



Class E601

Book B974

Copyright N^o copy 2

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

My Story of the Civil War and the Under-ground Railroad

By M. B. Butler.

First Lieutenant Co. A 44th Ind.



Price \$1.50

Published By
The United Brethren Publishing Establishment
E. C. Mason, Agent
Huntington, Indiana
1914.

E661
B974

Copy 2

Copyrighted by Benjamin M. Butler, 1914
Salem Center, Indiana.



AUG 27 1914

©CLA380263

u
n

ILLUSTRATIONS

| | |
|--|---------|
| Portrait of M. B. Butler. Late 1st Lieut. Co. "A" 44 Reg. | |
| M. B. Butler, 1st Orderly of Co. "A"..... | page 33 |
| May, standing in the door..... | " 52 |
| "O May don't cry so"..... | " 136 |
| Jack, the Slave Boy..... | " 205 |
| Lew's escape from the "Battle Ax"..... | " 230 |
| Florence entreats Mrs. Layman "to save her". | " 240 |
| Prentiss comes..... | " 304 |

CONTENTS

| | | |
|--|--------------|-----|
| Introduction..... | Page | 2 |
| Dedication..... | “ | 4 |
| | Chapter I | |
| My Story of the Civil War and the Underground Railroad. | | 6 |
| | Chapter II | |
| Going to Camp..... | | 12 |
| | Chapter III | |
| May..... | | 20 |
| | Chapter IV | |
| In Camp..... | | 27 |
| | Chapter V | |
| In Camp.... | | 34 |
| | Chapter VI | |
| Home on Furlough..... | | 44 |
| | Chapter VII | |
| Leaving for the Front..... | | 53 |
| | Chapter VIII | |
| Henderson, Kentucky..... | | 59 |
| | Chapter IX | |
| Green River and Calhoun..... | | 67 |
| | Chapter X | |
| Green River and South Carleton..... | | 71 |
| | Chapter XI | |
| South Carleton and Calhoun..... | | 77 |
| | Chapter XII | |
| From Calhoun to Fort Henry..... | | 84 |
| | Chapter XIII | |
| From Fort Henry to Fort Donelson..... | | 92 |
| | Chapter XIV | |
| The Roar and Smoke of Battle..... | | 99 |
| | Chapter XV | |
| The Battle of Donelson..... | | 103 |

| | | |
|--------------------------------------|----------------|-----|
| | Chapter XVI | |
| After the Battle..... | | 109 |
| | Chapter XVII | |
| The Victory..... | | 117 |
| | Chapter XVIII | |
| Home on Sick Furlough..... | | 126 |
| | Chapter XIX | |
| At Home..... | | 133 |
| | Chapter XX | |
| Convalescing..... | | 140 |
| | Chapter XXI | |
| Recovery and Return to Duty..... | | 145 |
| | Chapter XXII | |
| Guerrillas..... | | 150 |
| | Chapter XXIII | |
| With Company "A"..... | | 157 |
| | Chapter XXIV | |
| The Buell Campaign..... | | 163 |
| | Chapter XXV | |
| The Buell Campaign..... | | 169 |
| | Chapter XXVI | |
| The Buell Campaign..... | | 174 |
| | Chapter XXVII | |
| The Underground Railroad..... | | 179 |
| | Chapter XXVIII | |
| Curtis, The White Slave Boy..... | | 184 |
| | Chapter XXIX | |
| Jack, the Slave Boy..... | | 204 |
| | Chapter XXX | |
| The Buell Campaign..... | | 214 |
| | Chapter XXXI | |
| Perryville Battle..... | | 220 |
| | Chapter XXXII | |
| The Buell Campaign..... | | 228 |
| | Chapter XXXIII | |
| Florence..... | | 234 |
| | Chapter XXXIV | |
| The Close of the Buell Campaign..... | | 250 |

| | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------|-----|
| | Chapter XXXV | |
| The Stone River Campaign..... | | 257 |
| | Chapter XXXVI | |
| The Stone River Battle—First Day..... | | 263 |
| | Chapter XXXVII | |
| The Battle—Second Day..... | | 270 |
| | Chapter XXXVIII | |
| Stone River—Third and Last Day..... | | 274 |
| | Chapter XXXIX | |
| After the Battle..... | | 279 |
| | Chapter XL | |
| The Spence Hospital..... | | 285 |
| | Chapter XLI | |
| The Hospital—“George”..... | | 294 |
| | Chapter XLII | |
| The Hospital..... | | 300 |
| | Chapter XLIII | |
| Aunt Rose..... | | 309 |
| | Chapter XLIV | |
| The Hospital—Farewell..... | | 318 |
| | Chapter XLV | |
| Starting for Home..... | | 326 |
| | Chapter XLVI | |
| The Galt House..... | | 331 |
| | Chapter XLVII | |
| Home..... | | 334 |
| | Chapter XLVIII | |
| The Reunion..... | | 317 |
| | Chapter XLIX | |
| Anna the Slave Girl..... | | 352 |
| | Chapter L | |
| Memorial Address at Ontario..... | | 377 |
| | Chapter LI | |
| In Memoriam..... | | 389 |

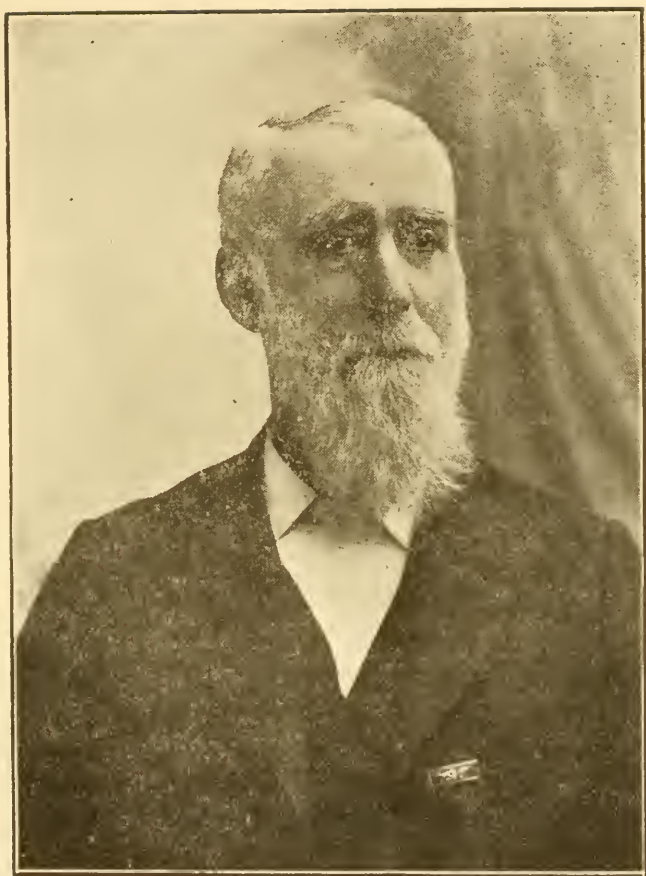
A TRIBUTE TO THE AUTHOR

How strange and mysterious are the providences of Our Heavenly Father. That the author of this volume, at the close of the preparation of the manuscript for his book which he so much desired to see printed and bound, should be called to leave the unfinished work, is one of the intricate problems of life and death, which we are unable to solve. How similar however as compared with the great mystery surrounding the closing scenes of the life of Moses, who after carrying the great responsibilities of leadership, and enduring the hardships and heartaches incident to the exodus and journeys, of the children of Israel, was not permitted with them to enter the promised land, but was taken onto Mount Pisga and with superilluminated vision permitted to behold the land flowing with milk and honey. And while all following generations have been left to wonder why he was not permitted to realize the desire of his heart, it has taught them the great lesson of submission to Him who knows and does best. After all how fitting that the obituary of the author should be the closing chapter of his book. After passing through the dangers of childhood, and in the hours of manhood witnessing and enduring suffering while in the service of his country which cannot be described, and still surviving to reach and pass the eightieth mile stone of life and in this volume give to his life long acquaintances and friends the opportunity of learning with him many of the experiences of a soldier in the ranks, and give them an insight into the lives and sufferings of the poor slaves in their cruel bondage or flight for liberty, we are certain that the reader will say how fitting that the Master drew the curtain and closed the earthly scenes of this useful life at the proper time, as he did that of Moses. Shall we not all take courage and thank God who gave His son to die for us, that Jesus Christ has said "Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy

laden and I will give you rest," that to the Christian toiler there is rest after labor, and to the Christian soldier there is victory after conflict. That the readers of this volume may live so as to meet the Great Captain of our salvation, in peace, and enjoy his favor forever is the prayer of the Publisher,

E. C. MASON.

Huntington, Ind., July 16th, 1914.



M. B. BUTLER
Late 1st Lieut. Co. "A" 44 Reg.

INTRODUCTION.

So many books have been written on the war of the Rebellion, that at first thought, another on the same subject might seem unnecessary and of no interest. Yet what is there of the unwritten history of the two and three-quarter millions of brave men who gave up all for their country and for our country? What is there of their dark and anxious hours, their secret meditations, their silent tears at the midnight watch, and their anxious hearts aching for victory, country and home? Perhaps that explains why we find a fascination in each new tale of experiences, in the dull monotony of drill and camp routine, of the wear and tear of exhausting marches through heat, blinding dust, rain and sleet, and through hail and drifting snow, of the dash and dangers of skirmish and picket-line and of the roar, shock and smoke of battle.

We feel that this volume should possess a new interest from the fact that it is written from the ranks, of things one could feel as well as see—and not by higher officers on horse, well fed and comfortably bedded, or by war correspondents looking through a glass, neither of whom could sympathetically appreciate a tithe of the trials and hardships of a private soldier's life.

For more than three years preceding the war, I acquired the habit of keeping a diary, and from the day I enlisted, gave it special care and attention. On reaching home the last time it was laid by and hardly referred to until one year ago when I began to copy and re-write, as I then supposed, for my grand-children. But in doing this it grew into a larger and more interesting volume than I had anticipated. Since its completion I have been urged by so many to offer it to the public, that I have finally concluded to do so.

I cannot very well eliminate my little love story or the little girl, from this volume. It would spoil it for

every old soldier. She must have a place in my book, as she later became the best part of my life, until death separated us.

I sincerely regret that I could not bring in every member of Co. "A" to whom I owe a debt of gratitude for their many acts of kindness that will never be forgotten and can never be paid in this world. But to do this would fill many volumes, so I have confined myself only to those incidents which came under my personal observation.

DEDICATION.

To the Boys of Company "A" of the 44th Indiana, the living and the dead, this book is lovingly dedicated.

Captain—C. F. Kinney.

First Lieutenant—E. O. Rose,

Second Lieutenant—Birge Smith,

Orderly—M. B. Butler.

COMPANY "A" ROLL CALL.

| | |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| Arnold, Nicholas | Field, Henry |
| Aumend, James | Fegley, John |
| Benedict, John W. | Grant, Marion |
| Barr, Chas. H. | Grant, Harrison |
| Bennett, Wm. | Griffith, Lewis |
| Brooks, Samuel | Green, Marcina |
| Butler, Thos. | Gilbert, John |
| Bates, Caleb J. | Goodrich, David O. |
| Belcher, Ziba | Hall, Leander |
| Burch, Joseph W. | Hyatt, Thos. C. |
| Bigler, James | Humelbaugh, Wm. |
| Burgett, John | Hurlbert, Chas. F. |
| Brooks, Francis | Heller, Emanuel |
| Beard, Henry W. | Hutchins, John R. |
| Clink, Chas. | Heller, Daniel |
| Culp, Miles T. | Hall, John |
| Carlin, Wm. C. | Imhoof, John |
| Carlin, John | Jackman, Joseph |
| Crow, John T. | Kinner, John W. |
| Cleveland, Spencer J. | Lewis, Newell P. |
| Cox, Solomon M. | Lords, Joseph F. |
| Dotts, Jesse | Lords, Henry O. |
| Dotts, Wm. | Lutz, John |
| Dotts, Jacob | Merriman, James H. |
| Eckhart, John | Milves, Joseph |
| Ewing, James B. | Moffett, Thos. R. |
| Ewing, Albert H. | McMinn, Wm. |
| Ewers, Adolphus | Miller, Chas. |

| | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Munday, Jasper | Strong, George W. |
| Oberst, Christopher | Sowers, Nelson A. |
| Parrott, John M. | Scovill, Onius D. |
| Powers, Stephen A. | Scoville, Hanibal |
| Ryan, John Sr. | Swain, Richard |
| Ryan, John Jr. | Sines, Simon M. |
| Ryan, Stephen | Twichell, George W. |
| Ryan, Michael | Tiffany, Davis J. |
| Ryan, James | Tinsley, Samuel |
| Rosser, Wm. | Throop, Orange |
| Robins, Benson K. | Thompson, John |
| Raison, Robert | Twichell, Henry |
| Stealy, John | Ulam, John |
| Stealy, Christopher | VanAuken, James |
| Sage, Alonzo B. | VanCleve, George |
| Swambaw, Frederick | Wright, Wm. W. |
| Snyder, Seymour P. | West, Henry |
| Sailor, Allen M. | West, Joshua |
| Sowle, David | Wilks, Robert |
| Showalter, Joshua | Yenner, Wm. |
| Scoles, Wm. | |

“MY STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR AND THE UNDER GROUND RAILROAD.

Chapter I.

Ours was a very silent breakfast on the 5th of September, 1861. At the table on my right was Prentiss, my only brother, older than I by three years; next to him sat his young wife, and at the head of the table, opposite me, our mother, looking pale and worn. She had passed a sleepless night for Prentiss had told her, on our return from the village, late the evening before, that I had enlisted for three years and must leave that morning.

She only pretended to eat, realizing that was my last breakfast under the old roof, for a long time and perhaps the very last. Once or twice, she tried to speak but her voice failed her and as I felt the tears coming into my own eyes, I arose from the table and passed into the next room. Mother immediately followed and after one or two painful efforts, said in broken tones, “Prentiss tells me you have enlisted.” I could not speak, could only answer by a half conscious nod.

Her head was resting on her hand while her tears were falling rapidly. As soon as I could speak I said, “O, mother, mother don’t, do not grieve so. I did not know, I did not realize that you would suffer so. In my zeal to serve and save our country I had forgotten my duty to you. Forgive me, mother. I should have told you many weeks ago of my intentions.” I could say no more, my heart was too full.

“I have expected it for a long time,” she said, “and have been looking forward with dread to this hour. O, Marion, how can I? How can I give you up, and still I know I must. If my own blood and my own life would satisfy our country’s needs, how willingly would I make the sacrifice.”

"Have you thought how much it means to you? Have you carefully counted the cost, the dangers, the privations, the hardships and sufferings, you must endure? The giving up of home and friends and all the possibilities of the future for perhaps an unknown grave. There may be months of suffering from burning fever and painful wounds, or in the prison pen, where only God can reach to pity, to save and comfort you. Have you the moral courage to endure all this for your country?"

I was walking the floor, dashing the tears from my eyes, and could only say, "O, mother." But her words flowed on like a torrent and she continued, "Marion, can you stand erect and face the storm and shock of battle? Can you obey orders, when it means to charge the enemies' lines and works against storms of balls, shells, grape, and canister?"

"I speak of these things at greater length that you may be prepared to do your duty without a murmur or complaint." "But, O, Marion, my dear son, it's not on account of all this I fear for you." She hesitated, the tears started from her eyes and her voice gave way.

"What is it mother? Speak on. Tell me all. Tell me the worst you fear and dread that I may be stronger and on my guard."

"O the vices, the profanity, the gambling. I would rather a thousand times you'd fall in battle in the line of duty, than to have you return home a victim of vice and vicious habits, a drunkard and a gambler. O my son, that would kill me, it would kill me."

I sprang to her side, knelt at her feet, put my arms gently around her neck as her head was bowed down on her hands, kissed her, and then controlled my voice to speak. "Don't mother, don't grieve so. I can't stand it. I would rather fight all the Rebels in every battle

in this Civil War and endure all that you have pictured out before me than see you suffer so."

"Forgive me," she said, as she raised her face to mine. "I will try to be brave and bear it, as you must be brave and bear so much."

With the tears running down my face I said, "Mother, I now promise you, not in my strength, but by the help of Him whom you so early taught me to love, obey and reverence, that no act of mine shall ever cause you to blush with shame. You have been a good, kind and faithful mother, and since father died you have had a double care. To part with you now with the uncertainty of ever returning, is the greatest trial and hardest battle I shall have to fight. It is not from a sudden impulse that I go. Ever since the first gun was fired on Fort Sumpter and more especially since the humiliating defeat of our army at Bull Run, I have felt that I must go, and only for your sake have deferred so long. I am young, healthy, stout and unmarried. Why should I not go? Your father and father's father were both through the Revolution. They did all they could to give us a good government. Why should I not help to defend it and save it? Mother, I am proud of the patriotic blood that coursed through your veins and father's, which was so generously transmitted to us. And now I submit to you,—if you were in my place unmarried as I am, young and healthy, could you stay at home? Wouldn't you go?"

I was walking the floor. Slowly and tremblingly she arose to her feet and throwing her arms around my neck said, "Yes, my son, you may go. I know and feel that I can trust you."

"Then, mother, with your permission and blessing I will go cheerfully."

As the conveyance drove up to the door she took both my hands in hers and said as she looked me in the

face, "Yes my son, go and may God bless and keep you; and do not forget that morning, noon and night your mother is praying for you."

I kissed her tenderly and sprang into the wagon with my brother, my cousin, Stephens Wright, who had enlisted with me the night before, and Lewis, a near neighbor's son who had not yet enlisted. With a long hilly road before us we could not reach town before noon. Prentiss, Stephens, Lewis, and Wright kept up quite a brisk conversation mostly concerning the war and its probable results. Prentiss made the statement, "I firmly believe that we shall save the Union in the end but the conflict will be long and severe, and I pray God that in this great struggle for supremacy, slavery may be destroyed."

I listened to their conversation for an hour or so as we moved slowly along over the rough stony road, but could take no part. My feelings had been too deeply stirred during the morning and my heart was too sore. Mother's last words were continually ringing in my ears, while I was thus thinking to myself, "If I should become so low, debauched and degraded as some men I had seen, I would richly deserve the bitterest contempt of every vile cur in the land, for I could have no excuse." As I was thus musing, we reached the hotel barn at a quarter to eleven, giving us an hour to look around before dinner.

We soon met Captain Crosswait, a veteran of the Mexican War, with whom I had a slight acquaintance. He greeted me with a hearty hand-shake, I then presented to him my young friend who had just left the Academy to enlist in our Company. The Captain gave him a cordial welcome, and invited us to his office where young Lewis put down his name on the roll.

We all went to the hotel for our dinner, as it was not quite ready I stepped up to the desk, took the Bible

that mother gave me, from my pocket and with pen and ink wrote on the fly leaf her parting words, and signed my name in full.

An hour after dinner the parting from my brother and cousin at the barn was a severe trial. The mist gathered in my eyes and my voice trembled, while giving them the messages to deliver to my friends. My brother seeing that I was liable to break down, took me by the arm and led me away a few steps out of hearing.

"Is there anything you wish to say to me in confidence before we part, or to speak more plainly, have you formed any attachment that you would wish me to know?"

"Thank you Prentiss for your kindness and interest. Yes, a word to you would relieve my mind. You remember May? You have seen her often. She is as good as she is beautiful. She is very young, not yet seventeen and will attend the Academy next term. She is a warm friend of mine. I claim nothing more. Be kind to her, Prentiss. She has no mother and all her surroundings are not congenial. I shall write her as soon as I reach camp."

"Well," said Prentiss, "I have not been indifferent to your partiality to May. She is a noble girl and more of a woman at less than seventeen than many women at forty. I notice, too, that she is very shy and cautious and possesses much more tact and real true beauty, grace and dignity than one girl in a hundred."

"I thank you, Prentiss. You must have looked at her through my eyes. I fear several others may have the same opinion."

"Don't worry, Marion. I'm a close observer and can assure you, the regard is by no means all on your side."

"Well, Prentiss, if I live to get home and she lives, I'll."—I did not finish the sentence. We had reached the barn.

"Now, boys, good-bye. We have played together from childhood and we three have always been brothers and never have been separated before. This leaving home for what I knew I must meet in the future,—tearing one's self away from so many kind friends with such warm hearts, requires more nerve than to stand up before a battery of Rebel guns. Good-bye boys, drive on. I can't stand it any longer." They soon were out of my sight.

GOING TO CAMP. .

Chapter II.

After the boys left us Lewis and I felt quite alone and wandered around town dropping into the groceries, shops and stores and in nearly every one we found a few volunteers who seemed to be inclined to knot together in twos and threes. All very reticent. There was no hilarity, no boistrous conversation. In fact I was much surprised at the quiet character of each little group and then I said to myself, "Perhaps the boys may feel much as I do: maybe they are thinking of the pleasant homes they have left, of the many warm friends they may never meet again, of the future possibilities, long cherished, but now annihilated, of father's last farewell, mother's last message and embrace and sisters' tears and sobs, as the doors closed." O, there was enough to think about, and I, myself, thought how I wanted to be all alone where I could commune with myself and my God, where I might, unobserved, indulge in a few tears, just to ease that little ache in my heart. I loved my home and friends as my life, and to part from them thus, was a hard and cruel necessity. Duty and love of country, were the only incentive. The adventure and thirteen dollars per month promised, could not be considered, as against the sacrifice.

We spent an hour or so witnessing a drill on the east side of the public square by the Captain and an ex-Mexican soldier, and then a long time watching the farmers pour into town from all directions until the sun dropped behind the hills. At eight P. M. our recruits numbered about forty. At nine we went to the hotel where the boys were gathered and were then fixing their blankets on the floors for their first bivouac. Thus ended my first day as a soldier, the longest and most exciting I ever witnessed.

Going out after breakfast we found the town filling up with teams and people from the country. Twenty more recruits came in early, making in all, about sixty. Some ten good teams and wagons lined up along the Main street, one being loaded with provisions.

The public square and main streets were full of people, who were there to bid their sons, husbands and friends farewell. For thirty or forty minutes the scene was truly heart rending, exceeding anything I ever witnessed. Parents parting with their boys, young wives with their husbands, sisters giving the parting kiss, in tears, and somebody's sister parting with somebody's brother and if his arm did steal gently around her neck or waist no one made remarks. All were sad and every heart was full of sorrow.

More pathetic than all, was a mother of fine and cultured appearance, parting with her son, the last and youngest of three. Her husband and two eldest had enlisted in the same company and regiment. The father was killed in his first battle, one son escaped and the other was captured. And now, God pity her, she was giving her youngest, and all she had, to her country. Who on earth could give more?

Only a few steps from her, was a young wife, parting from her husband, a fine manly fellow about twenty-three or four years of age. Close by were two lovely girls parting with their betrothed. I think I never saw more anguish, real deep heartbreaking agony than was manifested by these two girls. Their sobs at parting melted my heart and a flood of tears paid tribute to their sorrow. "O, I can't stand it any longer," I thought to myself, turned around, walked to the wagons, climbed into the one designated, and took my seat by the side of Lewis.

My heart and head were full and while I was thinking over what I had witnessed the last thirty minutes,

one of the boys called my name and asked, "Where are you at and where are you going?" Before I could gather my senses sufficiently to answer, the teams started and we bade farewell to Angola.

In looking around I found our load consisted of eight, including the driver, two strangers in the back seat, Al and Jim in the next, Lewis and I in the third from the rear and "Jap" on the high seat with the driver. Al and Jim were brothers, both fresh from school. Both seemed cultured and refined in their appearance and when I learned their names I knew I had seen their father often. He was quite well known over the county as an ardent union man, and radically opposed to slavery and the saloon. Of course, he had some enemies. When our train reached the crossing east of the little village of Pleasant Lake, we found a large gathering of men, women and children, who were there to greet us, and another load of provision which dropped into line and moved along with us.

Al, Jim, Lewis and I formed a group by ourselves and soon were engaged in discussing the war and its different phases.

Lewis asked the questions, "Do you think, boys, that the agitation of slavery by the north, brought on the war, or in other words, are the Abolition Agitators responsible?"

"Not in the least," said Al. "The agitation of the slavery question has mostly been induced by the south asking and demanding more and more, each session of Congress. The interest of the two systems, free and slave labor, are directly opposite. You remember Lincoln's words, 'A house divided cannot stand. A government cannot exist half slave and half free.'"

"No," said Jim, "the war was inevitable, it had to come. Southern supremacy and the arrogant rule of the slave power could not be suffered by the Almighty any

longer. The hypocrisy of this nation in claiming to be a free government, while holding four million souls in chains, was an insult to heaven and a menace to our Christian civilization."

"Is it not a fact," said Lewis, "that the southern states could not longer compete with the push, energy and intelligence of the free states, and when they lost Kansas and Nebraska, slavery was doomed, unless they can win in this contest, and succeed in founding a slave holder's empire?"

A voice from the back seat, "Don't you believe, boys, the nigger is the cause of the war?"

"Whew," said Jim, "Did the negroes fire on Fort Sumpter on the 12th of last April? Did the slaves call conventions and pass ordinances of secession? Did they loot our national treasury, plunder our arsenals and attempt to assassinate President Lincoln on his way to Washington?"

"Well," responded the voice, "A good many Abolitionists went down south and stole their niggers and ran them to Canada."

"Is it not a fact," said Jim, "that since the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, more free negroes have been stolen and sold into slavery than have actually been stolen and made free? My dear Sir, please read an article entitled the 'Era of Slave-Hunting,' by Horace Greely, in which he shows plainly that there were very many men both north and south who made it their special business to capture free negro citizens, men, women and children, and rush them into slavery?"

"The Kentucky Yeoman, a Democratic pro-slavery organ, said not more than two years ago, that 'the work of arresting fugitives had become a regular business along the border line between the slave and free states and many of those engaged in this business were not at all particular as to the previous condition of those arrested.

"Well," said the voice, "I'm not going to fight for the nigger. Father says, and he swears by Jefferson, that when this gets to be a nigger war, I had better come home. He thinks the north ought to, and will, rise up and stop it."

Lewis, quite indignant at this remark said, "You, sir, ought not to have enlisted in the Union Army; your place is farther south. You'll get this kind of stuff shot out of you in less than three months."

"This is a war," said Al, "to save the Union and to save those who are trying to destroy it. Not waged by the government for conquest, is not a war to liberate the slaves, but those of us who live through it, will find that it may be absolutely necessary to abolish slavery in order to save our government."

"Well," said Jim, "I have not a single doubt as to the final result. I have faith in God and that notwithstanding our unrighteousness He will have mercy and save us, not with, but from our great national sin. He will not side with the oppressor." We heard no more from our friend in the back seat. He and his partner had found a pack of cards and were entertaining themselves, occasionally using large adjectives to give emphasis.

We were now well along in the next county with hard clay level roads and moved forward rapidly. The day was pleasant, the sun not too warm to be uncomfortable and the boys generally enjoying themselves; some singing John Brown, the Star Spangled Banner and Red White and Blue, while others were talking and laughing at some ones' funny story. On reaching Waterloo our train halted on the main street for a few minutes, while a large crowd of men, women and children greeted us with warm hearted cheers.

Only a short stop here and our wagons moved on to Auburn, the county seat, where our teams were cared

for and we were most cordially received by the patriotic citizens, who escorted us to seats under a large bowery. The chairman called the meeting to order, made a few remarks and then introduced Rev. Ward, a fine appearing man with dark brown hair, full medium height and size, fascinating eyes and good, clear, soft voice that not only charmed but held his audience spell bound for thirty minutes. I had heard many welcome addresses, but few that excelled this. It came from the heart and reached the heart of all those who heard it.

He paid a very high tribute to Abraham Lincoln and his type of patriotism as compared with the infamous treasonable sectionalism of John C. Calhoun and his successors. He explained the cause of the war as he believed every soldier should understand, why he was called upon to defend his country. He spoke of the so-called right to secede and claimed that no such right ever did or can exist.

"Is one state greater than all the other states? Is a part of a government greater than the whole?" he asked. "If one or more states can lawfully secede, then counties may secede from states and townships from counties and our government will be bound only by a rope of sand."

In closing, he turned to the boys and addressed them in melting tones of love that warmed their hearts and brought tears from their eyes.

I wish I could reproduce the last half of the address and photograph the faces that responded to the sentiments expressed.

As soon as he closed the boys crowded around and shook him by the hand showing their appreciation of his remarks.

We were then conducted to two large tables, loaded with everything good and substantial, and all being hungry, ate heartily and were filled. After rising, the

Captain proposed three cheers for the loyal ladies of the village, which was responded to with a will and three more rousing cheers for the citizens.

As we climbed into the wagon, Jim said he didn't know which was better, the dinner or the address.

Lewis thought he could have lived through to camp without the address, but would have collapsed without the dinner.

"The spirits of the boys seemed to be softened down by the address and dinner," said Al, after an hour on the road. "Their minds have turned into a purer channel." And so it was. We heard very little profanity, and no cards, so far as we could see, had yet been introduced. The conversation became general, and the kindest feeling prevailed.

We were all very ignorant of military organization and tactics. We knew nothing of platoons, squads, companies, regiments, battallions, brigades etc. We knew as little of the duties of company officers, especially Lieutenants and Non-commissioned officers.

Many questions were asked, but few were answered, for all alike were ignorant. Tif thought he would rather be a Sergeant than anything else.

Jim asked, "What is a Sergeant's duties?"

"Well," said Tif, "their duty is to assist the surgeons during battle in caring for the wounded."

"How many sergeants in a company?" asked Lewis. Some one answered "nine."

"How many companies in a regiment?" was asked.

Another answered "ten."

"Thunder," said Jim, "If it takes ninety sergeants to hold the wounded while two surgeons chop off their legs and arms during a battle, we must look a little out to provide wooden pegs to walk home on."

And this let us down where we indulged in a hearty laugh. This was really the first hearty laugh I had in-

dulged in since leaving home, which seemed many days ago.

From this on the conversation was lively and cheerful, all taking a part which shortened up the distance fully one-half.

"Here is Spy Run," I said, "which has borne that name since August 20th, 1794.. Near here, on this creek below, the Indians were severely chastised by Gen. Wayne on that date. I have made this crossing several times and am glad to say that we are near our journey's end."

And quite soon after passing over a ridge, the city was plainly visible, then the wide open common on the north, the river and bridge—a turn to the left—a turn to the right—then across the old canal, then one turn to the right again and we stopped our procession in front of an old warehouse where we all got out, glad to be on the ground and straighten out our limbs. Rough board tables were soon provided, running the whole length of the building, on which our cooked provisions, brought with us, were soon loaded. We made coffee enough for seventy hungry men and when this was ready we helped ourselves to anything we liked, roast chicken, boiled beef, biscuit and butter, pie, cake and all kinds of sauce and jellies. It was a real picnic supper. We reached our quarters about sundown and when supper was over and our things packed away it was time to arrange our beds for the night. So much had been crowded into the last two days, that they seemed the longest I ever had experienced. I find that days are frequently measured by events as well as hours and minutes.

MAY.

Chapter III.

To treat the subject of this chapter fairly, we must go back a few winters when the school master boarded around and taught from forty to sixty scholars for sixteen or eighteen dollars per month.

My school that winter was six miles from home, if I went direct, but if I went by the way of May Gordon's home, it was seven.

The Gordons, quite early, located some two miles from us, which made them quite near neighbors. There were three little girls in the family, Marg, May and Floss. In three or four years from their arrival the mother's health failed and after a long illness, she passed away.

As soon as I thought it would be proper I called on the little girls for a play and visit, as had been my habit for a long time, having always received a warm welcome from the mother and children.

I found them, on this occasion, clustered together in the little play house I had helped them build, all feeling very sad. May was sobbing while the others were trying to comfort her.

I picked her up in my arms as I had done a hundred times before and carried her out to see the birds and gather some wild flowers, but every minute or two she would sob and the tears start from her eyes.

"Don't grieve so, my little girl, will you tell me your trouble?"

"My mother said, before she went away, that she'd come for me some day, if I'd be a good girl. I've tried so hard to be good and she hasn't come yet and I am so lonesome and tired waiting."

"But May, would you go away and leave me? Do you know that I would grieve for you just as you are

now grieving for your mother, and feel just so very, very lonesome? I couldn't live if you'd go away."

"Why Marion, do you love me so much?"

"Yes, May, better than all the little girls and boys in this great big world of ours."

"O, I am so glad of that; now I'll not cry any more. I didn't know that anybody loved me but mother, no one has told me so but you. Mother always kissed me when she said she loved me and then I knew it."

"There, Marion, I'm glad you did that! now I know it, but I guess you had better not any more, it might not be proper for you. I know you love me now, and I'll try and be so good and happy." As I started to go home May clung to my neck 'til I promised I'd come back the next day. And I continued my visits as often as I could for a year or so until the father married a widow with one child, a daughter about May's age; then he soon sold his place and bought a larger one out of our neighborhood.

I had seen but little of the family since they left, 'till I commenced my school; then I would walk an extra mile to call on the girls, visit a few hours and pass on.

May, from a child, was really my favorite; she was so cheerful, gentle and kind, and moved around the house with so much ease and dignity, that I could not help watching her to the amusement of her sisters.

One Sunday at the latter part of my term, when the days had gotten longer and warmer, I started earlier from home and called at Mr. Gordon's home. May was not in and no one knew where she'd gone.

Then I thought I'd cut across the woods and fields and save some travel. As I reached the edge of the wood, there within a step was May, leaning her head against a tree sobbing 'till her whole body shook. Her grief was so intense that she did not hear me 'till I spoke her name.

"May, what is the matter with my little girl? Are you in trouble? Can't I help you, May? Won't you tell me?" She raised her face and smiling through her tears, said:

"O, you can't help me, Marion; I wish you could."

"Tell me, May, and I will try."

"You remember," she said, "you got father's consent for me to go to the Academy next term. He has recently changed his mind and a half hour ago told me that I couldn't go."

"Do you know why, May?"

"Yes, I think I do, but if you will excuse me, Marion, I would rather not tell. O, I was so disappointed, that I came out here where all alone I could cry away my disappointment. But I am glad you came, it has made me feel better to tell you. You were so kind to intercede for me."

"Now, my little girl, dry your eyes. I will see your father. I will go to the house around on the north side of the arbor and you take the path down by the spring, wash the tear stains off and you'll see that this school business will be settled all right.

I had to go quite a distance to get around a brush fence, and met Mr. Gordon close by the arbor. We shook hands and sat down. I commenced quite abruptly.

"How about May, Mr. Gordon? I suppose you will send her to the Academy as you intended?" He looked at me and smiled.

"Aren't you taking quite an interest in my little girl, for a young fellow?"

I saw he was not offended and I knew his weak points and intended to storm them first.

"Yes, Mr. Gordon, I am, but not in the sense that some might infer from your words. I do feel a deep interest in May and all young people and when I find one possessing the very rare natural ability and possibil-

ities of May, I cannot help but feel that it is just criminal for a parent to neglect to give the opportunity when they are as able as you are."

"I know I did promise you, but she is so useful at home that my wife can't spare her."

"Hire a girl, then, and give your own child an equal chance with her step-sister."

"No hired girl can fill her place."

"Then hire two," I said.

"You speak plainly."

"I know that, Mr. Gordon, but I must speak and speak plainly. It's for your good and some day you will thank me for it. I know you wish to stand well with your neighbors. Every one does, and they are beginning to notice how you discriminate. Last Saturday at the sale I heard Davis telling a crowd of twenty or more how you are making a cultivated lady of one member of your family and a drudge of May. I took the matter up for you and told Davis his talk was all 'suds.' That you sent Marg three terms and that May will commence next term and go not less than three terms, and more if she wishes. That shut off his wind and the 'blow gun' left."

"Well, well," said Gordon, "I'm glad you told him that. I'll show him myself and shut off his wind, too, if I have to use my fist and hire a dozen girls."

"Then May shall go, you mean?"

"Yes, Sir, I promise you that May shall go next term."

"All right, Gordon; now one more word before I go." I hesitated a little.

"Speak on; don't be afraid."

"I just want to tell you, that you have a jewel in your house and don't know how rich it is."

"Why, what do you mean, May?"

"Yes, I mean May. If you will give her the opportunity you are able to do she will grow into such a wo-

man as every one will love and honor. You will be proud of her and I shall be proud, too, that I had the honor of playing with her when she was a child and little girl."

I started to go.

"Won't you stay to dinner?" he asked.

"No, thank you, not today; perhaps next time."

"Call any time. Always welcome."

As I reached the gate I saw May come out of the arbor. My! My! I didn't know she was there. She must have heard every word. She may think I put it on pretty thick, but I didn't; but thought I—she'll be happy, though. Child as she seems, she sometimes makes my heart thump.

After another week in school, I went home Friday evening. Sunday after an early dinner I started back to my district. This being my last week, I must call at Mr. Gordon's.

May was in the garden wearing a neat dainty white straw hat with her rich brown, glossy hair in a large braid hanging down below her waist. She saw me before I did her and with the freedom of a child ran to the gate to meet me and held out both hands, which I took in both of mine just as I always had done.

"O, Mister."

"Stop," I said, "you rogue, don't you ever call me Mister again. Just call me what you did when you were a little tot and I a great big, awkward boy, when we played in the barn and orchard, you made me carry you on my neck, called me your horse and tried to make me drink out of the pig trough."

Then she gave a ringing laugh and said, in a shy low tone:

"You never seemed awkward to me, Marion."

"Now, what is it, my little girl, since you have discovered my name?"

"I was so afraid you wouldn't come, I wanted so much to thank you for what you did for me. Father seems kinder. He says I may go three terms anyway and as many more as possible. I'm so glad and happy, and I owe it all to you. I guess it's always you, Marion."

"Stop, you little flatterer, before I box your ears."

"Well, it's all true," and she gave me a look with those dark blue eyes that was worth more than a king's crown.

"Come, Marion, let's go in."

I did so and found both her sisters in the parlor. "Now, girls," I said, "my school will be out next Saturday; I give you a cordial invitation. Will you come?"

"I'm sorry, said Marg, "that it's so soon. Floss and I have enjoyed your calls so much." And she gave a sly glance at May.

"Yes," said Floss, a miss of twelve, "Marg and I will miss your visits. It will be very lonesome here now Sunday afternoon."

We passed a very pleasant two hours and as I bade them good-bye May followed me down the walk to the gate when she said, in her shy low tone:

"Marion, I'll not be here to see you again for I go on Tuesday and now I wish I could make you listen to me while I try to tell you how thankful I am for what you have done for me."

"O, May, don't mention it. Don't I know that it has been more pleasure to me than to you, and 'twould be selfish for me to accept thanks when really I'm the one that gets the most enjoyment out of it."

"O, but I owe you so much. I can never forget at what risk you saved my life when I was a child and almost lost your own."

"Now, May, please don't. I'm as glad as you are, that your future looks brighter. What I did for you long ago, any one could have done. It just happened that I was close by."

"Yes, but there were a dozen older than you, closer by and they were too frightened to move. There are some things, Marion, that I can't forget and don't you ever forget that I shall always remember them."

"I'll never forget my little girl and if at any time I can help you, will you let me know, May?"

"I surely will. Good-bye, Marion."

She flew into the house and I did not see her again for more than eighteen months.

IN CAMP.

Chapter IV.

We were quite a jolly family in the old war-house. The Captain with two or three others started for home early the next morning, to raise more men to fill out the company and before leaving, issued his first order, putting the camp under military discipline, drill hours were ordered and guards detailed to inclose the camp while none were to leave without a pass. But the duties were not heavy, a light guard, two hours on and eight off, and a small detail to police the grounds was stationed. There was much leisure to read the dailies, discuss the war news and tell stories.

A recruit from Williams County, Ohio, by the name of Knox, who claimed to have had some experience, assumed the duty of drill master. He was a man of fine personal appearance, dressed well and was sufficiently vain to enjoy the distinction.

In the afternoon a few of us procured passes and visited Camp Allen, occupied by the 30th Indiana Regiment, now almost full.

We watched them for nearly an hour drilling by companies, then all the companies were formed in battalion and for a half hour this drill was intensely interesting. Then the battalion moved across the open plain by the front in a symmetrical line, as if all were inspired by the same motive and came to a halt in perfect order for dress parade; it was a rich treat, and marvelous to us.

Camp Allen lay west of the city, in a large bend in the river, nearly inclosing four or five acres of ground. The drill and parade ground was on the north, an open common, very smooth and level. There was one row of barracks on the west side of the camp ground close to the river, fronting the east, and one row attached to the north end of this, running to the east, fronting south.

Each barrack, I judge, was about twelve by twelve feet, built of inch lumber with board roof and floor and each was provided with box bunks, filled with straw.

Then came the Sabbath the first in camp and the third day from home and farm. "How long the days are, I thought, how old will I be when my term of service expires, should I live through, if every day should be as long as the three last seemed. I wonder if I am missed at home. I wonder if they would know me now."

I spent nearly the whole day in writing letters, long cheerful ones, and perhaps an hour or so reading the war news. About ten A. M. Knox took about thirty of the boys to the College grounds and gave them an hour's drill. At five P. M. religious services were held by Rev. Moffitt, an enlisted man from Angola, at nine, taps and lights out.

The next day, Monday, I got my first daily which said "Confederates defeated at Brownville, Va., Gen. Polk occupies Columbus, Ky. A detachment of Rebel forces attempting to cross the Potomac, repulsed with heavy loss." Well, I hope all would be accomplished before we reached the front. I distinctly remember ever, hearing mother say when I was a little fellow that I was the most unselfish boy she ever saw.

Knox and a Captain in the 30th had been working with our boys to get them to enlist in his company, telling them that our regiment could not be filled before spring. Knox claimed he was offered a commission if he would enlist in our company, but from recent developments realized he had no chance.

He was offered a Lieutenancy in the 30th Regiment if he would furnish thirty men from our company. On learning this about fifteen of us boys got together and quietly elected a committee of five to draw up a protest, which by signing, each one agreed to remain with us.

To draw up the paper, our scribe went off by him-

self, when nearly through, on turning around was face to face with Mr. Knox.

"Excuse me," said he, "you handle a pen nicely and write a beautiful hand. From the size of your manuscript I infer you are writing up the Civil War." "Do you know," said he, "that very many who can write well a few words or lines, can't make as nice a page as you do, so plain and as easy to read as print."

"I thank you, Mr. Knox, for the compliment," said our scribe, "and will excuse you at once as I wish to finish my work without further interruption."

"Just one word," said he in a very pleasant and almost irresistible manner, "When can your committee meet me at my room?"

"Any time, Sir," said the scribe, "but not today."

Say at two P. M. I'll send you word."

"All right, Mr. Knox. Good day."

The balance of the committee were seated behind a pile of lumber and heard the conversation and as soon as the Drill Master was out of hearing, they all had a hearty laugh.

"Well," said one, "that fellow has plenty of cheek, and if as persistent in everything else, ought to make a good soldier."

"Yes," said Al, "he might, if he had as much brains as cheek."

By working very quietly, nearly all the boys were induced to sign our protest, and as the days passed by none of them left us to join the 30th Indiana.

The next morning early we left the old ware-room for Camp Allen where we went into the barracks assigned to us, and soon after getting our quarters nicely policed the Captain came riding into camp on his spirited black horse.

After a cordial greeting he ordered us to form and follow him. He led us by the shortest route to the common or the north side of the city, where we found forty

recruits, enough to fill up our company. They then formed with us and we marched back to Camp through the business part of the city with a full martial band and our company flag unfurled.

As soon as practical our committee called on the Captain at his quarters and handed him our package marked "Private," which he opened soon after we left and it was well for Mr. Knox that he was absent. The Captain had a furious temper and when excited was like a small tornado. The next day he sent for Knox and after giving him a good lecture, ordered him to enlist in another regiment. The advice was taken and the next we heard from him he had enlisted in a company from his own state.

The Captain had been recommended for Lieutenant Colonel of our Regiment and we had received orders to hold an election for company officers, Captain, First and Second Lieutenants, and Orderly Sergeant. From almost the first day in Camp, I had been acting as orderly, had called the roll, drawn and divided the rations, made all the details and company reports.

For several days the boys had been anticipating an election and had freely discussed the persons whose names seemed to be the most prominent as candidates.

Several of the boys called on me early in the morning and urged me to be a candidate for Second Lieutenant. I refused on the grounds that Birge expected the nomination, and that I knew nothing of the duties and really did not feel competent.

"It don't matter to us, how or what you feel," they said, "we want your consent to accept and we'll look after the rest."

"Well now, boys, it really won't do," I said. "You know who has set his heart on this place from the time of his enlistment and he will be sorely disappointed and feel hurt if he doesn't get it. I enlisted to serve in the

ranks and have never had any ambition beyond being a private soldier in this war for the Union."

"We can't help what he expects," said they, "we were not consulted and now have a right to choose."

"Well, boys, I thank you sincerely, and will think the matter over and let you know at one o'clock."

Hardly had the boys gone when a message came from Birge to call and see him. As I entered his barrack I found him quite sick. His face was flushed with fever and the hand he extended was hot.

"Did you wish to see me?" I asked.

"Yes, I have heard that you are a candidate for Second Lieutenant."

"I am not. The boys had just gone from me when your message came. They did urge me to consent. At first I refused and finally told them I would let them know at one o'clock."

"O," said Birge, the tears starting from his eyes, "if you will refuse to accept and do what you can for me I will remember you with gratitude. I want the position, have expected it, was promised it and my health is such that I can't stand the service in the ranks. In fact with my health, I should not have enlisted to serve as a private."

"Well, Birge, let me say in all kindness that I think you ought not to have enlisted at all. Your health hardly warrants you in going into the ranks or accepting a Lieutenancy. You cannot fill either place in justice to yourself or your country. And I don't think any one had any right to promise you or me an office in this company. The boys should have the right to choose their own officers. But, Birge, I don't think that your only motive was a commission and the higher wages that inspired you to enlist. I would despise any man whose heart did not burn with patriotic emotions at such a time as this."

"O, do not misunderstand me. I wanted to go, my heart aches to serve my country, my father and two brothers are at the front now and I would rather die for my country, if that would help save it, than to live and see it destroyed. I thought," he continued, "that I might serve as Second Lieutenant and survive. If I were only healthy and strong like you, I would be willing, yea glad, to serve in the ranks and equally proud of the honor."

"Now, Birge, let me put your heart at rest. I enlisted to serve as a private, anywhere, and to do anything and everything possible that my country shall demand, and bless your heart, Birge, I will not accept the place you covet so much."

With tears in his eyes, he bade me good-bye. I returned to my quarters, feeling better for the sacrifice, and when the boys appeared for my answer, I soon convinced them that I would not feel justified in accepting their kind offer.

The three men that enlisted, expecting commissions, were not disappointed. All were elected, and the boys gave me ninety-seven of the one hundred votes, for orderly. From this time commenced my duties as Orderly Sergeant in earnest.



M. B. BUTLER
1st Orderly of Co. "A"

IN CAMP.

Chapter V.

To give, in full, the necessary qualification and duties of an orderly sergeant would take more time and space than I can spare. His fitness depends much on his natural disposition and power of self-control. To succeed well he must be well stocked with good common sense and be able at all times and under all circumstances to govern himself, and if able to do this, he will gain and hold the confidence and respect of every man in the company. His language must be pure and his heart and hands clean.

In short, he must be a gentleman, and if a consistent Christian he always will be a gentleman, and this will add wonderfully to his usefulness and qualifications.

He must always be kind but not inconsistently indulgent, always dignified but not arrogant.

He has a hundred men to study and a hundred men to serve, all his equals, and many of them may be his superiors, intellectually.

His office, so important to the company, must not make him feel his superiority. The position is given him by the boys and he owes it to them, to be faithful, kind, patient, and cheerful. He must be willing to share equally with them in their hardships and privations and when necessary be the first to encounter danger.

He must have their respect, love and sympathy or his place will be a hard one; altogether the orderly has more to do than all the other officers in the company, and unless very careful and prudent, he will be blamed the most. But he is nearest the boys if fitted for this place and patient and discreet he can do more for them than any other officer and all the boys will stand by him to the very last, even unto death.

At reveille, no matter at what hour, he must call

the roll. He must report all sick in quarters and all unfit for duty, to the surgeon. Make his morning report to the adjutant, detail camp guards, and make all further details as called for by the adjutant. Drawing and dividing rations is the most difficult of all his duties.

I usually took three men with me to the quarter master's, to draw rations for every man, reported present in camp, for that day. We had ten messes. No. one, seven men; No. two, twelve; No. three, seven; No. four, thirteen; No. five, twelve; No. six, ten; No. seven, eight; No. nine, eleven; and No. ten, ten. The orderly is provided with a tin cup and butcher knife and with these two articles must divide all the rations equally per capita to each mess, etc. To No. one, seven one-hundredths, to No. two, twelve one-hundredths, and so on. It was very easy to understand, but not very easy to execute.

We drew beef at this time, bony meat, flanky meat, good roasts, poor roasts, round steak and shoulder steak. Now we had to cut and divide equally to each mess so that each man would have his full share of each kind of meat. We couldn't weigh, we guessed. With bacon and salt pork it was less difficult.

Sugar, rice, coffee and beans, we measured in a tin cup and then guessed. Crackers, hardtack, we counted, and potatoes, when we got them, we divided by guess.

At drill, the orderly must get out the company, call the roll, be able to account for every man absent, then take his place at the head of the company.

The boys were getting quite proficient in squad drill but as yet had had but little experience in company drill. The captain and first lieutenant had been trying for a few days to move the company forward by the front but in going a few steps we warped out of line and soon got as crooked as a worm fence. But now they had conceived a new plan to hold the boys in line and were quite confident it would work. They asked me what I

thought of the plan. "Good," I said, "of course, it will work, can't help it." "Tomorrow morning said, Captain, I will go down town and buy a quarter inch rope long enough to reach from one extreme of the company to the other, place each end in the hand of the file leaders and then keep them up to the line and I know it will work."

"Yes, it will work," said our first lieutenant, "I wonder we didn't think of that before."

"Of course, it will work, said I, "and just think how sensible and simple it is. It will make it so easy for you and the boys, too, and will obviate all necessity of swearing and that's worth more than the rope."

"I have been so disgusted," said the captain, "with the company drill, that I often wish I were back on the old farm. The other day when you and I were having so much trouble trying to make the boys move by the front and just when they got into the mixup, that captain of Co. H of the 30th stood over on the left, leaning against a tree, laughing to split."

"Well," said Lieutenant, "it is laughable, I could hardly help it."

"Not for me," said the captain, "I felt like swearing."

"I believe our boys must be dumb," said the lieutenant. "I know I understand the drill as well or better than Captain Jones of the 30th, and still without any apparent effort, his company moves off like a machine. Yesterday I watched his company, stood where the captain couldn't see me and I was surprised. He moved his company rapidly by the flank, then without a halt gave the order, 'Left face, by the front, march,' and they moved full twenty rods in a perfect line, then the command 'Left wheel,' then the command "About face Right wheel' and each time they went around like a gate, and it's strange," continued the lieutenant, "that captain is

only an ordinary fellow and very illiterate, I confess, I don't understand why we have such luck."

"Well" said the captain, "if he is illiterate, his boys are sharp enough to make it up."

"You are too easy, Captain, use more authority, make them obey orders."

"Or in other words," said Captain, "swear a little harder."

"O, No no. You're more awkward at that than the boys are in the drill, they say you need more practice."

I was a member of the commissioned officers' mess, which gave me special opportunities and I learned something new every day. The idea of using a rope to keep the boys in line, would never have got through my thick head, I couldn't see why it wouldn't work, but I hoped they would be careful and not let anybody see them. I went to bed thinking about the rope and the drill and dreamed that it was a grand success and brought forth astonishing results, and my dreams hardly ever failed.

As early as possible I formed the company and took them to the north and west side of the field into an L covered by a dense hedge, brought the company to a front and turned them over to the captain, who pulled the rope out of his pocket, tied a knot in one end and handed it to me, walked down the line, dressed up the company, ordered them to stand with elbows at touch, drew on the rope, tied another knot and handed it to the file leader on the left.

"Now, boys," said the captain, "there is no reason why you can't move in line by the front. The file leaders must keep their eyes on some object straight ahead of them and be sure to guide neither to the right nor left." Some of the boys smiled, and I thought I heard Wright laugh.

"Attention, company," commanded the captain, "Left, left, left, be ready at the word, left. Left, by the front, forward march." And we started, but not all to-

gether. The line expanded, making the rope too short, pulling the file leaders around in front. The boys seeing the trouble crowded together, the rope slackened, dropped to the ground, two boys got their feet fast in the rope and in trying to save themselves fell headlong to the front and without an order, all came to a halt. Then the boys laughed. "Attention," commanded the captain, and the boys quieted down.

"Now close up, right dress. Already, mark time. Left, left, all ready at the command Left, left—Company forward by the front, march."

This time we did better, kept our line for perhaps two rods, then as before, the line expanded, shortening the rope, pulling the file leaders to the front, then to remedy the mistake, the boys again crowded together, the rope dropped, half the company walked over it, and three or four came down in a heap.

Again they halted without an order and the woods rang with their laughter.

The captain was warm and the lieutenant overcome with heat.

"I think I know why the company contracts and expands," said the lieutenant.

"Well, out with it. This is a mighty hot place and I'm getting hotter every minute."

"You see," said the lieutenant, "the file leaders have no guide. We want two stakes in front of each, directly in line with the right and left file leader, just the same, Captain, as you used to use in lining off for laying a fence.

"I see, I see," said the captain, "should have thought of that before. Lieutenant, you're a prodigy. If you get killed in battle I'll have you brought home and put into the National Museum. I had forgotten that you had made a specialty of engineering. Orderly, dress up the company. Lieutenant, step down the line in front of the company, count your steps, go to the

front, twenty rods or so, plant one set of stakes on the right and left the same distance, then go twenty rods or so farther and plant your other two stakes in line with the left and right file leaders." I saw several of the boys smile and was sorry to hear Wright snicker again, for I had set my heart on this project and was so sure 'twould work, that to fail would be a great disappointment.

When the lieutenant returned, the captain said, "We're all ready now, and boys, if you don't make it this time, it's your fault. Right dress, keep elbows at touch, mark time, Left, left. Be ready at the word. Left, left, company forward by the front, march." At the word march, all started, as one man and for four rods or more we kept a perfect line, then for some reason the line expanded till I was pulled around in front, and then contracted till the rope fell to the ground with the result more disastrous than either time before. Three men caught their feet and fell and two more fell over them and they were all in a pile. "Halt," said the captain, but the command was unnecessary, for the whole company was convulsed with laughter. The captain and lieutenant tried to look sober at first and I was afraid by the pucker of "Cap's" mouth he might swear but he didn't, for in a minute they both laughed as heartily as the rest of us.

"Orderly, take the company to camp," said Cap. I did so, feeling much better for a hearty laugh.

And it did all the boys good, too, for I don't believe they'll ever have as much real fun during their whole three years of service. But what of my dream! It is like a broken pitcher. I shall place very little confidence in my dreams hereafter.

I had worked very hard all day and being tired crawled into my bunk and dropped to sleep while the captain and lieutenant were out. It must have been

about ten o'clock when I was awakened by hearing an earnest conversation in a low tone.

"Well what shall we try next, Cap? I'm collapsed, either you and I don't know enough to drill a company or our boys are too dumb to learn."

"I fear your first proposition is too true. Why this boy Wright can take this company and make that front movement in perfection in one hour. I have watched him and I know. Just a day or two ago he had out a squad of forty men and I was surprised when he marched them by the front in perfect order, then while on the move gave the command—left wheel—then about face, right wheel, and 'twas all done in a jiffy as well as Co. H of the 30th can do it."

"Why didn't you turn over the company to him today?"

"Because I'd had humiliation enough for one day. It might have done you good. My conceit has all been knocked out of me and I guess yours has gone down several degrees. I will say further, Lieutenant, we have given the tactics no study. How much have you? Hardee lies here on our table and we hardly look at it, much less study it. Wright is studying that book every minute when off of duty and I tell you he's a cracker-jack."

"Your'e blue tonight, Cap, and all off. Don't tell me that fellow of hardly ordinary ability and no culture can excell one of wide experience with a college education.

"He cannot," said Cap, "in conceit, I'll confess. I was too conceited myself, and supposed I knew enough to drill a company just by glancing over Hardee's tactics; but for conceit, Lieutenant, you'll take the plum. We can't depend on what we learned in school or college, we must study it out here for ourselves or resign."

"I am actually disgusted and sick. As I came in from our drill today, I passed through the quarters of

the 30th and that cussed second lieutenant yelled out, loud enough for all in camp to hear, 'Hello, Captain, did you get your boys all corralled in?'"

"What did you say, Cap? Didn't get mad and swear at him?"

"O no. One wouldn't get mad and swear as hot as I was, but if I'd been near enough I would have kicked the little cuss out of camp."

"And been court-marshalled?" said Lieutenant.

"Yes and been court-marshalled, but I've got it fixed now. On my way in I called on Nelson, the West Point cadet, and offered him the first vacancy that occurs in our company and he put his name down on my roll."

"But that vacancy would of right go to the one next in rank," said Lieutenant.

"Can't help that now, it's done. He refused to accept when it was offered to him."

"Well, it don't seem hardly right," said Lieutenant, "under the circumstances, perhaps it's for the best, for it will give us a great advantage in our company drills."

As I quietly turned over in my bunk, I said to myself, "How nicely and easily that was done. An orderly-sergeant's right to promotion transferred without his knowledge or consent to one outside and unknown to the company. All done quietly with the best of intentions and no doubt for the good of the service," and just then all became quiet and I dropped to sleep again.

Nelson made his appearance quite early. A fine looking fellow about twenty-five years of age, hardly medium height, quick and muscular, light hair, handsome eyes, a very clear penetrating voice and although fresh from West Point, there was no affectation or indication of superiority.

On our way to the drill grounds, he asked "What is the trouble, Orderly?"

"Nothing serious, if you understand the drill and

have confidence in yourself, the boys will soon have confidence in you."

On reaching the field, I halted the company, brought them to a front. Nelson then stepped four or five paces in front of the center. He showed us how to stand with our weight on the right foot. "Take a medium step, each one try to keep in line before we start and when you move, be sure that each one of you feel the touch of the elbows next to you and if you will try to co-operate with me, tomorrow, we will march across this field by the front."

He held a cane horizontally in front of him and gave the order "Attention company—mark time—Left, left, all be ready at the word march—left, left, company by the front, forward march.

He walked backwards, keeping step by the motion of his cane, perhaps twenty rods and when he ordered "Halt" there was neither curve nor kink, for the line was almost a perfect one, and the boys were delighted. He then moved forward even with better success, walking at the head of the company. Then while moving, gave the command "Right wheel" then "About face—Left wheel, then "By the front," and the whole thing that seemed so difficult, yesterday, was accomplished in less than two hours.

As we were about to leave the field, he said "Boys, you have far exceeded my expectations and if you will get out here by one thirty, we will go across this field by the front."

We were there promptly and did go across the field several times by the front and did it as nicely as Co. H of the 30th.

The experience of our captain and first lieutenant, I found, was not unusual. All the new company officers had the same trials, to begin with, but like them, finally mastered the drill. But it was quite evident to all that Nelson was the best drill master in the regiment.

Our first death in the company occurred that night. A very robust young man by the name of Brooks, some twenty-two years of age, had been ailing only a few days and was not supposed to be at all dangerously ill. His death, so sudden and unexpected, cast a gloom over the whole company.

Eight companies were mustered in today. Three men refused to muster and were drummed out of camp. And two were rejected out of our company on account of physical unfitness.

HOME ON FURLOUGH.

Chapter VI.

Lewis and several others returned to camp last night from their visit home and with furloughs in our pockets four others and myself took the same team and wagon and started for home at four a. m. We stopped at the Sours' Hotel, five miles out on the plank road, to feed our team and get breakfast, and then made one more stop for feed and dinner, reaching home at eight o'clock in the evening.

I was warmly received and glad to find mother feeling well and looking cheerful. I had written her and May twice every week, Thursdays and Sundays. In May's last letter she stated that on account of scarlet fever, the school had closed for a few weeks and she had returned home.

I spent a very pleasant hour with my folks and then went to my room, tired, sleepy and glad to have one more night's rest in my clean soft bed.

The next day, Sunday, bright and beautiful, we all went to church. A precious privilege to one who had spent several weeks in camp. I received many invitations, after church, to go home with some of our neighbors but to me there was no place like home. I could not think of losing a single hour from the home circle, which I knew now how to appreciate, better than ever before.

My room and bed were so inviting that I retired quite early and dropped to sleep with a pair of dark blue eyes watching over me.

Another bright and beautiful October day, and an appointment to meet a friend, ten miles from home, called me out early."

At six thirty I was ready and said to Prentiss, "I'm going to Hart's Corners and on my return will call on May and be at home at or about dusk."

I parted with my friends and started back at half past nine. As I approached Prescott's house, which is back from the road nearly twenty rods, out tripped May, tied up for a walk. O my! How she had grown in the last eighteen months. I drove up close to the fence, jumped out, put down the top, drew my hat down over my face and with my back toward her, stood 'till she opened the gate, then I turned around quickly and said abruptly, "Will you ride with me, Miss Gordon?" For an instant she seemed completely dazed and the blood rushed to her face, then impulsively she gave me both her hands, as she always did.

"O Marion, this is too, too good to be true. It is such a surprise. How came you here? Where have you been? When did you get home?"

"Well, May, it will be just a little too, too good if you'll just step into the buggy and ride with me to your home and then I'll answer all your questions unless you prefer to walk."

"O yes, no, I forgot, I'll get in, would rather ride. I'm so glad you came."

"I got home Saturday evening. Yesterday I went to church and this morning started from home very early to meet a friend some three miles down the road and thought on my way back I'd call on May Gordon. Now I'm accounted for, but how does it happen that I pick you up in the road here some three miles from home?"

"I have been here a week," she said, "you certainly remember Arthur Prescott, he received a very dangerous wound and was sent home some four weeks ago and was the next day taken down with fever and for two weeks or more has been lying at the point of death.

He has been so very sick and his mother is so frail and worn out and I was so sorry for her and Arthur, that I felt I must come and help them. Yesterday the

doctor pronounced him out of danger and as they have help now, I concluded to go home."

"O yes, I remember Arthur well. He went to school to me, when I taught at Hurley's Corners. He is not only a very fine young man but possesses rare mental ability."

I don't know why it was but my temperature suddenly dropped several degrees, as I thought over my own words and what might be to me an irretrievable loss.

"Say, May," and my voice took a minor key, "if I should be brought home very sick with a wound or fever and mother should be very frail like Mrs. Prescott and I should be so dangerously sick like Arthur, would you feel so very sorry for mother and me that you would come and help us?"

She had dropped her head and was silent a moment and then raising her eyes to mine looked me in the face, as if to read the very thoughts of my heart, and asked in a low earnest tone,

"Will you send for me, Marion?"

"Yes, I will send for you, May."

"Then I will come."

"And you will not forget this promise, May?"

"I will not forget this promise, Marion."

Then the small lump, which I had felt in my throat left entirely and my voice became natural.

"Well, May, I have made quite a discovery today."

"What have you discovered, pray?"

"That you were glad to see me and you can't deny it."

"You almost crushed my hand," she answered "and I fear I shall not recover from it for many months."

"I hope you won't till I return if I ever do."

"Why, Marion, you were always so good and kind when we were children and played together."

"To atone for the loss of your hand and the pain I

have caused you, for which I am very sorry, I have brought you a present, the best of the kind I could find in the city," and I handed her the package.

"A Bible! Just what I've wanted but never expected one so nice, it is really the finest I ever saw. O. I thank you so much, you are almost better than a brother, though I never had one so I don't know. It has always seemed to me since I was a little girl as though you ought to have been my brother."

Well, May, I'm mighty glad I ain't."

"Why, Marion, how can you? How ungrateful to a would-be sister. Did you know," she said, as though wishing to get off from thin ice, "that this book is not esteemed very highly and sometimes meets with ridicule in our home since my mother died and the new mother came into our home."

"I have heard so," I said. "I remember your mother, just as she looked and appeared, when I used to play with you girls. Tell me about her, May—I could not help but reverence her then."

"O, I shall never forget my mother. The memory of her goodness and kindness is the one bright spot in all my past life and how much I have missed her, no words can tell. I remember well how she used to take us three little girls into her room and read to us from her Bible and then we would all kneel down around her while she prayed for us. And it seemed to me, then, as if she was just talking to God, who was right there in the room and then I felt sure I could feel His Divine presence, which I did so long to enjoy while I lived or rather I wanted more to go right along with her to Heaven. And I remember, too, so well the day she died how we three crowded around her bed and just almost as her life was going out, she pointed upward with her trembling hand and in a loud whisper said, 'See, see, children, the Savior has come.'"

May bowed her head and for many minutes we rode in silence, and then when she could command her voice, she resumed, "You remember that large Bible in our parlor?"

"Yes," I said.

That is my mother's. I say "is," because it is so closely identified with her life, that we girls always call it hers, and every time we open it, we think of her, as not being dead but living and loving, as when here.

"All the rest of my mother's religious books have been put away in closets and infidel and spiritualistic books and papers fill the case. 'The Banner of Light' is paramount to all else."

"May, I thank you sincerely for what you have revealed of yourself, today. Had I not held your confidence and respect you could not have talked so freely of your mother and yourself. Your respect and confidence are a most potent incentive and will help me to live a life above temptation and reproach.

"You will notice, May, when you get home that I have marked a great many passages in the New Testament that I so much like to read."

"O, I am glad of that. When you get back to the army and pick up your Bible we may both be reading the same verses at the same time."

I had paid no attention to my horse and found, when too late, that I had gone far beyond the corner where I should have turned and must go full two miles farther to reach Gordons.

"May, I do feel proud of you, you have done so well in your studies and have acquired so much that you didn't get out of books."

"But I owe very much of it to you, Marion. Father changed wonderfully after your talk with him and has been very kind and indulgent since."

"But, May, you don't understand me. You have grown in more ways than one. There is a very decided

improvement that you owe me nothing for. When you came down the walk and stood at the gate, I noticed the change and it fairly made me tremble."

"Don't you know, Marion, that it is very wicked to flatter," she said smiling.

"Well, May, I haven't seen you before today, for eighteen months and you remember I called you my little girl then, I would hardly dare do that now. And just how you have made the transition from a little girl to a fine graceful woman in so short a time is a problem I can't solve."

"Don't try, Marion, it might unfit you for your duties in camp, too much mental labor might unbalance you."

"O, see yonder is the little gate. Do you remember my last words, when I parted with you there, more than eighteen months ago?"

"I really feel anxious about you, Marion, your memory and imagination are much too active, an alarming symptom, of—dementia; dividing rations among so many men and looking after all the details will, I fear, get you off your base. And now since we are here at my home, let me admonish you that my new mother keeps a big book and any action on your part not strictly in line with the latest and most approved forms of decorum will be written down and remembered against you."

"Say, May, I long since learned that she doesn't like me very well."

May laughed heartily. "I guess I know that better than you. It's not you, however, but your tight laced theology; but let's change the subject, put the horse in the barn—feed and go to the house for dinner."

We found the family at the dinner table, and room for us. Then May and I went into the parlor and took our old seat on the couch. I felt depressed, I could not come to see her again, I must go back to camp in a few

days and I felt, too, that I might have mistaken gratitude for affection.

She is young and she might refuse me, and it would almost break her heart to do so but she would if she felt she ought, though it might be with tears. I know what I will do. A happy thought came into my mind. Yes, I'll have that settled before I leave. My depression left me and the minutes and hours slipped away too rapidly.

I asked her about her school and studies and of our mutual acquaintances that had enlisted.

She replied, "All the young men that have honored me with their friendship, are gone or going soon and those that are too indifferent to the demands of their country to make the sacrifice, are unworthy of my esteem."

"May, I am glad you said that without premeditation for I know it came from the heart."

As I arose to go I said, with a little quaver in my voice, "May, I cannot call on you again as every hour will be full of business till I must go back.

"But I have one request to make before I go. Will you be honest with yourself and answer it as your own heart and your own interest prompts?"

Most surely, Marion, I will. Please, ask it."

"Will you pledge me that you will make no engagement without first letting me know?"

She smiled, "Marion I'm not a ripe plum anxious to drop into every open mouth. In all seriousness, I cannot give so important a subject any thought or consideration while the civil war lasts. I am not ready. I will make you the pledge and I will keep it, too, Marion."

"Now what else," she asked.

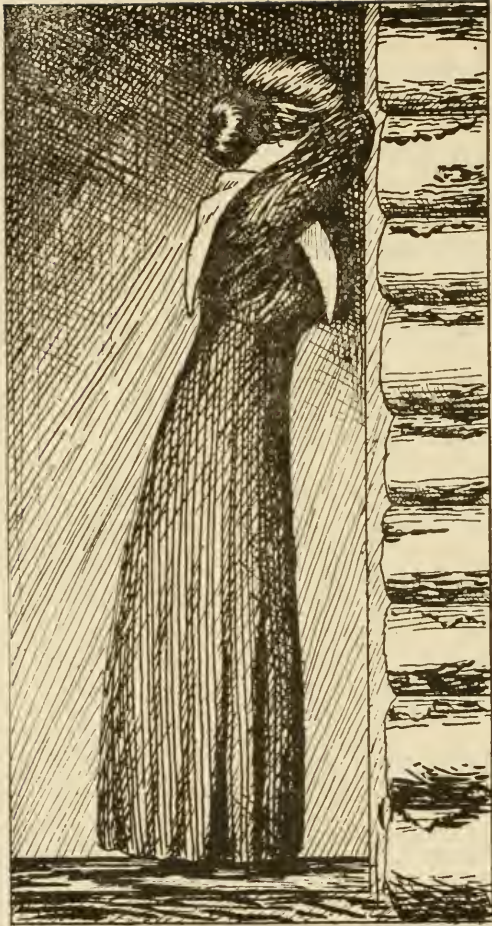
"Will you write me, at least, once every week," I asked.

"Yes, I will write you every Sunday and Wednesday, unless sick, and will you do the same, Marion?"

"I will and if you don't receive my letters regularly and promptly, charge it to uncertain mails."

Then she said, as she placed her hands in mine, "If it will encourage and help you to know that I honor you for the sacrifice you are making, rest assured that this is true, and if it will lighten your burdens and give you courage to bear patiently your hardships, privations and sufferings, please remember that I shall follow you with deepest interest and sympathy through all your campaigns and battles and do not forget that every morning and night, I shall pray our Father to bless and keep you safe, that you may return to us."

Her voice broke, the tears started from her eyes. She could say no more. I raised both her hands to my lips, I could not say good by, but turned round and left May standing in the door.



I could not say good bye, but turned and left her standing in the door.

LEAVING FOR THE FRONT.

Chapter VII.

I went down the walk to the little gate where my horse was hitched, climbed in my buggy and started for home without once looking back, in a mental condition hard to analyze or explain but conscious that not until now had I realized in full the sacrifice I was making for my country.

Could I have looked, that evening, through an upper window I might have seen a young girl on her knees with her face bathed in tears and heard these very words, "Dear Lord, watch over and protect him from all danger and evil, and help me to be patient and faithful through the dreadful years to come."

I reached home at dusk, retired early to my room and bed, and dropped to sleep repeating to myself, "Do not forget that I shall pray our Father to bless and keep you safe that you may return to us."

The most of my furlough I spent at home and all my leisure hours with mother, whom I treated with the tenderest consideration. She had become wholly reconciled and talked cheerfully of the future, urging me to be brave and patient, to bear all and endure all without a murmur. She spoke of her father's seven years' service in the Revolution, and how he often suffered from cold and hunger, but notwithstanding this he was proud that he did what he could for his country and so will you be, my son, and so shall I feel proud that I had a son to give.

On the morning of the 14th she bade me good-by as pleasantly as though I would return in a few days, and that evening at 8 p. m I reached camp and assumed again the duties of orderly. I soon learned, the next morning, that the regiment had been filling up fast and that our company had made rapid progress in drill while

I was absent, now being second to none, not even Co. H of the 30th.

A few of our boys were very anxious to get into and see a battle.

They were seated in front of my barrack one day reading an account of a fierce engagement in the middle west, and two of them declared, in very emphatic language, that it was an outrage to hold us here while so much fighting was going to waste.

One was Jack, the regimental flag-bearer, of Co. C and might have been a Giant Killer, for ought I knew. He stood full six feet high and weighed one hundred and eighty pounds, finely formed, only twenty years of age and from his appearance and talk, as brave a man as ever carried a flag or fired a gun.

The other, we will call Mr. Gun Smith, nearly fifty, but stout and wiry and no braver man trod the soil. These two represented about ten of the bravest men in our regiment.

And I said to myself, "If we ever get into a battle, and I sincerely hope it will not be necessary, I'll watch these two men who know no fear. They seem to feel so different from what I do that I have no confidence in myself."

Al, Lewis, Jim and Bense heard the boasting and when the crowd had disappeared, came in to my barrack.

"Well, boys," I said, "what do you honestly think of these fellows? They seem to be honest and feel brave and I wish I had some of the sand they are throwing away. We will make this an experience meeting, for the inexperienced, and I wish you would express your minds freely. I will be the first to confess to you that I do dread a battle and if the Rebellion should be put down before we get to the front I shall be more pleased than disappointed, but I shall try to do my whole duty in an emergency."

"You spoke my mind," said Jim. "I'm naturally timid and have no thirst for blood and a battle to me seems a terrible thing, but I enlisted to serve my country and shall do my duty under all circumstances or die trying. Jack will throw his flag and run the first volley and Gunsmith will not get close enough to see the smoke."

"Well," said Lewis, "no one has heard me say that I was anxious to get into a battle, I'm not. I dread it. But if we do, I'll stay by the line to the very last. Like Jim, I'll do my duty or die trying."

"I could not say it any better," said Al. "I think we all feel about the same. A man is naturally a coward and dreads a violent death, such as being torn to pieces with ball or shell. We are all made of the same clay, and if we are not needed I shall be more than satisfied. I expect to do my duty, however, if to do it means to die."

"I have done no boasting," said Bense. "I'm not brave like Jack or Gunsmith. I think and know that I dread the awful carnage of battle, but I thought this all over before I enlisted and shall stay by you boys, as long as I have any hair on my head."

"Well, boys, I am glad you have expressed your minds so freely. I have heard so much blowing from these two fellows and a few others like them, that I began to fear that I was the only one that really dreaded a battle. I shall watch Gun Smith and company C can watch Jack."

Yesterday, Sunday, was a very pleasant day for me. About nine a. m. Brother Prentiss, Cousin Stevens and J. C. Bodley and wife drove into camp. As soon as I could, I got excused from duty and spent the balance of the day with them.

I showed them our methods of housekeeping, our board bunks fastened to the wall and at noon, we gave

them a soldiers' dinner of boiled beef, beans, rice, bakers bread and coffee. We had no butter or milk, but plenty of sugar. Then at three o'clock we attended dress parade, which seemed to interest them very much. From the parade we drove to the hotel where we visited till a late hour and in the morning they left for home.

Another pleasant day was the next Sunday. Mother reached camp about nine. I took her to the hotel where I remained with her till she started home. Her visit was a surprise to me for I had not expected to see her again, but she had heard that our regiment would be ordered to the front soon and she said she must see me once more. It is better that we cannot lift the veil and look into the future. As she pressed my hand at parting, she noticed the tears running down my face and only said, "Good-bye. Be brave, my boy, and God will keep you."

On the 20th we received our guns, the Springfield rifles, and our uniforms and on the 22nd our colonel, Hugh B. Reed, received orders to get ready and report our regiment for duty. So on the 23rd of November, 1861, I called the roll of our company at four thirty a. m. and at seven thirty the regiment was in line. It never made a better display of war than on this occasion as it marched through the city to the station.

Never thereafter were all the officers and men in line at the same time. The imposing scene was witnessed by thousands, who thronged the streets on either side and many hearts were aching as fathers, mothers and wives rushed in to bid their loved ones farewell. At the depot we were formed in a hollow square to receive a beautiful flag, donated by the patriotic ladies of the city.

The presentation was by Mayor Randall, responded to by our adjutant, Charles Case. At eleven a. m. the regiment got aboard, and the train pulled out of the depot 'mid the cheers of thousands of people, for the seat of war.

We reached Indianapolis at three a. m. on the 24th after fifteen hours of confinement in the cars. The train was very heavily loaded and a good portion of the way ran very slow. We remained in the cars till daylight when the regiment formed and marched to camp Reed, named after our colonel, and for the first time went into tents. In the afternoon Lieutenant Rose and I went nearly to the Insane Hospital for straw for our beds and brought back to our tent all we could carry.

Our brave flag-bearer was in a sad state of inebriation all the way from camp and would frequently pass through the whole length of the train and in language too profane to repeat, declared that "This flag shall never trail in the dust. I'll carry it till I die."

At ten o'clock p. m. on the 26th the regiment took a train on the Terre Haute and Vincennes railroad for Evansville, which we reached at twelve m. on the 27th. On our arrival here we were agreeably surprised to find a bountiful dinner awaiting us at the Market House, furnished by the good people of that city.

We put up our tents as soon as possible, but had for our beds the cold frozen ground. I think I never suffered more from the cold than I did that night. It was like sleeping on a cake of ice. Lieutenant Birge and I procured a skiff and crossed over the Ohio to the "Old Kentucky Shore" the first time I ever planted my feet on the soil of a slave state. I picked up a few small shells to send home to my friends.

On returning to camp I found a large package of letters and among them was one from May, cautiously and discreetly written, but the more I looked it over the more I could read between the lines. She wrote she was in school again but her interest in the war had not abated in the least and with her daily, she could keep in close touch with all the movement of our armies.

Our sick list grew rapidly from sleeping on the damp frozen ground. I went to the city and sat up with

the two Grant boys, who had the measles and one of them was very dangerously sick.

Our next move was to Henderson, Kentucky, which is located on the opposite side and down the river. The regiment started quite early and marched down on the Indiana side, reaching the landing opposite Henderson about three o'clock p. m. that day. I was left with a detail to load our regimental supplies on a small steamer. The supplies were all delivered on the bank and had to be carried down and onto the boat. My help was mostly convalescent boys that were hardly able to march. I think I never worked harder in my life than I did from six o'clock a. m. till six o'clock the next morning, when we got the last box on the third steamer load and jumped on ourselves.

On reaching Henderson, we passed through the city out to a beautiful grove about one mile, where we found the regiment quartered in their tents.

HENDERSON, KENTUCKY.

Chaptr VIII.

When our regiment reached the landing it was ferried over the river, then formed and marched through the city with its martial music and colors flying, but met a very cool reception. Not a single cheer to greet the boys that were sacrificing so much—a most unfriendly reception and we soon realized that we were in an enemy's country.

Henderson county is very rich. It is reported that she has more than four thousand slaves and ranks only second in the state for number. A good negro is hired out for from two to three hundred dollars per year, the owner paying all doctor bills and clothing.

Negro stock was down one-third or more now and no sales. The last auction sale was witnessed by a few of our boys who happened to be in the city, the second day after reaching there.

Gov. Magoffin and all the state officers allied themselves with the Confederate cause, and the state militia, enlisted under the pretense to protect the citizens of the state and preserve order, had been turned over by the governor, with their arms and mustered into the Confederate service. The executive and state officers, however, did not represent the majority of the people. Some nine weeks after the surrender of Fort Sumpter, Kentucky gave an aggregate vote for the Union of 92,365 against 36,995 secession in voting for her representatives in the Thirty-Seventh Congress, while at that time not a federal soldier stood upon her soil.

The governor's attitude at the time can be more clearly understood by referring to his letter addressed to Abraham Lincoln in behalf of the Commonwealth of

Kentucky and the response by the president dated a few days later, August 24th, 1861. His treasonable utterances encouraged the Confederacy to send in her rebel forces and now the Union and Confederate armies were maneuvering for position and preparing for battle while thousands of her citizens were joining each army and no doubt, some of the most destructive battles would be fought on her soil.

The Legislature convened September 3rd but was not fully organized till the 5th when Magoffin submitted a message based on the assumption of Kentucky's proper and perfect neutrality between the belligerents north and south of her; complaining that she had suffered in her commerce and prosperity, from the acts of either; but more especially that a Federal force had recently been organized and encamped in the heart of that state without his permission.

This message elicited no sympathetic response from the Legislature fresh from the people and imbued with Union sentiments. On the contrary the House six days thereafter resolved, seventy-one to twenty-six, that the governor be directed to order by proclamation the Confederate troops encamped on the soil of that state to decamp immediately.

I herein copy from my diary the last one of the resolutions referred to:

"Resolved, That we appeal to the people of Kentucky by the ties of patriotism and honor, by the ties of common interest and common defense, by the remembrances of the past and by the hopes of the future national existence to assist in expelling and driving out the wanton invaders of our peace and neutrality, the lawless invaders of our soil."

The five resolutions were adopted in the House by sixty-eight to twenty-six votes and in the Senate by twenty-six to eight.

Magoffin promptly vetoed them. The Legislature as promptly passed them over his veto by an overwhelming majority.

The governor's adherence to the Confederacy divided the people of the state, neighborhoods, families and severed long-standing friendships, in many sections producing feuds that might last a generation.

The position taken by the Legislature to hold their state neutral and quietly let an enemy destroy their government was quite unworthy of patriotic statesmen and resulted in Kentucky's being the Battle Ground of the Rebellion.

My excessive lifting and over-work at Evansville brought on hemorrhoids which confined me to my tent for nearly two weeks and for several days, when the worst, to a cot in the big regimental hospital tent.

Our surgeon, Martin, was a loyal man but utterly opposed to any interference with slavery. He thought that it would be perfectly right to use the militia to return a runaway slave to his master but a flagrant act to secrete or help one to escape. And, perhaps, of the two, he would have let the Union slide, if to save it, slavery must be abolished. But he had many noble qualities with his few faults, a big kind generous heart was one of them.

Three slaves escaping from their master were making for the river, and had nearly reached our camp when looking back over the level country they saw their master in hot pursuit. They separated; two of them took to the woods and one of them passed through our quarters and entered the large hospital tent, where I was lying. As he came through the door, he cried out, "For the love of God save me, O hide me, Massa, my master, coming with his gun. O do, for the Lard Almighty's sake." This plea was too pathetic for the big hearted doctor, who had just finished emptying a large box of hospital underwear. He at once ordered the runaway

to jump into the box. The doctor then laid back the boards and was busily packing the clothing on top when the master rushed in and inquired:

"Have you seen my three boys come along the road or come in camp?"

"What three little boys?" asked the doctor.

"No, no full grown, running away."

"Why don't you let them run, they'll get enough after a while. The woman where I boarded in Rome City, Indiana, had a boy about fifteen—"

"Say, Mistar, I don't care for Rome or Rome City. Did you see my three men?"

"Three niggers, do you mean?"

"Yes, three niggers."

"Yes, I saw three niggers running like the very devil, but supposed they were chasing a rabbit. Are they yours?"

"Yes, they're mine. Which way did they go?"

"Some devilish abolitionist coaxed them off, don't you think?"

"Yes, I wish they were all hanged. Which way did they go?" demanded the planter.

"I wish so, too, if it hadn't been for them, we would have had no war."

"You're right. Which way did they go?"

"Come here to the door," said the doctor. "Can you see that tall walnut, beyond this pieec of low timber? Well, they were making in that direction."

"What, not that way. That's towards home."

"Can't help that," said the doctor. "They're sharp and thought you'd take to the river and they probably thought best to secrete till night and then cross."

"Think I could get the colonel to detail fifty or a hundred men to help me catch them?"

"Perhaps," said the doctor. "You just wait here half an hour and I'll find out; but we have no horses and the boys won't walk."

"Wait," said the planter, "no, I'll go myself. You said the walnut tree?"

"Yes, you will be safe to take that course," said the doctor, knowing full well that the darkies went in an opposite direction.

Now the doctor was happy, as all men are, when they do a noble, generous act. He gave his runaway some food and a canteen of hot coffee, piled a lot of straw around him in the box and nailed down the cover on top, leaving plenty of air-holes and marked the box, "James Watson, M. D., Evansville, Ind. Hospital stores. This side up. Ship with care. Valuable."

"And the box and its precious freight, worth before the war ten or twelve hundred dollars, was carried carefully to the landing, placed on the boat and reached Dr. Watson that evening.

After all was accomplished, the doctor turned to me and said:

"Now, Orderly, if you ever peach on me I'll give you something more painful and harder to cure than Hemorrhoids."

I laughed heartily as I said: "Doctor, if there's anything worse, I don't want it, and I assure you I'll keep mum."

Only a few days after this occurrence four free negroes were stolen from the neighborhood. Two of them, a father and son, were land holders, the father escaped but the three men were taken south and probably sold. The father offered his and his son's farm to any one who would rescue them.

The army could be used to recapture a drove of stolen hogs by the Confederates or to capture and return a slave found in our camps, but the condition was such that we could not re-capture these freemen stolen by and for Confederates to put into slavery. Is it to be wondered at, that a God of Justice withheld speedy vic-

tory to us while we were so tender of the slave holder's rights and forgetful of the natural rights of man?

Since reaching the enemy's country our duties were multiplying. Ten picket guards from each company must be detailed every morning and about the same number for camp guard, a police squad to clear up the camp, a squad to go to the river to unload steamers, and these details must be so made that no favoritism is shown and that no one should serve on any detail, only in regular rotation which was not always easy to do if there were many sick. Our sick list was large. We had twenty absent sick in hospital and an average of four or five in camp every day excused from duty.

Our rations now consisted of hard-tack, bacon, salt, side pork, beans, rice, sugar, coffee and a new food had just been issued to us called decimated vegetables. The boys called it desecrated vegetables. When first thrown into a kettle it looked some like potato tops and pumpkin vines. The first day we drew the stuff a picket detail engaged one of the boys who remained in camp to get up a good breakfast and have it ready when they returned the next morning. As the time approached he hung his three-pail kettle over the fire half full of water. Then he broke up and threw in a whole cake, enough for fifty men. It soon absorbed all the water and commenced to swell and burn. He then ran to the spring and dashed in another pail of water, then he took two pails and asked one of the boys to come and help him. When he returned he put in another pail of water and it began to run over. Then he got another kettle and his helper began to dip out and the cook continued to pour in water. The helper dipped out till he had two more kettles full and still it must have more water and more kettles and the boys kept on till they had every kettle in the company full of soup and said they lost enough to feed twenty men. I think I can safely vouch for this for the boys told it and I'm satisfied they were all as hon-

est as George Washington and perhaps entitled to more credit. I think this food would be very economical for the government to furnish the army. One cake would make all the soup a thousand men would want. We found it very satisfying and it made excellent filling. We wanted but one meal.

One day our regiment marched through town on every main street and our appearance at no time or place brought forth a single cheer. All were mute except fifty or sixty colored and white boys, who were located on a fence and as we passed by, one of the biggest boys, I should judge about fourteen, said to the crowd around him: "I'll tell you, boys, there's some men that ain't afraid of nothing'."

I thought the boy unconsciously hit it about right for I knew one fellow in the rank that wasn't afraid of "Nothin'."

The weather for several days had been very disagreeable, snow, rain and sleet. Our regiment was assigned to the "Division" commanded by General Thomas J. Crittenden, his headquarters now being at Calhoun, Kentucky, on Green River about forty miles from here in an easterly direction and to the 13th Brigade commanded by Charles Cruft. Our brigade consisted of the 17th Kentucky, Colonel J. H. McHenry; the 25th Kentucky, by James W. Shackelford; the 31st Indiana by Colonel Charles Cruft and our's, the 44th Indiana, by Hugh B. Reed. On the whole, our stay at Henderson had been pleasant notwithstanding nearly all the people had been unfriendly. They had regarded us as intruders on their soil sent there in violation of the rights of the state and the constitution. "Lincoln is a tyrant, a usurper and represents sectionalism." Nature had done very much for the people around Henderson. The country was beautiful, a fine healthful place, rich soil and good water. We all liked it.

On the evening of the first day of January, 1862,

66. IN THE RANKS WITH COMPANY "A."

we received orders to pack and get ready, and each prepare four days' rations in our haversacks, sixty rounds of ammunition in our boxes, and be ready to start on the morning of the second. Two companies, G and K, struck tents and moved down to Henderson and remained there until further orders.

GREEN RIVER AND CALHOUN.

Chapter IX.

Reveille at five o'clock a. m. and roll call followed immediately. At noon the tents were all down, rolled up and loaded on wagons. Next the packing of knapsacks, with two blankets, closely folded, change of underwear, socks, a few trinkets, then the haversack with four days' rations, was a new experience to us. How could we pack in a small haversack food enough to last one for four days? Raw bacon, hardtack, coffee, sugar, salt, some cooked beans packed in a small tin can. All of this in so small a space required time and skill. Also a tin cup with a wire bail so that it could be held over the fire for boiling coffee. These two articles we tied on our haversacks.

When all was ready we put on our overcoats, cartridge boxes with sixty rounds, rubber blankets, knapsacks, haversacks and canteens full of water, then shouldered our guns and if we found our loads too light to march easily through the mud, half knee deep, we could take a part of some sick boy's load.

At one thirty p. m. the order was given to fall in and Company A took her place at the front of the eight companies with our wagon train in the rear. For some three miles the road was passably good, considering the recent heavy rains, then we came to a heavy timbered land and red clay soil and for four days we walked through this red mortar, in many places half knee deep and every day but one through rain, sleet and snow.

Our wagons were very heavily loaded and the teamsters were frequently compelled to double teams to get through the low swampy places and up some of the worst hills.

When we came to a halt for the night, our tents were unloaded and pitched, generally while raining hard,

on the dryest ground we could find and a fire started as soon as possible.

The second night was a hard one, it had rained and snowed all day, our clothes were wet through, our pants covered with mud to our knees and our feet wet and cold.

Each mess built a big fire in front of their tents and dried their clothing as much as possible, patiently accepting the condition as inevitable, without a murmur or complaint.

On this short campaign we soon found that our quarter-master, Dr. George W. McConnell, was master of the situation and just the man for the time and place. He did everything that he possibly could to make the boys comfortable. As soon as we would halt for the night he would confiscate and bring in straw to fill our tents and anything else, that was needed to prevent exposure and suffering, if it could be found in the enemy's country.

Our people at home know very little about mud. It takes the red clay mortar of Kentucky to stick to one's shoes and clothing. It will stick to the clothing until worn off and to the shoes till scraped off with a knife. The first day we moved only six miles, the second only eight and the last two about thirteen each and reached Calhoun about three o'clock p. m. in time to put up our tents, gather some bushes to lie on and some wood for fires to dry our clothing.

It was a relief, indeed, to unload my knapsack, cartridge box, canteen, haversack, (which was now very light) and gun. The second day, it seemed to me, that my shoulders were cut down to the bone and the next morning they were so sore that to move with my load was, every minute, extreme torture.

The village of Calhoun may have had before the war, from two to three hundred population, but now, very few citizens were to be seen. The country immedi-

ately surrounding the town was very flat, only a few feet above the river at high water, and the soil a heavy red clay. Bayous make back from the river and fill the swamps during the winter and spring and all together it looks like a very unhealthful location for an army to encamp on. We spent the first two days fixing up our camp, ditching around our tents and policing the grounds. Soon after getting our camp in good order a first lieutenant in the regiment took his pen and wrote in a large bold hand, on a sheet of paper, "No admittance except on business," and pinned it on his tent. In less than an hour every tent in his company had the same sign over the entrance of their tents. Nothing was said by any of the boys and this was a silent rebuke that made him chafe for several days.

The third day of our march, about noon, our regiment halted for an hour or more and while I was eating my lunch this same lieutenant came along and sat down by me.

"Are you tired, Lieutenant?" I asked.

"Tired, I should say yes, but not only tired but completely disgusted with this red clay mortar. Look at my boots and pants; just put them on new at Evansville and now I'm mud to my hips and it will never come off till I wear it off. I'm tired of this kind of service and won't stand it much longer, I'll resign and go home.

"Shall I give you one word of advice, Lieutenant, and will you take it kindly?"

"Yes, if given kindly. Now what is it?"

"Dont' ever make that remark so your boys will hear it. I assure you I'll not tell them. You must remember that you enlisted many of them and urged them by all the eloquence you possessed to leave home, friends and families and enlist with you, and I remember hearing you tell while in camp that you used this expression on one occasion, that brought down the house, 'We'll

fight them till hell freezes over and then fight them on the ice."

"O I just said that—to get up a little enthusiasm."

"Well, Lieutenant, that place has not frozen over yet and you just stick to the service and the boys you enlisted till every button on your coat is shot off. Some of your boys are sick and many of them are getting discouraged and they need all the encouragement you can give them."

We were interrupted here and the conversation changed.

The weather was very unfavorable to health. It rained nearly every day and the sick list was growing fast. Co. A had thirty very sick in the hospital, ten in camp unfit for duty and several more complaining. It was said that we had six thousand soldiers here and that more than twelve hundred of them were in the various hospitals sick. They were sheltered from the storms but some of the buildings were very unsanitary, old vacant houses, long abandoned bar-rooms, one church and a Masonic hall. I visited our boys as often as possible and found many of them very sick, lying on rough army blankets spread over a small amount of straw with overcoats or knapsacks for pillows and one or two blankets over them.

Some of the boys were too sick to recognize their best friends and others were quite delirious. But not from one did I hear a complaint. How the parents and friends of these boys would have suffered had they known how loathsome these hospitals were and how destitute of those things necessary for the sick.

The doctors and nurses were doing all they could to alleviate suffering. The prevailing diseases were pneumonia, typhoid fever and camp disease. The unsanitary buildings, the water and swampy location added daily to the number of sick and increased the fatality.

Our boys got the impression that they were to go into winter quarters here so they built fire places in their tents with stick chimneys outside, plastered over with red clay. By this means they could dry out their tents and blankets.

Only a few days after reaching here our first lieutenant, tired of the service and disgusted with the conditions at Calhoun, sent in his resignation, which, if accepted, would cause a vacancy in our company.

GREEN RIVER AND SOUTH CARLETON.

Chapter X.

On the 14th of January, 1862, we received an order to "await an order to move" and on the morning of the 15th received the order. Tents were taken down, rolled up and loaded on the wagons. Knapsacks were packed, canteens, haversacks and cartridge boxes filled and when all ready our regiment took its place in the brigade and started for South Carleton, in an easterly direction, up and by the river some twenty miles, but not so far across the country.

I was left with a guard detail to go with the boats, and at three p. m. "Mattie Cook" with six flat boats lashed to her, followed by the Hattie Gilmore, all heavily loaded with army supplies, and a few soldiers for guards, left the landing at Calhoun—and we were all glad.

We reached South Carleton about dusk and soon found our regiment, which had just arrived.

There were so many empty buildings our tents were not needed, and Company A took possession of a large frame building on the main street. We found the doors all locked, but the boys used a rail instead of a key and went in at the front door. The building had been used for a drug store and doctor's office and everything of value had been removed except one skeleton, which hung by the neck in one of the back rooms. This, of course, we had no use for and it was not disturbed.

I ate a little hard tack and raw bacon, wrapped my blanket around me, climbed on one of the counters and got some sleep.

South Carleton is nicely located some fifty feet or more above the river and the landing is reached by a diagonal cut, from the main street, along the side of the rocky bluff to the water's edge.

The rain had not abated and the mud was as staple here as in Calhoun, only the country is more rolling and better drained. Soon after our teams began to haul supplies from the landing. Main street was a sea of mud and as it became thinned up by the heavy rains, it moved down the street to the cut, then dashed over the bank a torrent of mud into the river below changing it from Green to "Red" River.

From what little I saw of the village, I judged there were houses enough in South Carleton to accommodate three or four hundred population, but the citizens were so alarmed at the approach of the Yanks that they nearly all of them took their personal effects, locked their houses and left.

We remained in the store room till the 19th of January, when we went into camp about one mile south of town, in a piece of wood-land, a beautiful location for a camp. In the afternoon Lieutenant Rose and I went about one mile after straw for our tent and on returning to camp I found a large bundle of letters, several from home and two from May.

One was a reply to my Calhoun letter, in which I mentioned the unsanitary condition of our hospitals and the terrible suffering of the sick; in closing, she said:

"In our comfortable homes, with everything we need, I fear that we forget the sacrifices and sufferings of our boys. We do not comprehend a tithe of their privations, exposures and hardships. From your description, the accommodations for the very sick are so much worse than I supposed, that I almost go wild with anx-

xiety for the friends I have in the service and sit for hours and wonder what can be done to make conditions better. Remember that you have many friends here that are all the time anxious for you, and for their sakes, as well as yours, do try and be careful of your health.

From one of your best friends,

Your little Girl—May."

A few words from a letter just received from a friend, living near Mr. Gordon's. After giving me some of the unimportant neighborhood gossip, closed by saying:

"It is currently reported that Miss May Gordon is engaged to Arthur Prescott. Everybody speaks very highly of him and seem to think that she can never do better."

'I doubt it myself, but I don't believe a word of it, she would have written me. Not a word of it is true.' All of this and more ran through my head as I took the letter and wrote on the back of the envelope, "The last paragraph all false," and put it in my inside pocket.

Buckner's army was at Bowling Green and an advance of his force was anticipated, so every available man was detailed to chop, dig trenches and build fortifications. The timber was thrown outward, the limbs cut off and sharpened and when there was an open space left, young saplings were cut off the right length, driven down, leaning outward about forty-five degrees, and then sharpened to a point with an ax and shaving knife.

Nelson and I were set to work making ax handles, of which there seemed to be a greater demand than we could supply, and many others were kept at the same work for two days.

On the evening of the third day after this alarm was received I was ordered to take nine men with me and go south about three miles through a dense forest to the fork of the road, then divide into two equal squads and guard each road eighty rods beyond the

junction. We were given an old-fashioned perforated lantern, and a piece of candle about four inches long, which we lighted and started, but we had scarcely reached the road at the edge of the wood when the rain began to pour down and darkness became intense, as we entered the timber. After a long, silent, gloomy walk, by the aid of our little lantern, we found the fork of the road.

I left four men at this point and took five down the left hand branch eighty rods, as near as I could guess and stationed and instructed them, then returned and with the remaining four went along our road about the same distance. By this time, it was raining so hard we each found a large tree and hugged up close to it for shelter, then I blew out my light. Dave was nearest me, not more than four feet to my right, but I could see nothing of him nor the tree. Oh my, how dark! Not a loud word was spoken and not a sound could be heard but the fast falling rain drops as they pitilessly poured down through the forest, drenching us to the skin.

Full three hours or more had passed. I was chilled through and so sleepy that I could scarcely stand erect and only by the sheer force of will could I keep myself from getting down by the root of the tree and yielding to the demand for sleep. The rain came from the east so we stood on the west side of our respective trees for better protection.

In raising my eyes and looking to the west, I discovered a small light, no larger than a candle, and called Dave over to me. I was wide-awake enough then; for just an instant, I felt a slight chill creep up my spine and run over the back of my head.

"You see it, Dave. How far is it?"

"I should say about sixty rods, and seems to be intermittent sometimes flashing quite bright and then go-

ing out. It is slowly coming our way and oscillates up and down like a lantern."

"That can't possibly be a spy out such a night as this, Dave."

"It's just the time for such work, Orderly; see it has stopped, now it moves this way."

By this time the four boys were all standing around my tree, quite excited but very quietly watching.

"If it's a spy," said Hyat, speaking very low, "let's be ready, and if he don't halt, fill him full of balls; but look, he has started for our camp."

We stood in the rain and watched this singular light 'till it slowly disappeared. Then we got under our respective trees and patiently watched and waited, expecting that we might hear a gun from some of the guards. But we heard none and anxiously waited.

"There it comes," said Mike, "is moving this way and will likely take this road," but in a short time he seemed to be coming back on the same line that he took before.

"Now, boys, you watch this road," I said, "and Dave and I will go about thirty rods west and if possible get on his line of march." We each took our gun and started out, one holding on to the other's coat and after running against numberless trees and staggering like drunken men through the dense darkness, we stopped at what we thought was the proper position and then the light seemed to be some forty or fifty rods directly to our front. It would frequently stop two or three minutes, then move toward us slowly.

"Now, Orderly," said Dave, "it's coming directly on this line. You watch the light, my gun is all ready and you be sure and order a halt when it gets within twelve or fifteen feet, not before and if he don't halt I'll blow a hole through him bigger than this candle."

"Don't shoot, till I order him to halt, and I'll not order till he gets within ten feet so that we can see by

his own light who and what he is. Be sure and hold on for we have all the advantage."

"Just as you say, Orderly, I'd rather wait till I see him."

This conversation was carried on in a low tone and then we sat still, waiting patiently, as the light approached very slowly, sometimes for a minute or two disappearing entirely, then appearing a little nearer us. Occasionally it would seem to jump ahead several rods and then apparently stand still. "Be careful, Dave, don't shoot till I halt," I whispered, "the whole camp will be cut here. Now it's coming fast."

Dave raised his gun. The light flashed in our faces as I said "Halt" and went out entirely.

"Where is it? What in thunder is it," asked Dave. "It came so quickly I couldn't shot."

"It's well you didn't, Dave. I was afraid you would. The light is a 'jack-o-lantern.' I never saw one before and more than half believed them to be a fiction, but I guess there's no myth about this."

"No," said Dave, "this was a dead sure thing, but where is it now?"

"It has disappeared. We have broken its circuit and it will hardly appear on this line again tonight."

SOUTH CARLETON AND CALHOUN.

Chapter XI.

Dave and I went back to the road and found the boys quite excited. They heard me say "Halt" and saw the light distinctly as it flashed up in our faces at the time, but no gun was fired, and the light went out. Then I told them of the experience of an old soldier in Bonapart's army in France. How he and a comrade were cut on a picket, right in the face of the enemy, in a low swampy country, on a dark rainy night and the same light appeared to them, coming slowly nearer and nearer from toward the enemy and when within two or three rods as they supposed, he gave the order to "Halt" and his comrade fired. The whole brigade rushed out and when they learned the trouble, put them under arrest and only their ignorance of the "jack-o-lantern" saved them from punishment.

"Now, boys, this has roused and warmed us up and I am glad it happened, for I'm afraid, I was so chilled through, that I should have fallen asleep before long; and now I'm going to run my chance, with your consent, and strike a light."

We all got up in a huddle, one of the boys held an oil cloth over me, one took the candle out of the lantern and I found a dry place on my clothing and commenced striking matches but they seemed to be all damp and none good. I kept on, however, till I had used fifty or more, all with the same result. "Well, boys, our destiny hangs on this match, for this is the last one," and this one was good and caught, so that we lighted our candle. I then looked at my watch and 'twas just four a. m. and the rain still pouring down.

One of the boys remarked that "if Buckner or any one of his subordinates move on us such a night as this

they don't know enough to go in out of the rain and much less to command an army. Let's build a small fire," and we all consented.

The boys found a large hollow tree and pulled out some dry punky wood with which we started a fire, under a large tree. And to this little beginnig we added fuel until we had a rousing fire. The other five boys saw the fire and came over. They were wet like us and completely chilled through, but at the very first sight of fire we began to feel warmer.

At seven o'clock, while it was yet quite dark in the woods, we started for camp, where we found some good fires and soon dried out our clothing. In a few days we heard that Buckner's army commenced a movement on South Carleton but on account of the impassable roads, it was compelled to return. Jack and Gun Smith seemed to be disappointed, but it didn't worry me any.

There were a few men, and only a few, who occasionally found a little fault at the division of rations, but I never blamed them. Their duties were hard and I wondered at their patience.

At South Carleton I had so much to do that one morning, I called on the second sergeant and asked him to draw and divide the rations. It was really this sergeant's duty to do this but I never called on him before. This he undertook cheerfully and when nearly through, some one objected to the division of beef and charged him with partiality, which raised his dander and he jumped up and commenced to pull off his coat. I heard the trouble and stepped in and said, "Boys, we'll not have any trouble over a little matter of this kind. I've gotten through with my work now and I will finish this job. John, (I said in a low tone) you have done well, just as well as I could, but the only difference is, I pay no attention to their fault-finding and hold onto my temper."

It ran along for several days and grew worse instead of better, and one man in particular, was continually dissatisfied with the rations his mess received. He was much older and had had so much more experience, that it worried and chafed me.

One day I called him out to one side and said, "Comrade, you were in the Regular Army once were you not?"

"Yes, I put four years."

"Well that gave you a rich experience. You saw a good deal of service in that time and it's no boy's play in that army."

"You may bet your bottom dollar that everything always runs as smooth as a clock."

"Now, comrade, you know I'm almost snowed under with duties and have been since we have so many sick to look after but the dividing of rations bothers me more than all my other duties. In fact, it worries me because I'm not able to give satisfaction. You know, comrade, that it is a very difficult job to divide some of our rations accurately between so many men and no two messes have the same number."

"O yes, I realize it's not easily done."

"Now, I have been thinking if I could only get you to help—sit right down by my side, and advise, or for instance take right hold and help me divide the rations, that it will satisfy the boys and relieve me of this worry which I find is wearing on me more than my other work."

"All right, Orderly, I'll do all I can to help you and I guess we both can make it."

So the next morning Comrade was on hand and our beef was unusually poor. We had some steak, some poor bony boiling pieces and several pieces of ribs and flank and one good surloin roast.

I asked Comrade to divide the meat to make ten

piles and do the best he could, while I divided the other rations. When we got through I looked it over and said, "You've done well, better than I could do for that meat was a tough proposition."

Then I commenced to cail off and two messes refused to accept their beef, a few sharp words and insinuations followed, when Comrade jumped to his feet, pulled off his coat and began to get his fists in good fighting trim, when I said, "Boys, don't let's have any trouble; I'd rather eat all this meat than have any hard feelings."

But Comrade was not easily quieted. He tried to do the very best he could and no one could have done better. He turned to the boys and said, "I'll have nothing more to do with the rations, if you starve. Our orderly has, all the time, done as well or better than any one else could or would have done and if I hear any one finding fault hereafter, I'll dust their jacket or they will mine."

From that time on we had no trouble in dividing rations, and right here I will say, that notwithstanding I made many mistakes the boys all treated me with the kindest consideration from the very beginning of my services as orderly.

Early in the morning we received orders to pack everything and get ready to move, and all day we worked, even till midnight to get everything on the steamers and barges. Our destination, we heard, was Calhoun, the "Slough of Despond."

When all through Nelson and I were at the landing, I was very tired and sleepy. He lay down at the base of a huge pile of boxes containing army crackers, or hard tack; but I concluded to go higher and climbed nearly to the top, found a good place out of the wind, wrapped my blanket and rubber around me and soon dropped to sleep. About five o'clock in the morning, the boat hands commenced loading boxes of hard tack and began at the bottom of the pile. I did not hear them

or awaken till my foundation gave way, then I realized I was going head first some where, through a box factory. When the workmen dug me out, they expected to find me badly injured but I was not, and felt well rested by the good night's sleep, and comfortable bed.

The regiment marched across the country. I went by the barges in charge of our company's supplies, and reached Calhoun at noon.

At the landing, I met an old friend whom I had not seen since we left Camp Allen. He belonged to Company B and was living at Gordon's when he enlisted.

"Well, Simons, this is a good surprise. How in the kingdom came you here?"

"You remember I was taken sick at Camp Allen and was furloughed home and now I am here all ready to report for duty."

"Well, come with me, John, and tell me all the news. Did you see any of my folks?"

Yes, I met your brother at Gordon's, the day before I left. He stayed there till dusk and here's a package of letters, and he sends lots of love."

"All right, John, I thank you. By the way, how are they at Gordon's, they're old friends of yours and old acquaintances of mine."

"They're all well but May, she was poorly a week or so and left school, but better when I left."

"Did she quit on that account?" I asked.

"She said not. She said she concluded to take a vacation. She says she can't take much interest in her studies while the war lasts."

"Has she any near friends in the army, John?"

"Well, now I don't know. I asked her that question one day, how many—and she held up both hands with her fingers open and smiled."

"Is there any one there now except their own family, John?"

"None but Arthur Prescott, he had been there about

a week when I left—is just able to go around on crutches."

"Well, John, I just learned from a friend in the neighborhood, that May and Arthur were engaged. Did you hear that report?"

"Yes, I heard that gossip."

"Did you see anything that confirmed it?"

"Well hardly on her part. She is so kind and good to everybody especially every soldier, that it's hard to tell. I saw Arthur look at her several times as though he could say his prayers to her. By the way, she handed me a letter to give you. Maybe you're one that she is anxious about."

"I'm only one of a great many, John. She has a great many friends."

"That's true, Marion. She is a good friend to everybody and more especially to the poor and friendless."

As John left me I opened May's letter first, from which I quote one paragraph:

"A few days ago father and I called on Arthur and brought him home to stay with us for a brief time, while his mother is visiting her sister in Michigan. Although improving, he suffers a good deal from his wound but is very patient, and when I see him now so helpless and think how robust he was when he enlisted and that now he is likely to be a cripple for life, I can hardly keep back the tears. O this cruel, cruel war! I cannot do justice to myself, in my studies, while I have so many friends in the service and have laid by my books for a while, go through my daily routine of house work, mechanically, and then read my dailies."

My brother's letter was full of love and affection and I herewith quote from it, a postscript hastily written at Mr. Gordon's.

"I found John Simons at Gordon's. He promised to call on you. I had an interesting visit with May and

found her the same bright, generous girl she was when a child. To her natural beauty and grace she has added culture and refinement. As far as she has gone she is very thorough, a great reader and thinker. In short she is thoroughly posted on war, the position, condition and movements of both armies. She prizes the book you gave her very highly, and asked me many questions about you and then at last said:

"I do feel a deep interest in your brother, you remember we were playmates and when I was but a child he saved my life and in doing so almost lost his own, and now if he should be taken sick or wounded I would be helpless to aid one to whom I owe so much. I have never been able to express my gratitude to him as I would like. He would never listen to a word and that is why I take the liberty to talk so freely to you; and here as her voice began to waver, she gave me her hand but did not look up or say good by as she left me and passed from the parlor up a flight of stairs to a room above.

Yours Affectionately,

PRENTISS."

I sat for a long time in a deep study and said to myself, "A generous, noble girl. God bless May Gordon. She is crucifying herself for her friends."

FROM CALHOUN TO FORT HENRY.

Chapter XII.

On reaching Calhoun our regiment went in camp on the same ground we left on the 15th of January and each mess of Co. A was now using the same fire place and chimney they had built. When making my last monthly report I found that we had thirty-five sick in hospital, ten excused from duty, and had lost five by death, reducing our number of available men to fifty. Eight of the sick were in Evansville, five in South Carleton and twenty-two at this place. We also had eight more that were really unfit for duty but refused to go to the surgeon to be excused, fearing that he might order them to the hospital. The resignation of our first lieutenant was rejected, but as he had been sick since reaching there on the 1st of February, he was granted a leave of absence and started for home immediately.

It rained here nearly every day, making the roads and streets almost impassable. There were heavy army wagons, cavalry and artillery constantly moving along the main street, mixing the thin mortar with all kinds of filth and slops from the houses, and straw and manure from the stables.

Hogs lived in the streets and wallowed through the mud. They were so poor and thin that when the sun shone they were almost transparent except for the heavy coat of red clay that stuck to their bristles. Half starved, long eared and long legged hounds vied with the hogs in filth. Old houses, uninhabited, sheds, stables, log shacks, filthy pig pens, old wagons, boxes, barrels and wood piles decorated the main streets on either side.

Was it any wonder that we had so many sick in our company, was it not a greater wonder that we were not all in a hospital or covered over deep down under this

red clay? A hard battle would be much less fatal than to remain here. I don't mean to complain, it might have been necessary to occupy this place, I am just giving the terrible condition and results.

February 7th, all the sick that were able were ordered to be sent to Evansville, where they can have good healthful surroundings and care. I had just returned from a visit to our sick that were not able to be moved and who were to be left in Dr. Rerick's care. Most all were cases of typhoid fever. Many were in a stage of stupor, a few opened their eyes and tried to greet me with a smile. I went to young Stealey's bed, spoke to him a few times and tried to rouse him but he was past recognizing any one. His home was near Angola. Seeing these boys of ours in such a low reduced condition, lying on rough blankets with a little straw under them, with nothing but an overcoat or knapsack under their heads and most of them covered with bed sores, made my heart sick. If they were only at home some of them might recover, but there, with those surroundings, there was little hope.

That morning, the 8th, we received orders to move, and as soon as possible everything was packed and loaded on the little side-wheel steamer "Nettie Gillmore." At one a. m. we bade Calhoun a long farewell and moved down Green River.

The water was excessively high, overflowing the low lands and extending back through the swamps a long distance, bringing into the channel large amounts of down timber and filling the river with drift that resembled an endless raft floating down the current; on account of this, our steamer ran down about five miles and tied up at a landing. The night was cold with a strong north wind and as there was no chance for the boys to rest and keep warm on the boat they all got off and built fires, using the barrel staves, corded up along

the river, which burned well but was rather expensive fuel for the owner.

At seven a. m. on the 9th we again started down the river, stopping at Spotsville, where we changed from the "Nettie Gillmore" to the "Baltic," a large stern wheeler, and from there on we had no trouble with drift wood, although the river was full. A vast amount of valuable property was going down the river into the Ohio—fences, millions of rails, chicken coops, pig pens, corn cribs, hay and stacks of fodder and now and then, a good sized log house.

We reached Evansville about dusk, passed on and stopped at Henderson, Kentucky, a half hour and reached Paducha at eight a. m. on the 10th. Here was an ocean of water, the whole country was flooded, the water up to the second story of the business houses along the river. The town, too, was full of water and the people were navigating some of the streets with boats and rafts. Our boys said they saw pigs looking at them through the second story windows, while dogs, cats and poultry were running around on top of houses.

Here were more steamers congregated together than I ever saw before, lying along the bank, with volumes of black smoke rolling up from their tall chimneys and puffs of white steam, vanishing in the air.

Among them was one queer looking little thing, a gun boat probably, for our protection, compared with the other steamers looked like a little banty rooster. The boys called it a "mud turtle," a sort of a cross between a sub-marine fort, a dredging machine and coal barge. It's unlike anything in the fleet and to obviate asking questions, we called it a gun boat.

We stopped at Paducha nearly an hour then the whole fleet commenced to move, the "Baltic" dropping in about the middle of the column, accompanied by our little gun boat running along on the right of our fleet as though our safety depended on her.

Every steamer seemed to be loaded down to the water with infantry, artillery, cavalry, army wagons, mules, horses, army supplies of all kinds and all the paraphernalia of war, and as the fleet turned up the Tennessee, we knew positively then, that we were bound for Fort Henry, ninety miles up the river, an agreeable change to us, from the poison mud and putrid water of Calhoun.

It was a beautiful day. The soft mellow breeze came down from the south where the robins sing and the roses bloom all winter. The rocky bluffs on the one side of the river and the wild unbroken forest on the other, furnished me a variety of interesting scenery to keep me on deck all day.

Occasionally here and there a log cabin cropped out from a small clearing occupied by some "squatter" family. A half dozen half dressed children, the wife and mother poorly clad and the lord of the shack and ranch, sitting under the shade with his gun and two or three dogs at his feet.

And occasionally at landings, we passed a few small towns or cluster of houses, where a group of negro children, a few white lads and lasses and a few old gray headed men and women had congregated and witnessed a sight such as they never saw before. Our boys would give ringing cheers for the Union, Lincoln and the old flag but we heard no response.

In advance of us were seven gun boats, the Cincinnati, St. Louis, Carondalet, Lexington, Tyler and Conestoga. The Cincinnati being Commodore Foot's flag ship.

The fleet landed two brigades of troops on the west side of the river and three on the east about four miles below the fort. Those on the west side were to advance and cut off any reinforcements from the new fort, being built on that side, while those on the east, under Gen. McClernand, would work their way through the woods

and swamps to gain the rear of the enemy, and storm the fort, if ordered.

As Charles Carleton Coffin was on the Cincinnati with Commodore Foot and was an eye witness, we will let him describe, in his graphic way, the bombardment of Fort Henry.

"Commodore Foot had prepared his instructions to the officers and crews of the gun boats several days before. They were brief and plain.

"The four iron clad boats, the Essex, Carondalet, St. Louis and Cincinnati will keep in line. The Conestoga, Lexington and Tyler will follow the iron clads and throw shells over those in advance."

To the commanders, he said:

"Do just as I do."

Addressing the crews, he said:

"Fire slowly and with deliberate aim. There are three reasons why you should not fire rapidly. With rapid firing there is always a waste of ammunition. Your range is imperfect and your shots go wide of the mark and that encourages the enemy; and it is desirable not to heat the guns. If you fire slowly and deliberately, you will keep cool yourselves and make every shot tell."

With such instructions, with all things ready, deck cleared for action, guns run out, shot and shell brought up from the magazines and piled on deck, confident of success, and determined to take the fort or go to the bottom, he waited the appointed hour.

The gun boats steamed up slowly against the current, that the troops may have time to get into position in rear of the Rebel intrenchments. They take the channel on the west side of the island. The Essex is on the left of the battle line nearest the island. Her commander is William D. Porter, who comes from good stock. It was his father who commanded the Essex in the war with Great Britain in 1813 and who fought most gal-

lantly a superior force, two British ships, the Phebe and the Cherup in the harbor of Valpraiso.

Next the Essex is the Carondalet, then the Cincinnati, the flag ship, with the brave commander on board, and nearest the western shore, the St. Louis. These are all iron plated at the bows. Astern is the Lexington, the Conestoga and the Tyler.

The boats reach the head of Panther Island and the fort is in full view. It is thirty-four minutes past twelve o'clock.

There is a flash and a great creamy cloud of smoke at the bow of the Cincinnati. An eight inch shell screams through the air. The gunners watch its course. Their practiced eyes follow its almost viewless flight. Your watch ticks fifteen seconds before you hear from it. You see a puff of smoke, a cloud of sand thrown up in the fort and then hear the explosion. The commanders of the other boats remember the instructions. 'Do just as I do' and from each vessel a shell is thrown. All fall within the fort or in the encampment beyond, which is in sight. You can see the tents, the log huts, the tall flag staff. The fort accepts the challenge and instantly the twelve guns which are in position to sweep the river, open upon the advancing boats. The shot and shell plow furrows in the stream and throw columns of water, high in the air.

Another round from the fleet. Another round from the fort. The air is calm and the thunder of the cannonade rolls along the valley, reverberating from hill to hill. Louder and deeper and heavier is the booming till it becomes almost an unbroken peal.

There is a commotion in the Rebel encampment. Men run to and fro. They curl down behind the stumps and the fallen trees to avoid the shot. Their huts are blown to pieces by the shells. You see the logs tossed like straws into the air. Their tents torn into paper rags. The hissing shells sink deep into the earth and

then there are sudden upheavals of sand with smoke and flames as if volcanoes were bursting forth. The parapet is cut through. Sand-bags are knocked about. The air is full of strange, mysterious, hideous terrifying noises.

There are seven or eight thousand Rebel soldiers in the rifle-pits and behind the breast works of the encampment in line of battle. They are terror stricken. Officers and men alike lose all self-control. They run to escape the fearful storm. They leave arms, ammunition, tents, blankets, trunks, clothes, books, letters, papers, pictures—everything. They pour out of the entrenchments into the road leading to Dover, a motley rabble. A small steam boat lies in the creek above the fort. Some rush on board and steam up the river with utmost speed, others in their haste and fear plunge into the creek and sink to rise no more. All fly except a brave little band in the fort.

The gun boats move straight on, slowly and steadily. Their fire is regular and deliberate. Every shot goes into the fort. The gunners are blinded and smothered by clouds of sand. The gun carriages are crushed, splintered and overturned. Men are cut to pieces. Something unseen tears them, like a thunderbolt. The fort is full of explosions. The heavy rifled gun bursts, crushing and killing those who serve it. The flag staff is splintered and torn as by intensest lightning.

Yet, the fort replies. The gunners have the range of the boats and nearly every shot strikes the iron plating. They are like the strokes of sledge-hammers, indenting the sheets, starting the fastenings, breaking the tough bolts. The Cincinnati receives thirty-one shots, the Essex fifteen, the St. Louis seven and the Carondalet six. Though struck so often, they move on. The distance lessens. Another gun is knocked from its carriage in the fort, another, another. There are signs that the contest is about over, that the Rebels are ready to surrender. But a shot strikes the Essex between the

iron plate. It tears through the oaken timbers and into one of the steam boilers. There is a great puff of steam. It pours from the port holes and the boat is enveloped in a cloud. She drops out of the line of battle. Her engines stop and she floats with the stream. Twenty-eight of her crew are scalded, among them her brave commander.

The Rebels take courage, they spring to their guns and fire rapidly and wildly, hoping and expecting to disable the rest of the fleet, but the commodore does not falter, he keeps straight on as if nothing had happened. An eighty pound shell from the Cincinnati dismounts a gun, killing or wounding every gunner. The boats are so near that every shot is sure to do its work. The fire of the boats increase, while the fire of the fort diminishes. Coolness, determination, energy, perseverance and power win the day. The Rebel flag comes down and the white flag goes up. Cheers ring through the fleet. A boat puts out from the St. Louis. An officer jumps ashore, climbs the torn embankment, stands upon the parapet and waves the Stars and Stripes. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! You hear it echoing from shore to shore."

In one hour and twelve minutes from the firing of the first gun the fort, which the Rebels maintained could protect the Tennessee, surrendered; opening up water communication into the heart of the Confederacy. This was Thursday and should have been a day of thanksgiving, for that victory from a military standpoint, was of national importance and should have inspired the hearts of the discouraged, the doubtful and the disloyal to greater devotion for their country.

At nine p. m. the whole fleet of transports assembled around the captured fort and celebrated the victory with martial music, patriotic speeches and cheers from ten thousand boys in blue.

FROM FORT HENRY TO FORT DONELSON.

Chapter XIII.

Very soon after the surrender of the fort, the gun boats were run back down the river to Cairo for repairs. Commodore Foot was also there looking after the comfort and care of the men scalded on the Essex, the repairing of the boats and reporting to the war department, the surrender of Fort Henry.

On the Sunday following, when the bell rang for service, the Commodore was present. The minister being absent, he stepped into the pulpit, read a chapter, offered prayer and preached from the text, "Let not your hearts be troubled, ye believe in God; believe also in me."

He exhorted his hearers not only to believe in God, but to believe also in His Son and accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Savior.

He, like Gen. O. O. Howard, lived what he believed and lived it every day. Had we had more such men in command of our armies, less mistakes would have been made and more victories won.

Before leaving Calhoun, our brigade had been transferred from Buel's to Grant's army and attached to Gen. Lew Wallace's division, a portion of which, including our brigade, was ordered to Donelson by the Cumberland.

At eleven p. m. after celebrating the victory, at Fort Henry with patriotic speeches, martial music and cheers, the fleet of transports moved down the Tennessee to Paducha which we reached sometime during the early morning. I dated three letters "On the Baltic," one to mother, one to Prentiss and one to May.

I kept nothing back, but expressed my mind freely and plainly of the conflict pending.

I wrote mother that our fleet would leave Paducha

within a very brief time and move up the Ohio then up the Cumberland to Fort Donelson, which the Rebels call the "Gibraltar of the Confederacy."

In closing I said, "We shall capture the fort but it will involve a hard fight and cost many lives. Whether I survive or not, rest assured, dear mother, that I shall try to do my whole duty and that I have never forgotten your parting words. To be plain and honest with you I must say that I contemplate the awful carnage that must ensue, with feelings of dread. Yet I feel no fear, I am not afraid, and this condition of mind seemingly so contradictory, I cannot explain, but I have strong faith that I shall survive. Remember me, as you promised. Your affectionate son.

MARION."

...In closing my letter to Prentiss, I said "you have always been a kind, indulgent, generous elder brother. If you could read my heart now, you would know that it is full of love and gratitude to you,

Your affectionate brother, M."

My letter to May was written under proper restraint. I could not take the liberty to say what was in my heart, but all my words were carefully chosen and warm with the strongest regard, and I knew she could read much between the lines. I told her of the important victory at Fort Henry. "And now with the capture of Fort Donelson, we not only reach the heart of the Confederacy by two waterways but it will eventually make it possible to open the Mississippi to the Gulf, thus cutting the Rebellion in two. Better several thousand fall than lose Donelson. Nashville will be surrendered soon after we capture the fort.

Be patient and don't worry. my little girl, I feel confident I shall pass through unharmed. Remember me as you promised.

Your best friend.

MARION."

At four thirty p. m. on the 12th day of February, our twelve steamers and our little teller or signal boat, cut loose and were soon in line, the Baltic taking its place, the sixth from the front.

Soon after starting, I sat down on the upper deck by myself when my old friend John Summers came up and sat down by me.

"Well, John, how is the health and how are you, anyway?"

"My health has improved wonderfully. I like this ride on the river."

"What's the news from home. Anything from Gordons?"

"Here is a letter from Marg, that may interest you some."

I took it readily and read it through hastily as the body of the letter was quite important; then my eye caught a brief postscript signed by Marg, which said: "You see Marion often, you say. He's an old friend of our family, especially of May. Tell him that she will probably leave us next fall as her marriage is set for October 1. Arthur has received a nice little fortune from his Uncle Arthur. But that of course had no influence with May. I asked May to write Marion but she seemed indifferent. Marg."

For a moment the blood left my head and face and I felt dizzy, then controlling myself and voice, I said, "John, Marg never wrote that letter, there is something materially wrong here. The whole letter is a fraud. What does it mean? I can't conceive who would forge her name. What object could any one have?"

"I'd almost swear that it is Marg's handwriting, but I'll write her again and if possible find out."

"Do so, John, but please don't mention me in your letter at all. Will you give me this letter, I wish to keep it. It will be a great favor. I'll find out the author, if I live to get home."

"Yes," said John, "keep it and when I get another we'll compare."

As John walked away I looked it over carefully. It's a good imitation, I thought. I looked at the envelope. The stamp was stuck on carelessly, nearly bottom side up and the folding in bad taste. I then took a pen and ink and wrote on the envelope, "A forgery" and placed it in my inside coat pocket, out of my sight, but I could not put it out of my mind. May indifferent. No, that gives the whole scheme away."

"Bless her heart. It's all false. If there was one word of truth in her engagement, she would have written me as she promised. It doesn't fit in well with what she told Prentiss a few days ago. Well, I have plenty to think of for the next few days."

Before reaching Smithland, at the mouth of the Cumberland, we met other transports loaded with troops, which turned around and dropped in our rear, making fifteen in all. The five gun boats having gone on in advance.

These transports as they moved up the Cumberland with banners flying over the crowded decks, glittering with burnished arms, gay with uniforms, enlivened by numerous martial bands made a grand imposing spectacle, long to be remembered by those who witnessed it.

The Captain and I had been on deck most of the time since leaving Paducah, watching the fleet, and the scenery along the river and the drift, too, as it came down the stream and passed by us so rapidly, when all of a sudden he became deathly sick. I took him below and called in Dr. Martin, as soon as possible, and while helping what I could, I was taken in the same way; so awfully sick I was frightened. I thought I would turn inside out and that everything but my boots would come up through my throat.

As soon as the Captain could speak, between his

convulsions he cried out, "Oh Doctor, I'm poisoned. O dear I never was so sick."

"Hold me, Doctor," I cried, "I'm boiling over. I've got the cholera."

"Cholera," said the Captain, "is it cholera, Doctor?"

"Stop your noise, I say, you'll have everybody down here that's on deck. Here take this, Captain, and he gave him a spoonful of medicine and then gave me the same and when he went out he said, "Now keep quiet, boys, don't be alarmed, you'll feel better soon."

"Say, Orderly, do you think this is chorela?"

"Well, I don't know Cap. I never felt so sick before." O dear, what pain and my stomach began to heave and cramp and that started Cap off again. "I believe it's cholera. We caught it at Calhoun. The hogs were all dying with it there." "Say, Cap, do you suppose a man could catch hog cholera?"

Before Cap could answer he began to heave and just then the doctor came with some more medicine and gave each of us a big dose.

"Say, Doctor, do you suppose we caught the cholera from those hogs at Calhoun," I asked.

"Shut up, you gosling. Keep off the deck and quit looking down on the water and you'll be all right."

"Keep off the deck. I'm sure I saw the doctor smile. Sea sick, I thought, and on the Cumberland. How poetic, and I soon dropped asleep from the effects of opiates, I had taken and I did not wake up till roused by the cannonading up the river.

I jumped out of my bunk and began to dress as the doctor came in.

"Well," said the doctor, "how do you like the effects of standing on deck and looking down on the water for two or three days? Don't do it again just as we are expecting a battle."

"Say, Doc, can't you pump me full of wind or saus-

age or something, I feel as hollow and empty as a beer barrel."

"Ill give you more capsicum to stop up your mouth."

The regiments of our brigade were landing and I started to go when the doctor stopped me.

"Where are you going, Orderly?"

"I'm going down to the company."

"You can't, you're not able. You can't make the march."

"Well, Doc, I'll try, and I can make it, I must go."

"If you are bound to try it, I'll fix you up a dose."

So he poured some brandy in a glass, put in some water, quinine and capsicum, stirred it up and got it down, but 'twas an awful dose. I got on the ground as soon as possible and although I felt weak, I felt well. The captain stayed on the boat, got a furlough and started for home on the first steamer.

We soon had our tents a camp equipage unloaded from the boat and piled up, and as they were to be left there, it was necessary to detail some one to guard them. We had three sick boys that I knew could not make the march and one of them was Jim. I called them up to the goods and told them what I wanted, and Jim refused to remain. He was taken sick at Calhoun and had been sick all the way on the steamer.

"No, no," said Jim, "I will not stay. I'm going with the boys."

"Jim, you can't go, you're not able. It's impossible for you to make the march, stay here and take care of yourself. Why won't you stay?"

"Because if the company goes, I'm going."

The surgeon was close by and I called him. "Say, Doc, I wish you would persuade Jim to stay here, he's been sick for several weeks."

"Jim, my dear fellow," you're unable to make that march through the rain and thick mud."

"Dr.," said Jim, and he spoke slowly and calmly, "you can put me under arrest and court martial me for disobeying orders, but if Co. A goes, I'm going."

"Jim, I don't like to see you go, I wish you'd stay but God bless you, my boy, and if you will go let me give you a good stimulant," and he fixed him the same that he did me, only a larger dose.

The transports reached the landing while I was asleep, sometime in the forenoon, I judge. The gun boats had passed on up the river and perhaps it was noon or after when the Carondalet tossed the first shell into the Rebel works. The deep and heavy roar of the first gun echoed over the hills of Tennessee and down the valley of the Cumberland. It awakened the Rebel hosts and gave inspiration to the Union army.

THE ROAR AND SMOKE OF BATTLE.

Chapter XIV.

As the bridge formed, our regiment took its place on the extreme left which threw us in the rear. For a short distance our road ran to the west then mostly south and southwest. We were all heavily loaded, knapsack, with two blankets, haversack, canteen, cartridge box with sixty rounds, and gun. It had rained almost incessantly for the last two days and nights and the clay road was soon mixed into thin mortar, by the column in front, deep enough to go over the army shoe and frequently one would plunge into the thin mud to the knees. We soon crossed a swampy ravine, then climbed along a steep hill, cut out by the heavy rains down which ran a strong current of thin slush and muddy water, then a level swampy tract of mire, another steep hill, a creek to wade, another and another hill to climb and swamp bottoms to wade through, with little variation 'till we reached the south branch of the Fort Henry road, some nine miles or more from the landing.

About three p. m. we passed a cleared field and log house, on our right near the road, and near the base of a large hill on our left.

The log house was Gen. Grant's headquarters. And over and beyond the bluff on our left the fort, we concluded, from the heavy artillery firing, and just over the bluff not very far, was a constant roar of musketry, proceeding probably from our forces charging the enemy's entrenchments.

We reached our position, two or three miles south west of Dover about dusk, in a blinding snowstorm.

I think I never saw it snow harder in Indiana. We were nearly exhausted carrying our heavy loads through the rain and mud. We were all wet through and hun-

gry, our feet were wet and our pants covered nearly to the hips with mud. We had just halted when Jim gave out entirely and would have fallen full length to the ground had not the boys caught him. They found a place for him to sit down, wrapped a blanket around him and called Surgeon Martin.

"Jim, my boy," said the doctor, "I was afraid of this. I should have compelled you to stay on the steamer. Can you swallow this brandy and water?"

"I'll try," said Jim feebly.

"Jim," continued the surgeon, "you've done your whole duty. You'll die here before tomorrow night if you stay. I can't take care of you. You must go back to the landing. Who will you have go with you?"

"Al and Dave," he replied.

And while the boys were getting ready, the doctor wrote,

"Dear Dr. Vincent:

"I send you the bravest and best boy I ever knew. A hero. Be very sure that he has immediate care and the best you can give; save him if you can. He's worth a dozen ordinary men. Yours in haste,

"W. W. Martin, Surg. 44 Ind. Regt."

And this note he folded and handed to the boys as they started to take Jim back to the "Baltic."

We stacked arms and made a hasty lunch of raw bacon and hard tack, as we were now near the enemy's picket line, it was impossible to build fires to make coffee or dry our clothing, so we stood around in small groups, silently eating our dry lunch while the damp, fast falling snow was spreading a cold wet mantle over us.

We had scarcely finished eating when the adjutant ordered me to divide the company into two reliefs, the first to go on picket immediately and the second to relieve the first at midnight.

This was a hard problem. I felt that I understood

their condition and realized how they must suffer throughout the night, from fatigue, their damp clothing and wet cold feet and when the company was formed, I said "boys, count off and divide equally; the half that desires, from now till twelve, follow me and the half that remains shall relieve at midnight. The left of the company followed promptly. The officer of the day took us full a hundred rods to the base of "Bald Knob Mountain" when we deployed and formed our line. We were instructed to do no firing unless attacked by the enemy. At midnight the right of the company came out and relieved all but me. Our second lieutenant was unable to go on duty, hence I remained with the second relief. The night was long and tedious and will never be forgotten by the boys that were there. Some cut a few bushes, lay down and got a little rest, but in the morning they were covered with six inches of snow. Others sat down, leaned against a tree or stood on their feet, they could choose their accommodations. Sleep was impossible.

On the last round made by the officer of the day we went back with him, hungry, wet, sleepy, exhausted and shivering with the cold. Then we ate our little lunch of hard tack and raw bacon and when scarcely through, an order came for each company to cord their knapsacks by the side of the road, nearby and detail two men to guard them. I detailed Wright and two others, as those three were completely exhausted and sick. Some time during the day Wright was sent to the hospital boat at the landing and died soon after.

Our long roll was beaten, which made cold shivers run up the back, the company formed, roll was called, the second lieutenant took command and I went to my place with my gun, and our regiment dropped in on the left of the brigade.

The wood was full of soldiers as far back as we

could see, on either side of the road and thousands of men in front.

As soon as our brigade began to move, all the men in front very kindly gave us the right of way and did not seem to envy us at all, as we passed on by them along the south branch of the Fort Henry road towards the front, where the incessant and heavy roar of musketry and artillery sounded like an approaching tornado.

Our brigade had marched a half mile when the front began to climb a long steep hill, and when about half way up, shell came thick and fast from a rebel battery, on our left, screaming and screeching like a thousand mad demons, through the air close over the road. The boys ducked their heads and ran across the exposed place, which was about ten rods. When Company A reached that point we not only ducked our heads but humped over and ran as close to the ground as possible. I felt that every shell was aimed at me.

Passing to the top of the hill we soon met ambulances and wagons loaded with wounded; from one, blood was dripping through the box. Wounded men were straggling along the road to the rear, with bandaged arms and hands and legs and heads; faces covered and beards loaded with clotted blood. Men carrying a bandaged broken arm and others using their guns for crutches and sticks for canes, while only at a short distance to the front and right was the roar and smoke and rush of battle.

THE BATTLE OF DONELSON.

Chapter XV.

As you sail up the Cumberland and approach the "Bend" you will pass a high bluff on the right at the crest of which is a high embankment built of earth, running all around it, with many angles.

Near the foot of the bluff are two embankments, one above the other, called the "Water Batteries." They are manned by seventeen heavy guns. Two of them are large and will throw an iron bolt, weighing one hundred and twenty-eight pounds, while most of the others are thirty-two-pounders. The guns can be turned down stream and their fire concentrated on a single gun boat.

Now pass up the river one mile and you reach the landing and the little village of Dover, clustered around the "Bend" at the foot of the bluff. First is an open space, or public square, some sixty rods, along the river and perhaps thirty rods back. To your right is a large amount of army supplies piled up, which covers nearly one-tenth of the open space.

Crossing the square to the south you enter the only main street, the Clarksville road, which runs in a southerly direction. Follow this road, please, up and over the long hill to the ridge for nearly a half mile and you reach the Rebel out-works:—a trench, at this point, twelve feet wide and four deep, with all the dirt thrown outward, and at this crossing is their draw bridge.

This big trench describes a circle, outside of which is the abatis, a thick growth of timber fallen outward, with every limb cut off and sharpened to a needle point. The Clarksville road continues along this ridge in a southerly direction and is quite an important factor during the battle. Now from the draw bridge cast your eye to the south, southwest, west and northwest and if it was not for the intervening swamps, bluffs and patches

of timber, your eye would cover much of the battlefield. To the right is a deep gulch leading to the south, and beyond another high ridge running parallel, which commands the road and drawbridge.

As the front of the brigade reached the Clarksville highway it filed to the right along the road, and when the rear passed this point, our whole brigade line was under the fire of the Rebel skirmish line, only a short distance to our left and covered by a dense growth of underbrush.

Company A had just made the turn when I heard a ball strike John, who was next behind me. I turned around, took his gun and asked, "Are you badly hurt, John?" "Yes," he said, "the ball has gone plum through me." He was leaning forward, with his hands over his bowels, but never lost a step; unbuttoned his clothing, ran his hand around him, felt no wound, looked on his hand for blood, discovered none and said, "No, Orderly, I ain't hurt. I'm just skeared a little, that's all; give me my gun." He was hurt, however. The ball struck him a quarter of an inch forward of the hip bone, on the left side following around the abdomen, burning the skin and coming out on the opposite side from where it entered. Had a coal of fire or red hot iron been drawn around quickly it would have hurt no more nor left a more positive mark.

Under this fire the brigade must have moved one hundred rods or more. The balls flew thick but they flew high, some were wounded, but none seriously.

The brigade came to a halt, and left face in the open, where there was only a few scattering trees. Here I looked for Gun Smith but did not see him. Perhaps he had been wounded or killed by the skirmish fire.

The enemy was in heavy force down the slope in front covered by a thick growth of oak grubs, loaded with last season's yellow leaves, the color of the Confederate butternut uniform. We had just reached our

position and fronted the enemy when, instantaneously a heavy volley of musketry struck us; where I stood, at our feet, farther to the left and especially to the right about the middle. A few were killed by this volley and Captain Cuppy was fatally wounded.

Our brave flag bearer dropped the flag and ran to the rear. The adjutant and major rode around him and drove him back under their drawn swords. The firing then became general and during some little confusion in his company Jack slipped out and we never saw him again. For thirty minutes or more we loaded and fired as fast as possible, it seemed to me much longer. Time moves slowly when engaged in a deadly conflict; even five minutes is a long time to stand under fire. In our left we had no support and our right was driven back. Our regiment stood alone for ten minutes. The enemy was coming around us on our right and extending their line to flank us on our left, and our only course was to fall back to save our regiment from capture.

In falling back through the woods, Company A went straight back to the rear. We were alone and quite confused as to where or which way to go. Looking off to the right we saw a body of cavalry, dressed in blue overcoats; they beckoned us to halt, and as we did so they spurred their horses up to within fifteen rods and fired. We gave them one round, emptied a few saddles and then we scud like a flock of quails for a thick undergrowth nearby. In reaching our covert, we found that Orange had received a very bad wound through the shoulder and that John had been hit again. A spent ball struck him in the fleshy part of the hip and was buried under the skin. He pressed his finger by the ball and forced it out. We then followed the ridge to the southwest and soon passed down the bluff near our field hospital, where we left Orange, then crossing "Bloody Brook" we discovered our regiment on a high elevation in an open field and hastened to them. And

here our second lieutenant, being sick and exhausted, left us for the field hospital.

From all that we could see and learn, up to this hour, two-fifteen p. m., the enemy had been successful, in forcing our whole line from right to left and so encouraged were they that Gen. Pillow telegraphed Nashville, "On the honor of a soldier the day is ours."

So, flushed with success, the enemy resolved to capture a battery, just beyond the gulf, that commanded the Clarksville road at the draw-bridge.

From our elevated position the battery was in plain sight and we could distinctly see the Rebel column march up the gulch, step over the brook, form under the shelter of the bluff, face to the right and commence the perilous charge.

We saw them plainly as they climbed the steep long hill, with confident and magnificent bearing, up and up, sure of success and from our point of view, I trembled for the result. Only twenty or thirty rods more and the battery would be lost; the infantry rolled a volley of balls at their heads and shoulders as they rose above the crest, then every piece of artillery seemed to leap high in the air as they belched forth great volumes of fire and smoke and canister, through the advancing column.

The officers tried to rally their men while the guns were being reloaded, and got within four rods of the battery when a more destructive fire of canister tore through their depleted staggering ranks and hurled them to the bottom of the gulch, where under shelter they re-organized their line, rested a few minutes and charged up the hill again, into the very jaws of death, and met a concentrated fire of musketry and artillery that swept them back over the crimsoned snow, down the hill to the brook below. The survivors tarried only a moment and moved down the cove leaving their dead, wounded and dying on the ground.



A grand simultaneous charge is ordered on the whole Rebel line and at three-thirty p. m. we take our place on the extreme left of our brigade, move forward down the hill cross "Bloody Brook," file left at the base of the long ridge occupied by the heavy Rebel force to a point about half way between the two extremes of an impenetrable swamp filled with water on the left.

Here we halt and right face. I look over the position with some concern, look back and behind us, at the swamp full of water six or eight feet deep, a hedge row of bush too thick for a rabbit to get through.

A good place to put a regiment of cowards, but my, oh my, to put us in here with only one way to get out and that by the front, it's do our duty or die, or do our duty and die.

We wait, all is still. O, this awful suspense! this inexpressible dread, that makes the heart sick and the blood chill in every artery and vein. What are my thoughts at this time, you ask? The same as one going down in the water the last time: home, friends, all those I love best; of Him who died for me. Never faith and hope in Him so precious as now.

Dave stands in close touch on my right, his gun in his right hand, with his left he is resting a portion of his weight on a hickory grub that stands between us.

A single gun and the ball cuts off the grub close below his hand. He partially drops to his knees; a Rebel yell, a flame of fire along the crest and blinding smoke leaps down the hill, a crash and roar, a rain of balls around and over us, that "hiss" and "sing" and "ping" and "thew" like great swarms of bees. They mow the grubs in front and over our heads as a scythe, while the little limbs, leaves and bark cover our faces.

We hear a command, loud, plain and clear.

"Fix bayonets: Charge bayonets: Forward: Fire: March!"

We fire and struggle slowly up the hill against a storm of balls and lead and fire rapidly and low. We try to keep our line that we may not shoot one another, as we push our way over and between the rocks, through the grubs and fallen brush and thick choking smoke that rolls down the bluff and fire low and fast till we reach the crest and Rebel line, when the bayonets come in play.

We reach it but we find only a long line of dead, dying and wounded. We step carefully around and over them, follow closely the flying enemy down along the Clarksville road nearly to their draw-bridge where as they bunch here to cross, the battery which they failed to capture, throws grape and canister through their ranks and fills the road with dead.

Had they held their guns down as we did not one of us could have reached the crest.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Chapter XVI.

It would be very presumtuous for one in the ranks to attempt a description of the battle of Fort Dónelson farther than he could see for himself. Then more than likely, few if any others in the line, no matter where located would be able to identify it with what they saw.

I have read carefully our colonel's report of our engagement in the forenoon and our charge up the bluff in the afternoon and must say that it is very difficult for me to reconcile his description with mine.

But this is not his fault nor mine; he saw from one standpoint, and I from another. He sat on his horse while I was actively engaged in the ranks.

I have only tried to tell, in the easiest, briefest, plainest and most natural way possible, what was real to me, what I saw then and what I can see now whenever I close my eyes.

We knew from the heavy artillery fire and constant roar and crash of musketry, that the whole line from one extreme to the other, was engaged in the charge, but the forest, thick undergrowth, and powder smoke confined our vision to a very narrow limit.

After driving the enemy inside their earthworks, we returned to our position on the ridge about dusk and took a few minutes rest. We were all well nigh exhausted from the intense nervous strain all day, loss of sleep and lack of food. Such had been the excitement and rush that we had eaten nothing since the early morning and then only a little hard tack and raw bacon.

During the middle of the day the sun cut the snow in the most exposed places but as night approached the northwest wind commenced to blow hard and the night became intensely cold. Our blankets which we needed very much were back a mile or so with our knapsacks,

and we were compelled to put in the night without them.

We had rested perhaps ten or fifteen minutes when an orderly handed me an order which I read to the boys.

"Company A for picket duty, one-half the company from seven to twelve and the other half from twelve to five a. m. An officer with each relief. Signed by A'd'j't."

"Boys," I said, "all that prefer the first relief take your place on my right and all that prefer the second, take your place on the left." This divided the company so equally that no change was made. I then took the first relief and followed the officer of the day. He deployed and stationed us about ten steps back from the Clarksville road, where the timber was quite thick and a large and thick grove of undergrowth, which was a partial shelter from the cold northwest wind. Our orders were to stand still, make no noise to draw a fire and not fire unless absolutely necessary.

I took my place about midway between the two extremes of the company, by a large white oak tree, on the west side of which and reclining against it, was a confederate soldier, who that day had fought his last battle. He might have been placed in that position by some comrade, on the west side that he might watch the going down of the sun, while his life was going out.

He looked to be about forty years of age. I wondered if he had a home, a wife and children. If he really at heart endorsed the Confederate cause. Where did he live? . What was his history; were they anxiously awaiting his return? Will he be missed? And I wondered, too, if I was missed at home. Did they think and speak of my birthday, the fifteenth of February. O, yes, no doubt, it was spoken of in the morning at the breakfast table, at noon, and at the evening meal. I struck a match, in the shadow of my tree, and it was just nine-forty-five, the time for mother to retire and she was thinking of me while on her knees as she promised. Did

they know that the anniversary was celebrated here by the roar of artillery, the crash of musketry and the shedding of blood? Not yet, neither did they know how much I suffered from the cold, exhaustion, loss of sleep and hunger, and I'm glad they did not. Minutes seemed like hours, how slowly they passed on that winter night.

Though so tired and suffering, my thoughts were busy, and I frequently called to mind May's last words, especially this: "And if it will light your burdens, and give you courage to bear patiently your hardships, privations and sufferings, please remember that I shall follow you with deepest interest and sympathy, through all your campaigns and battles. And do not forget that every morning and night I shall pray Our Father to bless and keep you safe that you may return to us." But notwithstanding the warmth of these words the most noble, unselfish, patriotic girl and the firm belief that I was not forgotten by any of my friends at home, I would have given all the kingdoms and crowns of earth, had I possessed them, for one undisturbed night's rest and sleep in a good warm bed.

I looked at my watch again, it was just ten o'clock and then I saw a flash, another and another, and three monstrous shells came screaming through the air from a Rebel battery inside the earthworks. Scarcely had they exploded in the forest close by, tearing, splintering and crushing the limbs and trunks of trees, when more shell started out on their mission of death and destruction.

Our picket line was immediately scattered and as there was no safety or security in any one place, we rushed from one point to another to avoid the bursting shell. From ten o'clock p. m. of the 15th till five-thirty a. m. of the 16th we were kept on the constant run and well warmed up with our violent exercise.

As soon as the firing stopped our regiment collected and formed in line a few steps west of the Clarks-

ville road where we could take a little rest and eat a lunch of hardtack and raw bacon. What next, we wondered. A charge on the enemy's works was suggested by many and discussed quite fully as we stood there patiently waiting.

At seven the long roll, and a sudden chill, then the regiment lined up and was all ready to move.

✦ ✦

Again we wait for the order "Forward March," "Charge!" and while we wait the heart is on double duty, pumping blood and throbbing with anxious expectancy. But hark! listen to the sharp ring and clatter of a horse's feet coming rapidly over the frozen road from towards Dover and within ten rods of the right of Company A the orderly takes off his hat, swings it in the air and shouts out, as clear as the notes of a bugle, "The fort has surrendered, Hurrah! Hurrah!" and goes on by us at a furious speed along the line which takes it up and shouts, "The fort has surrendered, Hurrah! Hurrah!" As the cheering reaches the further end of the column it sounds like a mighty wind threshing the forest. When too hoarse to shout, the boys take off their hats, throw them in the air, some laugh and some laugh till they cry, others shake hands and hug and kiss each other.

✦ ✦

When all through and sobered down, we were all warm and quite rested from the nervous strain and formed our regiment again.

Soon, Gen. Grant rode up from the rear and gave the order to our colonel, "Forward." Our regiment being on the extreme left threw us in front and we followed closely.

When we got within twenty rods of the draw-bridge our company was ordered to halt, and men were detailed to remove the dead Confederates out of the road, that were cut down yesterday. Many had been

trampled upon and their clothing frozen to the ground.

Passing the earthworks, were hundreds of cartridge boxes and broken guns on either side of the road, that had been thrown away by the Confederates in their haste to reach the river, and as we entered the little village of Dover, we found on the public square next the river, and in the streets, from thirteen to fifteen thousand prisoners, a haggard, disappointed, worn out, homesick crowd of men, all more to be pitied than blamed, for they had been sorely deceived by their leaders. They had not the least idea of losing a battle, much less being made prisoners of war.

They had been told by their leaders that the Yankees were cowards and that a regiment of southern soldiers could easily whip a brigade of "Northern Mudsills." But here at Donelson they met their equals. Men that were brave as they, physically and intellectually their superiors, much more cool, and could shoot better by half than they, with all their boasting.

Their clothing was of all colors and make. Some were dressed in blue, some in gray, but mostly in butternut yellow and dirty brown. Many had their blankets wrapped around them, made from old and new quilts, and others made from old and new carpets.

Our first business was to gather and cord the guns, and as the 44th Indiana was the first to enter the village, men were detailed from it to do this work, and while it was being done I walked down to the lower end of the square, where I found a young Confederate, all alone, reclining on some baled hay.

"Well, Johnny," I said, "You look lonesome here all alone. Are you sick?"

"Yes, I'm sick, worn out and homesick."

"Well, that's a good deal for one fellow, as young as you. Is there anything I can do to help you?"

"Yes, very much. Can you tell me what will be done with us?"

"I can and will most cheerfully. You will be sent north and put in comfortable barracks, the same as we occupied, and draw the same rations and have the same care if sick."

"And then tried for treason and hung or shot."

I could not help but smile at the boy's sincerity and asked the question, "Who told you that falsehood?"

"Our officers told us that, before the battle."

"And they told you the Yanks were cowards, too."

"Yes, and that you would run, the first volley."

"Well, you found that to be a lie, which they told you to make you fight, that if captured you would all be shot or hung."

"Yes, they repeatedly told us that."

"Well, that's the bigger lie of the two, for we sometimes run the same as you when we can't do better. Your officers are liars. I have told you the honest truth, have seen a great many prisoners in our camps and know that they have the same fare and treatment of our own boys. So don't be alarmed, you will be used well. What have you in this bundle, please?"

"Our regimental flag. Our flag bearer was killed and I was ordered to take his place."

"Will you give it to me, please?"

"Yes, most certainly. I have no more use for it."

"Thank you, my boy. Now, may I ask you one question and answer, if you desire?"

"I notice your speech is so different from all these prisoners, that I have talked with, that I'd almost take you to be one of us. A Yank, as they call us."

"Well, I'm more of a Yank than a South Carolinian. My mother was from Massachusetts and a graduate from one of her best colleges. I owe all my culture to her through discipline."

"Well, my dear boy, you ought not to be in the Rebel army. Your mother certainly did not advise you to enlist."

"O no. She did all she could to save me, but it was enlist or hang on the end of a rope, and I chose the former, which is I find but little better."

"Well, my boy, you are out now, honorably, and when you get up north take the oath of allegiance and remain there, till the war is over. And if you should find no other way to get out, enlist in a Union regiment and then you will have a government and not a slave holder's aristocracy to fight for. And should you conclude to do this, your mother will be proud of a son that will defend the old flag."

"I know she would be glad, for she loves her country and her flag and I will think over seriously what you have said. I would rather die than go back in the Confederate service."

"Well, my boy, I believe you can find some way to keep out and now I will bid you good bye."

"Good bye," he said, as he shook my hand at parting.

As I started back to the landing, I met our colonel and handed him the flag, and a little further on met my old friend Simmons.

"Well, John, I see you got through all right."

"Yes, three balls passed through my clothing, in that charge but none of them touched the skin."

"You were lucky. Many a brave man went down in that charge, but not so very many in our regiment on account of their wild and high shooting. I have wondered how so few were hit for we were within less than twenty feet when they fired their last volley; but further to our right it was a terrible bloody contest and many were killed with the bayonet on both sides, I learn."

"Yes, I heard the same and have talked with several that were further down the line, and they said it was too horrible to talk about. But they said they finally broke through the Rebel line and then the Rebels

went down the road like a drove of sheep."

"Any news from home, John?"

"I have received two more letters from Marg since I saw you last, and I begin to think that you're right in calling them frauds. And here they are, you may have them. By the way, do you hear from May?"

"Yes, John, I get usually two letters a week."

"And she says nothing about the matter?"

"Nothing, John. Neither have I to her. I will keep these two letters and if I live to get home, we will find out who is responsible for this forgery."

I looked them over carefully and found them about the same as the preceding ones. The writing a good imitation but the folding, stamping and dictation not Marg's. I wrote across them "Forged," and placed them with the others.

THE VICTORY.

Chapter XVII.

On the third day, up to four or four-thirty p. m. immediate victory for us seemed very doubtful. Encouraged by their success in the forenoon, their resistance became more desperate. After twelve m. our whole right, left and center, which had suffered so severely in the forenoon, were reorganized and when all ready, a grand and simultaneous charge was made on the whole length of the Confederate lines and breastworks and by dusk they were forced to yield their strong positions.

All through the night our brave boys held the ground they had so nobly won, while the Rebel batteries, located on elevations above them, hurled down shells and grape through the forest, ravines and gorges, so that there was no place of safety within our lines. The branches of the trees were torn from their trunks by solid shot and the trunks often splintered from top to bottom.

While we were being chased from one position to another to find shelter from bursting shell, the Confederate officers met in council at General Floyd's headquarters. Nearly all the officers were there. They had won a victory in the forenoon, as they supposed, and lost it in the last grand charge, and that made them sad and down-hearted.

It was reported here now that we had nearly fifteen thousand prisoners, sixty-five pieces of artillery, some of them of the largest calibre, eighteen thousand small arms and quite a large amount of army supplies.

But all of this is small compared with the importance of the positions acquired. The loss of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers to the Confederacy was one of the most serious things to overcome. It was made up of hills and bluffs, narrow valleys and deep gorges, and

impenetrable swamps, with here and there commanding heights that bristled with cannon constantly throwing shot and shell among our men, wherever assembled.

All these commanding positions of the enemy were carried by storm. On the last grand charge, our brave, hungry and exhausted regiments, swept up the long steep hills, over and between the rocks, through the thick undergrowth in the face of sheets of flame and amid tempests of balls.

When gaps were made in their ascending ranks, they were closed up and stepping carefully over the dead and wounded, they pushed resistlessly on, keeping their lines as best they could and with bayonets on, firing, carefully, low and as fast as possible, till they reached the crest and then with a reserved load, hurled the enemy from their positions.

From the early morning of the last day till dusk it was a struggle for supremacy. The enemy knew that they must gain their victory that day, if at all.

Our boys that were engaged in this struggle were mostly young, inexperienced, not inured to the hardships of war and to most of them it was their first battle. Up to the night of the fourteenth it had rained for several days continuously, and on the night of the fourteenth the snow fell to the depth of six inches.

The lines were changed so often back and forth that scarcely any of the troops could reach their knapsacks to get their blankets and hence there was great suffering from cold, hunger and loss of sleep. Not a single tent did I see erected to break the wind and storm, nor a single fire to make coffee and cook a meal.

No rations reached us from the landing as was anticipated and all we had was the few hardtack in our haversacks and a very small supply of bacon.

Only a few of the wounded could be removed from the field while the battle lasted. Many were frozen to death that no doubt, except for the enemy's shells,

would have been saved. On the morning of the sixteenth many of the wounded, with frozen hands and feet, were carried to the hospitals but faint and weak from loss of blood and a long night of untold suffering, they soon died. Very few survived. If all of these could only have written in full their sufferings for just that night, it would help us to estimate the cost of this slave-holders' rebellion. All that could be moved were taken to the landing and put on board the hospital steamer.

Not only were our wounded to be provided for but the thousands that were taken sick from exposure and exhaustion, they, too, must be taken care of. The killed and fatally wounded are but a small fraction of the fatalities of a battle.

Then add to what I have mentioned the wounded and sick of the Confederate army and the thirteen thousand prisoners left on our hands. O, a battle is expensive! It devastates and destroys. Its cost cannot be estimated in dollars and cents, but in pain and anguish, in dying groans, in precious blood, and in heart rending shrieks from men, torn and lacerated with shell and grape and canister.

As one goes over this battle-field and sees the dead and thinks how they may have suffered, then the sufferings of the wounded and sick and then stops to think that perhaps this is only one of four or five hundred battles that may be fought, he will be better prepared to arrive at this war's stupendous cost.

The surrender of Donelson gave the Rebel government their first hard blow. It was really the first and most important victory the Union army had gained. The northwest portion of the Confederacy had received a severe puncture. General Johnston was forced to evacuate Bowling Green and it compelled the surrender of Columbus and middle Tennessee. Nashville could not stand alone and hence fell into our hands.

On Sunday morning, the sixteenth, while we were throwing our hats and hugging each other, rejoicing over the victory, the Rebels at Nashville were having a jolly time, too. Pillow's message of Saturday noon, of which I have spoken, set them wild with delight. The newspapers threw out their bulletins with a freedom unparalleled.

"The Enemy Retreating! Glorious Result! Our Boys Following and Peppering their Rear! A Complete Victory! !

Just as the devout people were fairly seated in the churches and the choirs rendering their first anthem, a horseman dashed through the main streets of Nashville shouting "Fort Donelson has surrendered and the Yanks are coming." A panic seized them. The churches were emptied and men, women and children rushed from their houses into the streets. They looked for the Yankees to pour in upon them and murder, pillage and burn. Strong men trembled, women were wringing their hands and children found relief in tears.

It was nearly noon when Floyd and Pillow arrived on a steamer and Gen. Floyd soothed them with a speech, declaring that the enemy had forty thousand and they only ten thousand effective men.

How strange, that we should have captured from thirteen to fifteen thousand and some two brigades made their escape.

As Gen. Johnston's army retreated from Bowling Green, they went right on through the city. The people expected they would stop and defend them, and the capital of the state, but they did not. It was a wild night in Nashville. Two unfinished gun boats were set on fire and destroyed. Rebel store houses were thrown open to the poor people and the Zollicoffer bridge that cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was cut down and ruined. This bridge belonged to the daughters of the late General Zollicoffer, who was killed by Col.

Fry at Mill Springs. The daughters begged and prayed them to spare the bridge, but all of no avail. The people were seized with a panic and demented with fear. The farmers in the surrounding country, for miles, were frightened and bunched their slaves and sent the poor creatures farther south. Such was the condition that millions of dollars worth of property belonging to the Confederacy and people were destroyed, including all the army supplies which were stored there to be drawn upon as needed.

This victory, so expensive in blood and suffering, thrilled the hearts of all loyal people at home and gave our sick, wounded and discouraged soldiers new inspiration.

The gun boats and transports came up the river to the landing with bands of martial music and flags and banners flying. The gun boats and field artillery fired a grand salute that made the hills and forests of Rebel-dom tremble and cheered the hearts of the sick, wounded and dying.

At four-thirty p. m. our regiment marched back to the woods where our knapsacks were corded, built some fires and made coffee, the first since we left the Baltic. After coffee and supper, we cut bushes and made our beds and as I lay down that night upon my bed of bushes, I felt for the first time in my life that I had passed the limit of my endurance.

At or about midnight it commenced to rain and soon began to pour down. This compelled us to get up and roll our blankets and put them in our knapsacks to keep them dry.

At two a. m. the rain was pouring down in torrents, I called the roll, formed the company, took our place in the regiment and brigade and moved along the Fort Henry road to the west.

Dover and Fort Henry are twelve long miles apart

and the road winds around, over and between the clay hills, and we necessarily mixed mud every step.

Occasionally a solitary clearing and farm house greeted the eye but most of the country over which we passed was wild, hilly and worthless and bore but few marks of civilization. Our column halted once to snatch a lunch and take a few minutes rest, then struggled on and on through rain and mud till we reached a point about a mile from the fort about two p. m.

The next day after reaching here I went down to the fort with Aumend and saw the destruction made by the gun boats. Gun carriages were overturned and knocked to splinters, wheels riddled and scattered all over the enclosure and the ground inside and out plowed up with shell.

The Rebel camp must have been a scene of chaos, for everything that belonged to officers and men were left in hot haste, cooking utensils and rations were scattered over the ground. Officers' clothing, mattresses, looking glasses and musical instruments were abandoned. Had the brigade reached the Dover road in time, they would have bagged the eight thousand Rebel troops and reduced the defense at Donelson.

Since the battle we had a large sick list in the company, the weather was against us, as it rained nearly every day and we were compelled to drink surface water.

I was excused from duty the third day after reaching here and ordered to the hospital tent for treatment, where I remained till the fourth of March, all the time getting worse. My tongue was full of large cracks, dry as a husk and so sore that I could eat but little.

Late in the afternoon of the fourth of March "Uncle John," Charley, George and I were sent to the river in an ambulance and ordered to go on board the Ohio, a hospital boat, which was the third from the landing. It was dark and when passing from the second boat to

the Ohio, on the engine decks, I fell between the two vessels but caught my right arm around a post and hung while the water was rushing through, close under my feet in mad fury. A fireman chanced to see me and caught and pulled me in. He saved my life. In a few seconds more I should have gone down into the rapid current and been listed among the "unknown dead."

We found the boat loaded down with sick, many very sick, all crowded together on the floors, covering all the space. We were the last ones on and very fortunately for us, that we were able to walk around and care for ourselves.

Soon after four p. m. the Ohio left the landing and moved down the river. We found a good place on the engine deck, out of the way, and made ourselves quite comfortable. We had no idea where we were going and were much surprised to find ourselves at the landing at Evansville at seven a. m. on the sixth.

Charley and I were at the stern of the steamer and seeing our surgeon, Dr. Rerick, we called to him and he came aboard, helped us off and took us to the hotel where he was stopping. George and Uncle John were at the front and were taken immediately to the Marine hospital, where George died in three or four days.

On reaching the hotel Dr. Rerick examined us quite thoroughly and said, "Boys, you should be in the hospital in bed, under treatment now. Your tongue and whole appearance indicate typhoid. I'll see what can be done. Every building in the city is full of sick and wounded and many have been quartered in private houses. Stay here till I return."

He was gone full two hours and on his return, said he could find no place and we must stay at the hotel till something could be done for us.

I was just able to walk around and could not keep still, so I went to one of the convalescent hospitals, only a few rods away on the same street, and found Lewis

and several others of the boys who were brought from South Carleton and Calhoun. I found the boys doing well and would be ready for duty soon.

Lewis told me that Jim was in the Marine hospital and as it was only a short distance I walked over, and as I entered the room he greeted me with a smile. I took him by the hand and said, "Jim, I'm glad to find you alive, for I hardly expected to see you again."

"I have been very sick, Marion. I came near dying before I reached here and my recovery is by no means certain."

"Well, you are better now, are you not?"

"O yes, much better. I have had the best of care here, and gaining now, they tell me, but it seems so slow and I get so lonesome. O if I can only get back to the company, every man is needed so much and I have been able to do so little. How much I thought of you and all of the boys while the battle was going on. And at noon that day when we heard you were all driven back and defeated, hope almost died, but when the news reached here of the surrender, I wanted to get up and shout and throw my hat as I heard you all did. I may never be able to return, Marion, I sometimes feel and fear that I will not. If I never return, will you tell the boys that I tried very hard to do my whole duty. Will you surely tell them, Marion?"

"Yes, Jim, God bless you, I will tell them, but they all know it now. You almost gave your life in trying to do what many stout and well men failed to endure."

As I looked at his pale face and sunken eyes, the tears came so fast I could hardly restrain them but succeeded in saying, "Jim, you must not talk any more, you are tiring yourself out. I must go now."

"You are sick, too, Marion, you look very poorly, you tried to keep me on the steamer when you should have stayed there yourself. I am not sorry, Marion, that

I tried, though it may cost me my life. Are you really sick?"

"No, Jim, just worn out and exhausted. I will be better soon with rest and sleep."

As I took his hand at parting he said, in his feeble voice, "Good, bye, Marion, and don't forget my message to the boys and tell them, whether I live or die, I have gained the "victory."

As I left the hospital my face was moist with tears and I said to myself, "Yes, Jim, you have. There are few such as you, but those few shall wear crowns and yours will be rich with jewels." I felt that I should never see Jim again in this world and I never did. He, like more than half a million noble boys, laid down his life for his country, and his only regret was that he had done so little.

I managed, but I hardly know how, to reach the hotel. I was not sick, O no, but just so tired and weak; and I couldn't sit or lie still long enough to rest.

HOME ON SICK FURLOUGH.

Chapter XVIII.

At this time no man in this state, or any of the loyal states, was more earnest and devoted to the Union and "the interests of the soldiers than our own "War Governor," Oliver P. Morton. Anticipating the needs of the army, in the event of a battle at Donelson, he gathered hospital supplies, ordered transports, secured all the nurses he could find and doctors that he could press into the service and while the battle was raging, his boats reached the landing five miles below and immediately after the surrender, moved up to Dover.

He ordered that all the Indiana soldiers must be looked after, and removed to points where the very best hospital accommodations could be provided, and all able to travel, of the sick and wounded, that could not be accommodated should be sent to their homes.

Dr. Rerick had just returned as Charley and I entered the hotel and said, "Boys, I have been through every hospital in the city and find them all full of sick and wounded. There is no place here for cases like yours that need immediate treatment and care, under Governor Morton's order; you will start for home tomorrow morning at nine-ten a. m. from the depot. I secured your tickets at government rates, and here they are." We handed him the money and thanked him for his kindness.

Charley and I occupied the same bed and neither of us slept but little. I know I must have had considerable fever for I dreamed of carrying heavy loads through the deep mud and climbing long high hills where the rocks were so thick and large that I could not reach the top. My sleep gave me no rest and as soon as it became light I was glad to leave my bed and go down stairs.

The doctor went with us to the station and in parting said: "Now, boys, you must get home as quickly as possible. You ought to be in bed now."

Our train was long and loaded with sick and wounded soldiers. I sat in the seat with one of our brigade a few minutes, who received six wounds from the last volley, as we reached the top of the bluff.

Another of our brigade in our car, received a ball through the upper part of the nose, passing through under the brain coming out on the left side of the neck and as he turned, in falling, another ball entered the other side of the neck and came out through his mouth. He lay at the top of the bluff, that freezing cold night of the 15th till past midnight when he came to himself partially. In a semi-conscious condition he found the road and followed it down to Dover where the enemy put him in a building with some other prisoners. His head was well bandaged, nothing of his face being visible but his eyes. He was in a fair way to recover from his wounds.

I was too stupid to pay much attention to the passengers in our car and when we changed at Indianapolis and Salem Crossing I did it quite mechanically. I remember, however, that I was very anxious to get home where all would be quiet; then I could rest and sleep. I was not conscious of being sick, suffered no pain, but so very tired and could not rest.

We reached our station at nine-twelve a. m., strangers, without money. No one knew or noticed us and we were too proud to beg, or even ask any one to trust us for a ride home. We walked over the main streets of Kendallville hoping to see a familiar face, or even one that would ask us who we were and how far we had to go, but we found none and started off on foot along the road to Indian Lake.

At noon we began to stagger and faint and stopped at a farm house to rest. After asking some questions, as to our company and regiment, they told us that they

had two cousins in company B; that one died at Calhoun and the other was home on sick furlough. They kindly invited us to eat with them and then one of the family drove us on our road three or four miles.

We reached the Corunna road and could go no farther, sat down on a fallen log and rested till William Hayward came along, when we climbed in his wagon and rode within four miles of my home.

At ten o'clock the next morning I opened the door. Mother was ironing and as I stepped over the threshold she heard me and sprang to my side, threw her arms around my neck and exclaimed "O Marion, what a surprise. But you are sick; you look sick."

"No, mother, I'm not sick, just tired to death; I want to lie down. Just fix my bed here where I can see you iron." I took off my shoes, coat and vest and before lying down, I said, "Mother, if I should be much sick will you send for May?"

"Yes, Marion, we will surely send for her whether you are much sick or not."

As soon as I felt the bed and soft flannel blanket over me I yielded to the inevitable. I was at home. O how good it seemed. There would be no noise or confusion now. I could rest and sleep. But my head was hot and my temples began to throb with pain. My tongue was dry, coated and very sore, and my eyes refused to close. Mother fixed my pillow and bathed my face and head in cold water. Prentiss sent for the doctor and at the best he could not reach me till well toward night. My mind began to wander and created strange delusions and from this time on I was delirious for many days, at times not knowing my own mother or brother and would frequently call for them when they were at my bed.

If I slept at all it only exhausted me, for I was carrying heavy loads, through the deep mud or making that awful climb up the bluff and as I would nearly reach the

top a heavy cloud of smoke and flame of fire would roll over and hurl me to the bottom.

Then, too, I worried over an immeasurable loss of some kind, though quite indefinite, in which May was in some way involved.

My head was full of fantastic hallucinations. Everything seemed to have its duplicate, even I myself was double. If my head throbbled with pain, it was the other fellow and not I.

I was sufficiently conscious to know that some skillful nurse took my head from the pillow and showered it with cold water and then wiped it dry with a smooth towel, pressed and rubbed my temples with a soft hand and so gently done that the pain would leave me and I would get a few minutes refreshing sleep.

The doctor came in the evening and found me very delirious, much excited and hard to manage. He watched me closely for some time, then felt my pulse, took my temperature and gave me a dose of medicine. He went into the next room and said to Prentiss and mother: . . .

"His fever is very high. I never saw a worse tongue. He ought to have been in bed more than two weeks ago. It is a complete physical break-down. I wonder that he ever reached home. You must indulge him as far as prudent and if possible he must be kept quiet or he will soon wear out. All these delusions are real to him and he is simply living over and over in an intense degree, the exciting scenes and hardships and sufferings endured during the battle. He was not one to give up till he had passed his limit. Continue the water when his fever runs high. I will be in tomorrow."

For some time the medicine was given every half hour and the water was used as ordered. On the next morning the fever was down and I was quite sane. I knew that mother was by me and I asked, "Mother, did you send for May?"

"We did send for her, Marion, she's here. She has

been bathing your head and gave you the last dose of medicine. Perhaps you did not recognize her."

"Oh yes, but there are two May Gordons, this one is engaged to Arthur Prescott."

"Why, no, Marion," said mother. "Why do you think so?"

"You will find a large package of letters in my inside coat pocket written by Marg that will explain all, give them to her and send her home, and bring my little girl May. She wore short dresses and her rich dark brown hair in two long braids down her back. It's the one, mother, I used to play with when we were children, the one I always called my little girl."

"O, yes," said mother, "I remember her. I had forgotten that there were two Mays in the same family. It's all my mistake, I will send this one home at once and have the other one brought. Just be patient, Marion, it will not take long."

I must have dropped off to sleep for it seemed that a long time passed before I roused up sufficiently to ask:

"Mother, did you send, and hasn't she come yet?"

For an answer, the door opened gently and in glided my May. She kneeled down by my pillow and pressed a kiss on my forehead and I felt a tear fall on my face. For just a moment she could not speak.

"Marion," and her voice trembled some. "I told you I'd come. I'm here now and I'll stay till you get well. Won't you try to sleep and rest? Won't you try to get well?"

"Put down your head, May." I ran my hand down over the long braids that hung down her back. "Yes," I said. "Let me see your eyes, May. The same dark blue and when you laugh, they're black. This is the little girl that followed me down to the gate and said so shyly, 'I came down here to bid you good bye, for I'll not be here when you call again.' Is it the same little girl, May?"

"Yes, the same, the very same, Marion."

"And you'll not take wings and fly away and leave me?"

"No, Marion, I'll stay till you get well."

"Then if you'll stay I'll live, and get well; never fear."

Then she put two fingers on my lips and said, "No more talking, now you must go to sleep and rest."

"Delicious tyranny," I said, but made no more effort to talk. As she got up to get my medicine, I noticed she was in short dress and then I closed my eyes and was satisfied.

She gave me my medicine, bathed my head in cold water, used a soft towel and then with her hands rubbed my forehead and temples till I fell asleep. There must have been something very potent in those soft hands for I slept nearly all night and was only conscious when some one gave me medicine and occasionally a spoonful of nourishment. I did not hear any Rebel guns nor climb the bluff.

The doctor came about nine a. m. the third day and brought counsel and assured me he was a Union man and asked if he should bring him in.

"O yes," I said, "if he's loyal, but I want no Rebels here while I'm sick."

They both sat down by my bed and asked some questions as to the location of pain, looked at my tongue and took my temperature. They then passed into the next room and talked over my case and asked mother many questions. After dealing out the medicine my doctor sat down by my bed, and after watching me closely, said "Marion, you can help me in your treatment. Keep your mind, if possible, off from everything exciting. Don't worry or fret. Try to sleep and rest all you can. Will you try?"

"Yes, doctor, I will try." But in a few hours my fever rose very rapidly and I became almost unmanage-

able. I rose up in the bed and declared that Prescott should not marry my wife. I would protest at the very altar. That May Gordon would never consent and he must not coerce her into such an alliance."

Exhausted, I lay down and May placed her hands on my hot forehead, commenced to rub my temples, then the pitcher of water was brought and she showered my head till the throbbing ceased and while pressing and rubbing my head and temples with her hands she told me in her low musical voice that Marg never wrote those letters. They were all forged and May will never marry Prescott, she has told him she could not and putting her hand in her pocket she took out the letters and showed them to me one by one, how I had endorsed them with pen and ink as being all forgery. "Do you remember, Marion, telling May at the gate long ago that you'd never forget your little girl and that you on another time long time after asked her to promise you that she would make no engagement, without letting you know? May has kept that promise and will never violate it," and thus she talked on and on in her way, in her naturally musical voice till the pain left my head and I fell into luxurious sleep and my last conscious thought was that God's best angel was hovering over me.

AT HOME.

Chapter XIX.

From this time on for nearly thirty days I took little note of time. The doctor came to see me every day and the neighbors were very good and kind. Sometimes my fever would run very high and my head would be full of fanciful delusions. I was wading through the deep mud, carrying heavy loads, climbing long steep hills or fretting or worrying over May's engagement. I spoke to the May that was present kindly, but denounced her duplicate and false. These delirious spells were made brief by someone who gently showered my head in water and rubbed my temples till I'd drop to sleep.

At last the fever left me and the crisis came. It was then a question of vitality; could I rally?

All was still inside the house and out. No one from outside was admitted except the doctor. Mother, May and Prentiss were my watchers and nurses.

I lay for days in a dead calm, in perfect painless rest and wholly indifferent to recovery. There was no response to food or stimulants. I felt that to live required an effort and that I had no incentive.

During my delirium, the false statements in those letters were, to me, a reality. The delirium had gone but the delusion remained. As I did not refer to them after my fever left me, May and the rest of the family had no idea that I believed them. May's labor of love for me I supposed was actuated by gratitude. I felt then I could not live if she left me and I could not wound her by protesting against her engagement.

So with my brain fogged with that delusion I barely existed, I did not live. The days passed and there was no improvement. One day mother and May were both in my room. Mother looked sad and worn and pale and May's eyes showed plainly that she had been weeping. The doctor entered very quietly into my room and sat

down by my bed. He looked at me a long time before asking any questions. Mother told him that I had no pain and slept well and seemed to rest, but that they had to force me to eat and take stimulants. Then he spoke to May and she followed him into the next room.

"May, do you notice there has been no improvement in our patient since his fever left him?"

"We know it," said May, "it's killing his mother, Prentiss and—and me."

"I have done all I can with medicine. There's no disease now. He'll simply lie there and die unless we can rouse him. I cannot keep him alive many days. Have you those letters, May, that he referred to so often?"

"Yes, here they are, I have kept them in my pocket. Read them, doctor.

He sketched the material portion through and then turned to May and said:

"I ought to have read these letters before, I see the trouble now. You remember his delusion, May, what he said when he was delirious?"

"O yes, I remember well. 'Twas this—O May, how could you engage yourself to Arthur and not let me know?' Then I'd get the letters and show him his own writing on the back and he'd read it and smile and say, 'O yes, I'd forgotten, or I remember now,' but in a short time the same delusion would return. Then I'd say, 'Marion, I'm not engaged to Arthur, these letters are forged, my sister never wrote them, she told me so,' then he'd make the same reply: 'O yes, May, I'd forgotten,' and so hour after hour while his fever was high I would work with him. But when his fever left him, as he did not repeat it I supposed the delusion had left him entirely."

"May, you know that he loves you better than his own life, and if your heart responds to his love, you only can make him live."

"O tell me what I can do, Doctor. I would willingly die to save him."

"The letters and his own words convince me that I am correct. You see, May, when he made those endorsements on the back of the letters he was sane and it shows that he had perfect confidence in you. But when the fever came on the statements in those letters induced the delusion and when his fever left him the delusion remained and with him it is a reality and only you can break the spell and make him live."

"Tell me what to do, doctor. My heart is full and almost breaking."

"I will go in with you and ask the mother to step out. I will give him a strong stimulant and have a short talk with him and when I step out do just what your heart prompts. Don't be afraid, if you love him, to tell him so, plainly. Let him know that if he makes no effort to live, he will destroy your happiness, and don't smother your feelings. I will be in the next room and wait and watch the result."

As the doctor and May entered, the doctor administered the stimulant and then said:

"Marion, don't you know that it is wicked, suicide for you to lie here and die, you can get well. There's no disease now. It all depends on you. Will you not make the effort? May is here and will give you the incentive. Don't answer me, please, save your strength. You can and must live."

The doctor had scarcely closed the door when May sprang to the bed, dropped on her knees and sobbed as though her heart would break. Her whole frame shook with emotion and she was bathing my face with her tears.

I succeeded in getting my right hand out from under the blanket and placed it on her head and mustered strength to say, "Don't, May, O don't cry so, you fright-



“O May, don’t cry so.”

en me. What can I do? I would rather that every tear was a drop of my own blood than have you suffer."

She made several attempts before she could speak and then said:

"O, Marion, don't you know that I love you more than my own life? That I would die for you if that would make you live? O why will you lie here and die when the doctor says you can live and get well? O Marion! why will you break my heart and destroy my happiness?" and her tears were flowing like rain down her face and over mine.

The spell that bound me was breaking away. The delusion was gone and hope revived.

"Don't, May; don't cry so; I can't bear to see you suffer. Tell me what to do."

"Live for me, your mother and Prentiss."

... "Does it matter so much to you, May?"

"Yes it does matter. I shall never know another hour of happiness. It would kill me. It would kill me."

"But your engagement to Arthur. How can you?"

"O Marion, I'm not engaged to Arthur. You cannot believe that."

"Those letters."

"I got those letters from your pocket and when I saw that you had written across them these words, 'All forged,' I didn't suppose you'd believe them after your fever left you."

"Let me see them, May."

"Yes, that's my writing. All forged, May?"

"Yes, Marg never, never wrote them, she has told me so."

"Then, May, you're not engaged to Arthur?"

"O Marion, no. How could you think so and I not tell you, the best friend I ever had, save my own dear mother?"

"Then you do not love him, May?"

"No Marion, I had to tell him that I could not love

him. That my heart and all I had to give was given to another, unasked. I pitied him and honor him but I can never love him. I was very, very sorry for him and told him so."

"You say, May, that you had given your heart to another unasked. To whom, May?"

"O must I tell you again, Marion?"

"Yes, May, I must hear it again from you own lips. It will give me an incentive to live for you and that means life for me."

"Then I'll tell you again, Marion, but you must listen and keep still, not a question or a word. It is you—you, Marion. O so long, since I was a child. I thought you knew, had read it in my face. No, you must keep still and listen. I was in the arbor when you had that talk with father. I remember every word you said. I thought I loved you before, but then I resolved to fill the measure you made for me. I have studied, toiled and worked and tried so hard to grow into such a girl and woman as you would love and honor. And you, Marion, have been my inspiration. Wont' you try to live for me, since you compel this confession and since I've worked so hard to win you?"

"Yes, May, I'll live now. Your words would put life in me if I were a mummy."

"All those letters, Marion, were forged by Arthur's sister. He knew nothing of it; he would have scorned so mean an act.' I can't tell you how grateful I was after I'd read those letters to find your endorsement on the back. Your faith in me increased my love more than I can tell, for they were a very clever imitation. Marion, you have been very blind or you would have known that I loved you from a little girl, ever since you saved my life. But it is too bad, though, since I have worked so hard and so long to win you, that you compelled this confession. But I'm glad and happy over the result."

"Well, May, I guess I'm glad and happy ,too. My

heart's at rest now, and I'll get well, never fear. If I had been twice dead, your words would have put new life in me."

"Not another word, Marion, you must rest and have some nourishment. No, no—no more talk from you. The doctor has given me absolute power and you must obey."

I slept like a child all night. A few times I was awakened and given a little stimulant and food. The sun was shining through the window when I awoke. I heard the spring birds. They had gathered near my window to give me a serenade. Their music was enchanting. Then I heard a ringing laugh. "That's May," I said. "The first laugh I've heard from her since she came. 'Tis richer, sweeter and more assuring than the music of the birds." My heart was full of gratitude and I said to myself, "God bless May Gordon."

Soon, mother, Prentiss and his wife and May came in. I greeted them with a smile. How bright and encouraged they looked. What a difference in their appearance in so short a time. How stupid in me to relax all effort to live, I thought, when to live gives others so much joy and happiness.

CONVALESCING.

Chapter XX.

May was my constant companion and nurse now. I watched her with keen interest as she tripped in and out of my room, but O how imperative in her orders. A real autocrat, she was. I called her a little tyrant. "No talking, Marion," she'd say, "absolute rest and quiet." The windows were let down from the top and the soft spring air floated into the room. I filled my lungs to the utmost that I might get more and richer blood.

It was nearly five p. m. May had just brought me in a small bowl of broth and crackers, and while I was eating the doctor slipped in the room unobserved for several minutes until he spoke.

"Well, well, I declare," said the doctor, "I never saw such a change in so short a time. The last tonic I administered did wonders for you, my boy. You should be grateful to me all your life."

"O, I'll be grateful to you, doctor, for your kindness and skill, but as to that last tonic you gave me, you are all at sea. It was too thin, too thin. I would have died on such dope as that."

"Yes, I know, you tried to die, and were so determined that I became alarmed. I was afraid it would ruin my practice, so I called in our little friend here. Yours was a heart trouble I couldn't control with my remedies and your delusions stuck to you like grim death."

"Yes, doctor, those delusions seemed very real to me and even now they do. O, how tired I'd get wading through the thick mud, carrying heavy loads, and climbing the bluff. Then the roar of musketry so near and the thick choking smoke and the hot flash of the Rebel guns, almost in our faces, seemed to go through my head and make me wild with pain."

"It was your fever, Marion. You were burning up with fever when you reached home. Your system was so thoroughly charged with malaria and you were so completely worn out and exhausted, that your recovery was quite a doubtful problem to me for many days, but now if you are careful you'll get out of this bed soon."

"Doctor," I said, "I want the best tonics you've got; something that will give me strength."

The doctor smiled and dealt out more medicine and gave May strict directions as to my diet.

"Be careful," he said, "that he don't over-eat now, and keep out callers. I see he is inclined to talk too much. Don't admit any one at present." Then he turned to me and said:

"Marion, I want you to keep quiet and obey orders. If you fail to obey your nurse here, I'll give you the bitterest dose you ever took."

The days and nights passed by in luxurious sleep and pleasant dreams, and hope grew strong. Every day I would note some little gain in strength. I'd use my arms and limbs all I could in bed, for they seemed almost useless.

The doctor missed one day and as he came in was much pleased with my appearance.

"Well, doctor, it seems good to see you again, and I'm really glad to see you're here. I wish to suggest a more tolerant administration. I have always lived in a Republic and generally had my own way, but now I find myself a subject of a despotic government. My little autocrat here will let me speak only when I say please and then only a few words."

"Dont think, sir, that I shall make any change. You are doing so well now that in a few days I shall turn the case over to May entirely. And you mind and obey orders. No mutiny here, sir. My orders are, no company; no excitement; no war talks; very little talking even with your own attendants: absolute rest, quiet and sleep,

nourishing food and fresh air. May can read to you something light, a few minutes at a time, but mind you, nothing of the war."

So I yielded gracefully to the discipline and May read to me short light sketches and poetry, which broke the monotony and kept me from talking. Her voice was soft and musical and would frequently put me to sleep.

One day, after I had gained considerable strength, I said, "Miss Autocrat, will your Highness please let me say just a few words and I will promise to stop when I feel the least bit tired?"

"Yes, my lord, if you will not tire yourself and let me do most of the talking."

"Will you forgive me, May? I see now that I doubted the promise you made me. I did not when sane but I had read those letters over and over and knew them all by heart and while I did not believe the statement as to your engagement, as you already know, yet it did worry me, for I couldn't understand who could or would do such a mean thing. My fevered brain did not reason."

"After your fever left you, Marion, you never alluded to the letters. O why did you not ask me?"

"Feeling so certain that you were engaged to Arthur, I could not muster the strength to mention the subject to you. It was a real fact to me, remember."

"O, Marion, I thought you knew. How strange. I tried so hard to hide my love, but the day you met me at Mr. Prescott's I was off my guard. It was a surprise to me and I thought you saw my love so plainly, that you concluded best not to see me again before you went away. I feared that was the reason and spent some sleepless nights, but you said you would explain if you ever reached home and I trusted you and waited."

"I'll tell you now, May. You were young and I was afraid that perhaps your gratitude might influence you then. It was your love, May, and not gratitude that my

heart demanded and, too, my life was uncertain and I felt it would be wrong to tie you."

"Tie me, Marion? You tied me when I was a child with a cord I never could have broken, when you saved my life and almost lost your own. O I was but a child then, but I remember how I laid awake nights and cried and prayed as a child can pray, that if you died I might die, too, and be buried by your side. It was a child's love then, as I grew up I loved you as a girl, and now Marion I love you as a woman. Now you'll be good and try to live, won't you?"

"Yes, May, God helping me I'll live and if He spares me till this cruel war is over I'll dedicate my life to you, and now to Him who has given you to me. I never told you, May, that when I took that risk to save your life, that it seemed to me you were clinging around my heart and though boy as I was, I felt that in some way, I didn't understand then, that you were a part of my destiny. And you remember how I called you my little girl from that time on."

"O yes, and I remember how I liked that name, even when I was a big girl. And now, Marion, as we dedicate our lives to each other, let us also dedicate ourselves and all we have and are to Him, who has so richly blessed us."

It was not necessary to talk more, we understood each other. May indicated that I must rest. She brought me some quail broth, a little milk, a little tender meat of the quail and I ate all she would let me and then she sat down and read to me till I fell asleep.

When I awoke, in the morning, the sun was shining in my window and I heard another clear musical laugh, such as only can be indulged in when the heart is free and happy, and soon May came quietly in and asked:

"How's my invalid, this morning?"

"Hungry as a bear."

"What will your lordship have?"

"Tell Prentiss to kill a fat ox. I must have more than toast, crackers and broth and I'm going to sit up today, so get the big rocker ready."

One morning a week or so later, as I was resting in my big rocking chair, May came in from the field, her face flushed and beautiful, with her hands full of wild flowers, and held them up before me.

"See, Marion, aren't they beautiful?"

She noticed soon that I was looking at her and not the flowers. "Here, Marion, look at these, I'm not a posey."

"Yes, May, more lovely to me than Eve in the Garden of Eden."

"Why, Marion," she said blushing. "Don't you recollect that I told you once that it was very wicked to flatter?"

"Yes, but it's not wicked to tell the truth."

"O how naughty you are. If you don't behave better, I'll take you out riding Saturday."

"O, but you'll take me out tomorrow," I said.

"I'm afraid not. We'll see."

RECOVERY AND RETURN TO DUTY.

Chapter XXI.

The whole family were consulted and finally gave their consent and at eight o'clock a. m. we started on our ride.

"Well, May, this bracing spring air and you, are doing me good," I said, after riding a half mile. "You must do the driving, singing and laughing, and I'll do the talking. That morning after you all thought me better, I heard you laugh in the dining room and it fairly made my nerves tingle."

"Well, Marion, there was no laughing in your home for many weeks. The last few days before the change we were in the very depths of despair. I am sure your mother spent most of several nights on her knees, and I tried to pray but could only sob and weep."

"The desire of your heart was answered, May; how stupid of me to harbor that delusion."

"No, Marion, I'm the one that was stupid and all to blame. When the doctor, in a few words, made it so plain, I saw it clearly and I am thankful that it was not altogether too late."

"Could you have detected that forgery, May?"

"No, I could not. I have Marg's writing at the house and I have compared them several times and I'm not able to comprehend how you detected the fraud so quickly."

"In the first place, May, to help me, I had confidence in you. The writing was so perfect in its imitation that I could hardly detect any difference. I had received two letters from Marg. The difference was more in the folding and placing the stamps. I knew Marg was very methodical. She has just one way to do a thing and that is always the best way. There was also a decided difference in the method of expression. This I caught at a

glance but when I read the paragraph in the first letter which said, 'I have tried to get May to write Marion and tell him of her engagement but she seems perfectly indifferent,' I confess I was staggered; only my faith in you, May, caused me to make that endorsement on that first letter. I knew Marg was truthful and would not make that statement unless actually true. I knew Arthur to be a noble young man and soon to come into possession of a nice property and I knew, too, that ever so much wealth would have no influence over my little girl. Altogether I was in a serious muddle. It worried me a good deal, May, though I did not believe it. You know I never mentioned it in my letters."

"And that seemed so strange to me. How quickly I could have relieved your mind and saved you that worry, at least."

"I thought of that, May, and then I thought that to write you would almost be an acknowledgment that I believed it and I just said to myself, 'No, my little girl never deceived me and she never will, I know I can trust her.'"

"You know now, Marion, that I had no heart to give him. I had to tell him so before he would yield the suit, but it was with tears in my eyes and sorrow in my heart. I treated him with such delicate and kindly consideration that he said he would respect and honor me as long as he lived. His sister was the author of those letters, while she at the same time was pretending to be such a warm friend of mine. I don't know yet how she managed to get John's letters when they were addressed to Marg, for she never received a single letter from him and never wrote him."

This ride did me so much good that we rode out every day when pleasant. I gained rapidly in flesh and strength and had no need of a doctor and medicine. Fresh air, exercise and nutritious food was all I needed. May was my constant companion in all my rides and walks

and we enjoyed to the fullest extent the last of the May days as they passed so rapidly by.

On the first of June I took May to her home. She had been with us since the evening of the day I reached home.

As she got ready to leave the house, mother said to her: "I shall miss you, May. It will be lonesome here. You seem very near to me. May I love you as a daughter?"

"O I'm so glad if you can love me," said May. "You remember I lost my mother when a child and I have often felt the need of one so much," and as she gave her parting kiss she said, "good bye, mother."

During my sickness and delirium the battle of Shiloh was fought, but as the doctor insisted that all war news should be kept from me, I knew but very little of the battle until I was able to ride out. Our regiment was engaged two days, the sixth and seventh of April, and our loss in killed and wounded was very heavy.

Lewis received a bad wound in the hand and reached home about the fourteenth. Soon, fever set in and he, too, was in a critical condition. His sickness was kept from me till I was able to be around. After May left me, and Lewis and I were able to leave home we drove over the county and visited all the boys that were home on furlough and had gotten within four miles of Jim's home when we learned that he was dead and buried. He was brought home from the Marine hospital while I was sick. He was taken down again with fever and lived only a few weeks.

I now had only about thirty days to recruit my strength and it was quite necessary to toughen myself and develop all the muscle possible, for I knew there were many hardships yet for me, so I walked or rode in the saddle every day when not actually needed at home. Strange as it may seem, I was anxious to get back to the company. I felt that I was needed and that it was

my duty to return as soon as I could safely do so.

I will not tire the reader with an extended account of my home-leaving this time. My folks and the doctor were afraid I had not sufficiently recovered my strength to endure the service, but I assured them that I would try and be more careful.

I had called on May often since she left us and the last day but one before I started back I gave her the whole day.

As I was about to bid her good bye she placed both her hands in mine and said, "Nothing can come between us now, Marion."

"No, May, nothing but death, and that can separate us but a short time."

Then she added, "Whether you live to return or fall in battle or die in hospital, you are mine and I feel that I shall have a right to carry your image in my heart every day while I live and the knowledge that I love you and that we all love you and are praying for you may compel you to live when to die would seem gain to you."

Mother was cheerful and hopeful and when she said good bye there was hardly a tremor in her voice.

"Mother," I said, "I shall carry the little Bible you gave me and if I should never return, remember that your last message will be found within that book in my pocket."

I left home at eight a. m. on the ninth of July and parted with Prentiss at the station from which Charley and I started home on foot, burning up with fever and more or less delirious.

I reached Indianapolis at five a. m. on the tenth and reported immediately at the adjutant general's office, where a squad of fifteen convalescents were put in my charge with orders to report at Louisville, Ky., which place we reached at two a. m. on the eleventh with our train quite heavily loaded with returning soldiers.

On reaching the depot at such an early hour, we quartered ourselves in and around the building on bales of cotton and soon dropped to sleep. Soon a large police force came in and drove us out. We then went into some empty cars on a side track off some distance, and locked the doors. The police followed us and again ordered us out. We asked them kindly to excuse us and told them that we had concluded to stay. They still persisted with threats of arrest, then two or three very wicked boys in our squad finally ordered them to go to ———. I didn't put down the name of the place in my diary, for a good many people choose to go there every year and it might give offence. No doubt most of those police were on their way, too, for they left us and we secured a few hours rest and a little sleep.

GUERRILLAS.

Chapter XXII.

Our train loaded with soldiers returning to their respective regiments left Louisville for Nashville at eight a. m. on the twelfth inst. and ran twenty miles without interruption, to Union Junction, a station only.

Surrounding this station was an old cleared field which had been abandoned for many years and had grown up to a dense growth of blackberry bushes, and while the conductor and operator were busy receiving and sending out despatches, all our boys left the cars and busied themselves picking and eating this fruit. This was a lucky hit for us. The berries were dead ripe and the largest and sweetest I ever tasted.

The rumor was quite current among the boys that John Morgan was approaching Louisville with a heavy force of cavalry and that all the troops congregated there would be held for the protection of the city, which had given the boys such a cool and unfriendly reception the night before. None were anxious to be held here to protect Rebels and their property.

Our train left the Junction about dusk and ran back to the Louisville arsenal where we were all armed with Belgian rifles. We had very few commissioned officers with us and I was ordered to take command of all the men in our car. It was about nine-thirty p. m. when the train moved out of the station and went back on the same road to the junction. I had had very little sleep since leaving home and being tired, I lay down on a bench and soon dropped to sleep. I was enjoying pleasant dreams when suddenly awakened by a heavy volley of musketry. The train, I found, had been stopped in a deep cut. All the soldiers in the front cars had been ordered out and were engaged with a blood thirsty gang of guerillas near by, who made it their business to tear up

railroad tracks, burn bridges, kill and torture men with Union sentiments and prey on small bodies of our troops.

They never took a prisoner nor showed any mercy to their victims. Soon as we heard the volley we threw back the door of our cattle car and leaping to the ground with our Belgians ready loaded, went back to the end of the cut and formed our company. We climbed up the steep hill on the left of the train, then marched over on the other side across the bridge spanning the cut, till we reached the rear of the batallion that was then engaged, then filed to the left and took our position, as ordered, on the left. It was quite dark. We could see nothing in front but a line of fire and could keep our own positions only by observing the sheet of flame on our right.

It was no easy job for me to keep our boys in line, they were so eager to finish the disagreeable job as soon as possible. It is difficult to hold men to a fixed line, in a skirmish, even in daylight, but much more difficult in the dark. I was more afraid the boys would shoot one another than I was of the enemy's guns, for I soon perceived that they were shooting high. I walked along the rear of the line and told the boys to be sure and hold down their guns and shoot low and while I was trying to keep the line one fellow sprang out of ranks and started for the rear. "Halt," I said.

"O I'm wounded, sir, I feel the blood."

"Where?" I asked, and I put my hand where he indicated and could feel the warm blood. "Go to the train," I said, "and bandage it, it's only a flesh wound."

I perceived in a few minutes we were moving forward. Every time a man would load and fire he would take a step or two forward and some were so much more eager than others that I found to keep forty or fifty men in line during a skirmish on a dark night was all the business I wanted without using my own Belgian.

As we advanced the enemy seemed to fall back and

when we reached the farther side of the field about sixty rods from where we started, the enemy ceased firing. The captain commanding then ordered us to hurry back to the train, fearing that the enemy might cut us off.

On entering our car, I discovered our wounded boy, reclining on a bench looking quite pale, from loss of blood.

"Well, my boy," I asked, "are you much hurt?"

"Not seriously; I've lost quite a bit of blood and feel a little faint.

Just then the surgeon came in and made an examination. The ball had passed through the coat, vest and shirt and cut a gash about three inches long through the flesh just below the nipple.

"Well, my boy," said the surgeon, "a miss is as good as a mile, but that was a close call. Had you stood square to the front that shot would have finished you."

The doctor closed the wound with three strips of adhesive plaster, then put a strong bandage around his chest and advised him to keep still.

As near as I could learn eight or ten of our men were wounded but none of them seriously and I could not find that any were killed. A battle in the dark is for some reason a dread to me. I'm willing that anyone may have all the fun and adventure, if they will excuse me.

When all the wounded were cared for it was just one o'clock a. m. Then an order came for me to select five men from our car and precede the train on the track through a dense woods for three or four miles. This was no doubt to prevent an ambush; a very good idea for those on the train, but it was a little like taking the cat's paw to poke chestnuts out from a pile of hot coals.

I asked for five volunteers and if I had accepted them, I could have had all in the car, except our wounded boy. We started on and when we reached the timber it was intensely dark and continued so until we reached

the open country, then we halted till the train caught up, and then climbed in. The train ran back to the Junction, took on some more soldiers and started back. Just before reaching the little village of New Albany while looking out of the window I lost my hat and as the train came to a full stop in the village, I jumped off, went into a store and while fitting myself with a new hat the train started on and left me in a thoroughly Rebel country.

I could see at once that they were by no means friendly, but I was well armed. I had a good six shooter in my belt and my Belgian loaded, with bayonet on. I sat down close to a store building on the main street, where none could get behind me and kept a close watch of all in front.

I could hear them occasionally speak contemptuously of the Yanks that were invading their state and of Lincoln as a tyrant and usurper.

When spoken to, I answered them courteously and paid no attention to their treasonable utterances. About three o'clock p. m. the train came back from the scene of the night's skirmish. They found the guerillas' camp abandoned, and several dead horses and brought back one "bushwhacker" that was mortally wounded and left on the field. He was a citizen of this same village and four of our boys took a stretcher and carried him to his own home.

Our train ran back to Louisville, where we marched to the barracks, got our dinner and then marched through the southern part of the city to Preston's grove about two miles east of the depot.

Here in this beautiful grove, we went into camp about one thousand soldiers, if one can call it camping. We had no tents, no blankets and no cooking utensils. The days were hot but the nights were damp to lie on the ground. Our meals were easily and quickly gotten. A piece of bacon stuck on a stick, held over the fire till

well toasted, a tin cup of coffee and hardtack was all we wanted, as it was all we could get. I did not feel all alone, for Tom, of our company, was with me, and I selected a tree with a thick heavy top to lie under to protect ourselves from the heavy dew.

Close by us every night two Irish Catholics bunked and toward morning their legs would cramp and then they would jump up and dance around and swear that the witches and devil had gotten into their legs. I tried to tell them that it was the damp ground and damp air that caused the cramp but they knew it was the devil. I was glad I was not the priest that had to pardon their sin of profanity, for in that they were proficient.

Tom and I would usually get up at four o'clock and walk around and get warm, for neither of us were dressed for lying on the bare ground.

Today, the sixteenth of July, I wrote three letters, but said nothing to my friends as to our camp accommodations for I knew they would only worry for fear I would get sick again.

On the seventeenth we moved our quarters from Preston's Woods to the old fair ground buildings, where we were under shelter from rain and dew and could sleep on a floor, which is a real luxury for a soldier. We also had a good well of water, plenty of shade and with all a beautiful place.

July twentieth. Sabbath at home but not regarded here by a great many. After attending to my duties, which kept me quite busy, as I was captain, first and second lieutenant over one hundred men, I spent the balance of the time in reading and writing letters. The commissioned officers had all left us but one captain, who commanded the convalescent regiment.

This fair ground was occupied by General Buckner's army for a long time and the Preston, whose park we occupied, is a wealthy citizen of Louisville and now commands a brigade in Buckner's army.

And right here I made my first acquaintance with the gray-back. I saw a small squad holding skirmish drill on a soldier's coat as he stood with his back to the sun.

They look something like a mud turtle only not so large. They have a sharp prod on the end of their tail to push with and forty or fifty feelers to tickle with, just to let one know where they are.

They are very unstable and fickle and much inclined to malicious trespass. They are tropical in their natures, always hunting for the hottest place and some of our boys say they wish they were in—it. Fifteen hundred are as many as one soldier is able to pasture at the same time. While they are not profane themselves, yet they do make the boys swear more than any other animal.

Sabbath again and I feel somewhat lonesome though surrounded by a thousand men, but I find a multitude is not always company.

On the thirty-first we were ordered to the city arsenal where we turned over our Belgians, then to barrack No. 1 where we got a good supper, then to barrack No. 2 for lodging. The night was intensely hot, the barrack crowded and the air vicious. I much prefer the open air to a bunk in an oven with a large crowd.

August 1, 1862. We went back to No. 1 for breakfast then to the arsenal and drew Belgian rifles, then boarded a train, bade Louisville good bye and started for Nashville at seven a. m., one hundred eighty-six miles, reaching there at six p. m. We remained there till Sunday, the third, and then took a train on the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad and reached Stevenson, Alabama, one hundred twelve miles, at eight o'clock p. m.

Climbing and riding over the Cumberland mountains was a rich experience to me. I had never seen any mountains before. All the hills, knolls and bluffs along

the rivers were mere mole hills compared with the Cumberlands.

Our train was loaded inside and out and as the day was very hot I took my place on top with twenty others. After passing Murfreesboro fifteen or twenty miles, our car uncoupled from the train and we were left for a full half hour in a thick wood. Here was a good chance for the guerillas, but lucky for us none happened to be near. On a little farther the tender jumped the rail and all the cars up to ours followed. O what a bumping and jumping, scarcely one of the boys was left on the train when it stopped. From Murfreesboro on to Stevenson I counted seventeen wrecked trains and parts of trains piled up along the sides of the railroad and every car in our train had been well riddled with bullets, showing plainly the work of the guerillas.

WITH COMPANY A.

Chapter XXIII.

Stevenson, Alabama, is an old town and before the Civil War laid its blighting hand upon it, might have been a business center.

One large building, a hotel, stood out quite prominently, on a slight elevation, some twenty rods north of the station. Not many months since there had been some good residences, with beautiful lawns, gardens, shrubbery and shade trees. Most of the dwellings were now used for officers' and soldiers' quarters and for stabling horses. The shade trees were being cut and used in building fortifications. Wide, deep trenches had been cut through gardens and yards where flowers once bloomed and shrubbery and lawns flourished.

Streets and sidewalks once tread, by master and slaves, and mistress and maid, were now crowded with army wagons, artillery, cavalry and batallions of armed soldiers.

The church so quietly nestling at the foot of the hill, surrounded by a few evergreens, where the people assembled on the Sabbath day but a short time ago to listen to treasonable sermons advocating war, as a patriotic duty, was now empty with broken windows and doors gone.

The bell still hung in the steeple, its tongue spoke no language, its musical tones had been succeeded by the fife and drum, the rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery.

A large army was quartered in and around the town and in every direction I went or looked were preparations for War, Cruel Relentless War. The prayers of the seceders were being answered.

Tired with my wandering around the town, I came back to the station and began to write, but seeing an old

paper lying under my seat, I picked it up and found it to be "The Southern Presbyterian Review" of January 14, 1861, and on the first page was a sermon from Rev. Dr. Thornwell, Prof. of Theology in the Presbyterian Seminary of Columbus, S. C., from which I took the time to copy one paragraph only. He says: "Our slaves are our solemn trust and while we have a right to use and direct their labors, we are bound to feed, clothe and protect them, to give them the comforts of this life and to introduce them to the hopes of a blessed immortality. They are moral beings and it will be found that in the culture of their moral natures we reap the largest reward from their service. The relation itself is moral and in the tender affections and endearing sympathies it evokes, it gives scope for the most attractive graces of human character. Strange as it may sound to those who are not familiar with the system, slavery is a school of virtue and no class of men have furnished sublimer instances of heroic devotion than slaves in their loyalty and love to their masters. We have seen them rejoice at the cradle of the infant and weep at the bier of the dead and there are few among us who have not drawn their nourishment from their generous breasts."

If such was the teaching from those who called themselves appointed of God to preach "the Gospel of Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men" was it at all surprising that so many people of the slave states tore down the old flag and rushed like a mad torrent into the Rebellion?

That secession was inaugurated without cause must ever be the verdict of history. And history will forever hold John C. Calhoun, R. Barnwell Rheet, Right Rev. Bishop Elliott, Rev. Dr. Thornwell, Davis, Tombs, Breckenridge and many other statesmen, editors, ministers, numbers of the slave-holding forum, bar and pulpit, responsible for all the suffering, bloodshed, devastation, and desolation which have come to our country.

We received lodging on the first floor of the station and left Stevenson on the six a. m. train for Bridgeport, Ala., where we found some of our regimental teams loaded down with supplies for camp. We followed along on foot and reached Company A in time to eat dinner with the boys who greeted us so warmly that I felt no longer among strangers, but almost among my own kindred and at home.

Nearly all the company looked well and all seemed to be well pleased with the location, which was certainly very pleasant and healthful. The company had now sixty-one present, and an aggregate membership of seventy-nine, some being recruits that had come since I left.

In the afternoon I called on the 29th Indiana and found the two Sabin boys, the two McGowen boys, Myletus and Irenus, and Captain and E. G. Melendy.

Our camp was located on a gentle slope one mile west of the Tennessee and one and a half miles south of Battle Creek and about five miles north of the Alabama line, at the base of what was called here, the Blue Hills.

About thirty rods up quite an incline, was a small cave which would permit a person to enter for ten or twelve feet, which was as cold as an ice house and out from which poured a fountain of ice cold water some three feet wide and several inches deep.

The current was very strong and the brook went dancing and sparkling and singing down across the valley to the Tennessee.

What a beautiful place for a model home! Here we had a steep rocky mountain on the west reaching to the clouds, bold and precipitous to protect from heavy winds, a prodigal supply of pure water that could be piped to the top of the buildings, a rich and fertile valley for a mile to the front, reaching down to the river and magnificent mountain scenery beyond.

Our tent was only a few rods from the house of a planter who had quite a number of slaves and early on

my first morning there I watched some of them as they came out of their quarters and started to their unpaid toil. There were five in this gang, three women and two men. One was a girl of about fifteen, quite tall, from all appearance purely white, straight as an arrow and who walked with a grace and dignity not excelled by our own girls up north.

Each garment worn by the three women probably cost the planter thirty cents and the men were dressed as cheaply, all being barefooted and all working from early morning till late at night for a bare existence, with no apparent motive, encouragement or inspiration.

Well, I thought to myself, as they passed by, you can now begin to sing, on the sly, that good old Methodist hymn, "Our Bondage Here Shall End, By and By —by and By."

I found our captain there with the company, the only commissioned officer present. I had not seen him since we parted on the Baltic at the landing below Donelson. He and the first lieutenant reached the company at Shiloh a day or two after the battle and made the march with the boys from Corinth to our present camp, where the first lieutenant, while on picket, in front of the enemy was wounded by a mysterious discharge from his own revolver, the ball passing through his left hand.

His resignation was immediately handed in and accepted, this time without hesitancy. On the morning I left for Nashville he left camp for home.

Our second lieutenant, though delicate in health, was with us at Donelson and in action two days with the boys at Shiloh, but being physically unequal to the hardships and exposure, yielded to the inevitable. After the battle he went to the hospital and was compelled to tender his resignation.

The next day but one after reaching the company the captain informed me that a vacancy would occur in the regiment in a short time and by date of commission

and rank he would be entitled to fill the place and in that case he must leave the company and the one now recommended for first lieutenant would soon be commissioned captain.

"How shall we arrange this matter, orderly, between you and Nelson?"

"You will have to fill out and send on the recommendation to the governor, will you not?" I asked.

"Yes, that will be my duty."

"Very well, Captain, just suit yourself and the company and I will be satisfied. I did not enlist for a commission or salary. Nelson and I will have no trouble over this matter."

So a thing that had worried the captain for some time was very easily adjusted. He was able to make his promise good to Nelson and maintain his friendly relations with me.

Our picket duty was now heavy, as General Bragg, commanding a large force, occupied Chattanooga and his picket line commanded the river on the opposite side in plain sight of our line.

Every day men were detailed to work on the fortifications commenced by General Michell and frequently the whole regiment would be ordered across the Alabama line for picket duty. From nine a. m. until four p. m. the days were excessively hot, the sun poured down into the valley and it was so shut in by the mountains that scarcely any breeze could be felt.

On the 17th of August, 1862, our company was ordered on picket duty, close to the river opposite the enemy's reserve. About ten a. m. a large sealed package from General Buel, directed to General Bragg was handed to our captain by an orderly, with orders to deliver the same to the officer in command on the enemy's side. As soon as the skiff reached our landing Aumend and I stepped in with the captain and under the protection of our white handkerchief, we reached the enemy's lines

and handed the officer our package, which was immediately forwarded to Bragg. We visited with the Johnnies some two hours. They spoke of Buell very highly as being a fine gentleman and a good general, and seemed well pleased with his manner of conducting the war, but Grant and Sherman and in fact all the rest of our best and most successful generals were butchers and brutal; however, they did concede that McLelland was equally as pacific and considerate of their rights as Buell.

When the orderly returned we were handed another large sealed package from Bragg directed to Gen. Buell. We then bade them good bye and returned to our reserve, forwarding the package as directed. This was on the 17th of August, 1862, remember, and on the 19th most of Bragg's army was on our side of the river, five or six miles above.

On the morning of the 20th quite early we received an order to pack our knapsacks, keeping out our blanket and rubber, and be ready to move on notice, in light marching order. Everything packed in our knapsacks was to be left.

At ten p. m. of this same day we were ordered to form our company, very quietly and take our place in the regiment and brigade. The night was very dark and it was with great difficulty that we could find our position and as we moved to the north and reached the bridge that crosses Battle Creek we found it covered with green corn stalks, then we surmised a retreat.

At two a. m. on the 21st we went in camp in a thick wood near Jasper and about eight a. m. passed through the little town to the north and soon discovered that the whole Rebel army had crossed the river to our side since the 17th, and what the sealed packages that passed between Buell and Bragg had to do with this move, we were not prepared to express an opinion, or why Buell did not use his artillery and sink the whole Rebel army in the river while crossing is a problem for the historian.

THE BUELL CAMPAIGN.

Chapter XXIV.

After passing through Jasper some three miles, the front, McCook's corps, caught up with the enemy's rear and a lively skirmish ensued. It was now about twelve m. when the whole column came to a halt, giving us a chance to eat our lunch, fill our canteens, and lay down under the shade.

When I first reached the regiment the army was on half rations, now we drew only quarter, with very strict orders not to forage from the enemy. But notwithstanding the orders, we had a nice fat mutton for supper.

I said to Gilbert, "be careful; the orders are very strict, if caught it will be a serious matter. We can't save you."

"Well," said Gilbert, "I think a soldier ought to have the right to defend his own life. We were just crossing the field and molesting nothing, when this sheep started after me on a full run and chased me into a fence corner, with her mouth wide open and I knew from her actions she was going to bite—and I struck her with my gun and accidentally killed her. But wasn't that choice mutton, orderly? Didn't you like it?"

"Yes, very fine, but be careful and don't let any officer see you violate the commands of General Buell."

As night approached the firing increased for an hour or so and then subsided to ordinary skirmish and picket firing all night. From six a. m. on the morning of the 22nd for two or three hours there were rather exciting times in front, and judging from the strictness of the orders that came back to us, a general engagement seemed imminent, but towards noon the firing quieted down and at one p. m. the head of our column, McCook's command, came counter marching back by us and at seven p. m. we dropped in the column and moved back through Jas-

per and bivouacked in the same woods that we occupied the night before.

On the morning of the 23rd our column left the Battle Creek and Jasper road and took another leading southwest and west and northwest and reached the extreme of the valley on Sunday evening, the 24th.

This valley from the pass down for four or five miles, will average a quarter to a mile wide with very productive soil and quite thickly settled.

Very few, if any, slaves were owned by these people and I was told by a very intellegent refugee, who walked along with me nearly all day, that the people of these valleys and mountains were intensely loyal. All the men, he said, had been compelled to leave their homes, to keep out of the Rebel army and were now hiding and secreting themselves in the mountains. They had signal stations where they signaled their families in the valleys and communicated with them nearly every day. He further stated that he had not slept in a house or bed since the war began and was now a member of the Grape Vine Telegraph Company, organized for the protection of these people against squads of Rebel cavalry and murderous gangs of guerillas. All along our march up the valley hundreds of these people came into our column for protection.

We reached the extreme of the valley, at the foot of the mountain a little before sundown and soon Company A was ordered on picket duty. Here I remained on duty till two a. m. close by a mountain stream which during the rainy season might be called a river, but now only a small brook.

On one side of the stream, at a bend, tons of small cobble stone had been washed up on the bank. I felt of them and found them to be very warm for they had been exposed to the sun all day, so having no blanket with me, I concluded to dig out some of the cobble and make my bed for the balance of the night. I fixed a

stone for a pillow and lay down in the trough I had formed and it was a very warm and comfortable bed, though not quite as soft as mine at home.

When we got back to the company Nelson and I went to a cabin and bought a corn pone. I ate of it quite freely for my breakfast and in a couple of hours it made me very sick.

At daylight the front of our column began to climb the mountain. At nine a. m. our regiment started. We soon came to a field on our left about five acres covered with army supplies, which had been set on fire and was well nigh consumed; army wagons and tents and everything that could be dispensed with to lighten the wagons and relieve the teams. It took two and sometimes three teams to one wagon to raise the grade and then frequently one man to each wheel.

Occasionally there would be a level place of ten, twenty or thirty rods, then a rocky stairway to climb, with a perpendicular rise, every four, six or eight feet of from eight to twenty-four inches. This condition confronted us continually until we reached the summit about dusk, and then we moved on over a tolerably good road till twelve m. It was called three miles from the base to the summit on the east side and we were from ten a. m. till dusk making the climb.

The summit was a little rolling, covered with scattering timber and clean from undergrowth.

It looked to me as though the vegetable deposit had been burned off for the last hundred years, leaving the soil thin and poor.

We reached the foot of the mountain on the west side at noon and found the descent much easier, not so rocky and steep. It was called twenty-two miles over by this pass.

And there near the road was another stream of ice cold water pouring out from under the rock, nearly as large as the one mentioned at our camp.

The country here near the mountains was level, quite thinly settled and poorly farmed but as we moved on a few miles it was much better and quite rich especially in stock and poultry. Our boys were all partial to fat poultry and I don't believe that one of them was ever a Methodist preacher.

Our captain was now acting lieutenant-colonel and riding a horse, Nelson acting captain in command of the company and I first lieutenant.

We were still getting but one-fourth rations and forbidden to forage from the enemy under a heavy penalty, but our boys had keen appetites.

We had thirty or forty expert foragers and they were organized in reliefs of three and five, taking their regular turns with strict rules that must be observed with pass-words and signals.

Orders from Buell were very strict and were read to us every other day. The following is a copy of the one Nelson read to us that morning at roll call:

"Order No. 44. Company officers will be held strictly responsible for the conduct of the men under their command, and under no circumstances will they be allowed to loiter, and if any soldier is found foraging from the enemy the officer or officers in command shall immediately put such soldier under arrest and report him to the general commanding.

Signed by the Adjutant.

By order of Don Carlos Buell, General Com'd."

After reading all were still for a minute, then one of the boys spoke, "By gimany, ain't that a corker?"

The order was surely a corker and had a very salutary effect on the boys the fore part of the day, but along toward night the poultry began to show and when we went in camp, there were some thirty chickens.

The boys were a little more prudent and careful than usual to keep them quiet. The poultry was dressed and cooked in places not visited by Buell's orderlies

and divided up among the boys so that none went hungry.

We had some boys in our company with wonderful endurance. They could march all day and at night canvass the country for two miles around camp, bring in a small beef, mutton or hog which was dressed and cut up before they came in. Each mess got a share and Nelson and I were careful not to offend by refusing. They all enjoyed the adventures as well as the diet.

The third day after leaving the mountains, toward evening, every third man was carrying one or two chickens and occasionally a nice turkey. Buell's orderly rode along from the rear to the front and as he passed us the poultry, then a little noisy, attracted his notice.

He took out his pass book and asked Nelson the company and regiment. Nelson responded promptly, "Company G, 13th Kentucky," which by the way was the third regiment to the front.

In a half hour the front filed to the right and we went in camp and some of our boys took all the poultry and ran to a thick grove close by. Neither Nelson nor I wore straps nor carried a sword at this time. Soon we saw the same orderly coming and Nelson skipped out.

"Who commands this company," he asked.

"Captain S. I. Due," was answered.

"Where is he now?"

"Has just gone to Buell's headquarters."

"Off he rode and soon returned and asked, "Has your captain returned?"

"Not yet, sir," said Hutchins.

"Say, young man, you're just the fellow I saw carrying one turkey and two chickens."

"I don't know how he could," said Bense, "he carried a sick man's gun, cartridge box and gun besides his own load."

"Where is the sick man? I want to see him."

Miller, a thin pale looking fellow, but all muscle,

good for a mile run after a sheep or hog, got up very feebly and replied in a faint minor tone:

"I'm the sick fellow, sir, and I'm played out, can't you give me a furlough and let me go home?"

"Where is your first lieutenant?"

"He's just gone out on picket."

"Where's your second lieutenant?"

"Haint got any."

"One of you boys told me that this was Company G, 13th Kentucky."

"No, sir," said Nick, "that was one of company G's boys that happened to be with us then."

"Why didn't you make the correction then?"

"Thunder, supposed you wanted him."

"Now look here, boys, this is a serious matter. I know that you are the very boys that had thirty-eight chickens and one turkey less than one hour before we went into camp."

.. "Well, by thunder, orderly," said Mike, get off your horse and search our quarters and I'll agree to eat all you'll find. We haven't seen a chicken today except those carried by the 13th Kentucky and 6th Ohio."

The orderly turned to Hutchins and said: "You are the fellow that had the turkey and this company had the chickens, but I must say that you are the slickest lot of liars in the army of Ohio."

He put spurs to his horse and rode off. I took no part in the controversy, it was a delicate matter, but I was completely stunned by the prompt answer to every question by a lot of boys who would scorn to tell a lie or do anyone a personal injury. The play could not have been better acted out if it had been all committed and planned in advance. And Miller, who could run like a greyhound, played his part so well, I turned and walked off for my face would betray them.

THE BUELL CAMPAIGN.

Chapter XXV.

The next evening after a long hard dusty day's march, we went in camp on the right, in a nice thick grove of young timber. The boys were all tired and glad to lie down. I had made all my details for guard and picket duty and while I was resting, the planter, living on the opposite side of the road and a little to the east, came into camp and asked for guards to guard his bees. We referred him to the adjutant, who was near by.

Our adjutant had been detailing guards to protect Rebels and their property, until protection to men in open rebellion against the government seemed no longer to be wise or prudent. He said to the planter, "Stranger, our boys have had a hard march through the deep dust with scarcely any water, this hot day. I don't like to compel this extra duty. I hardly think your bees will be disturbed."

"I can't risk them, sah. If you can't send them I'll see the general."

The adjutant turned to Nelson and asked if he could furnish men to guard this man's bees.

"Yes, perhaps, if they will volunteer, but I don't feel like compelling men as tired as ours are now to guard the property of Rebels." He then spoke to the boys and asked them if four would volunteer to guard this planter's bees. "Yes," they said, and John, Josh, Bense and Lu stepped out. "We'll go. We ain't tired."

"How many swarms of bees have you, Mr. Planter?"

"I have forty, sah."

"All right, I'll see that they are there on time."

"Thank you, sah," said the planter.

At eight p. m. I went with the guards and found the forty hives as the planter represented, sitting close to

a tight board fence covered with a narrow board roof and open on the east side, in plain view of the house. As I left I said: "Boys, arrange the time to suit yourselves. From eight to four a. m. is only eight hours—just two hours each, but that's rather tough after such a hard day's march."

"Pshaw," said John, "we don't mind it. We rather like this job."

"Be careful, boys," I said, "don't let any one, not even the owner, come inside this park."

"All right," said John, "we'll take good care of these bees, you bet."

I was up early the next morning and found the woods full of bees and was puzzled to know what it meant. I thought I saw a part of a wrecked hive up towards the general's and followed along the path through the grove and found a portion of a hive and kept on and there seemed to be more and more and the air was full of bees. Within two rods of the general's horses were two wrecked hives and his horses were in a perfect panic; four darkies were fighting bees and trying to quiet the horses.

I hurried back to our quarters and waked up Nelson. "Nelson, I'm afraid our boys have got their foot in it, this time. I feel uneasy; see the bees and broken hives are scattered all along the path to the general's horses and it takes four darkies to hold them."

"Well," said Nelson, "you watch. They'll slip out, never fear. Don't be alarmed."

The boys came in, in a few minutes, and close upon their heels was the old planter, puffing and almost out of breath. He was too excited to talk plain but was yet able to swear profusely.

"Good morning," I said, but he paid no attention to my salutation, but just kept on with the most absurd and malignant profanity that he knew how to use.

"Hold on, stranger, just cool off if you please. I

wish to inform you, sir, that such profanity is not allowed here. You are talking to gentlemen. Now please don't forget who you are addressing."

"Well, your D—— guards stole ten swarms of my bees last night. Excuse me, but I'm so mad I can't help it and I want my bees."

"You can have your bees," said Nelson. "All you have to do is to catch them."

"I want my pay for them."

"Will you take the oath of allegiance?" Nelson asked.

"D—— your oath of allegiance."

I spoke to Nelson in a low tone but loud enough for him to hear. "I think we had better arrest and take him along."

"O ho, no, I beg your pardon. I'll cool down and quit swearing."

The guards who had all the time been listening, came up close and Nelson asked:

"John, do you know anything about this honey being taken last night?"

"Not until I came in camp and saw the bees. My trick came off first."

"Josh, do you know anything about it?"

"Only what I've heard here. My trick was second."

"Gilbert, what have you to say, sir?"

"I was on, from twelve to two and I know a heap."

"Well, out with it."

"The beat is about fifteen rods long and I walked slowly up and down and when on about half an hour, I thought I heard something down at the lower end of the hives. I found two of the general's hostlers and drove them away and shut the gate. I supposed that would end it."

"Well, Lu, when were you on and what did you see?"

"I was on from two till four and the first time I went down, I found four hives gone and three of the general's hostlers after some more. I drove them off with my bayonet and told them if they came there again I'd blow a hole through them, and I supposed they were gone for good, but just before I left I discovered that ten hives were gone."

"Well, Mr. Planter, I think it's quite plain where your honey has gone and now if you will go along with me I'll show you." And then I took him along the path to near the general's tent and counted ten hives that had been wrecked.

"Well, well, Colonel," said the planter, "I was sure those guards stole my honey. Tell them I beg pardon."

"You know where they went now, and you can tell the general you want your pay."

We had no evidence who took the honey but we do know that Company A had honey to throw at the birds.

As I returned Nelson said, "We had sharp ones at West Point but none that could equal our boys in getting out of a tight place. I don't blame the boys. I wish they had taken more from the old Rebel. The old man has two sons in a guerilla gang, so one of his darkies told me while you were gone."

This was a great country for choice peaches and the trees were loaded down with delicious fruit.

The next morning we were passing by a large orchard in which were guards, stationed inside of the inclosure. The front of the column had filed to the right on another road running due north. Ten of our boys, when they noticed the guards, very quietly slipped on their bayonets and before Nelson or I noticed the move, leaped the fence and started after the guards, who had their haversacks full and ran across to the opposite side. Our boys had saved some travel and brought in all the peaches we wanted.

After we left the mountains the boys had lived high,

notwithstanding the orders of Buell.

The next day about four p. m. Company A was well loaded with poultry. Buell's orderly came along and ordered Colonel Stoughton to put every man under arrest that had any poultry. All the boys except Lu heard the order and dropped their birds and when the colonel rode back he found none. But Lu not hearing the order, held on to his turkey and the colonel ordered him under arrest. And then said to him privately, "You go back and settle the whole bill with the planter, it's making a dangerous mus. The boys went in a little heavy. Have you got any money?" the colonel asked.

"Yes, said Lu, "I have a twenty dollar bill."

"Well, that's plenty. Make the planter give you a receipt in full before you pay a cent. Settle the best you can and report to me and we'll all chip in."

So Lu went back to the planter's house under guard. The guards stood at the door with bayonets fixed while he went in the house to settle. After considerable figuring and sparring as to the amount of damage, Lu offered to pay fourteen dollars and no more, and laid down his twenty dollar bill on the table, while a cavalry officer was present, wrote out the receipt and the planter made his X witnessed by the officer. Then the planter counted out the change in Confederate script, which Lu refused. But the planter insisted that it was all he had and that it was worth more than our money. Lu parleyed with him until he got tired, picked up his twenty dollar bill and receipt and leaped through the open door, followed by the guards, yelling, "Halt! Halt! or we'll shoot." Lu knew they wouldn't and slipped in the 26th Kentucky, where he remained till the planter got tired hunting for him.

The next day Lu made his report to the colonel and after telling him how he settled for the whole company and got a receipt in full, the colonel enjoyed a hearty laugh.

THE BUELL CAMPAIGN.

Chapter XXVI.

On the morning of the 2nd of September, 1862, I was quite sick and remained in the ambulance all day. We went in camp within four miles of Murfreesboro, and the next day made the march through the town and beyond a mile or so where we went in camp for the night. Going to our surgeon for medicine soon after, he said, "I shall send you and two of your boys down town to the hospital, you're not fit to make the march tomorrow. In a day or two, when you get rested get transportation and meet the regiment in Nashville." The boys and I had a good supper and each a good bed and night's rest and a splendid breakfast. In the morning we felt so much better that we concluded to go to Nashville that day.

I went to the post quartermaster for transportation. He gave me a card directed to Colonel Hayes commanding the post. I crossed the railroad then climbed the elevation to the officer's tent, saluted the guard, showed him my order and he passed me in.

As I entered the tent the colonel turned around from his desk. I took off my hat with my left hand and saluted him with my right. Then I told him that two others and myself were left at the hospital last night with orders to procure transportation and report at Nashville as soon as able.

He looked at me in a savage manner and said, "Young man, take your hand off from that chair and stand up in the position of a soldier."

I obeyed most promptly but was somewhat confused.

"Now go on and tell me what you want," the colonel commanded.

I repeated the same thing again, but in my confusion placed my left hand on the chair.

"Take your hand off that chair, sir, and stand as I told you, in the position of a soldier."

Of course, I obeyed. I was there alone, sick and nearly exhausted by many days march through excessive heat and thick choking dust. I repeated for the third time what I wanted and was warm enough to stand up in the position of a soldier.

He then wrote an order on the post commissary for transportation for three. When I reached Captain Brown, the commissary, I found him a jolly man. As he returned my salute, he said: "Sit down. You look tired and sick. What can I do for you?"

I handed him the order and he handed me three tickets. I then related my experience with Colonel Hayes.

"Nothing new. Just like him," he said. "He is a regular and acts as if a volunteer was entitled to no more consideration than a mule. I have been hoping for some time that some soldier would slap his face or knock him down. I have frequently had all I could do to keep from it and would walk away for fear that I might do so."

I succeeded in getting my two sick boys on the ten a. m. train and we reached the city at two p. m. where we found some sixty boys of our regiment, who being unable to march were sent through on the train from Battle Creek; all quartered quite near the station. Clark, our quartermaster sergeant, was in command of the squad.

Here I had a good chance to rest until the 7th of September, when our teams reached us at eleven a. m. We then loaded everything belonging to the regiment, and drove out to the northeast about two miles, where we met the army and fell into our respective places, marched back through the city, crossed the Cumberland on the trustle bridge and march about five miles on

the Louisville and Nashville pike and went in camp.

For many days the weather had been extremely hot, no rain to even lay the dust and water was difficult to get except from artificial pools made by the planters for their stock and this was warm and filthy.

The lime-stone pike was ground into fine flour by cavalry, artillery and army wagons. This dust was light, covering the army shoe and in ten minutes after the army began to move a thick heavy cloud of limestone dust, which we all had to breathe, enveloped our column from front to rear, while our tongues and lips were parched with thirst. Those having weak lungs were the first to suffer seriously. William McMin was the first.

On the 10th we reached Michelville and on the 11th about sunrise, crossed the Kentucky line and camped in a nice walnut grove where we remained till the morning of the 13th. The country here was full of guerillas, very rich, beautiful and fertile, but entirely destitute of hogs, sheep, cattle and poultry, so our boys subsisted on quarter rations, and Buell's order, No. 44, was wholly unnecessary.

On the 13th the heat was oppressive, with not a particle of wind to move the dust, which was like a thick dark cloud through which we were compelled to move, while suffering intensely all the time from thirst. Looking off to the right, over the level country, was another cloud of dust. The Rebel army was now up even with us, only one or one and a half miles to the east, they, too, were raising dust on the road, running parallel with ours.

We marched only twelve miles and went in camp on the bank of "Blind, Sinking, or Lost River," within three miles of Bowling Green.

This stream at this place came out with great force, into a deep gulch full forty feet below the surface and ran rapidly down the gulch full fifty rods and then en-

tered a cave some three rods wide at the base and twenty or more feet to the arch above.

There was now the old ruins of a still built under the cave many years ago. The water was very cold and delicious and a luxury to us after marching so many days through the dust with parched tongues and burning thirst.

While here I called on the 29th Indiana and found the McGowens, the Sabins and several others from Steuben county.

I was quite anxious to see Bowling Green, for I had heard it described very minutely some five years ago by a Miss Quincy, a slave woman, who stopped with us four days while making a race for liberty. With her was a Miss Florence Belmont, about eighteen years of age, a white slave, beautiful and cultured, whose sufferings, until she made her escape, would soften a heart of stone.

We remained in camp here till four p. m. on the 16th when we marched down through the city and with no trouble I located the home where Miss Quincy was born, and where she served her master faithfully till he died, but when she learned that she must soon be sold at a public sale with her master's estate she started for Canada.

Yes, there stood the mansion, in the same direction and at about the same distance, she described—ten rods back from the street, the horse barn, the poultry park, the well-kept lawn, the maple trees in front, all filled the description she gave. I was not surprised that when she left, she left in tears. It was a beautiful place, a model home.

We encamped on the opposite side of Baron river and left very early, without rations for breakfast, dinner or supper and had nothing to eat till three a. m. on the 18th, when our wagon train caught up with us.

On the morning of the 18th we began to move at sunrise and when we reached Bells Tavern, we discov-

ered we were only a few hours behind the rear of Bragg's army. He came in from the east at the Tavern and our column came to a halt and our front began skirmishing with the enemy's rear.

We probably moved about ten miles in all day and at night lay down on our arms, ready for action any minute.

On the 19th it was "Forward, by column, Halt. Form line of battle. Throw out a skirmish line. Forward by the front, Halt for skirmishers to drive back the enemy's line. Forward by the front and at dusk halt for the night and lay on our arms. All day of the 20th we were held in line of battle and ordered to draw three days' rations on a one-quarter issue, while we could hear the heavy cannonading at Murfordsville where nearly all of Bragg's army was compelling the surrender of six thousand men, who were trying to hold the fort till Buell would rescue them .

Lu was excused from the line about nine p. m. It was very dark. He went to the left and rear some eighty rods and found a cow yard built of railroad ties, climbed the fence, felt around and found a cow tied. He was hungry, milk was good enough for him, so with one hand he held his canteen and with the other reached under the cow, and instead of getting hold of the milk depository, grabbed another man's hand that at that instant was reached in under, from the other side. The other fellow jumped and yelled murder and climbed over the fence and when he came to the line declared he had seen a ghost. Lu got his canteen full of milk and declared that the other fellow was Johnny Newman of Company H.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

Chapter XXVII.

As the Underground Railroad and a very few of its passengers will be mentioned in two or three of the succeeding chapters in this volume, it will perhaps be well to give a brief description of that singular secret, and to many, mysterious mode of transportation.

It is very certain that this company was not a formal organization, with officers of different rank, a regular membership and a treasury from which to meet expenses. A terminology it is true, sprang up in connection with the work of the road and one could hear of stations, keepers, agents and even presidents; but these titles were all figurative terms with other expressions from the convenient vocabulary of steam railways; and while they were useful to save circumlocution, they commended themselves to the friends of the slave by helping to satisfy the minds of the public.

The work and expense was all voluntary and on every line there was a clear understanding between the operators that nothing, not even sickness and death, should interfere with transportation. Each family had near friends, who in an emergency, could immediately give the aid and cheerfully bear a portion of the burden in this labor.

The system was organized in an early day and grew as rapidly as the public sentiment became educated on the subject of slavery. For more than sixty years preceding the great Civil War, all the legislation touching this question was dictated and controlled by the slave states. Such was the agitation and discussion of all these issues then; (compromises and fugitive slave laws) that the slaves, though apparently dumb, heard much and understood more than their masters knew; and while their chains were being more tightly riveted, they

were patiently listening to the mad talk of their masters as they were constantly demanding laws that would compel the return of their property and punish more surely and severely all those who assisted in any way in their escape. So as more stringent laws were passed, forbidding one from giving food, clothing and warmth to a poor, oppressed, shivering soul at the door or even a cup of cold water in the name of Jesus, these underground lines grew and multiplied, starting out from every border slave state. The Ohio was no impediment, for in secret coves and bends were canoes and skiffs owned and used by free negroes to aid the more unfortunate. As the lines extended the number of operators increased until more than five thousand families were engaged in this labor of love.

Considering the kind of labor performed, the expense incurred and the danger involved, one must be impressed with the unselfish devotion to principle, of these men and women thus engaged.

There was for them no outward honor, no material recompense, but instead such contumely and seeming disgrace as can now scarcely be comprehended. Nevertheless, they were rich in faith and courage and their hospitality was equal to every emergency. They cheerfully gave aid and comfort to the down-trodden and, despised and oppressed, expecting no honor, reward or favor from the unfriendly and prejudiced. As we now recollect, they were often treated with contempt and denounced by the pro-slavery party here in the north as Black Abolitionists and Nigger-thieves; while it was verily true that not one per cent of the operators ever crossed the line of a slave state or conversed with a slave while in the service of his master.

Neither did they all belong to the Abolition party, only a small minority in the middle west and west and you would be very much surprised if now you should learn that some of your oldest and best neighbors and

friends were once operators of the Underground Railroad who respected your opinions so much that they never broached the subject to you, while you denounced the humanitarian work, in which they were engaged as more reprehensible than horse stealing—yes, it was nigger stealing. Are we now satisfied with the verdict of history?

It was not deemed wise or prudent by the operators on the secret lines to meddle with slavery where it existed or entice or abduct slaves from their masters. This was generally done by free negroes and slaves and quite frequently by the sons of slave holders, who had been educated in the free states.

Such was John Fairfield, born in Virginia, the son of a very wealthy slave-holder, who piloted away many hundred slaves to Canada. This same John Fairfield came to our station late in the fall of 1856 with twenty men, four women and four children. They were hotly pursued for many days and finally reached a cave in the mountains, familiar to him, where he kept them secreted while the pursuers fired the forest and searched the country for weeks.

Neither Whittier in his poems nor Harriet Beecher Stowe in her novels, imagined a more picturesque incident than the crossing of the Detroit river by Fairfield with his gang of twenty-eight rescued souls, singing, "I'm on my way to Canada where colored men are free" and when they reached the promised land and all kneeled down and thanked God for their deliverance from bondage, Fairfield exclaimed, "Now this one scene has doubly paid me for risking my life, my liberty and my fortune for God's very poorest of the poor."

The first slaves that he abducted belonged to his father, the next lot to his uncle and after that he traveled all over the slave states and when he found a cruel and brutal master, he relieved him of his slaves. No

Abolitionist raised and living in the north could equal him in his hatred and denunciation of slavery.

At his majority he inherited a fortune from his mother, which he assured us, he had dedicated, with his life, to his Master. He regarded the fortune as blood money as it came from the sale of a large plantation of slaves. He had been shot at several times and at that time there was a reward of five hundred dollars offered for his body. Up to that time he assured me that he had never lost one fugitive.

Running north through the state of Indiana from the Ohio river, we had three main lines with many cross sections, joining them together so that either could be selected or if headed off on one, the engineer could cross over to another.

The eastern line, on which our station was located, started from Cincinnati passing through Richmond, Winchester, Portland, Decatur, Fort Wayne, Kendallville, Salem Station, Orland, Coldwater, ending at Battle Creek, Michigan.

The middle route started from four different points on the Ohio—Lawrenceburg, Madison, New Albany and Leavenworth, converging at Indianapolis then on through Westfield, Logansport, Plymouth, South Bend, Niles, Mich., to Battle Creek. The western route started from Evansville, passing through Vincennes, Terre Haute, Bloomington, Crawfordsville, Darlington, Lafayette, Rennsalaer, South Bend, here converging with the middle line and ending at Battle Creek.

From Battle Creek, Mich., there were two main lines used, one leading northeast through Lansing to Flint, Mich., and from thence directly east crossing the St. Clair river at Port Huron to Sarnai, Canada. The other more frequently used, ran directly east through Jackson, Ann Arbor to the Detroit river, crossing at Windsor, Canada.

Not one of all these operators or families that I ever met, or knew, was in any sense disloyal to the government. None that I ever heard of joined the "The Knights of the Golden Circle" and none, I am sure, gave aid and encouragement to the Rebellion, but on the contrary they were among the first to rush to arms to save our Union from disruption and our flag from disgrace.

Of the lines in other states I have little knowledge, but have been told that they were run on the same plan as ours. The stations in our state were, if convenient, placed from ten to fifteen miles apart, so that when the roads were good, thirty miles could be driven in one night, if bad, the conductor would stop at a by-station. The conveyance was a double carriage or two horse wagon, whichever was the most convenient.

CURTIS, THE WHITE SLAVE BOY.

Chapter XXVIII.

I am indebted to John Fairfield for the early history of Curtis.

On the morning of the 10th of October, 18—, two young men, aged respectively twenty-two and twenty-four, sat in an office located on one of the main business streets of the city of Mobile, Ala. The one dressed in a plain though clean and neat working suit, was John Ward, a machinist and engineer, the owner of the office, and the foundry and machine shop on the opposite side of the street. The other was John Fairfield, a native of the little village of Camden, Va., the same village where his early friend Ward was born and raised. These two young men had attended the same schools and graduated from the same New England college and were close friends.

"Here, Fairfield," said Ward, "is an interesting item in the Morning Gazette. Let me read. It shows the status of our civilization:"

Executor's Sale of Slaves.

By, and in conformity with an order of the Circuit Court of Mobile County, Ala., I will offer for sale and sell to the highest bidder on Wednesday, the 10th day of October, 18—, at 2 o'clock p. m., at Arthur Schrimppff's slave market in Mobile, Ala., all the slaves belonging to the estate of Enos Brown, deceased, consisting of the following named servants:

Tom, aged 45; Martha, aged 40; husband and wife. Susan, aged 20; Tip, aged 17; Edna, aged 23, and her boy aged 4. To be sold for the benefit of creditors and heirs of the estate.

SAMUEL RANDALL, Executor.

"Susan and Tip are children of Tom and Martha," continued Ward, "and this Edna is the same Edna that

was owned by Colonel Dryer just two miles south of our village. You must remember her, John. She was white and very handsome.

"Yes, I remember her well and wondered why he sold her," said John. "She was certainly very beautiful."

"This boy of four," continued Ward, "is the Colonel's own son. The event made trouble and he sold her and his own child to appease the wrath of his outraged wife. This is only one phase of our boasted civilization. Last Sunday Edna called on me here and begged of me to buy her and her child. I don't think I ever passed through a more affecting scene. Her plea was so pathetic that it would have melted a heart of stone."

"I finally said: If I were able, Edna, I would buy you both and set you free. But if you desire me to do so I will raise enough money to buy your boy, educate him as a machinist and engineer and at the age of 24, I will set him free. This I promise to do for your sake, if you wish."

"O, I do, I do, John. It matters little as to my fate if I can rest assured that Curtis will be cared for through his childhood and grow up a good useful, free and happy man."

Her gratitude expressed in words and tears I shall never forget. I have now got the money and shall keep my promise with Edna. As I feel now it will be the best investment I ever made."

"God will reward you in the next world, if not in this," said Fairfield. "I will look after the mother in my way—which you understand. In a few months she shall have a home."

The two young men went to the hotel and after dinner walked down the street to the slave market where already a mixed throng was filling the large salesroom, smoking, spitting, joking and swearing, according to their respective ideas of propriety, while the men and

women that were to be sold sat in a group in one corner with sad faces and hearts filled with horror and despair.

"The breaking up of this family," said Fairfield, on one occasion, long after, when he called on us, "was a scene too sad for me to think of or talk about. Separated for life without any hope of meeting again in this world."

Edna and her boy were the last placed on the platform and were offered separately.

The bidding on the mother was sharp and rapid, starting at nine she was soon struck off to one Warren Haunch, of Hebron, Ala., for nineteen hundred dollars. The next and last was her child, Curtis, sold to John Ward for three hundred and fifty dollars. He took the boy by the hand and led him back to his office.

✦ ✦

Four years had passed when John Ward and Curtis, a fine lad now of eight, was again in the sales room. It was empty. Midway between the two extremes on the west side was a large platform called the auction block, reached by two or three steps. Here Curtis stopped, looked at the platform a moment, then sprang up the steps and surveyed the large room for some time.

"John," he said, "I have been here before."

"What makes you think so, Curtis?"

"Because. Because, I remember that I stood right here on this very spot when there was a great lot of men. This big room was full. A big fat man with a long stick in his hand kept saying, 'one hundred, one ten, one twenty, one fifty, two hundred and so on, and then said, sold to John Ward. And then John, a beautiful lady in black with such handsome eyes full of tears pushed through the crowd, caught and wrapped her arms around me, hugged and kissed me and then handed me to you."

"Sometimes I dream of her, John, and think I see her looking just as she looked then. One night I dream-

ed that she held her face close down to mine and kissed me as she did here. And I thought I felt her tears fall on my face, and it awakened me. Then I looked and looked, but she had gone."

"Who was she, John? Do you know?"

"Yes, Curtis, that fine handsome lady was your mother. I would have brought her with you, but I was poor then. I pitied her so much that I bought you to please her."

"O I am so glad you bought me to please her. Do you know where she is, John?"

"Yes, Curtis, I know where she is."

"Will I ever see her again?"

"Yes when you get older and get your trade learned well. If you are a good boy and study and work good, I intend that you shall go to your mother."

"Does everybody have to be sold, John?"

"O, no, my boy, not everybody."

"Does God want folks sold?"

"O, no, no, Curtis, He don't want anyone sold."

"Then why was my mother sold away from me?"

"I'll tell you, Curtis, when you get older. You'll then understand, that it's because men are wicked and not because God wants them sold."

"O, I'm so glad you're not wicked, John, so you'll not sell me. I'll study and work hard and learn my trade so I can go to my mother some time."

This promise the boy made good, for at the age of twenty few young men were better equipped with a thorough business education than he. He was thorough in English and could speak and write the French equally well. His tutor, the foreman and manager of the plant, an educated Frenchman, spared no pains in fitting the boy for a successful machinist and engineer.

About this time the manager, Warren VanWarren, was threatened with lung trouble. The doctors and Mr. Ward advised him to take a trip across the ocean and

visit his old home in France. As advised, he went, leaving Curtis to take his place. This he did so well that at the end of two months Mr. Ward presented him with a purse containing three hundred dollars.

A few days after this occurrence while Curtis was busily engaged on a new engine which he himself expected to run to Washington with a long train loaded with gentlemen who were to call on the president and visit congress, a boy handed him a note requesting him to report at the office immediately.

We can hardly judge of his surprise when entering the door of his own bed room to find VanWarren, his faithful tutor and friend, lying on a couch apparently in the last stage of the White Plague.

Curtis rushed to him, dropped on his knees and buried his face in his hands.

"O, Van, my dearest friend and benefactor," cried Curtis, "Is it so bad as this?"

"Don't, Curtis, my dear boy, you make it harder for me to part from you and John."

"Is there no hope, then?" asked Curtis, as the tears rained down his face.

"Yes," said the dying man, "hope of immortality, of eternal life, of rest in Heaven. Just think, my dear boy, there will be no nights of pain and anguish there, nor death, nor sickness, nor tears. No separation of mother from child, nor slavery, nor slaves, nor masters. All washed in His blood will stand equal before the Lamb."

"O, Van," cried Curtis, "if I knew that mother was there I feel now that I would rather go with you. It will be so lonesome here."

"Hush, my boy, no, no, John needs you. He is in deep trouble. You must cheer him up. In putting up and stocking this plant after the fire he made a heavy loan. His creditor is a shylock and pressing him hard. You must take my place and help him through the crisis."

"I will do all in my power, Van."

"Curtis, my dear boy, do you know where your mother is?"

"No. That she was sold when I was is all the knowledge I have of her."

"John just requested me to tell you that she is alive and free, living in Windsor, Canada—a milliner and dressmaker and can be easily found. She goes by the name of Edna Dryer.

"Now give me some of that wine, Curt, that I brought from the old home where I was born, among the beautiful vine-clad hills of France. But all was changed. My friends were all dead or gone and I hurried back here to die with you, my dear boy. Since you came to live with John I've been a better man because I've had some one to love and some one to love me. A little more wine, Curt. I am weak. Open my valise and hand me that package wrapped in tissue paper. This I have saved for you. It contains one thousand dollars in notes on the Bank of England. This, remember, you are to keep for an emergency. When it comes. If it should, don't forget your mother. Do you understand?"

"Yes, my dear friend, I understand."

"One thing more, Curt, hand me out those two revolvers I bought for you in Paris. Keep them in memory of me, but never use them only in self-defense. Only in the same emergency that you will need the money."

"I am so glad my strength was spared to reach you. Now take my hands in yours, my dear boy, they are feeling cold and see it's getting dark. Now good bye, my dear Curt, I'm going home."

Without a struggle, in a moment he was gone.

John Ward and Curtis and all the operators in the plant occupied the seats reserved for the friends at the funeral and followed this faithful Disciple of his Lord and Master to the grave.

In one of the most beautiful cemeteries near the city

stands a modest granite shaft on which is inscribed, "Sacred to the memory of Warren VanWarren, born among the sunny hills of France in 1800, died February 25, 1851.

Then lower down on the shaft was this simple tribute: "I was an orphan and he loved me."

From this time on Curtis became foreman and manager of Ward's manufacturing plant."

✦ ✦

One Saturday morning nearly three years later Curtis received a note from Mr. Ward saying:

"This is your twenty-third anniversary. Shut down the plant. Give the boys a holiday and you call at the office."

When Curtis reached there he found Mr. Ward walking the floor looking pale and haggard.

"You're in trouble, John," said Curtis. "Why have you kept it all from me? Let me bear some of your burden, my good master. I have not forgotten and never will, what you have done for that poor orphan boy you picked up at the auction some nineteen years ago. I would be very ungrateful should I now refuse to sacrifice everything I have for you."

"Stop, Curt, my dear boy. The sacrifice demanded by the shylock who holds my notes and bond. is greater than you can make."

I sold the plant to him one week ago. Everything well understood. I agreed to give him your services one year free. Now in this letter just received, he says he wants the plant and will take it at my price, but imposes a condition that if I accept I violate the promise I made your mother. Curt, do you understand?

"Yes, sir, I understand. If you are driven to the wall make the sale, John, and allow the pound of flesh. I will look out for myself."

"My man will be in on the 7 p. m. train and will meet me here at 8," said Ward. "The afternoon is yours."

Be brave, cool and discreet. You wear a heavy beard and have a good razor. Your transom is slightly open from your room to this office; so is mine. I opened them slightly to ventilate the rooms. We must now part here. Curt received the extended hand of his master, and tried to say good-bye, John, his lips moved, the tears started to his eyes, but he could not speak.

He heard his master say, "You have been a good and faithful boy over a few things, God grant that you may always be as faithful over many."

Curtis turned around and left the room. Thus parted master and slave."

Curtis went to his room, washed the tear stains from his face and as soon as he could command himself went to the plant, put everything in order, called on the foreman of each department and gave directions as to their work for Monday. After eating a late dinner he went to his room, locked his door, lay down on the couch while his mind was working hard.

"Now I know," he said to himself, "why VanWarren gave me that money and revolvers and why he spoke of an emergency, a time when I might need both. And I know why John told him to tell me where my mother lives and why John said 'be brave, cool and discreet.' All is plain now. His buyer will not take the plant unless he can own me body and soul. God helping me I could have died for John but I will die rather than be this shylock's slave."

His mind now clear, he went at his work. First he adopted a new name, Elmer C. Bassett, disguised his hand and fastened his card on his suit case. He had for years worn gray, now fortunately he had just recently purchased a suit of plain dark brown and a black plush hat instead of the panama he had generally worn. His underwear was all carefully packed in his suit case. His English bank notes he placed carefully in a belt Van Warren gave him and he buckled that around his waist.

He had nearly all of the three hundred dollars given him by Ward and that arranged in small bills and change he would carry in his pockets.

A few days after VanWarren's death he purchased a suit of tan worn by the planters of Louisiana and lower Arkansas, which he had never worn out of his rooms, this he would wear. He next looked over his map and marked his route. He would not go directly north but would start west and let those hunting, pass. He thought 'twould be beter to be behind than ahead, to follow rather than be followed.

So he made arrangements with a trusty, free negro, driving for a livery, to be at a point in the city one block away at nine that evening with a good team and closed cab, and await his coming. When all arrangements were made he went to an early supper and on returning used his razor and removed his heavy black beard and put on his planter's suit and packed the brown one in his case. Then looking in the glass wondered how any one could know him, as he hardly knew himself. He placed his revolver which had done such good service in target practice in his belt and the two given him by VanWarren in his hip pockets, then sat down and rested.

At eight o'clock to a minute Mr. Edward Murray was at the office and after a few minutes of preliminary talk approached the business set for the hour.

"I thought," said Ward, "that you were satisfied with my offer."

"I was, sir, till I found that I could secure no man to fill the place of your foreman and have concluded to drop the whole project unless you include the boy Curtis."

"You remember, Mr. Murray, that I positively refused to sell him. I offered you his services for one year free and will even call it two and if you insist will call it three, surely in that time you can find a suitable man."

"That is certainly very liberal, but it won't do. I

must own the man that runs that plant. I now make you one offer. It must and shall be final."

"I will add one thousand dollars to the purchase money and you make me out a bill of sale of Curtis; accept if you wish or refuse and I foreclose."

John Ward fairly groaned at the hardness of the man's heart. He got out of his chair and Curtis heard him walk the floor for fully five minutes. Then he heard him sit down heavily as if weak and exhausted by the strain.

"Mr. Murray, you could not have struck me a harder or more cruel blow. If I were not powerless, twenty thousand could not buy that boy. It is the last pound of flesh. I accept your offer. Please write out the bill of sale, I can't but I'll sign."

In thirty minutes more the business was all completed and they both went to the nearest notary public to acknowledge papers.

At 9:15 when Curtis heard Murray's ultimatum and heard Mr. Ward say "It's the last pound of flesh, I accept your offer" he passed quietly out of the back door, with his suit case in his hand, a refugee, and an exile. He went directly to the corner designated and entered the cab.

Mr. Ward came back to his office and walked the floor till the sun lighted up the Sabbath morning.

Sunday at 10:00 a. m. Murray was at the plant and finding one department foreman inquired for Curtis. He told Murray that Curtis attended church in the forenoon and evening in the eastern part of the city and often stopped between services with friends. He called at Ward's hotel, but that gentleman had been suddenly taken sick and he could not see him.

On Monday morning the whistle announced the opening of the plant and when Mr. Murray arrived everything was running at its full capacity. He inquired for Curtis, all said that he must certainly be there, but

none remembered having seen him. At noon Murray called at the hotel but the doctor instructed the nurse to admit no one. By this time he was satisfied that Curtis had gone and cursed himself for his own neglect. He sent telegrams to all cities, railroad stations and hotels along the routes usually taken by runaways. Then he went to the printing office and ordered a thousand or more bills struck off offering \$500 reward for his apprehension.

Curtis was rather different in appearance than the person described. His age and height was nearly correct, also the color of eyes and hair, but the beard and dress had wrought a remarkable change. Had he met Curtis in the road at that time in a covered cab with a black driver and a servant he would not have known him.

The livery took Curtis out some fifteen miles northwest of the city and reached a station just in time to take a train for Meridian, some one hundred and thirty miles north of Mobile. On reaching the hotel with a colored servant, a free negro boy whom he had hired, he registered under his new name, Elmer C. Basset, and servant. Hence hereafter we will observe the change in name. He and his servant after breakfast boarded a train for Jackson, Miss., reaching there, he called for room and bed for himself and bed for his servant. From Jackson he and servant took a train for Monroe, Louisiana, his servant all the time taking care of the baggage. From this point he concluded to abandon the railroads and travel by liveries from town to town always selecting colored drivers and covered cabs. By traveling in this way with a colored servant he knew he would be regarded as a gentleman of wealth traveling over the country on business or for pleasure. In this way he reached St. Louis where he with his servant put up at one of the best hotels and here while he was registering his name, Elmer C. Bassett and servant, he for the first time read his own hand bill. After reading it through he did a very bold

thing. He called for the landlord and asked a private interview with him. When in the room with closed doors he took out the bill and said, "I have a warrant for that fellow and would like your aid, so far as this at least, make inquiries and should you hear of him, send a telegram to Mason and Brown, care of Galt House, Louisville, Ky., and if the information assists us in his capture I will guarantee you one hundred dollars."

"I'm not in that line, much," replied the landlord, but if I was, I'd make for Vincennes or Evansville, where you will find Abolitionists as thick as maggots in a dead hoss. Them are the places the niggers run for. They are put in some hole and kivered up till we get tired out looking for them. That's been my experience."

The advice was taken and he and his boy went across southern Illinois by rail and livery to Vincennes where he found a great many French and as he could talk and write the language as well as a native born he soon felt at home.

At the hotel where he registered for dinner he saw a hand bill hanging on the hook. He asked the clerk in French if they had found that fellow yet.

He replied in the same tongue, "No not around here and I don't care a damn if they never find him."

"You have some Abolitionists in the city, I learn," said Basset.

"Well I guess we have. Here is one," pointing to himself.

"Direct me to one of the best men of that stamp you have in the city, please."

The clerk took a card and wrote in French, "Wm. VanDuzen, No. 238 44th St., near the railroad crossing."

Bassett called at the house immediately. Finding the gentleman at home, he asked for a private talk which resulted in the discovery that this same man was a heavy investor in the U. N. D. G. R., and operator and manager at Vincennes.

After hearing Bassett's story in brief VanDuzen said, "You must keep shady here for a few days as you are advertised in all the dailies from the south and in every restaurant, barber shop, saloon and hotel hangs your hand bills, except where an outraged people have torn them down. I have plenty of room and enough to eat for men of your color ,but by zands you're whiter than I am. Don't let my wife see you or she'll be afraid that they will arrest me."

The next morning by Bassett's request VanDuzen examined all the hotel registers in the city. He discovered that two men registered for dinner at the San-Madill House four days preceeding, one by the name of Murray, of Mobile, and the other was Gosner, Dept. U. S. marshal from St. Louis, Mo. For a few minutes Bassett felt his hair stand up straight and a few light chills run up his spine, but remembering Ward's words, "Be cool, brave and discreet," he showed no agitation. That evening a half dozen of the most influential citizens of the city, all French, called on Mr. VanDuzen and were conducted to Mr. Bassett's room, one by one as they came in and were introduced to him as members of the U. N. D. G. R. association, some of whom were native Frenchmen.

One of the older men said "we'll stand by you, boy. Stay here a few days and rest while they tire themselves out." His home here was very pleasant as hardly a day but he had company and while not engaged otherwise had access to a library consisting of French and English history and literature.

..On the sixth evening Mr. VanDuzen sent the following telegram to Mr. Martin:

"Are there any wild geese at Richmond? Ans.: "There was a few days ago. They've gone north."

..So on the night of the seventh day Elmer C. Bassett stepped in one of the coaches of the U. N. D. G. R. and started for Richmond, the Quaker City of Indiana.

Nearly all the way across the state Bassett was conveyed, always in the night express, without one cent of cost, neither could he get one of them to accept pay. Everything was free to him.

In due time, very early one morning, our fugitive, not from justice, but from a national crime of injustice and oppression, reached Mr. Martin's house where he met a most hospitable welcome. After a good breakfast he was shown to his room and being quite exhausted slept soundly till 5 o'clock p. m., when Mr. Martin entered his room and informed him that the U. S. marshal and another gentleman were in the city while he was sleeping so soundly.

"I think," said Mr. Martin, "I will take thee on the midnight express to my sister's, Mrs. Layman's, who lives a very quiet life in the city of Cincinnati and I assure thee that thee will be welcome there as here. I think there is no danger there now, and when the geese go south I will send thee word."

In introducing Bassett to his sister, Mr. Martin said, "This boy is an orphan. He will tell his own story. He needs a quiet home for a few weeks where he will not be disturbed by the gaze of inquisitive strangers."

"We welcome him to our home and our hearts," said the kind Mrs. Layman, and then invited him to follow her to his room. Before they parted he said, "I cannot accept your hospitality until I tell you who and what I am. It is right and proper that you know. I am an orphan, yea more, a poor and nameless waif, born in shame of a slave mother. I am the son of her master, sold by him, my own father, when a helpless infant, with my mother, dooming us to lives of hopeless and degrading bondage." Then in language more graphic and pathetic than the author can command he described the scene at the auction sale, of his dreams of his mother that had haunted him during his short life and pronounced the highest eulogium of his tutor and benefactor, Warren

VanWarren, and closed by paying a glowing tribute to his master, John Ward, who bought him, through pity for his mother, and had treated him more as a son than serf. When he got through so pathetic was his story and so eloquently detailed that Mrs. Layman was weeping and his own eyes were moist with tears.

"Mrs. Layman," he continued, "I cannot remain here and feel at home, be contented and happy unless you allow me to pay the regular price charged for board in your city."

"Well," said the good lady, "thee will be very welcome if thee pays, and after hearing thy story thee would be welcome if thee did not pay, so we will endeavor to make thee feel at home."

"Our family is small," said the lady. "It consists of myself and daughter Ruth, Mr. Lawrence Belmont and his twin sister Florence. They have lived with me several years attending school and college, except during vacation. They are fine young people and very discreet. We have very little company and thee will meet no strangers unless thee choose. I will introduce thee to my family as a very dear friend and my brother."

The next morning as Elmer entered the dining room neatly clad in a well fitted dark brown suit, his face smoothly shaven, showing a clear skin, almost transparent, with a very slight Spanish tint, eyes a handsome brown that seemed to be smiling, a physique, a perfect model for the sculptor, Florence thought him to be the most manly man in appearance she had ever met. She was studying French and during the breakfast remarked that her lessons bothered her to give the correct accent and inflection.

"If you will bring your books home this evening, Miss Belmont, I may be able to help you. I learned the French when very young and was thoroughly drilled for several years by a master of the tongue. I have

been compelled to write, read and speak it as much as the English."

"I certainly will be very glad to accept your kind offer, Mr. Bassett," said Florence.

From this time on Elmer and Florence occupied one table over their French books while Lawrence and little Ruth occupied another with their studies, under the eyes of the good matron of the house, while Dame Fate was busy in her loom weaving webs. Elmer's days were spent in his room with drafting instruments and card-board, but the days seemed long as he waited for the evening when he could assist his fair pupil in studying the language he loved.

He had been in the family about four weeks when he received a letter from Mr. Martin saying that the sky seemed clear now, and that perhaps it would be safer to come to Richmond. He passed the letter to Mrs. Layman, who noticed that his hand trembled and that he had suddenly grown pale.

"We shall miss thee very much," said the lady, "our house will seem very empty and the children I know will grieve."

He did not venture a reply but went directly to his room, threw himself upon the couch and lay for an hour motionless.

During the supper hour he was unusually reticent, his eyes had lost their sparkle, his face was slightly pale, and he did not even look at Florence when she asked him a question. Later in the evening while the family were all in the back parlor Elmer sat by the stand on which lay the family Bible open at the Lord's prayer. As he glanced it over he said:

"I often feel, when I hear the Lord's prayer read or repeated with such careless indifference as is frequently done by ministers and congregations, that it is more of mockery than acceptable worship."

"Will you please read it for us, for I agree with you," said Mrs. Layman.

"I will," he said in a few minutes, "if you desire it." He passed into the next room and for a few minutes they heard him walking the floor. When he returned his face was very pale and his eyes very sad. He took the open book in his left hand and stood for a moment with his head slightly raised, never glancing at the page. He began:

"Our Father who art in Heaven"—

His intense feeling seemed to add passion to the words. When he had finished every face was moist, little Ruth was weeping and Florence's eyes were filled with tears.

The room was silent for a moment then Mrs. Layman spoke and said, "I never heard that prayer before. I never before understood its meaning. Mr. Bassett, I thank you."

Then Florence spoke with much feeling, "I, too, thank you. Your reading calls to my mind so vividly the anguish and suffering of our Lord in the Garden and his last words on the cross. Mr. Bassett bowed to her, arose from his chair, said good night, and quietly left the room.

When in a few minutes Mrs. Layman and Florence were alone, the rest of the family having retired. Florence asked, "Mother, what mystery hangs over Mr. Bassett? He was so sad tonight. I could hardly look at him without shedding tears. Has he passed through great sorrow? O how I pitied him tonight."

"Yes, my dear. He told me the story of his life when he first came. It was sad, very sad indeed, and I, too, have pitied him, but tonight he was unusually despondent, perhaps more so on account of a letter received today from my brother, saying that he could leave here now safely."

"Leave her now? What, leave Cincinnati?" said

Florence, as she staggered towards the couch and would have gone to the floor had not the good matron caught and supported her. With the aid of a restorative she soon revived, then burying her face in the pillow sobbed as though her heart would break.

"My dear child, these tears will do thee good. They'll ease thy heart. Do not be ashamed of them."

"O Mother Layman, what have I done? O how can I ever look you or him in the face again? O how foolish I have been. I began from the very first to pity him, I thought 'twas pity because at times he seemed—he was so sad, as tonight. O wretched, foolish girl. I did not know 'twas love instead of pity, not till now. What will you and what will he think of me should he know that I had given my heart and affections to him in one short month unasked?"

"Florence, my dear child, thee is not to blame for what thee did not know and for what thee could not help. He is worthy of thy love, dear child, and is suffering with thee. Now you must retire. You're real ill. I am concerned for thee."

Sabbath morning Florence did not appear at breakfast. She felt that she could not meet Mr. Bassett. Her experience was so new, so sudden that she must have time to master this passion and gain some self-control.

After breakfast Mr. Bassett invited Mrs. Layman to his room. He was walking the floor and seemed much excited. "My dear Mrs. Layman, I have no mother to counsel me. What shall I do? Will you advise me?" Then he confessed his love for Florence and said he thought he ought to go away at once. "How can I offer myself to her? You know my history. I dare not offer my love. Tell me, dear lady, shall I go?"

"No, no," she said. "Stay and tell her who and what you are as you told me and keep nothing back."

"O how can I tell her? She will spurn me from

her presence. I am not worthy to tie her shoes, only as a slave."

"My dear boy," said the lady, "thou art very blind, blind as a man. Thee must go and do as I tell thee Florence is ill; she may yet be very ill."

He walked the floor for a few minutes, then gave her his big warm hand and said, "I thank you, dear Mrs. Layman. You are right. I will go. When may I see her?"

"I will tell her to meet thee in the back parlor as soon as the family leaves for church. She is too ill to go with us."

At a quarter to ten Florence was there waiting, trying to still her throbbing heart. She heard the family leave the house and heard Elmer come down the stairs, enter the room and close the door behind him. When she raised her eyes to his there was no more trembling. She was master. It was the supreme moment of her life and her heart leaped with joy.

He stood for a moment and with some hesitation asked: "Miss Florence, may I come in?"

The request was so irrelevant that she could not keep from laughing as she replied:

"Why, Mr. Bassett, if my eyes do not deceive me you are already in the room."

"O yes, so I am, but may I stay?"

"Mrs. Layman owns the house," said Florence, smiling, "and is now at church. I am sure she will have no objection."

"And may I sit with you on the couch?"

"If you insist on sitting here with me, I assure you I'll not run away."

Two precious hours passed in which the histories of two lives were revealed, in which the future happiness of two hearts were involved, when they heard through the open transom the family enter the front parlor. And

quite soon two gentlemen were admitted, one having a very coarse heavy voice.

As soon as Elmer heard him speak, he whispered to Florence, "Murray, of Mobile and the U. S. marshal." He instantly sprang to his feet, ran lightly to his room, snatched his suit case and his three revolvers and at his return Florence was there with her long black hooded cloak which she wrapped around him, tied her thick veil over his face, seized his suit case with one hand and with the other led him through the rear door into a back alley which they followed to the nearest livery stable where they entered a cab and reached the station in time for the west bound train.

Florence little thought then as she bade Mr. Bassett farewell that she, too, would leave that same station in the near future, a slave, a fugitive, flying from home, friends and country to a strange land that she might escape a degradation which her soul abhorred.

Her absence was not noticed by the family as she returned in time to assist Mr. Murray and the marshal in searching the house and premises.

Some three weeks after this event he reached our station. I sat up nearly all night eagerly listening to the story of his life, which I have tried to tell, but he repeated but very little that was said in that back parlor. I wondered why.

About one month after reaching Canada he wrote me and I here quote one short paragraph.

"The next day after reaching Windsor I found my mother, the same beautiful lady dressed in black, only older, that I saw in my dreams, who placed her face on mine and moistened it with her precious tears. She is beautiful yet and very happy now. One week ago I passed the examination and now hold a position as engineer on a passenger at seventy dollars per month."



JACK THE SLAVE BOY.

Chapter XXIX.

On the morning of the twentieth of September, 1862, I was ordered back to the wagon train, a half mile or more in the rear, to look after our company wagon and when through with my business, as it was excessively hot and scarcely a breath of air stirring, I walked out some sixty rods away from the teams and noise, where all alone, I could take a good rest and write up my diary, which for the last day or two had been neglected.

I had finished writing and was resting comfortably when a fine looking young man, very plainly and cheaply dressed in citizen's clothes came from the rear, walking very leisurely and quite cautiously, I thought. He bowed to me, and said, "good morning, soldier," very pleasantly.

I responded as kindly and said, "sit down, my friend, here under the shade. You are tired out, I see, and very warm."

"Yes, sir, I am completely exhausted for I have walked a long way, and some of the time very fast to get in the rear of this army and if you please, while I am resting, may I ask a few questions?"

"Most certainly, sir, I will give you all the information I can consistently."

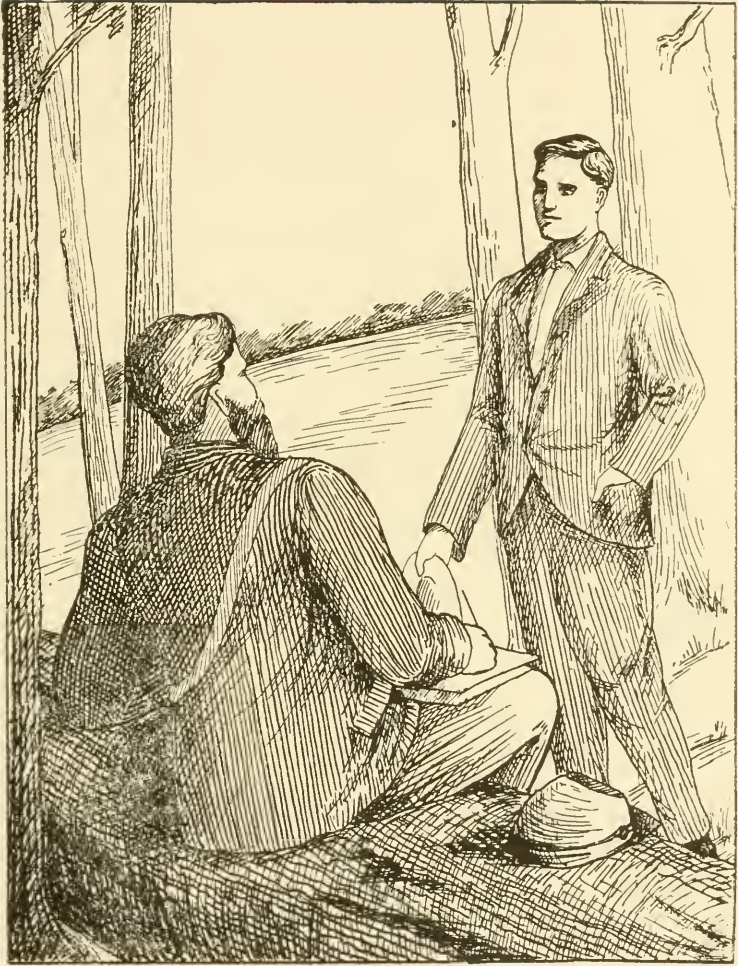
"Did you pass through Murfreesboro on your march here?"

"Yes, we came in from the east, I think, then north on the main street then filed left and went in camp some distance northwest of town, perhaps a mile or more."

"How large a place, please?"

"From what I saw I would guess eight or ten hundred."

"The county seat, is it not?"



He bowed to me and said "Goodmorning."

"Yes, I think so, for I noticed the court house in the center of a large public square."

"How far from and what direction from Nashville?"

"Thirty miles southeast on the pike."

Then he remained silent for several minutes, taking off his hat and using it for a fan, while I watched him very closely. I was sure I had seen that same face somewhere and some time.

"Do you expect a battle here?" was his next question.

"We have been expecting a battle here for the last forty-eight hours. That's a problem I can't solve."

"One more question, please, if I may ask."

"You may, sir, I shall be as pleased to answer you."

"Have you any idea how far north this army will go?"

"No, my friend, that's another problem. I really wish I knew. I would like to look over the Ohio once more and see just a little patch of God's free country, Indiana, my own state, where practically we know nothing of the blighting curse of slavery.

He raised his eyes to mine just a moment and sad the look and smile, he gave me and just that moment I was sure I had seen him. The same eyes, mouth, forehead and chin, and same sad expression, when forcing a smile, a face and smile that one would never forget. No child would refuse him its hand. no good woman her friendship, confidence and compassion. I waited some time for him to speak and as he did not I ventured to ask. "Were you not born and raised or educated in the north? You do not speak like the people here."

"I was born about fifty miles south of Covington, in this state, near a little town called Hampton, or Hampton Center. What education I have, I got in high school and college in Cincinnati."

"Did you say Hampton Center?" I asked so eagerly that he noticed it and asked:

"Were you ever there? It's a lovely place."

"No, I was never there but several years ago, I met a person from there," and again asked, as eagerly, "How long since you left there?"

"A little over five years."

"Now there was no longer any question who he was and why he interested me so much, and I had only one more question to ask:

"Do you live in this neighborhood, are you a citizen of this locality?"

"A citizen," he exclaimed, as he arose to his feet, and his voice naturally soft and musical, became hard and his face severe. "A citizen," he again repeated, with a bitter laugh. "I am a citizen of no place, state or nation; I have no country, no home but the grave. I have not a friend in the wide world that can reach and help me, and for five years, it has seemed to me, at times, that God himself had forsaken me."

He then turned and gave me a searching look, as though he would read my very thoughts, and said:

"You are from the north," and with some hesitancy, in a low soft and pleading voice, that touched my heart with pity, "O, can I trust you, soldier, can I trust you? I need a friend."

I took his hand in mine and pressed it hard, and when I saw that same sad smile and the tears, starting from his eyes, I said, "I know you, now, my dear boy, and upon my honor you can trust me. Tell me your troubles and I will help you all I can."

"O, 'tis a long sad story and should have been written in blood. For five long years, an eternity to me, I've been a slave, whipped and driven like an ox, by a low, illiterate brute, cruel and destitute of human sympathy, heart and soul. Please, excuse me now, you are from the north and cannot believe me." And he got up and walked back and forth, dashing the tears from his eyes.

"O, my dear sir, I do believe you, every word. Tell me now of your escape, and leave the rest till you are more composed, I think I can even help you some in that. He looked at me but did not then understand my meaning.

"Yes, I've told you the solemn truth, a slave for five years, 'till the night of the 16th when with a little help from a free colored man, I made my escape. The brute that calls himself my master is now hunting me with men and dogs and guns, but not this way. I started north for the Ohio, but when I heard the cannonading I turned this way and came around in the rear of your army. I swam a lake, waded up and down creeks, through swamps and forests, the north star being my compass, with scarcely any food and very little rest or sleep, since I left and you are the only white man I have dared to notice."

"And now, my boy," I said heartily, as I put my hand on his shoulder, "Yau are absolutely safe. All the bloodhounds in REBEL HELLDOM can't touch you here, only you must watch and keep with our boys." I took off my haversack, opened it and handed it to him, here—help yourself, it's the same as we have and much more tolerable than hunger. And while you are eating and resting, I will tell you a sad and true story, and if it interests you, please do not interrupt me.

"For years before this Slave Holders' Rebellion began, my mother's house was a home and refuge for all runaway slaves, who chanced to come through on that route. We fed and sheltered scores of them and then took them on to other stations. I heard their tales of woe and suffering, till my heart would almost bleed. We kept a memorandum of each one, as full and complete a history as we could get from them. Their names, ages, residences, color, for they were not all black, some as white as you and I, and this memorandum would make a good sized volume. They were from this state, Mis-

souri, Tennessee, Alabama and some from as far south as Mobile. We carried on a correspondence with two of them, until I left home and my brother will continue it.

One was a young man from Mobile, an engineer and machinist, as white as I am, the other a young lady from this state, about eighteen years of age, purely white from all appearances, cultured and refined. A student in art and music, and very beautiful. With one more term in college, she would have graduated.

It was very early one morning, the fore part of October, I think, for the maple leaves had been touched with an early frost, slightly tinting them with scarlet and gold, that a close covered carriage stopped in front of our house with two ladies closely veiled, who were shivering with the cold and well nigh exhausted with many successive nights of hard travel.

As soon as possible a hot breakfast was served and then mother took them to her room and snugly tucked them in bed. All that day the house was kept very still, while they slept and rested and not until the third day did they hardly leave their bed and room for they had gone to the very limit of their endurance. On the afternoon of the third day I wrote up their histories, as they gave it me, but can only tell you now, of the younger one, in whom I felt a deeper interest, as she had suffered more. And, I ought not to attempt to reproduce her sad story and can only do it in brief. At first, she hesitated long, but finally said:

"How can I talk of myself and my suffering, for the last few months? I could not to others, but the kindness of you and your family to me and my companion in exile has so completely won my confidence and gratitude, that to refuse you, would be very ungrateful."

She raised her dark blue eyes to mine, just an instant and made an attempt to smile, but O, how sad the smile, and sadder yet the eyes.

At first, she talked easily and quite naturally, though with considerable effort, of her early life, her luxurious home, of her kind and indulgent parents, of her years in school and college, of her twin brother, her constant companion and protector, whom she loved as her life, of Free Papers, always kept in a large safe, of the sudden death of her father, the funeral and burial and when she began to speak of the arrest, the imprisonment, the auction sale and separation, she arose to her feet, began to walk the floor and wring her hands and moan, for her suffering was more than she could bear and her very heart seemed breaking. I would have stopped her then but could not speak, could only wait, and listen and tremble. For an instant, she clasped her hands over her forehead, then as suddenly dropped on her knees and with her arms extending upward she cried out, as if in utter despair:

"Oh, mother! mother! why has God left us to suffer so? Oh, my God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken us? Is it not enough, Dear Lord, Is it not enough?"

Then, He answered her, with a flood of tears that rushed like a torrent from eyes that had so long been dry, and in their great abundance, she found relief.

When she became calm and as soon as I could speak I said: "Florence, you must not—"

"Florence, Florence," John repeated, "Oh do you mean my sister? Florence, do you, Oh, do you mean her?"

"Why, yes, John. Mean that it was and is your sister. She is alive and free."

For many minutes John could not speak, while glad tears bathed his face, then he turned partially around and with uncovered head and eyes lifted reverently upward, uttered this simple prayer:

"Dear Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast forgiven me of my hardness of heart and lack of faith, and this day granted me this greatest of all blessings."

When sufficiently composed to talk he asked: "Could and did my sister tell you more?"

"O, O yes, I went out as requested for half an hour and when I returned she told me the whole sad story very rapidly, as fast as I could write it down. She was bid off by a low, vile brute," said John, "to be his mistress and she said, as she parted with mother: 'mother, I can die, but I can not and will not submit. I will be no man's mistress. We knew she would not take her own life but would lay it down in defense of her honor and purity. Can you tell me how she made her escape?'"

"Oh, yes, I remember that quite well. She was taken from the sale to the station and seated in the middle of the car. The train was wrecked as it approached Covington and her buyer was killed with one or two others, but she was not seriously hurt. She passed over the river to Cincinnati with others and found her way to Mrs. Layman's, where you and she lived when you were attending college. Mrs. Layman's brother, from Richmond, Indiana, was there visiting his sister and took her that night home with him on a night express. From there with a lady from Bowling Green she came through to our place on the Under Ground Railroad, and now she has a good home and a good husband in Canada. And, by the way, John, I have a letter here from her, addressed to my brother, which he forwarded to me. You may take and keep it. And you must write her at once, and don't forget to give her my best wishes. She suffers, oh, so much for you and your mother.

"Can you tell me anything of mother?"

"No, Florence was the first one sold, as you no doubt recollect, and she has no knowledge of you or your mother and that adds to her suffering.

"I heard that day, soon after I was sold that mother was bought by a wealthy planter living at Murfreesboro. That's the reason why I was so anxious to find out the size and location of the place. And now, I truly thank

God for what I've heard today and that He led me to you. Of late my heart has been so bitter and hard, at times, that I could not even look up to Him.

"Sometimes I felt like charging God with my degradation and taking my own life, then I'd see my mother's face as I last saw it, when she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me for the last time, bathing my face with her tears, as she said, 'Be patient, my dear boy, remember that God is only a little step from you, only just above the storm. Put your trust in Him, my dear boy.' Her face that I saw then and the words she uttered, has saved me many times from self-destruction. Do you think I can be captured here among so many men, and would you advise me to go on to Canada, as I first intended?"

"No, John, they will not find you here, and will not make any attempt. Do as I said, and keep with the boys. Your name—Lawrence J. W. Belmont—no one shall know, but me, and I will introduce you to my friends as Jack Hale, of Richmond, Indiana. If you are a good man with horses, I believe I can find a good place at once with our present brigade commander, General Hawkins. He wants a good steady fellow and will pay good wages; then, too, this war cannot last very much longer and when the Rebellion is crushed out every slave will be free, and then you can look for your mother."

"What shall I call you?" he asked. "You know me almost as well as I know myself, but I do not even know your name."

"The boys call me Marion, and the name has no Mr. attached to it. Just Marion."

"Now, I must go back to the line," I said. "I have been gone too long and until you get to work, I will divide rations with you. Here is my card, Jack, keep it and you can find me most any time."

Soon after dinner I took Jack to General Hawkins'

tent and introduced him as Jack Hale of Richmond. The general asked him many questions and was well satisfied with his answers and hired him at fair wages.

"Call and see me, Jack, whenever you can and don't ever again doubt or forget the Friend, your mother taught you to love."

"No, Maricn, I shall thank Him every day that He led me to you. How strange,' he continued, "that among the whole army, you are the only one that knows aught of my sister, or our family, and I was led to you the first one. This letter you gave me, is like a voice from the heavenly world, for I had counted her as dead. I knew she would mutiny against her fate and die to defend her honor."

As I turned to leave him, he grasped and pressed my hand and said, "good-bye, Marion. May God bless you."

THE BUELL CAMPAIGN.

Chapter XXX.

On Sunday morning the twenty-first of September, 1862, we had reveille at three a. m. with orders to be ready to march and after standing in line for an hour, received another order, to "await orders," so we stacked arms and remained by our guns till four p. m.

We were held here long enough, in plain hearing of the battle of Mumfordsville, Ky., for Bragg to capture Gen. Wilder and his six thousand men. Why Buell did not move up and crush the enemy at this place, is yet to be answered by the historian.

At four p. m. our brigade began to move and about nine p. m. we passed through Mumfordsville, close by the fort and fortifications and it was sufficiently light for us to see some of the destructive effects of the battle.

The railroad and wagon bridges that spanned Green River were burned by Bragg and we were compelled to ford. How far we marched after four p. m. I am unable to say, but it was a forced march, we thought, and we did not halt until two a. m. of the 22nd, rested for a short time and then moved forward fifteen miles and went in camp six miles north of Bacon Creek.

No more orders were issued by Buell to prohibit foraging from the enemy, for in all this country not a duck, chicken or pig was left by the enemy. Our rations were very short and the water loaded with death. Wherever we found a spring or brook of water, we also found the enemy's dead horses and mules. And this water naturally pure and good, was so charged with putrid animal matter, we could not drink it.

On the 23rd we broke camp at four a. m. and marched thirty-two miles, passing through Elizabethtown, the home of General Hawkins, from which he was driv-

en by Rebel citizens, on account of his Union sentiments, early in the war.

The general rode at the head of our company all day and when we reached the center of the town, he ordered the column to halt, then faced the hundreds of citizens, who had gathered there to witness our army pass.

He addressed them as friends, neighbors, Rebels and traitors. To his friends, he said: "I know you would have given me your aid cheerfully, but for fear of the shot gun and halter. He said in part:

"Where are now the cowardly assassins that drove me and other loyal men from their homes, their families and friends because we loved our country and our flag? They tied the noose and threw the rope over the limb and then we dared them to place it around our necks. We called them base cowards and Rebels. All in the Rebel army today, desolating our lovely state and trying to overthrow the best government God ever gave to man.

Please tell them for me that Almighty God will pursue and consume them unless they fall on their knees and beg for mercy."

No doubt the general had many friends there for while he was speaking, I saw quite a number shedding tears. We had found him to be a kind officer and noble man.

When he finished speaking we gave three cheers for General Hawkins. He then turned to our band and asked them to play America, which they did with a will, till we were far out of town. We camped six miles to the north at ten p. m., having been on our feet eighteen hours, and you may well remark that we were tired, thirsty and hungry.

A thirteen mile march the next day brought us to Muldrough's Hill. A small mountain peak,, strongly fortified, commanding the Ohio at the mouth of Salt river and the surrounding country. Here we rested for three hours.

Lewis had been sick for three days and the surgeon ordered him to the ambulance. He had eaten nothing for the time and of course was faint and weak. I succeeded in getting three good apples during our day's march, built a small fire and toasted them very carefully and thoroughly for him. It was the widow's mite, all I had, but it met his wants and I was glad when he told me that it was actually the best meal he ever ate.

We broke camp here at six p. m., crossed Salt river on a pontoon and marched up the Ohio on the Kentucky side some three miles, and camped. I soon after met Jack and pointed over to the north. "There, Jack," I said, "I've got my wish: just over on the other side is God's country. Will you cross and strike for Canada now? You will find plenty of friends over there."

"O no, Marion. I have found many friends here and shall stay with the army and devote the rest of my life, if necessary, in looking for mother. I must know where she was taken and what has been her fate. Not a day nor an hour but she is on my mind and every night I dream of her. Sometimes, that I have found her and she beckons me to come, but I cannot reach or get quite to her. One night I dreamed I saw her just as she looked when she threw her arms around Florence's neck and bade her farewell. O how many times I have wished that it was all nothing but a dream. We were so happy in our beautiful home, mother, Florence and I. Though sister is safe, I can never enjoy one hour of happiness till I find mother. I must find her."

Jack's heart was too full to talk more and he turned and left me.

On the 25th of September we made ten miles up the river and halted at two p. m. and rested till seven, all desperately hungry, as for several days we had drawn less than quarter rations, but fortune favored the patient. A supply wagon just ahead of our company lost off a box of hard tack and in falling, was broken and the

crackers all lay in the road. We gathered all we could and divided them around and each man got five or six.

We reached Louisville at one a. m. on the 26th and camped a short distance west of the city.

I expected to find a large package of letters here, but found only two, one from Prentiss and one from May. While reading I could hardly keep back the tears. This was probably on account of being tired, worn out with hard marching, loss of sleep and rest and by no means attributable to home-sickness.

In moving around I came across my old friend John Simmons, from near Gordons. He had been sick for some time and had been sent here to meet his regiment. As we were about to separate I asked, "John, how did you address your letters to Marg?"

"Why she told me to address them to Box 22 only. She wrote me first and invited the correspondence."

"That accounts for it, John. Every one of those letters were written without the knowledge or consent of Marg. She never wrote one of them nor received one of those directed to Box 22."

"Well, well, is that possible, but I began to mistrust that something was out of joint, as she seemed so very anxious that I tell you of May's engagement. By the way, I'm informed that you are the lucky fellow. Well, I'm glad for your sake. She is the best and kindest hearted girl I ever knew and I might add more but I see you are quite to vain of your good fortune now."

Two acquaintances from home, now members of the 74th Indiana, called on me here, and I enjoyed their visit very much. When gone I answered my letters and I think none of the pages were blotted with tears.

We stayed at that camp less than two days, and while there General Davis shot and killed General Nelson in the Galt House; the particulars of the quarrel we had not yet heard. Then we moved south of the city.

two or three miles, and went in camp, where we remained till October 14th.

The next day after reaching our new camp, Jack called to see me and I was surprised at his changed appearance and it was not by any means his new suit of clothes.

As he walked through the crowd where I stood, I noticed that many turned to look at him. We shook hands and walked off by ourselves where we sat down under the shade.

"Jack, I am proud of you," I said, "and was just thinking of you and wondering if, in your better condition, you had forgotten me."

Not until I forget my mother and sister."

"Have you written her yet?"

"O yes, the same afternoon and evening I met you, a long letter. I told her of you and told her that you knew me from the first by my resemblance to her and told her how thankful I was that she escaped a fate a thousand times worse than death, and that I should not rest till I found mother; that I learned the day of the sale that she was bought by a wealthy planter, living at or near Murfreesboro, and that as soon as safe I should go there and find her.'

"Of course, you have not heard from your sister yet?"

"No, but I think I will soon and that will be the next thing to seeing her. Had I known of her escape I could have borne my own degradation with less agony. When I hear from her you shall read the letter, for I owe this happiness to you."

"No, not to me. Thank God and not me. You were correct in saying that 'He led you.'"

"Yes, I believe it now, and hope I shall never doubt again."

"How do you like your place, John?"

"Another thing to thank you for. I'm a bankrupt.

I can never pay what I owe."

"Do someone else a good turn, Jack. You owe me nothing but your good will. It cost me nothing. Don't let it burden you. But how do you like the general and your work?"

"The general is a grand big hearted man and I like the work, for I'm very fond of good horses."

"Does he know your history, or mistrust?"

"He did not mistrust, but since I found him so friendly I thought that he might sometime befriend me, should I get in trouble. When I told him of the sufferings of my mother and sister and myself, when we were arrested by the sheriff and thrust in jail and sold at auction, he jumped to his feet and struck the table with his fist and exclaimed, 'My God! is it possible. I've lived in a slave state all my life and I've witnessed things that made my blood boil but I believe in all my life nothing equal to this. And did that brute buy you? I know him, he's a rebel and worse, a guerilla. He was one of the gang that was determined to hang me, and if I could see him now I would shoot him quicker than I would a mad dog.'"

"Yes, you can depend on me; that scoundrel is a coward and a sneak, and the sooner some one shoots him, the better for the country."

"Well, Jack, I guess you're safe."

"I feel so, Marion, and you can hardly realize how much taller I am and how much more like a man I feel than when I first met you."

"I notice the difference, Jack, and as I told you once before I am proud of you. You resemble Florence more than you did." At the mention of her name the tears started from his eyes and he said:

"There is no bitterness in my heart now. As I hope to be forgiven for my impiety and lack of faith, I am now trying hard to forgive those who brought this great affliction on our family."

PERRYVILLE BATTLE.

Chapter XXXI.

The regiment broke camp here at Louisville on the morning of October 1, 1862. Aumend and I were left to look after the loading of our company's goods and supplies, then followed along with the teams to the city, where I paid out my last cent for two loaves of bread and a small amount of dried beef. It was two p. m. as we left the city and took the Bardstown Pike and walked along leisurely as I had been quite poorly for several days. The road was full of army wagons, cavalry, artillery and infantry; a thick cloud of dust filled the air and the sun shone intensely hot.

Our army was joined by many new regiments at Louisville, as we marched through, that had seen no service as yet. Their knapsacks were packed full with extra suits, two blankets and rubber and very likely many things brought from home, very nice and convenient for a soldier, but all added bulk and weight. We could tell a new regiment by their knapsacks and before we stopped for the night we saw quite a number of them lying outside the road, and occasionally a soldier, overcome with heat, under a shade tree.

As night approached, Aumend stopped at a farm house and asked the family if he and his lieutenant, whom he said was not very well, could lie under their porch where they would not be exposed to the dew. The man of the house replied: "No, but if you and your lieutenant belong to the Union army, you can both have the best bed in the house and your supper and breakfast."

In the morning, we got up quite early and thought we would leave before breakfast, but no, the lady insisted we stay and have a good warm breakfast. We appreciated their kindness and I tried to thank them but

they replied, that they had only done their duty and what they had conferred, was a pleasure to them. We want you to understand that the Union soldiers have some friends in Kentucky.

We started along the pike but the road was so crowded with supply trains, artillery, infantry and cavalry that it was slow and difficult traveling. About ten a. m. we began to hear cannonading in front and while we were not alarmed, as it was almost a daily occurrence, we quickened our step and reached our regiment about dusk.

The firing had stopped and the paymaster was with our regiment and by nine a. m. on the 3rd all our boys present had signed the roll and received their money.

We left our camp at three p. m. on the 3rd and soon caught up with the enemy's rear guard, consisting of a regiment. Company A and F were deployed as skirmishers, in the woods on either side of the road and for an hour or more the "Johnnies" made a lively defense and we a big racket if nothing more; then they fell back and our column followed, crossing Salt river and camping near its bank.

On the 4th and 5th we made but little progress as we skirmished with the enemy's rear guard, who was holding us back in order to save their heavy train of supplies which had been gathered while passing through Kentucky and Tennessee.

On the 6th and 7th we marched some thirty miles. Through the middle of the day the sun shone very hot, the dust in a heavy cloud covered us and the water gathered from pools among the rocks along the creeks, partially dry, was thick with animal life and vegetable filth.

On the night of the 7th we camped on the banks of "Rolling Fork Creek" tired and out of rations.

Early on the morning of the 8th of October we heard heavy cannonading to the north or northeast, the

roar sounded much like the Niagara at a distance, as no single gun could be distinguished.

I had nothing in my haversack to eat but a half dozen soda crackers bought of our sutler, so I stepped into a shanty close by and asked the lady if she would sell me a small piece of bacon. She replied that she had but little. I took out of my pocket a silver quarter and asked her to cut off what she could for the money. She looked at the silver and then at the bacon and finally the silver won and she cut off a piece about two or three inches thick. I never stopped to look at it till I cut off some for my lunch and then found under a thin layer of lean a spoonful or so of large well matured worms. Well, I thought to myself, that poor woman never saw them, or she would have charged me more, but to me they were a dead loss, for I took my knife and scraped them off very carefully.

At nine a. m. our regiment took its place in Crittenden's corps, VanCleve's division and General Hawkins' brigade, and started on a forced march for Perryville. The heavier the cannonading the faster the boys pushed along and this is as strange as true. No matter how great the dread of battle, an army will almost run to get into it and frequently run faster to get out.

As we approached our position the smoke in a thick dark heavy cloud filled the forest in front and covered the entire field.

We reached our position, a high ridge covered with timber, but clean from undergrowth, at eleven a. m. Some sixty rods to the front a thick body of timber obstructed our view of the battle, now raging in all its barbaric fury. To our left, a short distance, was Crittenden's headquarters and just a few rods beyond was General Buell's.

The attack was opened in the early morning by the enemy on the Thirty-sixth brigade, Col. Dan McCook

commanding, which had bivouacked for the night on a small creek two and a half miles from the town.

Mitchel's and Sheridan's divisions (Phil's) came to his support and the enemy was repulsed handsomely. Our line of battle as formed about noon had Gilbert's corps in the center, McCook's to his left, Crittenden's to his right. Thomas was with Crittenden's corps. A cavalry reconnoissance was made toward Perryville. McCook reporting to Buell was ordered to make a demonstration in full force toward Chaplin river to ascertain the position and strength of the enemy in front. During his absence one of his divisions, Rousseau's, had advanced the right of his line a half mile to get some water for which the boys were suffering. The Rebels opened on this advance some twenty pieces of artillery and Rosseau brought up the rest of his division directing Simmons' and Leonard's batteries to return the enemy's fire. McCook on his return advanced Jackson's division to a new line, supporting Rosseau.

About three-thirty p. m. his whole line was attacked by Harde with three Rebel divisions under Cheatham, Buckner and Anderson—some sixteen thousand men. Then it was that McCook sent his orderly to Buell asking him to send Crittenden's corps and attack the Rebel left, and no response. This was the third time that McCook was refused support by Buell. The attack was made on McCook's extreme left, Jackson was killed the first fire. Terrill's brigade, nearly all new men, was driven back and McCook's left turned. The infantry reached the batteries, parted in the rear and there Terrill, while trying to rally his men, fell mortally wounded.

McCook being hard pressed then sent to Gilbert for reinforcements, and sent a request to Sheridan asking him to protect his right. Starkweather's brigade checked the enemy's advance at the left supported by Stone's and Bushe's batteries. Several assaults were met and repulsed until the ammunition of troops and batteries

was exhausted, when they fell back to their original line, renewed their supplies and plunged into the fight again.

Meantime, McCook's right had become engaged in Rosseau's front, the enemy under Anderson, a full division, charging on Lytle's and Harris' brigade. They were met and held back until the brigade also exhausted their ammunition and fell back on a line with Starkweather. Lytle's brigade was driven still further back and the enemy's advance was checked by canister fired by Sloan's battery.

Reinforcements from Gilbert came up, Gooding's brigade of Mitchell's division and the Fifth Wisconsin battery. Stedman's brigade from Schoepff's division also came up and with these fresh troops the enemy was decisively repulsed from McCook's front.

When the assault on McCook was heaviest, Sheridan was attacked in the advanced position he had won early in the morning. He withdrew his troops to a better position on the original line and opened on the enemy with musketry and canister. He also being hard pressed called on Gilbert for support.

Gilbert sent him Carlin's brigade from Mitchell's division, and this fresh brigade charging the enemy drove them into and through Perryville, capturing two caissons and fifteen wagons loaded with ammunition, with their guard of one hundred and thirty-eight men. Sheridan drove another line of the enemy but could not pursue, as that would uncover McCook's right. Wagner's brigade of Wood's division became engaged also on the right of Mitchell's division but the brunt of the day's battle was borne by McCook's corps and most of the loss.

When night fell, yes when it was altogether too late, Buell made preparations for a general engagement on the next day, directing Thomas to strike the enemy's front and left flank at daybreak, a thing which Crittenden insisted on doing with his corps at twelve o'clock

noon, to save McCook's corps from being slaughtered. Twenty-nine thousand Union troops including Crittenden's corps were ready, waiting and eager to go in and save McCook. Had Crittenden been allowed to charge the Rebel left and rear as he was anxious to do, and as McCook expected would be done, the whole Rebel army could have been crushed before three o'clock p. m. Total Union loss in killed, wounded and missing, four thousand, three hundred and forty-eight, a little under sixteen per cent. The whole Rebel army was engaged with a total loss of seven thousand.

Immediately on reaching our position on the ridge, Company A was ordered on duty in an open field close up to the wood not far from the enemy's left, where they deployed, formed a skirmish line and lay down. I was ordered to take one man with me and take a position close up to the wood at the crest of the hill, near the enemy's left, about one-half mile in front of the ridge in the northeast corner of the field.

Tom and I approached the position cautiously under cover of the hill, along a fence running parallel with the enemy's line. Our instructions were to watch closely for any extension of the enemy's left in that direction and in case we made such discovery to move in at once. We lay down on the leaves close to the fence that inclosed the timber on that side. It was a long afternoon as we lay watching and waiting and listening to the constant roar of not less than one hundred pieces of artillery, which shook the trees and made every leaf quiver with the vibrations. The smoke filled the forest and we could see but a short distance into the thick wood.

As it approached sunset, while the battle raged more fiercely, if possible, a riderless horse came dashing through the forest from the field, leaped the fence and as we said 'whoa,' he came up close to us and gave a pathetic neigh, and after a few minutes of petting, he got over his fright and seemed to feel that he had fallen

among friends. Soon after dark the firing stopped and he lay down as close to us as he could get and remained quiet all night. The horse was a dark chestnut sorrel, well bred, about eight years old and in fine condition. The saddle, bridle, saddle bags and revolvers were new and the very best.

It was a long night and we were too near the enemy to speak loud and in a position too dangerous to risk sleep. At four-thirty we got up to go in and the horse followed us close behind.

On the morning of the 9th Buell ordered a forward movement of the whole army by the front as if he expected to capture the Rebel army, but it was too late, as at Murfordsville, he lost his opportunity.

As ordered, the army began to move on Perryville quite early, in line of battle. The country was quite hilly, swampy, patches of timber and open fields. While one portion of the line had an open field, another would be climbing fences, and another going through swamps, briar patches and crab apple bushes. The line was by no means symmetrical and somewhat resembled our first company drill in Camp Allen though on a much larger scale.

We were all day making this grand military display and did not reach the village till dusk. This tomfoolery of moving so far over such a rough country by the front, gave the enemy ample time to get their heavy supply train out of our reach. The battle field was covered with their dead and every building, barn and shed was full of their wounded and sick.

These are three questions that puzzled the boys in the ranks:

First—Why did Buell let Bragg cross the Tennessee?

Second—Why did he hold his army at Cave City long enough for Bragg to capture Wilder and his six thousand men?

Third—And why did Buell refuse to let Crittenden reinforce McCook, when he could have swung his whole corps on the enemy's left and crushed it at a single blow?

As much as our boys dreaded a battle, they were anxious to have it over with as soon as possible and especially were anxious to utilize every advantage, when the fatalities could be lessened.

Our boys were very tired. Not a wink of sleep the previous night and scarcely any rations. The day's march by the front was exhausting, and the night was getting cold.

I felt more weary when I found my blanket and rubber had been stolen and said to Gilbert:

"I hardly know how to put in this cold night unless I stand on my feet and walk around."

"Will you stay right here, till I get back?" he asked.

"Don't do that; I'll get along some way."

"Will you stand here so I can find you?"

"Yes, I'll stay here, but don't—"

John came back in twenty minutes and handed me two new blankets and rubber.

"O Gilbert, how could you do that?"

"Just so easy, no trick at all."

"How will the other fellow get along this cold night?"

"Let him do as I did, take another fellow's blankets. It's just none of your business. You wrap and curl up and take a good night's sleep and don't lie awake thinking about the other fellow." . . .

THE BUELL CAMPAIGN.

Chapter XXXII.

On the 10th of October we marched six miles and on the 11th while we were eating our breakfast, heavy firing commenced on our left and we were hurried in line of battle and moved forward by the front for nearly a mile and stacked arms. We had done this so often since we left Battle Creek that it had banished all dread. It was a pleasant change from hard marching and the boys rather liked it.

We stood by our guns, each with a chip on his shoulder, ready for a fight, for more than an hour, and the enemy never came near us. We then went back to our position, held in the morning.

The day before as we were moving along, Gilbert saw a patch of Irish potatoes some distance ahead on the left near the road on a side hill.

He leaped the fence, ran forward and commenced digging potatoes out with his hands. Buell came along, stopped his horse and ordered him out. Gilbert stood with his back to the road, his head down—could look back between his legs, and knowing who it was, kept on digging.

The next time Buell spoke hard and sharp. Gilbert kept on digging, but yelled back,

“You go to ——,” and Buell started.

The country here was very rich, quite level, large plantations, good buildings and fenced along the highways with lime stone rock. Our rations were short, our boys hungry and constantly on the lookout for turkeys, pigs, chickens and sheep, but everything had been cleaned up by the enemy in advance.

John R— and Lu seeing a large farm house off a mile, visited the premises. In this portion of the state

very few white men were visible. Every able bodied man was in the rebel army.

The boys approached the house from the rear. John stood guard behind a small coop where he could watch the house and Lu started for a large smoke house. The door was locked ,but a small window on one side was covered with a board, which he tore off. The window was small, but he could get in through a small hole and get out through a smaller one.

He had just got his head and shoulders through the window, when a bouncing, nicely dressed girl came out of the house with a small ax in her hand after him, and he'd got just where he couldn't get in or out in a hurry. As the girl was passing the coop John sprang behind her and wrapped his long giant arms around her arms and I knew she was his prisoner. Lu succeeded in getting through the opening, where he found a fine lot of sugar cured hams and shoulders. Lu selected hams and dropped them out through the window. He then must get out and carry them to the woods full forty rods, before John could let his girl loose.

She struggled hard at first and then tried to give an alarm, but he placed one hand over her mouth and said, "If you keep quiet, you'll not be hurt."

"Will you let me go, then?" she said.

"No, not yet," said John, "you intended to kill that boy with your ax."

"Not if he'd got out and gone off."

"But he couldn't get out, he was fast in the window and you intended to kill him."

"No, I just intended to frighten him. Won't you please let me go now?"

"No, not till he gets those hams to the woods. We want some of them. You are keeping them for rebel officers."



Lew could get in through a small hole and get out through a smaller one.

"Give me your name before I let you go."

"Sarah Rayner."

"Where is your father?"

"He's judge of the county court."

"But where is he, tell me before I let you go."

"He's a Colonel in Bragg's army."

"Where are your brothers?"

"They're with father."

Tell your father, Sarah, if he lives to get home, that we have taken this meat for the boys that left their homes and came down here to put down this rebellion and save THEIR government, that they are trying to destroy, and that we will crush out all this treason if it takes ten million more men and ten years to do it. Now Sarah, there goes the last load, and I'll tell our hungry boys, while they're eating these choice hams, how glad I am that I made your acquaintance. You may go to the house now."

Our company had sugar cured ham for a number of days.

On the 12th I was put in charge of the rear guard with one ambulance to pick up any that might become exhausted and sick. We were close to the rear of the rebel army and while passing an old log barn, we discovered three Johnnies unarmed, and ordered them to come in the road. We found them to be real objects of pity, completely worn out, discouraged, ragged, foot sore and hungry. They tried but couldn't walk, so I stopped the ambulance and ordered them to climb in. At noon we divided our rations and gave them from our small allowance, an equal share, and wondered, as we did it, if the rebels ever treated our men as kindly.

On reaching Danville on the 13th the enemy had gone and a halt was made, so that the enemy could get their heavy train out of the way.

At dusk Company "A" went out on picket some three miles from camp, remaining all night and started

at nine a. m. and reconnoitered all day, going one mile beyond Stanford, then back to our camp and at eleven p. m. moved with the division.

From the 13th to the 18th we reconnoitered and skirmished every day, frequently a general engagement seemed veery probable and at such a time our whole army would be formed in line of battle, which would take from three to four hours, and by that time the enemy's heavy train would be safely out of the way, then a forced march till we caught up and the battle line farce would be repeated.

On the 18th of October I believe our company suffered more from heat, thirst, dust and exhaustion than any day since August 20th. We were well in the rear. For a long time the earth had been parched with drowth, vegetation scorched as if by fire. All the running streams dried up, the stagnant water in the pools, aecessable to the army along the rocky channels of the brooks, was entirely consumed by those in front. The march was forced; every step was into the red clay dust nearly over the shoe, ground fine as flour, as light as dry ashes, not a breath of air to move it out of our road, a sun tropical in heat from nine a. m. to four p. m., and a burning thirst with not a drop of water to moisten the lips, throat and tongue. Only those that were in the rear can realize what the boys suffered that day. On reaching camp, only six men besides myself of Company "A" were present to stack arms, and not more than eighty of the regiment. The rest dropped out and came in during the night. I should have fallen out had I been in the ranks, and I fear, had I consulted my own feelings only, I would have dropped down and died to have obtained relief and rest. Such was my exhaustion and thirst.

The day before reaching Crab orchard, I was ordered to go back and urge forward our wagon train, as our regiment was entirely out of rations. It was very slow traveling, as the road was blockaded with trains.

Not till ten p. m. did I reach the little town that we passed through at noon. I could get no further, and lay down on a pile of lumber, close to the road, and dropped to sleep. At one a. m. I waked up and not ten feet from me was our company wagon. As soon as the train began to move I got on with the driver and rode until heavy firing of musketry commenced in front. I then jumped off and made my way down the slope to the front just as our regiment started for the skirmish line. The skirmish was quite heavy and lasted about an hour, then the enemy fell back as usual and we followed.

From the 19th to the 23rd of October we lay at and near "Wild Cat," and had a good chance to look over the battle field where Zolicoffer was defeated October 21, one year before.

The "Wild Cat Hills" are small mountain peaks. They could hardly be called mountains and yet were too rugged for hills. They were covered with chestnut timber and our boys lived fat on chestnuts.

The enemy had gone on through the pass and must be met again somewhere and soon, but it must be by Brell's successor. The whole army was discouraged and demoralized and anxious for a change.

Chapter XXXIII.

FLORENCE.

On the morning of the 20th of October, 1862, while at Wildcat, I climbed one of the big hills to look at "Man Rock"—the fact of which is about eight by twelve feet. When the rock was in a semi-liquid condition, as the story goes, a giant was thrown into the stone back down. The outlines of this singular figure is quite plainly discernable, only the lower portion of the left arm and the upper part of the head is very obscure. While looking and wondering at this singular freak of nature, Jack made his appearance and extended his hand.

"Well, Jack," I said, "you have good news I know by your smiling face and sparkling eyes." "Yes, Marion, I have just received this letter from Florence, for which I have you to thank, and now you can read and copy a part or all. You can hardly realize what this letter is to me after five years of separation, and all the time supposing her to be dead, or suffering a degradation worse than the torture of the inquisition. O, Marion, my heart is too full to talk. How I ought to thank God every day and hour of my whole life."

"Yes, Jack, I too do feel thankful for you and hope that in His goodness, our Heavenly Father may guide you to find your mother."

THE LETTER.

Windsor, Canada, Box 299.

Oct. 10, 1862.

My Dear Brother Lawrence:

O, how can I tell you in words of my gratitude to God and my joy, when I received yours of the 1st inst., from which I learned that you were not only alive but again free.

When the letter was handed me I knew your writing. I could not open it. My hands trembled and the

tears blinded my eyes. We were sitting by the lamp, our twins, my husband and I, and I exclaimed, "O, my brother Lawrence is alive and free, O, thank God." The twins seemed alarmed, jumped in my lap and both threw their little arms around my neck. "O, mamma, don't cry." Little Florence asked, "Does letters make everybody cry so?" When I became more composed I asked husband to open and read. He did read a page or so, then his handkerchief went to his face, his voice failed, his eyes were blinded and as he handed the package back to me, he said, "I can't, you must read it."

I took it then and read till I came to your graphic description of the scene or tragedy, as you called it, in the parlor, when our own father's nephews came in with the sheriff and arrested and put handcuffs on our wrists. Then I broke down again and began to sob and weep. The twins both sprang into my lap again and began to cry, which made it so much harder for me. Finally Lawrence said, "Mamma, don't-less-let-any-more-letters-come-in-this-house." This was said so honestly and so seriously, that I said "Lawrence, I'll try and not cry any more." I don't wonder that your letter was blotted with tears, and I am not surprised that you could not describe the scene at the jail, when we were torn from each other and roughly thrust into separate criminal cells.

Neither can I describe that awful day, the auction sale, although I saw much more than you. Do you remember, how our own dear mother stood like a statué, her agony too deep for tears. The fountain of her soul had well nigh dried up, till she saw that I had been bid off by that beast in human shape, against whom my soul revolted as from an hyena, and when I threw my arms around her neck for the last time, a long farewell embrace, then for the first time since the tragedy began, O, how the tears rushed to her eyes and how she wept. When I look back to that scene and think of the suf-

ferings of our dear mother, as I saw her then, I look further back through the centuries and see One, Our Dear Savior, suffering on the cross for us, and only through His sufferings, death and blood have I become reconciled.

You ask to know more of the sale and you especially want a full history of me since I stepped on the auction block. O, brother, all this would fill a good sized volume; I can only tell it in brief. There is much I durst not think of now and may never be able to tell.

You must have seen some of the hand bills and probably some of the papers, which were sent broadcast all over the slave states and remember how they represented me in a close fitting union suit of thin, orange colored gause, the very same you saw on me as I stood on the block. This cut, which was intended to draw the crowds was made from a photograph taken of me in the jail a few days after our confinement, as soon as the suit could be provided. Neither my birth, education, social standing nor culture saved me from the same low brutal treatment accorded to every female that goes on the block.

It was a great gathering of speculators in immortal souls. Buyers from New Orleans, Memphis and Natchez were there for prey, and like hungry wolves, thirsted for my very blood.

O, God, when I think of that hour as I stood before that gaping crowd of hyenas, I blush with shame for the country of my birth and my heart bleeds for the thousands that suffer every day as you and mother and I have suffered. Will God spare the nation now through this revolution, or will He consume it with fire?

I had never witnessed an auction sale of slaves and never, never knew or conceived the depths of human depravity till that day. When the auctioneer began to harangue the crowd and point out the many fine qualities of the piece of merchandise then on the block, in

language too lude and too loathsome for me to mention and the buyers began to crowd around me, all with a freedom so base and so low that no liberty of such a vulgar character would have been respected in the examination of horses, mules or swine, I cried out in my anguish of soul and prayed that Almighty God would avenge our wrongs and the wrongs of all those suffering from the curse of human slavery. Then my heart relented and was filled with pity, and my prayer was, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

I heard one buyer tell another, in answer to the question, "What's she worth?" "She's worth twenty, and will bring five more in New Orleans or Natchez, except for one thing."

"Well, please, what's that. I'm here to bid. I came from Orleans just to bid on her.

"Can't you see at a glance, man. Too much spirit, see how she scorns this crowd, how she holds her head, beautiful as a Greek goddess, but she'll never break; she'll not bear the harness; don't buy it for yourself, and if to sell, you can't guarantee. I've tried such and always lost; too high bred."

"Thank you, sir, I guess you're right, and I'll let her slide."

So, brother, on account of my high breeding I was snapped up by the very worst and lowest and most contemptible brute of the whole throng, and when a man offered him two hundred dollars for his bid, he replied, "No, thank you, I bought her for my own use." But God had not forgotten me, and ordered it for the best.

As soon as sold I was taken in the house and resumed my clothing and took a good extra suit, and was permitted to take your's, mother's and father's photographs, and when unobserved, secured my six shooter Colt's revolver and thrust it in my pocket. I also took a good satchel, handkerchiefs, some underwear and a good heavy shawl and thick veil. Thus provided we, my buyer

and I, started for the train just as you stepped on the block. I never knew who bought you or mother, or where either of you went.

We were just in time to get on the train, and as we entered, my buyer took me to the middle of the car on the right hand side, indicated the seat and sat down by my side. I soon discovered that he was well loaded with liquor and silly drunk.

Soon after being seated he put his arms first around my shoulders, then around my waist. I did not resist or resent the insult, but when he asked me if I couldn't give him a pleasant smile and be sociable, I answered very pleasantly, "Please, do excuse me tonight, I am feeling very sick and very tired. I hope I will feel better tomorrow." "O, yes," he said, with a sickly smile, exhaling in my face a volume of tobacco and whiskey perfume, "you will feel better tomorrow, when you get rested and see what a pleasant home I have for you." Then he asked, "Will you remain here in the seat alone for a few minutes, as I have two friends in the back end of the car I wish to see on important business." "O, yes, with pleasure," I answered. While he and his friends were jolly over their wine, I was busy laying plans for my escape. As the whistle blew for Covington, he arose from his seat and started for me, just as the train ran through a switch telescoping and killing him and his two companions. I was thrown violently forward, bruised slightly but not injured. The car was a wreck, and we could not get out until help arrived, and by that time there were sufficient conveyances to take us. Nearly all in my car lived across the river, and when asked where I belonged, I said in Cincinnati.

Before I was helped out I took the precaution to pull my thick veil down so that I am sure no one saw my face. I secured my satchel and passed over the river and went directly to the old college, and as I passed along

that old familiar street that you and I traveled so much, my heart seemed bursting with grief, and I was overwhelmed with sorrow, but my walk was erect and my step firm and steady.

I entered Mrs. Layman's by a side door. She and Ruth were alone in the back parlor. I then raised my veil, dropped on my knees at Mother Layman's feet and cried out, "Oh, for the love of Jesus, save me, oh, hide me, for I am flying for my life from a degradation that I can never live to endure.

They had heard of our great sorrow, and like our own mother, she took me in her arms and held me as she would a child. I could not shed a tear, could only sob. And oh, my heart was so full of anguish I thought 'twould burst.

As soon as I could speak plainly, I said, "Mother, I cannot stop long, can and will you help me on to Canada?"

"Thee will be safe with us," said Mother Layman.

"Oh no, no. Every time the door opens, I shall expect an officer to arrest me. I cannot sleep or eat. Brother Lawrence and I lived here so long, they will mistrust I am here with you."

"But the buyer was killed, you say, and how will they know, but we'll see; come with me now daughter. My brother from Richmond, Indiana, is here; he, too, is a Friend, and I'll consult him."

And she took me to an upper room, drew down the curtains and fixed the bed. "Now lie down, daughter, for I know thee is very tired." Then she soothed and carressed me, till my sobbing ceased and my heart felt easier and more at rest. still every time I heard the least noise on the street, I'd jump and almost rise to a sitting posture.

"Now, thee must rest. No one can hurt thee here with us. We have no boarders now and no company, and we will keep the house still. Oh, how we suffered



“O Mother Layman for the love of Jesus save me, hide me.”

with thee all," she continued, "when we heard of thy trouble. Our hearts were full of sorrow for thee, and Ruth, my poor girl, I thought her heart would break. I held her in my lap nearly all day and night, and she'd keep saying between her sobs, 'Oh, if he only knew, if I'd only answered him, but it was almost train time and he had to go, and now mother, he can never know.' ❖ ❖ ❖ "But I must not tell thee more, Florence, thee has too much trouble now."

"Send Ruth to me, Mother Layman."

As the door opened I said "Come here, my dear sister, I want to see you.. When I entered your home I was so frightened and excited that I thought of no one's sufferings but my own and my own safety... Come to me, Ruth."

She came timidly, dropped on her knees, pressed her face down deep into my pillow and sobbed out,

"Oh, I do feel so sorry for thee, Florence, for thy mother and for—for John."

"Yes, Ruth, I understand all, and in my own great sorrow, I had almost forgotten yours."

"Has mother told thee? Has she told thee my secret? Oh, Florence, I'm so glad thee knows. O, how I suffered; when I heard all I thought my heart would break. I should never see him again and could never tell him. O Florence, he will never know," she sobbed.

I put my arms around this dear girl's neck and called her my little sister again, and said: "Ruth, I love you and John loves you and John knows, I told him on the train going home."

"But how did thee know, Florence, I never told thee."

"Oh, Ruth, my dear sister, I read it in your face and knew it months ago, and had not John been blind, he too would have known.. One who has loved as I have, and been loved as I have been by a good and noble man cannot be deceived."

"Oh, Florence, who do you mean?"

"Can you not guess, Ruth?"

"Is it Mr. Bassett, oh, I don't wonder, Florence, he was so good and kind."

"Yes, I'll tell you, Ruth, it is Mr. Bassett."

"Where is he now? Where does he live?"

"Oh, I don't know, Ruth, I may never see him again in this world, but I know I shall meet him in the next."

"Oh, I'm so, so sorry for thee, Florence, can nothing be done?"

"Nothing, I fear, I shall trust God and wait His time." "But my dear Ruth, have you thought of the change that has taken place. Have you stopped to think how poor John is now, of his degraded condition and that he is nothing but a slave?"

"Florence, he is not degraded by any act of his, if he is poor and friendless and a slave, so was our Master, friendless and forsaken and poor. No, Florence, I love him all the more now in his suffering, than when surrounded by many friends and much wealth."

"Then take courage, Ruth, he is young and healthy, patient and smart and will escape. It's only a question of time. I shall pray God that such fidelity as yours be rewarded. They cannot hold him long. Have courage sister, and be faithful to him."

Just then the mother entered with toast and tea and as I felt hungry for the first time since our arrest, I ate quite a hearty supper and felt rested.

"How does thee feel now, Florence?"

"Oh, much better, in trying to help Ruth and give her courage, I have helped myself more. In my own suffering I had almost forgotten others."

"Well Ruth does look heartened, how is it, daughter?"

"Florence has given me hope and courage and I shall be faithful and bide my time."

"Now Florence, I have something to tell thee, my brother is in now. We're all Friends, you know, shall I call him in?"

"Oh yes, do, I should like to go as soon as possible."

In a few minutes he came in. A kind fatherly man about fifty years of age, and after the introduction and a few questions, he turned to Mrs. Layman and said:

"I believe, sister, it will be safer and wiser to take the one o'clock express. Very few leave the city at that hour and we shall have few stops and reach our settlement early. I will engage a sleeper and she will feel more secure and rest better with us."

So it was decided, and at the appointed hour Mrs. Layman, her brother, Ruth and I went to the station. I cannot describe the parting. Mother Layman kissed me time and again, and Ruth, how my heart ached for her. poor girl, she flung her arms around my neck and sobbed, till the train had almost stopped and then she said at parting: "I will be patient, dear sister, and faithful unto death."

As I lay down in my berth, I thought, now every tie is severed and I am an exile. Soon the rocking of the train put me to sleep. When we reached the station near Mr. Martin's, a team was in waiting and we soon reached his home and a home in truth it was to me. I found myself in a large Quaker settlement all alike so kind and good that sometimes I could hardly speak.

They assured me that I was safe, but detectives had been for some two weeks in the neighborhood offering a big reward for a runaway from Bowling Green, who had been kept secreted. They expected to send her forward that night, or the next, on the underground railroad and I might take my choice, go or stay.

"I would rather go if safe," I said. "Is there danger of capture, Mr. Martin?"

He smiled and said: "Very little danger, Florence, we are so thoroughly organized now, that we have lost none for many years. We had a little trouble once along in fifty-four or five. It was a young man from Mobile, a machinist and engineer, they chased us for four miles and in that time he shot every horse and wounded three of them and the fourth got away. He was certainly the best and bravest man I ever saw."

"You say from Mobile, a machinist and engineer and was he pure white?"

"Yes, was as white as I am and much handsomer, so Rebecca thought."

"Now, Michael, I did not say that of him. I said he was the finest looking man I ever saw, except thee," and Michael laughed heartily.

I could hardly control my voice, but asked, "did they capture him?"

"No, no, he carried three revolvers and could use both hands as well as one. They concluded they could not take him alive and none of them cared to die just to capture his body."

"Do you remember his name?" I managed to ask, though my voice trembled some.

"Was thee connected in any way with the Underground railroad at that time, Florence?" and he laughed till his face became rosy.

"Not then, Mr. Martin, but you know I have made a large investment in stock now."

"Well, since thee is a stockholder now, I will tell thee. His name was Elmer C. Bassett and he got through to Canada all right, for I got a letter from him dated from Windsor."

"From your description I think I saw him at your sister's, as my brother and I were boarding with her at that time," I said, turning my face partially around.

"Wife, won't thee get that letter of Bassett's and we'll give it to Florence."

"Here, Florence, put this in thy pocket. Sometime he may be able to help thee to a situation, and maybe very soon after thee gets through." Then he gave another hearty laugh and his humor was so contagious that I, too, laughed for the first time since our arrest.

"I will not be giddy with thee any more, I see thy heart is very sad and sore, but thee must cheer up or thee will get sick from so much sorrow and trouble. God will take care of thee, my dear child, never fear. Every hair of thy head is numbered and none shall fall to the ground unnoticed. He will care for thee, only ask Him every day and He will answer thee.

"Now, Florence, our society will have some sport tonight. Brother Mansfield, and three Friends, well armed, will start from his house with a covered carriage at seven-thirty. You and Rebecca watch the road running north, one will be disguised as the runaway from Bowling Green and we expect they will soon be followed by three or four cowardly sneaks on horses."

"Then at nine-thirty I will take thee and Miss Quincy, the colored lady, and two good men with me in my covered carriage. We shall be well armed also so thee need have no fear. My dark bays can outrun them. I know them all and do not fear them. We will start south and drive three miles and turn to the right and drive west eight miles and then turn north, if not interrupted, and drive 'til daylight.

Thee must eat a good supper, Florence, and don't be disturbed, it will be only just a little sensation to attract thy mind from a great sorrow, and when thee gets through and writes me, Florence, I promise that I will give thee a full history of Brother Mansfield's adventure."

As the evening approached, we noticed some little stir on the street and at seven-thirty a close covered carriage came quite lesiurely from Mr. Mansfield's stables. driven up to the house, and it was quite noticeable

that one was dressed like a woman. They all climbed in and started down the gravel pike.

We waited at the window for nearly an hour, when four horsemen rode by on the run. We could not follow them far on the account of the darkness. Now, says Mr. Martin, get ready and we'll try the dark bays. So in thirty minutes I climbed in the carriage and took a seat by the side of Miss Quincy with Mr. Martin and his two friends in front.

I found my companion very kind and intelligent. She had seen much of slavery and knew its horrors. She herself had had a kind master, but on his death she, with his estate, was advertised for sale.

About five a. m. we stopped at our first station and after a warm breakfast, bid Mr. Martin and his two Friends farewell.

I cannot now take time to describe our journey from here on, only to say that we traveled nights and were secreted through the day. Much of the way the roads were bad and the rides tiresome, but the people were all so very kind that my heart was full of gratitude to God for His goodness to me in my great sorrow. We reached Marion's home in the northeast corner of Indiana, early in October, at three a. m., after a long hard night's drive of some thirty miles, over a very rough road.

We were chilled through and I was so nearly exhausted that I could hardly stand on my feet. The mother and her boys, Prentiss and Marion, were soon up, the team provided for, a warm fire blazing in the stove and in an hour we sat down to a hot breakfast. Then it was nearly daylight, and the mother took us to her own room and snugly tucked us up in a good warm bed. Oh, so very tired, that we slept all day long and did not wake up till the mother brought us in some toast and egg, crackers, cheese and tea.

I spoke then of going on, and the mother said:

"The boys say you must not go. How can you, you are now both exhausted and sick. You must rest and sleep. We will keep the house still and no one shall disturb you, till you are able to travel." Oh, like my own mother she seemed to me.

We hardly left our room and bed till the third day and then we dressed, ate some dinner and felt much better. That afternoon Marion showed me his memorandum, which he had very carefully kept of all the runaways passing through on that line. It was all indexed. I ran my eyes down through the letter "B" and my eye caught the name "Bassett, machinist and engineer, Mobile, Ala." I turned to page forty-seven and there I read his history. Much of it was familiar and much new to me. I was afraid I could not explain my agitation to Marion, so after I read this one memorandum, I laid the book down, bathed my face and felt able to control my voice when he came in.

After being seated he said so kindly, "Now, Miss Florence, do you feel that you can add to my volume, or will it be too painful for you? It will be very interesting to us and may be at some time of great use and interest to others." I glanced at his face just a moment and then I knew his heart was full of sympathy for me. I did not know how to commence my sad story, how could I tell it, and still to refuse this family so small a favor would, I felt, be very ungrateful. I had hardly shed a tear since our arrest and sometimes, I thought, when I looked back over the past few months, that my heart would surely break.

But with an effort I began and passed on through our early history quite readily, till I reached the day of burial and then I glanced at him, the tears were raining down his face, I could go no further. My heart, I thought was breaking then. I dropped on my knees and prayed, but do not know now the words I used.

Very soon I felt that my prayer was answered for my eyes became like two fountains, as the tears fell, almost in streams to the floor and then my heart found instant relief.

Marion was alarmed and tried to stop me, but as soon as I could speak I said: "Please leave me here a half hour alone, then I can talk, I feel so much better now. The pain is all gone." When he returned I repeated our full history as rapidly as he could write it down.

You say in your letter and I had almost forgotten it, that when you made your escape, you started north towards the Ohio, but hearing the firing at Mumfordsville, you turned back and reached the rear of the Union army and the first man you spoke to, at any length, was Marion, and he knew you almost from the first. Oh, how thankful I am that I furnished him that history and how grateful I feel to him and his family. Remember me to him, I am corresponding with Prentiss and wrote him the letter you mention.

And, too, do not fail to write Ruth at once, if you have not. She is accomplished, beautiful, good and noble. I have received many letters from her and have her last photograph, I love her as a sister and I know you have not changed and will not. But to go on and finish this long letter, I will only say further that we remained with this kind family till the evening of the fourth day and parted with them in tears.

Marion and his cousin, Stephens, the only person outside of the family admitted to our room, took us to Coldwater, Michigan, on as dark a night as I ever saw, reaching there at four a. m. Here we remained through the day and on the third morning from that arrived in Canada where there is no traffic in immortal souls.

Tonight, my dear brother, I shall remember you on my knees and ask God to lead and guide you that you may find our dear mother. With much love from husband and little Florence and Lawrence, I am, ever your sister.

FLORENCE BASSETT.

THE CLOSE OF THE BUELL CAMPAIGN.

Chapter XXXIV.

“Well, well, Jack, what a letter and what an experience for a girl of eighteen. Had she been a Polander, fleeing from Russian oppression, the whole country would have received her with open arms and extended sympathy without stint. But what was she, nothing but an American slave, that was all—a ‘nigger.’ What an hour of torture she must have passed, on the block. I don’t wonder that the dealer in immortal souls thought that she looked with scorn and contempt on that gang of speculators in flesh and blood. This letter is a much more complete description than she gave me. She talked as fast as I could write and frequently she would get very pale and her voice tremble and almost break.

“And now, John, since you have gained your freedom, you have not forgotten little Ruth on her knees, when she said she’d bide her time till death.”

“No, no, Marion, not as long as I can remember my mother and sister. I wrote her a short letter from Mumfordsville and told her I was alive and free and that in a few days I would write in full and I did so at Louisville. Both letters were long in getting through and I just received her answer a few days since. And now she’s happy, poor girl. I can never forget Ruth, who was so faithful to me through my years of degradation, poverty and shame.

“And now my mother next, Marion. As soon as the rebel army can be driven from Murfreesboro, I shall begin my search and if I find her alive”— and Jack turned around to hide his tears and walked away.

We left the “Wild Cat Hills” at ten a. m. on the 23rd of October and marched eight miles to Mount Vernon. On Saturday, the next day but one, we reached and passed through Summerset and camped one mile

south in a thick wood. It had rained all day till five p. m., when it commenced to snow and continued all night. The timber was mostly basswood, highland elm, yellow poplar and walnut. The leaves were yet as green as in August and soon loaded down with snow.

About eleven p. m. the limbs began to break and fall and our boys lying on the ground, covered with snow, were all routed up and from that time till morning were compelled to watch and run from place to place to save themselves from being crushed with heavy limbs. Jake Dctts was overlooked and while sound asleep, a yellow poplar limb, full eight inches through, fell across him. The limb was very crooked and a large bend fell over him, the ends going down into the soft ground, held him snugly to the earth. The boys got an axe and cut off the limb on either side of him, before he could be released. We had no sleep or rest from eleven till morning and all wet through to the skin. This was on the night of the 25th of October, pretty good for the "Sunny South."

We lay in camp all day the 26th and made but a short march on the 27th as the roads were terrible. On the 28th we marched twelve miles over very rocky, rough and muddy roads, crossing Fishing Creek and along the edge of Zollicoffer's battle ground at Mill Springs, where he was killed by Colonel Fry and his army defeated January 19th last.

After Zollicoffer's defeat at Wild Cat Camp, Gen. A. S. Johnston ordered him to Mill Springs on the Cumberland. Zollicoffer took position on the north bank of the river with the enemy in front and the river behind.

When Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, commanding a considerable force, learned this, he began his march on Zollicoffer and thereupon Gen. George B. Crittenden (Confederate) ordered the latter to build pontoons and recross the river, but before this could be done Thomas' advance was upon him. In the night of January 18th-

20th the entire confederate force was put in motion and just as the early dawn of the winter morning broke they came on our cavalry pickets, two miles in front of the Union camp. The cavalry fell slowly back and the 10th Indiana Infantry, Colonel Manson, formed to receive the attack. The 40th Kentucky (Union) soon came to his support and these two regiments held the enemy at bay till out of ammunition, when the 9th Ohio and 2nd Minnesota took their places.

Zollicoffer, mistaking the 4th Kentucky for a confederate regiment, rode up to Col. Fry and ordered him to stop firing on his own troops.

An aide to Zollicoffer came up and noticing Fry's federal uniform, began firing on him. Col. Fry returned fire and shot Zollicoffer through the heart. Manson ordered the 1st and 2nd East Tennessee Infantry to take position to the left of the 2nd Minnesota and then a heavy fire caused the right flank of the rebel line to give way. The 9th Ohio charged with bayonets on the rebel left, the Minnesota regiment continuing to pour a hot fire into the center, and the whole rebel line gave way, retreating to Beach Grove, where Critten (Rebel) was entrenched. Thomas followed up and secured a brilliant victory, our first complete success in the war. General Zollicoffer's loss was deeply felt in Tennessee, more especially in Nashville. He had held important offices in the state and served two years in congress. He was very highly respected as a citizen but not an efficient general.

On the 31st of October we reached Columbia and here we met our company wagon, with our knapsacks containing our extra clothing left at Battle Creek. In all our marching through dust and heat we had no change of underwear, since August 20th. All our underwear was so stiff with dirt from perspiration that they would almost stand alone and as we threw them in a pile, they were so full of life, no doubt, they soon ran

away. We had no chance to bathe and no kettles in which to heat water to kill vermin (graybacks).

Clink and two others of our boys, who had been sick, came with the wagon train.

We moved through Glasgow and Scottville and crossed the Tennessee line November 7th, through Galatin on the 8th, and lay in camp near the town over the 9th. A town that we found to be thoroughly rebel.

On the 10th we crossed the Cumberland and reached the Nashville and Lebanon Pike and learned for the first, that Buell had been superceded by General Rosecrans, which caused great rejoicing from the men that carried the gun.

The name of the army had also been changed from the "Army of the Ohio" to "Army of the Cumberland."

And right here the grand foot race under Buell really ended. Since leaving Louisville, our regiment had marched three hundred and sixty miles on straight lines, besides, the crooks and turns, skirmishing and forming lines of battle, in forty days and with only six days rest by the way, much of the time skirmishing.

Since leaving Battle Creek on August 20th seven hundred miles, and it's estimated that the total distance, if all were included, would even reach nine hundred miles, and all this time the boys had been without shelter of any kind, with only one blanket apiece, no change of underwear and on one-quarter rations.

The boys had not only marched through dust and heat, rain and mud, done picket duty skirmishing, constantly since leaving Bell's Tavern, but no matter how tired, hungry and exhausted, had been compelled by Buell's orders to guard property of rebels in the rebel army.

We rested here near the pike till the 15th, when Gen. Hawkins was ordered to move our brigade south about eight miles to Rural Hill, which we reached at dusk in face of the enemy and as we halted, formed in

hollow square, stacked arms and lay down by our guns. On the 17th about three p. m. it began to rain and poured down till midnight. During this heavy shower, one regiment that had remained behind joined us, long after dark and quartered in a log barn to the front and left, thoroughly soaked and their guns wet.

About four a. m. on the morning of the 18th a body of rebel cavalry made a charge on the south side of our square where we had one small piece of artillery. Most of our men were sound asleep and the first thing that awakened them was the crash of rebel guns and for a short time it was lively work snatching guns out of the stack in the darkness and tumbling into line. But the line charged upon soon gave them a volley or two that made them whirl and go behind the big log barn for shelter, and here they met a volley they had not reckoned on and soon fled across an open field. Eight or ten went out of their saddles and several horses were killed. They fell back a half mile or so. Soon our whole brigade was formed in line of battle and moved forward by the front toward the enemy and remained in that position till three p. m., when we went back to the hill, formed our hollow square and this time each man had his gun by his side. At four a. m. of the 19th we repeated the movements of the 18th. About the middle of the day we could hear plainly the enemy in the wood forming their line and giving the command forward and by the front; heavy firing began in the rear, (at Lavergn, no doubt, only a short distance), and they soon left us in a hurry to protect their rear.

We remained in line of battle till three p. m. and at four started back toward the Lebanon Pike.

Heavy black clouds began to roll up from the west and soon the rain began to pour down. The mud was half knee deep and as we soon reached a dense forest it added to the midnight darkness. O, what a march that was. The boys will not soon forget it, and still they got

some fun out of it. It was impossible to keep step and keep a company in marching order. The darkness was so dense, the mud so deep and sticky, they would run against each other and frequently one fellow would get a foot fast in the mud and fall and then, perhaps, one or two more fall over him and go headlong splashing into the soft sticky mud.

Company "A" was at the front of the brigade and I think we had probably struck the very worst section of road, along a creek bottom, when without warning a heavy volley of musketry was fired into the rear regiment, which was immediately responded to and then another from the guerrillas. The column came to a halt, an orderly came from the rear to the front with an order to counter-march on double quick. Nelson was in command of the company and I was near the rear, perhaps four paces to the left, in the mud half knee deep. The company turned abruptly to the left and started back on the double quick, ran against and knocked me down in the thin mud and some ran over and two more fell on me, and for a few minutes I thought I would surely drown in the mud, for my head and face was covered, in fact I was all under mud and water. I pulled myself out as soon as possible and felt much as though I had been pulled through a barrel of soft soap. We,—they, I mean—succeeded in reaching the rear of the column just as the enemy ceased firing. I think I was the only one dangerously wounded.

We reached the Lebanon Pike on Mill Creek near the Hermitage at two a. m. on the 20th.

When it became light and the boys caught sight of me they hooted and laughed. They said I looked as if I had been dipped in a barrel of tar. I was completely covered from head to foot, they to their hips with black muck. I stood in the sun till thoroughly dry and got the most of it off.

Here we lay in camp till the 26th when we marched

about six miles and went in camp about three miles east of Nashville on the Murfreesboro Pike. While here I went to Nashville, visited the State House, looked over the fortifications surrounding it and then went to hospital No. 13 where I found two of our boys that were sent here from Battle Creek, one had been very sick but now was able to walk around the room; the other (Scoville), was shot through the hip at Shiloh and will always be a sufferer from the wound. I then went to hospital No. 12 to see Lords but I was too late, he died the 22nd of the month before. He was a fine, noble fellow, a good, conscientious man and good soldier. How sad that he should have died here away from home and friends!

When I got back to the camp ground I left, I found that our regiment had moved four miles further down the pike towards the front, just beyond the insane asylum grounds. We spent the next day in policing our camp.

There seemed, now, to be more life, interest, energy and discipline in the army which could be felt as well as seen. While duties were increased there seemed to be motive, system and purpose and there was no more guarding rebel property.

As the enemy was close in front, large picket guards were sent out and foraging parties, consisting of several regiments with artillery and a long train of wagons for forage. The enemy protested against our taking their property and frequently sharp skirmishing ensued which was liable, at any time, to bring on a general engagement.

On the second of December, 1862, Gen. Rosecrans held a grand review of his whole army on the asylum grounds. His appearance and affable manner pleased the boys and inspired them with confidence.

THE STONE RIVER CAMPAIGN.

Chapter XXXV.

On the third day of December, I was taken with what the doctor called pleurisy and the next day taken to the big regimental hospital tent. I shall always remember Dr. Rerick, our surgeon, for his kindness to me, in doing everything possible to alleviate my suffering. He insisted that I could not recover in a tent where everything was so damp and no fire—bundled me up, ordered an ambulance and sent me back to Nashville in company with our captain, (Ac't. Lt. Col.) who was starting for home on a detail to arrest deserters, but more especially to make his position secure.

I was taken to hospital No. 2 on College Hill. Here I had a good bunk and warm room and in a few days began to move around. But O how hungry. While suffering so much pain, I had no desire for food, but now I felt as though I could eat a whole ox.

The dining hall was some eighty feet in length in the second story of a large building close by, reached by a long, broad stairway, and as soon as able I went there for my meals with all the convalescents, all as hungry as a pack of Russian wolves, survivors of a long famine.

To get to the first table, it was necessary to secure a place on the stairs a full half hour before meal time and wait. At first I did not feel able to do that and took my chance with the second table.

Our diet was mostly light bread, New Orleans molasses and coffee. Occasionally it was beef soup, bread and coffee. None of us complained of the quality, but the quantity was vitally short. We all left the table hungry with never a morsel left. Perhaps it was better, for we certainly did not overeat and appreciated our meals.

One day I was walking around the yard just after

eating my dinner and on the east side of the dining hall three or four colored laborers were getting theirs. They had boiled fresh pork, rice, light bread and beans. I stood and looked at their dinner and it was not race prejudice but pride that kept me from asking them for some of it—their dinner. I had no money to buy with and was too proud to beg.

On the afternoon of the 24th I saw our regimental teams go by the hospital toward the city and feeling that I must go back to the company, I went to the surgeon in charge and asked for my discharge, on the grounds that I wished to return to the regiment with our teams now in the city.

He refused very abruptly. "Can't do it."

"Will you please tell me why, surgeon?"

"I must follow instructions. You are not able for duty yet. The army will begin to move on Murfreesboro tomorrow or next day and you are in no condition yet. No place for invalids."

"I know, surgeon, that what you say is true in most cases, but my case is an exceptional one; I feel that I am needed and I must go back to the company. If you cant' give me a discharge I must go without."

"You make a plain case," said the surgeon, "and I'll give you a discharge, but, my boy, I am afraid you'll give out."

With my discharge I was at the pike in time for the wagon. I felt well but was weak. In fact I had hard work to climb into the wagon.

We reached the camp, which had been moved back two miles, at four o'clock p. m.

As per orders we spent Thursday the 25th in getting ready, and while busy around camp, Jack made me a short call.

"Well, Jack," I said, "if we are successful in driving the rebel army out of Murfreesboro, you may find your mother."

"Yes, it's possible, but I conceive it's no small undertaking. In all probability she goes by her present master's name and I shall have to depend more on the colored people than the white. If she is alive, no doubt, some few colored people will know her, but if the army is driven out, the man who claims her, may also leave, too, so I am not very sanguine. The general says if we are successful and he survives, he'll render me all the aid he can, and one in his position will have more influence than I can possibly have."

"If I survive the battle, John, I will help you all I can."

"Don't say if you survive, Marion. I cannot part with you. I shall feel that I am all alone in the world."

"I am more afraid of breaking down and of disease than I am of bullets. I feel now that this campaign, with the excitement, fatigue and nervous tension during a long hard battle will be more than I can endure, but, John, I shall try to do my whole duty."

"Well, Marion, if you should be wounded or get sick, send me word, if possible, and I will get to you, if I can."

"I will, John, thank you. I know you would help me if in your power."

On Friday morning the 26th of December, we were in line early. And just here let me remark that it's not my intention to give the movements of the whole army; I have neither time nor room to record anything except what came under my personal observation; all the rest will be left to the war correspondents, several of whom were with us.

Gen. Crittenden moved his corps consisting of Woods, Palmer and Van Cleve's divisions, forward on the Murfreesboro pike, Palmer's in advance.

We had marched but a short distance till we were confronted by the enemy who seemed to be in considerable force and resisted every forward step and by night

we had the enemy back to Lavergne. Our brigade bivouacked not far from the village and company "A" went on picket out about a half mile from the camp.

On Saturday morning the 27th as we got up within some eighty rods of the village a heavy skirmish fire was opened on our column with musketry and one piece of artillery. We pressed forward slowly, but the skirmishing was kept up till two p. m. before they fell back. When we reached the village we found that it was nearly all consumed by fire, during our engagement.

Our division, Van Cleave's, moved on through the place, filed to the left and marched about three miles and camped on Stewart's Creek, over the Sabbath, as Rosecrans would not violate the Sabbath day.

On Sunday morning our company was ordered out on picket. The boys had put over a kettle of beans, which were not done. I asked if I might stay and finish cooking them and when done take them out to the boys. I told them I knew just how to cook beans; that in that branch I was an expert. "All right," the boys said, "we'll put you on trial once." So I went at the fire and in due time they began to crumble and mush up and that was the way mother cooked beans. She cooked them till done; I never liked raw beans.

When I reached the reserve, I sat the kettle down and said, "Now, boys, here are some beans cooked right, they'll melt in your mouths. They are thoroughly done."

Before I reached the post, ten or twelve of the boys had slipped out and struck a rich lot of poultry on a nearby plantation, bringing with them a five-pail kettle. There were forty, all nice, large and very fat. When I got there, they were all in the kettle, over a hot fire.

Later, as the reliefs came in they helped themselves to chicken and as they would dip in their cups for broth and tasted of it, they all declared it to be the best and richest broth they ever drank. "Boys, be a little careful," I said, "don't be too fresh, it's as rich as castor oil,

and now here's the beans and you needn't be afraid of them, they're cooked done." Big John stuck his spoon down about three inches and struck hard pan.

"Yes, they're done, Marion, solid as a brick to within two inches of the top. All burned to a coal."

"Did you stir them while they were cooking?" some of them asked, and they all laughed. So then and there I lost my reputation as a cook and all of my conceit. The boys that drank most freely of the broth were excused most frequently from the ranks.

On Monday morning the 29th we were in line early and the enemy was waiting to receive us and met us with a heavy line of skirmishers and it was almost like a battle all day long, for there was no time but that some portion of our line was hotly engaged. We went in camp early and again our company went on picket, but the boys excused me from cooking the beans.

A few minutes after we reached our post a darkey came to Lu and told him that his massa wanted four or five of the boys to come and take supper with him, as they had two roast turkeys. Lu selected his four and followed the colored man nearly a mile. The road was very level so that a person could see a long distance. But Lu was not to be caught in a trap so he had one of the boys stand where he could see down the road and not be seen at the house. The master was very gracious, the supper was all ready and the boys sat down to a table loaded with substantial and luxurious food, and as the master began to carve the turkeys, the guard rushed in and shouted, "the guerrillas are coming, hurry, boys, hurry up." Lu snatched one stuffed turkey by the legs and Gilbert the other, and out they went, leaving their hats, and they had no time to waste. They ran along the road a short distance, then leaped the fence and cut across the woods to our station. The master was short his two stuffed turkeys and the boys their hats.

Tuesday, the 30th, we began to move early to the front along the pike. The head of the column threw out skirmishers on either flank and kept pushing back the enemy till we reached our position about sundown on the left of the pike not far from Rosecrans' headquarters, which was on the only elevation near, that commanded the field.

We were very tired, had had but little sleep for three days and all the time subject to the highest nervous strain. Nelson and I cut some hazel bushes and weeds and made our bed on the right of the pike, where we went to sleep, little dreaming that the ground right there would be covered with the wounded and dead of both armies before another sunset.

THE STONE RIVER BATTLE—FIRST DAY.

Chapter XXXVI.

Murfreesboro is situated on the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad and Nashville pike, some thirty miles southeast of the capital.

Stone River, named after an early settler, is formed here by the union of two streams a little above. It is remarkably crooked, with a rapid current and so far as I saw it, the channel was cut through the solid rock with precipitous banks from five to fifteen feet.

On the night of December 30th, 1862, the two armies bivouacked within a short distance of each other with the river partially between them. The lines were not quite parallel. Their left and our right were much nearer together than our left and their right, but at the center they were perhaps five hundred yards apart.

Gen. Bragg commanded the confederate force while Polk and Harde were second in command.

McCraven, Cheatem, Breckenridge, Withers and Pat Cleburn commanded divisions and Wheeler, Wharton and Pegram commanded the cavalry.

General Crittenden's corps was formed on the left of the Nashville pike, with orders to cross the river early on the morning of the 31st. General Van Cleave's division was to cross at the lower ford and advance against the rebel general, Breckenridge. General Wood was to support Van Cleave on the right, crossing the river at the upper ford and Gen. Palmer was to engage the enemy in his front. Next in the center was Thomas' corps and on his right McCook's, with his extreme right towards the enemy. The battle line in all was nearly, if not quite, nine miles in length, so that the writer can only give a very limited and brief description of that portion of the battle which he saw and in which he was actively engaged.

Early on the morning of the 31st General Van Cleve initiated the execution of this plan by moving his division towards the left and the 44th regiment being on the extreme left, brought us as we came to a halt, immediately in front of Rosecrans' headquarters.

He and his staff were standing in front of the building listening to the firing that had just commenced on our extreme right. The general turned to us, walked down our line and back and talked to the boys in a very cordial manner. He said the battle now pending would be a hard one and hoped that every man would try to do his duty.

"Boys, be careful," he continued, "and don't get excited. Keep cool, keep your guns down and be sure and shoot low. Hardly one gun in a hundred is effective."

The firing increased rapidly on the right and the plan of Bragg was understood. He had taken the initiative and hurled his left on our right in a desperate charge, such as the confederates could make. The roar of artillery and the rattle and crash of musketry, coming nearer and louder was like a raging tornado coming through the forest and begat an indescribable dread as to the result.

We stood still as if frozen to the ground and turned our eyes in that direction. It was nearly or quite six a. m., only sufficiently light, that we could see dimly across the large cotton field. As far as the eye could reach through the hazy morning light, our struggling line was breaking, falling back in squads, companies and sometimes whole regiments, to a new line formed under a deadly fire. They seemed to check, but could not stop the tidal wave.

An aide dashed in from the right, his horse covered with foam. He handed the general a note. It was read and handed to Garische; answered and handed to the aide. Scarcely had he gone when another aide came with another message; the general looked it over

and gave the order "Mount." Garische took his place at the general's side and they went like the wind across the cotton field, into the battle smoke, into the very jaws of death.

A desperate effort was being made to check the charge. Numerous batteries were being planted on the slight elevations along the pike as our column was ordered towards the left. We had moved not more than a half mile when heavy firing opened in our rear and we came to a sudden halt, and stood till our front, which had crossed the ford came countermarching back on the double quick and we fell in and followed for nearly a mile to where Wheeler's Cavalry had captured our baggage train. When we reached the train, the artillery and infantry preceding us had just opened on the enemy. With the reinforcements that had arrived, the contest was short and decisive. As the cavalry turned, in retreat, the Parrott guns poured canister through their batallion leaving horses and riders scattered over the field.

Perhaps we were engaged and remained here ten minutes, then moved back on the pike, on double quick about a half mile; came to a halt and right front, moved forward in line of battle; first through a cedar chopping, then into and across an open field perhaps eighty or a hundred rods across, going over quite a high ridge, which we paralleled with our line, then down a slope to a high cedar rail fence next a piece of thick young timber, clean and clear of undergrowth. This fence was let down in gaps every fifteen feet and when ready all passed through, formed our line and dropped flat on the ground.

The enemy was in heavy force, fifteen rods in front, behind temporary breastworks, hastily built of old logs and the wood on the right was full of rebel infantry with a battery of artillery.

We were already flanked on our right and had hard-

ly touched the ground when the rebel yell was responded to by a heavy volley of musketry from the front, and cannister, grape and musketry from the right. We were in a slaughter pen and while our line was steady and cool, firing low and as rapidly as possible, it was evident that we could not hold the position many minutes. Very fortunately for us the enemies' balls flew high, from three to ten feet over us, or every man in our line would have been killed or wounded. We pressed the ground hard and I am quite sure my impression could have been seen for some time thereafter.

Fred Swambaugh lay close on my right and Lu on his right. How long it was after the engagement began, I'm unable to say, as seconds seemed minutes and minutes hours, when Fred was struck by a ball, in the back.

Nelson ordered Lu and me to take him back. To lie still, we were comparatively safe; to get up seemed certain death. We obeyed the order, however, raised Fred to his feet, for his lower limbs were paralyzed; he threw his arms around our necks and we carried him back through the gap and up the slope, three abreast; a splendid target for every rebel in either line. Their balls struck and tore the gravel on either side, whipped around our feet, legs and heads and whistled and "pinged" close to our ears, harmlessly, while an invisible omnipotent hand shielded us as we carried our heavy burden up that long hill, to and over the crest out of range, where we stopped to get our breath. Fred then bore his weight on his feet. The effort exhausted me for I had not yet recovered my strength since my last sick spell.

When partially rested, I said to Lu, "You go on with him, for I must go back." I passed back over the ridge to an exposed point, stopped a few seconds, pulled my hat down over my forehead, dropped my head and ran down the slope to meet our line just as they were rushing through the gaps.

Our whole line was soon in full retreat up the slope and over the hill, with the rebels crowding in on either flank. Exhausted as I was, I fell behind and as I gained the summit, the regiment had obliques to the right and was way ahead of me.

I was out of breath and stopped a moment. I could run no more. The ridge and slope was covered with our retreating troops in disorder and confusion. A panic seemed inevitable and Rosecrans rode through from left to right, giving the order: "Form behind the turn-pike, boys." This gave them all one purpose and they seemed to act in concert.

I saw I could not reach our regiment as the rebels would cut me off, so I obliques to the left and started down the slope on a good fast walk and slow run and when perhaps half way down a shell came so close to my head that the pressure knocked me over. A little stunned but still conscious, I did not stop to pick up my rubber and blanket but obliques more to the left till I reached a heavy line behind the grade of the pike, anxiously waiting to receive the enemy.

As we were falling back, the rebel line was hastily forming for another grand, and as they supposed, final charge, to crowd our right wing into the river. In the morning our line stood at a right angle with the pike. During the day it had been turned back like a gate upon its hinges till it stood parallel. Soon the rebel column, symmetrically formed and compact, was ready. The artillery on both sides was wheeled into line and then from a hundred cannon leaped flames of fire and clouds of smoke and volcanic thunderings significant of the last great day. The crashing and shrieking of solid shot and bursting shell, whirl of grape and canister, thick volumes of smoke that enveloped both armies, wounded and dying men and mangled horses, dismantled cannon and shattered

caissons, the frantic career of riderless horses between the lines, all conspired to create a scene of indescribable and horrible sublimity.

No language could picture it, no genius could paint it: No one person could see but a small portion of this magnificent panorama of barbaric warfare, none able to comprehend a tithe of its volume, power and terrible grandeur; but all who did hear it and all who did see it, though every nerve of the body was twice dead, could not help but feel it.

In our own line, no voice was heard but that of command. Men fell all around us and against and on each other, cut and gashed and torn with fearful wounds, but we heard no outcry or complaint while wounded horses moaned with more than human pathos.



The enemy's charge, the last desperate one for the day, struck an iron wall they did not and could not break and, completely exhausted by their numerous frenzied efforts, fell back to the woods and gave up the struggle for the day.

Tired, hungry and completely worn out with the last four days of exhausting excitement and loss of sleep, I began to look for a place to spend the night. My blanket and rubber were gone and the ground was freezing hard. After a long search, I found a large rock, some ten feet long, rent through the center and the opening filled with leaves and cedar boughs. It stood at the southwest side of a cedar thicket, exposed to the sun all day and felt warm. Shivering and cold, I crawled in and in a short time became warm and slept for a few hours.

NOTE:—And right here I must mention as an act of simple justice, that early in the morning I found three of our boys sick, Simon M. Sines, Jacob Dotts and William Rosser. I took them to the surgeon, who examined

and excused them, when I ordered them to the company wagon. As we reached the ridge the boys, each with his gun, caught up with company "A" and took his respective place in the ranks and remained in line, under fire during the three days' battle.

THE BATTLE—SECOND DAY.

Chapter XXXVII.

I must have rested some and slept soundly the fore part of the night, but the latter part was broken and disturbed, for the night was very cold. The rock where I lay was just on the edge of the field, covered with wounded and dead and only a short distance from a log building used for a field hospital.

I either dreamed or imagined that I could hear the wounded shouting, screaming and calling for help. It was sufficiently real, however, so that at four a. m. I roused up and was chilled through and shaking with the cold.

I started and ran thirty or forty rods as well as I could over the frozen ground and then walked till I got comfortably warm. I found some of our boys packed together like sardines, sound asleep and did not disturb them, but going back to the log building, looked through the window and saw the surgeons, still at work amputating limbs and dressing wounds. There was no rest for them since the battle commenced. The floor was covered with wounded, and the suffering no tongue or pen can tell. Almost faint from what I saw I passed around and on the back side were scores of arms and legs corded up along the side of the building. I had paper and envelopes in my pocket and wrote two letters by the light of the window, and directed them. Dated January 1st, 1863, four-thirty a. m., Battlefield Stone River; simply, "Alive and well, prospects of final victory good." These I took to the regimental postmaster and placed them in his basket.

This was New Year's Day, I said to myself, with the "happy" left off. To call it a happy New Year would be a mockery to the hundred thousand men of both armies lying on the frozen ground, ten thousand of whom,

were probably dead and many times that number wounded, mangled and torn, in the various hospitals.

Our right wing reached out from the pike five miles or more the morning before and as it was pushed back one quarter of a circle, how many fell wounded in the fields, and woods and ravines and cedar swamps, to suffer alone, freeze and perish for want of warmth and care, **ALL ALONE.**

And what of the homes made desolate, the wives made widows, children orphaned and the fathers and mothers whose hearts will bleed for those slain here yesterday.

How many of those now unharmed of both armies will see another New Years Day? How many will see another sunset? Who shall atone for this sacrifice, for all this suffering? Can those who urged and advocated state's rights and secession, stand before God and justify their action, can they plead their innocence when mothers, widows, fathers and orphans cry to heaven for help in their sorrow?

During the night General Rosecrans reorganized his army and at six a. m. Van Cleave moved his division across the river to the point started for on the morning of the 31st with our brigade commanded by General Fife on the extreme left and our regiment on the left of the brigade.

Our position was about sixty or seventy rods in front of the lower ford, on the enemy's side, and directly fronting his extreme right. Between us and the enemy was an open level field nearly eighty rods across terminating at the base of a long ridge partially broken into small hills, covered quite thickly with white oak timber and quite clean and clear of undergrowth.

Immediately in front of our line and as far to the right as I could see, was a narrow uncultivated strip of ground some two rods wide with last year's opening

grass and weeds, a few low bushes and a few large white oak trees.

In the rear was the river cut down through the rock with perpendicular banks from three to twelve feet, except at the ford where the bank gives away on the enemy's side permitting the stream to widen nearly two hundred feet, reducing the depth of water to from one to two feet. But where the banks were full the channel was narrow, the current swift and the water at this time from four to five feet deep.

There were numerous small elevations that crowned the river on our side, all around the bend and from this position then held on the enemy's side there was a gradual descent, back across the open field to the ford.

We reached our position a little before sunrise, formed our line and lay down, sheltered from the observation of the enemy by a narrow strip of low bushes, weeds and grass.

Four men were detailed from each company as skirmishers, being deployed out some six rods in front along an old fence. We could have no fire and hence were compelled to eat hard tack and raw bacon. The enemy in heavy force across the plain on the hills could be plainly seen passing back and forth among the trees, as soon as sufficiently light.

Soon after sunrise the firing between our skirmishers and the enemy's opened and became quite brisk and quite often balls from their best muskets whistled close over our heads.

At ten a. m. a battery opened on our line from the enemy; one gun directly in front sending their shell screaming through the air close over our heads, exploding twenty rods in our rear. We watched them with a good deal of interest and concern. We could see a puff of smoke across the plain, hear plainly the shell pass over us, an explosion in the rear and another puff of smoke and a heavy crash and roar in front.

If the enemy had learned our exact position and shortened the fuse it would have robbed us of our enjoyment.

Occasionally a heavy artillery duel would break out from a half mile to two, three or four miles to the right, lasting a half hour or so and then quiet down at that point and soon commence again near by or further off, with the same threatening indications, and thus the long anxious hours, that seemed like days and weeks, dragged along as we watched the shell and the sun, that seemed not to move. Can any one enjoy lying on the cold frozen ground from early morning, through an almost endless day, watching screaming fiends fly close over their heads and not wish the sun to hasten down and hide his face in darkness?

Darkness came at last and the firing ceased. Many of our supply wagons had been captured and our rations were short. No fires, no coffee. Raw bacon and hard tack and a bed for the night on the frozen ground. But what of the morrow, who can tell?

STONE RIVER—THIRD AND LAST DAY.

Chapter XXXVIII.

The third day, Friday, was opened about sunrise, with a heavy artillery duel along our line, each army trying to find the other's weakest point where they could strike the hardest and most effective blow.

When this subsided, a heavy skirmish fire began, extending from one extreme to the other of both armies, which continued without abatement till two p. m. when all became still; a calm that always begets dread during a battle, as some threatening catastrophe in nature, a cyclone, tornado or earthquake, etc.

We watched with eager expectation for some movement or sign. Nothing was heard by us from either side except the occasional tooting of an engine at Murfreesboro.

Ours was but a single brigade line, no support visible to us. A river that we could neither jump nor climb its precipitous banks, running around us on the right and rear, with only a narrow ford, a heavy body of the enemy's cavalry on our left, in an open field in plain sight and Breckenridge with his rebel hosts in front.

From all indications the final struggle, the last act in this great drama was to be played right here in the bend.

Just at three-thirty p. m. a single gun was fired at Murfreesboro. We looked across the open plain to the ridge beyond. There was a sudden movement among the trees, the enemy was hurrying to and fro; they were all alive; the hill was covered; the wood was full. Legions of rebels were forming in squads, companies and regiments, and soon came pouring down from the hill, in countless numbers upon the plain, formed in column of division, compact and powerful, a heavy line parallel with ours.

Their batteries were wheeled in line and concurrently with their heavy column began the movement. How symmetrically they moved, as if inspired by one motive and one mind! Their muskets gleamed and shone in the clear evening sunlight, like burnished brass and polished silver. Their regimental flags exulted over our first day's disaster as they fluttered haughtily in the breeze. They moved forward like an irresistible tidal wave, with magnificent daring as if to victory rather than slaughter and defeat.

Pale and resolute were the faces that watched this threatening charge and as it came nearer and still nearer, the lips turned white and bloodless and, whether acknowledged or not, there were anxious hearts, a sickening dread of what might soon come, of what the next few minutes might bring forth; only felt but not expressed.

In a second one might exchange worlds, or worse perhaps, be severely wounded, torn and mangled; left on the field while life in agony would go out, slowly but surely, drop by drop, alone on the battle field freezing and dying where none could reach to help, none to hear a dying message but the pitying "Lamb of God."

An order was given, "Lie down," and all dropped at and hugged the earth. The enemy fired not a single gun till they got within ten or twelve rods, when they gave the "Rebel Yell," which was folowed by volley after volley of musketry and artillery which created a scene that cannot be described, can only be comprehended by those who have heard and felt the roar and shock of battle.

Their solid line of seething flame,
 Leaped through the clouds of drifting smoke,
 And filled the air with bursting shell
 Canister, grape and murderous hail.

The regiment to our right jumped to their feet as the rebels gave their yell, and I believe that one-half

fell to the ground as if cut down by a scythe. Our boys kept their places snug to the earth and none were hit that I saw, but the storm that passed over us was like hail from a heavy black cloud or more like the rushing through the air of countless swarms of mad bees. Our boys fired only a few volleys and checked this tidal wave for a few minutes when an order was given to fall back, which Nelson and I did not hear. As we sprang to our feet, it seemed to me that I could have caught my hands full of balls by holding them over my head in position, in a few seconds. The massed rebel column had got within fifteen or twenty feet of us when we turned and started to run, obliquing to our right. For perhaps twenty feet I kept up with Nelson, then requested him to go on, as the thick powder smoke filled and hurt my lungs; I then walked as fast as I could, still obliquing more to the right, more out of range.

Regarding my chances of getting off the field as not one in ten thousand, all fear left me and I walked quite deliberately, every second expecting to feel a ball strike me in the back and wondering why they did not, as they were singing around my head and ears. After obliquing as much to the right as I could, on account of rebel cavalry I pushed forward on a rapid walk straight to the front toward an old log building near the river, and turning my eyes to the left gave me a clear view of the heavy compact rebel column, moving forward in their mad frenzied charge down the slope behind our retreating single line, facing the concentrated fire of seventy pieces of artillery planted around the bend belching forth long red sheets of flame and smoke and shell and grape and canister and seventy volumes of artificial thunder that shook the earth and made the air tremble with the vibrations.

So short was the line, so concentrated the guns and so rapid the firing, that the roar was like the bursting

forth of a long pent up volcano or an hundred thunderstorms merged into one. The smoke rolled up in great clouds and covered the sun. The air was full of invisible messengers of death, gravel, stones and sand were flying in all directions from the ground as it was being plowed with balls, grape, canister and bursting shells, and on my left under the smoke I could see scores of the enemy falling, dragging a shattered limb, holding a torn arm, covering some ghastly wound about the head and face, all struggling to escape the deadly peril.

I succeeded in reaching the log building near the river and about thirty rods below the ford, surrounded by several large trees. I stood under its shelter for a few minutes watching the terrible struggle of the compact rebel column pressing forward down to slaughter and death. If the Great Judgment Day be more terrible than all that, I wonder not that the wicked fear and tremble. As a heavy body of cavalry came charging up from my right, our own guns planted above the ford, turned their muzzles toward the cavalry and the grape and canister came pouring through the trees immediately over my head. I moved more behind the building and there a volley from the rebel cavalry struck like hail, against the house and I started for the river, jumped down its precipitous bank into the ice cold water, nearly to my arms and then forced my way, under the cover of the rock, against the rapid current to the ford, then crawled on my hands and knees up the steep made slippery with blood and water, into our line, which I had just made when a heavy line of our infantry, on the double quick crossed the ford and deployed down along the river bank and opened fire on the rebel line.

The enemy expected in this grand charge to crush our left wing and put our whole army to route. But when they entered the bend in massed and compact column under a front and enfolding fire on short range with canister from seventy pieces of artillery and a large force

of infantry, Breckenridge's magnificent army melted away and lay dead and dying on the field and the survivors fled in panic to Murfreesboro. The victory for the day was complete, and I thanked God it was ours.

The stars and stripes were planted on the enemy's works and our army bivouacked, undisturbed on the battle field. I remained near the ford till the enemy fled and then finding my clothing, that was wet nearly to my arms, was freezing stiff, I started to the pike, well to the rear, as fast as I could walk, where I found a large fire built of cedar rails and stood near and around that, till my clothes dried out and I got warm. About ten p. m. I went back down the pike near the center and finding an old cotton house, where some of our boys had a good fire, I went in and spent the balance of the night.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Chapter XXXIX.

Saturday morning the sun rose clear and beautiful and kindly lighted up a gory battlefield covered with the dead of both armies. Some portions of the field had been fought over two or three times and hence the Blue and Gray lay side by side for they met the same unkindly fate. If there was any bitterness and hatred a few hours since it did not separate them now, for we could see them here lying, frequently one upon another.

All the confederate dead and wounded were left on our hands. The dead to bury and the wounded to care for. All the enemy's wounded that were able to be moved were taken by them to Murfreesboro during the battle and those unable were left in their field hospitals.

The panic that seized the survivors of Breckenridge's command on the left last evening became almost general, when they reached town. Even the citizens were badly frightened and left in great haste, expecting the Yanks to pour down and like barbarians or their own guerrillas destroy, kill and burn.

Those that did go having slaves, took them or took all they could find. This kind of chattle property was not afraid of Lincoln's boys and many hid in barns, stables, outbuildings and behind fences till their masters were gone, then reported to our army. A great many thousand dollars worth of human cattle were lost to their masters. Very ungrateful they were, they must have known that they were not their own, for their masters had invested their money in them.

The three days battle, especially the first and third, was very fatal and destructive to both armies. On the left the confederates were so sanguine of success that they rushed headlong into a trap that Rosencrans had set for them, facing the fire, in massed column, of sev-

enty pieces of artillery and a heavy infantry fire and now it is estimated that two thousand were killed in less than twenty minutes besides many that were wounded. Hundreds were torn to pieces, heads, legs, arms and portions of the body gone. I started to go over the field, but turned back; the sight being too awful for me.

I then walked back to the center and went over to the right, across a portion of the cotton field where the fighting was most desperate on the first day, from daylight till four p. m., and here I saw horrors of a battlefield, a sight I shall never forget as long as I live. A great many of the confederate dead had been brought together for burial, laid down in a long column close side by side with a deep wide trench, already prepared, at their feet. There were men representing all ages, from sixteen to sixty. I looked sometime at one boy, whose left shoulder and nearly half of his chest was torn away, the one next to him, some older, one-half of his head had been carried away as smoothly as though accomplished by a surgeon's saw and knife. The remaining part of the skull was as white and clean as an ivory cup. Another closeby disemboweled and many with one or more limbs gone, but the great majority here were killed with musket balls, through the head, face, bowels, chest and limbs. We could trace the wound by the blood that had oozed out through the clothing. Many of these poor men, no doubt, might have been saved with immediate care and probably very few, if any, that we saw were in any way responsible for this unholy war.

If Jefferson Davis and all who led in the advocacy of state's rights and southern supremacy, could have been put in the ranks and carried a gun with these innocent men and boys, in one battle like this and in one campaign and suffer as they had suffered from heat and dust and cold and hunger and exhaustion, one campaign and one battle lasting three days would have been sufficient. The fighting was desperate over this field as one

could readily see by walking over it. One battery here lost eighty horses, which lay scattered over the field. In one place were three horses killed by one single shell and piled in a pitiable heap. Wagons, horses in harness, horses with saddles, cannon and caissons, gun and cartridge boxes, canteens and haversacks, could be seen in every direction. The earth, too, was torn and ploughed with shell and grape and canister and some of the trees were almost limbless and the trees splintered from top to bottom.

Some little time before dusk Lu and I took another walk over a portion of the field on the right. We had gone but a short distance when a cavalry officer rode in from the left crossing our line and stopping his horse, just to the right, not far in front. Lu was on my right and hence would pass next and close to the rear of the house. The rider leaped off, took off two heavy blankets from his saddle, turned quarter way around and laid them almost in Lu's hands for they scarcely touched the ground till he had them under his coat under his left arm. Lu never missed a step and kept right on as though it was all arranged for, and no unusual thing.

As soon as I could safely speak, I said "O Lu, how could you do that?"

"O easy enough. Didn't you see me?"

"Yes, I saw you but I never should have thought of it and couldn't do such a thing."

"Just simply because you've had no practice."

"But Lu, you have a good blanket."

"I had a good blanket but gave it to a sick boy last night and nearly froze, besides one of these is for you."

"But what will that poor fellow do, this cold night, just think."

"O just let him do the thinking. I'm thinking of you and me. He must look out for himself just as I have."

"You needn't but any more, take this blanket and have one good warm night's rest. Say, Marion, with all your common sense, we've got lots of boys that will sleep well on a full stomach, while you freeze and starve."

"Well, Lu, I'll accept the blanket with thanks. What you say is quite true, for I should have gone hungry and slept cold many a night more than I have, except for the kindness of you boys."

About dusk our company went out a mile or so on picket and about ten o'clock a couple of our boys brought in a contraband, a nice looking young fellow, worth before the war, ten hundred dollars. When I asked him his name, he scratched his head and asked, "Sah, why you wants to know for?"

"We will have to take you in and turn you over to General Rosencranz or President Lincoln and he'll want your name."

"My name, sah, is Andrew Lee Jackson William Thompson," and we all laughed heartily.

"Now you won't send me back?"

"No, we'll not send you back, but your name is too heavy for one man to carry. I'll just write your name Lee Thompson and we'll call you Lee."

"Now, Lee, tell why you ran away, didn't you have a good master?"

"O mighty good, sah. Any you boys want a good place?"

"O no not now, but wasn't he good to you?"

"Sometimes I's mighty onpoplar, specially when he was intoxicated seven or eight days in a week."

"Lee, ain't you giving us chaff now? Do you know how wicked it is to tell lies?"

"Wal sah, youuns just look at my back."

And he pulled off his coat and his shirt over his shoulders. We all looked. He had been welted or cut with a whip from the top of his shoulders down to his

hips. I passed my hand over it and it felt more like a washboard than a human being's back.

"Well, Lee, we'll take your word; you needn't go back."

"Bress de Lord, Massa, I'd rather die right here than go back."

Lee was very congenial company and kept us all laughing at his crude descriptions of plantation life.

Again it was Sunday, all the dead were buried Saturday. If we were to measure time by events it would be a month since last Sunday. Each day of the battle seemed equal to an ordinary week.

We learned very recently that we were to have a new chaplain in a few days. Our first chaplain failed entirely to gain the respect and confidence of the boys. He was no mixer and appeared to them to be more of an aristocrat than minister. He preached but few sermons, and while they were logical and argumentative yet they did not seem to touch the heart. In fact, the boys never made his acquaintance. I have failed to mention him because I respected his office too much to mention his failures.

At ten a. m. our brigade moved down to Murfreesboro and went in camp on the Lebanon pike, a short distance out of town to the north. In the evening our company was ordered on picket, a mile or so out in a thick wood. The night was very dark and we had some trouble getting through the tree tops and brush in forming our picket line and sometime during the night a superannuated horse approached the line so stealthily that two of the boys fired. This took Clink and I out of the line, over logs and through tree tops till we reached the first picket. We knew the boys were some excited and approached them carefully. It was only a poor starving confederate horse turned out to die or browse.

All our sick and wounded from the field hospital able to be moved were now in town, in school houses,

churches, dwelling houses and court house. All buildings emptied by reason of the panic Friday were full.

We received a sheet authorized by General Rosen-
crantz:

| | |
|--|--------|
| No. of men engaged in Union army | 48,000 |
| No. killed, wounded and missing | 12,000 |
| No. of confederates engaged | 56,000 |
| No. killed and wounded | 10,000 |

Then came losses by regiments, brigades and divisions, which I omit here. The enemies killed far exceeded ours and their wounded much less.

I met John for the first time since we left Nashville. He informed me that he met an old colored man who knew his mother quite well, and something of her history. He described her so minutely that John is sure there can be no mistake. He has secured the man to help him hunt her up. Could get no trace of her since the battle but would remain here till he found her.

THE SPENCE HOSPITAL.

Chapter XL.

On Tuesday night the 6th of January, 1863, I was taken with a hard chill at our tent and was reported to the assistant surgeon, Dr. Carr, as sick. The boys took me to the hospital tent but the weather was so rainy and damp that the doctor called an ambulance and sent me to the Spence hospital, a half mile or more farther along on the Lebanon pike, on the right hand side going out of town.

The plantation belonged to General Spence in Breckenridge's corps, whose command on the enemy's extreme right was slaughtered and driven from the field in panic on Friday evening.

The general took all his slaves that he could find and nearly all his household goods, put them on the cars and left sometime during the night.

The plantation was large, very rich, and the house, finish and decorations, indicated the owner to be a man of wealth, taste and culture.

The house was built of brick quite modern, two and a half stories high, large rooms and high ceilings. In the third story was a large hall and anti room, which was furnished and occupied by the Knights of the Golden Circle. In their panic and haste to get away, all their paraphernalia, wardrobe, masques, rituals, flag staff, etc., were left in the room and were confiscated by the boys, who were able to climb the stairs.

The family also left in one of the large parlors, a very fine and large looking glass, that must have cost several hundred dollars, a fine pianoforte, two or three bedsteads, a very few chairs and carpets in one or two small rooms.

The cabins for the house servants were built of round cedar logs, in rooms about ten by fourteen feet

and all joined together, and this row of cabins was about two rods back of the main building. The field hands had their quarters some sixty or seventy rods back.

Two likely colored boys, eighteen and twenty and two small boys about ten and twelve, hid away, and also one servant about forty or forty-five whom no one would consider belonged to the colored race, very kind and motherly, naturally intelligent, and in her speech indulged in no brogue and was cultured and refined. All the boys in the hospital called her Aunt Rose.

There remained on this plantation besides these few colored people one other piece of valuable property, a very fine new milch cow. Dr. Martin took possession of this cow and arranged with Aunt Rose to take good care of her, she to sell the milk to the boys in the hospital at ten cents one pint. And no one soldier should have more than one pint from any one milking. The doctor was to furnish the feed and protect the cow, and Aunt Rose was to have the income from the milk. The lady was highly pleased with this arrangement and every day received good compensation for her labor.

For four or five days, I was unable to keep still but wanted to walk continually and thought I could resist and throw off my attack and during these days spent much of my time with Aunt Rose in her neat little cabin. I learned that she was the slave of Gen. Spence, but of her history, she was very reticent as to herself, on every other subject she would converse freely and I was much surprised to find one in her condition so cultured and refined.

So to draw her out and get her history I told her that my mother's house for years was a station on the underground railroad, where slaves escaping from oppression found a welcome asylum: were bedded, warmed and fed and then taken farther on to a land of freedom. That I had driven many and many a night through dark-

ness and storm, and, I continued, all this was done in our Master's name.

She gave me a smile that I will never forget and then said: "He that giveth even a cup of cold water, to a thirsty, perishing soul, in the name of Jesus shall not lose his reward." "O, Marion, I wish I could answer your questions and give you a short sketch of my life, but I have never been able to do so. It is so terrible, so much out of the ordinary, came upon me so suddenly and if I should undertake to tell you now it would unfit me for duty to these sick boys. My boys, I call them. There is much suffering here in this hospital that I cannot add mine to it. So you will excuse me now, will you not?"

"Yes, Aunt Rose, but some time before I leave you will tell me, I hope."

She was all the time busy baking, washing and mending for the boys and with all her work and hurry she found time to run into the big room where the very sickest ones were and did all she could to help and alleviate pain.

Before the end of the first week, I became worse and told the doctor I had typhoid, and asked him if he could break it. He didn't dispute me and only said "perhaps." Dr. Morgan belonged to the old school, and believed in radical treatment, that would either kill or cure. He gave me blue mass in mammoth pills and quinine in twenty grain doses.

I was suffering from hemorrhoids and camp disease and the blue mass inflamed the disease and produced untold suffering. Dr. Rerick was sick, just able to walk around his office. Had he been well I am satisfied I should have had milder and much more humane and efficient treatment.

For a few days I stayed in the convalescent room and lay on the floor on straw, then some of the boys from the company made me a lounge formed with slats

across the bottom. Dr. Rerick gave me a tick and the boys filled this with hay and fixed my bed in the big room. One of my blankets was placed over the tick, my overcoat fixed for a pillow and I lay down on my new bed, with two blankets over me.

The room was one of the large parlors, about twenty by twenty feet with the fire place on one side. There were eleven cases of typhoid fever and camp disease in the room, all very bad and I made the twelfth, with only one attendant on duty. The beds were all about the same as mine, rough cots, ticks filled with hay, rough blankets with neither pillows nor sheets.

My cot was placed with the head close to the door opening into a wide hall and from the hall was a wide stairway leading to the story full of sick. The floors were all bare and the constant tramping, up and down stairs by men wearing big heavy boots made me almost wild. They could do no better, but promised to move me as soon as possible.

As my fever increased I soon became delirious, like several others in the room and as there was more or less picket firing and some cannonading all this filled our heads full of conjectures as to the result of an attack by the enemy on the camp or hospital.

One day, I shall never forget. It commenced to rain about nine a. m., the water came down in sheets and froze to the trees and earth, everything was covered with ice and about nine p. m. the wind sprang up from the west and soon the large elm trees surrounding our building were bending helplessly before the wintry blast, throwing showers of broken ice against the building and large windows.

William Keefer, a deaf convalescent of our regiment, was on duty as nurse. This racket sounded to my excited imagination like a heavy body of cavalry riding by.

I motioned to William, who came to me at once, and I spoke as loud as I could:

"Are the rebel cavalry going by?"

"Yes! Yes! Keep still! Keep still!"

Soon another gust of wind would bring another installment of ice. I'd motion to Bill and ask the same question and the answer invariably the same. "Yes, yes, keep still! Keep still!"

And so all night long I kept Bill running back and forth across the room and I passed a night of torture without sleep or rest.

The next morning my fever was up and I was wild with a throbbing pain in my head, when Aunt Rose came in with an empty pail, a clean towel and a pitcher of cold water. She lifted my head from the cot, supporting it with one hand and with the other she took the pitcher and poured on the water and continued to do so until the fever was run down and the pain all gone. Then she used the towel, wiped and dried my hair, rubbed my temples with her hands till I fell asleep. I slept till three p. m., the most refreshing sleep I had had for several days and when I opened my eyes, Aunt Rose greeted me with a smile.

I told her that I went to sleep thinking I was at home and that mother was nursing me. "Your voice sounded like hers and your touch was like hers and that is why I called you mother," when I opened my eyes.

"How can I ever reward you, Aunt Rose, for ministering to me, a stranger?"

"Have you forgotten, Marion, that pasage in that best of all old books, 'As ye did unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.' And it was for your mother, too, hoping that some mother might do for my children as I have done by you."

"Aunt Rose, the first time I saw you in your little cabin and looked on your face I knew you had passed through deep sorrow. When I get well, if I ever do,

won't you tell me all about your history and why I have so often seen you shedding tears?"

"There is so much sorrow and suffering around me, Marion, that in ministering to others I can for the time forget my own suffering. The wound was so deep and the bruise so severe that I durst not raise the mantle for others to see. Many would not believe my sad story because so much beyond the ordinary."

"Aunt Rose, you are good and kind to me; if I get well I will try and help you and then you'll tell me, won't you?"

"Yes, Marion, but have courage, you will get well though through great suffering. Your mother is praying for you. And Marion as I almost constantly breathe forth my prayer to my Heavenly Father that He will restore my children to me, I will ask Him in the same breath to restore you to your mother. Take courage, Marion, don't give up, you will get well. Good by now, I will call in often."

Aunt Rose was much affected and it was with effort that she spoke of her children. I wondered who was responsible for her suffering, how many children she had, if her husband was also sold from her and if her children were small. And while I was musing over her unwritten history John came in with a wine bottle full of quail broth which he took to the kitchen, heated it hot and brought it in, crumbled in a few soda crackers and then fed it to me as gently and tenderly as a woman. Although I had very little appetite it tasted quite good, I ate what I wanted and the rest he sat away for another meal.

"John," I said, "I'm glad you called. I get very lonesome here. The boys are very kind and some of them come in every day but they can stay only a few minutes as their duties keep them in camp. They divide up and frequently they come in and stay through the night."

"I will come in as often as I can, Marion, but when not engaged I am prosecuting my search for mother. I have not been able to learn anything of her since the battle. Not even where she was located or the man's name that she was compelled to call her master, but everything is unsettled yet and I think that in a short time many who were frightened away will return, when they learn they'll not be butchered by northern barbarians. I fear mother will be so broken down by her sorrow and look so old and feeble that I shall not know her if I met her in the street."

"Well, she'll know you, John, and I am confident you'll find her in town or near here soon, don't get discouraged."

John bade me good by and left me, promising to call in as often as possible. He looked worried and no doubt was somewhat discouraged.

Good efficient nurses were not found at the front. Every able bodied man was needed in the ranks and only convalescents were sent here for nurses, men and boys physically unfit for the place.

Our hospital Steward, Charles Parady, would remain on duty as long as he could stand on his feet. He was kind, considerate and so careful in handling us. I was suffering with bed sores on my hips, back, shoulders and one knee, caused by the fever and rough army blankets. Some two weeks after these bed sores made their appearance and became very bad and painful, large dark blue ulcers or blisters developed on my right wrist and were very painful. They resembled what I had seen once on a person afflicted with blood poison. When the doctor lanced one of them, the largest one, he shook his head and then I knew the indication was not good. Charley dressed my wrist once a day and did it very carefully. Once he said when he got through with this tedious job:

"Marion, you are going to have a long pull and a hard one but I believe you can win out and pull through

if you'll just keep a stiff upper lip, and experience many happy days at home yet." This kind of talk did me more good than the doctor's large doses of blue mass.

The next day I was suffering from hemorrhoids, my bed sores and wrist and was feeling a little blue when Charley came to my cot and said:

"Why, Marion, we have carried out four from this room that came in some time after you did. You've got the tenacity of a cat and you'll make it, only keep a stiff upper lip."

Sometimes my upper lip would almost fail me and then I would repeat a parting message referred to, that I must live for their sakes, when to die would be gain for me.

I cannot describe the suffering endured by the patients in that room or a fraction of that endured by myself. Our building was good and the location healthful, but no hospital stores. Not a sheet or pillow or suitable underwear, nothing but the coarse rough army flannel and the army blankets that we had been using. No beneficent Christian or Sanitary Commission, no Mrs. Livermore or Mother Bickerdike had reached Murfreesboro yet.

The diet for our room was light baker's bread toasted, with hot water poured on and a few times only hard tack. Of course, we had hospital tea.

I had engaged of Aunt Rose one pint of milk a day which I had the nurse scald or boil. This I could retain as nourishment, and nothing else, and by the beginning of the second month I was so reduced and weak that I was compelled to suck this milk through a straw.

One day John Keefer of Company "C" was brought in with his head bandaged. For several days after this I became unconscious or too delirious to remember what occurred, but was brought to consciousness or aroused from my stupor by hearing a man scream and looking across the room saw John sitting upright on his cot with

his face toward me, a frightful object.

His head had been shaven clean, was swollen to twice its size and had been covered with nitrate of silver and was as black as ebony. He was both blind and deaf and the doctor was lancing his head. For ten or fifteen days he was in this condition and endured untold suffering.

Our boys were very kind. Hardly a day but one or more would call and see me.

My old friend, Lewis, kept my friends posted as to my condition and would bring me mail and often read it to me.

Our new chaplain, Rev. Roberts, commenced calling at the hospital soon after I entered and hardly a day passed that he was not in and did all he could to help the sick. Aunt Rose never failed to call in once or twice a day and frequently sat down on my cot and bathed my face and hands.

THE HOSPITAL—"GEORGE."

Chapter XLI.

There were many pathetic deathbed scenes in our room, that I can hardly refer to without shedding tears.

One fine manly boy about twenty years of age whom I will call George (not of our company) was brought into our room about a month after my admission.

He had been sick in camp from a severe cold that had settled on his lungs but was recovering when a severe storm drenched his tent, brought on a relapse and he was sent here. His condition was very dangerous and rendered more critical by his strong convictions that he must die.

The chaplain being present, George said to him:

"Chaplain, I'm glad you're here. Here is my father's address on this envelope, will you send him a telegram. 'To come, to hasten.' I must see him and that very soon. My mother can't come but father can and will. And Chaplain, will you ask for a return dispatch and return here as soon as possible"

I watched this boy with a good deal of interest. I had seen him in the regiment often and his manly appearance won my respect.

He was at Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Perryville, all through the Buell campaign and in our three days battle here.

I forgot my own suffering for awhile in my deep sympathy for him. In about an hour the chaplain returned with a message from the father.

"Will come on first train."

"Chaplain," said George, "I have a premonition that I shall not get well, and I feel that I must put my house in order. Mother taught me early to pray and I never neglected this duty till sometime after I entered the service, and for sometime I have been careless and indif-

frent and had almost forgotten God and all He has done for me."

"Jesus, the Great Shepherd, has not forgotten you, my dear boy, even though you have forgotten Him, and as evidence of this fact He is now calling you," said the chaplain.

"O, but will He forgive my unfaithfulness and receive me now?"

"If you had become wayward, dissipated and neglectful, your mother, would she forgive and receive you?"

"O yes, with open arms. She has forgiven me many times when I did wrong."

"Do you think, my dear boy, that your mother is better than our Savior, more tender hearted, more compassionate than He who died for, not only his friends, but his enemies, for sinners which includes all who feel the need of Him, all who feel and realize that they are sinners? You know your mother loves you; can't you realize that our Savior loves you more than she can, since He died to save you?"

"O Chaplain, I feel now that I am the very chief of sinners."

"I am glad of that, George. There is hope for you. He died for just such as you."

"But, Chaplain, I am confident I knew Him once and turned away and have denied Him."

"So did Peter, turn away and with an oath denied Him and you remember with what compassion He looked on Peter and forgave him?"

"O yes, I have read that many a time and wondered at the magnitude of His love, compassion and mercy."

"Well, George, He has not changed. Don't you think you can trust Him and just fly to His open arms that are as ready to receive you as your own mother?"

"O, you make it very plain, Chaplain, so very plain that I feel I can call Him my Savior. He died for sin-

ners and that means me. I will believe and trust Him."

The chaplain then read the simple parable of the prodigal son and then made a short prayer and as he arose from his knees George clasped his hand and said, "It's all clear now. I'm ready now, thank God. I'm ready now as soon as father comes."

He lay on the cot next to me and told me of his mother and his two sisters and how they would miss him as he was the only boy in the family; then he spoke gently of one other, a lovely Christian girl that was waiting for him. She was an orphan and alone. "I shall meet all of these," he said, "for it has been their influence and prayers that have held me and made me what I am. But father is not of mother's faith. He is very skeptical, but a kind and indulgent father and husband."

He has no confidence in the Bible and Christian religion and I feel that I must live till he comes. This conversation was carried on at intervals between his spasms of coughing and when suffering less from pain.

He further told me that he was about ready to enter college when with his father's consent he enlisted.

"Are you sorry now, George?"

"O no, I feel satisfied. I have done what I could and in every place have tried to do my duty."

The surgeon did everything he could to prolong his life and the chaplain was incessant in his attention. On the morning of the 3rd the chaplain brought in a telegram, dated Nashville:

"Will be in Murfreesboro at twelve m."

At one p. m. the father opened the door. George saw him and cried out, "O, father come here." The father rushed across the room and dropped on his knees by the cot. George threw his arms around his father's neck, who sobbed, while the tears rolled down his face.

"O George, my dear boy, my dear boy."

The meeting had quite exhausted George and the father was overcome with grief, so they sat in silence

for many minutes till George could speak, then he said: "Father, I could not die till you came. You have been a good father and I have tried to be a dutiful son. I wanted to tell you how grateful I am for all your kindness."

Then after some hesitation he said: "You know I adopted mother's faith instead of yours. Tell me now, did I do right?"

The father's heart was too full, the tears were still raining down his face, but as soon as he could speak he said:

"Yes, my boy, you did right. Your mother is right, and now I thank God that you have her faith instead of mine. Her's fills your heart with peace and rest in this ordeal, while mine would have only brought regret and despair."

George's face beamed with joy that was almost heavenly. "O I'm so glad, father, that you came. Now I can die happy. Chaplain, will you pray with father and me that we may meet in Heaven?"

And the chaplain prayed with a faith and pathos that melted the father's heart and seemed to bring Heaven down close to earth.

"One more request, father; I know my time is short."

"Yes, my son."

"You know of my affection for Ruth. She is an orphan and alone in the world. Can you and mother take her into your home and hearts as a daughter and my sisters as a sister, that she may fill the vacant chair?"

"Yes, George, we will receive her into our home and hearts as a daughter and sister and our home shall be hers as long as she wills it."

"Once more, father, and then I am ready to go."

"Go on, George."

"Can and will you promise me, now to meet us all in Heaven, that we may be an unbroken family there?"

"Yes, my dear boy, I promise with God's help that I'll try every day from this on to meet you all."

"That's all father, you have made me happy. I am ready now. Chaplain, sing 'Jesus Lover of My Soul.'"

George's anxiety to meet his father and his cough had kept him from sleep for hours and my anxiety for him and the pain I was suffering, also kept me awake till the chaplain commenced to sing and that brought soothing sleep.

I did not awake to be really conscious till well towards morning, then the father and chaplain sat close by the cot and George was dying. His sun was going down, but it was a glorious sunset. For an hour or more he could speak only in a whisper, but a smile, more of heaven than earth, rested on his face for the dear ones at home.

When the father's arrangements were all made and his son's remains placed in the casket he came to my cot, took my limp hand in his and said, "Good by, my poor boy, may God bless and keep and restore you." It was all he could say and he turned and left the room. This was only one of thousands of heart rending scenes that occurred in the various hospitals at Murfreesboro.

The next day but one after George's death another boy was brought in with congestion and placed on the opposite side of the room from me and he, too, felt and knew his time was short. I did not recognize him. The chaplain sent a telegram.

"Hasten, your boy is dying." The answer, "I am at the station waiting." The next evening but one a message from Nashville. "Will be there at twelve tomorrow." O how the minutes ran into hours and how eagerly this boy looked at the door every time it opened. If he could only see his father, he would die happy.

"Chaplain, if he does not reach here till I am gone, tell him how I loved him and mother and my little brother and sister. Tell them not to mourn for me, their loss

is my gain. And also don't forget to tell him that I am glad that I volunteered to give my life for my country." And thus he talked till he became unconscious and then in his delirium it was of his home, his mother and sister and brother. He spoke of the last terrible charge at Donelson, of the two days at Shiloh and of the three days conflict here and then added, "but we have gained the victory, yes, we have gained the victory. But O how tired I am, O how tired," and so he talked till he fell asleep at eleven-thirty a. m. and his father entered the room an hour after. I couldn't witness the father's distress and closed my eyes.

THE HOSPITAL.

Chapter XLII.

John Keefer had recovered his sight and the partial use of one ear. Jep, a convalescent, deaf in one ear, occupied the bunk next to him. The boys had nothing to do but to eat their allowances three times a day and spin yarns, of which they were both overloaded. Had they confined themselves to the truth, one or two days would have exhausted their stock of experiences, but when all that was gone over and become stale and thin, then they drew on their imagination and resorted to fiction.

They sat as close to each other as they could get and Keefer would put his mouth to Jep's ear and he would take in the whole yarn, then Jep would in like manner and Keefer would absorb, and this was kept up from early morning till late at night.

This yarn spinning continued for several days until all of the very sick, begged for a little rest, but they were wound up and could hardly afford to stop to save one or two lives. I appealed to the hospital steward but his efforts were vain, and he brought in the surgeon and told him how they were annoying the rest of the patients.

The surgeon took Jep and sat him on another cot and he and the steward carried the cot out in the hall and then came back and sat Keefer over on my cot and carried his bed out.

When this was done, the surgeon ordered them to get up and walk out doors, which neither of them could do. "What are you going to do with us?" asked Jep.

"We have taken your bunks out doors and you must go, too."

"Why, doctor," said Jep, "are you going to kill us?"

"That's just what I'm going to do. I would rather

kill you two men than have you kill the ten sick boys that are just hanging onto life by a thread. They begged you to stop your infernal yarns and you wouldn't and the steward has tried for three days to stop you, and you don't obey, now get on your pegs and go along."

"My Lord, Doctor, I can't walk and I'll die out there in the cold before morning. O, I can't go, Doctor."

Finally Keefer told the doctor to separate them, put one on the north and one on the south side of the room and they'd keep quiet, and in this way it was settled and we got some rest.

After the death of George I gradually began to get worse, my condition more critical. My fever had run its course and left me in mortal weakness, as helpless as an infant. They gave me a spoonful of wine every hour till my stomach refused it, but still the doctor forced it down.

My rough army blankets, already foul from long use, were poison to my skin and were cutting away the flesh. My wrist and bed sores were painful beyond description and every hour was torture. I realized, too that I was fast approaching a condition of stupor, the last stage of this disease, and was losing my grip.

How or why I lived was hard to explain, when so many had been carried out that came in since I did. I had one great incentive, home and friends that loved me and I would try and live for their sakes, when to die would have been gain for me. To me then it seemed selfish to yield and give up the struggle, but notwithstanding my good resolution every day a stupor was creeping over me. The chaplain, Aunt Rose and some of the boys were in every day, and John would frequently run in and stay a few minutes in the evening.

Lewis was faithful in writing to my folks and would bring my letters and read them to me but when done I would make no requests and drop off into a stupor again. It was nearly the first of March that the boys began to

lose all confidence in my recovery and then Aunt Rose became more constant and vigilant as a nurse, she would bathe my face and hands and fix my scalded milk and coax me to take my wine and urge me in the most earnest language to live, for my friends and mother. "She is watching, waiting and praying for you. I know she is, and she will not give you up. Marion, you will and must get well. Don't give up. You will try to live, won't you, Marion?"

"Yes, God bless you, I will try and, and if I do get well it will be your prayers and mother's and May's that will save me."

She must have stayed with me an hour and her talk encouraged and helped me. She said she had called in several times each day for the last week and that she had not been able to arouse me but once or twice. "You are getting better."

But by morning my courage had left me and my whole body was racked with pain. And it was only a few days after this, I think the first of March, that the doctor came in and tried to arouse me, but I was indifferent and hardly responded to his effort. He finally got me to open my eyes and give attention, and said:

"Marion, your brother is at Nashville, on his way here, rouse up and be ready to go home with him."

I did enough to ask, "How do you know, Doctor?"

"He just telegraphed in for a pass and is on his way now. The sheriff of your county is with him, coming to visit his brother. Rouse up, now, and be ready when he comes."

This did arouse me and I began to think of home and renewed my resolution to not give up, but in a couple of hours I was as dead as ever and remained so till the doctor came in again and urged as before.

"Marion, wake up, your brother is at Lavergne. Have just gotten a telegram from him, will be here in

the morning. The railroad's torn up and he will come with Sutler."

"O, Doctor, you told me several days ago that he was at Nashville and he's not here yet."

"That was only this morning, he is coming, but the roads are bad. Here is the telegram."

"We are at Lavergne. Will be there by noon."

This gave me a stimulant that lasted till the next morning, then the minutes seemed like hours and the hours days, and by noon I was as dead as before.

Then Aunt Rose came in and bathed my face and hands, gave me my scalded milk, as soon as she could arouse me and then after that a large spoonful of wine.

"Marion, do you know your brother is in camp and will be here in a few minutes, he is eating his dinner now but will be in very soon and take you home."

"O Aunt Rose, I know you would not trifle with me, is he really here, is he really here?"

"Yes, he is in camp now. Cheer up now, you are going home with him. Didn't I tell you you'd get home?"

Soon Billy came in with two satchels and sat them down by my cot and I smelled apples.

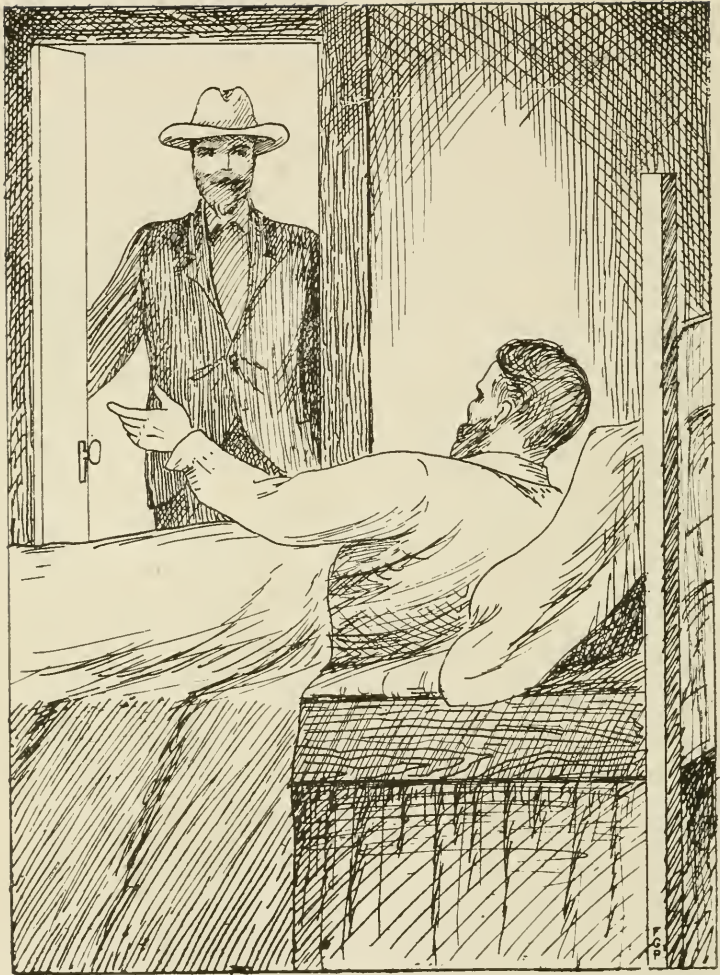
"Whose are those, Billy?"

"Your brothers," he answered.

"Where is he and why don't he come?"

"He'll be here in a few minutes, don't worry."

I watched and waited, how long every minute seemed. The door opened. There stood my brother. "O, Prentiss, come here." I used all the strength I had and raised my arms. "O come." He looked at me, 'twas but a step from the door to my cot. When he saw my emaciated condition, he was like a child, he could not control himself and cried and sobbed like a child. "O Marion, my dear brother, is this you?" and there was silence between us, for neither of us could speak. He



“O Prentiss come here”

had knelt down and put his head on my cot and continued to sob.

I was the first to speak and said, "Don't, Prentiss, don't. I am better now. I'll go home with you, don't feel so badly. I'm not so bad as I look. I will get well, I'll not die now. O, I will get well."

Aunt Rose sat at the foot of my cot and O, how her eyes shone through her tears. She rose, took my hand and speaking very low, "Now you'll get well, Marion, I know you will and go home to your mother," and left very quietly.

As soon as Prentiss could speak, he said, "Marion, have I done you harm? I'm afraid I have."

"No, no, Prentiss. Joy never kills. Tell me of home, of mother, May and sisters. Tell me all and I'll rest and listen." My apathy was all gone.

Then he gave me loving messages from all. "That they were all watching, waiting and praying for my return home," and I then resolved again to live, though it might be through greater suffering than I had yet endured.

I slept and rested some through the night though it seemed long. I could lie in no position except on a raw sore as large as one's hand.

In the morning as soon as I had eaten my milk, Prentiss looked me over and found me in a terrible condition. He had brought from home some soft linen cloths, castile soap and vaseline. Then he took warm soft water and carefully bathed me all over, washed and cleansed the bed sores and furnished Aunt Rose cloth and batting from which she made some nice cushions with openeings through them for me to lie on. By night my condition was much improved and my stupor did not return.

Some ten days before this I had requested my head to be raised so an attendant picked up an overcoat that lay on a vacated cot and put it under my head. The

owner had used it for a pillow and died a day or two before. This coat was loaded with vermin, and when Prentiss drove the comb through my hair the vermin tumbled out like ripe berries from the bush, a whole handful of them, so many that he stepped to the fire place and threw them in and when I heard them crack like salt in the fire, I had my first laugh. Then I made him let me look at them and to see them scramble around in his hand furnished me amusement for an hour. I really think, without enlarging, that on this first day he caught and burned up enough to have stocked all the district schools in our state. All this aroused me from my stupor, furnished me diversion and kept me from thinking of myself and pain.

My brother bought new blankets and had my old ones boiled and washed, but cotton sheets he could not find in town, but Aunt Rose came in with one cotton sheet large enough to cover my cot and a small pillow. These she had taken off from her own bed and Prentiss tried to pay her for them but no, not one cent would she take.

A few days after Prentiss reached me I received a line from John saying that he had been thrown from a horse and had a broken leg and this was the reason why he had not called on me for the last ten days. After several days I began to notice that I was gaining some strength. I could move my limbs and when the covers were raised I could turn from my back to my side without help and this gave courage. My appetite was better and the doctor advised that a small amount of toasted bread might be added to my hot milk. I had gotten over my stupor and was full of courage but my brother knew and so did I realize that my recovery was yet uncertain. I had instructed him, in case of my death, to take my remains home and loaded him with many messages of love. One day a friend of ours, a near neighbor by the name of Charles McLain, belonging to

an Illinois regiment, looked us up and called at the hospital, and soon after I ate my dinner Prentiss wished to change me and with McLain's help lifted me on my blankets and placed me on an unoccupied cot next to mine. When my bed was made the boys took me up to move me back just as some one opened the door and let a current of air strike me, which threw me into a chill, a nervous chill. The boys covered me up but this did no good, they gave me a double dose of wine and filled wine bottles with warm water and placed warm brick to my feet and still I shook and chilled.

Prentiss ran into Dr. M.'s office for help but he was in a condition of stupor from benzine or other drug and would not move and the boys believed I was dying. Prentiss almost groaned in despair as nothing seemed to get me warm, but still they worked all the harder and before night I was over my chill and yet alive and no fever resulted.

That night I was quite exhausted and Lewis and Aumand sat up with me all night and that gave Prentiss a rest.

For a few days my life hung in the balance and it was an unsolved problem as to the result. The next morning when Prentiss came in I told him not to be discouraged for I felt hungry.

The doctor had been giving me the strongest preparation of iron for some time and the dark blue eruptions on my wrists were less painful and my bed sores were certainly healing.

About the 5th of April a large bed room, in the second story with a fire place, was vacated and Dr. Martin very kindly gave us the room. He said I was determined to live and he'd give me, from this on, the best possible chance.

In this large room I began to gain and we began to talk about going home, began to lay plans and almost fix the time, when one day Prentiss was taken very sick

with malarial fever, and that night, while he and I were alone he became raving crazy. He walked the room and raved like one mad, until an attendant in an adjoining room heard the racket and came in, laid him down on a cot and got some cold water and bathed his head till he got quiet then got the doctor and in four or five days he broke the fever and Prentiss began to mend. The doctor was very attentive and the boys and Aunt Rose were very kind. Brother was quite well in about ten days and again we began to talk of home.

AUNT ROSE.

Chapter XLIII.

One morning early Aunt Rose came to our room just as Prentiss had commenced to prepare my breakfast. She brought a piece of nicely browned toast, covered with scalded milk, an egg, cooked very rare and a good cup of tea.

"Now, Prentiss, you go down and eat with the boys, I'll stay and visit with Marion till you return. I was so busy yesterday I didn't call in and have felt badly about it all the morning." Then turning to me, she continued, "I can see now, Marion, you are gaining a little every day. With patience and care you will soon have strength so as to go home and make your mother's heart glad."

"Aunt Rose, you have been God's good Angel of Mercy to me, ever since I entered the hospital. I don't know, I can't understand, why you have been so good and kind to a stranger, when there was no possible prospect of reward. Your devotion has been the very climax of mother love."

"Are you so blind, my dear boy? I have a boy somewhere, Oh, I don't know where; who was torn away from me and sold, five long years ago,—like you, a little younger perhaps. Can't you understand how one mother may feel for another, when both alike are weighed down with anxiety and sorrow. I can't tell why it is, Marion, but I have thought of your mother so much since you entered the hospital. Every cup of cold water, every little act of mercy, every time I bathed your head and soothed the pain, it was for her as much as you and all cheerfully and freely done and given in Jesus' name."

"O, Aunt Rose, I wish you could see and read my heart, that you might know how grateful I am. And,

too, I do so wish you could see and know my mother. She is good, and kind, and gentle, just like you, and when I get home, if I ever do, I'll tell her all you've done for her poor sick suffering boy and she will thank and bless you in heaven, when you meet.

"Can you not indicate something we can do for you? Now you know the President's proclamation which took effect the first day of January, freed every slave, where the Union army has control. And you are free, and your children also—"

"And my children are free, too?"

"Yes, Aunt Rose, if they are within our lines. Do you have any knowledge where they are?"

"Oh, no, I never knew, my heart has been so crushed with sorrow that I could not tell my story or ask for help. It all came on so suddenly and unexpectedly."

"I felt and knew the first time I called at your cabin that you had passed through great sorrow. You promised to tell me when I got able to hear; I am now able. We may start home the first of next month and possibly we might be able to help you. Won't you please tell us? If only a little of your history—enough to give us a clue—please do."

"Yes, Marion, I will try."

And just then Prentiss came in and we both listened to

AUNT ROSE'S STORY.

"As near as I can remember my mother was as light colored as I am, but was the child of a slave-mother and under our law, doomed to a life of serfdom. I was told many times that I was the child of my mother's master and for that reason he sold me when I was six years old to John W. Belmont, a good man living on a large plantation at Hampton Center. He and his wife were born in Scotland and were very earnest and consistent Christian people.

"She took me to church and Sabbath school every

Sunday, I sat in the same pew with her and always at the same table with the family.

"I did not call her mistress, but by her request called her Aunt, so very few, if any, knew that I was a slave.

"Mr. and Mrs. Belmont had a son, an only child, four years my senior named after his father John W. As a boy he was very diffident and bashful and very much devoted to reading and study. He was very kind to me from the first, bought me books and seemed delighted when he could help me along with my studies.

"I had been in the family but a short time till he and I were the best of friends and when he went away to school, my heart always ached till his return. When he did return I was the first one he called for, so you understand how we grew up, not only to like but to love each other from childhood.

"When I was sixteen my aunt, or rather my mistress, died and from that time on I took charge of the house. When I was a little past eighteen my master died, then young John W. came home from college, at Cincinnati, and took charge of the plantation. He was much like his father, kind and good to his people, who almost worshipped him.

Not many months after he came home to stay I began to live with him as his wife, and soon after this relation began, we both started for Cuba, where he had business, from thence to Scotland to visit his father's old home and relatives and after a visit of three months there, we took a tour over the most of Europe. In all our trip and in all our lives together he always introduced me as his wife, always seeming more contented and happy when I was by his side.

"A few months after our return home, our twins were born. We named them Lawrence J. W. and Florence B. W. When they were four years old we went to New York and while there Mr. Belmont consulted a lawyer and had free papers made out for me and the two

children. This package was brought home and he, in my presence, placed the papers in his large fireproof safe, where we thought they were so secure that their existence was forgotten.

Until our children were old enough to send away to school, we employed a teacher in our home, then they were sent to Cincinnati—first to high school, then to college and in one more term they would have graduated, when their father was stricken down and died suddenly. In response to a telegram, they came home to attend the funeral, and the next day—the next day—Oh Marion," she sobbed, "I cannot tell of that terrible day. I have wanted to so badly, but I cannot now."

Her voice failed her entirely and she was sobbing like a child with her face pressed down on my bed.

"Aunt Rose," and I spoke to her the second time, "don't grieve so, we will not ask you to tell more of that sad story, we know all about it, since we know who you are. How your husband's nephews robbed the safe of the free papers, how you were all seized by the sheriff, put in irons, confined in jail and advertised and sold at auction."

"O, Marion, how did you know? I never told you, I never could tell any one, then how did you know?"

"Your daughter Florence told us, and brother will tell you all." Then Prentiss told her the whole story as told by Florence to us, including the horrors of the arrest, the auction sale, her escape to Cincinnati, then on the underground railroad to Canada, which country she reached in safety. And that we had received several letters from her, and that she was married to a good man and had a good home.

Aunt Rose sat as one in a trance. She scarcely moved, and hardly seemed to breathe, so eager was she to catch every word and watch every motion of his lips. And when he got through, the glad tears were raining down her face as she cried out, "Oh, thank God, Flor-

ence is safe." And then with head bowed down on my bed she responded, "O Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard my prayers and remembered me in mercy."

Then she went to Prentiss, raised his hands to her lips and kissed them, came to my bed put her arm under my neck and kissed my forehead.

"Oh, Marion, had I known from the first how good and kind you were to my poor girl when she was fleeing for her life,—from a fate worse than death, I should have taken your mother's place and watched you day and night."

"You did take my mother's place, Aunt Rose, all you could and mother's thanks, when you meet—in heaven will add another star to your crown."

What little we did for your poor homeless girl in her race for life and honor, was a pleasure to us and cost but very little trouble. It was simply casting our bread on the waters. It has returned to me many fold, I am your debtor now. Do you think you can hear some more good news, or shall we wait another day?"

"O yes; Now; Now. Can you tell me anything of Lawrence, my boy? Can you, Marion, oh, can you?"

She saw me smile, then sprang to my bed and caught my hand again before I could speak.

"Oh, Marion, can you tell me anything of him? Is he alive, alive and free, too?"

"Yes, he is alive and free and here in camp not more than one-half mile away. He has been to see me many times since I've been sick and once when I was in the room below, came very near meeting you at my cot, as you had just gone out when he came in; and he sat up with me many nights when I was so bad."

Aunt Rose sprang to her feet again.

"Oh, Marion, in this house, in that room below! I almost met him, my boy. How can this be true? How did you know him and he know you? Where did you find him and where is he now?" And the glad tears

broke loose again and her words came so thick and fast I could hardly answer her.

"He will tell all when he comes, Aunt Rose. He was thrown from a horse nearly two months ago but gets around nicely now on crutches.

"When you go down, send up the older of those two colored boys that room in one of your cabins and I'll send John a message that will bring him to your room in less than an hour, where you can meet him alone." Aunt Rose kissed my hand and tripped out with her face illumed looking twenty years younger.

"Prentiss, that woman was beautiful once, beautiful as Florence before that great sorrow crushed her heart."

"Yes, beautiful"—but his answer was merely mechanical, for he commenced to walk the floor, an old habit of his when in a deep study or excited, and I knew he was trying to hold himself down but it had to come.

"'O Land of the Free and Home of the Brave.' How many times I've heard that song. How long, oh Lord. How long shall this high crime against God and this people last. Just think of this poor woman who has passed through enough to make the carnal heart a smouldering hell and she has treasured up no bitterness, no hatred, no revenge. No, her crushed and bleeding heart, that has been so trampled on by mercenary brutes, is now full of love for all of God's creatures. Praying for those daily, whose greed for gold put her and her children on the auction block and had them sold like horses, mules and swine to fill the pockets of miserly heirs and her prayer has been.—'Father, forgive them for they knew not what they did.'"

Just then the boy came in, I gave him this note:

"Jack Hale, care of General Hawkins, 11th Ky. Reg't.—Dear Jack: We have got trace of your mother. Come at once. Call at the middle cabin back of our hos-

pital. A lady is waiting there now who can tell you all you wish to know. Come, she is waiting. Yours in haste, Marion,"

Just then the chaplain came and greeted us with "Why, Marion, I never saw such gain in any one in so short a time. Your face is flushed and your eyes sparkle. Have you fever?"

"No fever, Chaplain, thank you, something better." Then I went on and told him the whole story of Aunt Rose's life, while Prentiss watched at the window for Jack.

"What joy there will be in that little cabin today," said he. "It will make the angels in heaven rejoice. How much that poor woman must have suffered with her intelligence and refinement and then her children about ready to graduate from college, seized by the sheriff, thrown in jail and sold at public sale, like a herd of swine."

Here the chaplain was interrupted by the arrival of Jack in an ambulance, halting close in front of our open window. Scarcely had he touched the ground and gathered his crutch, when the anxious mother met him. And in an instant, we heard, "Oh mother!" "Lawrence!" "God be praised." Then all was silent, for Aunt Rose was weeping in the arms of her long lost son. During this meeting, so sacred, we sat in silence, till they passed out of our sight back of the hospital to Aunt Rose's cabin. * * * * *

"Now, Chaplain, since you made me feel a little vain by your remarks on my rapid improvement, I propose to get out of this bed while you are here and walk across this room."

"No, No," said Prentiss, "not today."

"Well then let me get up and stand on my pegs."

With a little help I stood for a moment, the first time I'd borne my weight on my feet for months. Then, I said, "Get out of the way, don't let me fall, and here

goes across the room." And I started, with brother and Chaplain, one on either side with their hands outstretched. This set me to laughing and I guess I should have fallen when I got to the wall but they caught me. I stood and rested a moment and then said, "Boys, let go, here I go now," and reached the bed and got on alone, some tired but a good tired and when covered up was ready to rest.

"Well done," said the chaplain. "I didn't think you could stand. In fact, I never expected you to get out of that room below, until removed in a casket. But honestly, you are the poorest man I ever saw standing up or lying down."

"Yes, Chaplain, I'm poor. There isn't fat enough about me to grease a gun patch. But mark you, if nothing new develops, I'll some day be as good as new and ready to start for home in a few days."

"Not till you are stronger, Marion. You must be patient."

"I shall walk every day now over this room back and forth."

"This reunion that's now occurring in the little cabin is the best tonic I ever took and I am thankful that I have been able to pay in part what Aunt Rose did for me when I was helpless and unconscious."

"She was like a mother to you, Marion, and I don't wonder you feel grateful to her. She did all she could for all the boys but for some unaccountable reason, she seemed to select you as her special charge. One time I came in just as she did. You were wild with pain and raving. She ran to her cabin, got a pitcher of cold water, took your head off the cot and showered it till the pain left you and your raving stopped. Then with a soft towel she wiped and dried your hair and as I left, you were asleep. Another time I went in and you were in a deep stupor. I asked the doctor how you were. He

replied, "Nothing can rouse him. He'll not live through the night."

Soon Aunt Rose came in and sat down on your cot. She had some linen, a tumbler and pitcher of water, and began to moisten your lips and bathe your face and hands and gave you a spoonfull of wine. She fussed with you till you opened your eyes and smiled and said in a whisper, "Why, mother, when did you come?" I sat down by her side on the cot and I saw she was shedding tears. "O, it don't seem to me that he must die. If I had him in my cabin I know he'd get well. No, Chaplain, I can't give him up and I can't explain why I have felt such a deep interest in him since he came. He some way puts me in mind of my boy, who was a little younger, and may be some mother will do for him the same that I am doing for Marion. O, Chaplain," she continued, "I have prayed for my children without ceasing day and night since they were torn from me. Will He hear me?"

"Yes, Aunt Rose, yours is practical praying and your prayers will be answered," and so they have, Marion, sooner than I expected and I am glad you have been instrumental in helping to bring this blessing about.

THE HOSPITAL—FAREWELL.

Chapter XLIV.

The chaplain went out promising to return after dinner, and soon a boy from the cabin came in with a note from Lawrence, saying, "If it will be convenient and you feel able, mother and I will call on you about three P. M." Prentiss wrote on the same card and handed to the boy, "Come by all means and bring your mother."

"Well, Prentiss," I said, "such a day as this has never occurred in our lives before, and probably never will again. It seems a long time since morning and now I just realize how hungry I am."

"It surely has been an exciting day, one we'll never forget, and now it is twelve-thirty and I had forgotten dinner. I fear so much excitement will be too much for you, Marion."

"O no, no, don't worry, I feel like a colt today, with a good sharp appetite." As soon as ready I ate my scalded milk and toast and half of an egg scalded—then turned over on my side and took a refreshing sleep, till nearly three P. M., when Aunt Rose and her boy entered the room. Prentiss introduced himself to Lawrence and Aunt Rose came immediately to my bed and took my hand in hers, but her heart was too full of joy to speak.

"Dear Aunt," I said, "your prayers are answered now. God's richest blessings are certainly falling on you." Soon I saw that she wanted to overwhelm me with thanks and I said, "No, no, all that we did for you, any one could have done, but what you did for me, was royal service, all actuated by Divine love. I was a stranger and you ministered to me, gave me food and drink and if I could have been moved, you would have taken me to your little cabin and nursed me there. And

now it rejoices my heart to know that without cost or trouble to us, we have helped you find your children. Then Lawrence came and gave me his hand, and he, too, could hardly speak. "God bless you, my boy," I said. "This has all turned out better than we expected, when we first met at Mumfordsville. The cloud that was thick and dark around and over you, has opened wide and now all is sunshine. Thank God and not me, I am your debtor, Lawrence."

To change his thoughts to other subjects, I asked, "Have you heard from Florence more than once?"

"O yes, I have received two letters from her since the one you copied. I will bring them over and let you read them."

"And have you read them to your mother?"

"Yes, yes, and they made her happy. Poor mother, how she suffered. I now realize that mine was nothing compared with hers, but don't you think she has grown younger? Before that terrible day, she was handsome, once she was as beautiful as Florence."

"Yes, she looks almost twenty years younger and her face shows that she's happy. What will you do now, Lawrence?"

"I sent the colonel's horse and ambulance back and sent him a note that I had found mother, or rather that you had and that I would stay with her 'till able to work."

"Then I'll see you often. We expect to start for home by the fifth or sixth of May, if possible."

"So soon as that, will you be able?"

"Yes I believe I will, if careful."

It would be impossible to reproduce with my pen the scene in our room during the hour they remained. It was an hour of sweet communion and the reunion of this mother and son was more of heaven than earth.

As they arose to go, Aunt Rose came to my bed and as she took my hand in hers to bid me good bye,

she said, "I am so glad, Marion, to see you gaining so fast. When you were the very worst and the doctor said you could not rally, I couldn't give you up, I didn't know why, then, but I believe I know now why the Lord put it in my heart to take such a special interest in you. While you make light of what you did for us, your kind hospitality so freely bestowed upon my poor girl, when fleeing for her life, was the means of restoring my children to me."

"Yes, Aunt Rose, in doing what was a pleasure to us, we did more than we then knew. It has made my heart glad that your boy has been restored to you, and that's one reason of my rapid gain."

Every day following this visit, I walked across the room, back and forth and when a little tired would lie down and rest and then try it again and though but a ghost, I could see from day to day, as I used my limbs, that I was gaining strength and courage.

Letters came from home nearly every day, full of good cheer, but all admonished me to be careful. My bed sores were healing very fast, my wrist was nearly well and the last crop of vermin nearly cleaned out and what remained, if any, belonged to the infantry. One day about half after eleven o'clock, Aunt Rose came tripping in like a young girl with a nice piece of squirrel Lawrence had shot and dressed, with a small cup of broth.

"O you are a good mother," I said, "always doing for some one. I was just thinking that if I could have a little change of diet, such a dinner as this will make me, how good it would taste. It is a royal gift and I thank you. I do so wish that you and John would go home with us, I shall miss you so much, Aunt Rose."
...."O Marion, my dear boy, you don't know what you say. I should like to go and help you get home but I could not stay. I have saved, by hard work, a little sum and my boy and I, when the war is over, will buy

a little home of our own where I'll stay 'till I go to my heavenly home."

The April days had slipped by, when Prentiss came in and informed me that my resignation had been accepted and on the fifth, we should leave Murfreesboro for Nashville, at ten a. m.

O how my heart thrilled at the prospect of starting for home, after a confinement for four months in that hospital, much of the time entirely helpless, and suffering more than my pen can describe. Lawrence soon heard of our intention and came in to see me. He handed me Florence's letters to read, in which she gave a brief history of her life in Canada, a description of her home and the people, who were very kind and intelligent. She taught music, painting and drawing from the time she reached there until married.

And in her last letter she said, "My husband has a chance to sell his property here at a big margin, and if you succeed in finding mother and the Rebellion is crushed out and slavery abolished, it is possible, on account of the milder climate, that we may go back to southern Ohio or Indiana."

"Well, John, what are you going to do?"

"I have not determined yet. When in college, I chose the law and studied with that in view. You know, Marion, I have friends in Cincinnati, that are anxious for me to come back and finish my course and locate there."

"And Ruth is waiting for you?" I said.

"O yes, bless her kind heart. During my five years of serfdom her suffering will never be known, but now she is contented and happy. In my second letter written from Louisville, I felt my degradation and poverty so keenly that I wrote, she had better forget me. Well, I got a letter back that would have melted a heart of stone. She has a snug little fortune in her own right and in her last letter she wrote that if I succeeded in

finding mother, I should bring her there and locate and she said further, 'she shall be my mother, too.'"

... "Well, John, I congratulate you. She is a jewel. I know that from Florence's description of her. Stand by her, she loved you in your poverty and degradation and she'll never love you less in prosperity."

"You and your family, John, have dropped into my life so mysteriously that I don't want to lose you and if I live to get home and you get settled, you must write to me and give me your address; you have mine now."

"Marion, you know of my affection for my mother, Florence, and Ruth, and you stand next. I shall always think of you as my elder brother. Please, don't say, if you live to get home, it makes me feel sad. You will get home, you have already gone through enough suffering to kill a whole regiment. Charles Pardy, the steward, told me when every one was looking for you to die that you had a charmed life, and felt satisfied all the time, you'd make it on the last heat, but I tell you it was a close shave and a hard one for you.

"By the way, Marion, I met a Union soldier from near Hampton Center, a few days ago. He knew my three cousins, who realized so handsomely from my father's estate, including the wife and children. One has died a horrible death with delirium tremens and the other two are gamblers and drunkards and the estate is nearly all squandered."

Verily they are reaping their reward," I said, "and the wrath of the Almighty will follow them."

Prentiss came in then and John turned to him and asked, "Have you read my sister's letter yet?"

"O yes, that letter ought to be published up North."

"People would not believe it," said John, "it is so out of the ordinary. You boys must not get the impression that all slave holders are as brutal as those that bid off Florence and me, or as destitute of human sympathy and heart as our cousins, who brought such ruin upon

us. I am glad to say that many of them are very indulgent. General Spence was very kind to mother, they treated her more as a servant than a slave, but the system is all wrong, a sin against God and a curse to slave and master."

"We understand," said Prentiss, "many of the masters are much better than the law. Up North, if a man should whip a horse to death, he would be punished, but here, a master can whip a slave to death and be justified."

After John went out I took my walk around the room, more than usual and felt much encouraged. A comrade had whittled me out a nice cane from a piece of cedar brought from the battlefield, which was a great help to keep me from falling.

May fourth was my last day in the hospital. Many of the boys came in to see me and bid me good bye. From the first all the boys, without exception, had treated me so kindly, that to part from them was a severe trial and when I took their hand, to say good bye. I could hardly control my voice or keep back the tears from my eyes.

About two P. M. Aunt Rose ran in and took a chair near my bed.

"Well, Aunt Rose, I have just been thinking of you and have been wondering if you noticed how closely I watched you the other morning, when you brought me my toast, squirrel, egg and tea. You had taken special pains in dressing your hair that morning and it was arranged precisely as Florence had hers the afternoon I wrote up her history; then I watched the expression of your face and eyes and especially your voice and I almost trembled, thinking of her and John, that possibly, yes, only possibly, I had made a discovery and when you spoke of your boy a little younger perhaps than I, sold from you five years ago, my hope grew strong and

then I pressed you hard for your story, which so many times you had very delicately refused to tell me."

"Marion, I wanted to tell you many times, but it seemed like thrusting an iron through my heart and that morning I felt more determined than ever to give my history. How mysterious it all is. Had you denied Florence shelter and such very generous hospitality, in all probability I should never have found my children."

"Or had you taken no interest in me, Aunt Rose, the same might have been the result."

"I could not help that. When you were delirious, your calls for your mother and one other person, May, I think, were so pathetic that you won my heart and all the service I could render, and in thus sacrificing, one for the other, God has richly blessed us all.

"But, Marion, I must not tire you with this call, you have had too much company today, so I will bid you good bye now, and call again in the morning."

When I laid myself down for the night, my last night in the hospital, my hard bed was a luxury indeed, as I was tired. I realized that I was surrounded by an atmosphere of supreme kindness and sympathy and was well content to lie still and watch through the large uncurtained window the dark foliage wave to and fro, the leaves grow distinct in the light of the rising moon, until I fell asleep.

Quite early in the morning after a long refreshing sleep, I seemed to hear such lovely strains of music that swelled into richer harmony until what seemed to be a beautiful orchestra, awoke me.

I soon discovered that an unusual gathering of my old friends, the birds, were giving me a farewell serenade. The leader of the orchestra sat near my window, on an old bough, with her tuneful throat swelled to the utmost. She, I recognized, as the very songster that had furnished me such exquisite music for the last few weeks and on this last morning at the hospital she had

gathered all her friends together, to bid me farewell.

After my breakfast the first to enter was Dr. M—. "Well, by jacks, boys, you are going I see. Never thought you'd get out of here till you went in a box. But you'll make it now unless they kill you on the train. Here is some brandy, Prentiss, in case of fright, exhaustion or accident, use it. Don't let him chill, you are changing climates, remember."

I gave the doctor my hand and said, "You have been very kind to me, Doctor, and I thank you. When you get home I'll call on you and we'll take a fish on the old Feeder Dam."

Then for a few minutes the room was full of our boys, who came in to bid me goodbye.

The last that entered was the chaplain, Aunt Rose and John. I took their hands in mine, but could not speak. To Aunt Rose, I could only say, "God bless you."

STARTING FOR HOME.

Chapter XLV.

Two of our boys carried me down the broad stairway out of the Spence Hospital, into God's sunshine and lifted me carefully into the ambulance, and the team started for the station. How the light dazzled my eyes and with what zest I filled my lungs with the fresh morning breeze! To one who had been shut in for months and seen and experienced the suffering I had and then to be welcomed back into such a beautiful world on a May morning like this, was enough to fill the heart to overflowing with joy and thanksgiving. I wanted to sing "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow," but my voice was too weak and I could hum the tune and mentally supply the words.

We can appropriate to ourselves all that's lovely in nature to the full extent of our capacity and yet we have not diminished the supply. The supply is prodigal. There is enough for all. A millionaire may plant and cultivate a garden of choice flowers and trees of tropical splendor and still the beggar may get richer enjoyment from it than he who planted.

Our train moved out from the station and slowly across the river bridge and then in a few minutes reached the battle field. We had more or less risk to run from Guerrillas and Rebel Cavalry, until we would reach Louisville.

Every few days since the battle we would get reports of the tearing up of track and the capture of trains, so of course, in my condition, I had many apprehensions for the safety of our train. We had hardly gone more than a mile after crossing the river, when the train stopped suddenly and the passengers began to look out of the windows and some one cried out "Cavalry coming." I wilted down in my seat as though I had been shot. All

in the car seemed much excited. Prentiss looked out over the cotton field and then spoke, "Don't get excited, Marion. They wear the blue." This restored me at once but showed me plainly how weak and helpless I was. They were a body of scouts, and after conferring with the conductor a few minutes, the train moved on.

There, Prentiss," I said, "On the left is the cotton field and farther in that direction than you can see, the fighting commenced very early on the 31st. Our line then, you see, stood at a right angle with this road. Up on that little elevation was Rosencranz's headquarters. On the right is the lower ford and across the stream from that is where Breckenridge met his Waterloo. And over there on the left at the Pike is where we recaptured our baggage train. Did you notice any stench as we came across the field?"

"O yes, quite strong, and when I went down the 1st of March it was too thick to breathe. In fact when the wind was from this direction, I could detect the same there at the hospital for a month."

My ride was doing me good. The day was mild and pleasant, the scenery beautiful although the country was sadly devastated by the war. The trees were out in full leaf, the fields green and the little patches of grain and clover were waving in the wind.

"Here is Lavergne almost totally destroyed by fire, when we marched through," I said, "and you will notice from this on to Nashville the terrible effects of the war. Fences, buildings and forest have all been destroyed."

"A deserved retribution," said Prentiss, "but the poor fellows who suffer most are least responsible."

As we approached Nashville the forts and fortifications attracted our attention. From Capitol Hill the siege guns commanded every street and any army that would try to enter the city would be badly cut to pieces.

An ambulance at the depot conveyed us to the Se-wanna House. Prentiss thought it wise to go no farther with me the first day and so secured a room with fire and two beds.

Two colored waiters carried me up a flight of stairs to the second floor where I lay down on a soft bed, a little tired but better for my ride. A good night's rest and a good breakfast of hot milk and toast fitted me for another day's ride.

As we approached Bowling Green I said to Prentiss, "When we reach the depot look to the northeast and see the house and grounds where the colored woman lived that came to our house with Florence. If you remember her description you will identify it at once." The train soon pulled in and Prentiss pointed out the place, then as we passed Bells Tavern I pointed out the road from the right where Bragg came in ahead of Buel and at Cave City where we skirmished for two days in line of battle while Bragg went on and captured Wilder at Mumfordsville, "and here," I said, "is where I found Jack Lawrence, or John W. Lamont, Florence's brother and Aunt Rose's son."

We passed over the new bridge built by the Engineer Corps, of pine trees, soon after it was burned by Bragg.

We reached Louisville about 4 p. m. All the passengers left the car. Prentiss went to find a bus as he expected to take me to a hotel. I was waiting and resting easily when a man came in and kneeled down in front of me and said, "Get on."

The movement was so funny that I began to laugh and at that time when I began to laugh I couldn't stop, so he kept on saying, "Get on," and looked around at me so funny that I laughed all the harder.

I finally managed to sober down enough to say, "Wait, what do you want of me?"

"I want you to get on my back and I'll take you to the Christian Commission Rooms."

"Well," I said, "My brother has gone after a bus to take me to a hotel."

Well, get on, I'll bus you and then I'll hunt him up."

Then he helped me on my feet and I leaned forward on his back, wrapped my arms around his neck and he his around my legs, took me down the steps and started down Broad street on a dog trot. This trotting a man down Broadway was too much for me and I commenced to laugh again.

"Who! Whoa! Say, stop," I said.

"What's the matter now?"

"Don't you know you're liable to arrest for carrying a skeleton along the streets?"

"Not where it's got life enough to kick."

That started me laughing again and I didn't stop till he sat me down in a nice large room on a clean soft cot.

Prentiss saw him trotting off with me so he went to the car, got our baggage, and came to the room. The experience was new and rich for me and the hearty laugh was more potent than blue mass pills.

The room was full of sick that were on their way home from the front, all lying on clean nice cots with cotton sheets and soft downy pillows and plenty of lady nurses and men attendants, so that none were neglected. It was a Christian Commission indeed, for all seemed to be doing the will of the Master.

How different from the front where only the bare necessities could be gotten for well soldiers.

We remained at this home over night and till 9 a. m. the next day when Prentiss got a bus and took me to the paymaster's, where I settled and drew my pay

and from here we drove to the Galt House near the Ferry.

I was carried in and placed on an easy couch, covered over with a light blanket and soon dropped into a delicious sleep.

THE GALT HOUSE.

Chapter XLVI.

I had slept perhaps an hour or so when I was awakened by a rather confidential conversation carried on by two young ladies, school mates, sitting close together and talking low. One lived in Danville and one in Nashville.

The first remark that I heard distinctly was this: "I know, Mary, I ought not to say it, but to you I must speak freely. I am completely discouraged and my heart is sick. Our leaders and generals have been claiming victories every battle. Now just count up.

Fort Henry surrendered, the key to the Tennessee.

Fort Donelson, the Gibraltar of the Confederacy at 12 o'clock m., a victory for us. At 6 o'clock a. m. on the next day, a surrender.

Shiloh an overwhelming victory the first day. The enemy driven into the river. The second day a most disastrous defeat for us, our army driven and torn to pieces; retreat to Corinth.

Perryville, a victory but our dead and wounded left in the hands of the enemy and the Grand Army of the South make a graceful retreat.

President Davis addressed our army at Murfreesboro and told them that they must hold that point at all hazards and then the war should be pushed into the enemy's country. The north was already so divided that a rebellion was imminent and that our friends were already organized to help us. But notice: the Union army defeated the first day and crushed. The second day nothing done. The first day's victory was not followed up.

The third day Breckenridge led into a trap and two thousand of our brave boys torn to pieces with artillery

and the whole army panic stricken, men and officers, fly from the field."

"O Mary, I don't understand it. I am sick and discouraged and I fear now that God is against us, and if that be so our cause must fail."

"O stop, Belle, stop! I can't bear to hear you talk so. You do seem to make a strong case and I'll admit that it sometimes looks dark to me, but you know father commands a brigade in Bragg's army and has a good chance to know. He says as our President says, the north is all divided; that our secret society, the Knights, is organized in almost every township and that there is a large influential party opposed to the prosecution of the war. This party is controlling Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. He says they are now being armed and will rise up and strike a blow that will make tyrants tremble."

"Well, Mary, they must rise and strike pretty soon or we're done for. But I have no confidence in that party of kickers in the north. They are a small minority and they are made up of cowards. They embraced our cause and gave the south encouragement but are too cowardly to shed their blood for us or a drop for their own government. If our independence depends on them our case falls to the ground. Don't you remember, Mary, how our leaders told us that one regiment of southern soldiers would whip ten regiments of Yanks? This was a falsehood pure and simple. I can't see but that they are just as brave and can endure more."

"Why, Belle, I can't let you talk so. You almost provoke me. Such talk gives encouragement to the enemy."

"Your'e not an enemy but a friend. My heart is breaking for our poor boys engaged in this hopeless contest for what our leaders claim is for principle or sacred

rights. I fear it's all a myth—all wrong and God will overthrow us. But I have unburdened my heart to you as I would to no other, and now I must quit talking and thinking if I can or I shall go crazy."

The conversation abated for a minute. I threw off the light blanket partially that covered me and raised up on my elbow. "Ladies," I said, "I am sorry that I have been even an innocent listener to your conversation, but I am not an intruder. I was here before you and dropped to sleep, but I know it was not intended for my ears. But we are not enemies, though I have resigned from the Union army. You see what a skeleton I am. I am one of the victims of this slave holders' rebellion. But I am not an enemy. More of your friend than any cowardly sneak up north who will not shed a drop of blood for their government or for your confederacy and you would scorn them as you would any coward. Their encouragement amounts to nothing only to prolong your hopeless struggle. They are only a small minority of the millions of loyal men who will lay down their lives to save our government. I was at Fort Henry, Donelson, Perryville and Stone River and I wish to say to you that whoever says your boys are not brave, speaks without knowledge. They are brave but the soldiers of the Union army are their equals in bravery and their superiors in endurance, as you have noticed. One of you remarked that she was afraid God was against your cause. He is. The whole nation is being sorely chastised and punished for the introduction, protection and toleration of slavery. The system comes down from the barbarous ages and under our Christian civilization, it must go down. All persons who inaugurated this unholy war to perpetuate slavery, to build up a slaveholders' aristocracy, in this government dedicated to freedom, will meet with signal defeat and disaster. I tell you, honestly, God will not let this high crime longer

exist. The rank and file of your army are not responsible. They are more to be pitied than blamed."

"You speak plainly," said Mary. "You talk like an abolitionist."

"Yes, I know, but I don't mean to be unkind. Had you walked over the battle field of Murfreesboro after the battle as I did and counted your own brave boys that laid down their lives to satisfy the greed of the slave power, you would be an abolitionist as I am. They were mostly from the laboring class. What interest had they in slavery? It was their enemy. I was in the line that received Breckenridge's charge on our left and saw the two thousand that were torn and mangled with shell and grape and canister. What interest had they in a Slaveholders' Aristocracy? Not one in one hundred of all that were killed on that field ever owned a slave."

"O but," said Mary, "our chivalry all went into our army."

"Pardon me, but I have seen your chivalry and the rank and file, and when you count up your population you will find that the rank and file of your army are not of your chivalry—your ratio of chivalry to your population is not one to one hundred, that you recognize as chivalry. To belong to your chivalry one must own slaves and not work at common labor. Is not that true?"

"Why yes, we must draw the line somewhere. We make a distinction," said Mary, "But I see you don't understand conditions in the south, and it's hardly profitable to extend."

"Well I guess you're right, but we can agree on one thing."

"Please, what is that?" said Belle.

"That slavery and the slave holders' rebellion is either right or wrong."

"Yes," said Belle, "that seems to be a very simple proposition."

"Well," I said, "under our Christian civilization, nothing stands unless it's built on the truth. If slavery is right, your rebellion will succeed, but if wrong and God is against it as one of you fear already, your slave holders' aristocracy will be a bubble, your slaves will be free, your armies melt away, your fair domain impoverished and as sure as God rules, this will be the ultimatum."

"Are you not vindictive? Would you not destroy us if you could?" asked Mary.

"No, my friend, while I speak the truth as I honestly see it, sincerely, as I believe you are both sincere. I would rejoice if you can be saved from destroying yourselves. On the part of our government, this is not a war for conquest. It is not waged on our part to destroy, but to save, and to save you and the government your fathers shed their best blood to create."

"May I ask you one or two questions and will you answer them honestly as you believe?" asked Belle.

"I will answer honestly if I am able to answer at all. Please ask your questions freely?"

"Is not the north nearly exhausted as to men and money to go on long with the war?"

"To the first question let me say: We now have in the service nearly one million eight hundred thousand men. A million more will be put in during the next year if necessary, and if a further necessity exists, three or four million more will be raised. Understand, I mean if necessary. Not to subjugate and destroy but to save the whole country."

"Now as to the second: If you can get hold of the right authority you will find that government bonds go up in price with every victory we gain. They are worth much more today than any time since the Bull Run disaster. And one more word, your people should place no confidence in the Peace Party of the north. Now I

have tried to answer all your questions and hope you will believe me sincere, as I do you."

Belle dropped her head on her hand and was much affected. "You may fail in judgment and knowledge," she said, "but I cannot doubt your sincerity. But if what you say is true, God pity us. Shall we change the subject?"

"If you please," I said.

Then they drew their chairs up closer and inquired what hospital I was in and how long I had been sick and what care I had.

"Spence Hospital, Murfreesboro, where I lay four months. My care was as good as could be had at the front where so many were wounded and sick, and transportation short."

"Well," said Mary, "how you must have suffered. You are the poorest mortal I ever saw. I feel sorry for you if you are a Yank," and I saw by her voice and the expression of her face, that there was no deception.

"I thank you both for your kindness and sympathy and let me say that I would rather be captured by either of you than any Johnnies I have yet seen."

"O what a compliment," said Mary.

"Yes," said Belle, "we are kind hearted and would use you well while you are sick, but as soon as you'd get well we'd put out both your eyes, so you couldn't enlist again."

"No need of that, Miss Belle," your eyes would dazzle mine so that I could see nothing else but you."

And the girls both laughed heartily, and Belle replied, "I never received such a compliment, not even from our chivalry." An oldish gentleman came then and asked if they were ready.

As they both bade me good bye, Belle said, "be a good boy, Yank, and don't enlist again."

HOME.

Chapter XLVII.

Prentiss came in soon after my company left. He had been to the ferry and learned about the train next morning for New Albany and then ran about the city some.

He selected a room for the night and we retired early. On the morning of the 8th we crossed the Ohio and planted our feet on free soil on the north of the Ohio, the boys call it "God's Country." I must say I felt a thrill of pleasure when I stood in my own state.

At Indianapolis we changed trains. Prentiss was loaded down with baggage, so I said, "I can walk to the train alone," but as usual there was a rush, and when half way across the walk a large portly, well dressed woman, I'll not say lady, ran square against me and knocked me over on the hard pavement. She barely looked around, saw me and went on. Then a lady sprang to my side, helped me up and commenced to brush off my clothes, as Prentiss came.

The blood was then running down into my shoes. It hurt me cruelly so that they had to almost carry me into the car. The good Samaritan that helped me up said, "What a burning shame. That woman must be a Rebel without a heart." Prentiss and the lady that helped me bandaged my knees and stopped the blood, as the train moved out of the station.

Prentiss took a Pullman and as the train rolled along the bruises hurt less and I was rocked to sleep.

We reached Salem Crossing about 4:30 a. m. The morning was cold and the only hotel in town was locked. Prentiss found a place out of the wind and a seat better than none. I soon chilled. He threw a blanket around me; still I was cold. Then he resorted to the brandy the doctor made us take, and I think in the ab-

sence of a cup of hot milk or coffee, perhaps the brandy was the next best thing.

The house opened about 5:20 and in about an hour more we had some breakfast. Prentiss sent a telegram to our station that we would be there on the next train and at 10:30 a. m. the train rolled in at the depot. Two old friends and neighbors, John Emerson and J. C. Bodley, stepped into the car, lifted me on my feet and made a chair of their hands. I thrust my arms around their necks and they took me to Grandmother Bodley's house. As soon as the door opened and this good woman saw me, she burst into tears. "O! O!" she said, "Is it possible that this is Marion?" and her tears ran down her face like rain.

"Don't, Grandma," I said, "I can't stand it to see anyone cry. Please don't," and she forced her tears back.

They soon got me some hot milk and toast and then I took a good nap for an hour and felt stronger than when I left the hospital.

This good lady who expressed her welcome by the tears she shed, was one of God's noble mothers who laid her offering on the nation's altar. Her son, Lieutenant B., fell mortally wounded shortly after this and died alone on the field.

How deep the wound and how sorely the iron lacerated her heart, only God and the angels knew. The kind hospitality of this family warmed my heart and I said to myself then, "How cold the world must seem to the utterly friendless."

On the morning of the 10th day of May, 1863, at 8 a. m., a two seated covered carriage was driven up to the door by G. A. Bodley, I was helped into the back seat, pillows and cushions were placed around and under me and with Prentiss and Bodley in the front seat, we started for home. Only eighteen miles, and home!

The day was bright and warm, the first real warm spring day in northeastern Indiana, for the season had been very backward. How different everything looked here. There the forests were out in full leaf and the fields were carpeted with green, while here all nature had been dreaming. The trees were as barren of foliage as in January but the air was pure and bracing and what a blessing to be out again in God's warm bright sunshine.

While I longed to get home, I did dread the first meeting. I was so poor and my hair and beard were nearly all gone. I believe I should have been perfectly safe among the worst starved cannibals. They would have run from me, thinking I was but the skeleton of some fellow whose bones had already been picked.

Every mile of road was familiar to me and they counted off fast. When we reached the last four corners and raised the hill, we met a messenger from home. His face was bright and cheerful and as our team stopped he announced to Prentiss that when he got home he'd find a ten pound boy ready to greet him, whose birthday will be the 10th of May, 1863, 10 a. m. "They couldn't wait any longer," he said, "without great inconvenience."

I called the messenger up to me and said, "You hurry back home and tell mother, though I look very poor and bad, I am feeling well and improving every day, and say, be sure and tell her that they must do no crying. I can't stand it. Don't forget this," and he started back with his horse on the lope.

Mother met me at the door with a smile instead of tears. She took both my hands in hers and said, "Marion, you really look better than I had expected from the letters just received from the boys in camp. With good nourishing food and plenty of fresh air, you will get your health again."

Others in the room, neighbors that had called,

greeted me cordially, expressing no surprise, talked a few minutes and passed out.

I looked around the room and often towards the door. Mother knew what was on my mind and said, "She'll be in soon. Give her a little time, Marion. You know how kind and affectionate she is and perhaps can realize how she has suffered in the last four months. But she'll be prepared soon. She has been looking after our big boy. He's a fine fellow and you shall see your nephew as soon as he's presentable."

While mother was talking thus the door opened from the adjoining room and May entered. At the first look the blood left her face and I spoke cheerfully.

"A smile for a welcome, May, if you are glad to see me, and no tears, please," but for a moment it was too much for her, poor girl. She kneeled down, placed her head on my knee. I stroked her hair to give her a little time, then with a desperate effort she raised her face to mine, moist with tears, and in a voice full of affection said, "Glad to see you; O Marion, I am so glad to see you alive, but how you must have suffered." And the tears began to start again from her eyes.

"It is all over now," I said. "Laugh and rejoice, for as long as God is willing we'll never be separated again."

THE REUNION.

Chapter XLVIII.

During the months of June, July and August, 1863, nearly all the Federal troops were withdrawn from Murfreesboro, only a sufficient number remaining to guard the town and care for the sick and convalescent soldiers. The most of the citizens who left the place, in panic, on that memorable Friday night, had returned to their homes, discouraged and impoverished. Since the army began to leave times were getting harder, and now the first of August, there was neither money nor demand for labor. Confederate script circulated by the returning fugitives was worthless. Supplies were exhausted and provisions were very high. Such was the condition, that John felt that he could not remain longer in a Confederate community, among a people who were supporting a system that had brought sorrow and ruin to his home and family, crushed his mother's heart, caused his sister to flee for her life and honor, to a foreign land, robbed and beggered them and sold them like cattle into degrading and hopeless bondage. He felt that some time in the future he might forgive, but while retaining his reason, could never forget.

On the 17th of August he received a letter from Florence dated on the 10th stating that "they had sold their property in Windsor, Canada, and would move to Cincinnati, and that they hoped to reach there by the first of September. That Mr. Bassett would buy, build or rent a machine shop and desired him to take an interest in the business, no matter how small. Come at once with mother and rent a small house so as to be ready to receive us."

John dispatched a letter by the first mail saying, "We will be in Cincinnati on the morning of the 22nd of August and be ready for you."

John and Aunt Rose had saved from their earnings in washing, mending, and for milk sold the boys, some four hundred and fifty dollars.

At five o'clock a. m. on the 22nd they reached Cincinnati and John being familiar with the city soon rented a small furnished house, on the same street and not more than eight blocks out from Mrs. Layman's.

At five o'clock p. m. of the same day they were comfortably situated and had had a good supper in their own home. Soon after supper John received a daily and in looking through the column of entertainments his eye caught one item that brought the blood to his face.

"Musical entertainment by Miss Ruth Layman and her class, at Corinthian Church on North Jarard street. All cordially invited. Doors open at 7:30 p. m. Admission 25 cents. Children 10 cents."

"Mother," said John, "can I go. It's only three blocks away and I should like to see Ruth before she hears that I'm in the city. She will not recognize me in the audience and I will have a good opportunity to study her and determine whether in my humble condition I can approach her in her own home."

"Yes, John, go. I can stay here safely and I feel so much at home in these cozy rooms, that I shall not be lonesome. But you have not forgotten what Florence has written of her. How noble she is, and the love and affection she has expressed in her letters to you."

"O, no, mother, I have forgotten nothing. She is noble. God bless her, but I cannot forget the years of my degradation and my poverty."

"But remember she told Florence that you were not degraded by any act of yours and that she loved you more than when surrounded by many friends and abundant wealth."

"Yes, mother, she was but a child then, a little girl when we became attached. Now she is an accomplished woman, beautiful and cultured with no taint in her

blood or on her name. She loved me then as a child. I was her ideal. I was older. I entered into her sports. I taught her many useful things, helped her in her studies so that she was at the head of her classes, and petted, but not spoiled by her teachers and friends. But now while I long to take her in my arms and press her to my heart I tremble when I remember her nobility, her beauty, her culture and her social position."

"John," said the mother, "don't you know Ruth better than that? One noble as she, can't love as she loved you and throw that love away at will. Nothing but crime or dissipation on your part could cancel, but not destroy that affection. And then her high moral nature would compel her to refuse you, as she ought, but in doing that, her suffering would be greater than yours."

"Well, mother, I will go tonight and see her for myself, and then I shall be better able to determine my course for tomorrow."

Lawrence bade his mother good bye and passed out into the street, leaving her sitting in her rocking chair, that she had used for so many years in the little log cabin back of the Spence Hospital. In a few minutes she arose and went to a small case and took out Florence's first letter, which was well worn and blotted with tears and read over and over that portion that interested her now. And said to herself, out loud, "Yes she is noble, but is she more noble than he?"

John was at the church early. He requested a seat in front and about midway between the door and rostrum and watched the people as they eagerly pressed in through the door to their seats. The curtain was down. Now he thought to himself, I will have a fair view when the curtain goes up, but in this he was disappointed, for hearing a rustling of silks at the door all eyes were turned in that direction, and in came Ruth at the head of her class.

Did she hear his throbbing heart as she passed down

the aisle? She looked around but he had turned his head in time and she did not catch his eye, or see his face. Yes, the child and little girl that followed him and Florence to the train that fatal day, when he asked if some time in the future she could learn to love him enough to be his wife and she dropped her head and cried, but could not answer and only answered when she pressed his hand good bye, had surely grown and developed into a fine graceful and beautiful woman.

The audience was all in and many standing in the aisles, when the curtain was raised.

Ruth stood at the front of the stage with the programme in her left hand, resting her right on a high chair at her side. Why did she cast her eyes over the audience and let them rest on Lawrence, 'till their eyes met? Did she feel his presence? Yes, though she did not know that he was in the city. Why did the blood surge from heart to brain and then recede for a moment and leave her face deathly pale? She knew that he was there, and with a mighty effort she became herself again, and sang the first solo for John as she never sang before or since. When the curtain dropped the house rang with applause and the audience called again and again but she only thanked them and said she would sing with and play for the class, but her voice rang through the audience clear and soft, often so pathetic that many were shedding tears. All together the concert was a grand success. As soon as the programme was finished Lawrence passed out through the door, entered the street and walked rapidly home in a condition of mind hard to analyze.

The next morning at half past eight John was at the door of the back parlor. Mrs. Layman opened it, invited him in and asked him to be seated. "No," said he, removing his hat and making a bow. "This is Mrs. Layman, I believe. My name is Warren, I am looking for a quiet—" He did not finish the sentence for he heard

some one rush through the front parlor and raising his eyes saw Ruth standing in the door, only for an instant, for she flew like a chased and frightened bird into his open arms.

"Oh, John, John," she cried, "perhaps you can fool mother but you can't fool me." Then resting her head lovingly on his shoulder with her arms around his neck and her eyes full of glad tears, she said, "John, I knew that you were in the room, at the concert last night, before our eyes met. I knew it when I passed down the aisle. When the curtain raised my eyes wandered for an instant over the audience and almost instantly, rested on you. I sang that first solo for you, John, as I never sang before. How my heart thrilled and leaped for joy, but please now John, unlose your arms and let me breathe; are they not getting tired? We'll just sit on the couch while you rest them, and while we rest let me introduce you to Mrs. Layman, my mother and your mother."

Mrs. Layman had been a silent spectator, but as the two recoiled from each other's embrace to take a little breath she came forward and while her heart was too full to speak she gave him a mother's kiss and such a welcome that his humiliation was all gone and he felt himself a man once more.

"Thee did not suffer alone, John, we suffered with thee and prayed daily for thee and thy deliverance."

"O, yes," said Ruth, as she looked up into his eyes now glistening through the tears, "I almost died for thee John, and I fear I should, had not Florence given me courage to hope that some time you might escape. Mother can tell thee sometime how she held me on her lap all day and night. And oh, how my heart ached for thee. It felt empty and dry as a desert. Everything seemed dead and the world a great impenetrable void. But since I got your first letter, though brief, I have been happy and felt that I could wait patiently 'till you could find your mother."

"My dear Ruth," said John, "Florence told me all about your suffering and had I realized it during my captivity it would have added ten fold to mine. And now right here I must make a confession and ask your pardon. I felt my humiliation, degradation and poverty so keenly since I reached the city that it was with trembling and foreboding that I called on you. I feared when you saw me and remembered all you could not receive me into your heart again."

"John, I abjure you by my love that you never, never mention that again."

"You wrote me once from Louisville, I think, about the same thing and had you been here I fear I should have boxed your ears. Now promise me never, never, to allude to that again. Do you so promise, John?"

"Yes, Ruth, my dear girl, I promise upon my sacred honor, never, never to mention it again. And since you and mother Layman have given me such a royal welcome, as neither Prince nor Potentate could receive in our country, notwithstanding all my suffering, during my captivity, I am now the happiest man living."

"John," said Ruth, "In the excessive joy of our first meeting we have forgotten the rights and interest of another. What of your mother and my mother? Where is she? Has she no interest in our happiness? Go at once and get an easy cab. I have introduced you to mine and yours, now take me in a cab and introduce me to your mother and we will bring her here to dine with us."

"As you wish," said John, "so it shall be."

The cab was secured and very soon John and Ruth were being driven down the street eight blocks to a neat but humble home where Aunt Rose sat looking over Florence's first letter. She arose to her feet and bowed. John gave the introduction, "Ruth Layman, let me introduce you to Mrs. Belmont, my mother and your mother." It was enough. Ruth threw her arms around

the lady's neck and gave her a daughter's kiss. Yes it was enough. Aunt Rose's heart was full, and she wept with joy and then said: "I have just been reading Florence's letter and every time I read it it increases my love for you, my dear daughter. May God bless you my children, and help you to be kind and faithful to each other. She then accepted the invitation and was seated in the cab and driven back to Mother Layman's where dinner was waiting. Ruth seated them at the table and mother Layman returned thanks. A prayer, full of pathos and reverent love asking the Father's blessing on those who had suffered and had been so severely wounded without cause by this sinful world and closed by devout thanks for their deliverance by the same divine loving arm that delivered Israel from bondage.

After dinner they all took their seats in the back parlor, Ruth and John on the couch, the same couch where Florence and Elmer sat when Murray and the U. S. marshal entered the front parlor.

Ruth was first to speak, "John, did you notice how I seated you at the table? You sat in the same chair at the same place where you sat at your last meal and dinner in our house, and mother Rose sat on your left where Florence always sat and mother at the head of the table as always, and I, then but a young and silly girl, sat at your right, as I sat today, and expect to sit while we both shall live. We were scarcely half done eating when the boy entered and handed you the telegram from mother Rose announcing your father's sudden death, and request to hasten home. It was almost train time when you took me by the hand, this hand, John, and led me, and on the way asked me if in the years to come I could learn to love you and be your wife. You did not know then, the pain I felt at parting, that my heart was so full I could not answer, yes. I tried, my lips moved, but I could not speak. I felt and knew that something terrible would soon happen to you. O, John, I waited and

waited for your's and Florence's return and finally after many days that letter from Margaret came and told us all. O, how I regretted that I could not and did not tell you. Ruth's voice broke and the tears rushed to her eyes.

John placed his arm gently around her and stroked her hair and said, "Please don't, don't Ruth. You must not think of that any more. Let us thank God that it will never occur again to me or any one else in this government."

"Pray, let me tell you of a few amusing things that occurred during my martyrdom. I got some fun out of it, as well as much sorrow."

"I believe that the man who bought me was, if possible, meaner than Mrs. Stowe's 'Legree.' He, Bradley, we called him 'Old Brad,' was a bloated, blear eyed, unscrupulous, ignorant coward guerrilla. I was quite well dressed when he and I reached the plantation, located some two and one-half miles from any neighbors. In an hour or so he brought out an old dirty, ragged suit of clothes and ordered me to change. I said, No, sir, Mr. Bradley, I'll not put them on."

"You won't hey. You refuse do you?" and raised his heavy blacksnake whip to strike. "Stop, you villain," I said. "Strike me sir, and you die that second. I will work for you faithfully while I am your property, but don't you ever dare strike me unless you are anxious to die." I stood in a position to have knocked him down and could have handled three like him, for he was weak, clumsy and a blustering coward."

"We'll see about this later."

"Yes, we'll see," I said, "but now I give you fair warning never to attempt to strike me. Please don't forget what I say." And after telling me to go and tear down that old fence and pile up the rails, he went off muttering and sat down under the shade where he could watch me.

I went at the rails with a will. I was stout and spry, and rails never flew so rapidly on that plantation before. I did more in three hours in that boiling sun than any three of his best men would have done. I intended to show him that I was not, as he thought, an ordinary nigger."

When done he called me and asked, "Do you work all the time that way?"

"Yes, I can work all the time the same way when treated like a man and not like a dog."

"Well just sit down and rest awhile."

"No, sir, I'm not tired, give me other work. I can never sit still when there's anything to do."

"He gave me some light work around the house and I put in the day. He soon learned that I could accomplish more in one day than any hand he had in two, but all the time I could see he was watching for an opportunity to humiliate me. I heard him one day tell a neighbor that I was worth three common niggers to work but that I must come down and learn my place, or he'd break my head.

"Well, things ran along quite smoothly for a month, when one day he called me, gave me an old tin pail and ordered me to follow him. I did so about forty or fifty rods to a cess pool at the terminus of two drains, one drain from the house and the other from the slave quarters. The pool was dug down to the rock and the fluid then was about three feet deep. I think I never saw such a filthy place and never one that gave such a vile odor."

"Now take your pail, get in there and dip that stuff out," he ordered.

"No, sir, Mr. Bradley," I replied, "I'll not get in there at all. I'll fasten this pole to the pail and dip it out, but will not get in that hole." I knew he had been drinking and had planned a scheme in his head and watched him closely.

"You won't, hey?"

"No, sir, I won't." He stood a few feet behind me and as I said no sir, he bounded forward with full force. I saw the movement and stepped aside just in time, so that he missed me and went head first into the pool. He went to the bottom, and such a sight as he was I never saw as he got to his feet. The poisonous fluid closed his eyes that smarted and burned, his hair and heavy shaggy beard all full and bedaubed, he boiled, and bubbled and snorted and swore and ordered me to take his hand and help him out."

"No, Mr. Bradley, I'll not take your hand. Take hold of this pole and I'll pull you out."

"I'll shoot you, you wretch, when I get out."

"No you won't," I said, "for I'm going to let you stay in there all day and night. Lay down there you dog and rest."

"O, let me out. Help me out, please, I'll die here."

"I handed him the pole then and pulled him out, the most pitiable object I ever saw and well sobered for he had emptied his stomach thoroughly of applejack."

"John," he said, "will you go to the house and get me some clean clothes?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Bradley, I will. Pull off those and go to the brook and wash yourself clean and I'll be back in a minute. Well, he washed and I helped him dress and got him to the house, but I never saw a sicker man. The doctor was with him all night and could not account for the condition of his stomach and his terrible breath. Three days after this he called me in the room and asked:

"John, will you take charge of the men and work until I get well?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Bradley, I'll do the best I can."

John had hardly finished his story when a boy came in and handed him a telegram, which was dated early that morning saying:

"We will be at your station tomorrow morning at eight o'clock." Signed: Elmer Bassett.

This was unexpected. "John," said Ruth, go to the station and order a bus and tell the driver to bring them here. We must participate in this reunion. So fly around."

"Wait a minute, Ruth, I wish to ask you a question, the same I asked you years ago." He quietly placed his arm around her waist and looking deep down in her eyes, that he might read the very thoughts of her heart:

"Ruth, dear Ruth, will you be my wife?"

"Yes, John, I will, and placed her arm around his neck.

"When?"

Raising her face to his as if expecting a kiss, she said: "Tomorrow, as soon as Florence comes."

"And the King shall answer any say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me."

ANNA THE SLAVE GIRL.

Chapter XLIX.

At the age of eighteen Anna was a very beautiful girl. She had handsome brown eyes, rich dark hair and teeth resembling a double row of pearls and through her veins coursed some of the best blood of Virginia.

Mr. Brandon, Anna's master, lived near the little village of Camden, Va. He had inherited a large plantation, well stocked with negroes, mules and fast horses and with all was a great sport, and a very reckless man.

He bet on elections, gambled with professionals, lost heavily at the races and drank too freely. From 1850 to 52 he found himself so involved in debt that to save his credit and honor, he was compelled to sell some of his slaves. So Anna and five field hands were sold to the agent of Art Schrimppff & Co., of Mobile, Ala., to fill up their stock yards. When the sale was completed they were chained, together with a few others picked up in the neighborhood, and shipped like a drove of mules to Mobile.

On the opposite side of the street from Mr. Brandon's and some forty rods nearer the village lived the Hon. Marshall C. VanCamp and on the next lot to the east lived Squire Mason. These two men were very intimate friends, and for years were partners in the real estate business.

Messrs. VanCamp and Mason were Wesleyan Methodists, from Puritan stock, and regarded the whole system of slavery as wicked and sinful. Anna had been a frequent caller at both of these homes and highly re-

spected and kindly treated by every member. The VanCamps had one daughter, an only child about Anna's age, and between the two a warm friendship sprang up in childhood and lasted until Irma VanCamp was stricken down with fever and after a week of suffering died in Anna's arms.

The poor girl was then heartbroken and desolate and as often as possible called on the bereaved parents where she found relief and sympathy. And still another great sorrow followed. Her only friends, the VanCamps and Masons sold their business and property and located in Mobile, about one month before Anna was sold.

Something like six weeks after reaching Mobile, Mr. VanCamp was passing through the slave pens of Schrimppff & Co., and off in a dark corner, all alone, he saw a girl that resembled Anna, she was crying and sobbing and wringing her hands as if in utter despair. "Why Anna, is it possible?" said the judge. "How came you here?"

"Oh, Mr. VanCamp, God has surely sent you to me, I am almost dying from sorrow and despair, and my heart is breaking. I was sold to pay master's gambling debts, and brought to this den by a slave trader in a chain gang." Then she dropped on her knees before him while a fresh fountain of tears rained down her face, and cried out, "Oh, Mr. VanCamp, will you save me. Oh, can you buy me? I will serve you so faithfully, you and Mrs. VanCamp. You are so good and kind. I will work day and night for you as long as I live. I will pay you back in faithful service, many times."

"But, Anna," said Mr. VanCamp, "you know I never owned a slave, I can't, it's all wrong."

"Oh, you need not call me your slave," said Anna. "Buy me and let me serve you until I've paid the last farthing of cost and then I'll serve you as long as you live, if you will give me a home. I can never survive

this shame and degradation. Since I came here I have been sent to the whipping post twice, and each time was stripped of my clothing and given thirty lashes on my bare back by a brute because I couldn't eat, and sing and dance and laugh with the others. The trader says he will stop my crying or kill me. I can't stop. My heart would break if I'd stop."

"Now, Anna," said Mr. VanCamp, "take courage. Don't cry any more. You're very sick now. I'll see what I can do and be back in an hour."

The Judge called at the office of Art Schrimppf and in a friendly manner said: "Art, what are you doing with Brandon's Anna? I just passed through your cattle pen and found her off by herself in a dark corner crying herself to death."

"I bought her thinking she was a choice piece of goods, but 'twas a mistake. She won't eat and cries all the time. I've had her whipped twice severely and it did no good. I hardly know what to do with her. Buy her, Judge, I'll give you a bargain, she's a fine cook."

"I buy and own a slave," Art, and shut myself out of heaven."

"I don't know much about heaven," said Art, "but I'd like to sell her before she gets there."

"You'll sell her pretty soon then, for she'll not live forty-eight hours in her present condition. She is burning up with fever now and so weak she can hardly stand on her feet. What is your price?"

"Well, Judge, you may have her for twelve."

"No, Art, she may not live with the best of care, a week and I'll have the expense of a casket and burial. I'll give eight; because I pity the girl and possibly may be able to save her life."

"Call it nine, Judge."

"No, eight is enough for a girl standing on the edge of the grave. Had she been a horse or even a dog, as sick as she is, you would have had all the doctors in

the city to see her. I tell you, Art, she has cried and is in such despair now that her brain is burning up and all that you have done for her was to give her sixty lashes and threaten to kill her if she didn't stop crying."

"If you say eight I'll take her home, put her to bed and send for our doctor at once. There's not a minute to lose."

"Well take her then, and good luck to you, Judge."

When the bill of sale was made out and signed and the check drawn up and signed, VanCamp went back through the slave pen and finding Anna he said kindly: "Come, Anna, you are our girl now. I have bought you. Come with me." He supported her to the door and with help placed her in a cab, but Anna never knew how she got out of that dark room and had no recollection of the ride to her new home on East Bay street where she was placed on a soft bed in a nice, large, well ventilated room. The family physician was there and pronounced it a critical case of brain fever, and prescribed absolute quiet.

For many hours and days her delirium lasted. She imagined herself in the slave pen or at the whipping post and would often get under the blankets to hide from the brute who gave her those sixty lashes. She'd often beg for Irma to come and get her. "I am dying here in this foul den," she would say. Come and get me, Irma, and let me die in your arms as you did in mine."

On the eighth day the raving stopped and she closed her eyes in natural sleep. When she awoke mother VanCamp was at her side. Their eyes met and Anna returned her smile.

"There, there, Anna, don't try to talk. you have been very sick, but you are better now. Rest dear child, you are at home. This is your home now and shall be as long as you live. You are our girl and we need you, so rest and sleep and live for us, dear child. We gave Irma back to God, and He has given you to us."

A week later the judge sat reading in Anna's room and she was sitting in the big rocking chair well bolstered up with pillows, and cushions. Mother VanCamp came in, stood behind Anna's chair, stroked her hair a few minutes and then sat down by her side.

"Why those tears, Anna? you are certainly gaining very rapidly. Don't be discouraged, you will soon be well."

"Oh, yes I know it Aunty, but I was just thinking as you came in how good you had been to me, in taking me out of that slave pen where I heard nothing but whipping, screaming, swearing, fiddling and dancing, and how I thought then that God had forgotten and forsaken me and all hope was dying and despair was seizing my brain when Mr. VanCamp came up to me so unexpectedly and spoke so kindly to me, just when I was sinking, down lower and lower, he said, "Come, Anna, come with me, you are our girl now," and that was almost the last I knew until I came to myself in this room in a nice clean bed with you watching over me, and for many days I don't know how many, you and he had watched over me while my brain seemed to be a big ball of fire, burning me up. Through all this you have patiently and tenderly nursed me back to life, and now Aunty, my heart is so full will you not let me shed a few tears as I can express my gratitude in no other way."

During this brief recital the judge closed his book while occasionally a big tear rolled down his face. Aunt VanCamp took one of Anna's hands in her's and with the other stroked her hair and when Anna had ceased talking said:

"There, Anna, dear child, we understand how you feel and we know all about how you suffered from your old master and mistress, and how you have suffered since they sold you, and we well remember, too, when our Irma was sick how you sat up with her night after night and then did your full work every day, for no one,

not even I, her own mother, could handle her as tenderly as you. And then, too, we have not forgotten that our girl made us promise that should it ever be possible, that we must do for you as we would have done for her had she lived. In trying to keep this promise, Anna, God is blessing us in the same ratio that we are helping you."

And then as Aunt VanCamp kissed her tenderly, she continued:

"There dear child, we understand all you'd like to say but now we are anxious to see a little more rich red blood come back in your face, and hear your old musical laugh, and hear you sing as you and Irma sang back in the old home. What we have done and are doing for you is a privilege and you can reward us a thousand times in love and affection, so brighten up, dear child, and throw off this burden."

"Oh, I will try, Auntie to cheer up, but you and master have treated me so kindly, so differently, everything seems so new and strange, so different from the old life that I felt burdened and overwhelmed with obligation, and felt that I ought to thank God and you with every breath."

"Anna," said the judge, as he sat down by her side and took her hand in his. "It's proper and our duty to always thank God for all our blessings, but now you must throw off this burden of obligation to us, for our sakes and your sake, and live for God, yourself and us. We need you to fill the place made void by the loss of our dear girl, and now, Anna, let me tell you kindly this once, please never call me master. We have but one Master. He is mine and yours. Call me Marshall, or Mr. VanCamp, or Judge, or Uncle, or Father, which ever seems to express your regard for me the best."

Then Anna slipped her arm around the Judge's neck, planted a kiss upon his cheek and said while glad tears glistened in her eyes and in inexpressable joy illumined her pale face:

"Oh, will you let me love you as your own daughter did, and be to you what she was. As I loved her so dearly, may I and can I take her place and call you Father, and call Aunty VanCamp, Mother, and thus help to heal your sore hearts?"

"Why yes, dear child," they both responded and in thus consenting the hearts of these good old people were healed of a great sorrow and the effect of this interview on Anna was truly magical, for in another week her laugh was heard ringing through the house and the roses were coming back to her cheeks, and each day she seemed to grow more beautiful, graceful and useful to these old people.

The most frequent callers at the VanCamp home were Mr. Mason and lady, Mr. John Ward who owned a foundry and machine shop only a few blocks away, and a Mr. Fairfield, an old acquaintance back in Virginia, born and raised in the same neighborhood with the VanCamps, Masons and Anna. Mr. Fairfield traveled in disguise, but these people knew very well to what a noble purpose he was devoting his life, energy and fortune.

Some three weeks after Anna's recovery, Mr. VanCamp presented her with a double locket with a gold chain, very rich and beautiful in design and finish, with his and Mrs. VanCamp's portraits in the case and on the lid was nicely engraved, Anna Elnora VanCamp, and on the other was engraved, "From Father and Mother VanCamp."

In presenting this he said, "Now, my daughter, you have a name of your own and never use the name of Brandon, for it was not yours, and it has been disgraced.

Anna impulsively threw her arms around his neck and placed a daughter's kiss upon his forehead and while tears of gratitude started from her eyes she replied: "Dear father, I will honor the name you have given me as long as I live, so help me God."

Mrs. Stowe says in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, "There are in this world many noble fathers and mothers when earthly hopes have been laid in the grave, with many tears, the seed from which spring an affection so warm and so strong that it can only be satisfied when healing bleeding hearts and soothing the sorrows of the lowly, the friendless and oppressed."

Of such were Mr. and Mrs. Van Camp and of such is the kingdom of Heaven.



Four years had passed and Anna sat in her room with her head resting on her hand thinking as she often did when alone, comparing the old life with the new. "O what peace and happiness," she thought "I have enjoyed in this home. If I could always have such a home. I'd like to live a thousand years. Just four years ago today," she said, "since father VanCamp took me out of that foul slave pen. O is this new life real or is it a dream? I'm afraid it's too good to last. How long can father and mother live? His health has failed in the last years. He is quite feeble. Then a thought flashed through her mind like an electric current: "O if they should die, what then? What then?" This so startled her that she sprang to her feet and cried out aloud: "O if they should die, God pity me." Just as mother VanCamp entered the door, and caught her in her arms.

"Why Anna, what in the world has excited you so? You are trembling like a leaf. Do sit down and tell me what it means. If you should die?"

"O mother, I was dreaming though wide awake. I was thinking of the home you had given me, of your love and parental care, and how happy I had been for these four years, when a thought, not exactly a thought, 'twas more like a voice, that said, 'If they should die, what then?' It so frightened me that I sprang to my

feet and spoke out loud as you heard me. What does it mean, mother, what can it mean?"

"Dear Anna, you must quiet down and don't let this alarm you. Father has made everything secure for you. Don't think of auction blocks or slave pens. He has made your free papers. I saw and read them, and he has made other provisions for you. All his papers are in Squire Mason's hands to be held in trust. I'm not at liberty to tell you all, but he has made the same provisions for you that he would have made for Irma had she lived."

"O dear mother, don't let me seem ungrateful to you. I have for some time been worrying about father, he seems so feeble of late. All I can ask or take is my freedom when I earn it. A hundred years of my service would not pay you for what you've done for me. I was an orphan, a beggar, yea, poorer than the poorest beggar. A slave possessing no right, to my body or soul, hopeless and helpless when you snatched me out of the grave, and brought me here and took me to your hearts, made me feel that I was your child and gave me a home and more, you gave me love."

"Yes, Anna, all that is true, but we know that you have already earned your freedom, in relieving us of every care, so let your mind be at rest now and we will drop this subject entirely."

Anna was no longer harrassed with the dread of auction sales and slave pens and cheerfully attended to all her duties in the home and rendered valuable assistance to Mr. VanCamp in the settlement of his business.

Only a month later, on the first of August, mother VanCamp was taken with malarial fever and from the first there was such a complication of other troubles that the doctors gave no encouragement. And here at the sick bed of one very dear to her, Anna devoted her best energy day and night until a noble life passed to its reward.

"You have truly been an angel of mercy to us Anna," said Mr. VanCamp, on returning from the burial. "How glad I am that God put it into my heart to bring you into our home. I can stay with you only a few days longer, I feel that my days are numbered and I am anxious to go. I have made all arrangements for you, and you are to have a home as long as you like with our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Mason, when I am gone. And don't mourn for me, daughter, for I shall be better off there than here."

"O father, you must not, I cannot let you go," said Anna as she placed her head on his shoulder and wept and sobbed like a child.

"Dear child you must not take on so, I only speak of this that when my time for departure draws nigh you may also be prepared. It may be many days yet, or but very few."

"God grant that it may be many," said Anna.

But it was only one short week till Mr. VanCamp was stricken with a malignant type of fever and lived only a few days.

Another sad opportunity for Anna to minister to one in his last sickness who had saved her from a cruel and terrible fate.

After the burial she locked the VanCamp house and went to her new home with Mr. and Mrs. Mason, who received her so cordially that it did much to heal a sore heart.

The next day after the burial Squire Mason took from his safe the large envelope containing the VanCamp papers on which was written:

"A. J. Mason, Esq. This package you will open immediately after my burial in the presence of John Ward and Anna Elnora VanCamp and follow the instructions herein contained." That evening the three were in the Squire's office and the package was opened in the presence of all.

The first paper taken out was a letter addressed to Anna which she opened and read while tears blinded her eyes. After looking it over she read it aloud.

"Dear child. Few daughters ever gave so freely such unbounded affection and devotion as you have lavished on mother and me. Every day you filled our home and hearts with sunshine and joy. I am not able to reward you for such devotion, God alone can do that. I leave you with Mr. and Mrs. Mason. Should there be any trouble in the settlement of my estate, John Fairfield, whom you remember, will assist him and you.

"May God keep and bless you, my dear child.

Farewell,

MARSHALL VANCAMP."

The second paper in the package was instructions directed to Squire Mason and John Ward to which was pinned a certificate of deposit in a New York bank, for fifteen hundred dollars drawn to Squire Mason and John Ward, as trustees.

The instructions were brief and as follows:

"I leave my child, Anna, in your care and under your protection. I have one near relative back in Virginia that would sell his Lord for less than thirty pieces of silver. Beware of him. I have arranged with John Fairfield to aid you, should you require an attorney. Deal with this child as you would by your own daughter and God will reward you.

MARSHALL VANCAMP."

In the third envelope was a check on the Planters' Bank, Mobile, for fifteen hundred dollars, with instructions as follows:

"This check must be endorsed and drawn by Squire Mason and John Ward immediately after my burial. This is intended to be used in case proceedings are instituted to deprive Anna of her liberty or the property deeded to her. The residue if any, shall be held by you

in trust for her benefit until she is secure in her freedom."

The fourth paper was a warranty deed to Squire Mason and John Ward, as trustees of this property of Anna E. VanCamp, conveying the home property and several other houses and lots on the same street. The deed provided that this real estate should be held by them in trust for twenty years or less at their option, and the net receipts over and above what might be necessary for her use, should be deposited in a safe bank in a free state or in Canada.

The fifth paper was a draft on a New York bank for five hundred dollars, drawn to the trustees of the Wesleyan Methodist church to which he and his wife belonged back in Virginia.

The sixth envelope was marked on the outside, "Free Papers for Anna E. VanCamp." Anna was the first to open the envelope and as she glanced it over she exclaimed, "O, O, Father forgot to sign this paper." She handed it to Mason and Ward and they looked it through and sat for a moment as if dazed.

"Well," said Ward, "there's no question as to the intention, that can be proven by you and Fairfield and me."

"But," said the Squire, "Will the court regard the intention?"

"I fear not," remarked Ward.

"We can't consult a lawyer here, for this omission must not be made known to any person in Mobile."

"Fairfield," said Ward.

"Yes, Fairfield," said Mason. "I'll send him a telegram to be here on the 9:00 a. m. tomorrow."

During this brief conversation Anna sat as motionless as if carved from stone.

"Anna," said Mr. Mason, "don't give up. God bless you child, they can't have you, though it should take every dollar bequeathed to you to get your freedom."

Fairfield, with his mulatto servant carrying a suit case, arrived on the 9:00 a. m. train as expected and immediately crossed over to Squire Mason's office where he found all the parties interested. The papers were then taken up and carefully examined.

"Well," said Mr. Fairfield, "there is only one serious trouble. The Free Papers. Should the court decide them void, then Anna is yet the property of the estate, and property can't hold property. But, continued Mr. Fairfield, this real estate which is very valuable, has been wisely conveyed to you as trustees for twenty years or a less time at your option, can in my opinion be held by you if we succeed in helping Anna with her free papers, beyond their reach for a few years, for I tell you now that as sure as there is a just God in Heaven, in less than ten years every slave will be free."

"Amen," said Mr. Mason, "I believe and know it."

"Now," said Mr. Fairfield, "If they commence proceedings to recover this property including Anna, shall we fight it, or shall I take Anna now immediately to Canada before she is attached?"

"O," said Anna springing to her feet and her voice trembling with emotion, "What have I done to involve you, the only friends I have in the world, in such trouble as this? What have I done that I should be compelled to flee like a base, cowardly criminal, in the night or in disguise, from my home to some foreign land? Why am I liable to arrest and imprisonment, as I am guilty of no crime except that I was born of a slave mother, that was unfortunate in being white and beautiful?"

"Must I, the daughter of one who was once a member of Congress and later of the U. S. Senate, and my own mother the child of one who was the Governor of the great state of Virginia; must I be spirited away in the night like a thief from my home and the few friends I love as my life, because of my blood?"

"People here and in Virginia talk of blood, why, sirs, my mother's mother was the daughter of one who signed the Declaration of Independence declaring all men free and equal before God, and afterwards gave his life to make this country free. I feel as though I'd rather fight than run. I know what it is to be a slave and I know how precious freedom is."

"Anna," said Mr. Fairfield, "I have known you from all you have said as to your blood is true. And like your ancestors I see you have the nerve. But the safest way is always the best and the safest way requires nerve. We'll see. You shall never go back into slavery again so surely as God spares my life."

John Fairfield appeared here in two characters. On the streets and in the slave markets he was a Texas planter wearing a broad brimmed hat, a costume of homespun and vernacular peculiar to the district he represented. His disguise was so perfect in voice and costume that not one of his most intimate friends would suppose him to be the polished and cultured John Fairfield of Virginia.

After dinner Fairfield disguised as a Texas planter, and his servant carrying a suit case called at the probate office where he found a lawyer from his own county in Virginia. The lawyer asked to see the will of the late Marshall C. VanCamp.

The clerk shook his head and replied that none had been filed.

"Has there been no action for the settlement of the estate?"

"Not any," replied the clerk. "He may have settled his own estate."

"Say, Lawyer," said the planter, "I have a little claim against that estate and called to see the Executor or Administrator, but as there is none I guess I'm up against it. Was there any property left, do you know?"

"Well," said the lawyer, "I find nothing here. I

have heard that he had one girl said to be worth two thousand dollars, and some very valuable real estate."

"Whew, she must be very nice to be worth that."

"They say she's the prettiest and smartest girl in Mobile."

"Well," said the planter, "I might buy her if forsale.

"She'll be for sale. I shall get out an attachment as soon as I find out where she is. Probably tomorrow."

Our planter had found out all he wanted to know and looking at his watch saw that it was 2:30.

"Come, Jack," said he, "I have an appointment at 3:00 and we must go. Bring the case, Jack."

They started off in an opposite direction and after quite a long tramp came in to Squire Mason's through an alley, seldom frequented.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason and Anna were present. Mr. Fairfield took off his disguise and then said: "Come into the office, draw down the curtain, and lock the doors, I have a scheme and I know Anna has the nerve to play her part."

"A writ of attachment and search warrant will be gotten out and served tomorrow. This boy Jack of mine is not a boy but a girl, the same age of Anna, and as white and beautiful as she is, meaning no offense to you, Anna. I haven't time now to tell how or where or in what condition I found her. I have another suit of boy's clothing exactly the same that Jack has on, and you Anna will be Jack and Jack will be Jim. Mrs. Mason will get a pair of shears and cut your hair just as Jim's is cut and Jim will dope you just as she is doped, from head to foot. It will never wash off with water. When necessary I will furnish you a chemical that will erase it entirely. What say you, Anna? What say you, Mr. and Mrs. Mason? It is the easiest and quickest way out and also safe. I will then stay and defend the suit as to the real estate, or furnish a lawyer, while the officers are looking for Anna Bran-

don. Mr. Mason will now give you your free papers so that he need not tell an untruth when he says Anna took her free papers and left."

"What do you say, Anna?"

"The Judge might rule," said Anna, "that the omission of the signature was intentional and overrule all evidence to prove the intention. I'll do it, Mr. Fairfield, and I've got the nerve to play my part. Yes, I'll play my part of this joke. Bring the shears, Mrs. Mason."

A luxurious growth of rich brown hair soon lay on the table and the process of shingling was nicely done. "Now Jack, take Anna into her room and dope her from head to foot and dress her in that suit like yours."

Anna blushed and hesitated.

"Jack," said Fairfield, "take Anna into her room and show her the scars on your back and shoulders. And while they were out Mr. Fairfield continued. I saw them the next night after it was done and I never saw such a sight before. The overseer gave her forty lashes, whipped her till she fainted and fell, then kicked her and left her for dead. And she would have died sure enough had not a wench, a good old mother, carried her to an old cotton house and doctored her wounds till she could stand on her feet and walk, then I got her away. This happened three months ago and she has been with me ever since. As I take Anna and her to Canada we will stop at Lexington, Ky., and get her mother, who is on a plantation three miles out. I shall have the good old mother that nursed Lizzie as soon as I get back from this trip."

"Now Jack," said Fairfield, as they came in, "your name hereafter will be Jim, please remember, and your name, Anna, will be Jack, representing the same Jack that has been with me all over the city, the slave market and hotels, carrying my suit case which, by the way, contains a bundle of bank notes and valuable papers. Be sure and keep it in your hands. And now you go with

Jim to the back alley and learn how to walk." This practice was kept up for two days.

On the next morning early a Texas planter with a boy servant, carrying a suit case called at the Planters' Hotel and inquired for Mr. Polk Graham.

"He is in his room, sir," said the clerk.

"Will you take my card and say to him that a gentleman from Altoon, Texas, would like to see him a few minutes?"

The clerk bowed and disappeared, and on returning said: "The gentleman says he will be pleased to see you."

"Come, Jack," said the planter, "if the clerk will please show us the way we'll go to his room." On entering the room he was received very cordially and introduced to his two daughters, aged respectively eighteen and twenty.

"Mr. Graham, I learn that you are the legal heir to the estate of the late Marshall C. VanCamp."

"Yes sir, I have placed on file in the Probate office evidence to that effect. Is there anything I can do for you."

"Well, perhaps," said the planter, "I have a small claim which I ought to file, not large, only a couple of hundred. How do you find the estate?"

"Well I find but little as yet. His cash has all been disposed of in some way and his real estate, which is valuable, has all been deeded to two men to hold in trust for twenty years, for the benefit of one Anna Elnora VanCamp. We are not able yet to find who she is or where she is, but we are quite satisfied that she is the Anna Brandon that he bought of Schrimpff some four years ago."

"Well," said the planter, "if he bought her of Art Schrimpff he will identify her, he would if he'd sold her twenty years ago."

"No trouble there if we find her. We have issued a

search warrant and a writ of attachment and will probably bring her in today."

"Now, Mr. Graham, my business in the city is to pick up a few, say two or three handsome girls, from eighteen to twenty-four. Have two now near here and from what I can learn of this Anna Brandon, she's a daisy. Did you ever see her Mr. Graham, and would you know her now?"

"O yes I saw her often at Brandon's and am sure I'd know her now. She was a beauty then, and proud as Lucifer."

"Say, pa," said the older daughter, "don't you sell her, I want her for a maid. You promised to get me one."

"Well Sate I think she's a little tony for you. She's been spoiled by uncle and Aunt and has got too many airs."

"That's just the reason I want her. I'd like to take her down. I'd soon—"

"No use talking, Sate, I must sell her. We've got niggers enough."

"What do you call her worth?" asked the planter.

"She's worth twenty, but I'll take eighteen now."

"Well, Mr. Graham, if I can help you in any way to find her I'll gladly do so."

"Thank you, Mr. Brown, call again."

"Come Jack, we must go now. Bring the case." They went down through the bar room out into the street and made their way to Schrimppff's office.

"Well, Art, how are you? Take a cigar, a genuine Havana. How's your stock now? Show me through. I am looking for a few fancy gals, two or three."

Schrimppff took him all through his rooms and yards but none of his girls suited. They were too old or too young. Too dark or too yellow. As they were going out Schrimppff said to Fairfield:

"That's a fine boy you've got there. Where'd you pick him up?"

"Over in Kentuck."

"What's your price?"

"Not for sale. I can send that boy to New Orleans, Austin or Cuba, if necessary, on any kind of business and he will do it as well as I can."

"A fine looking fellow," said Schrimppff.

"Say, Brown, I expect to have a girl here by tomorrow, one I sold over four years ago to VanCamp, she's a beauty and for sale."

"I've heard of her and when you get her in notify me at once at the Allen House. Come Jack, we'll go now. They went directly to the hotel, got their dinners, then made their way to Mason's and came in through the alley, from another street. Fairfield took off his disguise and they all went into Mason's private office, leaving Jim to receive or dismiss callers.

"About an hour after you left," said Mason, "an officer called on me and read a search warrant and writ of attachment. All right, I said, you can search the premises and attach anything you find that don't belong to me. He went all through the barn and house and barn and outbuildings, garden and park, but of course found nothing. He then became quite mellow and inquired if I knew Anna Brandon. VanCamp's house servant. No, I answered. But I knew Anna VanCamp who lived there several years. A mighty fine girl, too. She called them father and mother and nursed them through their last sickness. She was no servant, however. Her mother might have been a slave. Some time before Mr. VanCamp died he made out free papers for her and placd them in my hands to hold for her in case of his death. Right soon after the burial I handed Anna her papers and quite a purse and she left. Then he asked if I knew where she went. I answered no, but she'll probably land up north somewhere, for she had a right

smart sum of money and has had plenty of time. He had called on Ward before he came here."

"Well done, Mason," said Fairfield. "We have played them an expensive joke, worth by their estimate, eighteen hundred dollars. Suit will be brought against you and Ward to recover the real estate. I don't know what they expect to do, but I do know that the institution of slavery is a bubble, all hollow, and will burst in less than ten years. A revolution is inevitable and God rules. Slavery is doomed. Whom the Gods wish to destroy they first make mad."

At this time Mr. Ward came in, and Mr. Fairfield continued: "As I said, Mason, you and Ward will be made defendants to a suit to recover Anna's real estate. I have employed for you one of the best lawyers I know. A friend of mine, John Sherman, living in Ohio. Here is his card. Send him a telegram as soon as notice is served on you. I will be here if possible but you know the harvest is plenty, and laborers are few. Now Jack you and Jim pack all of your duds, good, but right quick, and when done if you have anything in the old home Mr. Mason and Ward will go across with you and open the door. The key must be left with Mason. Get what you will need that belongs to you, that's not bulky, and pack in these trunks, then Jack mark them plainly, Chester Markley, Covington, Ky., valuable. Get a dray and both you boys hop on and go to the station and order them shipped by express on first train. Hurry up for we shall go on the 10:40 tonight."

While these details were being looked after by Jack and Jim, Mr. Fairfield in his disguise was visiting the hotels and finally called on Mr. Graham.

"Thout I'd drop in a few minutes and see if you'd found that gal."

"No we've not found her and that's not the worst of it. We learn from that man Mason, one of the trus-

tees, that my uncle made her out free papers, put them in his hands to hold until his death, and a day or so after the burial he handed them to her with a lot of money and she skipped out. A clean two thousand gone. My uncle was a crank and I question whether I get enough out of this estate to pay my expenses."

"Well, well," said the planter, "I'm awful sorry about that gal. I was in hopes you'd found her by this time. Take a genuine Havana. She may be hid somewhere in the city, and if you find her see that you get hold of the papers."

At 10:30 p. m. the bus was at the door. Anna had kept up bravely until the parting with Mr. and Mrs. Mason, then the tears started from her eyes, her lips moved but she could not speak, but threw her arms around their necks and kissed them both, then shook hands with Mr. Ward and climbed into the bus. Mr. Fairfield had already procured tickets for himself and two servants and at 10:40 they bid Mobile farewell and started for Lexington, Ky.

Our travelers reached Lexington at 10:00 a. m. on Sunday and found rooms at a hotel well in the eastern portion of the city. Mr. Fairfield engaged a span of good drivers and a two seated, closed cab for a twelve or fifteen mile drive to start that evening at five o'clock.

Aunt Polly, Lizzie's mother, was well known in her neighborhood, by the colored people as a good nurse and doctor for children. Promptly at the hour the cab was driven up to the door, Fairfield took the lines, Lizzie sat by his side and Anna took the back seat. They drove west into the heart of the city, then south two miles, then east four miles, north two miles, then east three-fourths of a mile and Lizzie stepped out of the cab and walked rapidly toward the slave quarters. When she got within twenty rods of Aunt Polly's cabin she met a colored girl, handed her a silver dollar and asked her to tell Aunt Polly to come out there. "But don't tell any-

body else. They's a mighty sick child down to Massa Havens. Be spry."

"Yes I'll get her here in a jirk."

As Aunt Polly approached, Lizzie could hardly control her voice, but managed to say:

"Is you Aunt Polly sure?"

"Yes sir, I is Aunt Polly."

"They's got a mighty sick baby down to Massa Havens. Come with me mighty fast an you can ride there." Anna had changed to the front seat and Lizzie and her mother got in the back seat. Then the team was driven on a good pace past the plantation to the next corner, then turned to the left and on reaching the pike started for the east part of the city. As soon as Lizzie was seated and the team started she spoke in her natural voice. "O mother, don't you know your own Lizzie? I'm your girl dressed in boy's clothes on my way to Canada. Then she threw her arms around her mother's neck and asked her again. Don't you know me, mother. I'm your Lizzie that was sold. Do you know me now?"

"Yes Lizzie. I knows your voice. Bless the Lord. It is Lizzie. Yes it is. Bless the Lord, O my soul. Bless the Lord. O how my heart has ached to take you to my arms once more."

The carriage rattled on over the gravel pike back to the city while Lizzie told in a brief way the story of her crucifixion.

It was 10:00 o'clock p. m. when they reached their rooms and Fairfield told Anna and Lizzie to take Aunt Polly to their room and dope her black from head to foot, cut and shingle her hair and fit this wig. "We must have one wench in our gang," he said, "and Aunt Polly remember you are a professional cook."

"That's what I am, Massa."

"Well, girls, we leave here on the one-thirty a. m. train for Covington, so be lively."

Aunt Polly scarcely showed any African blood and when the girls brought her into Fairfield's room a dark brown with a wig and a wide red ribbon around her forehead, she bowed and said, "I is your cook, Massa." He indulged in a hearty laugh, which was very unusual for him.

"Well done, girls," said he, "you have learned the art and I think I'll keep you in the service."

Aunt Polly spoke to Lizzie and said, "I'll be glad when you get your own clothes on and that yellow off your face so that I shall know you. I should't know you now if it wasn't for your voice."

"Well, mother, I shouldn't know you with your voice if I hadn't helped to put on the dope."

At 1:20 the bus was at the door and at 1:30 Mr. Fairfield, one wench and two yellow boys got aboard, reached Covington safely, and crossed over to Cincinnati and went directly to Mrs. Layman's, a Quakeress, where the party rested that day. They then took the midnight express and reached Richmond, Indiana, where they stopped with Mr. Martin, a Quaker. Here the girls were both sick and compelled to go to bed. They were worn out by loss of sleep and constant anxiety and now Aunt Polly made herself useful as a nurse and doctor. She gave warm baths, mints, catnip and many bitter herbs for a week. The treatment was so radical that the girls concluded they were cured. They began to get so noisy and unmanageable that Aunt Polly discharged them.

From Richmond, Indiana, they were compelled to travel on the underground railroad. This was a slow and tedious mode of traveling, especially in the month of November, for persons so recently from the climate of Mobile.

Before leaving Richmond, Fairfield secured a good supply of blankets and wraps, and on the evening of the ninth day from Mobile, Mr. Martin drove them to the

next station. Then they passed through Winchester, Portland, Decatur, Fort Wayne, Kendallville and reached our station in Salem township in a blinding storm of sleet and snow at 4:00 o'clock a. m. on the 28th of November, 1855, cold, tired and hungry. Although we were not looking for company so early in the morning and in such a storm, we got out as quickly as possible, built a roaring fire, cared for them, and in about an hour our callers sat down to a good hot breakfast. For an hour after breakfast Mr. Fairfield gave us a brief description of his trip, the saving of Lizzie from a brutal cotton planter, the rescue of Anna, right in the open, and the abduction of Aunt Polly.

He expected when he reached Richmond to take a train for Fort Wayne or Battle Creek, thinking he could outdistance pursuit, but when the girls became sick he knew he must change to the underground railroad. The next morning after reaching Richmond he went to the station and met a detective looking for Aunt Polly. He handed Fairfield a handbill offering for her apprehension three hundred and fifty dollars.

"Quite a large, fine built woman nearly white?" asked Fairfield.

"Yes, she was straight, neat and handsome for her age."

"I believe," said Fairfield, "I saw her at Cincinnati, at the station and if it was she, she boarded a train. How did she get away? Did any one see her escape?"

"No, she dropped out of sight all at once on Sunday night about half past eight."

"Have you any trace or track of this woman Polly?"

"Not a single track," replied the detective. "She's a goner and I shall quit when I watch a few more trains, and go back to Cincinnati."

When our company got thoroughly warm and somewhat rested they all went to bed and slept all day. The storm raged while they slept and by night the roads

were impassable. Not until the third night were we able to move them to the next station. Mr. Fairfield got very nervous and anxious to be going but the girls and Aunt Polly enjoyed the delay. Anna gave us a full and complete history of her life as a slave as the time would permit, often being prompted by Mr. Fairfield, who also gave his part of the drama. When Anna spoke of Mr. and Mrs. VanCamp and how they rescued her when she was dying with despair, of their goodness and kindness when she was not only an orphan but hopeless and helpless, her voice trembled and tears glistened in her eyes. As soon as she recovered from her brain fever they employed a private teacher who came to the house daily, except Sundays, until Mrs. VanCamp was taken sick. As to Lizzie and Aunt Polly their stories would be too long for this article. I will add, however, that Mr. Fairfield called on us the next October and gave us the judge's decision in the case of Graham vs. Messrs. Mason & Ward. The court ruled that as Anna held free papers from Mr. VanCamp the deed to her was good. The execution of the free papers by Mr. VanCamp was sworn to by the two trustees, and Mr. Mason also testified that he handed the papers to Anna and that she had left the country. The question of their not being signed was not brought out in the trial.

Memorial Address Delivered at Ontario
by Lieutenant Butler.

CHAPTER L.

As we stand at the base of a mountain range how soon the mind becomes confused by the immensity before us.

Not until we move away far enough so that the outlines are plainly visible does the mountain rise up in all its grandeur and sublimity.

So also as we move away from the War of the Rebellion by lapse of time, confusion of actions and opinions, prejudices and hatreds and losses and sufferings are left with the past.

And as blind partisan zeal gives place to a nobler patriotism—can we fully comprehend the mighty struggle for national life and see the clear impressive outlines of national action.

The War of the Rebellion and the causes that produced it; the national action and the patriotic devotion that subdued it, have been woven into the history of the past and these great historical truths will not change though we be condemned by them, and by our conscience, our country and our God.

Cost of the war in life and suffering and ruined homes and broken hearts and blasted hopes; in possibilities nailed to the cross, in public and private property destroyed, and the sudden check to productive labor and commerce, is far beyond human comprehension.

Why, the bare money cost at that time was estimated at \$6,189,929,908. This amount if in gold will load 700 cars; if in silver, 11,200 cars, and make a train sixty-five miles long. If in silver dollars and placed one upon another it will make a stack or column 8,881 miles high—881 miles higher than the distance through this

earth. If in one dollar bills and placed end to end will make a belt 683,862 miles, and will go around the earth twenty-seven and one-third times.

The first gun of the Rebellion was fired by the Confederates April 12, 1861. The last engagement fought near Barco-chieco, Texas, May 10, 1865, and during these four years and one month our armies were engaged in 5,574 battles, skirmishes and sieges.

If through ignorance, prejudice, early training, partisan zeal, cowardice or any such cause, we failed in our duty to our country in its darkest hours of peril, let us now inhale the patriotic inspiration of this memorial day and shed tears of contrition for our sins against our government and tears of sorrow for and with those who saved for us our country and our flag.

If there are any here (and I hope there are none) who were allied to treasonable conspiracies, organizations or circles, giving aid or encouragement, directly, indirectly, secretly or openly to the enemies of our country, or who rejoiced at our calamities and the defeat of our armies, and wept only and most bitterly among the ashes, the debris, and blackened, crumbling ruins of the Slave Holders' Confederacy, do not despair now—there is mercy for even such as you.

The Grand Army of the Republic—that saved for you your country—is magnanimous and will forgive, and in forgiving will commend you to the surer mercies of God.

The doctrine of state rights and southern supremacy were most insidiously taught all over and through the southern slave states for more than sixty years, culminating in the mightiest rebellion the world ever witnessed.

For four long, dark and bloody years the harvest of death and devastation rolled on desolating homes and filling the land with woe and suffering.

Happy indeed were the homes where the firesides

were not sprinkled with the blood of the slain and no martyrs' graves to be kept green by the tears of the widow and the orphan.

For so long had we enjoyed peace, that when the first Confederate gun was fired on Fort Sumpter the whole nation was paralyzed with the fear and dread of war, and not until the grand army of heroes responded to the call for men and more men, did the nation arise like a half awakened giant and stagger to the mighty conflict.

At first it was a battle for life and a very grave question of national existence—for time to look around and utilize resources; to take breath and gather strength for the terrible conflict already on—time to get money to inspire national credit; to get supplies of clothing, tents, blankets, rations, horses, wagons, arms, ammunition, artillery and drilled men to handle it; gunboats and efficient crews; a navy to blockade 2,000 miles of seacoast and sufficiently efficient in character to command the respect of the civilized world; time to organize and equip not only an army to fight the enemy, but to protect a front of 1,500 miles in extent with all the railroads, supply depots and supply trains, and to secure hospitals and hospital stores for the sick and the wounded, and an army of efficient surgeons and nurses—time, oh, for more time to create, organize, discipline and adjust an army with all the essentials and collaterals for war.

Then as this mad rush and turmoil in meeting emergencies while the surging waves of war rolled on, alternating between success and humiliating defeat, up rose the grave and all important question, "What shall be done with slavery and the slaves?" For months the question hung and none could answer. There was no law, no precedent.

But in due time the greatest, because the wisest of them all, Abraham Lincoln, spoke words that thrilled

the loyal north and went ringing around the globe—
 "As the Lord God liveth, if you lay not down your arms
 every slave shall be made free." And from the front
 line of battle, begrimmed with dust and smoke, the
 Grand Army shouted loud and long:

"As the Lord God liveth, every slave shall be
 made free."

And from all the camps of rendezvous—
 From all the boys late dressed in blue,
 We're coming, Father Abraham
 Five hundred thousand strong.

And all the people who loved their country and the
 old flag bowed their heads and responded in one grand
 chorus—Amen!

It would not be at all surprising if in the hurly-
 burly, unprecedented and stupendous labor involved,
 requiring millions of money per day, with a treasury
 bankrupt and the credit of the government nearly ruined
 by the uncertainty of the result, that some few irregu-
 larities crept in and some mistakes were made during
 the war.

The credit of the nation was seriously affected and
 the uncertainty of the result augmented many fold by
 the divided condition of the north.

Treasonable conspiracies permeated every function
 of the government and the social fabric of the whole
 country; demagogues were numerous and bold; they
 were loud and vindictive in pronouncing anathemas
 against the president, and eloquent as expounders of
 the law and constitution. Everywhere their influence
 was felt and did much to retard the successful prosecu-
 tion of the war.

I am aware that at the present time we have many
 experts in the new school of political economy who are
 confident that they could have managed the financial
 interests of the government much better than was done
 during those dark, trying and uncertain times.

But when we contemplate the magnitude of the rebellion so suddenly precipitated upon us, without preparation on our part to meet it—by an enemy equally brave, sanguine and at first better skilled in arms—with efficient leaders and all closely bound together by bitter prejudices and the mighty cords of conspiracy, I'm of the opinion that the more thoughtful and patriotic of our people will not indulge in criticisms, but rather thank Almighty God that the rebellion was overthrown and that organized treason did not destroy the nation and murder the hopes of mankind.

What ever may be the cause of the crisis, the great depression in business, the loss to labor and unrest among the people, with the wild, mad and fanatical demonstrations in the last few years, is to be deeply deplored.

In these crucial times, when war seems to be fermenting all over the world, like the leaven in a measure of meal, every citizen should be a patriot and stand firmly for law and order. Let us hope, Comrades, that our beloved country will never again be involved in war.

Let us trust to the virtue and the intelligence of the people and let us hope that that fear of Heaven which expells all other fear, and that regard for duty that transcends all other regard, may influence public men and private citizens and lead our country still onward in her happy career.

In the past we have many examples of patriotic devotion. Only one will I recall.

During our late civil war all England looked on with a jealous eye.

Wait, said she, until your armies are turned loose to prey upon your country and your boasted republic will be transformed into a military despotism.

But what was the result? Within three months after Lee's surrender a million veteran soliders, many of whom had been, for four years, schooled in war, were

turned loose and all returned to their homes, each adjusting himself to some useful occupation and profession in civil life.

The armies of the Union, their warfare over, crowded along all the busy avenues and were found in all the places of industry and high renown.

The hand that dropped the musket seized the plow—the good right arm that wielded the sabre with such destructive force, impelled the saw and plane, the swords of the leaders of charging hosts were hung against the wall, and many of the boys who carried the gun have filled the councils of the nation, and the voices of all have been for peace—and all this transformation from the volunteer citizen soldier to the civilian without jar or discord.

This is an example of patriotism that astonished the civilized world.

In these perilous times, on this solemn Decoration Day, over the graves of our fallen comrades, and under the old flag, let us pledge anew our sacred allegiance, and stand shoulder to shoulder, with elbows at touch as we did from '61 to '65 by our country now as we did for our country then.

And if ills there be, bear them patiently and heroically like men, until in God's good time the people shall gather together in their respective places where all wrongs in our government should and can be righted at the polls.

It is to honor the memory of our fallen comrades that we meet here today.

We must strew their graves with flowers and mingle our tears with those who gave for country more than wealth—a husband, a father, a brother, a son.

We meet to teach our children lessons of patriotism, the cost of the war of the rebellion and that their fathers were engaged in a just and holy cause.

That they were not adventurers, following the for-

tunes of war of some king or prince to found an empire, but honest, earnest, faithful citizens, who though they loved their homes, their families and friends, loved their country more—not soldiers from choice, but from a necessity that an earnest sense of duty impels.

That they fought, not to enslave but to free, not to destroy but to save, not as the conscripted serfs of a czar but as sovereigns of their own free will, for the greatest good of the millions that shall follow.

We meet to teach our children that treason is a high crime—a crime against God and man; that the doctrine of state's rights as taught by Calhoun and his Confederate successors, is odious and treasonable, and that the right of a state to secede at will, never did, does not, and cannot exist, as a part of a government cannot be greater than the whole.

We meet to teach our children that for them to be happy, prosperous and useful, three things are absolutely essential—to honor God and keep his commandments; to love their country and respect its laws; to love, honor and obey their parents.

We meet that we may not forget our unknown dead—the one hundred and forty-eight thousand, many of whom were worn out and exhausted by long weary marches and successive battles, fell out of ranks and their graves are scattered here and there along the Tennessee, the Mississippi, the Arkansas, the Chattahooche, the Rappahanock and the James; all along the sounds up from the Gulf on the Atlantic coast and down among the bayous of Louisiana, and on the plains of Texas; in the deep waters of the ocean and hidden among the deep, dark ravines of the Cumberlands and the Ozarks.

Forgotten! Forgotten, and alone. What of their unwritten history, and how shall the obligations of a generous republic be conferred.

Those who died in the dreary hospital after weeks and months of suffering from burning fevers and pain-

ful wounds—these sufferings, fellow citizens, were for you—forget it not.

What of their unwritten history and how shall the obligations of a patriotic people be conferred?

And those, who in the storm of battle
Mid cannons' roar and muskets' rattle
As the foe charged on with cheer and yell
Like grass before the blade they fell.
The solid lines of seething flame leaped through
the clouds of drifting smoke
And filled the air with bursting shell and grape
and shot and murderous hail.

On the battle—field of the dead, the dying, the wounded, the friend and the foe.

No mother's gentle hand to soothe the pain, bind up their wounds or stop the flowing blood.

No wife or sister to wipe away the tears and receive the dying message.

No costly casket; no burial robe; no funeral train; no tolling bell; no pastoral service; no sacred song. If any, 'twas but the cannon's roar and song of shot and shell.

No, nothing of all this. but all kindly though hastily gathered together and in their blood-stained garments given a soldier's burial.

They died for you, fellow citizens, and how shall your obligations be conferred?

Thirty thousand died in the prison pens, dens of infamy and foulest vaults of hell.

Language cannot picture, neither can genius paint, the suffering and anguish endured and the patriotic devotion of more than one hundred thousand of our comrades who fell into the hands of the enemy.

But when death and disease was all around and among them; when starvation with glaring eyes and long bony fingers pointed to the tomb, and scurvey and loathsome worms were devouring their flesh and insan-

ity and idiocy were threatening to shut out the memory of their doom, our heroic comrades refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy that they might be released from their torturing death.

Starving and dying, they could not desert their country and their flag—not among uncivilized nations do we find such heartless cruelty to prisoners of war, and never, never such patriotic devotion to country.

Oh, who can ever know of the unwritten history of comrades of ours?

Who knew of their dark and anxious hours, their secret meditations, their silent tears at the midnight watch and their aching, anxious hearts for victory, country and home?

Ah, He who tempers the storm to the shorn lamb, has written it all. And as with tender eyes, each suffering hero saw. He bowed His ear to hear their cry, and watched each comrade fall.

And Many as they fell we hope did see the lines in front give way, and just before the last expiring breath could hear the shouts of victory all along the line, and may per chance see the flag, the dear old flag, as it was raised above the rebel works and spread its ample folds before the breeze.

As the cloud of battle rises and gives a better view—who are these begrimed with smoke, with headless limbless trunks, bleeding, mangled, gashed and torn.

The dead, the dying, the wounded, the friend and the foe.

Oh, pitying Lamb of God, have mercy and hear their dying groans and calls for help and save, for no other help is near.

Monuments have been erected by a grateful republic to statesmen and generals of high rank, but those who stood on the line of death, the picket line, the skirmish line, and the front line of battle, and marched through heat and cold and dust and mud and rain and sleet and

snow and hail, are lost and forgotten in history and are only known in the great aggregate, "The Army of the Republic."

Oh, if I could I would build a monument for the brave boys who carried the gun and would build it on an elevation that would overlook the whole united Republic. Its base should be broad and its foundation deep. Its shaft of purest granite reaching to the very heavens. And then commencing at the base and passing upward I would cut a niche for every officer, higher and higher on the shaft, as their services and sacrifices for their country should indicate. And then at the very top, beyond the reach of human vision, where the angels ever sing, and near the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem, I would place the Union soldiers who wore the blue and carried the gun. And then around them, among them, high over and above them, I would place the loyal women of America.

The reckless and unscrupulous charges of fraud against the old veterans by the unpatriotic cowards, who would not have stood within five miles of a battle line for \$5,000 per minute, taxes one's charity and one's good nature to the utmost.

Let it be distinctly understood that somebody must have met the enemy on more than 500 hotly contested battlefields..

Somebody must have answered to roll call at Fort Sumpter, Donaldson, Shilo, Port Hudson, Vicksburg, Stone River, Perryville, Antietam, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Franklin, Atlanta and with Sherman all the way to the sea, and with Grant with his "on to Richmond"; through all the battle of the Wilderness and Fredericksburg and on to Appomattox victory, and permanent peace.

Some one fought these battles, endured the hardships, privations and dangers, won the victories and saved the nation.

Were they adventurers, paupers, perjurers, robbers and frauds? They stood for the Union and like an iron wall against an enemy who would have destroyed it, until sixty thousand lay dead on the battlefield, until more than three hundred thousand died from exhaustion, disease and wounds and thirty thousand died in rebel prisons.

It is but a waste of time to answer such villainous charges.

Comrades, this is our day. Let our hearts be filled with gratitude to God that we are of those who survive.

Our day of thanksgiving for the grand results so nobly won.

Ours and our children's day to observe as the years roll on, that we may inhale the patriotic inspiration that fills the air on Memorial Day.

Ours and our children's to keep constantly before the mind the cost of liberty—the price paid for the suppression of the rebellion and the preservation of a free and independent government.

Ours to cement those fraternal feelings that exist among those who for many weary months and years endured the perils and fatigues, the weary marches and bivouacs of a soldier's life—who together have breasted the storms of shot and shell and shared the privations, sufferings and hunger of the prison pen.

And ours and our children's day to keep forever green the hallowed memory of the heroic dead who have fallen to save their country from disunion and disgrace.

And then we know—we know what happy firesides they left for the cheerless camp; with what pacific habits they dared the perils of the field. There is no mystery, or madness, or chivalry about them—all resolute, many bearing for country, conscience and liberty's sake.

And we know what all this ceremony means—why that all over our broad land on the 30 day of May of each and every year a grateful nation stops to weep over patriots' graves and freely shed her tears and strew their graves with flowers.

Our heroic dead, in memory they're living still—those honest sons of toil, those who once were called the mudsills of the north.

Why, they gathered patriotic inspiration as they gathered flowers among their native hills.

They inhaled it as the evening zephyrs or the morning's gentle breeze.

They believed in their government and in its most essential doctrine, "United we stand, divided we fall."

They loved their country, lived for it and died for it—as they met the enemy on more than 500 hard fought battlefields, with wavering results at first, 'tis true.

They fought them hand to hand and pressed them backward foot by foot until at last the rebel hosts lay down their arms and fell in line.

Then as from four million slaves their shackles fell in broken links:

"Freedom from her mountain height"

"Unfurled her standard to the air;

She tore the azure robes of night

And set the stars of glory there."

Saved, thank God, a nation's saved. Saved to the world and the millions yet unborn—the grandest and best government ever known to man.

"Then cover with flowers the nation's dead;

Let them bloom o'er their bosoms and wave o'er their heads;

Let the beauty and fragrance of spring's richest bloom
Fill the air that we breathe o'er the dead soldier's tomb."

MARVEN B. BUTLER.

CHAPTER LI.

Was born in Grandisle, Vermont, Feb. 15, 1834. He was one of the five children of Daniel and Mary Butler. His father and two brothers, Jesse and Loren, and their families came from Vermont and settled in Salem township, Steuben county, Indiana, on the farm now owned by John B. Parcell, when the deceased was four years old. He acquired his education in the Salem and Orland schools, and taught school for several years.

Mr. Butler enlisted at Salem Center, in August, 1861, in Co. A., 44th Ind. Vol. Infantry, and was assigned to Crittenden's command and promoted to first lieutenant, and took part in the battles of Fort Donaldson, Perryville, Stone River and many other skirmishes during the Buell campaign. From exposure at Fort Donaldson, his health failed and he was furloughed home, sick with typhoid fever, and remained until recovered, when he returned to his regiment at Battle Creek, Tenn., and suffered a relapse later of typhoid-pneumonia, and was nursed back to health by his brother Henry at the Spence hospital in Murfreesboro, Tenn., where he was honorably discharged from service May 2, 1863.

Mr. Butler served the people of Steuben county faithfully and well for eight years as recorder, four years as auditor and a term in the legislature, and in all of his public life was courteous and conscientious in the discharge of his official duties.

He was united in marriage at Angola, Ind., March 24, 1864, to Miss Harriet Fuller. To this union were born three sons, Albert, Benjamin and Harry. Albert died in infancy, and Harry Jan. 3, 1899. His entire life with the exception of a few years was spent in Salem township. His wife died at their home in Salem Center, Jan. 2, 1901. Religiously he was a Presbyterian, from

early manhood a member of the North Salem church, and his life has been a living example of the faith he professed. In his death the son loses a loving, indulgent father, the community a sturdy pioneer and an exemplary citizen, and the church a strong and faithful pillar.

During the last four years of his life he compiled a book entitled, "My Story of the Civil War and Underground Rail Road," which is now being published. He had been in failing health for several months, and it was his wish to be taken to the Soldiers' Home hospital at Marion Ind., for treatment, where he died June 17, 1914, aged 80 years, 4 months and 2 days. He leaves to mourn his departure one sister, Mrs. Susan Bell, one son, three grandchildren and a wide circle of relatives and friends.

Funeral services were held at the M. E. church in Salem, Sunday, June 21, 1914, Rev. John Humfreys, of Angola, officiating, assisted by Rev. E. C. Mason, of Huntington.

The above obituary is copied from the Angola Republican of July 1, 1914.

THE END

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 763 705 4

