kindness had won the lasting regard of officers and men of our regiment at the time of its encampment there.

While at Lynchburg, friends, thoughtful of the future of one disabled as I was, advised me to invest what money I had, or could command, in tobacco, assuring me that it would advance rapidly. I had but five hundred dollars more than my present wants required, but was told that, beginning even with so small a sum, by selling at the higher and rapidly advancing prices in Georgia, and keeping up stock by reinvestment in the markets yet open in Virginia and North Carolina, one could soon realize a handsome profit.

IN BARRACK AND FIELD.

The spirit of commercialism had not then reached the frenzy of speculation to which it attained at a later period in the progress of the war, but it was growing fast. It is almost enough to make one blush for his countrymen to recall the rapacious greed with which love of gain afflicted our country when she was bleeding at every pore. I knew a retired captain who, at a public sale, ran corn up to fifteen dollars a bushel, bidding against his own sister, whose husband had fallen in the public service. The widow wanted the corn for bread; the ex-captain wanted it for distilling.

Another incident, which came to my knowledge from an unquestionable source, indicates that some trusted agents of the government were infected with this insatiate greed. A planter in a certain county in South Carolina had sold his surplus corn to an agent of the Confederate Quartermaster of the Department of Charleston, and it was in government sacks awaiting shipment. An agent of the commissary, or of a miller who was under contract to supply meal to the commissary at Wilmington, N. C., came and, after an interview with the planter, had the corn transferred to his sacks, which also bore the government stamp, and shipped to the mills in North Carolina. The planter had received twenty-five cents a bushel more than he had willingly agreed to accept from the Charleston Quartermaster. It seemed to me to be the duty of every citizen to sustain the government as far as he possibly could. I therefore invested my five hundred in a Confederate bond.

IN BARRACK AND FIELD.

ASSIGNED TO DUTY.

I RETURNED to Georgia and wrote to Adjutant General Cooper asking to be assigned to any duty for which I was capable. I had not to wait long, for while one basks in the light of home love old Time flits by on winged feet. I received the following order in reply to my application :

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.

BUREAU OF CONSCRIPTION,

RICHMOND, VA., January 21, 1863.

Capt. John B. Beall, Carrollton, Ga.

SIR: Your communication of December 1, 1862, addressed to General Cooper has been referred to this bureau. You will report for duty as a drill officer, or such other duty as may be assigned you, to Col. John S. Preston, Commandant of Conscripts, Columbia, S. C., as soon as practicable after receipt of this letter.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

A. C. JONES, Lt. Col. and A. A. G.

As directed, I proceeded to Columbia, and was assigned to duty as enrolling officer at Manning. Here I spent the summer of 1863. There was little to do. I found ten poor fellows who had no excuse for not being at the front except physical disability. The board of medical examiners, under the iron-bound rules prescribed for their guidance, found nine of these subject to service. Having no discretion, I sent them to the front, believing that eight of them were about as fit material for soldiers as a young chestnut sapling for a wagon axle. I heard afterwards that Major Gerry, to whose command they were assigned, talked

savagely about the medical board that sent him such material, and that in a very short time they were nearly all in the hospital, whence the survivors of them were sent back to their homes.

One able-bodied man claimed exemption as a miller. I found that he owned a mill, and that it was kept by a negro. I held that he was not a miller in the sense of the law. He employed a distinguished lawyer, Mr. Manning, and appealed. I sent up a brief, giving the facts and the reasons upon which my conclusion was based. The Bureau of Conscription affirmed my decision, and the mill owner joined the cavalry.

The manhood of Clarendon County was already at the front. Had the able-bodied men from eighteen to forty-five years of age, in all the counties of the South, gone to the front with like unanimity, our brave boys would not so often have had to fight superior numbers.

Mrs. Beall joined me at Manning, and we received from the good people such courtesies as won our hearts. A prominent lawyer, Mr. Galluchat, tendered me the use of his office. He was an enthusiastic patriot, and I well remember the indignation he expressed in telling me about the corn transaction above related. He had with the care of a lawyer collected the facts of the case and brought them to the attention of the government; but had not, when I came away, elicited any satisfactory elucidation of so novel an illustration of the mysteries of supplying the army.

There being evidently no further occasion for the services of an enrolling officer at Manning, I asked

to be transferred to Georgia, and for leave of absence pending my application, which had to be forwarded to Richmond. Colonel Preston readily granted leave of absence, and in the latter part of August I returned to Dallas, Ga., where, while awaiting orders, a part of my leisure was employed, at the request of Gen. William Phillips, in drilling a company of cavalry raised for State service and encamped there.

Some time I spent canvassing as a candidate for the State Senate. I found the masses weary of war and much discouraged. There had grown up, especially in the counties of Paulding and Haralson, a strong sentiment in favor of reconstruction. In Haralson Mr. Brock, a candidate for Representative favored by those entertaining this sentiment, proposed that his friends would support me if I would agree that mine would not actively oppose him. I declined to enter into any agreement with him. In a speech at Buchanan, with more patriotism than politics, I assailed the reconstruction idea in such terms as soured against me many who, had I dodged the question, would have supported me for old acquaintance' sake, though aware of my views. The "peace on any terms" people were giving aid and encouragement to the enemy. While our brave men at the front were baring their breasts to the bullets of the foe, those who would surrender everything for peace were stabbing them in the back.

Brock was elected, and, having been conscripted in the meantime, had the distinction, while in his seat in the House, of being referred to as "the gentleman from the conscript camp." I received the majority of the home votes—so small, however, that it was turned

the other way by the vote of the company of which my opponent was captain in the Army of Tennessee, and in which my candidacy was unknown except to some who were not my friends.

ORDERED TO JAMES ISLAND.

BRIGADIER GENERAL RIPLEY'S SCHEME FOR THE
PROMOTION OF JUNIOR OFFICERS.

WHILE yet at Dallas I received the following order :

LEGARES POINT, JAMES ISLAND, S. C.,
September 27, 1863.

Captain: In obedience to orders from Brigadier General Ripley, Commanding, you will either immediately report here for examination, send in your resignation, or give satisfactory evidence that you will be fit for duty in a short time from this date.

By command of JAMES H. NEAL, *Lt. Col. Comdg.*
W. H. JOHNSON, *Lt. and Adjt.*

To J. B. Beall, *Captain Company H, Nineteenth Ga.*

To which I replied as follows :

DALLAS, GA., October 2, 1863.

Colonel: Your communication of the 27th ult., by which I am directed to either immediately report for examination, send in my resignation, or furnish satisfactory evidence that I will be able for duty in a short time, is before me. I know not how else to account for this order than to attribute it to a failure to show the nature of my absence on the monthly returns and muster rolls.

I herewith inclose the original order by which I was assigned to duty in the Conscript Bureau, and

by which General Ripley will perceive that I am subject to orders only from that Department.

I am at present absent from my post in South Carolina, with leave, to await the result of an application for a transfer to this State. I shall send a copy of your order to the Commandant of Conscripts at Columbia and await his instructions.

Whenever it shall become the policy of the government to compel disabled officers to resign, or whenever it shall be intimated to me through the proper channels that the government no longer requires my services, I shall yield a cheerful compliance; but I do not recognize the authority of General Ripley, or any other General, to order me to resign, either positively or as an alternative to obeying any other order.

If, however, the General still desires me to report for examination, I will take pleasure in doing so, when relieved from duty in the Conscript Bureau, or when directed to do so by the proper officer of the department with which I am connected.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN B. BEALL,

Captain Company H, Nineteenth Georgia Volunteers.

In a few days I received a letter from Colonel Neal, of date October 26, explaining that the object of the order "is for all disabled officers to appear before the examining boards and, upon its recommendation, be assigned to such duties as they are qualified for, and vacate their places in the regiments, so that promotions may be made." Colonel Neal further stated that "the order is general, and applies to the military district, and I am told to the whole army."

If such was the object of the order, while I did not see how it could be carried out without an act of Congress providing for the retirement of disabled

officers, I felt that it was due to junior officers on duty in the line that it should be done if practicable.

The same mail that brought Colonel Neal's letter brought also an order directing me to report for duty to Col. C. J. Harris, Commandant of Conscripts, Macon, Ga. I proceeded at once to Macon, where, at my request, an order was granted relieving me from duty in the enrolling service and directing me to proceed to Charleston for examination.

On reporting to Colonel Neal, on James Island, I learned that my letter to him had been forwarded to the Secretary of War, and had been returned with that officer's disapproval of the whole proceedings.

The Nineteenth was now in Colquitt's Brigade. I enjoyed here for several days a glad reunion with my old comrades, hearing many interesting stories of hard campaigning, adventure, and battle. The brave boys were still animated with unfaltering faith in Lee, Johnston, and the cause of the South.

When I had prolonged my stay until I had begun to feel somewhat out of place, having no duties here, I made application for leave of absence on the ground of disability. The board of surgeons declined to grant a certificate because, they said, "We cannot recommend furloughs except in cases of applicants who will be benefited by rest. Your injury is permanent, and resting will not remove it." This struck me as a peculiar kind of logic, as if the zealous surgeons had said: "We see well enough that you are not able for duty; but you never will be able for duty, therefore we cannot relieve you from duty."

At length, however, by direct application at dis-

trict headquarters I got leave of absence for twenty days, beginning November 19, granted by Brigadier General Taliaferro, commanding seventh military district.

I returned to Carrollton and devoted the next two months to efforts to make provision for my family. In January I sent to the Secretary of War my resignation as captain, and, soon after receiving notice of its acceptance, entered upon the duties of assistant assessor of the war tax for the County of Carroll, Mr. P. G. Garrison being assessor. My duties were altogether at the desk. The people, with remarkable unanimity, came forward voluntarily and made their returns for assessment; and if there was ever any difficulty in the collection of taxes or tithes, I didn't hear of it. There were few taxable people in the county who did not have some loved one at the front, with whom they felt that, in delivering tithes, they were indirectly sharing the products of their farms and their labor. But it became hard after a while. The cruel war made such heavy drafts from the producing class, and added, year after year, so many scarred and maimed soldiers to the class of nonproducers, that there seemed scarcely any surplus, after providing for destitute families of the absent, to send out to the armies in the field. Even patriotism must bow to the inexorable law of necessity.

CARROLL IN WAR TIMES.

THE following is an imperfect picture of a condition which the survivors of that day will recognize as common to all those counties in which the white population was so much in excess of the slave, and whose sons with like unanimity volunteered under the banner of the South. It appeared in the *Carroll County Times* about twenty years after the war, under the above caption:

“We can never forget the dark days of 1864. Looking back through the vista of a score of years that have elapsed, we can yet see the pale, anxious faces of the women who, driven by fell want to seek relief of the public authorities, gathered in groups about the streets and congregated at the tithe depot. But we shall not attempt a description of the general distress that prevailed.

“There are doubtless some who, in the hurry and struggle and rush of money-getting, have almost forgotten what the women and children and their husbands and fathers suffered then for the country. Indeed, even some of those who bore the burden of the day seem at times to have forgotten that their comrades suffered with them—so potent are the real or imaginary conflicts of interests to break the ties that once bound them in common brotherhood. We offer them a reminder in the following copy of a letter which was a natural outcome of the condition existing when it was written:

“CARROLLTON, GA., April, 1864.

“*Col. J. S. Preston, Superintendent Bureau of Con-
scription, Richmond, Va.*

“SIR: I trust that my former connection with your department and with the military service will be regarded as a sufficient excuse for addressing you on a subject in which I have no greater interest than every other citizen of this county, especially when it is considered that it has a direct bearing on the general interest of the country in her struggle for existence.

“The matter to which I desire to call your attention is as to whether this county can bear any further drafts from the producing class for the public service or not; and I shall endeavor to give you such information, derived from official statistics and acquired by personal observation and free intercourse with the people in the discharge of my duties as assessor of the war tax for the county, as will enable you to judge intelligibly of the matter in question.

“By the census returns of 1860 the whole population of the county was 12,113. Of this number, according to the tax returns of 1862, only 1,908 were slaves (of all ages), and these were owned by 480 persons. Granting that these persons and their children derived a support from the labor of their slaves, it will be seen that rather more than eleven-twelfths of the white population were dependent on their own labor for subsistence.

“Probably no people ever suffered so large a draft on their producing classes, except on some great temporary emergency. The consequence is that there are already 2,313 women and children on the list of indigents, receiving aid from the State under the Act to Provide for Soldiers' Families. Under this act they drew last year \$28.70 each, or about three bushels of

corn. The appropriation is larger for this year, and I am informed by one of the judges of the Inferior Court that the allowance will be about \$52, or four and one-third bushels of corn. But the number of these indigents is constantly increasing, while the share of each decreases in proportion. Many families are kept off the list only by the labor of boys who will this year arrive at the age of seventeen; others again by the aid of neighbors who are between forty-five and fifty. Besides, many who are on the indigent list, receiving aid under the law after the produce of their own labor is exhausted, are dependent to a large extent on the assistance of this class. Hence, if these men go into the field, the list of indigents must be largely increased and, of course, the share of each in the appropriation proportionately lessened. Already one man has frequently to render gratuitous assistance and partial support to one or two, and in some instances five or six, families. What the consequences would be if the families of these men should become dependent, I will not pause to consider.

“The county never produces a large surplus for market. This year it made none; or, if any, it has been more than consumed by public animals stationed in the county or passing through, or else it has been taken up in tithes—so that, although the most of those who were able to buy corn and pay the enormous cost of transportation by wagons from forty to one hundred miles have supplied themselves in that way. Yet the deficiency is estimated at ten thousand bushels. An effort is being made to procure that quantity through the State authorities. If successful—and the mind shrinks from contemplating the consequences of failure—it will have to be transported by wagons from the nearest railroad depot, twenty-five miles, and the teams and hands for this purpose must be withdrawn from the farms at a time when their labor will be most needed in the crops.

“An appeal has been made to the Secretary of War to suspend the collection of tithes; but it would seem that the extent of the destitution prevailing would require the distribution of the produce, including wheat or flour, already collected and not shipped off. This would perhaps supply the destitute until supplies can be obtained through the State authorities.

“As to the prospect for the future, the wheat crop of the present year has been so injured by late frost that it cannot yield more than two-thirds of an average crop—perhaps not more than half. We must, therefore, depend mainly on the yield of corn. If all the men between the ages of seventeen and eighteen and forty-five and fifty who are able to bear arms are called from the plow to the field of service, the future of that class of persons—the wives and children of those 2,400 soldiers already in the field—whom I believe it is the pride as well as the duty of our honored Chief Executive to favor as far as possible, will become a matter of momentous concern. I would make no appeal to the sympathies of the President. His well-known character for benevolence renders that unnecessary. I simply deal in facts. Nor is it necessary to remind you, sir, that the trials of war ever fall most hardly on those who, while poor themselves, live in the midst of others who are unable to render assistance by reason of their own poverty. Even while writing I am just informed that a number of women, driven to desperation by destitution, have come to the tithe depot and demanded corn. It is for the government to consider what effect this condition of affairs, if relief is not soon obtained, may have on the minds of the men at the front—the husbands, fathers, and brothers of these women and children.

“I am aware that some of the men between forty-five and fifty may be detailed under the eleventh section of the act of February 17, but I am satisfied that

in the majority of cases the applicant would fail to make it appear that his own necessities or those of his own family required his exemption. The necessity is general, and relates to the whole community. Besides, if the matter is left to take the regular course, such is the aversion of our people to conscription, many of them who are perhaps able to provide for the temporary necessities of their own families, or in spite of their necessities, would volunteer. Indeed, companies are already being organized, and in the state of suspense under which they labor much time is lost that ought to be devoted to preparation for crops. It would therefore seem that the only effective remedy would be the suspension of conscription as to persons within the ages of seventeen to eighteen and forty-five to fifty who are farmers. I suppose mechanics are already exempt, and there are a few, who are neither farmers nor mechanics, who ought not to escape under a general suspension.

“Such a course would not be without precedent even during the present war, the President by a general order having, soon after the extension of the conscript age from thirty-five to forty-five, suspended the enforcement of the law in several counties in North Georgia, including, I believe, Gilmer, Pickens, and Union, and, if I am not mistaken, upon the same grounds which I have endeavored to set forth here—the necessity of retaining the men at home as producers.

“Trusting that, in view of the public interest in the subject, you will pardon the liberty I have taken,

“I am, sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN B. BEALL.”

My letter to Colonel Preston was referred to the Conscript Board of the county, with instructions to report on the facts. That body reported, among other

things, that the picture presented was not overdrawn, but rather fell short of the facts as to the distress prevailing.

*A BATTALION OF CAVALRY, ANCIENTS
AND INFANTS, ORGANIZED FOR
LOCAL SERVICE.*

OFFICER CAPTURED BY FEDERAL RAIDERS ESCAPES.

DURING the spring and summer of 1864 there were organized four companies of cavalry in Carroll and one in Heard County. They were made up chiefly of boys under the conscript age, veterans who had been discharged from the army on account of wounds, and a few men who had passed the age of liability to military service. The officers of these companies met and agreed to unite in the formation of a battalion, of which they requested me to take command, and I consented.

Already there had been two Federal cavalry raids in the county, and I had narrowly escaped capture by one of them. My brother, Capt. N. N. Beall, of the Second Georgia, on his way home from the hospital at Newnan, had fallen into the hands of the other within a mile of the courthouse. That night I camped in Buck Creek Swamp, and the raiders camped on the lot now occupied by the courthouse. An officer called at my residence and made polite inquiries about me and Mr. J. C. C. Carlton, whose wife, a sister of Mrs. Beall, was domiciled with us. Mr. Carlton was, I believe, with our cavalry near Atlanta.

It was quite a compliment for a stranger from up North to manifest such an interest in us. He proposed to put the house and premises under the protection of a guard if the ladies desired it. But Mrs. Beall, being as much afraid of a guard as of any other men in blue, told him she couldn't think of putting him to so much trouble, but appreciated none the less the courtesy of the offer.

Learning that my brother was held a prisoner, Mrs. Beall went to the officer of the guard and asked that he be allowed to go with her to the house to rest and get dinner. Her request was readily granted with the condition of his taking with him two men in blue—doubtless to see that my brother, having just come out of the hospital, should not be overfed.

While there resting on a bed, his guards sitting in the hall, on each side of the entrance to the room, Captain Beall privately requested Mrs. Beall to take his coat, which he had carried folded up on his arm, and remove from it the insignia of his rank. This he desired thinking that as a private he would not be as closely guarded as if known as an officer. Next day, when the column had halted for rest a mile or two east of Villa Rica, the tired sergeant of the guard, not wanting to disturb his weary men in their brief siesta, allowed him, on a plea of necessity, to retire alone into the woods. To more perfectly lull any suspicion of an attempt to escape, he returned and lay down with the guard. In a little while, pleading necessity again, he preferred a second request for permission to retire. "Go ahead," said the sergeant. This time he went and did not return. Looking back,

he perceived that he was not watched, and walked on slowly until he could no longer see the Federals lying in the woods. Then he ran. "It seemed to me," he said in relating it afterwards, "that as I ran the noise of my feet could be heard a mile." After proceeding some distance he crawled into a dense patch of briars and lay there until after dark. When the night had somewhat advanced, he came out and proceeded through the woods to a point opposite Villa Rica, where, being uncertain of his position, he lay down and slept till morning. Next day, without meeting with any adventure, he made his way home.

It was thought that our battalion, though it could not defend the people from the larger cavalry raids, might by active vigilance, if properly directed, at least protect them from the depredations of bummers who hung upon the flanks and rear of the army.

My commission as major was duly received, and was shortly followed by the orders of the Governor :

STATE OF GEORGIA,

ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE,

MILLEDGEVILLE, August 23, 1864.

Maj. John B. Beall, Tallapoosa Rangers, Milledgeville.

MAJOR: Your battalion of rangers raised for the emergency to serve in Carroll, and on the other side of the Chattahoochee generally, with the approval of General Hood and the Governor, having been organized and commissioned, you will report to General Hood for orders and instructions as to the special service for which you have volunteered. You will receive and obey all instructions General Hood may give you, and you are to understand that, as adjuncts

IN BARRACK AND FIELD.

to his army and operations, you are to keep in communication with his headquarters constantly.

By order of the Governor.

HENRY C. WAYNE, *Adjutant and Inspector General*.

In pursuance of these instructions I reported to General Hood in Atlanta, and received the following orders:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE,
September 26, 1864.

Major Beall will procure arms and ammunition from such points as he may find convenient. In the absence of special instructions he will operate upon the communications of the enemy, harass and destroy his foraging parties, and do such other lawful service as circumstances may permit.

By command of General Hood.

F. A. SHOUP, *Chief of Staff*.

“Procure arms and ammunition at such points as he may find convenient.” There was the rub. I rode about five hundred miles looking for those “convenient points”—once to Maj. Gen. Howell Cobb’s headquarters, near Griffin, once to Macon, and at last, when General Hood started on his disastrous expedition to Tennessee, I followed from Palmetto and overtook him at Pray’s Mill Church, only to be told: “I haven’t enough arms for my own men.”

A few days afterwards an officer of the battalion, being on scout, found part of a wagon load of muskets which the conductor of Hood’s ordnance train had deposited in an old cabin and abandoned.

A RIDE UP PEACHTREE STREET.

WHILE awaiting arms for my little command I rode over to Atlanta to see my brother in the Second Georgia and learn how he and the boys were getting along in the trenches. I had a nephew, Capt. A. A. Beall, of Irwinton, Ga., in the same regiment, whom I wished to see also. As I rode along Peachtree Street the absence of the throngs of people usually passing on such a thoroughfare impressed me with a sense of isolation—a loneliness not unlike that which one feels in going through a dense forest. I had advanced but a few blocks when a shell from somewhere away beyond the ridge in my front passed me on its mission of destruction toward the heart of the city. It was followed by others on different lines, as if each were sent to find some new victim or some more valuable target. As I advanced up the street I came nearer on the level of the flight of these angry messengers, and it was with a decided sense of relief that, after passing the highest point, I turned down the decline toward the waters of Peachtree Creek.

Coming near the line of intrenchments, I observed a number of men resting under board shelters in a deep hollow. Approaching them, I was greeted by Capt. John M. Cobb, of the Fifty-Sixth Georgia. From him I learned the position of my brother's regiment, which I found not far off, in the intrenchment where its course led over a hill. Here my brother's comrades told me that he had been sent back to a field hospital below Atlanta. I was disposed to linger for a chat with the boys; but they warned me that, as

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I sat on my horse uncovered by the embankment, I was exposed to the fire of the enemy's skirmishers, who kept up an almost constant exchange of shots with ours. So I leisurely rode back to Captain Cobb's shelter. Having tied my horse to a convenient sapling, I joined the Captain and his comrades, and was having a nice chat with them when a sharp blow on the plank just over my head made me start and ask what it was. "O, that's only a spent ball from the Yankee skirmish line."

I was told that when these shelters were first put up they were placed on the other side of the hollow, facing toward the front, and that a man lying under one of the shelters one day had been severely wounded in the foot by a bullet from the skirmish line. The place was twenty-five or thirty feet lower than the intrenchment and about a hundred yards in rear of it. Until warned, I had not thought of any danger to my horse standing out there where I had tied him. I felt safe myself under the shelter; but as I could not afford to have my horse hurt, I took my leave, mounted, and rode back toward the city.

As I passed down Peachtree Street I saw a shell, which had passed as near me as I wanted it, enter the back of a chimney about two blocks down the street and a little to the left. I went on to Larkin Street and called on a friend of my schoolboy days. Here I was shown a bombproof in the yard, into which the family had been wont to retire in the first days of the siege. But they had become accustomed to the shells now, and the bombproof was used for storage. My friend showed me where a shell, de-

scending along the side of the house, had knocked splinters off the weatherboard and torn off part of the sill of the window by which she had been sitting. While we sat talking of the events of the siege, looking toward Peters Street, we saw a shell drop on the roof of a large two-story house, roll down, and fall first on the portico and then to the ground. A lady and gentleman were standing in the door. I was surprised to see the man run down the steps and pick up the dangerous missile. I was not surprised to see him drop it as if it burned his hands. Perhaps he knew it was not a fuse shell.

I had occasion to go to Atlanta several times while the siege was pending, but never found myself inclined to linger after the conclusion of my business.

CAVALRY FIGHT AT NEWMAN.

RETURNING from one of my visits to Atlanta, when near Palmetto I learned that a body of Federal cavalry had passed in the direction of Lafayette, pursued by Confederates. I galloped on toward Newnan, and soon came within sound of a battle. It was evidently in the direction in which I was riding. I pressed forward and arrived in the vicinity of the conflict about the time it ended in the overthrow and dispersion of the Federal raiders. That night I enjoyed, with many others, the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Ray, a couple distinguished by all those virtues that constitute the charm of social life. Their hearts and home were open to all who wore the gray.

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I had the satisfaction here of putting into practice such skill as I had acquired while serving as hospital steward in ante-bellum days, in redressing the wounded foot of a young brigadier general. It was not a very recent wound, and its condition was such that I could not but admire the nerve of one who, suffering as he must have suffered, had kept the saddle and led his command in the pursuit and in battle.

Subsequently Col. Jiles Boggess, of Ross's Brigade, Texas Cavalry, related to me an account of a singular incident of this fight. In the movements incident to the engagement a regiment of Federal cavalry was thrust in between the Texas regiment, fighting on foot, and its horses. Colonel Boggess, on becoming aware of the situation, called the attention of his men, and, having quietly informed them of the fact, added: "Now, boys, you've got to fight your way back to your horses or take it afoot. About face! Charge!" The way those Texans went through that line of Federal cavalry indicated a fondness for horseflesh that could have been acquired only by long and intimate association. The enemy's cavalry were not accustomed to meeting the charge of men on foot armed with revolvers, and were so astounded that nearly all their shots went wild, and very soon they were flying from the remounted Texans.

KILPATRICK'S RAID.

THE name of old Col. Jiles S. Boggess is associated with my earliest recollections. He came to my native town, I think, from Tennessee. He was pro-

prietor of the principal tavern in the village, and ran stages from Augusta, Ga., to Montgomery, Ala., and on other lines. He was sheriff of the county, and a terror to the horse thieves who then infested all the frontier of Georgia. Through his vigilance and skillful leadership of posses, the "Pony Club" was broken up and became a thing of the past. The impression of him which my memory holds is of an upright, energetic, public-spirited, strong man.

There was a junior Jiles. He it was that became captain of the first military organization I was connected with—a company of boys who, armed with wooden guns and swords, in paper caps, maneuvered in the old academy grove, fought over the battles of the Revolution, and charged imaginary red men hidden in the bushes. My lessons alternated between the a b c's of Noah Webster, at the knees of good old Mr. James, and the a b c's of McComb's infantry tactics, as taught orally by Captain Boggess. While I was yet a child, Colonel Boggess emigrated to Texas, where, as I have heard, he was, at fourscore, leading a company of rangers against the Comanches.

Our boy captain went with his father to the country of the Lone Star, which had already attracted to her vast plains such men as Sam Houston, Davie Crockett, Travis, and the deathless heroes of the Alamo.

It was quite natural, therefore, when I heard that Col. Jiles Boggess, the captain of my childhood days, commanded a regiment in Ross's Brigade, then encamped near Atlanta, that I went to see him. I found him a man of calm and thoughtful mien and robust frame, but rather smaller than his father as I remem-

bered him. While reclining in his tent and calling up from the dim past half-forgotten names and incidents, the Colonel received orders to get ready to move. "Boots and saddles" was sounded—it was about 10 P.M.—and in a few minutes the regiment was mounted and in line.

Kilpatrick had started on his raid around Atlanta. Heavy firing was heard toward the left for a while. It had subsided. The little force we had to obstruct Kilpatrick's advance having been swept out of his path, he was advancing by a road leading in the direction of Fairburn. Colonel Boggess received an order to move by a road leading out to the A. & W. P. Railroad. It was parallel to that along which the enemy was moving, and we could plainly hear the rumble of his artillery carriages. When we came to the railroad the Federals had reached it, and were already tearing up the track down there to the right.

Ross was not strong enough for attack. He could only watch, and, as the enemy's column proceeded in the direction of Jonesboro, throw his little force in his front and seize upon such points as were favorable for obstructing his advance. It will be remembered that Hood hurried a small force of infantry to Jonesboro and Lovejoy Station, and that the latter was successfully defended. The depot and other property at Jonesboro were destroyed. Our little force of cavalry took a position in the woods east of the village and endeavored to hold it against Kilpatrick's heavy columns. Their fire did not even check the enemy. They were practically ridden down.

It was here at Jonesboro on the day of this fight

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that I saw the most gruesome sights that came under my observation during the war. I talked with several Texans whose heads, shoulders, and arms had been hacked with sabers. They were of those who had been posted in the woods. One of them told me that when he found himself in the midst of the advancing squadrons he held up his hands in token of surrender, yet every Yankee that passed in reach of him would strike at him with a saber. I looked into a car the floor of which was covered with wounded Confederates. One poor fellow lay on his back holding in his hands his smaller intestines, already turning black. This is war.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

IN the years that have elapsed since the terrible days of which I write, many things of minor importance have faded from memory. I do not now recall whether I chanced to be within sound of the roar of battle on the 31st of August or whether the news of the deadly grapple of the mighty forces came to me by other means. On the evening of the 1st of September I found myself approaching the scene of the conflict in front of Jonesboro, by the Griffin road. I remember meeting General Martin, who kindly gave me information about the progress of the battle. General Hood had withdrawn Lee's Corps and gone back to Atlanta to cover the withdrawal of the division of militia and State troops which had been left there in the trenches. Hardee's Corps had thus been left to confront the entire Federal army.

Anxious about my brother and other kindred and friends, I pressed forward. Not far from the village I met a commissary train in charge of Capt. Thaddeus Beall, of Mississippi, my cousin. We had not met for years, and our meeting now was scarcely more than a hearty greeting, kind inquiries about our respective families, and good-by—to meet no more on the stage of action. Soon I began to see evidences of the battle. A train of freight cars in which wounded men were being placed stood on the track, with steam up, ready to move. Among the wounded I found another kinsman, Capt. John M. Cobb, of the Fifty-Sixth Georgia. He had received a shot in the leg that put an end to his military career, but happily his life was preserved for a future of honorable public service and exemplary citizenship. Some of the wounded complained bitterly of General Hood's having "left Hardee's Corps to fight the whole Yankee army."

Riding forward, I came to a little eminence near the southern extremity of the village upon the crest of which there was a slight breastwork of rails extending across the road. Beyond it a number of bodies in the uniform of the Federal cavalry were lying in and near the road. One stalwart fellow, of remarkable physique and handsome German features, lay with head almost upon the slight obstruction of rails. Possibly he was American-born—possibly a soldier of fortune, who had bet his life on the chances of gold and glory and had lost. It was pitiful that this splendid body, which, whatever the spirit that had animated it, seemed in its proportions designed to illustrate the triumphs of Nature's handi-

work, should have been sacrificed to the ambition of demagogues and the hypocrite folly of fanatics.

The enemy's batteries over to the left of the village, and beyond, seemed to be feeling for our position. At any rate, they were scattering shells like Farmer Gilly's man scattered his guano, "promiscoly over the field." Certainly, to one within range, their aim was uncomfortably promiscuous.

Advised not to ride through the village, I turned to the right, crossed the railroad, and within a short distance entered a country road leading north to a public road which, some miles to the east, intersects the Atlanta and McDonough road, by which Hood was expected to return. As I went forward I discovered in a field on my right a large number of headquarters wagons, company wagons, cooks preparing rations, hospital tents about which surgeons were at work dressing wounds, and wounded men resting in the shade, awaiting their turn. The place was protected from the enemy's shells by an intervening ridge.

Soon after reaching the public road leading eastward I was joined by an anxious father on the way to meet his son, who was serving on General Hood's escort. We were strangers to each other, but our meeting was mutually pleasing. We rode forward, beguiling the time in discussing passing events, until awhile after sunset, when we halted at a house on the road and bought some forage for our horses. Riding on about a mile, we left the road and, turning into a thicket of old-field pines several hundred yards to the left, bivouacked for the night.

About night the sounds of the conflict we had left

behind ceased. General French, in his "Two Wars," after a partial account of the fighting on the 31st, says that at night Lee's Corps was withdrawn; that late next evening Sherman hurled his forces against Hardee's attenuated line, and that they were repulsed at every point but one, and here our line was restored within one hundred and fifty yards of the broken point and held until night.

My fellow-traveler and I were in the saddle next morning by the time we could see our way back to the road. We had ridden but a short distance when we met Confederate scouts who informed us that they were on their way to ascertain the enemy's position. Our forces had fallen back during the night, and we had slept between the lines. Arriving at the McDonough road, we took the Atlanta end and rode on until we met the advance of Lee's Corps.

To ride along a road in which a column of infantry is moving in an opposite direction is both difficult and embarrassing. It is especially so when the infantrymen are in a sullen mood. The men of Lee's Corps were not in high good humor at having been forced to make a hard march of two days "just to escort the militia out of Atlanta." They were tired, a night march was before them, and they were feeling that it would be sweet to fall down by the road where they were and forget their weariness in sleep.

Passing through a dense growth of young saplings, as we proceeded, stooping low to avoid the branch of a tree as my horse stepped over a log, I looked into the face of a soldier close at my side, passing in the opposite direction. "Bless my soul! It's John

Saunders." He had been my comrade five years on the frontier, and it had been four years since I left him in the Indian Territory. Mutual recognition was instantaneous. As I saw a flash across the weariness which his face expressed, I felt my own pulse quicken. A week would scarce have sufficed to exhaust the subjects we would have discussed. But John was a soldier too well trained to lag when his weariness might prevent his coming up in due time with his place in the column, and I too old a soldier to encourage him to take here the rest he so much needed, while giving me a sketch of his experiences since we parted. A few minutes I detained him, then a warm handclasp, a hearty good-by, and I had looked my last upon a friend whom I knew to be honest and true as a man, and who as a soldier would shrink from no duty. Thus do our life paths cross.

I was glad, when we met General Hood, that my fellow-traveler found his son in excellent health. Farther on I met my brother, not in good health, but at the head of his company. I turned back with him, and on the night march that followed my horse made no complaint at carrying double. Turning aside, we found lodging at the home of one of my old comrades of the Nineteenth Georgia, who did everything possible for our comfort. Next morning I saw my brother, much refreshed by the rest, well on the way to rejoin his regiment, the division having halted in the vicinity of McDonough. Here I reluctantly bade him good-by and took my way homeward.

IN CAMP ONCE MORE.

AN order dated November 25, 1864, from Governor Brown, directed me to report with my battalion, dismounted, at West Point, Ga. I was further directed to assemble and attach to my command the several companies of organized militia of the county of Carroll. In pursuance of this order, the battalion was assembled at Moore's Bridge, on the Chattahoochee; but the militia failed to materialize, except two captains, William C. Awtrey and —— Gilley. Having as many officers as I wanted, and believing that these would be of more service at home in raising supplies than in the field without commands, I sent them home to await further orders. In the meantime I was ordered to report to Gen. William Phillips at Newnan. I reported December 4, and at last the battalion was armed.

In a few days we went forward to Macon, where we went into camp. The weather becoming very severe, I succeeded while here in persuading several old gentlemen, whose patriotic zeal had survived their power to endure the exposure and fatigue of the service, to accept discharges and return home. Among these, I remember Mr. Barnes, the father of Messrs. J. J. and W. H. Barnes, of Atlanta, and Mr. Colquitt, the father of Rev. George Colquitt, of Palmetto, Ga.

In a few days the battalion was ordered to proceed to Doctortown, on the Altamaha, to be attached to McCay's Brigade. At Albany the command received an accession of two companies. It was now entitled

to a lieutenant colonel, to which office I was elected without opposition, Captain Baker, another disabled soldier, taking the rank of major.

AN IRATE FARMER.

WE were detained at Albany a day or two waiting for wagons. We were breaking camp for the march to Thomasville when the last one of the requisite number reported. It came without forage for its team. The forage provided for the other teams, in consequence of dividing with this one, was exhausted, and at the last encampment on the route it became necessary to procure a supply. I had ridden forward to Thomasville to make arrangements for transportation to Doctortown. The command passed a tithe agency that day. The reason given by Captain Cheeves, our quartermaster, for not getting forage at the agency was that the agent was not authorized to issue it to State troops. Had he taken the necessary supply and given his receipt, there would have been no trouble about it. Instead of doing so he passed on, and when the command had gone into camp for the night applied to a farmer for enough forage to feed the teams. The farmer refused to let him have it, and Captain Cheeves proceeded to impress it.

Next day, some time after the battalion had arrived at Thomasville and gone into camp, I received information that the man who had so unwillingly supplied our team with forage was in town and

would probably arrive presently at our camp with the sheriff, bearing an invitation to Captain Cheeves to appear before His Honor, the Judge of the Superior Court, to answer a charge of trespass. I instructed the officer of the guard to put a cordon of sentinels around the camp with orders to admit no one without an order from me; and having advised Captain Cheeves to remain inside his tent, I went away. It was to be "Not at home" to all comers.

As reported to me afterwards, the sheriff came with the farmer and, finding the camp shut against him, inquired for "the Colonel." No one could tell him where that officer was, for no one really knew. When the angry citizen found that the sheriff could not get his man, he began to pour out a very picturesque vocabulary, applying it to the whole command. The boys, safe inside the lines, replied in kind. This made him still angrier, and he called us names, to which the boys responded with jeers, until Mr. Sheriff, who had not been fully able to hide his amusement, led him away from the unequal contest. The man who would engage in slinging epithets with soldiers needs to have had much training in the school of badgering. That night I sent Captain Cheeves on to Doctortown. I spent the greater part of the next day in efforts, with the help of the Judge of the Superior Court and perhaps a dozen other good citizens, to effect a compromise with the offended citizen. He was, after much persuasion, prevailed upon to take an accepted order on the local tithe agent for a quantity of forage equal in value to the produce taken from his place and the cost of hauling it back to his barn. I was the more

disposed to make every reasonable effort to satisfy him because I knew that many people in different parts of the State had suffered from the exactions of irresponsible officers and pretended officers, much to the discredit of the army, on the plea of the necessity of the public service. Almost every emergency as to supplies could have been met, by officers who understood their duty and respected private rights, by the regular methods provided by Confederate and State laws and regulations.

While at Thomasville I enjoyed the hospitality of my kinsman, Mr. Charles Beall, who insisted that I should make his house my home.

As soon as cars could be provided the battalion moved to Doctortown. Here, attached to General McCay's Brigade, we spent the winter, with no other duty than that of watching the Altamaha Bridge. I employed the time in drilling, and I believe the battalion was brought to a state of discipline fitting it for any service.

Early in the year 1865 we were furloughed indefinitely. One incident of our homeward journey may be recalled with pleasure by some of the younger members of the Tallapoosa Rangers. Traveling in freight cars without seats, between Macon and Columbus one day when even the efforts made to pass the time agreeably had become irksome, I wrote on a scrap of paper several verses, the sentiment of which was common to all of us, springing, as it did, from thoughts of home. I handed the paper to one of the boys, who, perceiving that the measure was that of a once popular song, began to sing the lines. The boys

grouped about him, looking over his shoulder, joined in, and one voice after another was added until the song rang out above the noise of the train. I kept no copy of the verses, and can only recall the following:

In my cabin home in Carroll
I've a treasure rich and rare,
For my bonnie Mary Jennie
Is waiting for me there.

Beyond the Chattahoochee over the mountain,
Where my bonnie lassie's waiting, there's rest for me.
There's rest for the soldier, there's rest for the soldier;
There is rest for the soldier, there is rest for me.

Pain and sickness may distress us,
Poverty our lot may share;
But, with hands and hearts together,
We'll still be happy there.

Beyond the Chattahoochee over the mountain,
Where my bonnie lassie's waiting, there's rest for me.
There's rest for the soldier, there's rest for the soldier;
There is rest for the soldier, there is rest for me.

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