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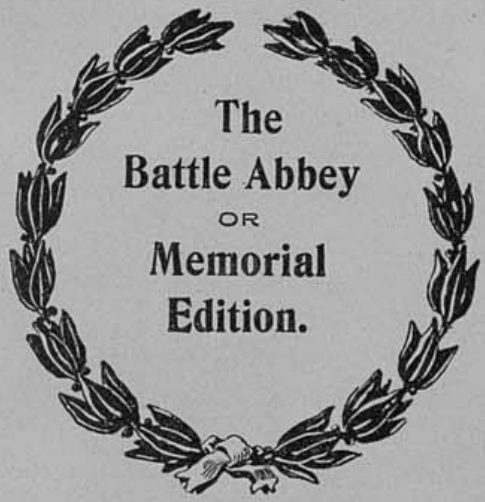
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CAMP FIRES

OF THE

CONFEDERACY

A VOLUME OF

Humorous Anecdotes, Reminiscences, Deeds of Heroism, Thrilling Narratives, Campaigns, Hand-to-Hand Fights, Bold Dashes, Terrible Hardships Endured, Imprisonments, Hair-Breadth Escapes, Exploits of Scouts and Spies, Perilous Journeys, Daring Raids, Boarding and Capturing Vessels, Sea Fights, Tragic Events, Etc.

CONFEDERATE POEMS AND SELECTED SONGS.

ILLUSTRATED BY

Col. L. T. Dickinson, Adjutant N. B. Forrest Camp, U. C. V., Chattanooga, Tenn.; Charles Grunwald, E. W. Girard, John C. Johansen, Salina B. Flexner, and other well known Artists.

EDITED BY

BEN LABREE,

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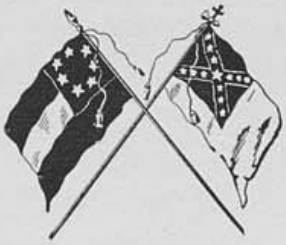
DEDICATION.

TO THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS

of that brave and intrepid host who, from the beginning to the end of the long and gallant struggle of the South for political emancipation and autonomy, followed, with unwavering fortitude and devotion, its flag, and shed their blood in defense of home and kindred, these pages are dedicated, with a firm conviction that the descendants of such immortal heroes will continue to keep alive the memories, and honor the deeds, of their brave sires.



PREFACE.

A third of a century has passed since the last gun was fired at Appomattox in the great struggle between the North and the South over a question of principle. Time has softened the asperities which grew out of that fierce and bloody conflict, and death has cut down many of those who came out of the war alive, and returned to ruined homes and bravely set about repairing their fortunes.

The world furnishes no parallel to those gallant followers of the flag of the Confederacy, who, when the unequal struggle was ended, quietly took their places in the peaceful ranks of industrious citizens and accepted the situation with a resolution that deserved the praise and excites the wonder of mankind; those penniless but uncrushed followers of Lee and Jackson steadfastly sought the recuperation of their fortunes, and succeeded, alone and unaided, except by the partiality and assistance of family and friends.

The present age is an important one, and the young Americans who were not on the scene of action when civil discord plunged the country into the most bloody war the world ever saw, are anxious to know something about it—especially how their forefathers deported themselves on the field of battle, in camp and on the march—and to become acquainted with the thrilling episodes which, though pleasant to read of now, brought sorrow and desolation to thousands of homes—homes in which to this day surviving friends worship the memory of the loved ones who left them in the vigor of manhood, but on whom they never looked again.

War is a serious business, but it has its humorous situations as well. Every military organization had its wags and humorists, whose witticisms and pranks lightened the darker phases of the struggle. These irrepressible funmakers were to be found in

every company and on board every ship beneath the Confederate banner.

The purpose of this book, "The Camp Fires of the Confederacy," is to truthfully and accurately set forth every feature of the struggle. It contains the greatest anecdotal collection ever made of the humors of the war; thrilling narratives of deeds of heroism performed, hand-to-hand struggles, bold dashes, brilliant successes, clever captures, exploits of scouts and spies, perilous journeys, terrible hardships, imprisonments and hair-breadth escapes, daring raids, and various other interesting incidents; also Confederate poems—the martial melodies dear to Southern hearts, pathos and patriotism—and selected songs, sung by the "Lads in Gray," which encouraged in trials, cheered by the lonely camp fire, and incited to victory.

It is with pleasure that acknowledgment is made of courtesies extended to me by the brave and chivalrous officers, privates and noble women whose names are mentioned in these pages, and by those whose names are unknown; without their kindly assistance the work could not have been completed.

It is the only book of the kind ever published; and, with the conviction that it will be read with pleasure and profit, not only by the friends and descendants of Confederate soldiers, but by people of every class and affiliation, it is submitted by

THE AUTHOR.

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DEPARTMENT I.

HUMORS OF THE CAMP FIRE.

"Whar is the Front?"

Wheeler had some splendid troops, and some who were as bad as could be found. These last were scattered from the Ohio River to Savannah. A soldier, going through North Alabama, stopped at a house to get dinner. "Who's youins?" said the old lady. Soldier: "Wheeler's cavalry." Old Lady: "Whar gwine?" Soldier: "To the front." The old lady put on her spectacles and eyed him intently, then drawled out, "Mister, some o' them fellers you call Wheeler's hoss critters have been gwine by here every day. Some war gwine north, some gwine south, some east, some west, some this way and some that—they all sed they war gwine to the front. Now, mister, kin you tell me whar is the front?" The soldier left.

"Why Don't You Go to Bed Right?"

Shortly before the battle of Missionary Ridge, when the Kentucky brigade was in camp at Tyner's Station, some two or three miles in rear of the ridge, I was on guard at the depot one dark night, watching some supplies. About twelve o'clock a lone straggler, who had been out on a foraging expedition, came along

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with a sack on his shoulder. Walking leisurely along, he struck his toe against a root and fell a terrible fall forward, and while down, struggling under his sack, unconscious of my presence, he said to himself: "Why in the ——— don't you go to bed right?" He arose and went his way, knowing not that his soliloquy was heard.—*George Keyser.*

Asking for Pardon.

"Many amusing incidents might be reported of pardon-seekers at the White House. Mr. Hilliard, of Georgia, former minister to Belgium, rushed up to President Lincoln, seized his hand, and 'hoped his pardon would not be delayed.' The president quietly remarked to the ex-reverend gentleman that 'hope was the reward of the righteous,' and vouchsafed no other reply. On another occasion a Confederate of some notoriety raised quite a laugh by saying: 'I thank you, Mr. President, for my pardon; I am now a good Union man—am emphatically one of you; but didn't Stonewall Jackson give us h—l in the Valley?'"

"No, Thank Ye."

It was a custom in the Army of Northern Virginia for those religiously inclined to have preaching and prayer when a halt was sufficiently long for the purpose. On one occasion some of the soldiers of Gordon's division stopped at a smoke-house on the roadside to have their usual religious exercises, and Ben P., one of the most zealous Christian workers, happened to see Major H., an old friend, passing by, and, wishing to get him into the meeting without disturbing the worshipers, lowered his voice into a far-reaching whisper and called out, "Charlie! O Charlie, come here!" but Charlie, naturally construing this mysterious call into an invitation to take a drink unseen by the thirsty soldiers, cried out exultingly at the top of his voice, while slapping a well filled canteen at his side, "No, thank ye; *I've some of her here.*"

The North Carolina Soldier Boy.

During the battle of Chancellorsville a Confederate major met a lad returning from the front. His arm, held by shreds of flesh, was dangling from the elbow. "Mister," said the boy to the officer, "can't you cut this thing off? It keeps knocking against the trees, and it's mightily in my way." The major dismounted, cut off the useless limb, and tied a strap of his blouse

around the stump to stop the bleeding. "What regiment do you belong to?" he asked his thankful patient. "I belong to that North Carolina regiment in there," answered the lad, pointing to where the battle was raging. "I'm just sixteen, and this is my first fight. Don't you think it was hard that I should get hit the first time I was ever in a battle? We drove them out of one line of breastworks, and I was on top of the second when I got hit. But, oh, how we did make them git!"

"Have You An Opening for a Substitute?"

"Mr. ———, have you any opening for a substitute?" A searching look and the answer: "Yes, if you have the necessary exemption papers." Substitute: "I have them all right." Adjutant: "Have you a doctor's certificate?" Substitute: "No; but I am all right; I can pass the doctor." Adjutant: "Let me see your papers, and then we'll go to the surgeon's office." Papers examined found all right, and they repair to the army surgeon's office. Surgeon retires for a few minutes with the "sub," and reappears with a puzzled look. Adjutant: "Well, is the subject all right?" M. D.: "H'm—yes; about the best *substitute* I've examined lately." Adjutant smells a mouse. *It* was a woman!

Let Them Camp Where They Please.

Colonel B—— could never bear to repeat an order, albeit he was always hard to understand. One day he found himself unexpectedly in command of a certain brigade, and gave orders how the regiments were to go into camp. Calling Snyder, a courier, to him, said he: "Tell Major C—— to take his regiment around by the woods on the right, and wheel by the left flank—no, I mean by the right—oh, certainly! by the left of the woods—and go into camp." Snyder, who was a very particular person, hesitated. "Why don't you go?" said the colonel, preparing to take a draught from his canteen. "The fact is," said Snyder, after the colonel had smacked his lips, "I didn't exactly understand you." "Oh, it don't make any difference!" said the colonel, gruffly; "let 'em camp where they blamed please."

"What About Goliath?"

Dr. J. L. Burrows was everywhere in the hospitals, in camp or on the march, cheering the living, comforting the dying or exhorting the sinner, and no man was dearer to the Confederate soldier than Dr. Burrows. On one occasion he preached on the subject that the victory was not always with the strong, and took for illustration the story of David and Goliath, but the war soon after demonstrated that victory was with the side having the most men and cannon. The plowshare and pruning-hook epoch succeeded the siege of cannon and sword, and the reverend doctor was one day accosted by a citizen whose halting step proclaimed that he had been a soldier. After introducing himself, the ex-soldier, with a merry twinkle of the eye, asked the doctor this question, over which he still unsatisfactorily broods: "Say, doctor, what about that David and Goliath story?"

Disgust for Card Playing.

Miss B—— asked General S——, of Louisiana, if it was true that many of our solid citizens, while soldiers, regarded card-playing and petty pilfering as among the *accomplishments* of camp life. General S—— replied: "A base libel, madam—a calumny. True, they never left a friendless chicken to nod on its uncomfortable roost; never suffered an overburdened apple tree to break down from its load of fruit; never removed a bee-gum until the shades of night made the removal more to the comfort of the bees; never permitted the lacteal fluid to sour in badly

ventilated milkhouses; and never—no, *never*—left a wounded shoat to bleed its young life away by the roadside; and as for cards, we give you our word that just before the battles of Seven Pines, of Perryville, of Murfreesboro, we saw cards strewn *all along* the road, so *great* was the soldiers' disgust for card-playing!"

"Confound Him! He Told Me it Was His Leg!"

It was at the second battle of Bull Run that a cannon ball carried off a poor soldier's leg. "Carry me to the rear," he cried, to a tall companion who had been fighting by his side. "My leg is shot off!" The comrade caught the wounded soldier up, and as he was about to put him across his shoulders another cannon ball carried away the poor fellow's head. His friend, however, in the confusion, did not notice this, but proceeded with his burden to the rear. "What are you carrying that thing for?" cried an officer. "Thing!" said he. "It's a man with his leg shot off!" "Why, he hasn't any head!" cried the officer. The soldier looked at his load, and for the first time saw that what the officer said was true. Throwing down the body, he thundered out: "Confound him! he told me it was his leg!"

Peternezer Wright.

The orderly sergeant was calling the roll. "Jehoshaphat Jenkins!" "Here," promptly responded Jehoshaphat. "George Squib!" "Here," in a firm voice, responded the heroic Squib. "Ebenezer Mead!" No answer. "Ebenezer Mead, what do you mean by standing there staring me in the face and not answering when your name is called?" said the sergeant, impatiently. "You didn't call my name," gruffly answered the private. "Isn't your name Ebenezer Mead?" "Nary time." "What is it, then?" "Eben Mead!" "What's the difference?" "A heap." "I can't see any." "Now, sergeant, your name is Peter Wright, isn't it?" "Yes." "Well, would you answer to the name of Peternezer Wright?" "Of course not." A laugh from the company, and after roll-call a mutual smile between Eben and Peter — at the latter's expense — settled the matter in a manner satisfactory to all concerned.

Magruder's Confusion.

On the night following the battle of Malvern Hill, General Magruder, known as Prince John, having been unfortunate in the attack made that day, on account of misunderstanding his orders, rode up to General Lee, and, saluting him, said that he had come to ask permission to storm the heights at daybreak with his division. "If you give me permission," continued Magruder, anxious to redeem himself, "I'll promise to carry the heights at the point of the bayonet." "I have no doubt that you would carry them," replied General Lee, "but I have one objection." "Name it," said Magruder, seeing honor and glory before him, and expecting to be able to remove the objection. "I am afraid," said General Lee, with a quiet smile, "that you might hurt my little friend Major Kidder Meade, of the engineering corps, who is over there reconnoitering, the enemy, having left about an hour ago."

The Hungry Reb.

On the Peninsula the gallant and jolly General J. Bankhead Magruder had ordered a meal for himself and staff. A hungry Reb—and whoever saw one that was not hungry?—came up to the farmhouse, espied the nicely filled table, and, without leave or license, sat down and began to annihilate things. Just then the general and friends walked in, escorted by the host. All were surprised. "Hallo!" said the fiery Magruder, in terms more ex-

plicit than polite; "do you know whose table that is you are eating at?" "No, sir," said John Reb, with his mouth full; "whose is it?" "General Magruder's, sir, the commander of this department." "All right, general," with another big mouthful; "these war times I ain't particular where I eat or who I eat with; sit down and make yourself at home." The foraging private was unceremoniously fired out, but not before he had nearly gotten outside of a pretty square meal.

"Py Tam, The Stopper Came Out of the Shug!"

The admiration for Stonewall Jackson was by no means confined to his own section. The Federal prisoners always expressed a great desire to see him, and some loudly cheered him. This was particularly the case at Harper's Ferry, where the whole line of 11,000 prisoners greeted him with lusty shouts. Citizens say

that the hostile troops always spoke of him in terms of unqualified praise. A gentleman in the Valley of Virginia relates that when Fremont and Shields thought that they had entrapped him beyond the possibility of escape, Sigel's Dutch soldiers passed his house, crying, "Shackson in a shug!" (jug.) "Shackson in a shug!" And when they returned, crestfallen, from Port Republic they answered the question as to what they had done with Jackson: "Py tam, the stopper came out of the shug; he gone, py tam! If the rebels don't make him de president, Sigel's men make him."

Fun in the Camp.

Let a citizen in the ordinary dress enter the camp or pass a moving column, and he becomes at once a target for all manner of jibes and jests. One fellow will notice his beaver and greet him with, "Come out of that bee-gum! Come out at once! You are certainly in thar, for I see your legs hanging out!" Another asks in plaintive, sympathizing tones, "I say, mister, have your calves all died?" "No. I have lost no calves. What makes you think so?" "Well! I came to that conclusion because I see that you have put your churn in mourning." Or another will exclaim, "I say, boys, yonder is what has gone with our camp kettle. That man is wearing it!" Or another will come up and say, in the most supplicating tones, "I say, mister, won't you rent the upper story for winter quarters to a poor soldier who ain't had nothing to eat for five days?" Or another will call attention to his "biled shirt," and the whole regiment yell at him to "come out of it," amidst peals of laughter, until the poor man seeks safety in precipitate flight.—*Dr. J. Wm. Jones.*

"Who Cares a Cuss?"

When Breckinridge was marching on Baton Rouge he, one day, unattended by his aids, rode up to a solitary pinewoods vidette who had just come in from St. Tammany and was new to the etiquette of army life. The general had not the password, and the vidette had no advantage of him in that respect. "I wish to pass," said the general. "Well, dod durn you, pass on. Who cares a cuss? I ain't stoppin' this here road, are I?" "You don't know who I am?" said the general, with a smile. "No, I don't. That's a pooty hoss you're on, anyhow." "I am General Breckinridge, the commanding officer," said the general, smiling, much amused at the picket's idea of the duty required of him. "You are? Well, I'm Bob Chiggins, and I'm glad to see you, old fellow.

How are you?" replied the picket, extending a hand as large as a small frying pan. The general shook hands, and galloped on to avoid some lengthy inquiries about the health of Mrs. Breckinridge and family.

General Early and the S. C. Troops.

Old Jubal Early was a character in Virginia. He was drawn up into a hard knot with rheumatism, and had a face like a hickory nut. His voice was pitched on a very high key, and he was a compound of shrewdness and sarcasm in equal parts. He was very strongly opposed to secession at the beginning of the war, although he fought valiantly when fighting was inevitable. In the Virginia Convention of 1861 he attacked the conduct of South Carolina bitterly. After the war had actually begun he had in his brigade a South Carolina regiment. It was observed that old Jubal was always sure to put that regiment in the most ticklish place when the brigade was under fire. During one of the battles around Richmond Early's brigade was ordered to the front, and, as usual, Early made the South Carolina fellows head the column, squeaking out at the top of his voice as he rode up to them: "Yes, I'll send you to the front, and I'll keep you there, too! You got us into this fix, and, hang you, you've got to get us out!"

The Camp Thief.

Jim Mann was a private in the Twelfth Tennessee Cavalry and the prowling thief of the brigade. No night was ever too dark for Jim to "get in" his work. One night the brigade was temporarily in command of an ex-preacher, who was playing colonel, and knew very little of the play, as he usually misconstrued his orders or missed the right road, and this time the command was lost in West Virginia. The night was of Plutonian darkness and the rain was of the "pitchfork" order, and while the bewildered colonel took himself to a farmhouse near by, to inquire the way to the Confederacy, the men were enjoined to strict silence, which injunction they religiously obeyed until Irvine Shield broke the oppressive stillness by shouting: "Boys, what a good night this would be for Jim Mann's business!" A lusty shout followed, with the usual avalanche of smart sayings, and this brought the angry colonel to the front with an order to move on. When the Confederate camps became destitute of things worth stealing Jim deserted to the enemy.

A Story of General Logan.

It is well known that John A. Logan, who was a member of Congress at the time the war began, left Washington when he saw there was going to be a fight, and seizing a musket, walked all the way to Bull Run, where he arrived just in time to take part in the battle. He had on a swallowtail coat, but he stood up to the rack as long as anybody did. He was back in Washington the next morning, a good deal out of breath, and was telling some of his fellow Congressmen all about it. "Who gave you this account of the fight?" asked a member from the north woods of New York. "Why, I was there myself," replied Logan. The New Yorker evidently had not heard the news, for he seemed a little mystified, and asked, as if wishing to solve the mystery of Logan's speedy reappearance: "Are the cars running?" "No," said Logan, "the cars ain't running, but every other d—d thing in the state of Virginia is, as near as I could make out."

"Who the Devil are You?"

During the war General McLaws (afterward Postmaster at Savannah) was riding down his picket line, and encountered a genuine son of the Old Pine Tree State on duty, who had taken his gun apart with the intention of giving it a thorough cleaning. The general halted in front of him, when the following conversation ensued: "Look here, my man, are you not a sentinel on duty?" "Well, y-a-a-s, a bit of a one!" "Don't you know

it is wrong to take your gun apart while on duty?" "Well, now, who the d—l are you?" The general saw his chance, and with a sly twinkle of the eye replied: "I'm a bit of a general." "Well, gineral, you must excuse me. You see, thar is so many d—n fools ridin' 'round here, a feller can't tell who's gineral and who ain't. If you will jist wait till I git Betsey Jane fixed I will give you a bit of a s'lute." The general smiled and rode on, firmly convinced that that sentinel would prove equal to any emergency.

A Brave Man.

One of the Alabama regiments was fiercely attacked by a whole brigade in one of the battles around Richmond. The Alabamians, unable to withstand such great odds, were compelled to fall back about thirty or forty yards, losing, to the utter mortification of the officers and men, their flag, which remained in the hands of the enemy. Suddenly a tall Alabamian, a private in the color company, rushed from the ranks across the vacant ground, attacked a squad of Yankees, who had possession of the flag, with his musket, felled several to the ground, snatched the flag from them, and returned safely back to his regiment. The bold fellow was of course immediately surrounded by his jubilant comrades and greatly praised for his gallantry. His captain appointed him to a sergeancy on the spot, but the hero cut everything short by the reply: "Oh, never mind, captain! Say no more about it. I dropped my whisky flask among the Yankees and fetched that back, and I thought I might just as well bring the flag along."

An Officer's Wit.

A gallant soldier and distinguished politician, who commanded one of the regiments, perpetrated an "Irish bull" one day, which the other regiments of the brigade never suffered his men to hear the last of. Having halted on the march, and the men not falling in with sufficient rapidity when the order to move was given, the gallant colonel exclaimed: "Fall in there, men! Fall in quickly! If you don't fall in I'll march the regiment off and leave every man of you!" At the battle of Winchester in June, 1863, this same officer (then brigadier-general) was very deliberately forming his line of battle when the division commander grew impatient and sent an aid, who came galloping up to the old hero to

say: "General, General —— wants to know if you are proposing to have dress parade down here?" The instant retort was, "Go back and tell him yes; we are going to dress on the enemy." "Dress on the enemy" at once became a slang phrase among the men.

Substitute Refused.

A man who shall be nameless was conscripted. His wife was sorely distressed at the bare idea of parting, and was vainly endeavoring to invent some excuse for getting him exempted, when a knock was heard at the door. On opening the door she found a rather tough-looking chap, who accosted her thus: "Madam, I hear your husband has been conscripted." "Yes, sir," she replied, "he has; but goodness knows how I am to spare him." "Well, ma'am, I sympathize with you, and I've come to offer my services as a substitute for him." "A *what?*" asks the now excited lady. "I wish to take his place," answered the man. "*You*—you take the place of my husband, you vagabond! I'll teach you to insult a poor lone woman in distress, you wretch!" cried the prospective widow, accompanying her remarks with a discharge of dirty water at the head of the innocent and astonished substitute, who fled out of the house. The last heard of him he was flying in the direction of the conscript office, where he thought of enlisting as a private rather than venture again to offer his services as a "substitute."

The War Dude.

The dude is by no means a product of peace only. Indeed, it may be said of them that during war they most abound. A dude of peace is no more to be compared to one of war than a neat yacht to a magnificent ironclad, resplendent with all the pomp and circumstance of war. They were sure enough "mashers." We recall one so gorgeous with martial trappings that he shone like the Emperor of all the Russias. He not only parted his hair in the middle, but also the mane and tail of his horse. Instead of a cane, he wore a sword of delicate steel, concealed in a scabbard that glittered with ornaments. There was one class of dudes then which soldiers could never abide. It was the one of the stovepipe hat and the snowy-white shirt. Upon one occasion a specimen of this kind got off a train in Georgia, where happened to be encamped some grim and ragged veterans. As he stood on the platform the soldiers silently gathered around, staring as if they had found a sea monster. Presently one of them was bold enough to say: "Mister, was you rose about here, or did you come out of a drove?"

Would Not Stop.

A raw captain of a rural company marched his men into the long, narrow mess booth for the first time. After dinner, feeling anxious to bring them out in military order, and thinking it wrong to have the left in front under any circumstances, he ordered the separate ranks to countermarch where there was not room to execute the movement. The result, of course, was great confusion. The captain raved, swore, and commanded impossible things. Result, still greater confusion. At last the men poured out of the doors pellmell, like sheep. The disgusted captain, placing his back against a tree, shouted the only command they could obey, thus: "Any way you please, hang you—march!" Another captain (lately a railroad conductor) was drilling a squad, and while marching them by flank turned to speak to a friend for a moment. On looking again toward his squad he saw they were in the act of "butting up" against a fence. In his hurry to halt them he cried out, "Down brakes! down brakes!" Still another one wanted to leave the squad he was drilling for a moment, and brought them to the "rest" in this style: "Squad, break ranks! but if any of you leave your places till I come back I will have you put in the guardhouse!"

"She's Full of Shnakes!"

Lieutenant —— was drillmaster. He could polish a steel bit or scabbard, or roll a blanket, as neatly as any of the "Queen's Horse Guard," of which he had been. He messed alone — cause, a huge appetite, and personal want of regard for soap. One morning I met him standing with one boot on, the other lying about fifty feet away, and his *tout ensemble* of morning toilet in sorry plight. "What is the matter, lieutenant?" "The matter, is it? The devil's the matter, I'm thinking." He pointed tragically at the boot, and then at his log shanty. "Anything wrong?" "Wrong is it? Down with the shebang; blow her up wid gunpowder; she's full of shnakes; look in my boot!" Sure enough, a little grass snake had gone to bed in his boot, and the lieutenant put his foot in it. He felt the squirm, and his Celtic nature, disgusted, fled from boot and house with horror. The drillmaster could face the foe, but could not foot a grass snake.

He Forgot His Brains.

There was a desperate fight in Tennessee, in which a colonel very largely distinguished himself, and, as the result of such distinguishment, had most of the top of his head shot off. He was carried to the rear, and the surgeon in charge of the field hospital, seeing that it was a severe case, applied heroic treatment. He scooped out the brains and proceeded to wash them in an old

army bucket near at hand. While this was going on a message came from the commanding general saying that the wounded colonel had been promoted to a brigadier-generalship for gallantry on the field, and requesting him to report at the front immediately. With the top of his head in the hands of the surgeon, and his brains in the bucket, the colonel mounted his horse and prepared to obey the order. Thereupon the surgeon said to him: "Here, you have forgotten your brains!" "What of that?" said the late colonel, as he cast a glance of pity toward the men with whole heads about him. "What need have I of brains? I'm a brigadier-general now!"

Chock F-full of Pie.

Some years ago a great debate between a Northern printer and a Southern compositor on the subject of the late war was overheard. The Southerner was hot, impetuous and sentimental; the Northern champion calm, cool and even phlegmatic. "Why, didn't we lick you out of your boots at Manassas?" "Granted," said the Northern type-sticker. "Didn't we smash you at Cold Harbor, and wipe up the ground with you in the Wilderness?" "Granted," said the other. "Didn't we tie you all up in knots and make rags of you all through the Peninsular campaign?" "Granted," said the Northerner; "but how was it at Appomattox?" "Yes, how was it at Appomattox?" shouted the Southron, growing sentimental as the mingled beers and whiskies they were consuming rose to his head. "We had 13,000 poor, ragged, footsore, tired, starved veterans, without a single round of ammunition, while you had an army of 300,000 fat, sassy soldiers, provided with every luxury, and ev-every m-m-mother's s-son of 'em," he sobbed, "chock f-full of pie."

Special Providence.

An officer, during the battle of Malvern Hill, had occasion to report to General Jackson, and after hunting for some time found him and his staff under one of the heaviest fires he had ever experienced. Soon Jackson directed those about him to dismount and shelter themselves, and Dr. Dabney found a place behind a large and very thick oak gate-post, where he sat bolt upright with his back against the post. Just then there came up Major Hugh Nelson, of Ewell's staff—a gallant gentleman and a devout churchman, who had heard Dr. Dabney's sermon, and whose

theological views did not fully indorse its doctrine—and, taking in the situation at a glance, rode direct for the gate-post of "Stonewall's" chief of staff, and, giving him the military salute, coolly said: "Dr. Dabney, everyshot and shell and bullet is directed by the God of battles, and you must pardon me for expressing my surprise that you should want to put a gate-post between you and special Providence." The good doctor at once retorted: "No, major; you misunderstand the doctrine I teach. The truth is that I regard this gate-post as a *special Providence* under present circumstances."

Is this soldier doing this for fun? Not much he ain't He was absent from camp without leave and came back drunk. The Colonel thinks this will sober him.

DEPARTMENT II.

INCIDENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

They Did Not Drink the Toddy.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.

In August, 1862, the armies of General Lee and General Pope confronted each other on the Rappahannock river in Virginia. General Lee had determined to attack Pope, and conceived a plan as brilliant as it was daring. He proposed to leave one-half of his army under Longstreet in front of Pope, and throw the other half, under Jackson, by a circuitous march to a point twenty-one miles exactly in rear of Pope's line of battle, and exactly between him and Washington. On August 24, 1862, Lee had 50,000 troops, while Pope could muster, with Reno's corps of Burnside's Division, and Reynold's Division of Pennsylvania reserves, about the same number; but two days later Pope's army was increased to 70,000 by the arrival of the corps of Fitz John Porter and Heinzelman. When the disparity in numbers of the contending parties is considered, Lee's strategy would be pronounced dangerous by any competent military critic.

In pursuance of his plan, and to facilitate its execution, a day or two before Jackson started Lee determined to throw his cavalry, under Stuart, twelve miles in Pope's rear, at Catlett's Station, a point on the railroad connecting Pope with his capital. At that place was encamped the reserve, baggage and ammunition trains of Pope's army. There, too, were his headquarter tents, with his personal effects. Stuart captured a number of officers and men, a large sum of money in a safe in one of the tents, dispatches and other papers, but the rain fell in such torrents, and the night was so dark, that it was not possible for Stuart to damage the raiload to any great extent, or to burn the railroad bridges or the acres of wagons before him; all of which, with the cutting

of the telegraph wires, would have seriously crippled Pope. My command was in advance on that terrible rainy night. I was riding with the lieutenant commanding the platoon which formed the advance guard, when I suddenly saw, between the flashes of lightning, a man run across the road. Under the influence of

MAJOR-GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.

the spur, my horse in a single bound reached the man; and under the influence of a pistol held to his head, he told me that he was a servant of General Pope, and was there with his headquarter tents, which he said were pitched in a clump of pines close by. I made him get up in front of one of the troopers, and guide a squadron, which I detached from the leading regiment, to the tents in the pines. On reaching the spot I quickly surrounded

the Federal headquarters, and seeing a light in one of the tents, I dismounted, and with one of my men entered it. It was vacant, but filled with a large number of papers showing where some one had been recently writing. There were also two glasses of toddy on the table. A few days thereafter I captured a squadron of the Federal dragoons, under Major Thos. Hite, of the regular army, whom I had formerly known when a cadet at West Point. One of the officers, who had but just arrived from Washington, told me that he was at Willard's Hotel in that city,

They did not drink the toddy.

and seeing a crowd around Major Clary, Pope's chief quartermaster, joined the group, and found Clary telling of his escape from the "rebels" at Catlett's Station a few nights before. The major said that he and Lewis Marshal, the latter being an aid-de-camp of Pope, and a nephew of General Lee, were in one of the tents that night, and that he had been working all day over his quartermaster papers, and in view of that fact, as well as the tempestuous character of the night, he proposed to Marshal that they should take a drink. "The whisky was brought out,"

continued the major, "sugar was put in glasses with the proper amount of water, to which a liberal allowance of whisky was added. I was just pouring the toddy from one glass to the other, thinking how soon the situation would be improved by swallowing it, when I heard the noise of horses' hoofs, and the report of one or two pistol shots. I quickly put the glasses down, saying, 'I believe that is some of that d—— rebel cavalry.'" At this point of the narrative the major paused, and after looking around, added, "Gentlemen, if you believe me, I do not know whether I drank that toddy or not. The rebels were on us so quick that Marshal and I lifted the side of the tent and rolled down into a friendly ravine, and remained there shivering in the drenching rain until the rebels rode off."

It only remains to say that Clary and Marshal did not drink the toddies they mixed, but that they rapidly disappeared down the throats of the two wet rebels who found them.

The Most Destructive Single Shot of the Civil War.

BY PRESTON B. McGOODWIN.

To the surviving heroes, who, through many fields of victory or defeat, followed the Blue and the Gray, the following reminiscence, as described by one who bared his breast to leaden ball for the love he bore his native sunny South land, is dedicated with a sense of profound respect by THE AUTHOR.

The artillery bugles sounded the alarm. The drums of the infantry hastily beat the long roll. Men flew hither and thither. Groups of soldiers stood here and there, conversing in hasty tones, and the officers in command held earnest council in the major's tent.

From the confusion and disorder which prevailed in this Confederate camp of war, it was plainly to be seen that something of unusual import had occurred to rouse the men to such a high pitch of excitement.

The camp above referred to was situated at Chaffin's Bluff on the James river, ten miles below Richmond, the Confederate capital.

It was on September 29, 1864, at three o'clock A. M. News arrived that General Ben. Butler was crossing from the south side

of James river, on pontoon bridges. The sudden awakening of the camp was thorough and exciting, doubly intensified by the fact of woeful lack of forces, so well known, and keenly felt by every man there, from orderly to the highest in rank. That fact filled the heart of every follower of the forlorn hope with deepest gloom, but nerved them one and all to deeds of desperate valor, and with "Eternal Vigilance" as a never dying watchword, at a moment's warning they were ready to march to victory or to death.

The exclamation in the mouth of every soldier was: "If old Ben means business, a warm reception awaits him." Butler knew the weak, worn and inadequate force of the Confederates on the north side of the river; therefore he expected to attack at dawn. The news of General Butler's actions are best described by one "who knows whereof he speaks"; who was in command of the forces at Chaffin's Bluff, as well as the hero of this story. He is now a resident of Mexico, Missouri, engaged in the practice of law. He is one of those heroes of war, the records of whose deeds are neglected in his country's history, but whose heroism on this momentous day will shine down through the ages till time is blotted out and the actors in this greatest of family quarrels shall have slept with their fathers through the centuries. Such men wrought deeds of valor on both sides, and on every field of battle. Their names should be emblazoned on the scroll of honor and handed down as a heritage for the example of patriots yet unborn. But, alas! they moulder in dust and decay on the Army Journals in the archives at Washington.

The following is the graphic and thrilling manner in which he related it to me:

"In these 'piping times of peace,' it is difficult to realize how quickly three hundred soldiers"—the number in camp at Chaffin's Bluff—"can get ready for a fight, after having heard the alarm bugle and drum at three o'clock in the morning. Suffice it to say, the Confederates were ready and in line in ten minutes after the alarm was sounded, and then double-quicked to the support of Fort Harrison, one mile distant, in ten minutes more.

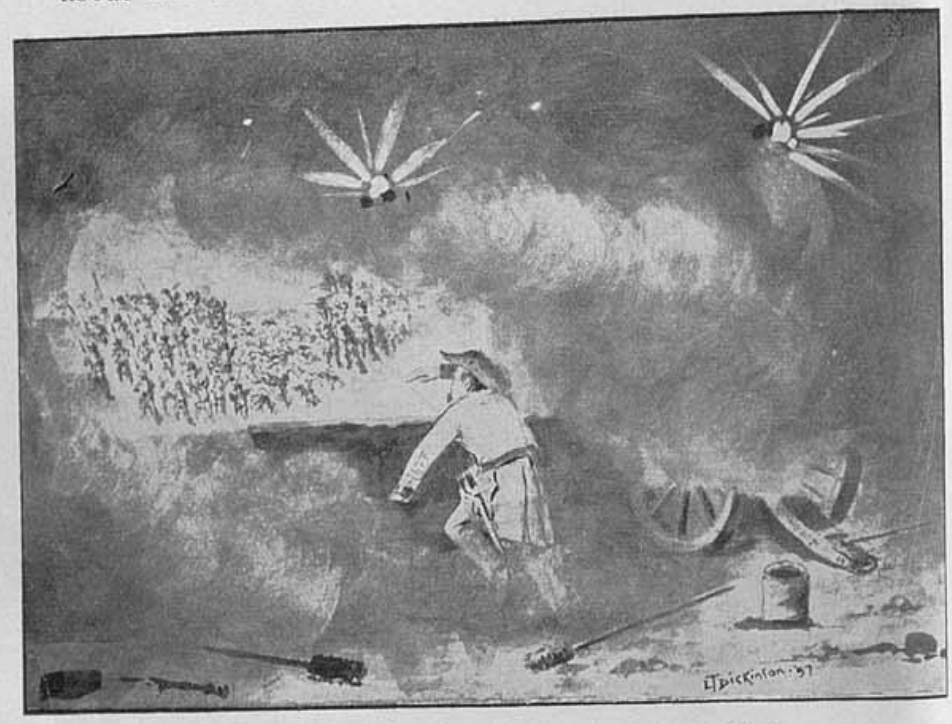
"My company of one hundred men was distributed along the line of entrenchments for three or four hundred yards, as well as I now remember the distance. I took twelve men and two pieces of light artillery—six-pounders—and occupied a position about one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards west of Fort Harrison

"Just as the gray light of the morning of the 29th of Septem-

ber, 1864, was coming westward, we heard the familiar crack of the pickets' rifles down in the forest in front of us, and in a few minutes, by the time it was fairly dawn, we saw them 'coming in'; we all knew what the 'coming in' of the pickets meant.

"I will never forget how I felt just at that time; our force was ridiculously small. In Fort Harrison there were not fifty men—my recollection is, there were thirty-five in all."

Fort Harrison, General Butler's objective point, was a large crescent-shaped fort, manning about thirty big guns, situated about one mile in the rear of Chaffin's Bluff and the key



"I pulled the lanyard, and stooped below the smoke to see if I hit."

to a long stretch of the outer line of entrenchments, around Richmond.

Continuing, he said:

"To the left of Fort Harrison there was not a man for a mile; and to the right, covering a mile of entrenchments, there were not exceeding three hundred men, and half a dozen pieces of artillery. How could we withstand a fight with Butler's men, so well equipped, and in such numbers?

"I knew he would not venture to come over the river and attack us without an overwhelming force; I knew also that a large force

could go over us rough-shod, reach Richmond, burn or otherwise destroy it, and retreat before it could be reinforced. It did look as though we would be sacrificed; but there we were, and there we were to stay and take the consequences."

Orders came—unnecessary orders, too—to "stand to your guns till the last man falls." No such orders need have been sent, although they were endorsed by the immortal Lee. When the pickets came in they went at once to Fort Harrison and reported that a heavy force had already crossed the river and was preparing to attack.

Our hero here continues:

"My commanding officers, Col. John M. Maury and Major Richard Taylor, were at Fort Harrison. Couriers from the teleragph office at Chaffin's Bluff were going to and from Fort Harrison at full speed.

"The substance of these telegrams from Richmond to Colonel Maury was to hold the fort until the last man fell, that reinforcements were 'double-quicking' from Howletts line [twelve miles or more distant], and that Pickett's veterans were coming to our rescue, and encouraging us all.

"Colonel Maury sent me this word — about telegrams — and urged me to cheer up the men and prepare for a terrible struggle; that Richmond's safety was dependent on our holding out as long as possible."

By this time, the sun was an hour high, Butler was very slow, indeed, in coming up; he seemed to be loitering in the timber on the bank of the river, and was doubtless sending out spies and scouts so as to decide on the best mode of attack. On his non-appearance, the Confederates began to hope that it was a demonstration to draw forces from Petersburg and weaken Lee there, then make a terrible onslaught and capture Petersburg. The guns were swabbed out, the morning dew rubbed off, and every man was ready to fight to death. Not a man of them but preferred death to capture. In a few minutes the enemy was seen to emerge from the woods, some three or four hundred yards in front of the Confederate line of entrenchments. They seemed to be "taking it leisurely," and didn't appear to be in any hurry whatever; that "get up and get," peculiar to an attack on earthworks, was missing. As soon as they were well out of cover of the thick pines, Fort Harrison's big ten-inch Columbia opened on them and kept up a heavy fire right into their forces.

They seemed to be marching directly for Fort Harrison by

brigades in solid phalanx. Right here the principal character in this historic event relates a singular occurrence: He says:

"While the Yanks were coming up so solidly to Fort Harrison, I noticed a squad of men on horseback, off by themselves, about three hundred yards distant from me.

"Their uniforms and general appearance indicated them to be the commanding general and his staff and couriers.

"I put in a shell and sent it at them. It burst above their heads. Had I lowered the gun an inch, it would have hit the group plumb. That group was 'Old Butler' and his staff. A prisoner captured that day told me how near that shot came to killing 'Old Ben.'"

He here returns to the attack and says:

"In a few minutes the enemy were within two hundred yards and offered a broadside to me. I opened with my two guns, raking their left flank at every fire. *They didn't fire a gun.* They marched right up to Fort Harrison, and when they arrived there they went right up on the parapet and began to shoot down our men as they were working the guns. I knew we were 'gone up,' and saw they would kill or capture me in ten minutes if I remained at my guns.

"The parapet was packed with men, like a street on a circus day.

"One of the guns was disabled, so I told my gunner to put in a double charge of grape shot. He said: 'Captain, it will bust the gun and kill us all.' 'Let her bust,' I replied, 'I will pull the lanyard.' So in went a double charge of grape. I sighted it on the parapet and the mass of humanity standing thereon. My men stepped back a few paces and got behind pine trees. I pulled the lanyard, and stooped below the smoke to see if I hit. I saw the swath that shot plowed through the body of men, and heard the yells and groans distinctly. By this time the boys in Fort Harrison were all shot down or captured, Colonel Maury captured, Major Taylor wounded and captured, and I, being the senior captain, was left in command.

"As soon as the enemy realized the awful shot, they looked and saw my battery and came running down the intrenchments on the inside toward me.

"I then left *in haste*, as old Mr. Pickering used to say.

"I ran to Fort Maury and there rallied about one hundred men, and, with four pieces of artillery, kept up the biggest fuss one can very well imagine. They came down to a fort one hundred and

fifty yards east of me—the name of which I have forgotten—occupied it and remained there. Immediately upon reaching Fort Maury, and becoming aware that all would be killed or captured, I called up my brother Edward, a corporal, and quietly but quickly told him to go back to Chaffin's Bluff; get $10,000 in Confederate money, my wife's letters and photograph out of my trunk, make his way over the river and up to Richmond; to tell St. Lester to have everything ready to spike every gun at the Bluff, and to blow up the magazines, burn all stores etc., but to write for orders; to also warn the sick to get away as best they could; that the day was lost and all of us would be killed or captured; that I would never run from Fort Maury, but would surrender, or die at my guns; telling him I would send him orders when to blow up the whole fort and spike every gun.

"At this hour, there was not a Confederate soldier between me and Richmond except Hardaway's handful. I expected a demand at any minute for surrender, and had it been made, *to save life I should have surrendered.*

"But no demand was made," he continued. "Now, to give you an idea of how a little thing will turn a tide and 'count up big,' in a day's battle, I will tell you how I saved Richmond that day.

"After I had reached Fort Maury, rallied my one hundred men and gotten them calm and quiet, I noticed a two-acre lot of sorghum corn, standing immediately at our left. At once I saw how I could use that sorghum corn to 'play a trick' on the enemy.

"I ordered four men to take a howitzer, get down on their hands and knees and crawl down the line, around to the corner of that lot of corn and open 'like blazes' on the enemy in the fort to our left, which we will call Fort Blank.

"They did so, and their firing shook the earth. *The Yanks believed that Lee's army was in ambush behind that sorghum corn, and never made another step toward Richmond!*

"I shall always believe that but for creating an impression on the Yankees' minds that a large force was in ambush behind that corn, they would have gone to Richmond that day, and burned it.

"By this time it was eight o'clock, perhaps nine.

"While sighting a 24-pound siege piece at the fort occupied by the Yankees, and endeavoring to disable a gun we left, and which had been turned against us, a regiment gave us a full volley of minie balls.

"One of them cut me slightly in the left arm, another took off a finger of my right hand, while a third struck my gun, flattened and glanced, striking me in the left breast.

"Pickett's Division, famous all over this united country, came to the rescue, arriving at about one or two o'clock in the afternoon. Hope was revived simultaneously in the heart of every man, and they were ready, in far less time than it takes to tell it, to meet any sort of attack on the part of the enemy. An attack was made on Fort Harrison, but failed of success. The minute the Union forces captured the stronghold, they went to work, with that true 'Yankee git up and git,' with picks and spades in the hands of thousands of men, and made a new front to the fort, facing it to its former rear, and turned the guns captured in it on the Confederates to the west. The latter were never able to retake Fort Harrison. The Federals held it till the end of the war. As soon as night came on, Pickett's men went to work with such tools as they could get hold of, a few spades, shovels, knives, forks, spoonhandles—absolutely anything that would cut dirt—and made a new line of entrenchments running northwardly from Fort Maury, leaving Fort Harrison to the right, and intersecting the old line a mile north of the latter fort. During that night thousands worked as they never worked before. Some carried dampened clay and small pebbles in their hands, while others cut the earth down with bayonet, pocket knife, case knife or spoonhandle. These men, too, who seemed playing in mud as children, were members of Pickett's famous veterans, familiar to every school boy; and reverenced for their bravery by the North as well as the South."

Why were they at this, in the dead of the night, nothing audible but their heavy breathing, which they could not suppress?

Why?

Because they expected the enemy to concentrate that night, and renew the fight at daylight; and proceed to their capital, and destroy it.

At dawn the next day every man was at his post behind an entrenchment which his own hands had made by ceaseless toil, under cover of the night just gone.

With his gun lying on the piled-up dirt and rock before him, he was ready to defend his position, with his own life's blood, against the enemy's fiercest charge. But no charge was ever made. There they stood through the long hours of that day, and many days that followed.

The winter began, continued and closed; and the fears of the men in the intrenchments were dissipated, and many had surrendered to a higher power than could be found on earth.

The Union and Confederate lines were within one hundred yards and the guards within fifty or sixty feet of each other. During the entire winter the Federals hung out an illuminated sign, with the following inscription thereon: "As long as this lamp continues to burn, the vilest rebel may return." And many who had lost hope, and who had news of ruined homes and destitute families within the enemy's lines, in desperation yielded to the temptation and bade farewell to the lost cause.

It is time, kind reader, to tell you the name and something more of the history of the hero of our narrative.

Cornelius Tacitus Allen, now of Mexico, Missouri, a Virginian by birth, education, and residence, became, after the war was ended, a Kentuckian by adoption, and for many years served that grand old commonwealth with honor and distinction in positions of responsibility and trust. He is a man who numbers his friends by the score in every county of the state of his adoption.

He has honorably served his country in times of peace, as well as in times of war, being often called to high positions, and always filling them with that ability and impartial fidelity which brings the "greatest good to the largest number."

For meritorious conduct on that momentous day at Chaffin's Bluff Captain Allen was recommended by General Ewell, in command of the department, for promotion from captain to lieutenant-colonel of artillery. The recommendation was endorsed by General Robert E. Lee, and was in the War Department when collapse came.

"*If I had that paper,*" said he, "*no money could buy it.*"

* * *

To prove that the subject-matter of this reminiscence is correct, here is what Captain Allen says in regard to the matter:

"In the summer of 1865, a Captain Fessenden, of Maine, a nephew (I believe) of Hon. Wm. Pitt Fessenden, Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Lincoln, was in Lunenburg county, Va., in charge of the Freedman's Bureau. He came to my father's home one day, and we were telling our experiences, etc. He remarked that he was in the charge at Fort Harrison and that the most destructive *single shot of the whole war* was fired during that charge.

"That remark recalled my double grape shot, and I asked him to relate it all to me. He told it and I immediately recognized it as my shot.

"He told me that by that single shot *thirty-two men were killed.*

"He further said that he had not the slightest doubt but that it *was the most destructive single shot of the war.*"

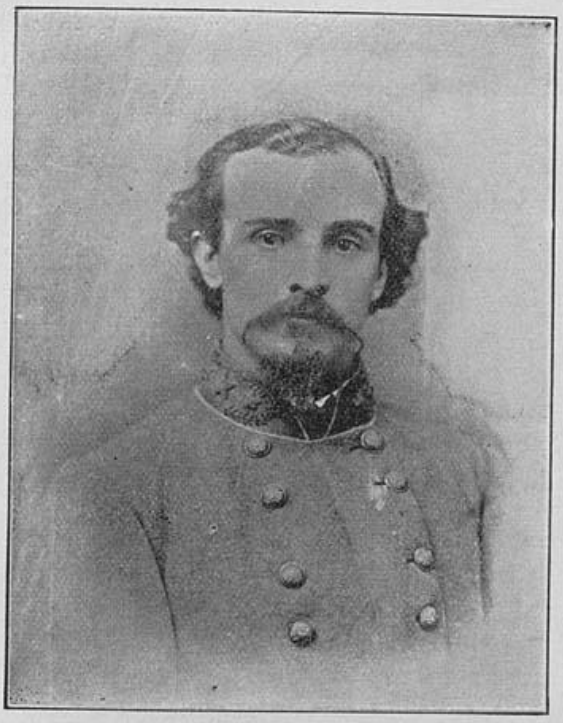
The Famous Snowball Battle in the Confederate Army At Dalton, Ga., 1864.

BY GENERAL GEORGE W. GORDON.

That subdivision of the Confederate forces known as the "Army of Tennessee," and then commanded by General Jos. E. Johnston, passed the memorable winter of 1863–4 in camp at Dalton, Ga. The winter was one of unprecedented severity, the thermometer registering in January, 1864, three degrees below zero. During the cold weather an unusual amount of snow fell for that latitude; and the chief occupations of the soldiers were getting wood, cooking, eating, and keeping warm. It was too cold to drill or to indulge in the usual out-door games, "stag dances," etc., tents being too small for these purposes. And as most of the "boys" were *young* men, naturally there was an accumulation of physical energy that constantly sought issue in athletic exercises. When the copious fall of snow came, it brought the opportunity not only for exercise, but for royal sport as well. But before proceeding further, let us explain that in selecting a camp, the subdivisions of the same command are placed as near together as sanitation, water supplies, the conformation of the ground and general convenience, will allow; that is to say, the regiments of a brigade are located near each other, so the brigades of a division, and so the divisions of an army corps. General B. F. Cheatham's Division of General Hardee's Corps was composed of four brigades of Tennesseeans — Maney's, Vaughan's, Carter's and Strahl's — and was camped on one side of a considerable depression in the ground, not sharp enough to be called a ravine, but through which a small branch ran during wet weather. On the opposite summit and slope to

this depression, and about three hundred paces from the Tennesseeans, was camped General Walker's Division of Georgia troops—also of General Hardee's Corps.

The day after the snow had ceased to fall "snowballing" first began among the men of the same companies and camps, and many interesting, exciting and clamorous contests were had for several hours. But finally a body of Tennesseeans and Georgians became arrayed against each other, and very soon the



BRIG.-GEN. GEORGE W. GORDON, OF TENNESSEE.
[From a photograph taken in 1865.]

contest became highly exciting. As the news spread through the camps that a fight was on hand between the Georgians and Tennesseeans, division pride and state pride became excited, the small fights ceased, and reinforcements poured into both sides of the state forces until all interest was absorbed in one grand battle between Georgians and Tennesseeans, in which several thousand men were now engaged, making the heavens wild with shouts and the air striped with the tracks of flying snowballs. Charge after charge was made and repulsed. Shout after shout

rent the sky. For two hours or longer the battle raged, with partially varying successes. The prisoners who were captured in one charge would make their escape under the excitement of the next, and rejoin their comrades in the fight. Sometimes the assaulting columns would have to retreat because their ammunition would give out, and would in turn be countercharged and routed by the receiving forces who had held their ground and defended their magazines (large piles of snowballs as high as a man's head all along the line and prepared beforehand), and were thus supplied with ammunition. Sometimes these magazines would be charged and captured by massing a force for that purpose. In these charges the supreme efforts made by the defending forces to resist the momentum of the assaulting mass raised the excitement to its wildest height. The place where a magazine was captured was always retaken, but sometimes not until the ammunition had been used up on those making it, or carried away by the enemy into his own lines. Finally, after alternating successes of a very partial and indecisive character, the battle ceased as if by common consent and the weary combatants "rested upon their arms" —each upon his original ground and upon opposite sides of the depression or small branch before referred to, and not more than a hundred paces apart. Neither side seemed to be satisfied. Neither was whipped and neither appeared inclined to leave the field. Besides, during this cessation of hostilities, both armies were vigorously engaged in making ammunition, which, with other demonstrations of a hostile character, clearly indicated that the battle was soon to be renewed and upon a much grander and more imposing scale than ever before.

Up to this juncture, the writer had been only a highly interested spectator of the contest from a distance, and had not expected to take any personal part in the fight. But at this moment a messenger, and one of my own command, came running to my quarters and said that he had been sent by the Tennesseeans to ask me to come and command them, and to come mounted; that with a mounted commander to lead them, they thought they could win the fight. With my interest already highly excited, it needed no persuasion, and I told my colored boy to saddle my horse immediately. By the time he had done so the messenger had improvised a flag for me to carry out of an old bandana handkerchief, about two feet and a half square, and the largest and dirtiest one, I think, I ever saw. I mounted my horse, a beautiful dappled iron gray, and with the bandana flag

in my hand flying to the breeze, I charged to the field, my horse leaping logs, ditches and other obstructions and running faster as I approached the exciting scene. When I checked up in front of the Tennesseeans (now in battle array) and waved my flag, such a tremendous shout shook the air that the very atmosphere seemed to quiver around and above us. Excitement was now intense, and the men wildly impatient to make the charge. Immediately after my appearance on horse-back in front of the Tennesseeans, Major ——— (whose name I regret to have forgotten), of General Walker's staff, appeared mounted at the head of the Georgians. His coming was greeted with a tremendous shout from *his* men, and was answered by mine with another shout, as if to say: "We accept your challenge." Excitement was now extreme. Non-combatants had assembled by hundreds on the surrounding hills and house-tops to see the fight. General officers and their staffs, at their headquarters, had mounted their horses or ascended higher elevations to witness the impending struggle. All was now ready. And after directing the men to fill their pockets, bosoms and hands with balls, and the ordnance officers to follow the line with all the ammunition their details could carry, I ordered the charge. With a shout that signaled victory, and an impetuosity that seemed irresistible, we dashed upon the brave Georgians, and for a few minutes the struggle was fierce and furious, desperate and doubtful. The air was white with whizzing and bursting balls; men were tripped up, knocked down, covered with snow, or run over. The writer was struck with at least a hundred balls, and his horse by as many more. The momentum of the charging column was too great, however, to be successfully resisted, more especially so when it outflanked both wings of the enemy, which soon gave way. The center, then being flanked, and at the same time being sorely pressed in front, also gave way, and his entire army fled in great confusion. The rout on the field was now complete, and the enemy was not only driven therefrom, but through his own camp and into the woods beyond. The object of the campaign (victory) being now accomplished, I ordered the pursuit to cease and the men to return to their camps. As they did so, however, some of them stopped in the deserted camps of the Georgians and plundered their mess chests, which had been well filled by supplies from their friends at home. When I heard of this, and reproved it as not being a legitimate object of the campaign, the reply and defense were in that questionable old maxim, "All is fair in love and war."

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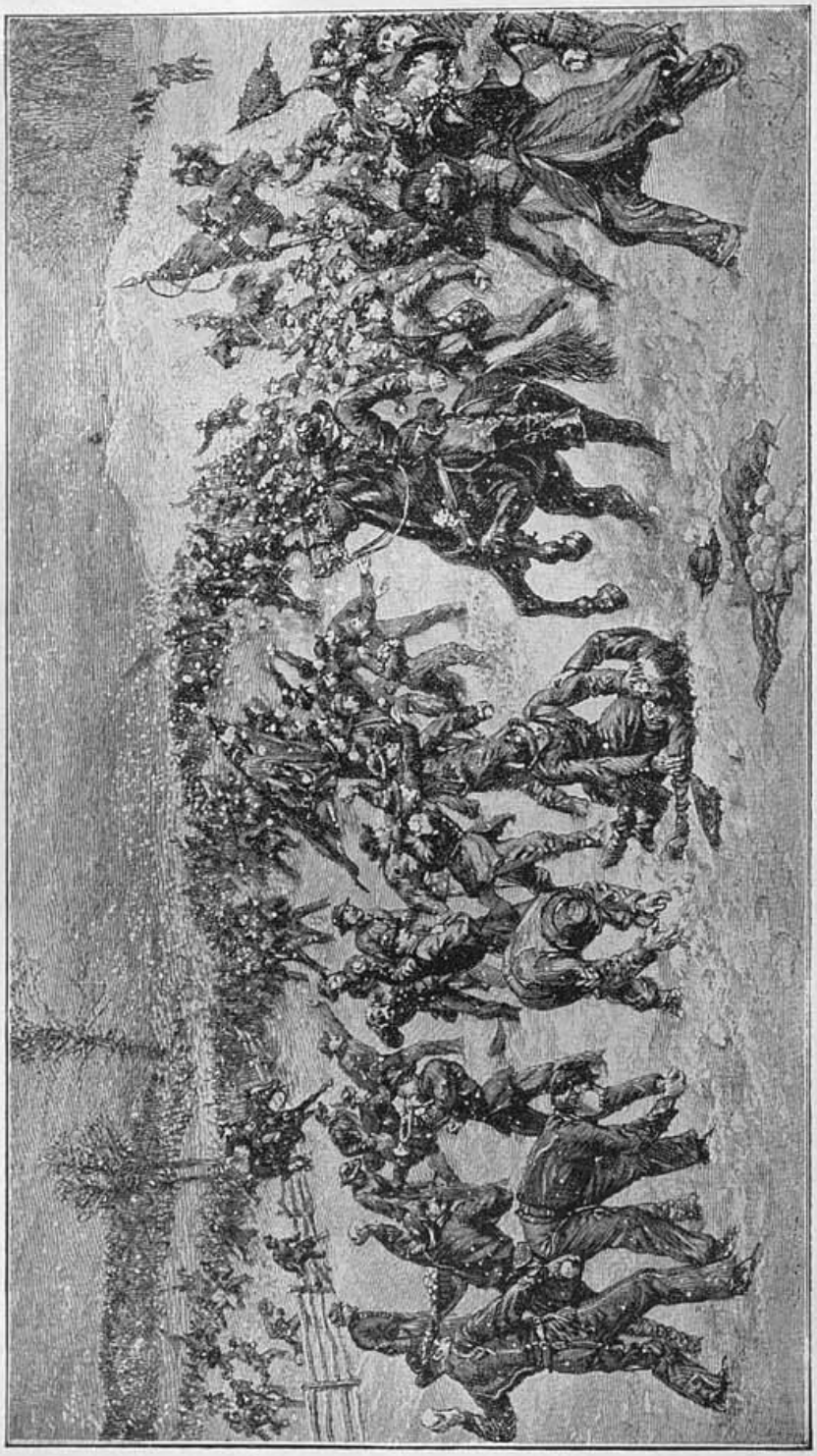
So far from this episode of camp life having been a source of unkind feeling between Walker's Division of Georgians and Cheatham's Division of Tennesseeans, it ever afterward seemed to be rather a bond of sympathy and union. The writer never afterward passed or met the Georgia Division, that its men did not greet him with shouts, often with "Three cheers for the Snowball Colonel!" "Colonel" was my rank at the time, and "The Snowball Colonel" was the designation they ever afterward gave me. This "snowball battle" seems to have made a deep and indelible impression on all the soldiers who took part in, or who witnessed it; for one of the first questions I am often asked by old soldiers whom I have not seen since the close of the war is: "General, do you remember the snowball battle at Dalton, Georgia?" This and the additional fact that it is still so often a topic of conversation among the old soldiers is, I suppose, why I have been requested to write an account of it.

In concluding this report of the celebrated snowball fight, I suppose the writer can say, without being charged with vanity, that he won more "reputation" ("that idle and most false imposition; often got without merit and lost without deserving") than in all the other battles in which he participated during the war. He is said to have performed prodigies of daring and desperation during the action, as men can generally do when there is not much danger in front, and no disgrace in defeat. With a bowed head (after the manner of a pugnacious sheep) to protect his face and eyes from the balls of the enemy, he rode right into and through their ranks, amid a deluging snowstorm of flying missiles, and emerged therefrom with a floating flag, but a hatless head. He congratulates his command and himself that though the battle was intensely boisterous, it was practically bloodless—the only casualties being a few blinded eyes and two or three broken arms, during an action in which not fewer than five thousand men were engaged.

The Tennesseeans were so enthused with their great victory over the Georgians, that they wanted another fight before the "weary sun," then sinking low, "had made his golden set." But as there was not time to seek it with troops in a distant camp and from a different state, they concluded to fight each other. Accordingly an issue was joined between Maney's Brigade, commanded by Colonel Hume Field, mounted, and Vaughan's Brigade, commanded by the writer, also mounted. The dispositions for

battle having been duly made, the charge was mutually sounded, and when the opposing lines, advancing on each other with great speed and impetuosity, clashed the shock was tremendous. Men fell right and left, in front and rear. Some were dragged from the field, hatless and coatless, amid the greatest cheering and wildest shouts. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the *tug* of war." The battle raged till all the reserves had been brought into action, when a supreme effort was made by both sides to close the fight with victory. The writer, venturing too far into the enemy's ranks, had his horse seized by as many of them as could get hold of him, and was thrown to the ground; the rider was grabbed by the head and arms (his bandana flag going down in the wreck), and was being dragged to the enemy's rear, when a large squad of his own men seized him by the other end in an effort to recapture him, and he was raised from the ground and actually strung up between the heavens and the earth by the pulling forces at each end of him. At this moment he *felt* that his situation was now serious indeed, and that it was time to stop such "d—n foolishness." So, by vigorous kicking, "cussing" and yelling to his men to release him, they did so, and he was left a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, but without any serious injury. In the meantime, however, his own men had captured the commander of the enemy, and as neither side now had a leader, the men ceased fighting and entered into negotiations for an exchange of prisoners. By the time the exchange was effected, the ardor of the combatants had greatly cooled, and neither side seemed disposed to renew the contest.

As to the result of the fight, it may be called a drawn battle, or described by an anecdote of a darkey attached as a servant to General Floyd's command in Virginia. When General Floyd had been beaten and was being pursued by the enemy, the darkey moved to the rear far in advance of the retreating troops, and when he was met by a soldier going to join the command and was asked what was the news from General Floyd, he did not want to admit that he had been defeated, but said: When I lef 'em, our men wuz vancin backwards on de Yankees, and dey wuz retreatin' on us." As the last beams of the setting sun gilded the icy branches of the leafless trees with the beauteous tints of the rainbow, the soldiers returned to their camps from the white field of the great "snowball battle," and retired that night with the fadeless memory of a glorious day.



THE FAMOUS SNOWBALL BATTLE, NEAR DALTON, GA., MARCH 22, 1864.
On the line of the Western & Atlantic Railroad.

The Hard-Fought Battle and Bloodless Victory in Orange County, Va., March 23, 1864.

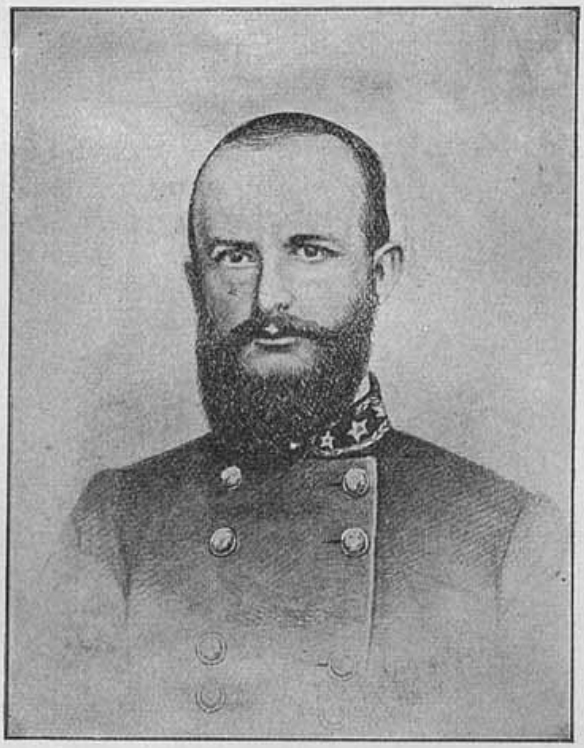
Written the night after the battle,
BY REV. A. C. HOPKINS, D. D., CHAPLAIN OF THE STONEWALL BRIGADE.

Yesterday a deep snow fell; but this morning a bright sun dispersed all clouds and refreshed the camp of the Army of Northern Virginia. "The boys" began snowballing in the Stonewall Brigade. After many regimental skirmishes, the Stonewall and Louisiana Brigades combined, and offered a *snowball* battle to Doles' Georgia and Ramseur's North Carolina Brigades. The gauntlet was declined at first by the Georgians on the ground that they were "not used to snow." But soon the pride of those two large brigades of Rodes' Division, who had won just fame in arms, was kindled, and they resolved to chastise the haughty little band of Virginians and Louisianians. After much irregular skirmishing both sides became somewhat organized. The men of Johnson's Division were commanded by Major Godwyn of Louisiana, and Rodes' Division by Brig.-Gen. Doles of Georgia. After a long contest Doles drove Godwyn pell mell nearly a mile across an open field, and pursued his routed forces into their camp. Doles withdrew toward his camp. Godwyn dispatched couriers to headquarters, and sent recruiting officers through his two brigade camps. Doles' men, flushed with victory, stood upon a hill in the open field, threatening demolition upon their "foe." Godwyn's men, stung to desperation, rallied in front of the camp. Brig.-Gen. James A. Walker, of the Stonewall Brigade, was placed in command of the Virginians and Louisianians, Colonel Wm. Terry of the 4th Virginia in command of Stonewall Brigade and Brig.-Gen. Stafford of Louisiana Brigade took command of his men. Doles was now reinforced by Battle's Alabama Brigade, and was busy reorganizing.

Walker's position was at the angle of the two edges of some wood. This furnished an old "Jackson's foot-cavalry man" a fine opportunity of practicing his lamented chief's fond strategy. Accordingly Walker placed Terry at the edge of the woods, parallel to the "enemy's" line and ordered them to "prepare ammunition" (snowballs). Stafford was led under cover to a concealed posi-

tion along the edge of the woods in front of Terry, at right angles to the former's line, and much nearer the "enemy."

Just here a small body of cavalry was seen to dash from the body of the "enemy" down a ravine on our left. It was generally thought their mission was peaceful and intended to arrange "terms," but the quick military eye of Garret Doyle, Company K, 2nd Virginia, soon discerned their hostile character, and he alone charged upon them; for Doyle heard the rattling of a team

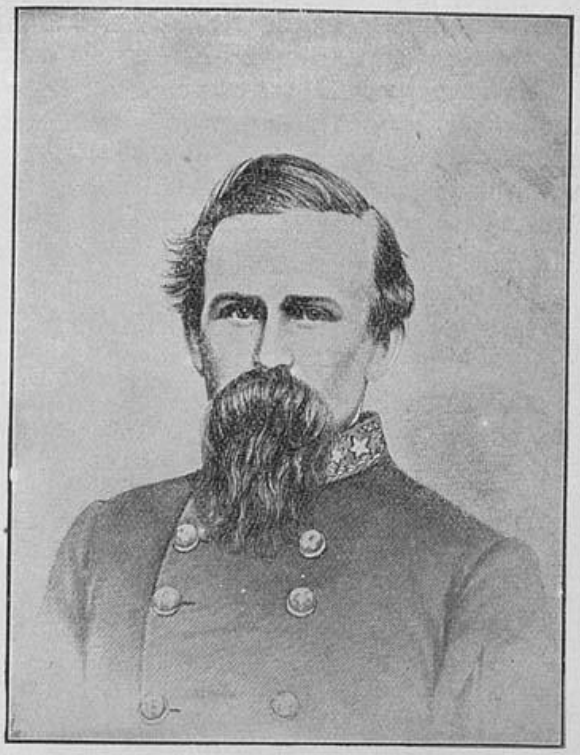


MAJOR-GEN. STEPHEN RAMSEUR, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

through our camp to the rear, and appreciating the value of commissary stores, determined to save them. Unaided and alone Doyle assailed them, and, whether by his heroic exertions or not, they suffered by the raid, as many of them rode off hatless.

Terry was ordered to engage the "enemy" stubbornly, as was his wont, and at a given signal from General Walker to fall back upon "reserved ammunition," and to draw Doles into the ambuscade of Stafford's men. At the word the "Stonewall" advanced; Doles met them; an engagement, quick, sharp and terrific in its grandeur ensued. Walker rode gallantly at the front

of his men, cheering them by presence and word, and when the shock came, he, the admired of all his followers, was the chief object of his brave "enemies'" assault. Countless snowballs flew and broke about his head, and the proud enemy rushed to seize the marked hero. With stentorian voice he shouted "Retreat!" "Retreat!" The enemy thought him beaten; they rushed upon him to make reprisal of a hero. But this was the



BRIG-GEN. GEORGE DOLES OF GEORGIA.

signal. His men tarried only long enough to release his chafing steed from numberless hostile hands that held his bit, and to bring off their brave snow-covered chief, then fled as if for safety. A few steps brought Doles into the hitherto concealed hands of Stafford. His boys rushed out; Terry's men rallied and turned upon their adversary. Once more there was a vast cloud of snow from breaking balls that filled the whole air and almost obscured the sun's bright face. The "foe" was worthy of Walker's steel; but when the snow-smoke lifted the enemy had recoiled. Charmed by the skill of the leader, and inspired by the brilliant

success of his tactics, Walker's men pushed their advantage, pursued the foe, dispersed them in rout, and drove them into and through their camp. Many prisoners were captured and sent to the rear till the issue was known, and one long, loud cheer rent the air that beautiful evening, just before the golden sun sank to the horizon.

Here was a battle that continued all day, with changing fortune. Five brigades were engaged in it. Never did any cause inspire its champions with more excitement, zeal, exertion and courage. Many prisoners were taken and retaken.

Gallantry was never more signal or universal, and none excelled in this beyond the quartermasters and commissaries. Yet it was bloodless, and left upon no heart the blemish of one unkind feeling. If this were war, and these its results, how many recruits could be had for the next. Certainly none who participated in the pleasant enthusiasm of this battle would decline a place in a contest marked by so much that was thrilling and followed by so little that was hurtful. All who engaged in it will be pleased to revive its incidents, many of which occurred, to lighten the veteran warrior's burden.

Capture of Cattle.

BY GENERAL THOS. L. ROSSER.

Our army was and had been for some time on short rations, and as our cavalry was stronger than that of the enemy, we determined to forage in the rear of the enemy's position. Scouts reported a large herd of beef cattle near Coggins' Point, and on the morning of the 14th of September General Hampton took Dearing's Brigade and mine and W. H. F. Lee's Division, and by making a long detour, crossing the Jerusalem plank road at Belcher's mill, and marching the 14th, 15th, and the night of the 15th, we halted near daylight on the morning of the 16th, as we were nearing the enemy's lines, to dispose of our troops for the attack upon the enemy and the capture of the beeves. W. H. F. Lee was sent off to the left toward Prince George Courthouse to amuse Gregg and keep him off. Dearing was sent to threaten

Cabin Point, and I was ordered to break through the line at Sycamore church and secure the cattle.

These preliminaries all arranged, I resumed the march. The moon had set, and, although the sky was cloudless, the night in the woods was very dark. My men were ordered to march in silence, but the road was hard and in the profound stillness of the night the tramp of the horses could be heard a long distance, and I knew it would be impossible to surprise the enemy, and therefore made my arrangements to fight. I knew that I would find a regiment of cavalry at Sycamore church, and I knew that every man of them would be in position and ready for me on my arrival

MAJ.-GEN. THOMAS L. ROSSER, OF VIRGINIA.
[From a photograph taken in 1863.]

there, and I brought up the Twelfth Virginia Regiment and gave orders to the commander, Major Knott, a very gallant officer, to charge just as soon as he was challenged by the enemy.

My guide reported that we were near the church, and I was riding by the side of Knott, telling him how to proceed in the event of his being able to dislodge the enemy, when, as if by the flash of lightning, the front was all ablaze by the flash of musketry, but the gallant Twelfth was not the least staggered by the sudden discharge in its face, but as quick as thought the charge was sounded, and the noble old regiment went thundering upon the

enemy. But a strong abattis had been thrown across the road, over which cavalry could not pass, and when it was reached the men were dismounted and put to work clearing it away, and, seeing this, I dismounted the next regiment, the Seventh, and ran it up in line as skirmishers, and soon cleared the way for the mounted men of the Twelfth, who were followed by the Eleventh and Twenty-fifth battalions, and before the enemy could mount and escape, or communicate with the guard over the cattle, they were our prisoners.

When we captured the regiment at Sycamore church it was barely light enough to see the road, and leaving a strong guard with the prisoners I pressed on in search of the cattle. I had proceeded about a mile when, through the dim light of the early morning, I saw a line of cavalry—about two squadrons—drawn up on a hill in front of me. My command was not closed up, and I had to halt for a few minutes, but a portion of White's battalion coming up, we made a dash at this litte squad, which broke on our approach, and pursuing we soon came upon the beeves.

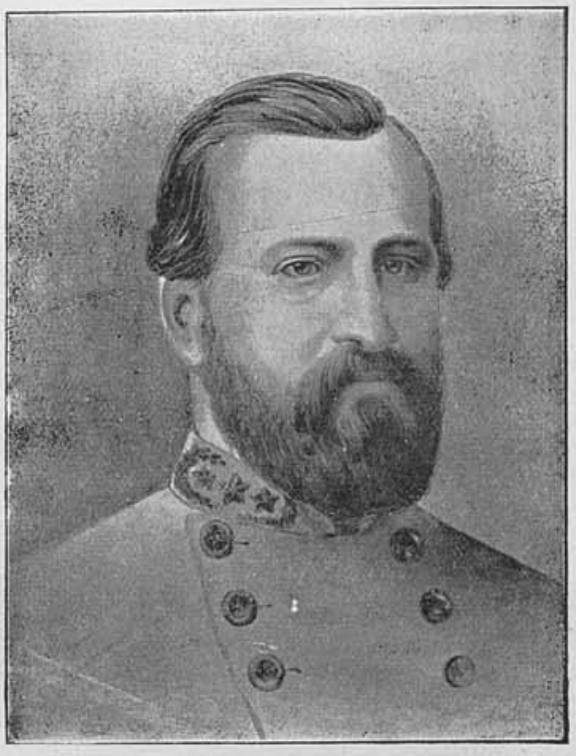
When I came in sight of the beeves, they were running rapidly in the direction of James river. The herders had thrown down the fence of the corral, and by firing pistols and yelling, Indian fashion, had stampeded the cattle and they were running like mad. I ordered the Seventh Virginia, which had just overtaken me, to run their horses until they got in front of the herd, then to turn upon it and stop it. This order was not easily obeyed, for the young steers ran like buffalo, and it was requiring too much of jaded cavalry to force it into a race like this, but after running a mile or so the steers slackened their pace and the cavalry was thus able to get in front of them, and then to "round them up" and quiet them, then turn them about and start them to the pens of their new masters on the Dixie side of the line. When the excitement was all over and the herd was obediently following "the leader," I had them counted and found that our haul amounted to twenty-four hundred and eighty-six head, and all were fat young steers.

A Gallant Incident During the Siege of Vicksburg on May 22, 1863.

BY LIEUTENANT-GENERAL S. D. LEE.

General Grant, having crossed the Mississippi river below Vicksburg, defeated a small Confederate force near Port Gibson; then moving to Jackson, Miss., he defeated a small force at that point and also at Raymond, taking possession of the city of Jackson. He then turned and moved directly west toward Vicksburg, fighting the battle of Champion Hills or Baker's creek, where he also defeated General Pemberton's army on the 16th of May, driving it within the intrenchments at Vicksburg. The Confederate army of Pemberton's, about 21,000 strong, was placed within the intrenchments in line of battle, over eight miles in length, Grant's army forming another line all around the city. General Grant determined to take the city by assault. He gradually pushed his army up to the Confederate lines on the 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st of May, crowning the heights with his artillery and sharpshooters and pushing his infantry to within 150 yards of the Confederate intrenchments, which he could readily do owing to the rugged character of the hills and valleys in the vicinity of Vicksburg. The situation on the morning of May 22d was a very interesting one, the Confederate army, about 23,000 effectives, in intrenchment, and Pemberton closely confined in a circle around the city, his right and left resting on the river with about a hundred guns in position, and about thirty-six heavy guns on the river front. The Union army, about 50,000 strong, forming a circle on the land side parallel to the Confederate intrenchments, with at least 175 guns in position; on the river front was the magnificent iron-clad gunboat fleet of Admiral Porter's, and the mortar-boat fleet moving up to within range of the apparently doomed city. About 10 o'clock in the morning the guns of Grant's army, as also those of the great fleet on the river, opened fire on the Confederate intrenchments and the city of Vicksburg. The cannonading from these hundreds of guns on land and water was terrific and deafening, and the air was alive with screaming shot and bursting shell. The sharpshooters of Grant's army also kept up a continuous fire on everything visible

on the Confederate lines. This terrible ordeal lasted about two hours and a half. During this time the Confederate artillery and infantry did little firing, except to prevent any closer approach than at the beginning of the bombardment, but kept closely covered within their works, reserving their strength and ammunition for the assault which they knew was coming. Strict orders were given that as soon as the cannonading ceased along the Union



LIEUT.-GEN. S. D. LEE, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
[From a photograph of an oil portrait.]

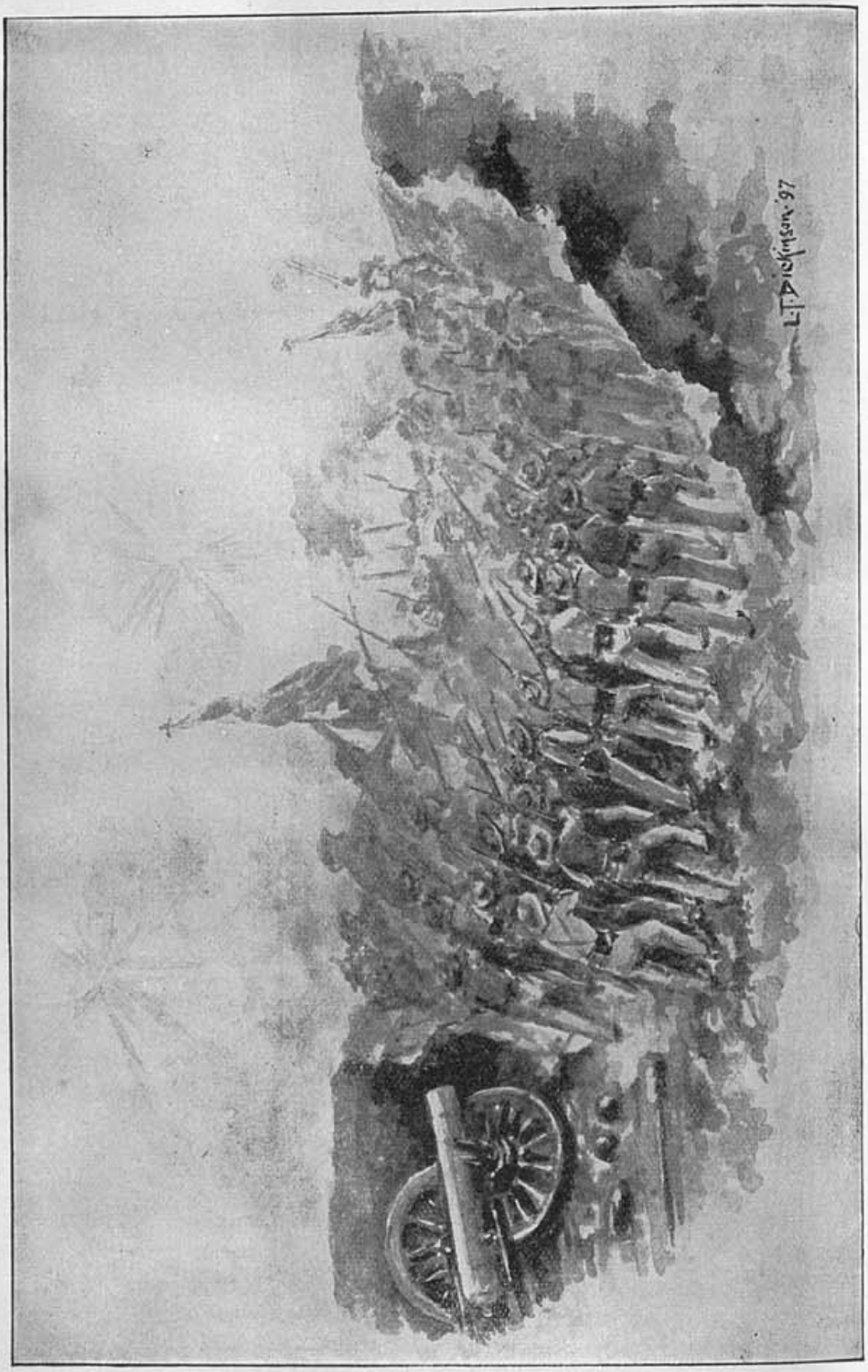
lines and the Federal troops moved to the assault, the Confederate troops should rise in their trenches and deliver their fire on the charging Federals, and that the Confederate artillery should use grape and canister also. The progress of the assault and defense was carried out on both sides with great skill and gallantry. Suddenly every gun ceased firing along Grant's front, except from the covered sharpshooters, who could overshoot the charging Federals who rose and moved toward the Confederate lines for a space of three and a half miles around. The scene was a grand one, the rough hills and valleys turning blue and appearing

alive with the assaulting Federals who moved over the rough ground as if it were level. On the opposite side the Confederates stood gallantly in their trenches and delivered a withering fire, mowing down with the artillery, which was also sending forth its grape and canister, over 4,000 of the charging troops. Such a conflict could not last long, and it was soon evident that the assault was repulsed, and that the Confederates held their lines from right to left, except on the fort immediately south of the railroad cut and resting on the cut, being the left of Maj.-Gen. Stevenson's division and held by the brigade of Brig.-Gen. S. D. Lee. The angle of this fort had been battered down during the cannonading so as to form a ramp. In this breech and in the outside ditch floated the flags of two Iowa regiments and one Illinois regiment, and the Confederates were driven out of the fort into a second one, some seventy-five or a hundred yards in the rear, which had been constructed in anticipation of such possible event. It was some two or three hours before arrangements could be completed to retake this fort.

The assaulting party was made up of thirty-five men from the two companies of Captain L. D. Bradley and Lieutenant Houge, of Wall's Texas Legion. Lieut.-Col. W. E. Pettus, of Alabama, and three other Alabama soldiers of Colonel Shelley's regiment, also joined the assaulting column, Colonel Pettus offering to act as guide and lead the party. At a given signal these heroes dashed into the fort and into the breech, captured two stands of colors and fifty prisoners. As soon as the Federals saw what had been done, they opened fire of some fifty guns on the fort, notwithstanding the ditch was still occupied by Federals. This fire lasted about fifteen minutes, and the dirt of the fort filled the air from the bursting shell and plunging shot. Singular to say, not a solitary man of the assaulting party was either killed or wounded by the Federals who held the angle of the fort, or in the hand-to-hand fight for the capture of flags, or in the terrible cannonading which followed the recapture of the fort.

Later, about dark, the Federals in the outer ditch who could not be reached were made to surrender after rolling several hand grenades over the parapet into their midst. These Federal soldiers refused to surrender at first, and were defiant in every way, and did not yield until several grenades were burst in their midst, killing and wounding many of their number.

A more gallant deed I did not witness during the entire war, than that of the gallant Texans under Bradley and Houge, of



ASSAULT BY WALL'S TEXAS LEGION.

Wall's Texas Legion, guided and led by Lieut.-Col. Pettus, of Alabama, and I write this incident to perpetuate and hand down such gallantry. It also gives me pleasure to state that no troops could have behaved more gallantly than the Iowa and Illinois troops who made the assault and lodgment on the fort. The honor and glory of the American soldier were exemplified on both sides.

A Few Incidents.

BY BRIG.-GEN. A. J. VAUGHAN, OF TENNESSEE.

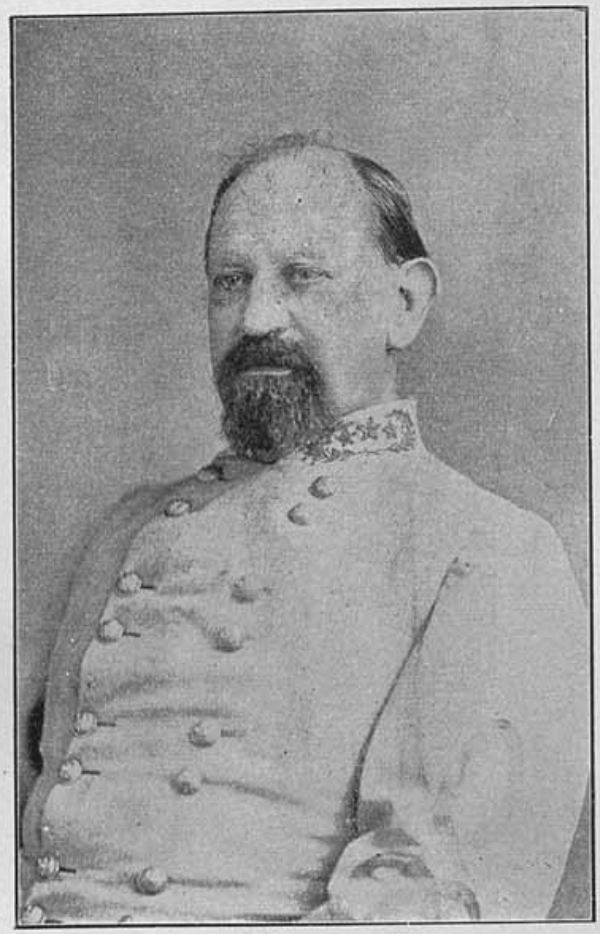
Some incidents and happenings took place during the war which, I think, would interest or amuse. I give a few of them here in the hope that they may not be found dull reading to those who are interested in stories of the war.

A FLAG PRESENTATION.

This incident occurred just as the Dixie Rifles were on the eve of leaving home to go into the army, and was swallowed up in the vortex of the terrible war we then thought was to be of such short duration. I think to mention it now, for its blending of the beautiful and ludicrous will bring it back to the minds of the survivors and their descendants of Company E of the old Thirteenth Regiment.

On a glorious June morning, with just that buoyancy in the air that makes mere existence a pleasure, the company assembled in the little village of Moscow, Fayette county, to receive a most beautiful and elegant Confederate flag that the ladies of the village had made for the company. The then Miss Fannie Steger (now Mrs. Dr. R. L. Knox, of Memphis,) had been selected to make the presentation of the colors. I do not know if she will thank me now for attempting to bring back the speech that she, a winsome and lovely young lady, made to us on that morning. Of course I can not recall all that she said, but I can remember enough to know that it sounded like the blast of a bugle, like the playing of exquisite music, and inspired every member of the company with intenser patriotism and with profound admiration for the fair speaker. Feeling myself (then as now) utterly in-

capable of making a speech, I called on a young member of the company to receive the flag from the fair hands of those who had woven it. He stepped on the platform with every appearance of self-confidence, but to his surprise and to that of all the rest of us, he found himself overwhelmed with embarrassment. Blushing, stuttering and stammering, he began with, "Ladies and gentle-



BRIG.-GEN. A. J. VAUGHAN, OF TENNESSEE.

men, we accept," and then broke down. After swallowing a glass or two of water, he began again, "Ladies and gentlemen, we accept," and, still stammering and stuttering, once more took water. This occurred a third time, when one of the boys called out from the rear, "D—n it, say to her, We accept the flag, and will follow it to h—l or to victory." Amid yells of applause the young man reached for the flag and sat down. This flag was

kept throughout the whole war, and to-day, thirty-three years since the struggle ended, is carefully preserved by my friend, Dr. T. B. Yancey, of Somerville, Tenn.

THE PRESENTATION OF A HORSE.

While the army was in winter quarters at Dalton, Ga., an incident occurred in the Thirteenth Tennessee Regiment which has left a memory that will linger with me until the "shadows gather for the eternal night."

The regiment was reduced to less than two hundred men, and, in generosity and love, these few men determined to make me (now promoted to brigadier-general) a present of a horse. It was difficult to find such a horse as they wanted, but Dr. Yandell, of Louisville, Ky., who belonged to the medical department, had a magnificent Gray Eagle horse, for which he wanted four thousand dollars, but said that, if the regiment wanted it for their commander, he would take three thousand dollars. These few men, drawing eleven dollars per month, with their uniforms in rags, and living on half rations, agreed to buy the horse, and absolutely refused to let anyone outside of the regiment give one cent. The money was scraped up among themselves and the present made, Captain Jerry Crook of Company I delivering the presentation speech, and Captain R. F. Lanier of Company G, on behalf of his commander, the reception speech. The horse was christened "Chickamauga." I have lived to forget many things, but never will pass from my heart the gratitude I felt that day when my war-worn soldiers in their ragged gray gathered around me to show their love and confidence. If nothing else, that act alone makes dear to my heart every soldier of the Thirteenth Tennessee Regiment.

MY LOST LEG.

Among the most intimate friends of my evening time, I have found infinite comfort and cheer in two, who for twenty years have been a part of my life. These two, the Hon. James M. Greer and Mr. James F. Hunter, having made me almost a part of their family lives, I wrote out for their boys, Allen, Autry and Rowan Greer, and Douglass Hunter, this account of how I lost my leg, and give it here without apology to my readers.

Soon after Sherman's army was so signally repulsed on the Kennesaw line, he again commenced his flank movement, which forced our army to fall back.

On July 4, 1864, one of the hottest days of the season, our army arrived at Vining Station, just below Marietta, Ga., where it was formed in line of battle, with orders for each brigade to intrench and throw up breastworks.

I was busily engaged all the morning in superintending the work, which was about completed between 12 and 1 o'clock, when, with my staff, I retired to a large spreading oak tree, about 150 or 200 yards in the rear of my line of works, to rest and to eat my scanty rations. No fighting was going on at this time except an artillery duel between a Federal battery some distance off and a Confederate battery on my line.

After I had eaten up all the rations I had, I concluded I would take a smoke. Matches in those days were very scarce and hard to get, so I always carried with me a small sunglass to light my pipe with when the sun was shining. After filling my pipe I noticed that the sun was shining through a small opening in the foliage of the tree under which I was sitting, and I remarked to Colonel Dyer, my inspector-general, that I could light my pipe through the little opening. He replied that he would bet me a drink of pine-top whisky that I could not. I accepted the bet (as I was then not as punctilious about betting as I am now), and just as I was in the act of drawing a focus on my tobacco, a shell from the enemy's battery came whizzing through the air over my line and exploded just as it struck my foot and the ground, tearing off my foot and making a hole almost large enough to bury me in.

My staff officers were lying under the shade of the tree, but none of them were struck by the shell or any of its fragments. Colonel Dyer, who was standing over me at the time, had nearly all his clothing torn off, not by the shell or its fragments, but by the gravel that was thrown up against him. He received seventeen flesh wounds, none of which proved very serious. As soon as the shell exploded he involuntarily started to run to get behind a tree. A few days before this Colonel Dyer and myself, while walking in the rear of our line on Kennesaw Mountain, noticed that a soldier with all the canteens of his company swung around him, was going after water for his company, when a shrapnel shell came over, exploded and riddled him with balls; yet he walked, or rather ran, some little distance before falling, and then fell dead. Colonel Dyer told me that he had this man in his mind's eye while running, and he expected every moment to fall dead.

The shock from the explosion of the shell was very severe, yet the tearing away of my leg was accompanied by neither pain nor the loss of much blood. In addition to the loss of my foot I received another wound on my other leg, which was rather remarkable. I had a cut below the knee about four inches long and down to the bone, as smooth as if it had been cut with a sharp knife, yet neither my pants nor underclothing were torn. It was so smooth a cut that when pressed together it healed by first intention. None of us were able to conjecture what made this cut. Before I would allow my removal I made my staff find my sunglass and my pipe. The rim of my sunglass was broken.

As soon as it was known that I was wounded, the surgeons of my brigade and division came to my assistance, and bound up my wounds as best they could, and gave me some morphine and whisky. I was then put in an ambulance and started to the field hospital. In going to the hospital I passed by General Cheatham's headquarters, who, hearing that I was wounded, came out to sympathize with me, and suggested that as I was looking very pale he thought that some stimulant would do me good, and gave me a stiff drink. I then began to feel pretty good and proceeded on my way to the hospital. I had not gone very far when I passed General Hardee's headquarters. He had heard of my misfortune and came out to see me. He also said I was looking very pale and that I ought to have some stimulant, and gave me a big drink. I continued to feel better, and again started toward the hospital, and in a short time passed General Joseph E. Johnston's headquarters. He came out to see me and also said that I was looking very pale, and that some stimulant would do me good. He happened to have some very fine apple brandy, and gave me a big drink, and down it went. From this time on I knew nothing until I awoke on the platform at Atlanta at sunrise next morning.

The amputation of my leg at the point selected was an unfortunate one for me. My brigade surgeon, Dr. R. W. Mitchell, was absent at the time of my arrival at the field hospital, and the point of selection for the amputation was determined upon by a consultation of surgeons before he returned. If my leg had been cut off higher up it would have relieved me of the many days of suffering I have since experienced.

From Atlanta I was carried on a freight train in a box car, in the hottest of weather, to Macon, Ga. Dr. Mitchell accompanied me, thinking I would die before I reached the place. My suffer-

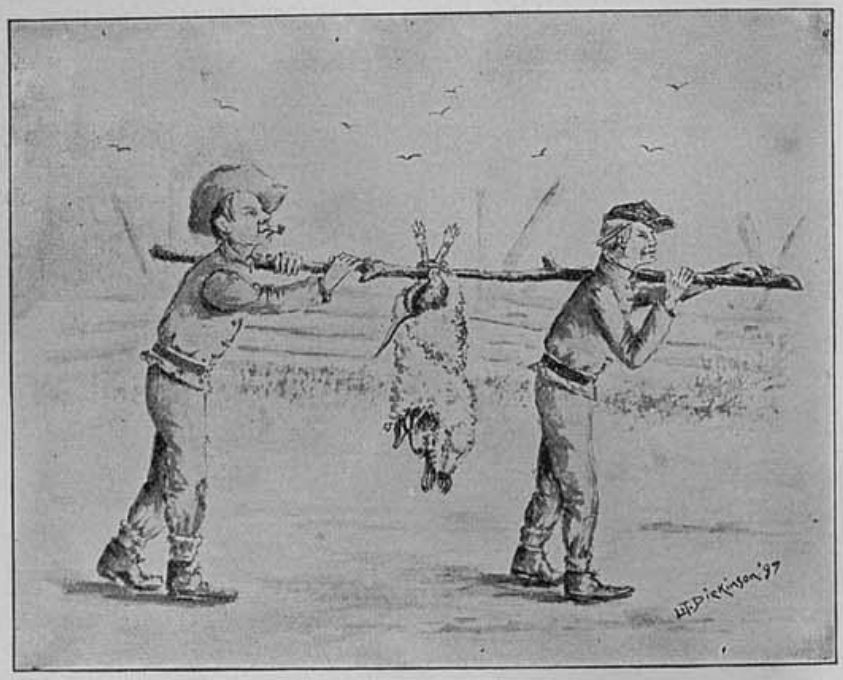
ings were intense, but I survived, and was taken to Mrs. Josie, the wife of a quartermaster of my division of the army, who cared for and treated me as kindly as if I had been her own child.

Thus I lost my leg, and I have never seen it since.

Who Ate the Dog?

BY BRIG.-GEN. JAMES A. SMITH.

During the fall of 1864, when Hood left the Tennessee river en route for Nashville, the brigade of General Smith, of Mississippi, was left there to assist in crossing a supply train, and, when



Carrying the dog to camp, disguised.

across, to convey it to Nashville. The brigade was detained there for several days, during which time frequent complaints were made to the commander by farmers of the adjacent country that soldiers of his command were depredating upon their cattle, poul-

try, etc. Strict orders were issued to prevent this, and, as an additional incentive to the provost guard to do its duty thoroughly, it was notified that it should have all contraband articles captured. In this brigade was the Fifth Confederate, an Irish regiment, composed of as rascally a set of men as ever went unhung, and it was this regiment that General Smith commanded as colonel, and it was shrewdly suspected that it was men of that regiment that thought to get even with their late commander.

One day when General Smith returned from the river, where he was superintending the crossing of supplies, he was agreeably surprised to find on his table what he supposed to be a leg of mutton prepared in the best style of the cuisine, and of which he and his staff partook freely. Upon inquiry it was learned that it was captured by the provost guard and in their gratitude had sent a piece to headquarters. Soon after dinner the general had occasion to ride through the camp, when he heard on his right some one call out in a loud tone: "Who killed the dog?" The reply came from the left, "The Fifth Confederates." Then came the inquiry, "Who captured the dog?" To which came the reply, "The provost guard." Again it was yelled out, "Who ate the dog?" When the whole camp sang out, "General Smith, Bow-wow, Bow-wow." It was then that the gallant general realized the fact that the toothsome dish upon which he had dined was dog, and it was many days thereafter before his presence in the camp failed to elicit the same welcome.

The Negro on Guard.

BY L. T. DICKINSON.

During the winter of '63 and '64 negro troops guarded the Confederate prisoners at Point Lookout, Md. They exulted in the task, and heaped indignities upon the prisoners that were almost unbearable. The air with which they commanded, "Git to yo' quatahs dah, men, quick; git to yo' quatahs," was enough to make a Southerner's blood boil. Many scenes both amusing and blood-curdling occurred. The following incidents were witnessed by the writer:

A young Georgian sat upon a barrel relating an anecdote to

his comrades, at which they were laughing as the patrol passed by. Always on the alert for an insult, the negroes supposed they were being made fun of. The corporal thrust a cocked pistol in the face of the young fellow on the barrel, with "I got a good mind to shoot yo'; I got as good a mind to shoot yo' as avah I had

"I got a good mind to shoot yo'!"

to do anything in my life; I got a good mind to shoot yo'." A bat of the eye, a twitch of the mouth, would have been his death. The young man never winced, but looked as calmly down that cold steel barrel as though there were no deadly messenger at the bottom of it, ready at the pressure of a nervous finger to crash through his brain. With a repetition of his threat the negro lowered his pistol and passed on with his guard, keeping the pistol still cocked in his hand, and casting menacing glances at every group of prisoners.

The following acted as a balm to the righteous indignation of the prisoners:

The negroes were so proud of their guns and everything pertaining to their military "get-up" that they lost no opportunity to "show off." When not under the surveillance of their officers they would stop on their beat and make passes at one another, to show how proficient they were at handling their guns. One day two of them were engaged in a sparring match with guns and bayonets, when one of the guns went off, the bullet entering the temple of one of them and he fell dead. No need of the prisoners concealing their gratification at there being one less, for the fellow left standing there was scared out of his wits; he dropped his gun and gazed, with distended eyeballs and ashen cheek, at the bleeding, prostrate figure at his feet; his teeth chattered and his knees

"His teeth chattered and his knees knocked together."

knocked together in a perfect ague of fright. The report of the gun soon brought a squad at a double-quick, who hurried the prisoners into their quarters as they came along. The dead negro was borne off on a litter; the culprit was led away, little more than a quickened corpse.

Was It Not a Miracle?

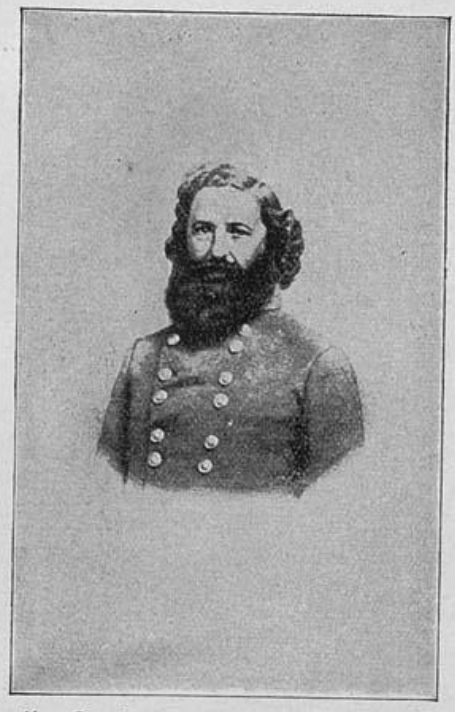
How the Destruction of Railroads and Bridges Were Averted by a Bluff.

BY MAJ.-GEN. LAFAYETTE McLAWS.

In the fall of 1864 I was on my way from Augusta, Ga., to Virginia, to resume command of my division. My route was by rail through Danville, Va. As the train was at Danville and about to leave, the conductor announced to me that a telegram had been received stating that General K., of the Federal army, with a force of four thousand cavalry, was out on a raid along the road from Richmond to Danville, with the intention, it was supposed, to destroy the bridges over the Appomattox river, burn the depots at Amelia C. H. and Burkesville, and the high bridge on the road to Lynchburg, and operate along the railroads generally. I had seen quite a large body of Confederate troops on the train that morning early, and the conductor, in reply to my inquiry, said they were of the Hampton Legion, returning from a furlough, and that they had their arms with them. I then requested the conductor to proceed with the greatest speed possible to Appomattox, as I would make an effort to save the bridges over that river, and if too late, to try then and defend one of the depots. The conductor readily promised as requested, and the train went on as rapidly as the condition of the road would permit. On arriving at a point beyond the first bridge over the river, I met an officer who told me he was in command of a Virginia regiment, which he had posted to defend one of the bridges, and he said there was another regiment at the other bridge, both of which regiments, he stated, had been sent from Lynchburg by General Whitney, and that he thought the force was sufficient to defend the bridges.

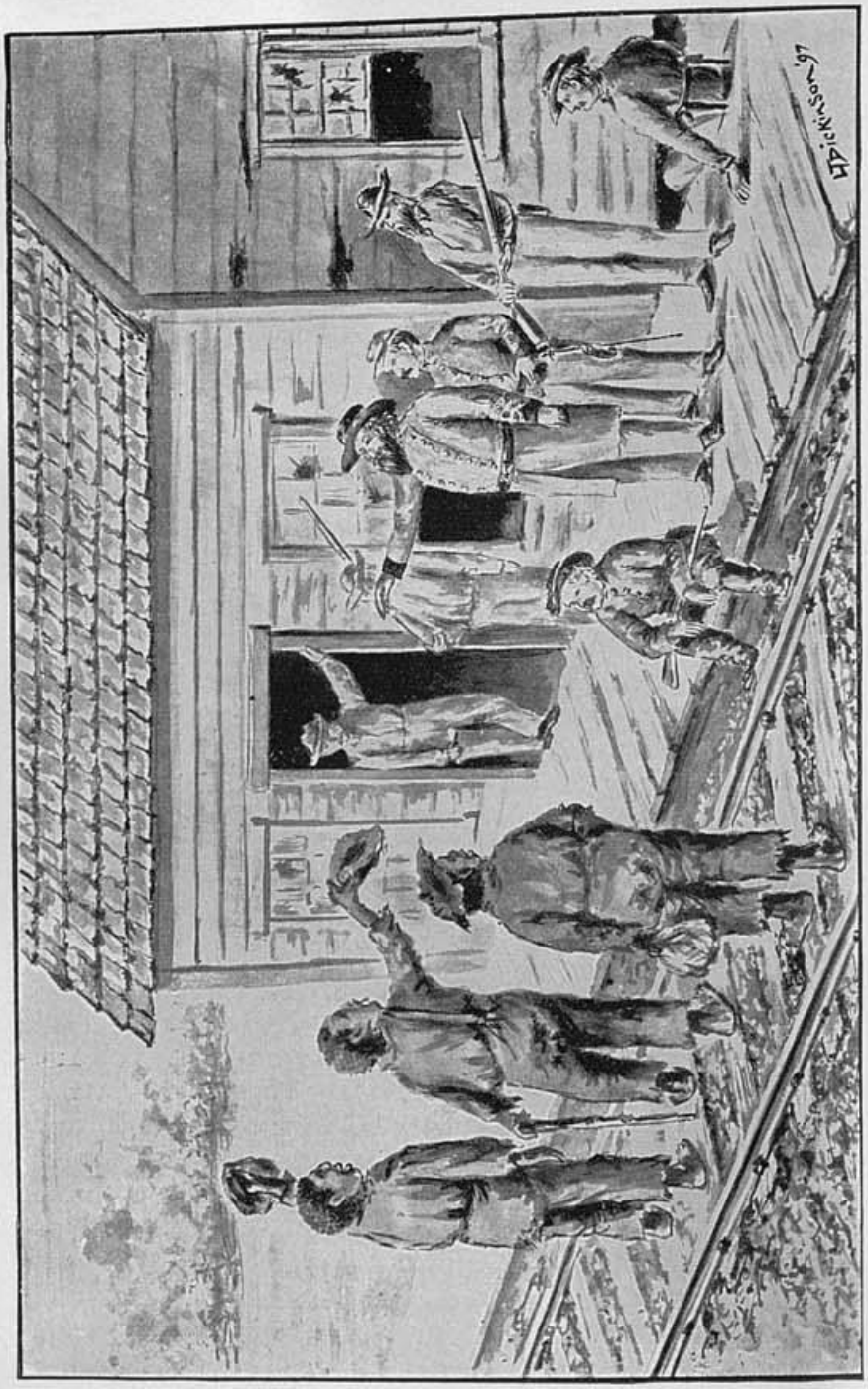
I found at the turn-out, when the train I was on had stopped, another train with flat, open cars and an engine detached. The officer with whom I was conversing had told me that the enemy had made an attempt on the bridge nearest to Richmond, but, finding a force there to defend it, had gone down the river bank to try to cross on some one of the lower county bridges, and that it had been reported to him that the local militia had already destroyed those bridges, but of that he could not say.

To provide for that emergency I directed the troops that came via Danville to get on the flat cars and told the conductor of the train to follow me, as soon as the troops were on the cars, that I would go back on the detached engine and make arrangements to defend Amelia C. H., if there were stores there. I left at once, as the danger was imminent, and crossing the river, halted at the nearest depot to find out if any supplies were at that point and



MAJ.-GEN. LAFAYETTE MCLAWS, OF GEORGIA.

sent the engine on to Burkesville. The station agent told me that he had but few things, but that there was a large supply of stores at Amelia C. H. While conversing with the agent a man rode rapidly to the station, and, dismounting, hurriedly told the agent that the local troops had failed to destroy the bridge over the Appomattox, next below the railroad bridge, and that the enemy had already repaired it and were crossing over, that he had been shot in the shoulder when reconnoitering them. Seeing me with the agent, he said, "General, you had better run into the woods, for the enemy will soon be here; the advance is now at the house yonder; the fierce barking of the dogs gives the warning." I



GO TELL THEM THAT YOU SAW ME.

told him to get on his horse and ride away, which he did. Myself and the agent were about to take to the woods, when we heard the whistle of the train bringing the legion. It came up in a few minutes, the troops cheering as the train stopped at my signal. I jumped on, and ordered it on to Amelia C. H. We had not gone a mile, when looking back we could see the light from the burning depot, which had been fired by the enemy. I suppose that the cheers of the troops on the train had delayed advance on the depot. The train was halted at Amelia C. H., and I placed the troops under command of Colonel Cary, I think, who was once on the staff of General Magruder, with orders to hold the depot, to put out pickets and show a desire to engage should the enemy approach, telling the men that marauders would not fight when a bold front was shown.

I then went on to Burkesville to see if anything could be done there. I found no troops nor any means of defense. There were railroad agents and quartermasters and commission agents, who worked a large number of negroes, who had been detained at the depot because of the reported raid.

The next morning being Sunday, and the raiders not yet appearing, although the light of their fires and of burning buildings had been seen from the depot during the night, the quartermaster asked if he should permit the negroes to leave, which was the usual custom Sundays, when not specially needed. I directed him to let them go, and myself and aid-de-camp, standing in uniform on the platform, along which they went forth, repeatedly told them to inform the enemy, should any of them see the Yankees, that Maj.-Gen. McLaws with his division was here at Burkesville and he would be very glad if they would pay him a visit.

I hoped that as the negroes had seen a train load of troops go by the evening previous, they would suppose they were of McLaws' division and thus help to give credit to my assertion that McLaws' division was close by.

No attack was made on Amelia C. H. depot, only an exchange of picket firing. Nor did the enemy come near Burkesville, nor did they touch the Danville road to do any harm, although they could have destroyed all the depots, burned High Bridge and raided along the Danville railroad up to Danville with little opposition.

I can imagine no reason for the failure of this cavalry force but their fear of disaster, which was brought to them by the *bluff* I have related, for the marauders turned suddenly and went

eastward, when everything they had come out for was in their grasp. I heard afterward that they struck the Meldon railroad.

Captain Trenholm, I think he was from Charleston, S. C., reported to me at Burkesville with a squadron of cavalry, and was directed to scout in the direction the enemy were supposed to be moving, so as to give timely notice and enable all at the depot to "take to the woods" should the enemy decide to come in our direction.

Although Captain Trenholm could find no indications of an advance toward Burkesville from the direction in which he scouted, yet I felt sure that the marauders would come, either direct or up the railroad after striking it below, as the prizes to be gained were so valuable and so easily obtained. So we waited in doubt, and I confess in some apprehension, until such a long time had elapsed since they crossed to our side of the river that we concluded they had gone elsewhere. Myself and aid-de-camp then went on to Richmond, and I reported in person at army headquarters and called on Mr. Davis, who thanked me for services rendered.

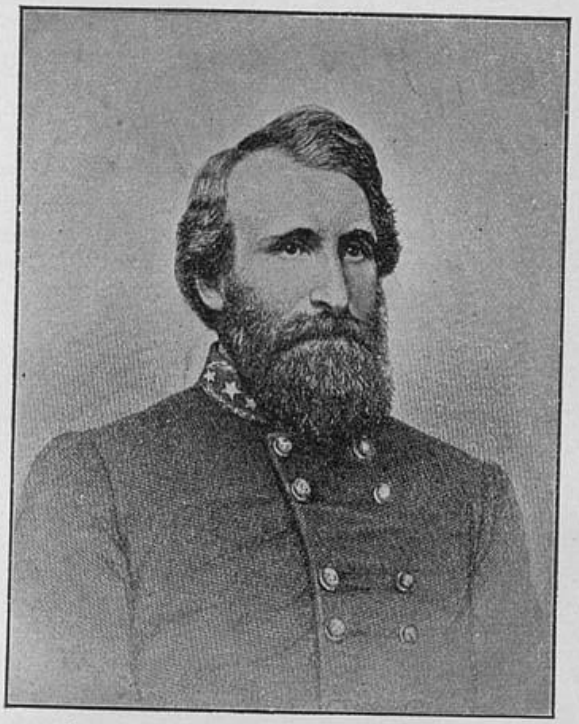
While at Burkesville waiting news from Captain Trenholm—a most efficient officer—and in momentary expectation of notice from him to leave the depot, the Reverend Mr. Styles, of Savannah, Ga., who had just arrived by train from Danville, was asked to hold divine services, and he preached a most eloquent and impassioned sermon, upholding our Southern Cause and imploring divine aid for our armies, and in conclusion, holding both arms and hands extended upward, he prayed that the "Almighty would show by a miracle to be done that day that our cause was just!" And certainly there was a miracle done, for it is difficult to believe that it was otherwise but through God's mercy that the course of the enemy was so suddenly changed, and thus the vast amount of property, which otherwise would have been destroyed, was saved, and the great injury to our armies, which would have followed the destruction of the railroads and bridges, prevented.

A Grim Joke.

BY MAJ.-GEN. WILLIAM B. TALIAFERRO.

In the early winter of 1861 I commanded, as senior general, a few regiments of the general command of General Loring, who had charge of the Confederate troops occupying Northwest Virginia.

My command was stationed at the little town of Monterey in Highland county, Va., and was composed mostly of troops who



MAJ.-GEN. WILLIAM B. TALIAFERRO, OF VIRGINIA.

had participated in the unfortunate campaign of General Robert Garnett, and were with him at the battle of Carrick's Ford, where he was killed.

The miseries of the retreat of our little army before McClellan, from Laurel Hill in Barbour county, West Virginia, to Monterey, had, to that time, been unsurpassed by Confederate soldiers.

Our route lay over chain after chain of mountains as wild and rugged, except for ungraded and badly defined country roads, as they were in their primeval state. The country was covered with dense forest, and the few clearings were peopled by a rude and unsympathetic population. The enemy was pressing in the rear, and a large force menacing us in front; we had to escape the one, and overcome and intimidate the other, or, otherwise, either surrender or take the chance of straggling through mountain fastnesses in detached and disorderly parties. Our condition was deplorable. Our ammunition wagon had to be lightened; our baggage wagons were all abandoned or captured in the Cheat river; there was not a garment in the entire command except such as we had on our backs; and there was no food except such as we could gather from the few houses we passed, and which was grudgingly bestowed, or seized, in our extremity.

We had to pass through the edge of the state of Maryland, where was the Federal column, which awaited us. Thanks to the bold front we rather assumed than presented, and the gallantry and pluck the men had displayed at Carrick's Ford, the rumor of which had preceded us, and more perhaps to the exaggerated stories which we circulated of our great strength, and which could easily be believed from the length of the line of our straggling army, and which we knew would be carried across country to the enemy in front, with additions as they went, it so turned out that when we reached the turning point in Maryland the curious spectacle was presented of two armies retreating, one from the other.

When Monterey was reached, after some days of toil, and hunger, and exposure, it is not to be wondered at that such hardships had produced demoralization and disease, and that the troops required all the ease and absence from labor the exigencies of war could possibly permit.

But drills, as far as practicable, and police routine, the burial of the dead, guard and picket duty, with the erection of such defensive works as were thought to be important, had to be looked after and performed. To work at all was disheartening to the worn-out soldier, and details for any kind of labor, or even exercise, were distasteful and aggravating to him.

At the time I speak of the weather was cold, the ground hard-frozen, the soil filled with loose rock, and the use of trenching tools almost impossible. Sitting in front of my tent one morning, I observed an officer approaching me, under the influence of most

extraordinary excitement, gesticulating and raising his voice in loud tones of denunciation, directed, apparently in the abstract, toward some unknown parties. I recognized the approaching officer to be the colonel of the Thirty-seventh Virginia regiment, the gallant S. V. Fulkerson, who within a few months afterward was killed leading his brigade in the battles around Richmond. To witness the intensity of his indignation, and to hear the angry and violent words that were flying from his lips, surprised and startled me; for he was known to be a cool and collected man, as

The stolen grave.

well as a brave one, and was at that very time holding a high judicial position in the state. I begged him to be quiet and let me know his grievance. "I have come to you," he said, "for justice—for punishment of the most atrocious crime I ever knew committed. I will have vengeance on them somehow—they must be punished." "What do you mean? What is the crime and who are the culprits?" He could hardly answer for excitement. "The d—d ——— Regiment, the most infernal thieves on earth, they take everything they can lay their hands upon; nothing is too good or too sacred to escape them. I must have revenge and punishment."

"Colonel, you are a judge—you know I can not arrest a regiment and punish it for theft or other crime. We must act on in-

dividuals; quiet yourself and name the crime, and then mention the men who were the perpetrators."

"The d—d ——— Regiment, I don't know the men, but I do know the regiment, and they are all bad." "Well, tell me of the horrid crime, if you can contain yourself long enough to detail it, and I will help you to find the perpetrators, if I can, of the crime, as you say, without parallel. Was it never committed before?" "Never! never!! nor could it have been in any civilized country." "Well, tell me what it was, and relieve my mind." He raised his voice and said: "Well, what do you think, colonel? The d—d ——— Regiment, they stole a *grave!*" My amazement at the suggestion got the better of me and I laughed out, "Stole a grave? What an absurdity. How could it be done? Did they take it off, sell it, or how could they dispose of it? Where is it?" "I will tell you," somewhat calming his excitement, as he experienced the difficulty of producing the *corpus delicti*. "One of my best men died last night, and one of the men of the ——— Regiment about the same time. We went to work to dig the grave through these rocks and frozen ground in the hard weather till we used up our pickaxes, shovels and ourselves, but we made a deep and proper resting place for our poor fellow and returned to camp to turn out our men and give our dead comrade the honor due to a gallant soldier. Would you believe it, we had been watched while digging the grave, and when we returned for its occupant these rascally fellows of the ——— Regiment had quietly carried their dead man to our grave, buried him and heaped the ground above him, and as quietly retired as they came. When we reached the grave we found it occupied, marked by headboards, and all traces of the burial party gone. We had to dig another grave, watch it and then use it; if we had left it these wretches would have found another dead man to fill it. Now, I want redress, punishment for this atrocity."

"My dear colonel," I said, as soon as I could recover my own equanimity, "compose yourself and take my advice. Let this thing alone right here. What you have told me was all wrong, but it is, although a grim joke, a good one; an old soldier trick which will be told all through the army, and you will be laughed at as the victim. Keep it quiet, and say no more about it, and it will soon die out and there will be an end of it."

It is due to the ——— Regiment, which came from a state far south of Virginia, to say that it was composed mostly of young men who had seen little of hard times or physical labor, who had

gone into the army without an idea of the hardship it would entail, but who would have hastened to the front if they had known. That they became demoralized is true, but they were afterward reorganized and became one of the best organizations in the Confederate service.

Little Charlie.

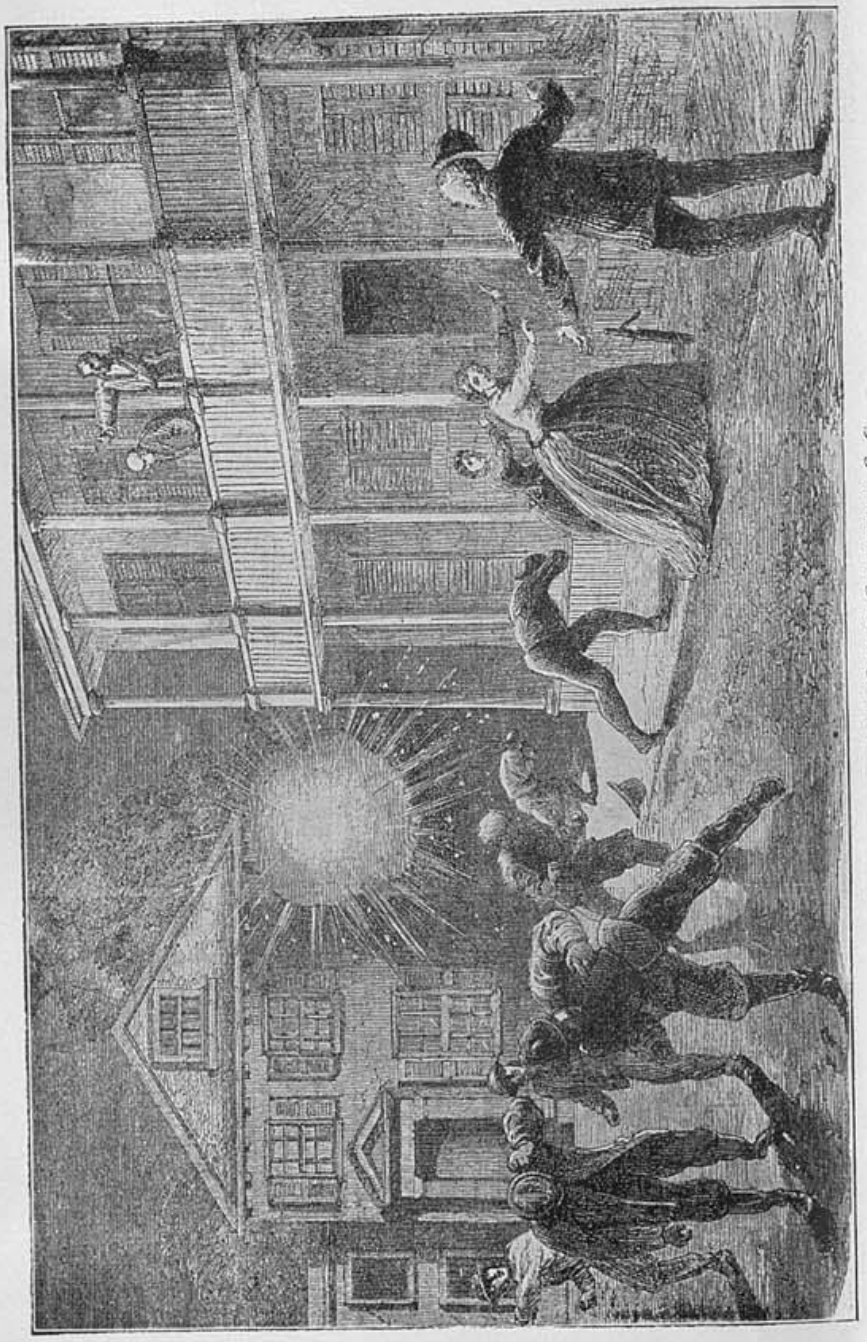
A True Incident of the Siege of Charleston, S. C.

BY MRS. E. L. VENABLES.

Mother and I were sitting near the fire, chatting first of this and then of that, "linking fancy unto fancy," until the old refugee time became the topic of our conversation. We recalled those never-to-be-forgotten days during the siege of Charleston. What magnificent pyrotechnical displays we went down to the Battery to witness when Sumter was bombarded! And when the Confederates evacuated the city—oh, the terrors of that day! The cotton burning, terrible explosions of powder magazines and blowing up the gunboats! Strange to say, the smoke of one of the boats, as it ascended, assumed the perfect form of a palmetto tree (the insignia of South Carolina). Near the depot a quantity of gunpowder had been deposited, to be sent into the Confederacy; but as there was no transportation available, it had to be left, and children amusing themselves carrying handfuls to throw on the burning cotton, laid a train or fuse, which ignited, causing a frightful explosion and setting fire to the depot, also the surrounding buildings, and a fearful conflagration ensued.

Imagine the terrors of the time—a great fire raging, bells ringing loud alarms, detonating explosions, friends departing, foes entering, and crowds rushing, each one trying to get from the commissary stores what provision they could for their Confederate money. There were many sad farewells spoken.

"Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress;
* * * * * *
And there were sudden partings such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes?"



BOMBARDMENT OF THE CITY OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

Among those who appeared the deepest grieved was Mrs. Reigh, also a refugee from New Orleans, with her three little ones, bidding adieu to her husband, a naval officer in the Confederate service. It seemed almost to break her heart. Sympathy and consolation were of no avail. Had she a premonition of the sad future?

Then the hard times followed the occupancy of the city by the besiegers. The general commandant located his headquarters in the same building which Tarleton had occupied during the Revolution, and which is so ably described by Cooper in his novel of that period. Houses were searched. At any moment you might see a squad of negro soldiers at your gate if it were kept locked, or in one's very bedroom if not — the blackest-looking men you ever saw — demanding your keys to search. Military law was established and matters appeared quieter, though Sherman's troops were ravaging the state, tearing up the roads and dealing destruction and havoc generally.

One day Mrs. Reigh came and asked mother to take care of her children. "I must go to the captain — he needs me!" she exclaimed, frantic with grief; but we soothed her, showed her that it was impossible in the present condition of the roads — she could not walk burned bridges, there were no trains — and at last convinced her of the futility of attempting such a thing. On that very day the captain lay dying — died that night — at Orangeburg. She never heard of his death until after the surrender. Can psychical philosophy explain her intuition? Was there telepathic communication from soul to soul? Who can tell? She was left with three small children, a stranger in the bitterest acceptation of the word, in poverty and alone, a woman who had been tenderly cared for by her husband and accustomed to leave all responsibility to him. What was she to do? At last sewing, then the only resource for a woman, was procured, and it was, "Stitch, stitch, stitch, with fingers weary and worn." Florence, the daughter, knitted baby socks and sold them to the fancy stores, adding in a small way to the family purse.

Time passed and each plodded on in the accustomed way, all bearing the oppressive burden of impoverishment and disappointment at the non-success of our struggle for state's rights, until one day Charlie came to me. "We have not received the money for mamma's work," he said, "and have had no dinner. What can I do to make some money?" In trying to think what should be done I chanced to look into the garden, and the

beautiful roses and lilies inspired me. Charlie should be a flower boy.

While gathering the blossoms and making bouquets in the dear old New Orleans style many fond memories rushed into my mind. Methought, with the poet:

"Flowers are the brightest things which earth
On her broad bosom loves to cherish;
Gay they appear as children's mirth,
Like fading dreams of hope they perish.'

We filled our baskets with bunches rich and rare, some whispering a lover's tale—the significant floral emblem expressing his hopes; and others for the maid whose timid looks or words would fail, but with a simple flower might express or confess a kind return of affection.

Buoyed with hope and all the stories I could think of about boys who had struggled with poverty and conquered, Charlie started with the flower baskets. He was a very handsome boy, about five years old, with large, dark, speaking eyes, beautiful, long, flaxen curls, a torn straw hat, gray suit, worn but clean, and two little white bare feet, the flower tray completing a picture I see "in my mind's eye" even yet. With a beating, anxious heart I watched him start on his errand down King's street, and sending after him a fervent prayer that God would speed him, I looked until he disappeared.

The next day, inquiring the result, he told me: "After I left you I went up King's street. Then, not selling my flowers, I thought I would stand by the Charleston Hotel. Everybody I asked to buy passed on. Then I went down by the Mills House and stood there, but nobody wanted any, and it was getting dark and I wasn't brave any more and couldn't help crying—not loud, but softly, to keep anyone from hearing. I began to think my flowers didn't look so pretty, and was afraid to show them, when a kind gentleman came up to me and asked, 'Little boy, are your flowers for sale?' and I told him yes, but I hadn't sold any yet. Then he asked about my father and mother, and when I said papa was a Confederate naval officer in heaven and my mamma was at home sewing, he took me by the hand, saying, 'Come, I will help you to sell your flowers.' Oh, he was so kind! I shall always love him! We went into the parlor of the hotel. I was afraid they would put me out, but he told me not to be afraid. Then he took me to the ladies — they were dressed

so beautiful! — and he asked them to buy, telling them this was my first day and that I had said my father was 'a Confederate naval officer in heaven;' and a lady answered: 'The child is right, general. It is true we have a Confederate army and navy in heaven,

"'Whom the angels name, ...
Nameless here for evermore.'

So, you see, I sold all my bouquets, and — and we had a nice dinner. And I forgot to tell you — the ladies called the gentleman General Beauregard—— But what are you all crying for?"

Ah, need I say those tears were of mingled joy and sadness? If the rich, the powerful, the influential, only knew how much sorrow might be alleviated, how much happiness a little act of kindness can give, this beautiful earth might be made Elysium.

Some of the Adventures of My Orderly.

BY MAJ.-GEN. S. G. FRENCH.

When I went to Petersburg, Va., in July, 1862, in command of the department of North Carolina and Southern Virginia, a cavalry soldier was detailed for orderly. His name was Hedrick; his home was in Fredericksburg, Va. He was a Dane by birth, and had seen artillery service in his native country. He spoke English fluently, but with a foreign accent.

Many men have "hobby horses" that they ride all the time and get no rest, but the genuine noble war horse that Job was questioned about, was Hedrick's "hobby horse" and his delight. One day I saw my best saddle-horse lying broadside on the ground and Hedrick quietly sitting on him. I asked him what he was doing, and he replied that in Denmark the artillery horses were taught to lie down during battle, being in that position less exposed to danger, and that he was teaching my horse to lie down, so that he would be more obedient and affectionate; and I found this very true.

Hedrick was in possession of a fair animal that he said belonged to him, but he wanted a gallant steed. Now, one day when we were riding near the town of Jerusalem, on our way to

the Blackwater, we overtook a pious-looking clergyman mounted on a fine, fat horse, moving at a gentle jog-jog pace. After a few friendly words with him we passed on, but Hedrick rode beside him, and fell behind.

The next morning Hedrick, with some pride, showed me his new horse that he had obtained from the traveler in a trade they had made. I commended his judgment, but reproved him for taking advantage of the parson. We started off at a good speed, and continued it a couple miles or more, and then slackened the pace. After a while I heard a sound not unlike the escape of steam from a Mississippi river steamboat. It was from Hedrick's

Teaching his horse to lie down.

wind-broken horse, and he was much mortified when he overtook us, and an aid suggested to him that he could come on at his leisure. However, it was not many days before he disposed of the parson's horse for a fine sorrel steed, and he was in his glory again. I have mentioned all this to point out his "hobby" for horses.

During the siege of Suffolk, we were one day riding down the Nansemond river, below our lines, when a horse was seen in a meadow on the bank of the river. Hedrick asked permission to go and catch him before he fell into the hands of the Yankees. As he neared the horse the pickets of the enemy opened fire on him from the opposite side of the river, but, undaunted by the danger, he pursued the animal in the pasture until he caught him, and brought him off; but in the chase the horse received some wounds,

one being a bad one. It was a fine-blooded three-year-old. We took it to Petersburg; and soon after the owner wrote to me, and the horse was sent to him.

When we left Petersburg for Jackson, in June, 1863, to join the Army of Mississippi, by permission of the War Department, Hedrick was taken with the staff. After the fall of Vicksburg General Johnston fell back to the city of Jackson, where we were besieged by the forces under Sherman. During the siege a horse was seen in the yard of a house between our line and that of the enemy, that had escaped being killed. Hedrick, disregarding the Tenth Commandment, at dusk, crawled down the slope of the ridge and caught the horse, but abandoned it, because it was old and lame. He returned untouched, but mainly owing to the fact that the shot passed generally above his head. His infatuation for horses was such that he would incur any risk for one, or give more for one than King Richard offered on Bosworth field.

HEDRICK AS A SCOUT.

In the early part of April, '65, I was on sick leave, and the guest of General Anderson Abercrombie, of Russell county, Ala., near Columbus, Ga. When Wilson's raid was approaching Columbus, about the middle of April, I started with Mrs. French to take her to the residence of Mrs. C——, in Meriwether county, Ga., so as to be out of the line of his march. It was Saturday, April 15th, and we remained that night with Judge Grigsby E. Thomas, in the city of Columbus, Ga. General Howell Cobb was in command of the troops, and he asked me to remain and take command of them, which I declined, but promised him I would return early Monday and be with him. Sunday morning, with Mrs. F., in her carriage, the servants, Hedrick and myself mounted, we left the city for Mrs. C——'s, arriving there in the evening. Cannon were heard during the journey, and by dawn next morning the road was filled with refugees that fled from Columbus on Sunday night, after the capture of the city. On Tuesday morning, early, I asked Hedrick if he was willing to ride down toward Columbus—distant about twenty-five miles—and find out what had occurred, and he said, "Yes, general." So he left clad as a citizen, except that his jacket had some braid on it, indicating that he was a Confederate cavalryman.

Now it so chanced that soon after he started for Columbus he fell in with a Confederate soldier who had escaped from West Point, after its capture. From him he obtained the name of the

Yankee general who captured the fort there, the death of General Tyler and some particulars of the fight. Journeying on past the town of Hamilton, he met a regiment of Wilson's cavalry in the road. He rode up to the colonel and asked him where he would find General Wilson, stating that General ——— had captured West Point and the garrison, and had sent him to General Wilson with a verbal message, and asked if it were safe to go to Columbus. Being told that the road was open he rode on, but had not gone more than a mile when two cavalrymen in a skirt of woods cried out: "Halt! and soorender pacefully, or bedad you will be a dead mon as sure as ye live."

It was with some blarney that he satisfied these two sons of Ireland that he was a Federal soldier bearing a message to their commander. Finally Pat and Mike said he was all right and could go on. Shortly after this he came to a good farm-house. The owner, an elderly man, was sitting on the fence by his front gate, looking out for more Yankees to pass. Hedrick asked him if he could get something to eat; told him, too, what he had told the others; so he was taken to the door, and calling his daughters the father told them "to give this person some dinner," and resumed his seat at the gate. Hedrick enjoyed his meal; invited the girls to come to Columbus with their chickens, butter and eggs and get sugar, coffee and lawn dresses from the sutlers. Thanking them and the old gentleman for their kindness, he bade them good-bye.

Soon he encountered six or more farmers with guns, and was stopped. He told them he was my orderly, and that I had sent him to find out what had occurred in Columbus. They did not believe him, until one of the party, who was a lieutenant in the Confederate army, asked him how long he had been with me, and was he at the siege of Suffolk, and about our lines and headquarters, etc., all of which he answered satisfactorily, and the lieutenant announced "Hedrick a Confederate."

Again the orderly was on his way, and near the city he was challenged by the pickets. He told them his mission and asked that one of them should ride into the city with him. It was refused, and he went into Columbus, where confusion reigned; soldiers packing up their plunder preparatory to leaving. So, unquestioned, he rode up to Judge Thomas' dwelling and remained there all night.

The next morning the troops departed for Macon, laden with plunder. Wilson took the carriage and horses belonging to James

C. Cook, riding in state; and Hedrick returned to join us at Mrs. Campbell's, and told me of his adventures.

Two days after this we started back for Columbus, and below Hamilton we met in the road Hedrick's Confederate lieutenant and a squad of men still guarding the road. He asked me if I had sent my orderly to Columbus, and when I told him I did so, the maddest man in the crowd was the one who sat on the fence by his gate and bade his daughters give the "Yankee" a dinner. He swore he would shoot Hedrick, if he ever met him, for deceiving him; and while I was remonstrating with him, Hedrick, who had loitered behind the carriage, rode over an intervening hill, and was recognized by the angry man, who exclaimed, "Yonder the rascal comes."

He was warned, by all, to be quiet. Hedrick rode slowly by, raised his cap, bowed politely to the party, and passed on.

The 15th Alabama Infantry.

AMUSING INCIDENTS.

BY COLONEL WM. C. OATES, EX-GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA.

Company G, which I commanded, was the only Alabama regiment with "Stonewall" Jackson in his brilliant campaign in the Valley in 1862. I had in my company, when it went out, in the spring of 1861, 121 men. It was so large that it was frequently called "Oates' Battalion." In such a large company, composed almost altogether of young men and boys, a good many funny things naturally occurred. Jackson, after whipping Banks at Winchester, pursued him to Harper's Ferry, where he crossed the river and took refuge in Maryland. We had one night's rest in bivouac, during which Jackson learned of the joint effort Fremont and Shields were then making to unite their forces in his rear about Strasburg. Early next morning we were put on a forced march back to Winchester, a distance of thirty miles, where we arrived after night, almost exhausted from fatigue, and many of the stragglers did not reach the camp until nearly midnight. We were ordered to cook two days' rations and be ready

to resume the march next morning at the break of day. It was a great draft on our energies, but we thought "Stonewall" knew best, and the order was obeyed with alacrity. The next morning, just after daylight, we were marching along over the ancient Staunton 'pike southward. The road was muddy, and after another day's hard marching, we were delighted, just after dark, to be filed out into the woods, ordered to stack arms and rest for the night. We knew nothing of the necessity which was urging us on with such speed. The next morning was Sunday, June 1st, a bright and beautiful day. We reached Strasburg in the forenoon, were wheeled to the right, up the Romney road, a distance of about four or five miles, met the advance guard of Fremont's army, drove it back on the main body and caused him to fall back to an advantageous position to give Jackson battle. But while he was thus maneuvering Jackson faced about and returned to Strasburg, which he reached by the middle of the afternoon. From a hill our brigade occupied we could see Shields' army coming up the Shenandoah river on the opposite side. There Jackson stood, "like a stone wall," with his 13,000 men, weary, hungry and foot-sore, facing Shields with an equal force, and Fremont in his rear with 20,000 men, and the two Federal armies less than ten miles apart. Jackson had at that time 4,000 prisoners, 350 captured wagons, 200 beeves and a great flock of fat sheep, to guard and care for, as well as to contend with these two armies, in every way better armed and equipped and two and a half times as large in the aggregate as his own force. A cloud arose in the west that evening, and the rain poured in torrents until after night. As soon as dark came Jackson began to move rapidly up the Staunton 'pike southward, on the west side of the Shenandoah river, his cavalry preceding him, under General Munford, now a citizen of Alabama, burning the bridges to prevent Shields from crossing and obstructing his line of march. Our brigade was made the infantry rear guard that night. We had to descend a long slope of red mud, which was very slippery, with many puddles of water, and the night was so dark that the men could not see where they were stepping. They were slipping and sliding and falling down the slope, with Fremont's cavalry, commanded by Sir Percy Wyndham, an English nobleman, close in the rear and annoying us. If there ever was a time to be serious, it seemed to be then. There was one little sixteen-year-old chap in my company, named Woodham. He slipped and fell four times, and the last time his feet flew forward from under him, setting him down, splash! in a

puddle of water. His comrades began to poke fun at him, saying, "Jimmy, you are not in church; what are you taking a seat for?" "You must be tired Jimmy, or you would not seek such a soft seat," etc. He made no effort to rise, and said not a word to the jeering and laughter until some one took him by the arm to aid him, when he said: "Boys, my mother taught me never to swear, but damn me if I don't wish this world would come to an end before day."

SERGEANT HOLLEY,

A middle-aged, broad-backed man, a most excellent soldier, carried strapped to him more cups, tin pans, canteens, etc., than any other man in the regiment. He was always provided for hard

"Company G's pot and spider wagon has turned over."

times. He laughed heartily at Woodham, but the latter soon got even with him. There was in that army a regiment of backwoods mountaineers, who were very green and had seen but little of the world. They were great stragglers on the march, and as they would pass along, one by one, each man with his gun shoot-

ing at a squirrel, always speaking of their general as Mister, they would make inquiries about in this style: "Have you seen anything of Mr. Blank's pot and spider wagon gwine along here?" which made them the laughingstock of the more intelligent soldiers.

That night, when we had gotten nearly down the red hill, Sergeant Holley stumbled and fell a considerable distance, his cups, tin pans and canteens making a tremendous clattering and rattling noise. Some man ahead cried out: "Hello! what is that?" Woodham replied instantly: "Oh, nothing, except Company G's pot and spider wagon has turned over." A roar of laughter followed, and afterwards Holley was called the pot and spider wagon, until it worried him into going less well provided for by leaving off some of his very useful vessels.

The Boy Courier.

BY GENERAL CLEMENT A. EVANS.

The Richmond Hussars, of Augusta, Ga., were mustered among the first companies into the Confederate service and ordered with Cobb's Legion to Richmond, from which time they did hard and gallant battle for the Confederacy to the end.

There was in Augusta at the time the hussars were ready to leave for the seat of war a little lad—the son of a minister—who so ardently pressed his suit for a place in the ranks that, notwithstanding his youth and size, he was at last allowed to go. It is almost amusing yet to think of this boy, who was but little past fourteen years of age and only four feet high, taking his place in line among the gallant hussars. One of the interesting facts, however, of the Confederate war is that thousands of the brave Southern soldiers were mere lads, many of them under sixteeen years old. It is well known that this class made intrepid soldiers and endured the hardships of camp and field with the courage of Spartan veterans. President Davis referred to them in one of his speeches as the seed corn of Southern reliance for future sowing.

After the hussars reached Virginia, General Cobb was requested by General Kershaw, the division commander, to send

him a courier. Already the bearing of the boy soldier had won the attention of General Cobb, and he was at once detailed and ordered to report to Kershaw. Immediately a strong attachment sprang up between the division commander and his gallant little courier, and the entire command soon knew him, and to this day speak of him with affection and pride.

It is proper here to say that his name is William Crumly, the son of a man who devoted himself to hospital and chaplain service with a tenderness and fidelity which gave comfort to thousands of Confederates. This account is not designed to extend into all the fine service of the division and brigade in which our boy courier participated, but merely to illustrate Confederate service by two or three anecdotes.

The first to be related occurred during the seven days' fighting around Richmond, when the Federals under McClellan were

The boy courier "surrounding" 'em.

beaten back, day after day, until they found shelter under their gunboats on the James river. One day, in an impetuous advance of the Confederates, the Union troops in some parts of the field were attacked so suddenly and pressed so hard as to be forced to escape from their camp with tents left standing and flags flying. Our little courier, while bearing orders, happened to ride alone into one of these recently deserted camps, and seeing a flying flag, began to haul it down, when three Federals appeared bearing down on him. He says himself that "for a moment he felt a

little weak," but he resolved to fight, and pulling down his pistol on the group was about to fire, when one of the party hastily sung out, "Don't shoot! We surrender!" Crumly immediately "surrounded them" and marched them before him to Kershaw. One of the prisoners was an officer, and the general presented his sword to the gallant courier, with compliments for his bravery.

At the great battle of Fredericksburg many thrilling events occurred showing the desperate bravery of soldiers in both armies. The spot of greatest historic interest is the crest called Marye's Heights and the adjacent stone wall, where the Southerners stood so firmly the galling fire and successive charges of the columns ordered to slaughter by General Burnside. This bloody ground is the scene of the mortal wound given the gallant Georgia general, Thomas R. R. Cobb, and is noted for many heroic incidents. Among the number well remembered by thousands of witnesses was Crumly's ride across the open hill in a storm of shot and shell. General McLaws has referred to the incident in a speech, and many have rehearsed the thrilling adventure in social conversation. The story is brief, and so was the ride, for Crumly never rode faster nor better in all his life. When General Cobb was wounded, Kershaw was ordered to reinforce the line behind the stone wall, which was done by moving the brigade rapidly over a hill to the stone wall. After getting into position it became necessary for Crumly to be sent across the hill in full view and exposed to the enemy's fire. "Which way shall I go?" said he to the general. "Right over the hill," was the reply. Crumly, in his own words, relates his ride as follows:

"The general replied, 'Right over the hill,' so I backed off to get a good start and dug my spurs into old Montgomery's side. He leaped the bank and carried me up the hill and over the top, in the face, it seemed to me, of the whole Yankee army as I rode. They were behind an old fence row, only about seventy-five yards in front of our line, and our troops almost ceased firing, as if to see whether I got over safely."

In a letter to Mr. Crumly, General Kershaw refers to the adventure. He says:

"I often think of my brave little boy courier, who followed my fortunes in so many perilous trials, and can see you now running the gauntlet of Marye's Hill, at Fredericksburg, through the heaviest of fires, and coming through safely, to the relief of all who witnessed the gallant deed. Your children will never know

what a true hero you were, the equal of any who wore the gray, but God knows and will reward you for duty nobly done, and I hope, dear Crumly, you and I shall meet where good deeds are rewarded most fitly. Your friend and old comrade,

"J. B. KERSHAW."

Another characteristic incident illustrates the fact that daring and tenderness are twin traits in noble characters. This took place at the ill-starred battle of Strasburg, on Cedar creek, October 19, 1864, when the grand victory of a morning was turned into the desolating disaster of the evening. The parties to this incident are our soldier boy and a brave South Carolina officer, who was on duty that day as assistant adjutant-general, and who had retained Crumly as his courier for that day. This gallant officer is now the Hon. Y. J. Pope, Associate Justice, Supreme Court of South Carolina, who retains in vivid memory the stirring scenes of that eventful day of vanished Confederate hope. In the close fighting of the day Adjt.-Gen. Pope was struck by a minie ball in the face, destroying his eye and lodging in his head. Crumly was on duty in another part of the bloody field, and General Kershaw, with great tenderness, had his wounded adjutant sent to the field hospital, in the immediate rear. There Crumly found him. The surgeon, after a partial examination, had said: "If the ball has reached your brain you will die, and as soon as the leg of this poor fellow on the table is amputated I will look after you." But within a few minutes the same surgeon hurried back and said: "Adjutant Pope, you must get away from here; our lines are broken, and if you remain here you will be captured!" This was startling intelligence to the adjutant, whose eye was closed, a minie ball in his head, and who was without any means of escape. Such are the untold exigencies of battle life. It is not all told when the movements of divisions are related. The battle involves such instances of suffering heroism in great number. Judge Pope says that in this extremity Crumly spoke with great sympathy: "I can manage to save you from capture. Let them place you on Dessassure Burroughs' horse, and while you hold on to the pommel of the saddle I will lead him." It is not out of place to mention here that Burroughs had fallen at his post in the fighting of the morning. Adjutant Pope gladly accepted this offer of rescue, and, although suffering intensely, was borne back just ahead of the retreating Confederates through

Strasburg to the top of Reede's hill, where Crumly left him and returned to his place on the field.

Kershaw's men all seemed to know the beardless courier boy, who went with them pellmell into every fight, and whether in camp, on the march, or in battle, bore himself with a cheerfulness of spirit and gallantry of action that won their universal admiration. Our imperial Southland of Confederate days was the mother of princely spirits, and her fame was well established by the heroic lads scarcely yet out of boyhood who exhibited all the elements of a glorious manhood. This sketch is just a simple tribute to the boys under sixteen who wore the gray.

A Confederate Deserter.

BY GENERAL C. A. BATTLE.

During the winter of 1862–63, it was my fortune to be president of one of the courts martial of the Army of Northern Virginia. One bleak December morning, while the snow covered the ground and the winds howled around our camp, I left my bivouac fire to attend the session of the court. Winding for miles along uncertain paths, I at length arrived at the court ground, at Round Oak Church. Day after day it had been our duty to try the gallant soldiers of that army charged with violations of military laws, but never had I, on any previous occasion, been greeted by such anxious spectators as on that morning awaited the opening of the court. Case after case was disposed of, and at length the case of the "Confederate States vs. Edward Cooper" was called—charge, desertion. A low murmur arose spontaneously from the battle-scarred spectators as a young artilleryman arose from the prisoner's bench, and in response to the question, "Guilty or not guilty?" answered, "Not guilty." The judge-advocate was proceeding to open the prosecution, when the court, observing that the prisoner was unattended by counsel, interposed, and inquired of the accused, "Who is your counsel?" He replied, "I have no counsel." Supposing that it was his purpose to represent himself before the court, the judge-advocate was instructed to proceed. Every charge and specification against the prisoner was sustained.

The prisoner was then told to introduce his witnesses. He replied, "I have no witnesses." Astonished at the calmness with which he seemed to be submitting to what he regarded as inevitable fate, I said to him, "Have you no defense? Is it possible that you abandoned your comrades and deserted your colors, in the presence of the enemy, without any reason?" He replied, "There was a reason, but it will not avail me before a military court." "Perhaps you are mistaken. You are charged with the highest crime known to military law, and it is your duty to make known the causes that influenced your actions." For the first time his manly form trembled, and his blue eyes swam in tears. Approaching the president of the court, he presented a letter, saying as he did so, "There, colonel, is what did it." I opened the letter, and in a moment my eyes filled with tears. It was passed from one to another of the court, until all had seen it, and those stern warriors, who had passed with Stonewall Jackson through a hundred battles, wept like little children. As soon as I sufficiently recovered my self-possession, I read the letter as the prisoner's defense. It was in these words:

"MY DEAR EDWARD: I have always been proud of you, and, since your connection with the Confederate Army, I have been prouder of you than ever before. I would not have you do anything wrong for the world; but, before God, Edward, unless you come home, we must die! Last night I was aroused by little Eddie crying. I called and said, 'What's the matter, Eddie?' and he said, 'Oh, mamma, I am so hungry!' And Lucy, Edward, your darling Lucy, she never complains, but she is growing thinner and thinner every day. And, before God, Edward, unless you come home, we must all die.

"YOUR MARY."

Turning to the prisoner, I asked, "What did you do when you received this letter?" "I made application for a furlough, and it was rejected; again I made application, and it was rejected; a third time I made application, and it was rejected, and that night, as I wandered backward and forward in the camp, thinking of my home, with the mild eyes of Lucy looking up to me, and the burning words of Mary sinking in my brain, I was no longer the Confederate soldier, but I was the father of Lucy and the husband of Mary, and I would have passed those lines if every gun in the battery had fired upon me. I went to my home. Mary ran out to meet me; her angel arms embraced me, and she whispered, 'Oh, Edward, I am so happy; I am so glad you got your furlough!' She must have felt me shudder, for she turned pale as death, and, catchin' her breath at every word, she said: 'Have you come

"Tell me, have I saved the honor of Mary and Lucy?"

home without your furlough? Oh, Edward, Edward, go back! go back! Let me and my children go down to the grave, but oh, for Heaven's sake, save the honor of our name!' And here I am, gentlemen, not brought here by military power, but in obedience to the command of Mary, to abide the sentence of your court."

Every officer of that court-martial felt the force of the prisoner's words. Before them stood, in beatific vision, the eloquent pleader for a husband's and father's wrongs; but they had been trained by their great leader, Robert E. Lee, to tread the path of duty, though the lightning's flash scorched the ground beneath their feet, and each in his turn pronounced the verdict: "Guilty." Fortunately for humanity, fortunately for the Confederacy, the proceedings of the court were reviewed by the commanding general, and upon the record was written:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

"The finding of the court is approved. The prisoner is pardoned, and will report to his company.

"*R. E. Lee, General.*"

During a subsequent battle, when shot and shell were falling like torrents from the mountain cloud, my attention was directed to the fact that one of our batteries was being silenced by the concentrated fire of the enemy. When I reached the battery every gun but one had been dismounted, and by it stood a solitary Confederate soldier, with the blood streaming from his side. As he recognized me, he elevated his voice above the roar of battle, and said: "General, I have one shell left. Tell me, have I saved the honor of Mary and Lucy?" I raised my hat. Once more a Confederate shell went crashing through the ranks of the enemy, and the hero sank by his gun, to rise no more.

General Kilpatrick's Narrow Escape.

BY GENERAL M. C. BUTLER.

We had marched all the day preceding the morning of the attack on Kilpatrick's camp in North Carolina, March 10, 1865, in a drenching rain. My division was in front. Humphry's squadron of the Sixth Regiment, South Carolina cavalry, Butler's brigade, commanded by General E. M. Law, was the advance guard of the column, Wheeler's division bringing up the rear.

About dusk Humphry halted at the intersection of a road leading towards Fayetteville, and upon my riding up to learn the cause he pointed out the sign of a heavy mounted column having recently passed ahead of us, evidently Kilpatrick's cavalry, of Sherman's army. While we were discussing the situation we

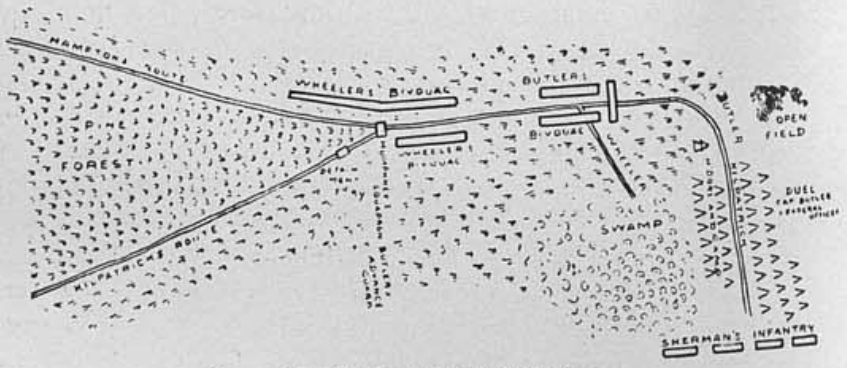


Diagram of the Confederate and Federal camps.

discovered a squad of about thirty cavalry coming up the road. On learning from Humphry that he had nobody down that road I moved out to meet the squad, and when within hailing distance, it being too dark then to recognize who they were, I asked, "Who comes there?" The reply was, "Fifth Kentucky." I knew that to be one of Kilpatrick's regiments. So I said to the man at the head of the column, "Ride up, sir, I want to speak with you." Kilpatrick's column having just passed, of which I have no doubt this squad was the rear guard, the man, who turned out to be the officer in command, rode up to me with his orderly, supposing I was a friend. They followed me a few steps into the midst of Humphry's men, leaving the squad halted in the road. I turned, with

my pistol presented, and demanded the surrender of the two. Nothing else was left for them to do. After disarming the prisoners, I whispered to Humphry, General Law having ridden up, to send out, surround the squad of the Fifth Kentucky and take them in. He very promptly carried out the instructions, and brought in the twenty-eight or thirty men, with a regimental stand of colors, without firing a shot.

On my reporting these facts to General Hampton, he decided to attack Kilpatrick at daylight next morning. I accordingly followed in his wake about four miles, and bivouacked on the roadside without unsaddling or making fires, although it was a cold, rainy March night, in the open pine woods.

I established my headquarters for the night on the road, and with a pine root for a pillow, slept on the ground, with my bridle on my arm, covered with my overcoat. I threw out a line of dismounted skirmishers in front, with videttes well in advance of the skirmishers. Soon after the videttes were posted one of Kilpatrick's Lieutenants rode into our lines, and was brought to my headquarters. Getting all possible information from him, as to the location of Kilpatrick's headquarters, about midnight we reconnoitred, and found he had no pickets out to guard his rear, which enabled us to ride almost up to his camp-fires without being discovered. He had moved round the head of a swamp, and pitched his camp in front of it, with his rear and right protected by the swamp, but his left entirely exposed.

It was agreed between Generals Hampton, Wheeler and myself that we should attack at daylight next morning; that, inasmuch as Wheeler's command was stretched back for some miles in column of fours, I should close up my division in column of regiments and be prepared to move when the head of Wheeler's column appeared in my rear; that I should follow up the road taken by Kilpatrick, move around the head of the swamp, as he had done, and fall suddenly on his camp from that (the west) side, while Wheeler was to move through the woods to the right and attack from the rear. Young's brigade, commanded by Colonel J. E. Wright of the Cobb Legion, was moved to the front, having occupied the rear in the day's march. I sent for Colonel Wright, informed him of our plans, and directed him to select a prudent but bold Captain to lead the advance squadron in the attack, and that he should follow close on the attacking squadron and throw a regiment at a time into the camp, and that I would be in striking distance, with Law in command of my old brigade. Colonel

THE DUEL AT DAWN.

"With the report of the Confederate's third fire the Federal tumbled from his horse."

Wright selected Captain Bostick, and ordered him to report to me for instructions. After describing the location of the house in which Kilpatrick was stopping, I ordered him, on entering his camp at daylight, to rush straight for the house, surround it, and hold his position until we could come to his assistance; that I wished to take Kilpatrick prisoner. Having completed all arrangements, I gave the order to advance. Just as the day was dawning, in a mucky, misty morning, Wright moved promptly, and I followed immediately in his rear, at a trot, with the other brigades. As I turned the head of the swamp and struck the camp I witnessed a scene of confusion and disturbance such as I had never seen before.

Kilpatrick did not have a vidette or picket out, or, as far as I could see, not even a camp guard. The result was, we found his men asleep and taken entirely by surprise. I had not advanced far into the camp when I was astonished to meet a hundred and thirty or forty Confederates rushing wildly toward us. At first I thought Wright had been repulsed, but it turned out they were prisoners whom Kilpatrick had taken, and whom Wright's vigorous and unexpected onslaught had released from their guards, and they were making good their escape. I sent them on to the rear and moved on, passed Kilpatrick's headquarters, through his artillery, wagon and ambulance train. Anticipating that Wright's command would become scattered, I halted Law near the entrance to the camp to take charge of the prisoners, etc. Wright had gone clear through the camp, and of course his command was much scattered. I therefore halted in the midst of the camp and sent back for Law to move in, complete the capture and take possession. To my dismay, I learned that General Hampton, without my knowledge, had ordered Law to some other point, so that my messenger could not find him. I then hoped for the arrival of Wheeler's command from the other side. He came through himself with a few of his staff and escort. He rode up and inquired about my command. I replied, "Scattered like the devil; where is yours?" He said he had encountered a bog through which his division could not pass, and that he had ordered it to make a circuit to the left and come around on my track. This of course took time, and in the mean time Kilpatrick's 1,500 dismounted men had recovered from the shock of our first attack and gathered themselves behind pine trees, and with their rapid-firing Spencer carbines attacked us savagely and finally drove us out. I managed to gather up fragments of Wright's brigade and

charged the rallying Federals, but they had got to their artillery and, with their carbines, made it so hot for the handful of us that we had to retire.

It was at the head of this charge that Lieut.-Col. King, of the Cobb Legion, was killed. In fact, I lost sixty-two men there in about five minutes' time.

While I was sitting on my horse near Kilpatrick's artillery and wagons, hoping for Wheeler and Law, I witnessed one of the most remarkable duels between two men on horseback that I had ever heard of. As I have observed, I rode into the midst of Kilpatrick's camp, passed his headquarters, and, as Wright had swept through from our side of attack, I concluded they were ours, especially as I expected Wheeler to come in from the other side and clinch the work. You may imagine my surprise, then, when I discovered a mounted man approaching us and showing fight. This was before the dismounted men had rallied. About the same time I noticed a Confederate moving out to meet him, who, I supposed, was a member of the Cobb Legion. His back was to me, and I could not identify him in the early dawn. However, I said to myself, "They are about matched; I will see it out without interfering." They got within about ten paces of each other, when the Federal fired first, followed in an instant by a shot from the Confederate's revolver. The Federal fired a second time, and the Confederate fired almost simultaneously, and, I discovered, hit his antagonist, but the Federal managed to fire a third shot, and with the report of the Confederate's third fire the Federal tumbled from his horse, mortally wounded. I dismissed the matter from my mind, and was surprised afterward to learn the Confederate was my brother, Captain James Butler, who had come from the Trans-Mississippi Department, where he had commanded a company of partisans with Price and McCullough, and was serving temporarily on my staff. It was the gamest fight I ever saw, and there I was, a silent spectator, without suspecting that my own brother was one of the parties to a duel *a l'outrance*.

And now for the sequel. In a conversation with General Kilpatrick about this affair, after the war, he told me he had walked out in his slippers about daylight, as was his usual custom, and scarcely got out of the house when he heard the "Rebel yell." He said he thought to himself, "Here is four years' hard fighting for a Major-General's commission gone up with a surprise;" that in a very few minutes a Rebel dashed up to him and asked,

"Where is General Kilpatrick?" to which, he said, he replied, "There he goes on that black horse," pointing to a man making off on a black horse; that thereupon the Rebel pursued the man on the black horse, and that he, Kilpatrick, then mounted the nearest horse, in his night clothes, and escaped.

My theory has always been that the man who accosted Kilpatrick was Captain Bostick, and being anxious to take him prisoner, was misled by Kilpatrick's ruse. At any rate, we did not get him, but took in 475 of his men as prisoners, and resumed our march towards Fayetteville, which was not many miles to the north of us.

I'd Conscript Every D—d One of Them.

MAJOR H. KYD DOUGLASS.

In January, 1865, I left the army about Petersburg, on a short furlough, for the purpose of standing beside several of my fellow officers, who were bent on marriage, in spite of the disjointed times. In my trip I visited Staunton, the headquarters of "old Jubal" and the remnant of the gallant little army of the valley. The day after my arrival, being a bright Sunday morning, General Early surprised his staff by announcing his intention of going to church, requesting their company. It was a novel suggestion on the part of the commanding general, and chiefly for that reason, I fear, it met with a ready assent. I think the congregation of the Episcopal church was somewhat astonished at the entrance of General Early and his large, characteristic staff, among whom were some gentlemen whose piety much resembled that of their chief.

The sermon was a good one, earnest and impressive; the general and staff devout listeners. Toward its conclusion, where the exhortation usually comes in, the clergyman closed his book emphatically, and, raising his right arm, with emphasis exclaimed:

"Suppose, my christian friends, that those who have lain for centuries in their graves should arise now and come forth from their quiet resting places, and, marching in their white shrouds, should pass before this congregation, by thousands and tens of thousands, what would be the result?"

"Ah," exclaimed old Jubal, in a stage whisper, "I'd conscript every d—d one of them."

It was an unfortunate suggestion on the part of the preacher, for General Early remembered the great host of Sheridan, and his own little band; and he would willingly, for reinforcements, as General Grant said, "have robbed both the cradle and the grave." And such is our natural depravity, that I have forgotten the text of that day, and all of the sermon, except what was pinned to my memory by that irreverent mot of old Jubal.

THE LAST CHRISTMAS DINNER IN THE CONFEDERACY.

"Only a few grains of corn left—me or my horse, which?"

DEPARTMENT III.

SPARKS FROM THE CAMP FIRE.

Tied up by the thumbs —The way of the transgressor is hard.

"War!" "War-ter!"

Some people cry, "Peace, peace!" while there is no peace. Let us cry, "War, war!" while there is war.—*Louisville Journal.* While you are crying, "War, war!" George, your old brandy-scorched stomach is crying "*War*-ter!"—*Rebel.*

He Will Soon Be There.

"Don't be uneasy," said the conscript officer to an anxious mother. "Sir, I'd rather see my son in his coffin than to see him go into the army." "Don't give yourself any uneasiness on that subject," said the officer; "I assure you that he will *soon* be there."

Description of General Sherman.

The *Army Argus and Crisis*, published in Mobile, Ala., during 1864–5, thus describes General Sherman: "A man who has a gaunt look about him—as if he got hungry when a boy and never got over it; a nervous man, never quiet, pulling his whiskers or buttoning his coat, twisting a string or rubbing a finger."

He Kept His Promise.

A captain of the Twelfth Georgia Infantry refused to surrender his company with his regiment when ordered so to do, and fought his way out. He justified his action on the ground that the women had given him his company flag, and he promised to take it back to them.

Why They Die So Fast.

"Why," asked a visitor at a convalescent camp, "are there so many deaths here?" "You see, sir," responded a soldier, "the government has laid out a big graveyard, and soldiers *always* avail themselves of all government allowances. That's why they die so fast."

Job Discounted.

The captain drew himself up and said, "Deacon, you are a good deal of a Bible man, and probably acquainted with old Job. Now, I don't say but what he had a pretty hard time, and that they spread the *boils* on him mighty thick; but still, you see, he never commanded a company of Illinois volunteers."

What He Was Fighting For.

One day, opposing pickets on the Rappahannock agreed not to fire. A brisk conversation arose between a Texan and an Irishman on the Federal side. "What are *you* doing in the Yankee army?" said the Texan; "what are you fightin' for, anyhow?" "I'm fitin' for thirteen dollars a month. I belave you're fitin' for eleven."

"Who Can't Be a Scotchman?"

A little boy went to see a drill of the new company of Highlanders, highly pleased with which exhibition, he asked his mother to make him a suit of "soger clothes," but she would not consent. After begging a long while he desisted. At length,

suddenly rolling up his inexpressibles above his knees, and jumping on a stool, he cried out, "*Who can't be a Scotchman?*"

Tar On Their Heels.

Some members of the First Kentucky, in Virginia, were yelling "Tar-heel" at some North Carolina soldiers, when one of them replied, "If we uns have got tar on our heels, we haven't got any on our fingers."

A Virginia soldier, shouting the same word at another "Tar-heel," was informed that it would have been better for their reputation if they had had a little *tar* on their *heels* in the last battle.

Haven't I Been With You?

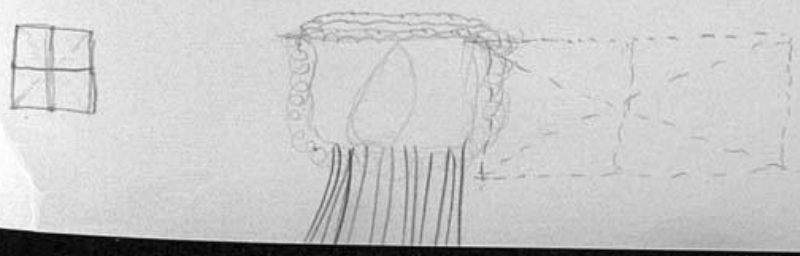
After the battle of Chickamauga a soldier, who had been carried within the enemy's lines and escaped, was brought before General Bragg and questioned as to what he saw. He said the rout was complete and the enemy in full retreat when he left. The general asked him if he knew what retreat was. He looked at the general, with surprise, and said, "Why, general, haven't I been with you in your whole campaign?"

Do Your Duty.

General Jackson (Stonewall) ordered one of his colonels to attack a certain strong position. The colonel hesitated, and at length went to General Jackson to expostulate. "General," said the colonel, "to attack that position is madness; my regiment will be exterminated." "Colonel," said the commander, "do your duty. I have made every arrangement to care for the wounded and to bury the dead."

Had All His Brains Shot Out.

An officer, one day, having stopped in a farmhouse in Pocahontas county, W. Va., began to boast of his bravery in a certain skirmish. He said: "We peppered the cowardly rascals severely. I was riding right into them when a bullet struck me." "Yes," said a quiet little girl, some thirteen years old, "we heard that one of the lieutenants in your regiment had all his brains shot out."



A Patriotic Fellow.

The committee appointed to collect metal for General Beauregard's army applied to a Mississippi planter for his bell. Not having a bell, he mentioned it to his wife, when she offered her brass kettle. The little ones of the family objected, and one said: "Why, pa, what will we do for preserves?" "My daughter," said the father, "our whole duty now is to *preserve* our country." The kettle was sent.

Made It Sure.

The following oath was administered to the members of a volunteer company during the war: "You solemnly swear to obey, fight for and maintain the laws of the Confederate Government

and Constitution, and support John W. Dean for captain of this company." Upon inquiry, it was learned that the reason the last clause was inserted was because Dean had been quite active in getting up a company before, and when they elected their officers he was left out; so this time he was determined to make it sure.

Gee Them, Sir, Gee Them!

General Buford was a turfman, and his most forcible expressions naturally were of the "horse" order. At Perryville his brigade received its baptism of fire, and in one of the preliminary skirmishes he ordered Captain J. to "oblique his company to the right." The captain, misinterpreting the order, was leading his company toward the left, which the general observed, and yelled out: "Captain J., I told you to oblique your company to the right. If you don't know what I mean by 'right oblique,' sir, then gee them, sir, gee them, gee them!"

Not Flesh Enough.

When General Mahone was wounded at Second Manassas, some one, to comfort Mrs. Mahone, said: "Oh, don't be uneasy; it's only a flesh wound." Mrs. Mahone, through her tears, cried out: "Oh, I know that is impossible; there is not flesh enough on him for that." We don't know whether this is a joke on the general or the private.

Couldn't Be Rallied.

The average Confederate was always prompt to draw his rations, always sprang to answer the commissary's call with the alacrity of a hungry man, and a slice of fresh beef was a powerful agent in accelerating his movements toward the rallying point; so when Pat C., of Company H, Second Alabama Infantry, saw a frightened cur lining himself into a black streak, he yelled out, to the infinite amusement of his comrades, "Begorra, *he* couldn't be rallied even *with a fresh beefsteak!*"

No, I Thank You.

When General Gordon was about to lead an attack at Petersburg, he and General Heth and some others went into a little schoolroom on the lines to pray. Sol Heth, the general's brother and adjutant-general, who was always on the lookout for a drink,

was standing a little way off, and Henry Peyton, one of General Lee's staff, beckoned him to come to the house and join them. Sol did not understand the object, but, totally misconstruing it, held up his canteen, and shaking it, said: "No, I thank you; I have just got hold of some."

Dead Man With Spurs On.

As a cavalry courier was dashing along the Winchester turnpike, after the bloody battle of Sharpsburg, he was suddenly halted by a barefooted infantry soldier, who, looking curiously at his big spurs, said: "Excuse me, Mr. Cavalryman, but it is my duty to warn you not to ride on this road." "Why should I not ride on this road?" replied the trooper. "Well, you see," answered the footman, "it is all along of the interest I feels in you; for, you see, Uncle Bob (General Lee) has offered a thousand dollars to any fellow who will find a dead man with spurs on, and I was kinder 'fraid some rascal would knock you over to get the money." The bold dragoon evinced, by language more energetic than Chesterfieldian, his gratitude for the well-meant kindness.

Terry and Smith.

At the battle of Perryville, Ky., while the Second Tennessee Regiment (General Bates) was crossing a stream going into battle, and was even then advancing to attack the enemy, a flock of geese were swimming in the water, and two men broke ranks and put out to catch them. They caught two geese apiece, and each one tied them to his cartridge-box belt. One of the men was named Terry and the other Smith. The regiment halted a few minutes on the other side of the stream. The firing was then raging in front. When Terry and Smith had resumed their places, the order came to attack at once with vigor, and both of these men went into the battle of Perryville with two old ganders swinging from their cartridge-box belts. Smith was killed, and afterward, when he was found, the two old ganders were still tied to him.

The Largest Meeting.

Wild Bill was expatiating on the battle of Shiloh at a very large rate one day, as we were marching back to Corinth. He struck a very happy strain, and run it on the subject of music. "Yes, boys, it was the largest meeting that was ever held at Shiloh Church. And wasn't the music grand that day? Talk to

me about pianos and organs! I never heard such a big organ as was played last Sunday. In the years to come, when I am 'dangling' grandchildren on my knee, I will tell them I was there and touched one of the keys to that organ; and every time I touched it the music rolled out and helped swell the roar and—" "But, Bill," says Devil Dick, "there is one thing I'll bet you'll never tell your grandchildren." "What's that, Dick?" "You'll never tell them how bad their granddaddy wanted to get away from that church." "You are mighty right, Dick." And so said all of us.

Music Will Soothe.

When the Thirtieth Georgia infantry was preparing to go into its first fight, a soldier had a violin strapped to his back.

"What are you going to do with that fiddle?" said the colonel.

"Oh," replied the musical soldier, "if I die I want to die to the sound of Betsy," this being the name he had given the violin.

The battle ending, the soldier's name was not answered at roll-

call, but he was found at the foot of a tree, badly wounded in the leg, quietly sawing the strings of Betsy.

Confederate Uniform.

At the outbreak of the war between the States Captain Reynolds raised a company of Mississippians, and in the enthusiasm of the occasion made some rash promises to the parents of the boys. Among these was one to keep his company well uniformed. Years passed, and one of the anxious fathers, visiting the Army of Northern Virginia, was mortified to see his boy in rags. He upbraided the captain for not keeping his company in uniform. The captain, for a moment, was stunned, but recovered himself, and cried out: "Attention, company! About face!" And, as the unconfined rags fluttered like so many banners of poverty from each "Pope's headquarters," Captain R. pointed to the company and said: "They are *uniformed*, sir."

Always Tell the Truth.

A rather interesting story was told of the Confederate Morgan by a refugee, who informed him that he wished to reach Nashville, but despaired of passing or escaping the pickets. "Not the slightest difficulty in that," replied Morgan. "I'll give you two rules by which you can pretty certainly pass all military lines. First, always tell the truth. Second, don't hesitate in your answers. It never does to trifle with military men. Woe to the man whom they overtake in a falsehood. Now, they'll ask you if you have seen Morgan. Tell them yes. They'll ask where I am. Tell them at Levergne. They'll ask how many men I had. Tell them twelve. You see them now. They'll ask how many in ambush. Tell them one hundred and fifty. They'll ask how many re-enforcements. Tell them you don't know."

General Mahone Wants to See You.

On the retreat from Gettysburg a number of the boys got into a whisky still near Hagerstown, Md., and became merry. This was especially the case with the old Sixth. General Mahone was much annoyed, and, seeing one of the Sixth, he told him to find Colonel George T. Rogers (of the Sixth) and send him to him. The general then lay down to rest in a wheatfield. The messenger, who was full of new whisky, floundered around awhile, and presently came back to the very spot he had left. He saw the

general, and, taking him for Colonel Rogers, he grabbed him and woke him up, yelling out repeatedly, "Colonel Rogers, General Mahone wants to see you!" They say the little general rose up, then reared on his hind legs and filled the air with sulphurous surroundings. The slightly-sobered soldier beat a retreat, but it is not stated whether or not he ever found Colonel Rogers.

Brought Them Too Close.

A young Englishman—a specimen Dalgetty—joined our command. When asked why, he replied, "I happened over here." Had he "happened" over there, he'd have shot at us as briskly as he shot for us. In those days field glasses pretentiously decorated the lowest order of officers as well as the higher. Our Dalgetty saw this, and got him three joints of cane which he adjusted to imitate a spyglass. Fastening it with a profusion of tarred string, he mounted a lofty lookout and leveled his mock glass at the enemy's batteries. Soon after he slid with a thump to the ground, and threw away his spying tube. When asked what ailed him, he replied, "I brought the Yanks too close up." Field glasses were seen only with field officers after that.

A Weary Picket.

Upon the reoccupation of Baton Rouge one of our "oldest and best" citizens, a noted practical joker, finding life among the bluecoats decidedly unpleasant, after much worry, succeeded in getting a pass to remove to the country. When he arrived at the outpost he found a very weary picket, who obviously had been forgotten by the "relief." "Can you tell me the time of day?"

he asked. "No, I can't," was the reply of our friend. "Haven't you got a watch?" "Yes." "Don't it keep time?" "Certainly." "Then why can't you tell me what o'clock it is?" "Look at that pass," was the reply, "and you will see that I am sworn to tell nothing to anyone, in fact give information to nobody. Good morning." And he rode on, leaving the bewildered Yankee scratching his head.

A Spirited Girl.

The following anecdote concerning one of the fair daughters of Winchester is authentic beyond doubt, and worthy of being put upon record. One day during the hard winter just past a Miss Arnold applied to General Milroy for a permit to purchase forage for her cow, whose milk was an item of no little importance to the subsistence of her father's family during the reign of Milroy. "Are you loyal?" asked the general. "Yes," she replied. He began to write the permit. "To the United States or Confederate States?" "To the Confederacy, *of course*," she replied. "Then I shall give you no permit. This infamous rebellion must be crushed." "Well," said she, "if you can crush it by starving John Arnold's old cow, do it, and be drot to you!"

File Closers Don't Count.

Captain Cleveland, of the Fifth Texas Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia, on one occasion offered a reward of one hundred dollars to the man who first reached the enemy's works. In the regiment was a sergeant named Keyes, a most notorious coward—one who would have a chill the hottest day in July if he heard picket firing, and to whom the prospect of a fight was the signal for a severe attack of bomb ague. After the fight the question of the identity of the man who was entitled to the premium came up, and was settled by a wag claiming that Keyes, the coward, was the winner, for he had heard Captain Cleveland shout out to him just as he reached the works: "Stop, Keyes; file closers don't count."

Cut a Tree Down.

A short time before the battle of Fredericksburg Jackson had his headquarters near the family mansion of the Corbins. This was very fortunate for Dick Corbin, who was a member of Jackson's corps, and who was camped near home. It also enabled

him to play the host occasionally to a man he almost adored. One day Jackson said to Dick that he would like to get his permission to cut one of the lawn trees down, saying that it was already nearly dead. "Cut a tree down!" said the indignant soldier. "Why, general, you can cut them all down if they are in your way. Move the house, too, if you wish it. In fact, sir, I shall feel honored if you will act just as though the place belonged to you."

Hot and Heavy.

At the close of the day's fight at Manassas, after being several times wounded, Major Daniel was limping to the hospital, walking with two inverted muskets as crutches. He was covered with blood, dust and powder. When some distance from the field where the fighting had occurred the major met a Richmond company, with Captain Dr. J. Grattan Cabell at its head. The doctor and the major were friends, but the latter was so disguised with the battle stains that he was not recognized by the Captain. Stopping a moment, Captain Cabell asked: "How goes the day?" "Hot and heavy," replied the major; "we need every man in front; press on with all speed." Captain Cabell recognized the voice. "Why, this is John Daniel!" and then added: "I have met fifty men to-day leaving the field, and you are the first man who didn't say that we were all cut to pieces and the day was lost."

A Soft Place.

Colonel Blowblow belonged to that class of soldiers of which "few die and none resign." In winter quarters and in camp he was conspicuous and active; when the fighting began he always managed to have his field officers in front. One day, in the absence of the general, he took command of the brigade, by virtue of seniority. It is quite possible that, in point of seniority, he was the ranking colonel of the Confederacy. As commander of the brigade, he approached the enemy as if the fate of the day depended upon his life, selecting commanding points whence he could contemplate them through his field glass. Snyder, one of the headquarter couriers who accompanied him, was asked how he liked the new general. "Wouldn't want a softer thing than couriering for him," said he, with the smile of a man who looked forward to a long life. "Why, sir, I feel just as safe with him as if I was a-sittin' at home in my father's parlor."

The Last Shot.

At Greensboro, North Carolina, on the morning of the 26th day of April, Colonel Hume R. Field rode out to the front, and hearing of the surrender and capitulation of all the armies of the South, came galloping back toward our picket line, when the vidette, mistaking him for a Federal soldier, fired on him, the ball striking him in the thigh, mangling and shivering the bone and mutilating the flesh frightfully. It was the very last shot that was ever fired by our regiment in the cause of the South. Colonel Field was one of the bravest men I ever knew, and served for four years in the First Tennessee Regiment. Our regiment (First Tennessee) was paid off the same morning, each man receiving an old silver Mexican dollar, and there being an extra dollar for every seventh man, we cut the cards for the odd dollar.—A PRIVATE.

How General Cheatham Escaped Capture.

Just as the opposing armies were approaching one another at the battle of Belmont, Cheatham discovered a squadron of cavalry coming down a road near his position. Uncertain as to which force it belonged, accompanied only by an orderly, he rode up to within a few yards of it and inquired, "What cavalry is that?" "Illinois cavalry, sir," was the reply. "Oh, Illinois cavalry! All right; just stand where you are." The cavalry obeyed the order, and, unmolested by them, who supposed he was one of the Federal officers, the general rode safely back, directly under the guns of another Federal regiment, which had by this time come up, but who, seeing him coming from the direction of the cavalry, also supposed that he was one of them.

God Bless Your Honor.

Lieutenant J——n, late of the —th Virginia Regiment, was walking down Main street, Richmond, when he was accosted by a fellow, half soldier, half beggar, with a most reverential military salute. "God bless your honor," said the man, whose accent betrayed him to be a son of the Emerald Isle, "and long life to you!" "How do you know me?" said the lieutenant. "Is it how do I know your honor?" responded Pat. "Good right, sure, I have to know the man that saved my life in battle." The lieutenant, highly gratified at this tribute to his valor, slid a fifty-cent piece into his hand and asked him when. "God bless your honor and

long life to you!" said the grateful veteran. "Sure, it was at Antietam, when, seeing your honor run away, as fast as your legs could carry you, from the enemy, I followed your lead and ran after you out of the way, whereby, under God, you saved my life! Oh, good luck to your honor! I never will forget it of you!"

Old Billy Hell.

At the Franklin fight Ross' Texas cavalry brigade had been skirmishing nearly all day on Big Harper river. Late in the afternoon, however, they effected a crossing. The Ninth cavalry, in advance, charged a picket force and carried them about one-half mile. This charge was met by a full regiment of Federal cavalry, which brought the Ninth Texas back "two-forty-on-a-shell."

At this juncture "Old Billy Hell," orderly sergeant of the Fourth Squadron, Third Texas Cavalry, yelled out:

"Front into line and holler like hell!"

This had the desired effect. They fronted, and they hallooed like hell. And neither General Ross nor Colonel Boggass, of the Third, knew who gave the command. Big Harper river being in the rear, they knew the fight had to be made, and hallooing would scare the Yanks like hell. The Yanks fell back.—W. C. WOLF.

Small Feet and Big Shoes.

There was a poor fellow in a regiment of Bragg's army, a very small man, who had received a very large pair of shoes, and had not been able to effect an exchange. One day the sergeant was drilling the company on the facings—right face, left face, right about face—and of course watched his men's feet closely, to see that they went through the movement promptly. Noticing one pair of feet down the line that never budged at the command, the sergeant rushed up to the possessor of them, with drawn sword, and in menacing tones demanded: "What do you mean by not facing about when I tell you? I'll have you put in the guardhouse." "Why, I did, sergeant!" said the trembling recruit. "You did not, sir! Didn't I watch your feet? They never moved an inch." "Why, you see," said the poor fellow, "my shoes are so big that they don't turn when I do. I go through the motions on the inside of them."

Jackson Forgave Him.

Upon one occasion I was assigned to the arduous duty of guarding a corn-field. The day was fine, and, albeit, the roasting-ear crop was at its most tempting stage, there were few, if any, marauders, because it lay near Stonewall's headquarters. Taking advantage of the quiet, I had seated myself on the ground, and, having unscrewed the lock of my gun, was busily engaged in greasing it and burnishing the barrel. Presently I heard the tramp of a horse behind me. Looking back, I saw Stonewall approaching, and at once knew that I was in danger of being arrested and punished for neglect of duty. It was too late to resume the position of a sentinel and give Jackson the customary salute. He never overlooked an offense when clearly brought to his notice. So I determined to remain where I was and act as if I was not on duty, but merely engaged in cleaning and brightening my piece. I pretended not to see Jackson till he nearly rode over me, when I turned suddenly around and touched my hat without rising. He returned the salute, without pausing to make

inquiries, and rode on. His face showed that he divined my purpose and forgave me, because I showed some ambition about the appearance of my gun.—GEO. CROXTON.

The Old Straggler.

He was dressed in a suit of linsey brown. Around his shoulders were swung two canteens; from one gallows hung by a leathern strap a half-pint bottle. In one hand he carried a frying pan, while the other grasped a well-worn staff. "Any chance to get a bite to eat here to-day?" said he to me as he entered the front gate. Well I knew him by the cut of his jib—a regular professional, he was. While he was eating I said, "What do you have two canteens for?" "Well," he said, whining, "one is for water, you know; then, sometimes the ladies give us some milk. I use the other for that." "What is that bottle for?" "What, that? Oh, I carry molasses and sich like in that," "Were you

ever in a battle?" "Ah, no, sir!" said he; "it goes agin the grain, and I am sickly—always was." "How do you keep out?" "Well, I, in general, manage to drap behind."

Let Me Go Up and Take a Look.

A captain of a militia infantry company was sent on a reconnoissance in the early part of the war. He was very fat and a great blusterer—could whip any member of his company in a fist fight. They traveled all night through the brush. About daylight it was thought discreet to take bearings. The company was halted under an overhanging pine. An active fellow climbed up, and, immediately exclaiming, "Good gracious!" descended rapidly. "Let me go up and take a look," said the valiant captain. Pretty soon he descended, and everyone was struck at the gravity of his demeanor and the expansion of his eyeballs. "Boys," said he, "the enemy are upon us. We want to get out of here. The fact is, we've got to do some tall running, and as I am the fattest and the shortest-winded man in the crowd, and besides am a little lame in my left foot, I must have a fair start; so just wait till you see them, then give them one volley, and follow me." With that he bounded off like a deer, followed by the whole command, who did not stand upon the order of their going.

Well, I Hope to Land in H—ll!

It will be remembered that a curious habit prevailed, among the soldiers, in the latter part of the war, of designating their respective companies and battalions by the queer names of "outfit" and "layout," while they would call a brigade a "shebang." The story goes that General Polignac, the noble Frenchman who so generously espoused the cause of the South and served her with distinguished bravery to the last, was once accosted by a bright-eyed Creole boy, who announced to the general that he had just returned from a furlough, and wished to know where he could find Colonel Censir's "layout." "Colonel Censir's *what?*" shouted the general, his eyes bulging with astonishment. "Colonel Censir's 'layout,'" repeated the lad; "it belongs to your 'shebang.'" "Well, I hope to land in h——l!" ejaculated Polignac, who, when excited, sometimes became profane, "if I know what ze little diable mean! I have been educate all my life in ze armee. I have hear of ze compagnie, ze battal-

ion, ze brigade and ze division, but I agree to be hanged if I ever hear of ze 'layout,' or ze 'shebang' before."

Jim's Despair.

During a cavalry raid in West Virginia the advance guard approached stealthily a log fort, and, seeing some sutler tents out of range, charged and took them. Along with the foremost was Jim Bledsoe. Though it was in cold weather he wore only a gray jacket and pants, each much too small for him. Among the first to get to the commissary stores was Jim, and his eyes flashed with delight when he saw the full barrels of good things. The barrel nearest the door had in it sugar crackers. In a twinkling his pockets were crammed full of these delicious things. Then he came to a barrel of ginger cakes. Out went the crackers to make

room for the cakes — hands and mouth busy to make sure of a full share. No sooner was he loaded with them than he spied a barrel of cut loaf sugar, when an officer appeared and took possession of it. The blank look of despair that settled on Jim's face can better be imagined than described.

A Kind of a Prisoner.

Early in the war one of the men in a South Carolina brigade was on picket duty (so called) near Manassas. There was not a Yankee within twenty miles at the time. The next day there was to be an inspection, and Jim Wittles had taken his gun all to pieces and was rubbing it up, so as to make a shine the next day when inspected. While so doing General Bonham, who was unknown to the soldier (who was a new recruit), rode up. "What are you doing there?" said General B. "Oh, I am kind of a sentinel. Who are you, anyhow?" asked Jim. "Oh, I am only 'a kind' of a brigadier-general," was the answer. "Hold on; wait until I get this darned old gun together, and I will give you a kind of a present," said the sentinel. But General Bonham did not wait. He went off and reported the luckless soldier, who, in a short time, found himself "a kind" of a prisoner in "a kind" of a guardhouse, and had to act a number of extra hours of duty as "a kind" of a sentinel.

Officers and Gentlemen.

While in Virginia I witnessed a scene between two officers of my regiment — one the lieutenant-colonel, the other the adjutant — which, if rather disgraceful for "officers and gentlemen," was redeemed somewhat by a little witty passage or two which occurred. Both were slightly "elevated," the adjutant being, in fact, in that state to which a stronger term would have been applied had he been a simple private; for "what in the captain's but a choleric word, in the soldier is rank blasphemy." The colonel had mounted his horse, and the adjutant made a scrambling effort to get up alongside of him. "Hold on," says the colonel; "don't you see that mark?" pointing to the "C. S." brand on his horse. "Yes," says the adjutant. "What mark is that anyhow? What's them letters stand for, kurnel? 'Cut with sabre'?" "No," replied the colonel: "that means 'Carry single.'" Somebody assisted the adjutant to his own steed, which, when he had mounted became very restive, and shied

about, owing to the rider's unsteady management. "Say, Kurnel, see that mark on my horse, too? Know what that means? That means 'Caper sideways.'"

The Rebs Were There.

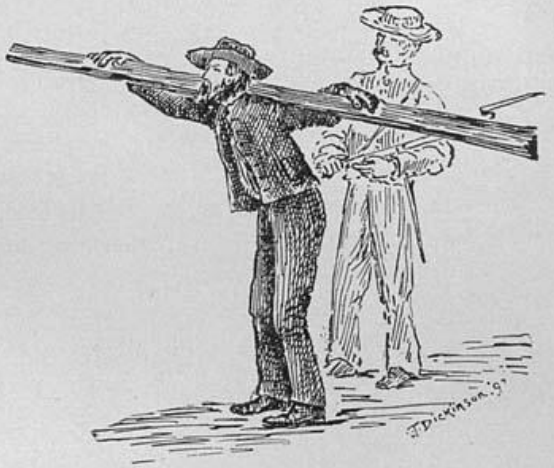
During the first bombardment at Port Hudson, La., in the summer of 1863, it was ascertained, by the pickets being driven in, that the Federals were advancing to attack Port Hudson by land as well as by water. Company E, Twelfth Louisiana Infantry, was ordered by General Russ two or three miles out on the road along which the enemy were advancing. There was a creek, with a bridge over it which was ordered to be torn up, and the company was placed in ambush to await the enemy. Soon a company of Bluecoats — and very fine-looking soldiers, well mounted and equipped, from Rhode Island I think — came riding up. When they saw the bridge was torn up, some of them said, "The ——' Rebs' have been here." About the same time, the command "Fire!" was given by the "Rebs," and "Right about!" was given by the Yanks. The captain and a sergeant and two privates were captured. A Colonel Clark was mortally wounded. One poor fellow was thrown from his horse, and went out of sight with one foot hanging in his stirrup, and doubtless was killed. We returned with our prisoners, thinking we could whip and drive back the whole Federal army.

Born in the Dark of the Moon.

In spite of the teachings of men of science to the contrary, many persistently insist that vegetables and cereals should be planted according to the phases of the moon. Root crops are to be planted in the dark of the moon, and other crops from new to full moon. A Dutch farmer would consider it the height of folly and a gross disrespect to the memory of his fathers to ignore the state of the moon when planting time had come.

Major ————, of the ——th Texas Foot, was remarkable for the size of his lower extremities, and it was thought that he had appropriately chosen the foot service when he entered the army as a lieutenant of infantry. He never mired down on the worst roads, and trod over the worst slush as calmly and as majestically as though on a macadamized road. In time, the casual, ties of war and the gallantry of the man brought about promotion- and the lieutenant was changed into a field officer. But his

elevation on horseback, like many other elevations in life, only revealed the Major's defects. Those enormous feet (and they *were* enormous) were the occasion of many sarcastic remarks, often in the gallant Major's hearing. One day a discussion arose as to the cause of the tremendous pedal development, when a philosophic Reb explained by saying, "The Major was born in the dark of the moon, and ran all to root."



CARRYING THE RAIL.

Been absent without leave, and sentenced to carry the rail eight hours under guard.

DEPARTMENT IV.

HEROIC AND THRILLING
STORIES OF THE WAR.

The Southern Soldier.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL E. C. WALTHALL.

"Deeds of heroism" in the Southern Army were of such common occurrence that to mention one would involve the misleading implication that it was exceptional. Hundreds of these could be enumerated, any one of which would make the actor's name immortal, if it stood alone. In our Army the situation was peculiar, and the tests and strains severe, and the men who failed to meet them were the exceptions. Our condition and surroundings, the great stake which was at issue, and the odds we fought against, bred heroes by the thousand in all branches of the military service. Some, of course, became more noted than others; but, in their most conspicuous acts of daring, they had a host of rivals whose names would fill this book.

My most interesting "reminiscence" of the war relates to the Southern soldier, not as an individual, but as a type, representing the body of the Southern troops. It is connected with that stage of the struggle after Vicksburg had fallen and Gettysburg was lost, and especially after Hood's Tennessee campaign had ended in disaster, and all reasonable ground for hope was gone. It was then that qualities were developed in the soldier of the South never before or since observed, in like degree, in any other soldier known to history. If he had not made all sacrifices cheerfully, endured all hardships unmurmuringly, and staked his life freely, for the cause he had espoused, so long as the hope of success remained, he would have belied his nature and disappointed the

world. All this was expected of him by those who knew him. No less would have comported with his instincts, his training or the teachings and example of the great men of his section, whose services in peace and war had laid the foundations of this country's greatness and glory.

But when hope had fled, and the chances for the establishment of separate Southern independence amounted to no more than the vaguest possibility, that the Southern soldier, even in that dark hour, stood by his colors and his cause as faithfully, endured his

MAJ.-GEN. E. C. WALTHALL.
[From a photograph taken in 1863.]

growing hardships as uncomplainingly, bore himself as proudly, and faced death as fearlessly, as when he believed success would crown his efforts and reward his sufferings, presents a phase of constancy and devotion and of genuine chivalric sentiment which no other historic character so strikingly illustrates. The men he stands for in history fought as well to save Hood's broken column, after all had been lost at Nashville, as they had done at Shiloh, when victory, as they believed, would establish the Southern Confederacy. They struggled as desperately in those "last days" of Lee's army—days of hopelessness and gloom—as they had ever done in the time of that great leader's proudest triumphs. At Bentonville, when it was not doubted that Richmond, in a few

weeks, if not before the battle ended, would be in the hands of the Federals, they met the enemy as bravely and as cheerfully as they had done at Manassas or Murfreesboro.

In all this I see something unequaled and unrivaled in the history of war in any age — something that challenges the admiration and wins the homage of mankind. Whatever it is, and whatever else it shows, it proves, at least, sincerity of motive, continuity of purpose, self-sacrificing adherence to a cherished sentiment, and settled conviction which defied despair; and it is to men of such attributes, moved by such incentives, and capable of such deeds, that the South, under changed conditions, owes her position of honor and equality in the Union to-day.

A Spartan Mother.

BY COL. R. W. WALENSHAW.

When the ——— North Carolina Regiment was stationed at Wilmington, a young lad from R—— county deserted that command and went home. He arrived at night, knocked at the door, and his widowed mother, all of whose sons were in service, opened it. The ruddy pine light showed her youngest born, Absalom, the son of her old age, standing without. Now, the good widow had been informed a few days before that no furloughs were granted, and suspected that something was wrong. Repressing the mother's instinct to clasp him in her arms, and holding the door so he could not enter, she said:

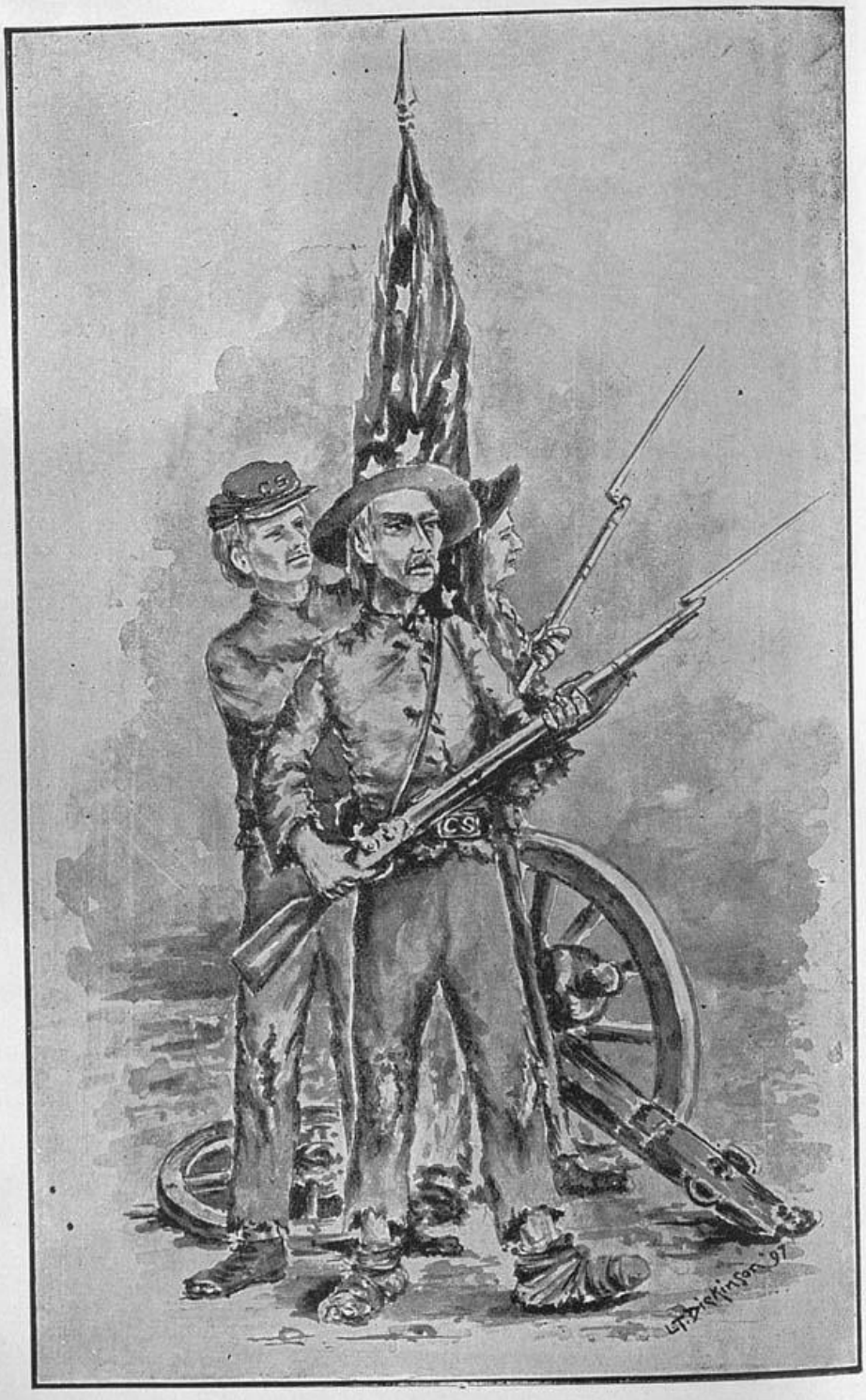
"Absalom, have you a furlough?"

"No, mother, I have not."

"You have deserted your colors, then."

"Yes, mother, I have," and was going on to excuse himself, when she cut him short with—

"Stop, Absalom; there is no excuse for deserting your country's cause. You can not enter this house. Your father was a brave, true man. He built this house with his own hands, and no deserter shall enter it. Go to the kitchen, sir, and I will send supper and bedding out to you. In the morning you must return to your company."



"EVEN IN THAT DARK HOUR HE STOOD BY HIS COLORS," ETC.

Gen'l Walthall's Tribute to the Confederate Soldier.

Absalom retired to the kitchen. How that mother's heart yearned toward her boy that night God alone can ever know. In the morning, she came to see him, impressed him with the error of his course, and then made him join her in prayer to the Almighty to forgive him the crime he had committed against God and his country. After this, she dismissed him, with a letter to the colonel of his regiment. Absalom promptly delivered the letter, and, according to a request contained in it, was let off with a light punishment. He afterwards made a good soldier, and was with the regiment at the final surrender.

The boys in camp said Absalom's mother impressed him with the error of his course by means of a hickory. This Absalom stoutly, and I believe truly, denied.

A Tennessee Horatius.

One of the Bravest Deeds Recorded During the Civil War.

BY A COMRADE.

James Keelin, a gallant Confederate cavalryman, performed an act of heroism during the civil war of equally cool courage, and under circumstances of far greater personal danger, than that for which Horatius Cocles has been celebrated in song and story for more than 2,000 years, for the soldiers of Lars Porsena were not armed with modern guns, as were the assailants of this nineteenth century hero; neither was Keelin equipped with shield and coat of mail, as was the brave defender of the bridge across the Tiber.

Keelin was a member of a battalion of Confederate cavalry known as "Thomas's Legion," which was afterward merged into a regiment commanded by Colonel Love. The "Legion" was composed of hardy mountaineers from Western North Carolina, and was attached to the brigade commanded by General "Mudwall" Jackson (so called to distinguish him from the immortal "Stonewall," and possibly for some other reason). Keelin was only an ordinary private soldier, without any education, and his military training consisted chiefly in being firmly impressed with the fact that his first duty was to obey orders.

In November, 1862, Keelin was detailed, with some six or eight others of his command, to guard the bridge at Strawberry Plains. This information was doubtless conveyed to the Union troops, for on the night of the 8th, at the dark hour of midnight, a party of Federal raiders, numbering forty men, appeared near the bridge, with the evident intention of attacking and setting fire to the structure.

As soon as he saw the armed force making for the bridge, Keelin's companion-in-arms fled, carrying his gun with him, and leaving Keelin alone, with a single gun and a big knife of the

"He threw up his left arm to ward off the blow from his head."

"Arkansaw toothpick" variety, to defend the bridge as best he might.

As hopeless as the task appeared, Keelin bravely determined to stand his post, despite the tremendous odds against him, and do his best to keep the enemy from burning the bridge. He posted himself on the top of a bank underneath the bridge and awaited the attack. He held his gun at a "ready," and when one of the party advanced, with a lighted torch, prepared to climb up to the wood-work of the bridge, Keelin shot him dead in his tracks. The survivors fired a volley at the solitary guard, and, with a wild yell, made a rush for the bank. Though Keelin was wounded three times by the volley—in the hip, where he still carries a bullet, in the left arm and in the side—he bravely stood

his ground; and not having time to reload his muzzle-loading musket, he drew his big knife and awaited the onset. Fortunately for him, the ascent was narrow, and the attacking party could only climb up the steep bank one or two at a time. With his knife he killed two of the invaders and wounded six others, hurling them gashed and bleeding down the embankment. Once he stumbled while aiming a blow at one of the party, and before he could recover a big fellow made a vicious stroke at him with a heavy knife. He threw up his left arm to ward off the blow from his head, and the blow severed his wrist, besides inflicting an ugly gash.

With all these gaping and bleeding wounds, the brave fellow stood his ground, fighting with the courage of a Bayard, and held the whole party at bay. At last Bill Pickens, the lieutenant who was commanding the Federals, seeing so many of his men fall before the invincible arm of the brave Confederate, called out with an oath:

"Let me up there, boys, I'll fix the —— rebel!"

But when he rushed up the bank and was confronted by the same dread weapon, gory with the blood of his subordinates, and after receiving two vicious cuts, he, too, retired, calling off his men. They left the place hastily, leaving three dead companions on the ground, but carrying off their wounded. They thought that a force of Confederates was encamped in a mile or so up the river, and probably expected them to be attracted to the scene by the sound of firing.

Keelin, desperately wounded as he was, remained at his post until relieved. He bound up the bleeding stump of his arm, and staunched the blood in his half-dozen other wounds as best he could, receiving no medical attention till after daylight next morning.

After he recovered from his wounds, he continued to serve in the army to the end of the war, notwithstanding the loss of his left hand.

Our Cavalry:

"Cheerful and merciful in victory, hopeful even in defeat, they rode to death dauntlessly and won many a field. Equaled by some, surpassed by none."

BY COL. BENNETT H. YOUNG,
OF MORGAN'S CAVALRY.

It was natural that the Confederate cavalry east of the Mississippi should come from Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee. These were the horse-producing states, and this created the cavalryman.

When we come to make up the record of that greatest of all

COLONEL BENNETT H. YOUNG.

wars, jests and jealously, if any there be, are swept away in the patriotic desire of every heart to have the true story of the self-denial, bravery, courage and heroism of the Southern soldier stand right on the world's record.

The cavalryman's life was one of constant danger, sleepless vigil, unending fatigue, and ceaseless activity. He did not flood the soil with offerings of his blood on the great battlefields of the

war, but day by day and night by night, in the skirmish, in the picket charge, in the wild dash, and on the long raid, he hourly laid down his sacrifice for the common cause; and when, at the end of the war, he called the roll and the troopers rode out for review, the shattered ranks, the star which betokened death, showed a mortality none the less dreadful than among the men who walked in their marches and who on great occasions made great sacrifices at war's demand.

I purpose to describe briefly three events, which are in the highest degree typical of what the war demanded of the cavalrymen; and be eloquent and faithful witness of what the Confederate horsemen did and suffered at their country's call.

STUART.

On the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th of October, 1862, General J. E. B. Stuart performed his most brilliant military feat in the raid on Chambersburg, Pa.

Fording the Potomac on the morning of the 10th, at early dawn, he proceeded to Mercersburg and thence to Chambersburg. The crossing of the river had been skilfully and bravely done, and the march of forty miles to Chambersburg was no mean task in the fifteen hours which had elapsed since morn. Fair weather marked the day's ride, and at nine o'clock at night, the brilliant cavalry soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia housed himself and men in the quiet and quaint old town, well up in the boundaries of the Quaker State.

It was a new experience for the loyal men of the North, to find the hungry Confederate raiders in their very midst and feeding themselves in their pantries, and their horses at their granaries.

But the romance of the raid was to end here.

The Potomac, never very sure in its movements, might rise, and Stuart must then return some other way than the one he came. The splashing of the rain, relentless and constant, during the night, and the pattering of great drops as they drive against the window panes, awaken in his bosom the most harrowing uncertainty; and throughout the long and (to him) almost endless hours of the darkness, came the harrowing thought that the streams fed by the torrents now falling would swell the Potomac and thus cut off all possibility of escape for his command.

His aides and guides, less troubled with responsibility, assured

OUR CAVALRY.

"The wearied horsemen peer through the gloom."

him that his fleet troopers would outride the currents that flowed toward the ocean; but the danger and the trials of the coming day and night rose up in the heart of the dashing commander and disturbed the quiet of his gay and chivalrous soul.

On the morning of the 11th, he began his homeward march. Eighty miles from the boundary, where he might pass it; far into an unfriendly country, every resource of which was now placed under contribution to effect his capture or the destruction of his force, and with thousands of troops, both mounted and unmounted, converging to the points where he must pass, rendered his situation acutely desperate and such as to cause keenest apprehension and profoundest fear.

But with Stuart rode officers and men who never quailed. Hampton, Lee, Butler, Robertson, Jones, and Pelham, and 1,800 men, the pick of Virginia, Maryland and the Carolinas, were in the saddle with him, and there was no foe they feared and none who could whip them except by brute force and superior numbers.

Forth from Chambersburg this splendid division began the march homeward. Twelve hundred horses, the fruits of impressment, made up a part of the train—for already the Confederacy felt the need of stable recruiting—no stragglers nor laggards. A great work was ahead of a great command, and no heart felt apprehension at any fate which awaited.

All day long the steady trot of the troopers was kept up, and when the sun began to hide its face behind the Alleghanies the cavalcade had made less than half the distance required of it for safety and rest. A few minutes' halt was all that could be allowed. The troopers dismount and shake themselves; the wearied horses munch a little feed, and the bugle-call again commands to saddle.

Thirty-one and a half miles since morn, and yet thirty-three and a half more before dawn.

The knightly Pelham, later to shed his blood, rode all through the night with the advance, and close behind the watchful commander and his escort.

A full day's work already done, but a fuller night's work yet to be done.

Peremptory orders are transmitted to ride over everything that opposes the march; and so, trot, trot, trot, through the long hours of darkness, and the wearied horsemen peer through the gloom, and in silent and anxious wonder gaze at the spectres—the creation of their fancy and imagination—which on parallel lines ride by their side; and they scan the horizon with anxious longing to

catch the first appearance of the much-desired dawn, which might relieve the dismal and oppressive foreboding of the lengthened night.

Sixty-five miles in twenty-four hours. No halt. Still sixteen miles more.

Thousands of busy and eager enemies and uncalculated dangers beset them. The bodies of these hard riders begin to feel the trying effects of the rapid march, and nature raises a solemn protest against war's demands upon her children. But the order

MAJOR-GENERAL J. E. B. STUART, OF VIRGINIA.

for the swinging trot abates not, and man and beast, brightened by the rising sun, are put under sterner tribute for stronger effort.

Wearied marchers: the crisis is now at hand.

Stuart and his riders had vanquished nature: Could they now vanquish man? If Stuart crossed the Potomac to reach Chambersburg, he must recross it to reach Virginia; and to prevent the latter, all the skill, energy and genius of the Federal commanders were called forth.

Pleasanton, who with Federal cavalry was hard behind the Confederate raiders, had marched seventy-eight miles in twenty-

eight hours, but this wonderful gait still left him in Stuart's rear, and now that the point at which Stuart was to cross was revealed, every Federal soldier that could be reached was pressed forward to dispute the passage. Whit's Ford was guarded, but not sufficiently well to impede the rush of the Confederates, and the Federals at the crucial moment retired, and the way was opened for the escape and safety of the valiant Confederate corps.

Twenty-seven hours and eighty-one miles. No sleep. No rest.

Galloping, fighting, scouting, and ready to assail any enemy, with human endurance tested to the greatest possible limit—what think you, reader, of the conduct of these riders, when, out of those three brigades, only two men, either by sleep, illness, hunger, weariness, or straggling, were missing when, at noon, on the 12th of October, on Virginia's soil, Stuart called his roll to calculate losses?

Measured by any human formula for patience or endurance, courage, loyalty and chivalry, this service of Stuart and his command stands unparalleled in military history. They did all men could do, and the Divine Judge himself requires nothing more than this at man's hands.

FORREST.

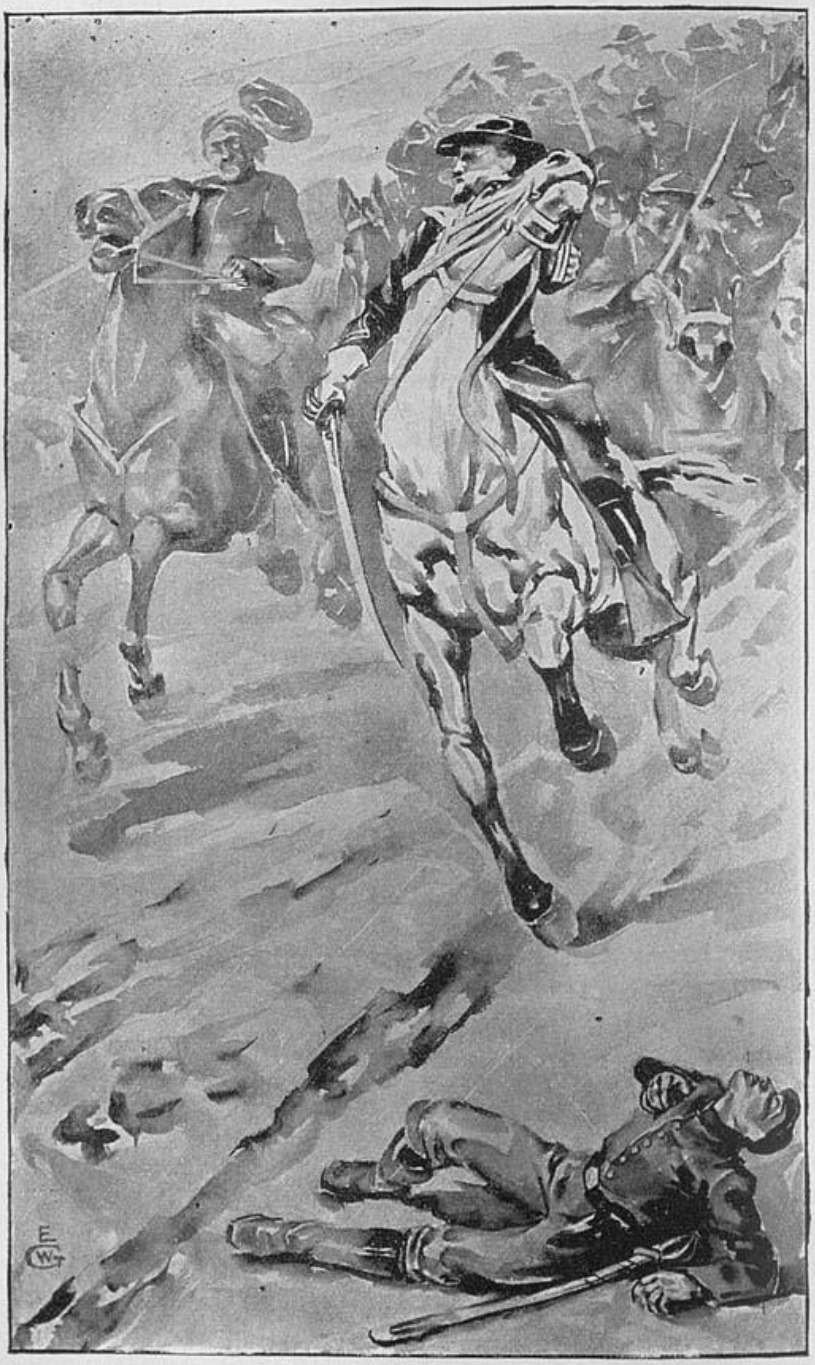
At the end of April, 1863, General Streight, an Indiana officer, was designated by the Federal General commanding the Army of Tennessee, to prepare for a raid into Northern Georgia, the object being to cut the Confederate communications by destroying railways, bridges, and to burn commissary stores and, above all, to wreck the splendid arsenal at Rome, Georgia.

It was calculated that Streight's raid would require a march of some 300 miles. He was given picked troops and supported by a large force for reconnoissance, to hide as long as possible the real purpose of the incursion.

Streight began his real operations on April 28th, and by the 29th General Forrest, who had been ordered to pursue and baffle the Federals, was close at his heels.

Forrest was one of the wonderful men of the war. Judged by his resources and opportunities, no man who wore the gray accomplished more, and an enemy who opposed him was bound to fight, conquer, run or die.

The moment Streight felt the first stroke of Forrest's hand, he



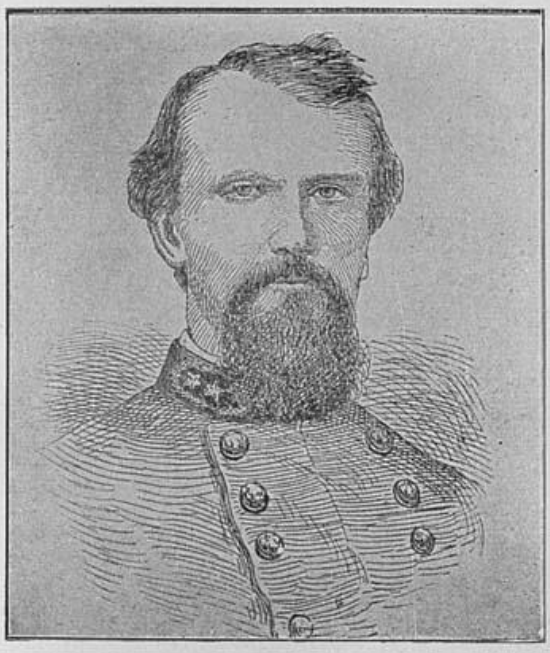
OUR CAVALRY.

"Forrest, like a mighty and tireless bloodhound, would follow the prey."

realized that a tireless, skilled foe was on his track, and for ninety-six hours, never by day or night, was the Federal column at rest.

Like some insatiate monster, the Confederate General followed the Federal column, and, whenever and wherever found, there was a vigilant and relentless attack. In 164 miles he fought eight battles by day and three by night, and in two of the latter, where artillery was drawn by his men to within 100 feet of the enemy's line, the only guide or light was the flash of rifles and the blaze of cannon.

Streight was himself a man of nerve and resource. Skillfully-



LIEUT.-GEN. NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST, OF TENNESSEE.

arranged ambuscades, fierce charges and stubborn resistance met Forrest, and in a fair proportion of the conflicts the Federals held their own; but they greatly outnumbered the Men of the Gray.

The fierce onslaught of Forrest, his impetuous attack, his unyielding tenacity and uncompromising assaults, combined with his swift and rapid movements, were enough to paralyze the stoutest heart and make the bravest soul question the outcome. Like as a mighty and tireless bloodhound would follow the prey, so this wizard of the saddle pursued the hard-marching Federals, and

never for a single instant in these days or nights was there otner thought or plan but to destroy the invaders.

Streight found friendly guides and helping hands amongst the Union men and women of Northern Alabama; but these could not hide him from the eagle eyes or the smiting arm of those following the trail, or stay the avenging hand that was ever uplifted in his rear.

With horses dropping dead in the roads, with men falling in the unconsciousness of sleep from their steeds, and with their guns sliding from their paralyzed grasp, Forrest still hunted the foe. One-half of the command, on the third day, was killed, wounded, or broken down; but still, with only 500 soldiers he hunted the Federal raiders, and, on May 3d, within twenty miles of Rome —the objective point of the expedition—Streight and his 1,600 men laid down their arms and surrendered to the Confederate General, who could then, after his terrible pursuit, muster less than 500 followers.

Every mile of the 164 was covered with war's wrecks. Dead soldiers, mutilated animals, wounded men and stricken beasts, broken wagons, abandoned trains and scattered supplies, told the story of the relentless and pitiless assault. Nearing the end, in forty-eight hours, four battles and ninety miles marching and four hours' sleeping.

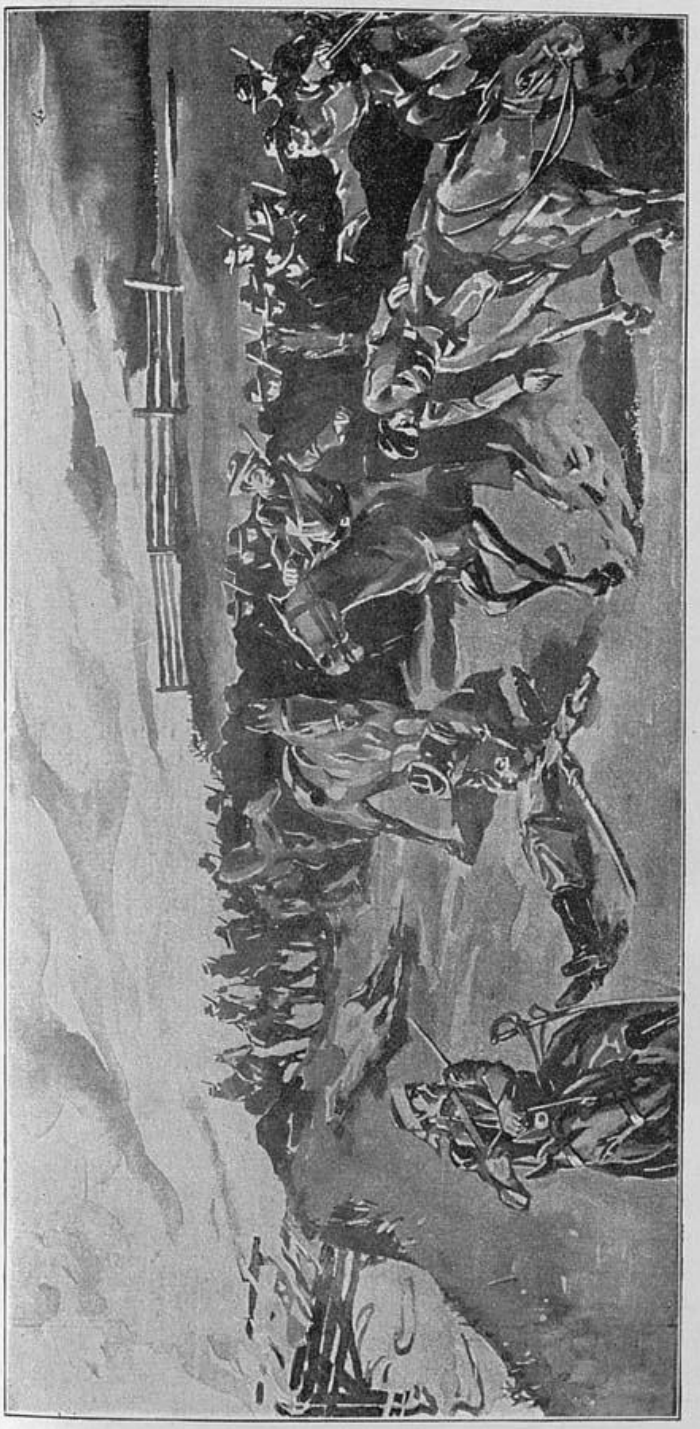
Surely these deeds of the Cavalry of the Army of Tennessee are not unworthy of Confederate valor.

MORGAN.

On the morning of July 2, 1864, the Division of General John H. Morgan, 2,600 strong, crossed the Cumberland river at Burksville, Ky. Ninety per cent of the men were Kentuckians under 25 years of age.

A thrill of joy passed along the entire line as the word of command was given to turn faces homeward. The men of Maryland, Missouri and Kentucky were the orphans of the Confederacy, and to them home-going in army days was the truest blissfulness of life.

Our regiment passed the river under fire and as our clothes, guns and ammunition were in the single ferryboat, while many swam with the horses, we sprang upon the shore naked, and, as with only cartridge boxes and guns we rushed at the enemy, they fled, thinking we were soldiers just born into the world, full armed



OUR CAVALRY.
"Burning of the Big Miami Bridge."

for conflict; and thus was begun the 1,000-mile march which constituted Morgan's Ohio raid.

We were not long in discovering that our presence was not only unwelcome but expected, and dead troopers and dead steeds lying along the highways made mute but convincing proof of war's exactions.

The next ten days were days and nights of incessant fighting, marching and watching, and the night of the 12th of July found Morgan and his men sixty miles north of the Ohio river and far into the state of Indiana. The average march for all these days had been fifty miles, in the midst of stifling dust, fiercest heat and constant battle.

On the 12th the command made twenty-eight miles, although this was the eleventh day in the saddle.

Scattering along in the fence corners for four miles, at a road crossing, the Confederate Raiders caught a few hours' sleep. A subtle and mysterious instinct came to them that the morrow demanded heroic work, and that during its hours they were to attempt the longest continuous cavalry march of the world. Stuart, when starting from Chambersburg, was rested. For twelve hours his men had slept. Forrest, when in pursuit of Streight, had marched from Courtland, Ala., fresh; but these Kentucky cavalrymen had now been marching and fighting for eleven days, and yet fate was to put upon them the task of excelling human record.

There was no unsaddling: 2,500 Federal troops were only two and a half miles away, and every man lay with his wearied arm upon his gun.

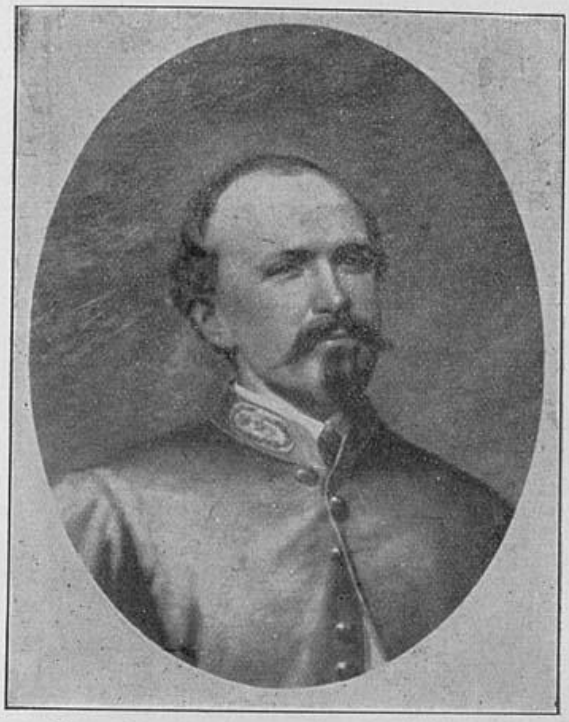
We were 400 miles in the enemy's country, beset on every side with forces sent for capture, guides always unfriendly and treacherous, roads blockaded and ambuscades frequent and strong. A column three miles long, already encumbered with more than a hundred sick and wounded—well might men ask, Can this thing be done?

True, the men Morgan led were thoroughbreds. They were the grandsons of the Pioneers, given in large part by Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas, to wrest Kentucky from the savage, and these pioneers had given Kentucky men a name and fame wherever the English tongue had been spoken. They were descended from the men who had fought the great Indian battles for the conquest of the Northwest. Memories of the Raisin, the Thames, Tippecanoe, New Orleans, and Buena Vista, stirred

their brains and quickened their hearts; but yet,—might not the great leader ask, Can this tremendous ride be made?

These troopers had never failed him, either in the march or on the field. If it were possible for men to do it, it would be done. They would at least try, and if they failed it would be because the accomplishment of such a task was a human impossibility.

The command to mount was the answer to these curious ques-



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN, OF KENTUCKY.
Killed at Greenville, Tenn., September 4, 1864.
[From an oil portrait.]

tionings which forced themselves into his brain, and out into the dusty roads, beneath the scorching sun of July, the command rode.

By 2 o'clock thirty miles were done, across the White river into Harrison, Ohio, and, as the blaze which consumed the great bridge there lifted hissing tongues into the air, the advance guard of the pursuers exchanged shots with our rear guard.

An hour was consumed in marching and counter-marching, so as to mislead General Burnside and his 30,000 soldiers, gathered at Cincinnati, thirty miles away, who were planning to create

a trocha, across which it would be impossible for Morgan to pass.

Down the valley the column moved. When near dusk the Big Miami river was struck and the 600-foot wooden bridge fired.

As the red flames flung themselves skyward they illumined the entire valley and the flickering shadows which they cast for miles around, amid the gloaming of the evening, created among the trees and fences huge weird images, born of imagination, which lent a sublimity to the surroundings and filled the invading horsemen with apprehensive awe.

At midnight fifty-five miles had been measured by the ceaseless tramp of the wearied steeds: 144,000 steps they had already taken, and yet more than 100,000 were still required before their could rest their tired limbs; and well might they inquire, as they riders still spurred onward, Masters, Masters, be ye men or be ye devils, which exact from your beasts such unseemly toil?

As the intense darkness which precedes the coming day enveloped the column, the strain became terrible. Horses sank down in death with their riders astride still urging them forward, and strong men fell from the beasts as if smitten by sudden death. Hundreds of the men lashed themselves to the saddles while fighting the assaults of sleep. Constant closing up kept a large proportion of the column in a gallop, and here and there it became necessary, with lighted candles, to crawl upon hands and knees and by the tracks determine on which road the vanguard had ridden. Comrades, dismounted by broken-down steeds, walked in the line, keeping pace with horses, while others sprang behind their companions until a convenient stable would provide a new mount.

The most ignorant private knew that the passage around Cincinnati was the moment of greatest danger, and the thought gave renewed strength and wakefulness to the majority of the men now attempting this unprecedented march.

Three times during the night General Morgan changed guides, and each time it was necessary by threats to force an enemy to lead the column.

Most of the roads ran with section lines, and the constant changing of direction did much to confuse the march. Heading now east, now north, now south, alarmed and disturbed both rank and file. The care of the artillery and the hundred buggies bearing sick and wounded comrades over a hilly and woody country, amid almost absolute darkness, disquieted here and there

by an unfriendly shot, made an ordeal which rarely, if at all, ever came into soldier life.

By 2 a. m. the dead line at Glendale was passed; and now the Federal commander at Cincinnati, by General Morgan's strategy, had lost his chance to check the invader.

But safety was not yet assured.

Large bodies of infantry were close at hand. The herculean task had not been accomplished, and another thirty-eight miles must be covered before solid rest should be attainable.

Sunshine came to brighten the earth and cheer the struggling soldiers. The record was still unbroken. Every mile seemed to lengthen and each step to bring increasing suffering. Skirmishes and conflicts with militia would arouse the men for a brief season, but with the cessation of the excitement nature would lift its cry for mercy and plead for rest for man and beast.

And so on, and on, and on, until another sun was nearly set, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th the staggering column reached Williamsburg, Ohio, and camped for the night; and the greatest single cavalry march of the world came to an end.

Ninety-five and one-fourth miles in thirty-two hours: surely such work as this was not unworthy of what the Confederacy asked of its sons.

Men stood helpless with fatigue. They slept standing, and in eating would sink into slumber with the food unswallowed in their mouths. But it was a great triumph for Confederate Cavalry, and, amid all its horrors, it was worth much to realize that the limit of human endurance had been lifted many degrees higher.

THE FINALE.

There came a time when even hope failed; when armies were shattered and scattered; when Lee had surrendered and Johnston had capitulated; when the illustrious Army of Northern Virginia was paroled, and its bronzed veterans turned their tear-stained faces toward their desolate homes and took up anew the burdens of life; when the Army of Tennessee, where the rate of mortality reached the highest point, and whose unconquerable courage never failed in defeat; when all the mighty legions east of the Mississippi, which for four years had withstood the mightiest of conflicts, had stacked their arms and accepted war's stern decree; when the President of our Nation went forth from its seat of government and, in sadness and gloom, yet undismayed, sought refuge

south of Virginia, there were still some who clung to his fortunes and defended his person in that period of completest gloom and anguish. Even here a pitying Providence provided the retreating chieftain with protectors whose hearts still bled for the first and only Confederate President, and with him went some who, even in his reverses and humiliation, were ready to offer their lives to guard him and his cabinet from the pursuing foe.

When the darkness of death was hovering around and over the Southern Cause, when the last council of war had been called, when all was lost, there were those, even in such an hour as this, who made declaration of their constancy and devotion to that cause to which they already had sacrificed their fortunes and now anew tendered their lives, and the history of that moment glorifies the manly courage and gives those who participated in it a place on the brightest pages which perpetuate human heroism.

When the last sun which should ever shine on the Confederate States as an organized nation was lengthening its rays, and finding repose in the mysterious depths of its westward course, and was sending forth a fading but sympathetic light to illumine the sad and dreary scene of a nation's dissolution; when its departing shadows made glorious and immortal the faces of the heroes who, in silent solemnity and reverential awe, looked upon the death throes of the Confederacy, it appeared to those who stood amid the terribleness of that moment to become fixed for an instant, as if to paint in fairest, brightest, and eternal colors, the lineaments of those Kentucky and Tennessee Cavalrymen, who in that supreme moment alone remained with its defenseless President.

"Fate denied us victory, but it crowned us with a glorious immortality," and these are some of the leaflets which the Cavalry of the Confederate States offer as their contribution to the superb record of patriotism, valor, chivalry, courage and devotion, which make up the illustrious volume of Confederate history.

Services of the Corps of Cadets of the Virginia Military Institute in the Civil War.

BY CAPTAIN W. B. SHAW,
One of the Cadets.

In 1861, upon the call for volunteers, the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute marched in a body to Richmond, under command of one of their professors, Major T. J. Jackson, better known now as Stonewall Jackson, and were for a time employed at Camp Lee as drill masters, but the corps was soon disorganized by the advancement of the cadets to military rank in the different grades of service.

In 1862 the Institute was reorganized as the "West Point of the South," with a few of the old cadets and a large number of boys from all over the South, ranging from fourteen to seventeen years of age. This new corps is now distinguished from all others as the "War Corps," because its beginning and end were coincident with the war. While we prosecuted our studies in the prescribed course, yet special efforts were made along all military lines to make us proficient as soldiers, and at the end of two years every boy was a thorough drill master in infantry and artillery maneuvers. Bright visions flitted through our youthful minds of the day when each of us would distinguish himself on the field. We knew nothing then of the hardships and dangers of a soldier's life. At first victory crowned the Confederate arms, and fired our young hearts with a desire to share in the glory; and, fearing the Yankees would be wiped from the face of the earth before we had a chance at them, we held a meeting and petitioned the superintendent to take us the front, but we received no comfort from that quarter. We then finally offered our services to General Jackson, but he said no, that we were too young. Then reverses came; the boys became rebellious and threatened to leave. Many of the older boys did leave and joined the army. At last, at midnight hour, the "long roll" startled us; there was a shout, and the boys were soon ready for the march; we were in line, and when the ordnance officer came down the line, filling our cartridge boxes with veritable powder and ball, we began to think we were off to war at last. The girls and matrons from the

SERVICES OF THE CORPS OF CADETS.

"Hand to hand they engage the iron soldiery at the guns—the battery is taken."

village heard the alarm and turned out to bid us farewell. The girls smiled on us and gave us fresh courage, but the matrons shed tears and shook their heads, saying it was too bad to take little boys to war. The command was given and we filed into the turnpike leading to Staunton, Va., where were to join the Stonewall brigade to drive Banks out of the valley, so the general order read. We marched twenty-four miles that day through mud, and spent the night in a barn, nursing our feet, which were almost bare of skin. It took us all next day to make the remaining twelve miles to Staunton, where we remained about a week, repairing the damages done our feet. I rather think the ardor of the boys was cooled for a time, at least; they had learned something of what it cost to be one of Jackson's "Foot Cavalry." In due time we were in good trim again, and Jackson, with two brigades, dashed into town, and we were put into line as rear of the column, I suppose to prevent the regulars from running over us. They said we could not keep up, that our legs were too short, but we did, and so close did we press the rear that next day we were put at the head of the line of march; and we led them, *too*, for three or four days. The old vets then said they would give it to us, that there was no discount on our marching, but said: "Look out, boys, if them Yankees begin to shoot up front, they are nowise particular, and some of you little fellows may get hurt." Well, they marched us around in the mountains for several days, but somehow Old Jack managed to have a brush with Banks, and let us get there only in time to load our haversacks with hardtack and molasses sugar, taken from the Yankee train. So it was for three or four times; we were taken out, but were not permitted to go under fire, except twice in skirmishing — once at McDowell and once at Covington; in each case it was a running fight, and we fired but a few times. At last the dark days of 1864 fell, like a cloud, upon the Southland. A tremendous force was moving down the valley. The corps was ordered out and joined General Breckinridge at New Market, on the 15th of May, 1864. The corps, composed at that time of about 250 boys, including a platoon of artillery serving two 3-inch rifle guns, was placed in reserve behind the right wing. The fighting was terrific and against great odds. In front was a large battery, which was raining destruction upon the Confederate ranks with shell, canister and grape. The line gave way, and there was a wavering all along the line. The corps was kept lying down all the time, watching the dreadful tragedy in front. A well-known

voice is heard above the din of battle — it is Scott Shipp's command, "Corps of Cadets, follow me!" In a moment they were in line. Wise is heard on the right. "Dress to the right! Forward! Double quick! March!" is heard from Shipp. There is Evans in front, with our beautiful banner. On, on they sweep across the plain of death — a volley from the battery — Shipp's horse goes down — fifty boys are cut from the center — but on they go. Shipp is on his feet again. "Close to the center!" is the command. Without a waver, on they go. Hand to hand they

W. B. SHAW.
As a Cadet (afterward Captain C. S. A.).

engage the iron soldiery at the guns — the battery is taken. On they sweep — the enemy is retreating — a shout goes up, down the lines — the victory is won — and the commanding general accorded it to the Corps of Cadets. The corps was then marched to Richmond, and, after a few days, back to Lexington, where studies were resumed until June 11, 1864, when General David Hunter advanced upon Lexington with a large force. There was no defense to the town except the Corps of Cadets, which fought him across the river with one piece of artillery, killing about 150

of the enemy, without casualty to the corps. It was soon found that we were about to be surrounded, so we retreated over the Blue Ridge to Lynchburg, where we arrived just in time to deploy in front of the city as sharpshooters, to confront Hunter, who had burned our barracks and marched on Lynchburg via Liberty, Va. There were no forces in Lynchburg. The corps opened on the enemy from the rifle pits, and for hours kept up a deadly fire, killing many of the enemy at long range. Reinforcements came, and Hunter retreated without making an attack on the town. He could have marched in, had he known there were no guns behind the pits. Our barracks being destroyed, we were then quartered in the City Alms House, Richmond, where we resumed our studies, but were marched through the valley twice to meet invading forces, but were not put under fire. On March 31, 1865, we were taken to the front of Richmond in the night, and employed in the pits in front of the works, where we were kept constantly expecting a general engagement, until Sunday morning, April 2, 1865, when we were called in a double quick to Richmond, and disbanded in the Capitol Square, because the city had been evacuated and was surrounded, and the corps could not be marched out in a body.

NOTE.—Colonel Scott Shipp was Commandant of the Corps. Henry A. Wise was Professor of Mathematics, and at New Market was Captain of "A" Company.

Were Humane Even in Danger.

BY GENERAL WILLIAM R. COX.

In the Battle of the Wilderness, where our ill-clad and poorly-fed comrades bared their bosoms and freely shed their blood to stay the fall of the capital of the Confederacy, there were manifested by privates in our ranks a chivalry and a humanity toward their foes worthy of the immortals. By the discharge of artillery the woods, through which the contending armies were struggling for the mastery, were fired. As we gradually drove back the reluctant enemy, some of our skirmishers discovered that their wounded foes were about to suffer the tortures and agonies of suffocation from the advancing flames, when, impelled by the noblest impulses of humanity, they rushed forward, in the midst of the

whistling bullets, and raked the dry leaves from their prostrate foemen, thus bearing testimony that, while ready to fight like demons for the principles they upheld, yet they could be ministering angels to alleviate and prevent the torture and needless suffering of the disarmed and vanquished foe.

The common suffering and common achievements of our dis-

BRIG.-GEN. WILLIAM R. COX.
[From a photograph taken in 1864.]

tinguished leaders, and the deeds of patriotic privates, all tend to illustrate the qualities of our people and the stability of our reunited country, and that tramps and demagogues are but harmless atoms in the presence of our heroic dead and their patriotic descendants.

Every Inch a Hero.

BY J. B. KILLEBREW.

One of the saddest and most thrilling events of the Civil War was the hanging of Sam Davis, in Pulaski, Tenn., November 27, 1863. He was a young man of excellent habits, and possessed a

SAM DAVIS.

From a photograph, the property of S. A. Cunningham, Publisher and Editor "Confederate Veteran," Nashville, Tenn.

courage that nothing could daunt. He was reared in the country, and up to the time of the breaking out of hostilities labored on the farm. He entered the army in 1861, in his seventeenth year,

joining Colonel Ledbetter's company of the First Tennessee regiment, and in a short time his bravery, prudence, and zeal recommended him to his commanding officer as one fitted to perform the arduous and perilous duties of a scout. He was accordingly detached from his regiment, and made a member of Coleman's scouts.

Toward the close of October, 1863, it was considered highly important to the success of Bragg's movements that the strength of the Federal fortifications of Middle Tennessee should be accurately known, and young Davis was selected to procure this information.

He set out on his dangerous mission, and, after securing all the information that was expected or desired, he was arrested on his return, on the 20th of November, within the Federal lines, with the plans of the fortifications of Nashville and all other places in Middle Tennessee on his person. The accuracy of these plans and the minuteness of details showed at once that his informant was a man holding a high position among the Federal engineers, and when questioned concerning his sources of information, young Davis candidly admitted that the plans had been furnished by an officer high in command in the Federal army, but resolutely refused to disclose his name. A free pardon was offered him and a safe return within the Confederate lines, on the condition that he would impart the sources of his information, but nothing could shake his resolution.

General Dodge, finding it impossible to move him in his stubborn determination after repeated conferences, summoned a military commission, of which Colonel Madison Miller, of the Eighteenth Missouri Infantry, was president, for the trial of Davis on the following charges and specifications:

CHARGE I: Being a spy. *Specifications:* In this, that he, Samuel Davis, of Coleman's scouts, in the service of the so-called Confederate States, did come within the lines of the United States forces in Middle Tennessee for the purpose of secretly gaining information concerning these forces, and conveying the same to the enemy, and was arrested within the said lines on or about November 20, 1863. This in Giles County, Tennessee.

CHARGE II: Being a carrier of mails, communications, and information from within the lines of the United States Army to persons in arms against the government. *Specifications:* In this, that the said Samuel Davis, on or about November 20, 1863, was arrested in Giles County, Tennessee, engaged in carrying mails and information from within the lines of United States forces to persons in arms against the United States Government.

To which charges and specifications the accused pleaded as follows:

To the specification in first charge, "Not guilty"

To the second charge, "Guilty."

After a patient investigation of several days, the following were the findings and sentence:

The court finds the accused as follows:

Of the specifications to the first charge, "Guilty."

Of the first charge, "Guilty."

Of the specifications to the second charge, "Guilty."

Of the second charge, "Guilty."

And the Commission does therefore sentence him, the said Samuel Davis, of Coleman's scouts, in the service of the so-called Confederate States, to be hung by the neck until he is dead, at such time and place as the commanding general may direct; two thirds of the members of the Commission concurring in the sentence.

Brigadier-General G. M. Dodge approved of the findings and sentence. The sentence was ordered to be carried into effect Friday, November 27, 1863, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 6 o'clock P. M., and Brigadier-General T. W. Sweeney, commanding Second Division, was ordered to cause the necessary arrangements to be made for carrying out the order in the proper manner.

The prisoner was notified of the findings and the sentence of the military commission by Captain Armstrong, the local provost marshal, and though manifesting some surprise at the severity of the punishment to be inflicted, he bore himself bravely, and showed not the quiver of a muscle. Later in the day Chaplain Young visited him, and found him resigned to his fate. After prayer by the chaplain he inquired concerning the news of the day, and upon being told that Bragg was defeated he expressed the deepest regret.

The scaffold for the execution of the prisoner was built upon an elevation on the eastern side of the town of Pulaski, near the college, and commanded an extensive view. The position could be seen from almost every part of the town. At precisely 10 o'clock on the morning of Friday, the 27th of November, 1863, the prisoner, with pinioned arms, was placed in a wagon and seated upon his coffin. In this condition he was conveyed to the scaffold. Davis stepped from the wagon, and, without any nervousness, seated himself on a bench at the foot of the scaffold, glancing occasionally at the coffin while the assistants were taking it from the wagon. He displayed no trepidation, and seemed to be the least interested of all those present. Quietly turning to Captain Armstrong, he asked with an unshaken voice

how long he had to live, and being told just fifteen minutes, he remarked in substance that the remainder of the battles for the

EVERY INCH A HERO.

"Do you suppose, sir, I would betray a friend? No; I would die a thousand times first!"

freedom of his government and the liberties of his people would have to be fought without his assistance.

Captain Armstrong, turning to him, said, "I am sorry to be compelled to perform this painful duty." To which Davis replied, "Captain, I am innocent; I have only tried to serve my country

and my people; I die in the discharge of duty, and am prepared to die. I do not think hard of you."

Captain Chickasaw, then approaching, asked the prisoner if it would not be better to save his life by disclosing the name of the officer who furnished the facts concerning the fortifications, etc., and then intimated that it was not yet too late. Upon hearing this the prisoner turned and, with a glowing indignation, said, "Do you suppose, sir, that I would betray a friend? No; I would die a thousand times first. I will never betray the confidence reposed in me."

Committing then a few keepsakes to Mr. Lawrence, a Methodist minister, he mounted the scaffold with a serene countenance, in company with Chaplain Young, whom he requested to pray with him. After a prayer by the chaplain, the delicacy and appropriateness of which on this occasion may well be questioned, the prisoner stepped upon the trap, and paid the severe penalty of devotion to principle and duty. He died with the calmness of a philosopher, the sternness of a patriot, the serenity of a Christian, and the courage of a martyr.

Never did a deeper gloom spread over any community than did over that of Pulaski when Davis' tragic death was made known. The deed was openly and boldly stigmatized by the common soldiery as a needless assassination. No man ever awakened a deeper sympathy. His youth, his courage, his inflexible devotion to the principles of honor, his coolness under trying circumstances, all pleaded powerfully in his behalf. His sad fate is one of the touching themes of the county, and even now, after the lapse of thirty-four years, whenever his name is mentioned a tender sympathy causes the tear to rise unbidden to the eye. His memory is cherished by the people he loved so well; his name is embalmed in the hearts of his kindred and friends; and they regard him as a martyr to what he conceived to be his duty—the preservation of the sacredness of confidence. His case furnishes a melancholy example of the atrocities still permitted under the usages of civilized warfare.

In reviewing, after the lapse of years, all the facts connected with this sad affair, it must be admitted that there were many mitigating circumstances in the case of this dauntless young soldier which pleaded powerfully for clemency on the part of the post commander. Davis was captured fifteen miles from Pulaski. He pretended no disguise, but wore at the time of his capture his arms and the Confederate uniform. It is true that the plans of the

fortifications in Middle Tennessee were found on his person, but no proof further than his own admission was adduced to show that he was in possession of them in any other capacity than as a courier or letter-carrier, and might, in the discharge of his duty as such, have unconsciously come within the lines. In addition, his youth, his manliness, his high courage and sense of honor, his unflinching constancy under the severest trial and the greatest temptations, and his heroic conduct to the last, were qualities that should have induced a noble-hearted commander to give the prisoner the benefit of a doubt.

Bravery of a Green Mountain Boy.

CAPTAIN JOHN H. LEATHERS.

No incident during the war ever impressed me more than the bravery and unselfish bearing of a green mountain boy of the Second Virginia Infantry. Those Virginia mountains, like Eastern Kentucky, bore generous, fearless fighters. Jo Mershon belonged to my company. He was eighteen years old; had never worn a pair of shoes. Shoes hurt his feet. He always carried his shoes on his arm. There were six soldiers in our mess, and while five of us played and read novels Jo brought the water, cooked and washed. He had no pride, was self-sacrificing, and did anything we wanted. When a battle came on he was full of fire and always at the front.

At the battle of Cross Keys, where General Jackson kept the Federal armies from forming a juncture, and so whipped them in detail, Jo's bravery was so brilliant that he was made a Lieutenant. The poor boy was killed during the second day's fight at Gettysburg. He fell shot dead two hundred yards in front of our lines on top of the breast-works, his shoes on his arm. I often thought afterward of his self-sacrificing drudgery, self-sacrifice in camp and splendid spirit in battle. We hear much of Jackson and Lee, but many of the real heroes of the war are the unknown. I never saw a soldier I thought so much of as I did of Jo. How his face would light up in battle! What an inspiration he was to our regiment. He would have been immortal if he had not been so humble. There were plenty of such men in our army. I suppose there were many such on both sides.

Endurance.

BY PRIVATE GEORGE JONES.

Thomas Strother, a native of Logan county, Ky., enlisted in Captain King's company. This company and Captain Morehead's having been greatly reduced at Shiloh were consolidated at Corinth and formed Company G, Ninth Kentucky. Tom was a stout built man and made a splendid soldier. My attention was first drawn to him by his being always ready to go on guard, fatigue or picket, when called upon, and in such a hurry to report for duty that sometimes he was hardly done fixing up when he reported. At Chickamauga, while marching by the flank toward the enemy, I saw him shaking his left foot every step he gave and the blood squirting from it, asking him what the trouble was, he said:

"Oh, nothing; only a minie in my shoe."

When we formed in line, he had time enough to take his shoe off and extract the ball out of his big toe; putting his shoe on again and the ball in his pocket he went through that day's fight, never grunting or complaining. At night he tied his toe up in a rag and did duty all the time while it was healing. At Atlanta, when we made that sortie, he was detailed on the infirmary corps. While carrying a wounded man a three-inch shell went through his left forearm; he held on to the litter with his right hand until they got to the field hospital. During the night the hospital moved several miles, and Thomas walked all the way, carrying his left hand in his right. Some time that forenoon his turn came to get on the table to be carved. Byrns asked him if he wanted chloroform. Tom says, "No; give me a glass of whisky." They raised him up and gave him a tumbler full, laid him down and commenced cutting and sawing. Tom kept his eyes on them and never moved a muscle. After he was bandaged and raised up, he was told they were through with him. He stepped off some distance where some of the boys were playing poker, and asked for the deck to see if he could shuffle with one hand. For a long time he stayed with his mess, chopping all the wood they wanted for cooking with a hatchet he always kept sharp.

"Don't Shoot Into My Men!"—Bravery of Major-General Edward Johnson.

BY W. P. CARTER.

Few, if any, of Lee's Division commanders held a warmer place in the hearts of the troops than he who was known as "Allegany" Johnson. Without any vaulting ambition for fame or place, he yet fought as if the cause depended upon his single

MAJOR-GENERAL EDWARD JOHNSON.

arm. His courage was equaled by his modesty, and, though his name seldom filled the speaking trump of newspaper fame, it was often mentioned in terms of affectionate admiration around the camp fires of the rank and file. The following throws a beam of light upon his character, and is a pleasing tribute to the noble old Roman:

In the chill, misty, first early dawn of May 12, 1864, I saw a fine-looking, stout-built officer, clad in a long gray military overcoat, rush on foot into the Horse Shoe salient, where General Hancock was making his terrific onslaught, and his men pouring

into our works on all sides. As the officer would catch hold of and push away the bayonets of the storming enemy, I heard him repeatedly shout, "Don't shoot into my men!" This was Major-General Edward Johnson, of Virginia, known in his command as "Old Blucher." And when, a day or two after, we landed at Fort Delaware as prisoners of war, and this same grim hero stepped from the steamer to the wharf, and passed up through a knot of handsomely-dressed officers of the post to take his place behind the iron bars, in his battle-torn hat and war-stained coat, he looked every inch the soldier that he was.

I had never before been upon General Johnson's front, and knew very little of him (being in another command), but this act of devotion and personal daring at Spottsylvania has ever been indelibly engraven on my memory. The incident should have been in print long ago to do honor to so gallant a man. He is dead now, and the harvest sheaf has ripened many times since then. Where his ashes rest, I do not know, but there upon some shaft or tablet should be written, "No bolder soldier ever donned the Southern gray, or followed the storm-tossed colors of the immortal Lee."

Bravery of the Little Georgia Cadets.

CAPTAIN JOHN H. WELLER.

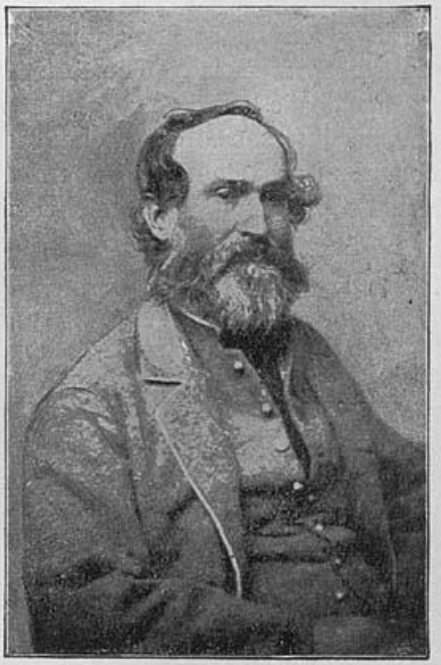
At the battle of Oconee river bridge, where, on account of the absence of Col. T. W. Thompson, the command devolved upon me, and I held the bridge with the Orphan Brigade, a detail of Georgia convicts and a battalion of Georgia cadets from Milledgeville.

The convicts held the bridge till Osterhaus' division charged, then we covered the retreat. The bridge was high. No planks were on the crossties and it was dangerous walking. For a while we seemed cut off, but fought the enemy back till all got across. Those little cadets fought like heroes; several of them were killed at once. I shall never forget seeing three of them coming through the thickest of the fight bearing in their arms a wounded cadet, not over twelve years old, and there was the look of death in his young face. I wish I knew his name to give him what fame I could; but the unwritten history of war has the names of the real heroes.

Heroes Unsung.

BY COLONEL ROBERT WHITE, C S A.,
Now Major-General United Confederate Veterans of West Virginia.

Among the many occurrences which during the war proved the manhood and heroism of the American soldier, it seems to me that the events here related should stand out in history as worthy



LIEUT.-GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY.

of special attention; nay, even admiration. It is not because I, personally, was connected with them, but because I feel it due to the conduct and memory of twenty-eight private Confederate soldiers that this story is told. It testifies to the devotion to duty and unflinching manhood of the Virginia private soldier, who faithfully and heroically passed through many scenes and battles of the war. For, think as you may, the Confederate soldier who, from his sense of duty and loyalty to his cause, without sufficient food, and in torn and battered raiment, remained

steadfast to the end, showed a devotion such as has seldom been seen in the history of the world. It was in March, 1865, hardly a month before the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox, and at a time when every intelligent officer and soldier of the Confederacy felt that lasting defeat must soon come, and that it was impossible for the depleted and worn ranks of Lee's army to hold out much longer, that the occurrences here related took place.

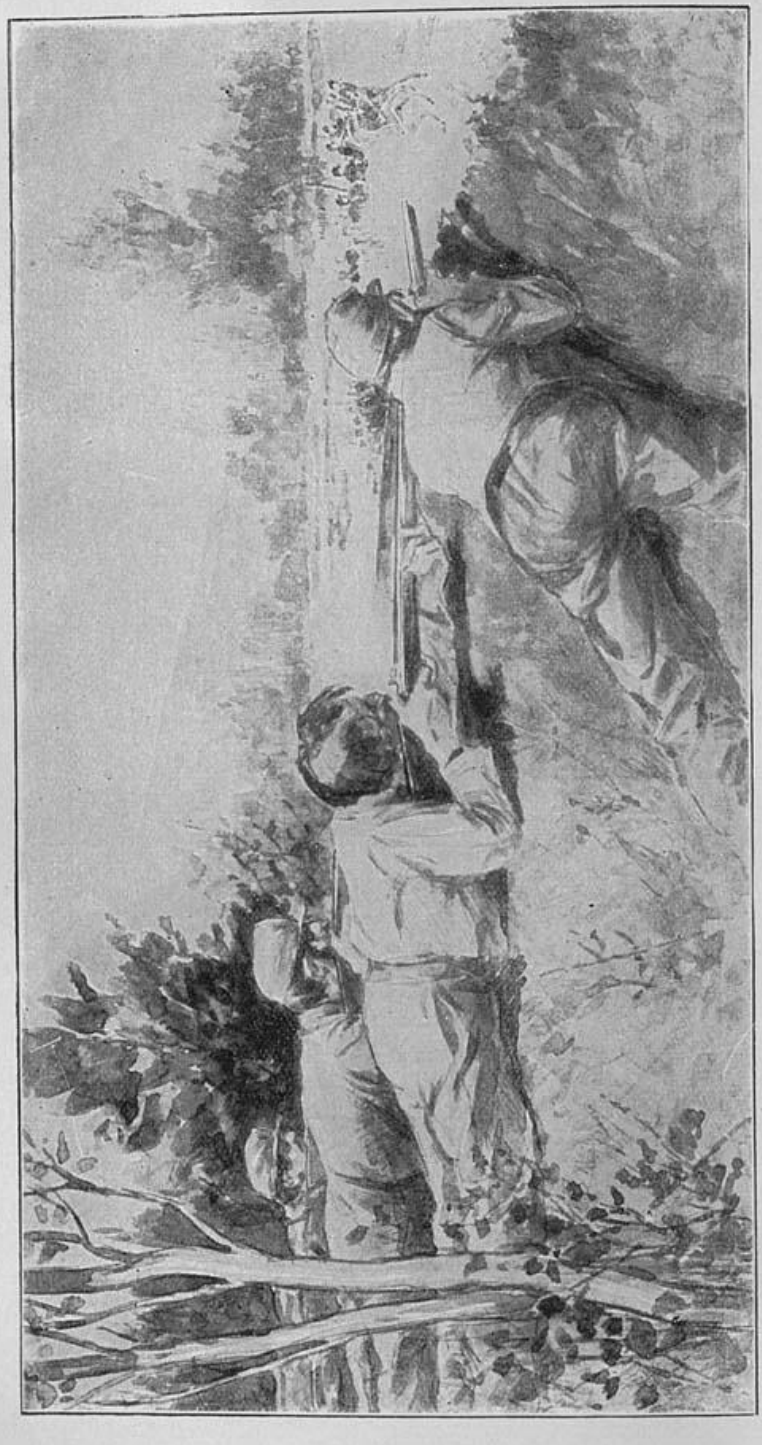
The regiment of cavalry which I commanded had temporarily disbanded during the latter part of the winter and early spring of 1865, in order that the worn horses might be recuperated, as far as possible, before the expected opening of the spring campaign. The regiment was, in the war phrase of the time, "out on horse furlough."

It was a beautiful, bright spring morning in March when I rode from a country home into the town of Staunton. General Early was there, but without an army. Large quantities of quartermaster and commissary goods were stored within the town without any protection except that of a small provost guard. It was perhaps about 9 o'clock in the morning when I dismounted at General Early's headquarters, and never will I forget his looks as I saluted him. In his quick and decisive manner he said:

"Colonel, General Sheridan is coming up the valley with all his cavalry and artillery. He is now not more than ten miles from Staunton. I have here no army to meet him, not even men to attempt to protect the quartermaster and commissary stores, and not cars enough to carry them away, even if I had the means to load them for transportation. Go out into town and gather together as many cavalry soldiers as you can, and as quickly as possible start down the valley and see what can be done to check Sheridan's advance, and I will do the best I can to save our stores."

Mounting my horse, I at once passed into the main street of the town, and the first man I met, known to me, was General Lilly, who had lost his arm at the first Manassas fight. I told him what General Early had said, and he at once replied: "Get what men you can and I will go with you," and off he started to get his horse. Riding up and down the street, I was fortunate enough to gather together twenty-eight old, tried and true veteran cavalrymen.

North of Staunton about four miles is what was then known as "Harman's Hill"; south of the extended valley and bottom land, perhaps a mile or more in width, through which a branch



HEROES UNSUNG.

"Again the horses were astonished, reeled and down the hill they went."

of the Shenandoah river passed in its eastwardly flow, over a hill and down its northern side, for perhaps a quarter of a mile, passed the old valley turnpike, and on across the valley to the higher land beyond the river, it continued. There were no fences there then. General Lilly soon joined our little command. We passed out of the town, and reached the brow of Harman's Hill about half-past 10 o'clock in the morning. The scene around and below us was beautiful on that bright and clear spring morning. On reaching the brow of the hill, the order was given for the twenty-eight men to dismount, deploy in a sort of skirmish line along the top of the hill, fourteen on either side of the road, and there to stand upon the brow, about twenty or more paces apart, and await the approach of Sheridan's army; and there to stand until I waved my sword in a circle around my head as a signal, and not until then to leave the brow of the hill. Hiding themselves under its protection, they were to rally as rapidly as possible in the roadway and lie down in the road, and not "pull a trigger" until the word "fire" was given.

General Lilly and myself remained upon our horses on the top of the hill. Scattered so far apart on that hilltop, each man's form, standing out with the sky as a background, could easily be seen at a long distance by General Sheridan as he approached, and the skirmish line thus extended would certainly present to him the thought that it must be the advance skirmish line of General Early's army, awaiting battle on the other side. We had not been there long until General Sheridan's force appeared and entered into the valley, ten thousand or more strong, cavalry and artillery. As this army advanced, it was formed into battle array, in brigades and batteries. Never can I forget the splendor and grandeur of the scene we witnessed in the valley below. The gay uniforms, the glittering swords and guns and cannon; the moving of men in the sunlight from column into line; the quick changing of officers from place to place as they gave command, presented to us a never to be forgotten scene.

Our skirmishers stood in their places upon the hilltop. An hour, perhaps two hours, passed and no advance was made from the valley toward us. During the afternoon, however, a squadron was detached from the right and front of General Sheridan's army, moving rapidly to the road, and up the hillside in a rapid gallop. At this juncture I gave the signal agreed upon by waving my sword with circular motion above my head. At once each skirmisher left his place and quickly the twenty-eight men were

gathered in the roadway, lying flat, with their faces at the very brow of the hill. Onward and upward the squadron rapidly came, and were almost upon us, when the word "fire!" rang out. In one volley every rifle sent its bullet into the ranks of the advancing squadron. The horses, frightened and astonished at the suddenness of the volley, reeled, turned and fled rapidly down the hill to its bottom. Immediately the twenty-eight veterans left the road and almost as soon as the squadron had reached the valley below each veteran was in his place in skirmish line upon the hilltop again, fourteen upon the right and fourteen upon the left.

Some time elapsed, perhaps an hour, and then again a squadron advanced rapidly up the roadway. The signal of the waving sword was again given, the rally to the center of the road was again made, and the second time, as the squadron approached the hilltop, at the command "fire!" the volley was poured forth. Again the horses were astonished, reeled, and down the hill they went. At once each veteran resumed his place as a skirmisher upon that hilltop. Another hour or more passed, when a regiment of cavalry was sent from the right and front of the army upon the same mission as that of the squadrons which had been repulsed. Up the roadway this regiment came with sabres drawn; the men standing, bent forward in their stirrups. Again the signal was given with the waving sword; again each veteran fell flat in the road upon the brow of the hill. The regiment advanced almost to the very top, when at the command "fire!" the twenty-eight rifles sent forth in one volley their messengers of death. The scared horses of the regiment turned and rapidly rushed in one confused mass to the bottom of the hill.

At once each veteran passed to his place on the skirmish line. From that time until the darkness of night rested upon hilltop and valley there was silence along that line. Night came on and we withdrew, and, passing through Staunton, found that General Early had left and carried with him upon the railroad the stores, away across the Blue Ridge Mountains. We passed on, traveling through mud and mire the whole night long, and at early morn reached the town of Waynesboro, situated on the western bank of another branch of the Shenandoah, which flows at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains. During the night there had been sent to General Early several regiments of infantry and some artillery from General Lee's army, and during the same night General Sheridan had advanced with his army on to the hills lying west

of the town of Waynesboro. Upon those hilltops commenced the fight between Sheridan and Early which soon ended in the utter rout of the latter's army.

I saw General Early on the afternoon of that disastrous day standing away up on the side of the mountain and overlooking the scene of the disaster. It was the last time I saw him until the unveiling of the Lee monument at Richmond in 1890.

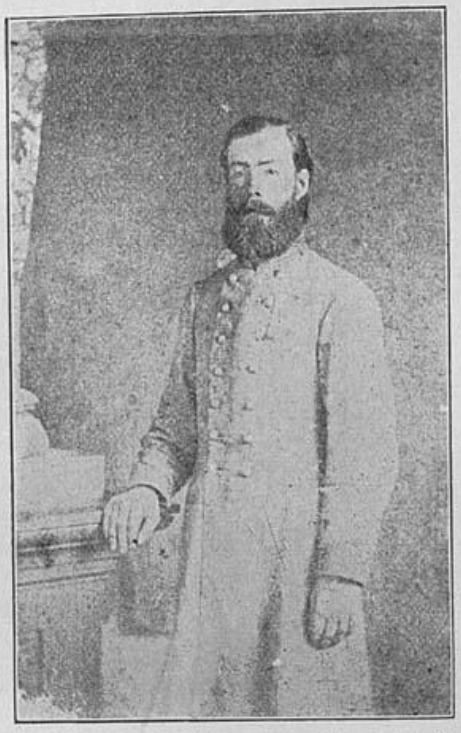
Those twenty-eight old veterans, true to duty to the last, were as grand men and great heroes as ever drew battle blade.

A Scout in the Enemy's Lines.

BY JAMES BOYD,
TWENTY-FIFTH VIRGINIA REGIMENT A. N. V.,
Now Major-General Commanding S. W. Texas Subdivision United Confederate Veterans.

After the battle of Fredericksburg, in December, 1862, while the command was in winter quarters on the Corbin farm, below Fredericksburg, I was ordered to take one private with me and penetrate the enemy's lines on the north side of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, near Grafton, in the northwestern part of the state. I was furnished with proper papers, and proceeded to Staunton, where I left my credentials with the provost marshal, Captain Avey, and proceeded, with a pass from him, with necessary explanations concerning my trip. We reached Highland county on foot, and there secured as a guide an old man by the name of Taylor, from Barbour county, who had two sons in our army. We crossed the three prongs of Cheat river, traveling through the woods in daytime. We called at several houses on the way, whose people were friendly to our cause. Mr. Taylor left us at dark near the Preston county line, but secured us a young man to pilot us to near Westerville, which he did, traveling in the night. There he left us, and our troubles began. We aimed to cross Sandy creek, on the Winchester & Parkersburg 'pike, east of Thornton. The night was dark, foggy and chilly; we became bewildered and lost our bearings, though both of us knew the country in its general outlines. About 10 o'clock we crossed a stream that we took to be Sandy creek, and I took off my hat and let it float in the water to see in which direction it ran, and, to my surprise, I found it to flow in the opposite direction from what

I expected. This again added to our uneasiness. We had taken off our boots before crossing. On reaching the opposite bank, we sat down to rest and dry our feet, when we heard something coming toward us with quick and heavy steps. We both drew our pistols and waited. When it reached us, running swiftly, we found it to be a large hog that plunged into the creek. We then breathed easier, but the next minute brought a new danger. We did not know where we were, or that we were close to a house.



CAPTAIN JAMES BOYD, Company A, 25th Virginia Regiment.
(From an old photograph, taken in 1863.)

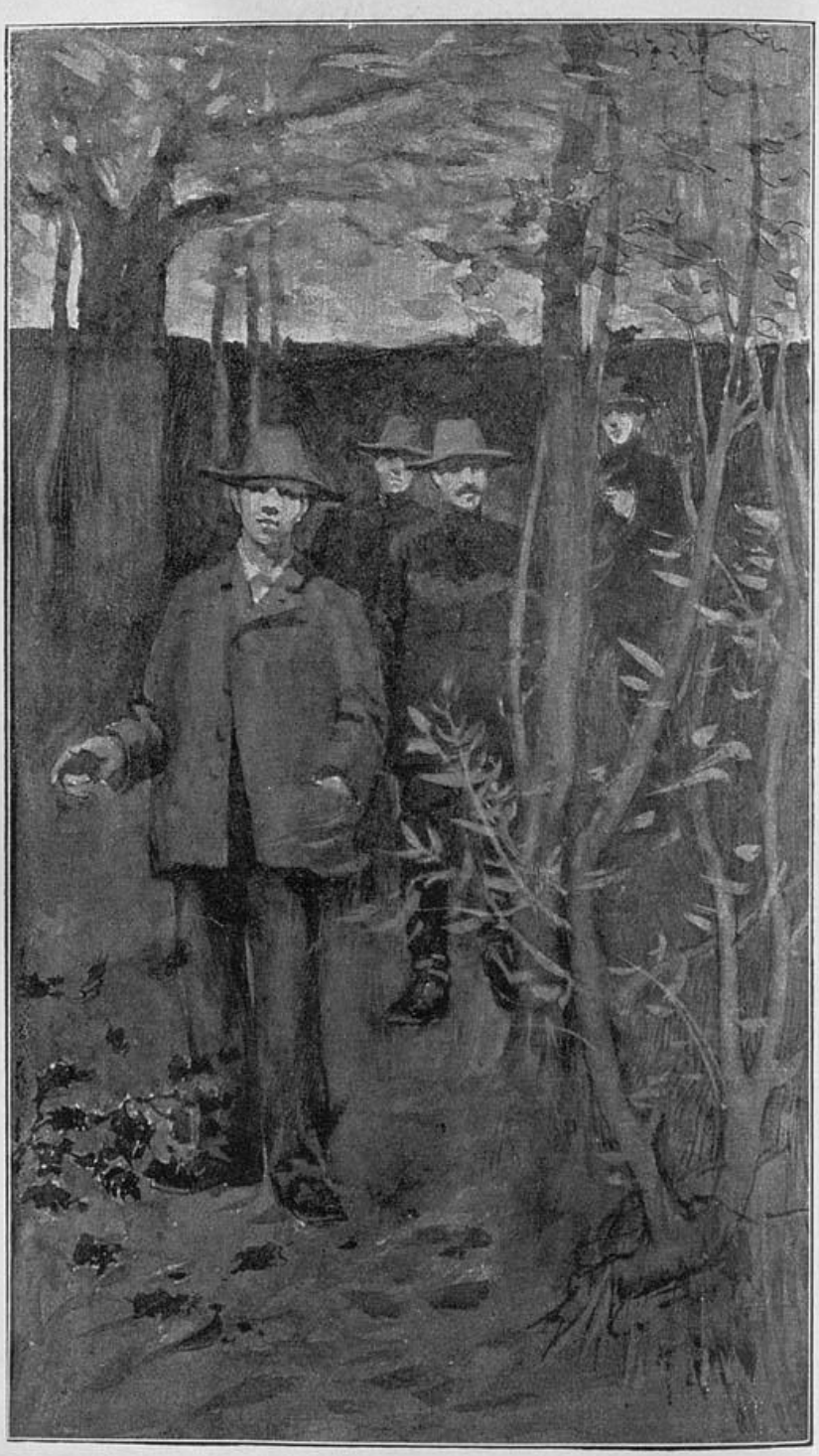
A party of men drove up to a house, within fifty yards of us, and called. By this time we had our boots on. A reply came, "What do you want?" The party replied, "Get your gun and come with us. Two men crossed the ridge about an hour ago, and we want to guard the roads." As they were moving in the direction of Grafton, we waited until they rode off, and then struck out in the direction of a whistle of an engine on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

Daylight overtook us just northwest of Knottsville—where two-thirds of the people were Union men—which was a dangerous

place for us at this time; and yet we had not fully realized our locality. We passed a woman milking cows in a pen, some distance from a house. We passed on up a hill and down the same, across a road, ascended another hill, and, to our amazement, we recognized the entire country. We were below Hall's mill, on Three Forks creek, and about three miles east of Grafton, where a large body of Union troops were stationed. We secreted ourselves in a wood near the railroad, and remained there all day, without water or anything to eat. We saw squad after squad of soldiers passing up and down the road, and within seventy-five yards of us.

During the day a squirrel came down a tree, and, on seeing us, it ran up the tree, scared and barking. This caused us uneasiness, fearing that it would attract the attention of those passing, who would be induced to look after it. This squirrel would now and then come down the tree, venturing nearer us each time, and, on going back, would chatter viciously. I threw several pebbles at it, but it kept up its chattering until dark. At dark we ventured out to go up the road, so as to cross the creek above the backwater from the dam. As we were about to go out on the road, a squad of five men passed us quietly and within a few feet of us. We lay close to the ground in the briars. We took off our clothes and waded the dam, crossed the pike, and took a familiar road toward our homes. The Siggine place is on a ridge, with an orchard on each side of the road; behind are timber and brush. As we had passed the orchard, footsteps approached us, as we thought. We stepped aside into the bushes and crouched down, holding our pistols in hand. A stamping on the ground occurred within a few feet of us, and again all was quiet. My friend whispered to me to go back and take the woods and abandon the road. Again the stamping occurred, when a flock of some dozen sheep passed by us on the run. We thought it was a body of cavairy. We then went, each to our homes, after an absence of nearly two years. I sent parties to Cumberland, Grafton and Wheeling, while I remained in the woods all the time, having food conveyed to me from different places by different parties.

In a few days we had gathered up fourteen young men, all unarmed, and started back, traveling in the night. We crossed the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad six miles east of Grafton, and the Parkersburg 'pike about three miles west from Evansville. The county was full of scouting parties, called home-guards, that were



A Scout in the Enemy's Lines.

"Piloted by a young man through the woods at night."

composed of a body of men who would not go in the regular army, but prowled about the private houses in the night, intimidating the county. During my stay there I saw several squads, and at one time I was at my father's home in the daytime, and was in the kitchen, when an officer rode up to the house and informed my mother that my brother, who was then about eighteen years of age, must report for duty at Grafton, as he said the Rebels were threatening to make a raid on the place. I knew this man well, and how easily I could have captured him, but getting him out of the country was the trouble.

Our first night out after crossing Sandy creek we bore too much to our left, and daylight found us on the hill overlooking Evansville, a small village, where a squad of home-guards were stationed. I ventured out of the timber, to survey the surroundings, and met an old man who was driving up some cattle. He made many inquiries about who I was. I told him, giving my name as the name of a noted Union family, who lived in Barbour county, just ahead of us, and told him we had been run away by the Rebel cavalry under Jones. I was dressed in gray clothes, with my rank on my coat collar, but not on sleeves. He inquired why I was so dressed, and I told him that in case I was captured I would pass myself off as a Rebel scout, and if accosted by my friends, the Union soldiers, I could easily identify myself. This did not seem to satisfy him. He inquired who I had with me that he could hear in the woods behind the field, but could not see. I told him some young men from my neighborhood. At this moment a squad of soldiers formed on the street of the little town behind us. I inquired who was in command. He told me Captain W., whom I knew well, and I would just as lief been with the devil as to have fallen into his hands as a prisoner. The old man invited me to go down to the town and breakfast with him. I hesitated, and told him we were anxious to get on home; that we had been run away from home with our horses by the Rebel General Jones, had sold them at Uniontown, Pa., and had footed it back. He then started down the hill, without his cattle, and I knew then that we were in for a race to reach the mountain, where we should be safe, before the squad could overtake us. I told my men to come on, and made each one pick up a stick about as long as a gun, so as to show we were armed. The race commenced. We cut across fields to reach the road, and the squad, as soon as notified by the old man, started after us, on foot. We made the point of the mountain, where two roads came into the road we

were traveling. I inquired from a woman, who was standing in her door, where each road led to, though I knew myself. The squad was coming on. I told my companion to take the men on the left-hand road until out of sight, and then cross over to the middle road, and I would join him. I took the Mississippi rifle, and placed myself at the forks of the road, and as soon as the squad came in sight I fired on them, and they very quickly fell back behind a point or hill on the road. I then took this left-hand road, until out of sight, and joined my men.

During this race all the people, who were at work in their fields on the hillsides, left their work and took to the woods. I saw one man, plowing on the top of a hill, unhitch his team, mount them and go off in a run. The entire valley was on the go ahead of us. We reached Rud creek, a distance of about twelve miles, in less than three hours. We called at the house of a clever gentleman, to whom we told our story. He said, "Get in at once." He called his wife, who gave us a large pone of corn bread out of a Dutch oven, and yet warm, which we divided among ourselves. He also gave us a gallon jug of new corn whisky, and told us to go to the top of a hill, pointing to the same, there rest, eat and drink, and if the Yanks came along, we could see them and he would put them off of our track. We did so, and had the satisfaction of seeing them call on the old man, talk awhile, and then go down the road in another direction from us. We then called at a house, and found the man all right, and I gave him $25.00 to take us through the woods to Cheat river, near the Moon farm, which he did, reaching there about 4 P. M. We crossed the road and took a trail leading to Allender's mill. There I found one of my company, who had been discharged the year before on account of sickness. He took us in, and the family went to work cooking for us; and about 10 o'clock at night left there, and reached the house of a friend, who told us that the Yankees had been there that day, and had loaded up with hay for Beverly, where a large force was camped. We slept in his barn the balance of the night, and before day we were awakened by the old gentleman calling us in for breakfast. At daybreak we were on our way; reached the middle fork of the Cheat river about 5 o'clock. There was a clearing in the river above a Mr. Tyler's house, known by all who passed that way, as the "Sweaty" place, a clearing of about four acres, covered with bluegrass, with a deserted house. A trail led to the field, and on to the river, about 150 yards from the field. My men were in front of me,

and as soon as I found that they had taken the left-hand trail, as I had intended to take the right-hand, I hurried to the front and stopped them, as I feared this place, which was only twelve miles from Beverly, the outpost of the Federal army. I stopped my men and cautiously approached the river, and then up under the bank to the field that extended to the river. I crept up the bank, level with the field hid by the willows, and there, to my horror, I saw a body of Yankee cavalry, and a sentinel within ten feet of me, pacing back and forward, while the horses were grazing. I saw a squad of men at the fence where the right-hand trail would have entered the field. I motioned with my hand to my men to stop, and whispered to my old standby to take the men back across the river, and go up through the laurel and wait for me. I held my gun on the sentinel at cock, intending, if he discovered us, to kill him. My men became alarmed and precipitately fled down the river, upsetting the numerous flat rocks lying along the river, making considerable noise.

The sentinel heard, but could not see for the fringe of timber between him and my men, and he left his beat and walked in the direction of the noise. I kept my gun on him, determined that if he attempted to make an alarm I would shoot him, and he came within a few feet of me. I then quietly retraced my steps, crossed the river by wading, with boots and clothes on, and rejoined my men; and of all the interminable laurel brakes I was ever in this was the worst—fallen trees and tangled underbrush. In an hour's time we had reached only about 500 yards, where we stopped, covered with perspiration and tired. It was then dusk; we built a fire and dried ourselves, as we had become chilly. This light attracted our Yankee friends in Sweaty's field, and they called over to us and inquired who we were. We then wished to know who they were, and what they were doing. They frankly told us that they were trying to intercept a body of men that had passed near Evansville on yesterday, heading this way, as they had been notified by telegram from Grafton, and expected that they would go out this way. We told them we were that body of men, were well armed, and, if they wanted us, to come over and get us. I knew they could not reach us in that tangle of laurel without our discovering them. They said that if we had taken the right-hand trail they would have bagged us.

At daylight we left, taking through the woods to the upper sinks in the edge of Randolph county, where we got provisions, and slept in the woods. The next day we reached Crabbottom,

in Highland county, and here our troubles were at an end. I forgot to mention, in its appropriate place, that, in the race from Evansville, we met a Yankee soldier by the name of Bolyard, in full dress, on his way back to his command, at the expiration of his furlough. I had but little time to deal with him. The squad was behind me. I made him take an oath not to take up arms against the Confederacy until he was exchanged. I took his name, company and regiment, and so reported it on my return. He was as badly scared as we were, and was very pliant.

Saved From Death.

BY R. H. DIXON.

In December, 1861, when a part of the Army of the Potomac was in quarters and around Dumfries, Dr. Estill and myself, surgeons of the old 3d brigade, were requested by Captain Imboden to visit his battery, for the purpose of examining a young man, who had been convicted of desertion on the battlefield of Manassas.

The youth belonged to a highly respectable family, was well educated, and had borne a fair character for bravery and general good conduct. When we arrived at the camp, the Captain remarked that the penalty of being shot as a deserter would have to be summarily executed, unless some very good reason could be shown for his reprieve; and we were conducted immediately to a tent, in which the prisoner was confined. The boy's appearance was that of a healthy, fine-looking youth, about nineteen years old, writhing under the pain of disgrace, and greatly depressed by the near approach of his awful doom. We entered into conversation with him, and found him to be very intelligent, and perfectly free in the confession of his guilt. On being asked the reason of his desertion at so critical a time, he remarked that, while the battle was going on, he was suddenly seized with such trepidation and blindness that he fell unconsciously on the ground, where he remained until his comrades had passed on. Finding himself alone, and being still so frightened that his heart was painful and seemed ready to burst, he made his escape from the bat-

tlefield as best he could. In reply to our questions, he stated that his heart had never failed him before that time, but that it had given him much trouble since. We bared his chest, and on a careful examination found his heart most palpably laboring under organic disease, sufficient to prevent any man withstanding the shock of battle. As we passed out through the door of the tent, we observed, sitting on a camp-stool, near the Captain, a well dressed, delicate lady, in black, weeping, with her head leaning forward, and her face covered by a large veil, exhibiting all the signs of intense grief. I knew at once who she was; and I hastened to say to the Captain: "This man is laboring under organic disease of the heart, and it is well known and admitted that no man in that condition can stand the shock of a battle."

The Captain paused a moment, and said: "If that is your opinion, gentlemen, his life is spared."

Instantly the lady sprang to her feet, shrieked and cried out: "God bless you, sir, forever; you have saved my darling, my only child."

Two Brave Cadets.

Mr. A. P. Evans, a cadet of the Virginia Military Institute, in the battle of Newmarket carried the Confederate banner in the advance across the wheat field, he and his fine little corporal corps, a color guard, marched in their places in front of the line without flinching, aud when the fight was over there was not a piece of the flag left longer than one's finger. It had been literally shot away. Senator Faulkner, of West Virginia, was at that time a devil-bent little fellow, always up to fun, and whose ambition had never been gratified by being allowed to drill a squad. In the same battle (Newmarket), in the midst of the fight he took some twenty Federal prisoners, and carried them through the squad to drill on the field, very much to their discomfort and regardless of great danger. He enjoyed it to his heart's content, and then marched them to the rear and then resumed his place in the ranks.

Noble Act of Unselfishness.

BY W. J. WALKER.

Among various attempts to escape the blandishments of that delightful summer resort, "Johnson's Island," a party of some twelve or fifteen dug down through the floor of one of the rooms, and, after reaching a depth of ten feet, struck off at right angles until they had bored beyond the fence, and then worked up until they had reached the surface. It was the labor of a month or more. On the day before the night selected to carry into execution their design, a heavy rain fell and almost filled the horizontal tunnel. Upon trial, however, it was proven that they could manage to keep their noses above water, and they accordingly commenced their exit. After three or four had gotten out, it came to the turn of a Captain Cole, of Arkansas (I regret that his given name has escaped me), a tall, athletic man, who proved too tight a fit for the hole, or rather the hole for him. He, however, succeeded, by herculean efforts, in wedging his head through the outer opening, where he stuck fast, unable to get forward or turn back. In this condition, drenched to the skin, he remained on a cold, chilly night, from 10 P. M. until reveille the next morning, when he called to the guard to come and dig him out. On being asked by the commandant of the post why he had not sooner given the alarm and had himself extricated, he replied that he considered it dishonorable to betray those who had gone before in order to save himself. It should be stated, likewise, that when released from his uncomfortable situation, he was barely able to stand, and could not use his legs for some time thereafter.

Bravery Honored by a Foe.

BY EDDIE SOUBY, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

The following story was related to me by my father, E. J. Souby, Esq., formerly a gallant soldier of the Fifth Regiment, Hay's brigade, Army of Northern Virginia.

It is a true story in every particular, and the name of the

youthful hero is here given, that it may live in our hearts and be honored as it deserves, though he who so nobly bore it is now dead.

I wish that I could also give the name of his generous foe—no doubt as brave as generous—the Federal officer who interposed his authority to preserve the life of this gallant boy. They should be recorded, side by side, on the same page of history, and be remembered with pride by the youth of our land, no matter whether their fathers wore the blue or the gray during the late Civil War.

Nathan Cunningham was the name of this young hero.

He was a member of the Second Company, Orleans Cadets, afterwards Company "E," Fifth Regiment, Louisiana Volunteers, Hay's brigade, Army Northern Virginia, and color-bearer of the regiment at the time the incident narrated below occurred.

The story is as follows:

It was a dark and starless night. Tattoo-beat had long been heard, and Hay's brigade, weary after a long day's march, rested beneath the dewy boughs of gigantic oaks, in a dense forest near the placid Rappahannock. No sound broke the stillness of the night. The troops were lying on nature's rude couch, sweetly sleeping, and, perhaps, little dreaming of the awful dawn which was soon to break upon them. The camp-fires had burned low. The morrow's ration had been hastily cooked, hunger appeased, and the balance laid carefully away, but that which was most essential to life had, unfortunately, been neglected. No provision for water had been made. The springs being somewhat distant from the camp, but few had spirit, after the day's weary march, to go further. The canteens were, for the most part, empty. Though thirsting, the tired soldiers slept, oblivious to their physical sufferings. But ere the morning broke, the distant sound of musketry echoed through the woods, rudely dispelling the solemn silence of the night, and awakening from their broken dreams of home and kindred the whole mass of *living valor*.

The roll of the drum and the stentorian voice of the gallant chief calling to arms mingled together. Aroused to duty, and groping their way through the darkness, the troops sallied forth in battle array.

In a rifle-pit, on the brow of a hill overlooking the river, near Fredericksburg, were men who had exhausted their ammunition in the vain attempt to check the advancing column of Hooker's finely-equipped and disciplined army, which was crossing the

BRAVERY HONORED BY A FOE.
"Never, while I hold the colors."

river. But, owing to the heavy mist which prevailed as the morning broke, little or no execution had been done. To the relief of these few came the brigade in double-quick time. But no sooner were they entrenched than the firing on the opposite side of the river became terrific, and the constant roaring of musketry and artillery became appalling. Undismayed, however, stood the little band of veterans, pouring volley after volley into the crossing column. Soon many soldiers fell. Their agonizing cries, as they lay helpless in the trenches, calling most piteously for water, caused many a tear to steal down the cheeks of their comrades in arms, and stout hearts quailed in the performance of their duty.

"Water!" "Water!" But, alas! there is none to give.

Roused, as they had been, from peaceful dreams, to meet an assault so early and so unexpected, no time was left them to do aught but buckle on their arms.

"Boys!" exclaimed a lad of eighteen, the color-bearer of one of the regiments. "I can't stand this any longer. My nature can't bear it. They want water, and water they must have. So let me have a few canteens, and I'll go for some."

Carefully laying the colors, which he had conspicuously borne on many a field, in the trench, he leaped out in search of water, and was soon, owing to the heavy mist, out of sight.

Shortly afterward the firing ceased for awhile, and there came a courier with orders to fall back to the main line, a distance of over 1,200 yards to the rear. It had doubtless become evident to General Lee that Hooker had crossed the river in sufficient force to advance.

The retreating column had not proceeded far when it met the noble youth, his canteens all filled with water, returning to the sufferers who were still lying in the distant trenches. The eyes of the soldier boy who had oftentimes tenderly and lovingly gazed upon the war-worn and faded flag floating over the ranks, now saw it not. The troops, in their hurry to obey orders, and owing probably to the heavy mist that surrounded them, *had overlooked or forgotten the colors.*

On sped the color-bearer back to the trenches, to relieve the thirst of his wounded companions, as well as to save the honor of his regiment by rescuing its colors.

His mission of mercy was soon accomplished. The wounded men drank freely, thanked and blessed him. And now, to seize the flag and double-quick back to his regiment was the thought and act of a moment. But hardly had he gone three paces from

the ditch when a company of Federal soldiers appeared ascending the hill. The voice of an officer sternly commanded him to *"Halt! and surrender."*

The morning sun, piercing with a lurid glare the dense mist, reveals a hundred rifles leveled at his breast. One moment more, and his soul is to pass into eternity, for his answer is: *"Never! while I hold the colors."*

But why is he not fired upon? Why do we still see him with the colors flying above his head, now beyond the reach of rifle balls, when, but a moment before, he could have been riddled with bullets? And now, see! He enters proudly, but breathlessly, the ranks, and receives the congratulations of his friends in loud acclaim.

The answer comes, because of the generous act of the Federal officer in command of that company. When this noble officer saw that the love of honor was far dearer to the youth than life, in the impulse of a magnanimous heart, he freely gave him both in the word of command: "Bring back your pieces, men, don't shoot that brave boy."

Such nobility of character and such a generous nature as that displayed by this officer must ever remain a living monument to true greatness, and should these lines, perchance, meet his eyes, let him know and feel the proud satisfaction that the remembrance of his noble deed is gratefully cherished, and forever engraved in the heart of the noble soldier boy in gray.

Winning Their Spurs—"Jeb" Stuart's Boy Hero.

BY GEORGE LANGDON KILMER.

General Robert E. Lee used to say that the troopers who rode under the banners of the dashing "Jeb" Stuart were the eyes of his army, the outpost guard to detect and signal danger. But the day when Burnside's Federals marched across the plains of the Rappahannock to attack the Confederates on the heights of Fredericksburg, dense fogs obscured the field. A trooper in saddle could not see beyond his horse's head. The swish and tramp of

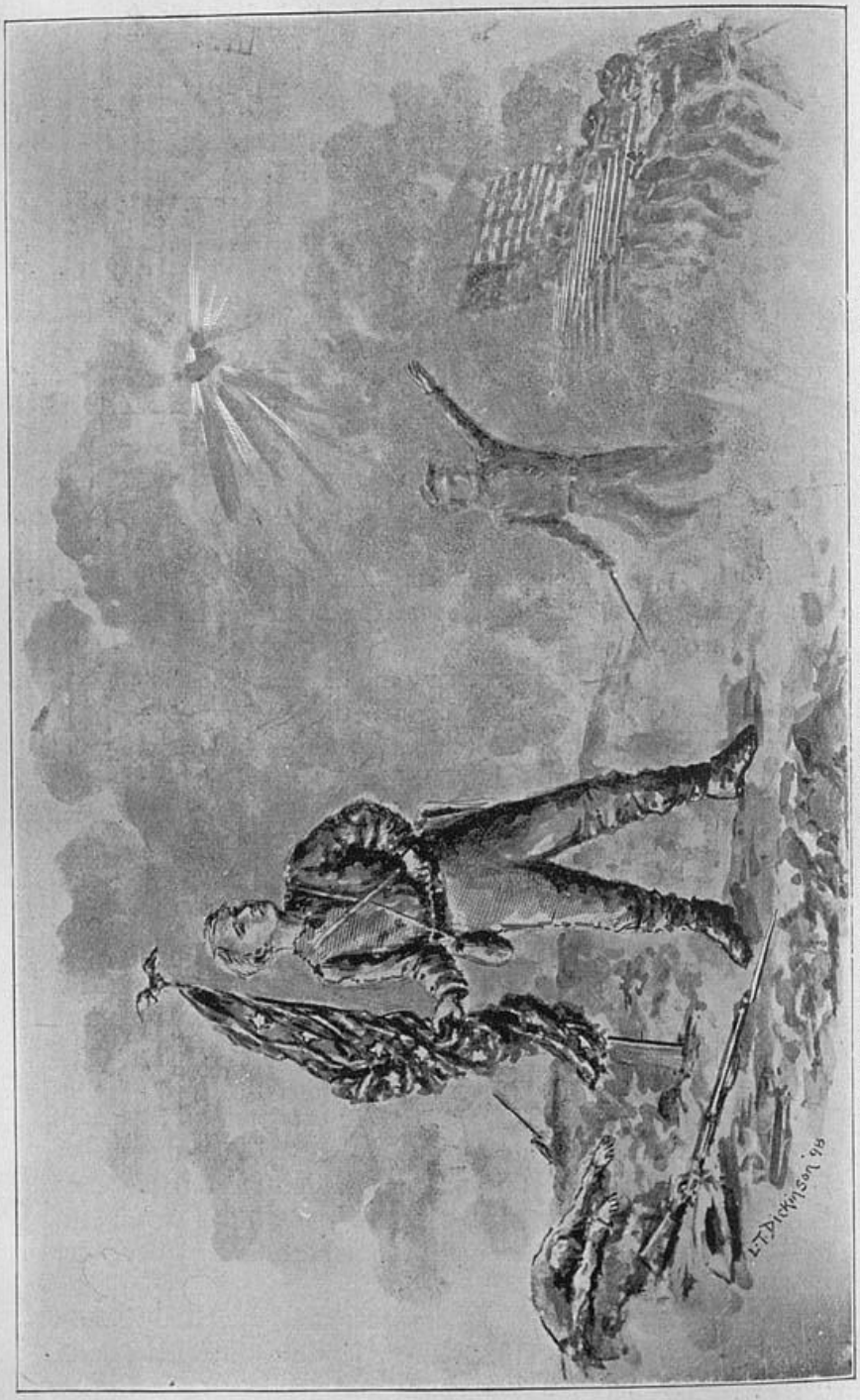
the marching column revealed their movements, however, and the troopers emptied their carbines at the blind targets, then slowly retreated toward the hills. There was mounting in hot haste the moment the dull reports of firing reached Stuart's reserve bivouacs. Still, the attack was a surprise, and Stonewall Jackson's line upon Hamilton Heights was in danger of being overrun by the Federals before the men in gray were ready for battle. A crisis like that must always have its hero, and the hero of Stonewall Jackson's battle at Hamilton Heights proved to be Major John Pelham, the boy leader of the horse artillery of Stuart's famous cavalry corps. The little major ordered his batteries to move down into the plain, but the horses were not in harness, and the men were scattered about the camp. As soon as the teams for a single cannon were ready, Major Pelham started down the slope, followed at a gallop by one Napoleon gun, manned by creoles from New Orleans. These creoles had been trained for their business by the boy artillerist when he was a Cadet just out of West Point, and men and leader knew each other. Their gun was the first to break the silence that morning and arouse the army for defense.

When the Federal leaders saw the havoc created in their advancing ranks by that single cannon they ordered five of their batteries, one after another, to make a target of it. Other guns were rushed down the slope to join Pelham. When the fight was hottest he had with him twelve to fifteen pieces, contending with thirty on the Federal side. Lee and Jackson were attracted to the scene. As the Federal infantry retreated, Pelham moved his cannon forward and continued to pour a galling fire of canister into the confused ranks.

After the battle Stonewall turned to his chieftain and said: "Have you another Pelham, General Lee? If so, I wish you would give him to me."

Fredericksburg was the last great battle of this beardless boy artillerist, for he was killed, in a slight engagement, soon afterward. He then held the rank of major, and was twenty-four years old. Already his exploits had been heralded in Europe, and the *London Times*, noticing his death, said: "For his age, no soldier on either side in the war has won such fame as has young Pelham."

Pelham was in the graduating class at West Point when the war broke out, in 1861. He was noted as an athlete, a fearless rider, and his feats of horsemanship remained a tradition at the



The morning sun, with lurid glare through the dense mist, reveals a hundred rifles leveled at his breast.

academy for years. Being a native of Alabama, Pelham responded to the call of his state, resigned his cadetship, and started for the South. On the way he was intercepted by Federal authorities, and placed under surveillance. Reaching a point near Louisville, he found the river picketed. Adopting the disguise of a Federal aid, he went into society, and won to his cause a loyal Yankee girl. She tried to induce him to stand by the old flag, but finding that his heart was set upon the one with the single star, she rowed him across the Ohio river in a skiff and bade him farewell on the Kentucky shore. Reaching Montgomery, he was commissioned lieutenant, and appointed drill master of a battery.

With his creole cannoneers, Lieutenant Pelham fought all day at the first battle of Bull Run, and General "Jeb" Stuart offered him a new battery of six pieces of horse artillery.

A battery of horse artillery which keeps its end up with a flying column like that led by Stuart finds enough excitement in war to cool the hottest blood. Pelham was raised to the rank of captain, and whenever Stuart rode on the Peninsula his guns were at the front. At the battle of Cold Harbor, and again at Manassas, Stuart's troopers fought side by side with Stonewall Jackson's corps. Jackson took Pelham by the hand on the field at Manassas, and complimented him for the service of his guns. The boy was then twenty-three years old, and was promoted to command a battalion of artillery, with the rank of major.

After several hours of the most desperate and bloody fighting on record, the safety of the left flank of Lee's army at the battle of Antietam depended upon Stuart's activity and Major Pelham's guns. On the retreat from that field, after crossing the Potomac into Virginia, Pelham added to his laurels by a marvelous feat of personal gallantry. The Federals were close upon the heels of Lee's army, which was guarded on the retreat by Stuart's troopers. At one point the pursuing Federals came close upon a gun which Pelham kept far in advance of the others. Stuart ordered the boy to retire, but he begged so hard to remain a little longer that the request was granted. It became hotter and hotter, and even the cannoneers took advantage of Stuart's order and ran away. Pelham fired the piece in the face of the enemy, and then, all alone, mounted one of the lead horses to haul the cannon away. The horse was shot down. Pelham cut the traces, mounted another horse, and, after he had got the remaining five fairly into a gallop, the second horse was shot down under him. Mounting another, he started again, and the third horse was

The morning sun, with lurid glare through the dense mist, reveals a hundred rifles leveled at his breast.

killed, and cut from the traces. With the three remaining ones, the piece was hauled back to safety.

All this was previous to the battle of Fredericksburg, where the young artillerist won the high encomium from Stonewall Jackson. Lee said to Jackson, at that time, "It is glorious to see such courage in one so young." In his report General Lee went still further, for he coupled the name of the boy Major with those of his Generals, calling him "the gallant Pelham." A commission as Lieutenant-Colonel was issued at Richmond when Lee's report was read at the War Department, but the parchment did not reach Lee's bivouac on the Rappahannock until the gallant boy had met his death in battle.

One day Stuart's line of pickets along the river was suddenly attacked by the Federals at Kelly's Ford. Pelham was in the vicinity, but not on duty with his battalion. Sending a courier to bring up his guns, he galloped toward the scene of fighting, and, overtaking a regiment of mounted men that was wavering under the confusion of a sudden attack, placed himself at its head, and shouted, "Forward, boys! Forward, to victory and glory!" At that moment a Federal shell burst over the squadron he was leading, and a fragment penetrated his brain. "The noble, the chivalric, 'the gallant Pelham' is no more! His loss is irreparable," said Stuart, in a message wired to the Confederate Congress.

But the most remarkable tribute of all, and one so rarely paid to a soldier of subordinate rank, that it is worthy to be quoted in full, was a general order issued by Stuart to commemorate the tragic death of the boy hero. It was as follows, and appeared in the archives of the War Department of the Confederate States:

HEADQUARTERS, CAVALRY DIVISION,
ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
March 20, 1863.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 9:

The Major-General commanding approaches with reluctance the painful duty of announcing to the division its irreparable loss in the death of Major John Pelham, commanding the horse artillery. He fell mortally wounded in the battle of Kelly's Ford, March 17, with a battle cry on his lips, and the light of victory beaming in his eye. To you, his comrades, it is needless to dwell upon what you have so often witnessed, his prowess in action. You well know how, though young in years and a mere stripling in appearance, remarkable for his genuine modesty of deportment, he yet disclosed on the battlefield the conduct of a veteran, and displayed in his handsome person the most imperturbable coolness in danger. His eye had glanced over every battlefield of this

army, from the First Manassas to the moment of his death, and he was a brilliant actor in all. . . . In token of respect for his cherished memory, the horse artillery and division staff will wear the military badge of mourning for thirty days.

By command of Maj.-Gen. J. E. B. STUART.

A Thrilling Adventure.

BY WILLIAM MORRISON.
Fifth S. C. Regiment.

At the battle of Seven Pines, after the Fifth South Carolina Regiment had taken a line of entrenchments from the enemy, the regiment was formed in them, so as to face a dense mass of brush and felled timber. A considerable number of Federal stragglers had collected in this abatis, and while we were occupying their former position, poured a pretty heavy fire into us, which made it quite dangerous for anyone to raise his head above the works. About that time Private A. Spears, of Company H, Fifth South Carolina, had his attention attracted by a very fine, large horse, which seemed to be hitched to a snag at the end of the abatis, and fully two hundred yards in front of our line. Without orders from any one, he crossed over the works, in the midst of the firing from both sides, and moved forward towards the horse, with the intention of capturing it. As he advanced, nearly the whole regiment ceased firing, and watched his movements with almost breathless silence. At length he arrived within about ten paces of the horse, when he was suddenly halted by one of the Federals, who was lying behind a log, very near the horse, and who, until then, had been entirely concealed. Nothing daunted, however, Spears immediately came to a ready, and ordered the Blue Coat to surrender, which was no sooner said than done. The brave fellow then loosed the horse—which, by the way, was a superb animal—and deliberately marched back into our line with both his prizes, amidst the hearty cheers of his comrades. His success in the adventure was, however, quite remarkable, as I was told afterwards that, while in the act of cocking his gun, the cap dropped off, which, of course, left him at the mercy of his prisoner—though, fortunately, the latter was not aware of it, and quietly submitted to the orders of his captor.

Promotion for Extraordinary Valor and Skill.

BY MAJ.-GEN. THOMAS L. ROSSER, C. S. A.

General Wade Hampton's division was in bivouac around Atlee's Station, Hanover county, Va., the 1st day of June, 1864. We had been there one or two days, moving there after the severe cavalry fight at Haw's Shop. Stuart had but recently been killed at Yellow Tavern, and Hampton was commanding the cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia. Riding into my bivouac, a little after sunrise, on the morning of the 2d of June, Hampton asked me to mount a couple of regiments and ride with him in the direction of Hanover Courthouse. Reaching a point where a road coming from Peak's Station crossed the road we were on, in the direction of Ashland, we found ourselves immediately in the rear of a division of the enemy's cavalry, which had passed on toward Ashland, and was then just in front of us. The road was narrow and obstructed by a thick, bushy forest, in consequence of which one could see but a short distance, and, while the enemy was not in sight, so recently had the rear of his column passed that the water from a branch was still running into the tracks made by his horses, in the mud on its bank, not having had time to fill.

General Hampton directed me to follow up in the rear of the enemy, cautiously, and galloped back to gather the balance of his command, with a view to making a flank attack. I soon overtook the rear of the enemy's column, which had no rear guard out, and completely surprised them, dashed into their rear and captured a great number of them. The effect of this rear attack was to scatter the enemy in every direction through the woods, breaking up his organization; but in doing so I encumbered my men with prisoners, horses and wagons, and, before General Hampton could relieve me by the proposed flank attack, I was loaded down with my captures, and had but a small force, and very hard fighting to do.

I had kept only two squadrons in the saddle unincumbered; the balance of the command was guarding the prisoners and captured property. Being in no condition to press the enemy, I was preparing to halt and strengthen my position, so that I might hold it until Hampton could create a diversion on the flank in my favor

But the enemy, in the mean time, discovered my presence, rallied, and came back at me with all he had left. My men knew, from the prisoners, that confronting me was a division of cavalry, under General Wilson. General Wilson and his men did not know who was confronting them, as they had captured no prisoners.

When the head of the attacking column of Wilson came in sight of my two little squadrons it halted, within close pistol range, and the head of my column, which I was still slowly moving to the front, also halted, and the two opened pistol fire on each other. I knew, if Wilson succeeded in getting his men to make the charge, my little command could not withstand his heavy column, and would be captured, and all the prisoners and property which I then held would be recaptured. It was necessary that I should make an extraordinary effort to save myself and my captures. A curve in the road prevented Wilson from seeing the rear of my command. He was, therefore, unable to estimate its strength, and, not knowing who I was, and being somewhat demoralized by a rear attack, his men hesitated about charging me. My men, however, knew their own numbers were few, and that the enemy in front was numerous; and, appreciating the situation, they were cautious, to say the least. It was important for me to make a dash at the enemy, if nothing more, to prevent him from thundering down on me; for I knew that if he succeeded in charging me I was lost. I rode to the front. I exhorted my men, and begged and implored them to charge, firing at the enemy myself with my pistol. The Federal officer, seeing my command hesitate, urged his men "forward," and they were on the verge of moving—had actually begun to move—when one of my couriers, a youth of about seventeen or eighteen years of age, who was a member of the regiment from which these two squadrons had been taken and was well known to the men, realizing the importance of the occasion, and seeming to act under an inspiration rarely seen even in a crisis of great danger, certainly displaying the most intelligent gallantry I ever saw exhibited upon the battlefield or elsewhere, without a word to me, left my side, dashed into the ranks of my two squadrons, snatched the flag from the color-bearer and rode rapidly into the head of the Yankee column, calling to the men as he left them, "*Come on and save your flag!*"

This seemed to arouse the manhood of his comrades, and to call them to a sense of duty and patriotism, by giving them such

"COME ON AND SAVE YOUR FLAG."
General Rosser's Narrative.

a magnificent example of courage in this supreme moment, when death's hand was actually upon him. The fire that was in him lit the hearts of his comrades, and inspired them to superhuman effort, and they dashed into the head of the Yankee column, scattered it, repulsed it, recaptured this gallant boy and his flag, and hurled the attacking column back in confusion and out of my way, thus saving my command and the captured property, and giving me a great victory, which, without this boy, I could not have won. Feeling that *he* had won the fight, and not I—although he was a private—as soon as General Hampton came up I related the incident to him, took a leaf from my notebook and wrote the facts. They were enthusiastically endorsed by General Hampton, recommending this boy for promotion.

The next morning, early, a commission of Major in the Army of the Confederate States was sent to him, and the words used were, "This promotion is made for extraordinary valor and skill," making a boy private a Major, and directing him to report to me for duty.

The name of the gallant boy is Holmes Conrad, late Solicitor-General of the United States. now a distinguished lawver of Winchester, Va.

Escape from Camp Butler.

BY P. L. ELLIS, BELTON, TEXAS.

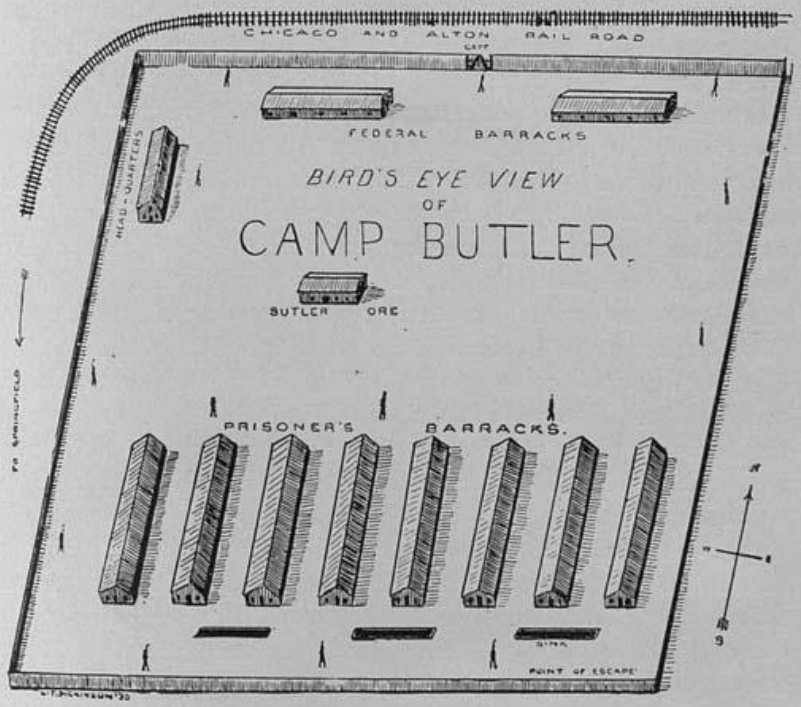
I was a member of Company F, Sixth Texas Infantry, Colonel Robert R. Garland, commanding brigade, at Arkansas Post, which surrendered on the 11th of January, 1863. All the prisoners were crowded on boats for transportation to Northern prisons, and before dawn of the next day a heavy rain began falling, driving the men to such shelter as they could find. When daylight came the holds of the boats were crowded with men seeking a warm or sheltered place. On the 13th the boats headed down stream. During the night, while our boat was taking on wood, at the mouth of White river, the rain, which had continued, turned to snow, and, as we turned up the Mississippi, we met what seemed to us an Arctic temperature, and we were unprepared for so sudden a change. By this time we were driven from the dark hold of the vessel by a terrific stench, which came from

the decaying remains of dead officers and soldiers that had been gathered up from the battlefield for transportation to their former homes for burial, piled several deep, away back in the hold, and the heat, want of ventilation and the warm breath of our men soon caused decomposition. We then occupied the decks, the writer and six others, for a while, occupying one of the small rooms in the "texas." Thus we passed Memphis, Columbus, Cairo and St. Louis, several freezing to death. Many of our men afterwards lost limbs from this terrible cold. On the 29th of January we were moored to the wharf at Alton. The sleet and snow increased, and large blocks of ice floated down the river. We were hurried off from the frozen and slippery deck of the boat, hoping that our troubles were at an end. We were taken aboard cars, and traveled over the Chicago & Alton Railroad to Camp Butler, reaching there on the 31st of January, where the gates of the military prison were opened to receive us, and for months afterwards the doors of the prison dead-house were opened to receive the lifeless forms of those who succumbed to that terrible ordeal up the Mississippi. As soon as I was assigned, with others, to quarters in the prison, I began to revolve in my mind the means of escape.

Camp Butler prison was located about three miles north of Springfield, Ill., on the Chicago & Alton Railroad. (It is now a national burying-ground). It consisted of an enclosure containing about ten or fifteen acres of ground surrounded by a plank wall fourteen feet high, and wooden barracks in number sufficient to accommodate four to six thousand men. The writer entered this prison thinly clad, with one single blue blanket, and answered to roll-call before Captain Healy, Provost Marshal of the prison, for about three weeks, and during this time a busy brain was working day and night to effect an escape. I might say, at this time, a very dear friend, with her daughter, called to see me, and I was allowed, in the presence of the Colonel commanding the prison, to talk to her. She, in her great kindness, offered me money. The Colonel said, "We can not allow that, but will issue the prisoner a check on the commissary, where he can get anything he may want, to the value of money left at headquarters." I have a small amount still at interest with the commandant of this prison, and may some time call for it, provided I can be identified. The friend has passed over the river, and the little daughter is now happily married, living in Texas.

I kept my plans to escape secret until ready to act. Mary

questions were asked a Federal guard, who passed through our barracks twice a day. A narrow plank, a few cleats, a few nails, all covered over with straw, and I was ready. Private Henry S. Cearnals was let into the secret. He said he was ready for anything. I had studied the situation well. The guards, on their every-day and night beats, I watched with an eagle's eye. Fires were built at the end of each guard's beat; warming of hands on cold nights, capes over heads between two fires; shadows meet; and this occurred in the rear of Barracks No. 8. Fortune seemed



to favor us. At the putting out of lights, on a dark and sleety night, February 25th, 1863, two persons were to be seen crawling on their hands and knees, through mud six inches deep. One stopped at the sinks, the other continued his course– boots tied with string around his neck; a moving plank following slowly—watching an unsuspecting guard. "Too cold for prisoners to be out." The wall is reached; a stone is cast (the signal); another crawls, cat-like, through this muddy way. The ladder is adjusted. I guessed true; none too long; could just reach top of wall with end of finger. The ascent was made all right. My

comrade was not so fortunate. He had not taken off his shoes, as directed. In trying to make the ascent, his feet scraped the wall so as to be heard by the guards. I was not in condition to aid him. We dropped back, placed the ladder against the wall, retreated to sinks and back to barracks. Guards met in shadow; talked; made gestures; no discovery. A short time before 2 o'clock, the same night, we again, on our hands and knees, through mud and slush, moved slowly to our hidden ladder; hurriedly placed it in position, and I soon was on top, waiting for my comrade. He could not make the ascent; the ladder was too steep. I reached down, caught him by the collar, and landed him on the other side, in a hole full of water. Just as we both left the wall, a flash, and a report of the ready Enfield rifle rang out on the midnight air, too late for the bullet to reach us. When we reached the railroad, we stopped to breathe and put on our boots and shoes. Then we walked three miles, through mud and slush, to Springfield, meeting with several mishaps; falling into a cattle-guard, filled with freezing water, was one of them. The writer had been in Springfield in 1857, stopping at the Manning House, and, as it was first-class, my old pride urged me to again stop at a first-class hotel. We arrived at the hotel, just as the gleam of day was breaking over the eastern plains, covered with mud, wet to the skin and half frozen. Could the records of the Manning House for February, 1863, be found, on its pages, in a bold, legible hand, these two names would appear: H. P. Lovel, Jim Williams, hog drovers, Quincy, Ill. We asked the clerk to show us to our rooms at once. My comrade was sick, and he went to bed, but I did not. This game had to be played to a finish. Fortunately, the stairway had two doors, one going to the office, the other leading to the street. I unlocked the door on the street, went into a barber shop, and was soon deprived of my hair and black whiskers, and had my clothes cleaned. The barber, in cleaning my clothes, noticed a ragged tear in my coat, under the left arm, which was not there when I left the barracks. Leaden balls do their work, but this one missed its mark. Returned to the room. Cearnals did not know me; I was safe. I went to breakfast; told clerk to send my partner's breakfast up to his room, as he was not feeling well. This alarmed the clerk, as small-pox was raging. I, however, by nice talk, quieted his fears. "Exposure in handling hogs was enough to make any one sick." When the waiter brought it out of the kitchen, I took the food out of his hands and carried it to the room myself, saying

I would not trouble him. Cearnals was in bad shape to receive company, and I did not desire any callers. (Shoes were all out at toes.) The day was very long to me, for we did not know at what time a file of soldiers might call.

A tour of Springfield was made for cheaper quarters; first-class houses did not now suit our pockets. An Irish boarding house was found, and, when the shades of night were upon us, we paid our bills at the hotel and quickly stole away to our new boarding house, which, to our surprise, proved to be the stopping place of a great many soldiers from the prison; but it was too late to retreat. I have often thought it was our very boldness that saved us. We took our seats around a red-hot stove, listening to big yarns, etc., when a conversation occurred like this: Citizen—"What is the news at Camp Butler?" Soldier—"Well, nothing special." Citizen—"You keep them well quartered, I suppose?" Soldier—"Yes; but, as well as we have them guarded, two of them got away last night." This caused a breathless listening for more news, but this was all. On returning, Cearnals told me privately he was going to get the best of the gray-backs that ate him so badly the night before, by going to bed without any clothes on, which he did. But he met a worse trouble—bed-bugs as big as horse-flies. I sent a message over the wires to an old friend, telling him to "come to Springfield at once." I knew he would most likely stop at the Manning House. I reached the hotel about 4 o'clock the next day, and the first person I noticed was my old friend, whom I had not seen for four years (whose remains now lie buried in Texas soil). I saw him go to the clerk's desk and look over the register, where he recognized my handwriting. He started for the door. I had business up the street. I walked two blocks. He came to my side and passed a few words. That night Henry S. Cearnals (long since dead) took the train for Knobnoster, Mo., dressed in a brand new suit of clothes. At midnight another person, well dressed, boarded the cars on the Chicago & Alton Railroad. On this train was the colonel of the Fifty-eighth Illinois, commanding the prison at Camp Butler. The train stopped for a few minutes at the prison gates. A corporal and two guards, with lanterns, came about. The writer was fast asleep on a seat turned up endwise, hat pulled down over face. One long whistle, and I got up and stretched my weary bones and bade good-bye to Camp Butler,

Bravery of Richard Kirtland.

BY BISHOP J. C. GRANBERY

Richard Kirtland was a sergeant in the Second Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers. The day after the great battle of Fredericksburg, Kershaw's brigade occupied the road at the foot of Marye's Hill. The ground about Marye's house was the scene of the desperate struggle which occurred the day before. One hundred and fifty yards in front of the road, the stone facing of which constituted the celebrated stone wall, lay Sykes' division of the United States Army. Between these troops and Kershaw's command a skirmish fight was continued through the entire day. The ground between the lines was literally covered with dead and dying Federal soldiers. All day long the wounded were crying, "Water! Water! Water!" In the afternoon Sergeant Kirtland went to the headquarters of General Kershaw, and, with an expression which betokened the deepest emotion, said: "General, all through last night and to-day I have been hearing those poor, wounded Federals out there cry for water. I can stand it no longer. Let me go and give them water?" "Don't you know," replied the General, "that you would get a bullet through you the moment you stepped over that wall?" "Yes, sir," he answered; "but, if you will let me go, I am willing to try it." After some reflection, the General said: "Kirtland, I ought not to allow you to take this risk, but the spirit that moves you is so noble, I can not refuse. Go, and may God protect you." Not only with curiosity, but with painful anxiety, did both armies watch this brave man as he climbed the wall and proceeded upon his mission of mercy. Unharmed and untouched, he reached the nearest sufferer. He knelt beside him, tenderly raised the drooping head, rested it gently on his noble breast and poured the cooling, life-reviving fluid down the parched throat. This done, he laid him carefully down, placed his knapsack under his head, straightened his broken limbs, spread his overcoat over him, replaced his empty canteen with a full one, and turned to another sufferer. By this time his conduct was well understood by both sides, and all danger was over. For an hour and a half did this ministering angel pursue his work of mercy, and ceased not until he had relieved all on that part of the battlefield. He

returned to his post unhurt. How sweetly did the hero sleep that night beneath God's stars! I have told this story in General Kershaw's own words. I challenge the world to find anything in the annals of our race more Christ-like and more worthy of the admiration of men and angels

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Private Pasco.

BY CLARENCE WM. SMITH,
Formerly Fourth Corporal, C. S. A.

The writer of this article enlisted in service of his state early in the spring of 1861, and on the 10th of August following was mustered into the Confederate service as a private in the ranks of Company H (Jefferson Rifles), Third Florida Infantry, and from May, 1862, served continuously in the field in the Army of the Tennessee up to the date of his capture, July 22, 1864, near Atlanta, Ga. Although much has been said and written of the individual daring and heroism displayed by the Gray and Blue in the late war, after thirty-four years have passed I recall no more gallant and heroic act than the following (which transpired under my eyes), by one of the coolest and most fearless men, under fire, I ever knew—a member of my company and regiment, Private Samuel Pasco, in front of Jackson, Miss., Sunday morning, July 12, 1863. Companies C and H, of the First and Third Florida Infantry (consolidated), of Stovall's Brigade, Breckinridge's Division, to which they belonged, were on the picket line in front of their command, lying down in the fence corners, for protection against the severe fire of the enemy, who had opened on us with artillery and small arms for some time. All at once their fire slackened, and a brigade, led by the Fifty-third Illinois Infantry, of Lauman's Division of Osterhaus' Corps, assaulted our works, and not until they were in less than eighty paces of our lines were they discovered, when our entire division, composed of Helm's Kentucky, Adams' Louisiana, and Stovall's Brigades, together with Slocomb's Washington Artillery of Louisiana, Cobb's Kentucky and Mebane's Tennessee Batteries, eighteen guns in all, opened fire upon them. They were quickly routed,

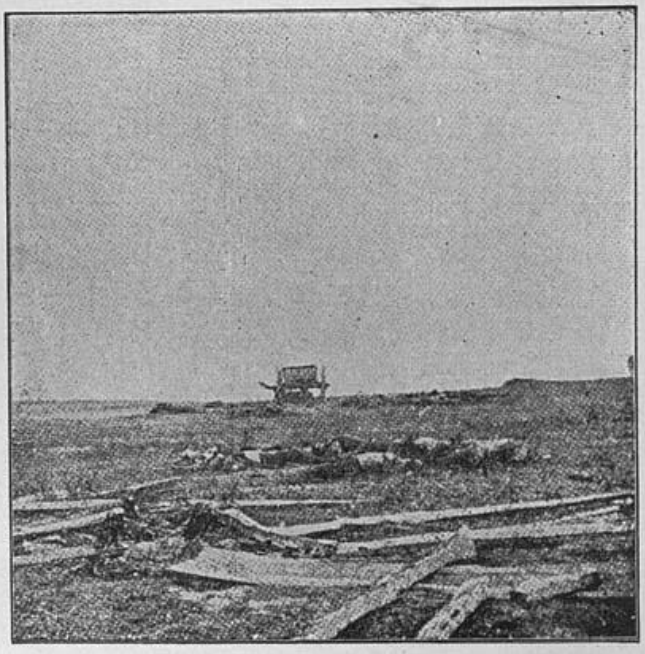
and fled, leaving hundreds of dead, wounded and prisoners in our hands, besides four stands of colors. Immediately after they fell back, our pickets were again thrown out, and took position nearer our breastworks. That afternoon and during the night the wounded of both sides were begging piteously for water. Many of the Federal wounded were brought into our lines by our men, and that, too, at a risk of losing their own lives in doing so. At dark Companies C and H were relieved, only to again take

SAMUEL PASCO.
Formerly Private Co. "H" (Jefferson Rifles), Third Florida Infantry; now (1898) U. S. Senator from Florida.

position early next morning, under command of Lieut. C. E. Johnson, of Company H. Among the missing, in the action of the previous day, was Private Thomas Linton Pettus, of Monticello, an old schoolmate and a member of my company—a gallant, fearless boy. It was not known whether he had been killed or wounded. At this juncture, Private Pasco came forward and proposed to Lieutenant Johnson that, if the line was advanced, he (Pasco) would make the attempt to find, and, if possible, rescue

him, if alive, and endeavor to bring him into our lines. The command was given, "Forward," the line advanced, and this promptly drew a hot fire from the enemy on us. Undaunted by this, Pasco moved forward, and was soon among the wounded Federals nearest our lines. So hot and deadly had now become the enemy's fire, that he threw himself flat on the ground, and in this manner passed his canteen among the poor fellows, who had been exposed for twenty-four hours, feverish and thirsting, to the hot July weather. His supply of water was soon exhausted, and others, moved by the appeals of the sufferers, joined him in this work of mercy. Among them was Sergt. George W. Adams, of Company H, a former schoolboy under him, and a member of Company C (whose name I have forgotten). Hastily glancing around, poor Pettus was discovered lying close up to the enemy's line, his gun by his side. He recognized his comrades, and begged for help and water. Pasco, unmindful of all danger and regardless of consequences, fearlessly and swiftly hurried to his side, followed by his two comrades. They threw their arms around Pettus, and, tenderly lifting him up, carried him out from under the eyes and guns of the enemy, and, although every moment their fire was expected, they evidently realized that the advancing pickets were on an errand of mercy, and held their fire. Poor Pettus was terribly wounded, having been struck in the hip and thigh by a solid shot, rendering his leg useless, and leaving him weak and faint from loss of blood. Assisted by his comrade of Company C, he was lifted by Pasco and carried toward our line, the bearers not stopping until a skirt of woods, near by, was reached, behind which they sought shelter. There a blanket was procured, and he was brought into our lines; a litter was soon provided, and he was carried on it to the hospital, where, although he was tenderly and carefully nursed by his brother, who was also a member of the company, but had not been informed of the movements of the rescuing party, and everything that was possible under the circumstances was done, he yielded up his noble young life the next day, and his spirit passed away from among us. For this act of daring Private Pasco was complimented by Generals Breckinridge and Stovall, and was, and ever will be, remembered by his comrades. Sergeant Adams was killed afterwards, fighting bravely, at Dallas, Ga. The hero of this sketch, Samuel Pasco, is still alive, after being shot down on the heights of Mission Ridge, November 25, 1863, and carried to prison, where he remained until a few weeks before the close of the war, when he

was released and returned to his home, at Monticello, Fla., where he now lives, honored and beloved, blessed by a devoted wife and surrounded with a large and interesting family. His reward has come to him, for his devotion and faithful duty to his country in the dark hours of her need, as he worthily and deservedly represents his State on the floor of the U. S. Senate, and in placing him there, his constituents have added greater lustre to the bright names of Florida and Pasco.



Where a Battery Fought.

DEPARTMENT V.

SPARKLETS FROM THE CAMP FIRE.

Loved Peace.

Two soldiers lay beneath their blankets, looking up at the stars. Says Jack: "What made you go into the army, Tom?" "Well," replied Tom, I had no wife, and I loved war, Jack; so I went. What made you go?" "Well," returned Jack, "I had a wife, and I loved peace, Tom; so I went."

Beauregard and the Private.

A day or so after the old First reached Manassas Junction, in August, 1861, one of the men who did not clearly comprehend his position, had the impudence to ask General Beauregard where certain big guns that had just arrived from Richmond would be placed. The General replied: "Young man, if the coat on my back knew the secrets of my heart I would cut it in pieces."

Close Up, Boys!

At Philippi a certain Virginia company, almost worn out with marching, was straggling along, without much regard to order. Hurrying up to his men, the Captain shouted: "Close up, boys! Hang you, close up! If the Yanks were to fire on you when you're straggling along that way, they couldn't hit one of you! Close up!" And the boys closed up immediately.

Lost in a Glorious Cause.

In a skirmish, near Corinth, Thomas McCulloch, a private in the regiment of Colonel (afterward General) J. H. Clanton, received a wound in the right arm, which so shattered it that it was plain that amputation would be necessary. His Colonel, observing

the wound, said to him as he was retiring: "I am sorry, Tom, that you have lost your best friend." With a smile on his face, the wounded man replied: "Never mind, Colonel; it was lost in a glorious cause."

A Long Way from Headquarters.

A Methodist circuit-rider met a Texan soldier and asked him what army he belonged to. "I belong to the —th Texas regiment, Van Dorn's Army," replied the soldier. "What army do you belong to?" "I belong to the Army of the Lord," was the solemn reply. "Well, then, my friend," said the soldier, dryly, "you've got a very long way from headquarters!"

Flapjacks.

The Unconcerned Negro.

When Schwartz began to shell the positions occupied by the Forty-second Tennessee and Eighth Kentucky Regiments, Captain F., of the Eighth Kentucky, sent his servant, a negro boy, about sixteen or seventeen years old, to a ravine back of the line of battle, where he might find shelter. After the fighting had somewhat slackened, the Captain went to see what had become of his boy. He found him seated behind a big tree, and apparently enjoying the shelling very much. When the Captain came to him, he said: "I 'clare, masser, de Yankee shell ain't wort a cuss; some on em buss when he hit de ground, and some on em so no 'count he buss right in de air."—W. G. WILSON.

A Gain of Fifty per Cent.

A soldier who can get off a laugh over the loss of a limb must be of pretty good stuff. A poor soldier, who had lost one of his limbs in battle, was slowly walking on his crutches. A friend meeting him cried: "I say, Jim, how is it that you went away with two legs and came back with three?" "Oh, bedad, I made fifty per cent on it!" was the reply.

Wanted a Relish for Water.

After a Federal raid on ——, West Tennessee, an old citizen of the town was seen walking very hurriedly up the street. "Where are you going Mr. A., in such a hurry?" asked a gentleman on the sidewalk. "The d—d Yanks have been to my house and eaten everything on the place, and I am going up town to get a lick of salt to give me a relish for water," was the reply.

Where All the Soap Went.

A certain commissary, of high rank, used to ride a splendid charger, whose white tail and mane showed clearly that they were familiar with soap and water. As he passed some troops one day, a ragged (if not dirty) private called out in stentorian tones: "Look, boys—look at that horse's mane and tail! Thar is whar all of our soap is gone to. That's the reason we got no soap at the last drawin'."

Quartermaster Hunters.

The men used to call shot or shell that passed overhead and went far to the rear "Quartermaster hunters." Upon one occasion, at Petersburg, during a severe artillery fire, a gallant fellow, with more humor than prudence, jumped upon the parapet, and, pointing to a shell then passing over, exclaimed: "A little more to the right, a little more to the right! the quartermasters are down behind that hill."

Why the Pickets Ceased Firing at Each Other.

The pickets on the left, at Sharpsburg [Antietam], in front of Jackson's corps, were in the habit of shooting at each other, until a Rebel shouted to a Federal and asked him *not* to shoot, to which

the Yankee assented; but, in a short time, Johnny cried out: "Say, Yank, tell the man on your left not to shoot; I would just as lief be shot by *you* as by *him*." So the word passed from man to man, till not a gun was fired on the picket-line.

The Doctor Knew.

An amusing thing occurred in the Twelfth Tennessee. On one occasion a soldier, in passing to the lower part of the encampment, saw two others from his company making a rude coffin. He inquired who it was for. "Johnny Bunce," said the others. "Why," replied he, "John is not dead yet. It is too bad to make a man's coffin when you don't know if he's going to die or not." "Don't trouble yourself," replied the others. "Dr. Coe told us to make his coffin, *and I guess he knows what he gave him!*"

Good to Pass to Heaven.

Major Gordon attempted to cross a bridge, near Gettysburg, at which there was an infantry guard. He was stopped and told that he could not cross the bridge without a pass. General Jackson had been dead several months, but the Major, without thinking of it, drew out a general pass which had been signed by Jackson a year before his death. The soldier on post examined the pass attentively, and then, returning it to Major G., said: "You can't cross this bridge; the name on that paper is good to pass you into Heaven, but not over this bridge."

Tin Spouts for the Army of the Tennessee.

Seated around a camp-fire at Greensboro, N. C., in April, 1865, the Lexington, Ky., mess of the Buckner Guards, of Cleburne's Division, were, with sad hearts, discussing the terms of surrender of the Army of the Tennessee. In the midst of the conversation, Sergeant A. P. Randall approached the group and asked John Boyd if there was any tinners in his mess. Before Boyd could reply, Melvin L. Overstreet spoke up and said: "Yes, I am a tinner; what do you want?" Randall replied, holding a paper and pencil in his hand, "I am ordered by General Johnston to detail you, and order you to report to his headquarters to make tin spouts for the Army of the Tennessee to go up in."—GEN. JOHN BOYD, Lexington, Ky.

Father Ryan and General Butler.

When General Butler was in command at New Orleans, during "the war," he was informed that Father Ryan, priest and poet, had said he would even refuse to hold funeral services for a dead Yankee. General Butler sent for him in haste, and began roundly scolding him for expressing such unchristian and rebellious sentiments. "General," the wily priest answered, "you have been misinformed. I would be pleased to conduct funeral services for all the Yankee officers and men in New Orleans!"

A Bottle-Scarred Hero.

During the war a Southern editor, wishing to compliment General Pillow, wrote a notice of him, in which the General was called the "battle-scarred hero," but the types made the phrase read, the "battle-scared hero." On reading the notice, the irate soldier hied himself to the newspaper office, and demanded a correction. This was promised, and the next day's paper spoke of General Pillow as a "bottle-scarred hero." It is not known that any further correction was asked for.

"Call Them Suffering Angels."

After the first battle of Fredericksburg, General Jackson was riding with one of his division commanders past an encampment at Corbin's Neck. The weather was horrible, and the men, without tents and with but few blankets, were stretched upon the ground, trying to keep warm before log fires. The General's companion was deeply impressed with the suffering of the soldiers, and said, with much feeling, "Poor devils!" Jackson, instantly correcting him, said, "Call them suffering angels."

This was the opinion held of the Southern soldiery by Jackson, the man of prayer.

The Virginia Blues.

Captain ——, of Lynchburg, Va., raised a company for the Confederate Army, in New Orleans, and though the members were nearly all Irishmen, he, true to his State pride, called the company the Virginia Blues, and wrote to his mother, in Lynchburg, to have something prepared for the Virginians when they should arrive at L. The company, having reached the depot, a detail

was made to go to the W. mansion for the viands. Reaching there, the good lady, with a look of pride at the soldierly Virginians, asked: "From what part of the Old Dominion are you, gentlemen?" when the leader, taking from his mouth a short-stemmed pipe, replied, "From Cork, ma'am."

Too Much Crow.

Too Much Crow.

As Perrin's regiment of Mississippi cavalry, Ferguson's brigade, was moving from Mississippi to Georgia, in the spring of 1864, a soldier by the name of Crow had a furlough to go to his home, and join the command as it came by. Crow's house was immediately on the road by which the command marched, and he had his family and neighbors present to see the command, at this time a large one. As we passed in front of the house the boys of Company "D" recognized Crow, and they all began a cawing, which passed from company to company. Our Comrade Crow wisely beat a retreat.—W. A. CAMPBELL, Columbus, Miss.

Shootin' t'Oder Way.

Soon after the firing upon and drawing back of the Star of the West, in Charleston harbor, in 1861, two negroes were overheard talking about the event in the cars, between Branchville and Columbia.

Tom—"Whar you bin, Jim?"

Jim—"Down dar in Charleston, trowing up de fortification."

Tom—"Was you dar when dey bin fitin'?"

Jim—"'Speck dis child was just dar and no whar else. De Yankee ships, dey come in, monstrous saucy like, den our boys, dey shoots at 'em, when the big ship cut dirt and run. Ki, how he run."

Tom—"Was you skeered, Jim, when dey was shootin' de big guns?"

Jim—"Skeered! Bless de Lord, no; dey was shootin' t'oder way."

Soldiers Took that Cannon.

It is said that Confederate and Federal cavalry on the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee, whenever their supplies ran short, would borrow ammunition from each other; but on one occasion they had a "sure enough" fight, in which the Confederate Colonel P., of this city, was worsted, and lost one of those diminutive nuisances, called mountain howitzers. The fact of the loss of the artillery coming to the ears of the department commander, he sent for the defeated Colonel, and sternly asked him how he had lost his cannon.

"Why, General," said the Colonel, "*soldiers* took that cannon."

"Well," replied the Commander, "what if soldiers *did* take it?"

"Soldiers!" responded the Colonel, "why soldiers will take *anybody's* cannon."

"Ruther be an Officer or Jine the Cavalry."

Confederate cavalry permeated the Southern country like the Western grasshopper; always ahead of the infantrymen, and foraging, to the utter extermination of eatables, on our flanks. They also impressed the citizens with the idea that it was the bon ton thing to be mounted. There was one young lady, however,

near M——, Tenn., who probably had not arrived at an exact opinion as to the relative merits of these two arms of the service. At a party, one night, in or near M——, this young lady was dancing with Wild Bill, when he was rather amused at the following question propounded by her: "Mister, had you'uns ruther be an officer in the infantry or jine the cavalry?" This was highly amusing to Bill, because it proved that the cavalry had been boasting to her, as they often did to us, that they "had rather belong to the cavalry than to be an officer in infantry."

"Ich surrenter! Ich surrenter! But, for Gott's sake, kill dese mule!"

The Dutchman and His Mule.

In the spring of 1864, General Kilpatrick attempted a raid upon Richmond, Va. The First Maryland Cavalry attacked him, frequently, on flank and rear, capturing many prisoners. One made it very amusing for the Boys in Gray. He was an old German, whose horse had become disabled, and he had been forced to press into service a mule, and one much too small for his Teutonic proportions.

Bullets were flying too thick and fast to suit his muleship; so, in the midst of the Yankee retreat, Mr. Mule spraddled out his legs

and gave vigorous vent to that vocal accomplishment peculiar to his race.

The Dutchman used both saber and spur on him with no effect. Exhausted with his efforts, the Dutchman threw up his hands and shouted at the top of his voice: "Ich surrenter! Ich surrenter! but for Gott's sake kill dese mule!"—L. T. DICKINSON.

They Knew Their Daddy.

During the time that Allen occupied the gubernatorial chair of the State of Louisiana, he issued an order requiring all men, young and old, to organize into companies of minute men, whose duty it was to drill and be ready to assist the regular Confederate forces, in case of State invasion. On one occasion the minute men of Bienville parish had been ordered out to serve a mock campaign of a week's duration. As they came "marching home again, with gay and gallant tread," the whole command was halted in front of a log cabin to permit an old man to go out of the ranks. Forthwith there issued from its doorway a numerous progeny of Confederate tow-heads, joyfully crying, "Yonder's daddy, yonder's daddy!" "Hush, hush, children!" said the fond father, softly waving them back with his hand, "I want to see if the old woman will know me with my soldier clothes on."

The Side of His Head Off.

A company of Mississippi cavalry were on duty on the Tennessee River. Private John W. T. and a man named Gamble were on outpost picket. It was night—dark and wet—and the reserve picket were making themselves as comfortable as possible, when two shots rang out, and, following closely after the shots, they heard a horse coming rapidly down the road, and in a few moments Gamble appeared and reported that John W. T. was shot and the enemy was advancing. But in a minute or two another horse and rider came tearing in, and John was the rider. He said, "Captain, I am shot." The Captain asked him where, and he said: "The side of my head is torn off." The Captain put his hand to John's head and felt of it and said: "It is true; take him back to the hospital." But when day came the wound on the side of John's head proved to be mud and water. The facts, as developed afterward, were that John and his friend had fired at a farmer's mule, and John's horse had thrown him, and,

as he went off, his carbine had slapped him on the side of the head; and as he hit the ground his head went into the mud and water. He never relished this story; but it was true.—W. A. CAMPBELL, Columbus, Miss.

Don't Let the Old Man Bleed on the Biscuits.

Four or five members of Company H, Fifth Mississippi, while lying in the trenches around Atlanta, in 1864, had a brief respite one day from the annoying shot and shell. We had got a large lot of biscuits, and expected to have a fine time of it, in enjoying the unusual banquet. But human hopes often deceive us. While we were sitting, *a la* Turk, on a blanket, pitching into the biscuits, and old Tomie R——, a long, lean specimen of Rebeldom, was stretching out his bony arm for the biggest one in the pile, a minnie took off a piece of his head as big as a five-dollar Confederate note, and pitched him over upon our stock of biscuits. George H—— jerked at him, and cried out, "Dam it, boys, don't let the old man bleed on the biscuits!"—F. J. MASON.

Pat's Ready Retort.

A wounded Irishman, at Shiloh, refused to be carried to the rear, saying that he wanted to see "the prasoners." He took out his short pipe, filled it up, struck a light and began to puff like a loyal editor. As the prisoners filed past, including General Prince, he kept inquiring, every minute, "I say, boys, what State are you from?" No one deigned a reply. All strode along, in sullen, not to say majestic, silence. At length one of our Northern brethren, being led along, in durance vile, turned upon Patrick, and, cursing him bitterly, said: "I'm from Ohio, you impertinent Irish Rebel." Pat, without taking the pipe out of his mouth, and without a moment's hesitation, answered: "And a good deliverance it was to the State of Ohio when you joined the Yankee army."

Surrendered to a Pump.

It was my fortune to spend the last twenty-one months of the war at that delightful summer resort and favorite retreat of Confederate officers, known in "the bills of mortality" as Johnson's Island. I had for a messmate Lieutenant B., of the Fifty-fifth North Carolina. One night a couple of the prisoners made their

escape, and the next night the prison yard was alive with men, crawling and creeping about, trying to follow suit. None, however, succeeded. On the return of my roommates, they told the following on my friend George:

George, they said, was getting on finely, crawling on hands and knees, down a ditch, which served as a screen, when, to his sudden dismay, looking up, he found a Yankee within six feet of him, with his piece at a "ready," and, apparently, about to blow my friend's brains out. "Don't shoot!" yelled George, springing up. "Don't shoot; I surrender." No answer from the Yank, and George, walking up, found that he had surrendered to a pump. —H. S. JAMES.

"Here he is, boys; I've found our drum; this old fellow swallowed it!"

He Swallowed the Drum.

In the early summer of 1863, General Abraham Buford, of Kentucky, was assigned to command an infantry brigade, then stationed at Canton, Miss., and composed of the following regiments: Third, Seventh and Eighth Kentucky, Seventy-seventh and Thirty-fifth Alabama, Ninth Arkansas and Twelfth Louisiana.

Just previously, the brigade had captured a Federal band, with a full set of instruments, among which was a bass drum, which mysteriously disappeared, and its going was a great puzzle to the soldiers.

When General Buford, who was a very large man, weighing some 350 pounds, made his appearance at brigade headquarters,

the soldiers gathered around him in almost innumerable hosts, gazing at him, in great amazement. One fellow advanced up to him, viewed him from head to foot, and exclaimed, "Here he is, boys; I've found our drum; this old fellow swallowed it!"

Left-Handed Compliments.

A crowd of wounded boys were sitting around the stove in the Bragg Hospital, when heavy jokes and left-handed compliments were passed on different Southern States. The manners, customs and languages were freely discussed and freely criticised. Some sharp and telling things were said by an Alabamian about East Tennessee. A Tennesseean took up the defense, and said: "Well, boys, I admit that there is too much ignorance in East Tennessee, but some of her neighbors have not much to boast of. I got my first bad wound in 1862, and as my home was in the Yankees' hands, I was furloughed to go where I pleased, and I went to Alabama. I took up my abode with an old lady, who was a fire-eating hater of Yankees, and had as much toleration for a Blue Coat as for the Queen's English. One day, when the conversation turned, rather gloomily, upon the prospect of the final success of the Yankees, she flew into a great passion, and cried out: 'Never, never; they may captivate all the men, they may arrogate all the women, they may fisticate all the land, but they can never conjugate the South. Never! never!!'"

The Lieutenant's Bluff.

On Bragg's retreat from Kentucky, in 1862, when near Cumberland Gap, we had been short of rations for several days. Lieutenant Lofter and three of his company left the road about half a mile and got dinner, and on returning they came upon two Confederate soldiers skinning a hog. The Lieutenant remarked that he was very sorry that he had caught them, and that he would have to arrest them and take them to Major Zachery (who was commanding the provost guard). They began begging him not to do so. They said they had not had anything to eat for three days. The Lieutenant told them to hurry up and get through, but said he felt very sorry for them, as they had been short of grub themselves. When they had finished, one of them asked the Lieutenant if he did not want some of the meat. He said no, but maybe the boys would like to have some. They

divided up the hog and gave the boys three-fourths of it, and then begged the Lieutenant to let them go. He did so, by telling them not to let him catch them again. They took their meat, and left in a run. The Lieutenant was watching for the provost guard, himself, and, as soon as the two soldiers had gotten far enough away, he and his comrades whipped in ahead of Major Zachery and got into camp with enough meat for all of the company.—R. B. RAIFORD.

The Old Maid Slights the Youngster.

Gets There All the Same.

In March, 1864, a squad of Confederate officers and a few enlisted men, among whom was a small boy, stopped at a farm house in West Tennessee for the night.

At this house, with other children, lived a small boy about fifteen years old, who had made many ineffectual efforts to join the army, having been followed by his father and returned to the homestead, and who, upon the sight of the soldier boy accompanying the detachment of soldiers, was put upon nettles, whereupon an old maid aunt, who lived with the family, became very much exasperated at the soldier boy because his presence, in Confederate uniform, armed and equipped as a cavalryman, kindled anew her nephew's desire to become a soldier, and she openly made war upon the young soldier, and at the supper table actually refused

to help his plate, and frequently when passing around the biscuit our young hero was slighted by her, but the officers sitting near would take two and three biscuits apiece and divide with him, until he had made out a fairly good meal, notwithstanding the opposition of the old maid.

When the officers were shown the room they were to occupy for the night, it was evident, from all appearances, that it belonged to the old maid, and the soldier boy was in the party of one of the officers who accepted her bid.

The next morning he procured a piece of chalk and wrote the following verse upon the head-board:

The June-bug has the golden wing;
The lightning-bug has flame;
The little bed-bug has no wings,
But gets there all the same.

—V. G. COOK.

What an Empty Barrel Did.

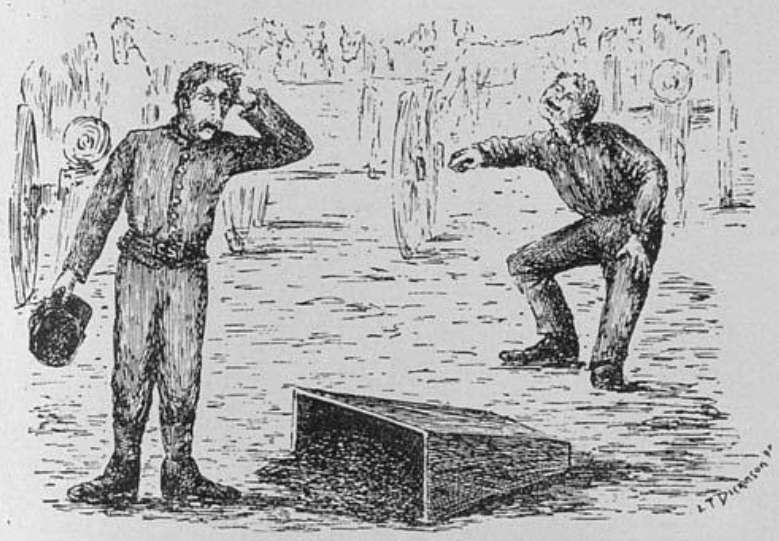
The following incident, of which "Hood's Texas Brigade" were the heroes, has invoked a laugh every time my mind has recurred thereto, and I deem it able to bring a smile upon the countenance of others:

On Lee's march from the vicinity of Richmond, in 1862, on his way to the plains of Manassas, where we afterward met Him-with-"headquarters-in-the-saddle," we were frequently called upon to tax our limbs with forced marches. On one occasion we had been marching for twenty hours; night approached as we were nearing the boundaries of Fauquier county, and still we were informed that we would have to continue our march until a late hour of that night. Thus wearied, it is not surprising that at every momentary halt the men would fall down in their tracks asleep, and even enjoy a "snooze" while standing. On one of these halts, the hour 10 P. M., the men as usual sank down, and were in a dreamy sleep. Just ahead of our command was a wagon train, the head of the column halting at the foot of a hill, its sides covered with stones, and the last wagon halting immediately upon the brow of the hill. Thus stood affairs, the men lying and standing along the road in a fitful sleep, when down came an empty barrel from off the wagon on the hill, rolling down the hill over stones, making a most terrible racket. "Yankee cavalry!" screamed the first sleepers. The cry was taken up, ran down the lines, and away scampered the men through pine

bushes, rolling and tumbling over each other, endeavoring to make their way over a pine bush. Order came, and the march was resumed.—R. CHAMBERS.

The Fat Bee Hive, and What Became of It.

In the summer of 1863, Thrall's Second Arkansas battery was passing a well-to-do looking premises, when Frankfort Southhand, an excellent soldier and a forager of much merit, spied, in passing the aforesaid premises, a herd of bee hives, and "allowed" to the boys that he had "set" his heart on a certain large, fat hive, which he pointed out, saying, if the battery did not march



Discovered that it was only an Ash-hopper.

more than ten miles beyond for the night's encampment, that he would return and take that large, fat hive in out of the wet.

The command marched some six miles beyond and struck camp for the night.

Frankfort Southhand evaded the pickets and marched by a circuitous route, cautiously, until he approached the object of his mission, when he "grounded arms," and advanced, with outstretched hands, and laid violent hold on the large, fat bee hive, which he had spied that afternoon.

The night was dark, but Frankfort Southhand's spirit was bright, his load was heavy and the road was long, but upon his vision finally flashed the camp fires of his company, which he ap-

proached with the silence of a midnight assassin, until he had reached the locality of his mess, which was in close proximity to the captain's quarters, when he discovered a well-known figure, Alex Alston, his Gamaliel and bed-fellow, to whom he said, in a whisper: "Alex, assist me to put it down, for it is awfully heavy, but very rich. I feel the honey running down my back." Whereupon his companion lighted a match and discovered that it was only an ash-hopper which Frankfort Southhand, in his eagerness, had taken instead of the "bee hive."

General Ewell's Grim Joke.

During the battle of Cedar Run Mountain General Ewell got off a grim joke at the expense of a gallant Q. M. Seeing him at some distance, the General called out: "I say; you man with the fine clothes on, come here." The order was obeyed, and the old veteran asked: "Who are you, sir, and what were you doing there?"

"I am, sir, Captain ———, Quartermaster — Virginia regiment. I was only looking at the progress of the fight."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the General, in well-feigned astonishment. "Who ever heard of a Quartermaster on a battle-field? But since you are here, sir, I'll make you useful, as well as ornamental." And thereupon he sent him with a message to General Jackson, who was to be generally found, during an engagement, nearer the post of danger than was pleasant to a non-combatant. The gallant Quartermaster carried the dispatch and brought back old Stonewall's reply, but says that he suddenly remembered that he had to see after his train, and never went near General Ewell during a battle again.

Will Hold His Position.

The dislike of private soldiers for Quartermasters and Commissaries was well-nigh universal, and frequently did great injustice to worthy officers and gentlemen. The ragged jokers of our army never neglected an opportunity of making a hit at these officers, and many were the practical jokes at their expense. When Lee's weary boys were hurrying on to reinforce Beauregard at Petersburg, in 1864, they passed a spot near the city in striking contrast with the dusty roads. A beautiful grove shaded the green yard of a stately mansion; a cool spring gushed forth from the hillside,

and it seemed indeed an oasis inviting to repose. The attention of the men was called to a large placard, bearing the inscription: "This yard has been selected as the headquarters of Major ——, Quartermaster of —— Division." Many jokes were passed about the Quartermasters always contriving to make themselves comfortable, when a ragged Confed stepped from the ranks and wrote, in large characters, under the inscription: "Major —— will hold his position at all hazards."—REV. J. WILLIAM JONES.

Stampede Among Texas Horses at Rome, Ga.

A Texas regiment of cavalry came in to Rome, Ga., and halted in front of the hotel, and the officers and many of the men scattered around town, but the majority of them remained mounted, and took the easiest positions they could in their saddles, many of them sitting sideways, with one leg thrown across the pommel. It was about dinner time, and the negro waiter came out with one of those Chinese copper gongs, and, giving it one tremendous rap, made it rattle with that nerve-shattering noise so well known to passengers at railway depots. The result was fearful. Horses

reared, plunged, and, turning like goats, stampeded in all directions, leaving many riders on the ground, and creating more excitement than the fire of a Federal battery of six guns would have done. But, after a few minutes, the officer of the regiment came up to see what was the matter, and, hearing the cause, told the proprietor of the hotel to hide his negro out, as his men would surely kill him if they found him. And sure enough, in a few moments, they came on the hunt for him; but the negro had been safely hidden away, and was not seen any more during the stay of that Texas command. Any soldier who met Texas cavalry during the war, knows that they were superb riders, and to throw them was no easy matter; but this Chinese gong dismounted more of them than a charge on infantry would have done.—W. A. CAMPBELL.

Skirmishing.

DEPARTMENT VI.

ANECDOTES AND REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

Mistaken Diagnosis, and What Came of It; An Amusing Incident of the War Shams.

BY HENRY W. WILBUR, SURGEON.

In the fall of 1864 the one despised man was the conscript surgeon. He was hated and shunned by those determined not to fight.

Mr. Meadors Browne, a citizen of Port Ferris, Va., was one of those malcontents, and was determined not to go to battle, nor serve the Confederate cause in any way, if he could avoid it.

The physique of Mr. Meadors Browne was superb, his legs as solid as rods of steel, and his general make-up was that of a perfect man; and yet he madly resolved to evade conscription by whatever means and at whatever cost.

He put in practice several shams, and at last, happily for him, hit upon that of consumption.

To carry out his plans, he kept in his pocket a blunt-pointed knife, and took his seat along the public highway as submissively as a beggar of Naples.

One day, he saw the learned doctor of the wise and unwise coming toward him. Suddenly he plunged the blade of his knife deeply into his gums and sucked them until his mouth was full of blood. Just as the good man came alongside he spat out the whole of it at his feet, coughing the while as one in the last stages of consumption.

Dr. Bushrod Epps—for such was the name of the conscript

surgeon—began to exhibit those tender emotions so characteristic of him, and exclaimed :

"Poor fellow! at death's door." (Aside) "That blood is from his lungs. I have been watching him for several days, until my sympathies are enlisted in his behalf. See here, my friend, you are in a bad fix, and need attention at once ; so if you will call at my office at 9 o'clock to-morrow morning, I will examine and minister to you."

At the hour named he presented himself, to all appearances past hope of relief, bent down, feeble and nervous. Indeed, from outward signs anyone would have been quite willing to exempt him from all duty without the formality of examination.

Approaching Surgeon Epps, with his gums freshly bleeding, he asked, in feeble tones, to be examined.

"What is your name, my good man?" asked the doctor.

"My name is Meadors Browne, sir."

"What's the trouble, Mr. Browne?"

"I have had, and am still having, repeated and frightful hemorrhages, Doctor. You may have seen me in one or more of these attacks."

"Yes, I have, unfortunately; but go on."

"Well, God knows, I am anxious to serve my country—indeed, willing to risk my all for love of it, were it possible to do so —even afflicted as I am now. I want you to examine me thoroughly, and, if you think I am not dangerously diseased in any way, and fit for service, do not hesitate a moment to say so. Otherwise, please, then, give me papers of exemption from military duty, and thus put a stop to the conscript leeches who annoy and fret me at every turn."

"Take off your coat and vest, my friend, please."

Off went the coat, and out gushed a fresh supply of the rich, warm blood, brought about by a secret plunge of his knife as before, and whilst the doctor was preparing for the examination. The cough was repeated at such intervals as he thought best to keep up his deception, sometimes to apparent exhaustion.

Surgeon Bushrod Epps placed his practiced ear to his lungs, then to his heart, noted his respiration, then the pulmonary crepitus, sputa, etc. So earnestly, thoroughly and scientifically did the expert official perform his work, his face changed from brown to red, like Hudibras' lobster, whilst great beads of perspiration stood in pairs and colonies on his brow. The exercise warmed him into a temporary calm, and, with an air of perfect satisfaction,

he notified poor Browne that he had a cavity in his lungs as large as a Roquefort cheese. Contemplating, for a moment, the unpleasant announcement he was about to make, he said:

"My dear sir, it is made my pleasing duty to say I will write out a full set of papers exempting you from the burden of arms or other service; and, at the same time, it is made my duty, painful as it is, to say you will not live five months; so be prepared when summoned before One greater than I."

He then handed him his certificate on the ground of "phthisis pulmonalis, with cavity in the lower lobe of left lung, probably involving both, with repeated and violent hemorrhages."

Mr. Meadors Browne received the decision with a chuckle, preserving, of course, as much equanimity as he could command, and at the same time he was careful to store away for future use this precious bit of paper.

Thanking the doctor, with the gratitude of one receiving a life pension, he left the office, with a broad grin hid away behind the same gums which, but a moment before, had played such an active role in his drama of deceit and falsehood.

Feeling now secure, he determined to leave the country. Meeting a young man, with a like purpose, and flush with a lot of cheap tobacco—then as current as coin—he formed a partnership with him, and the twain made at once for the Trans-Mississippi Department.

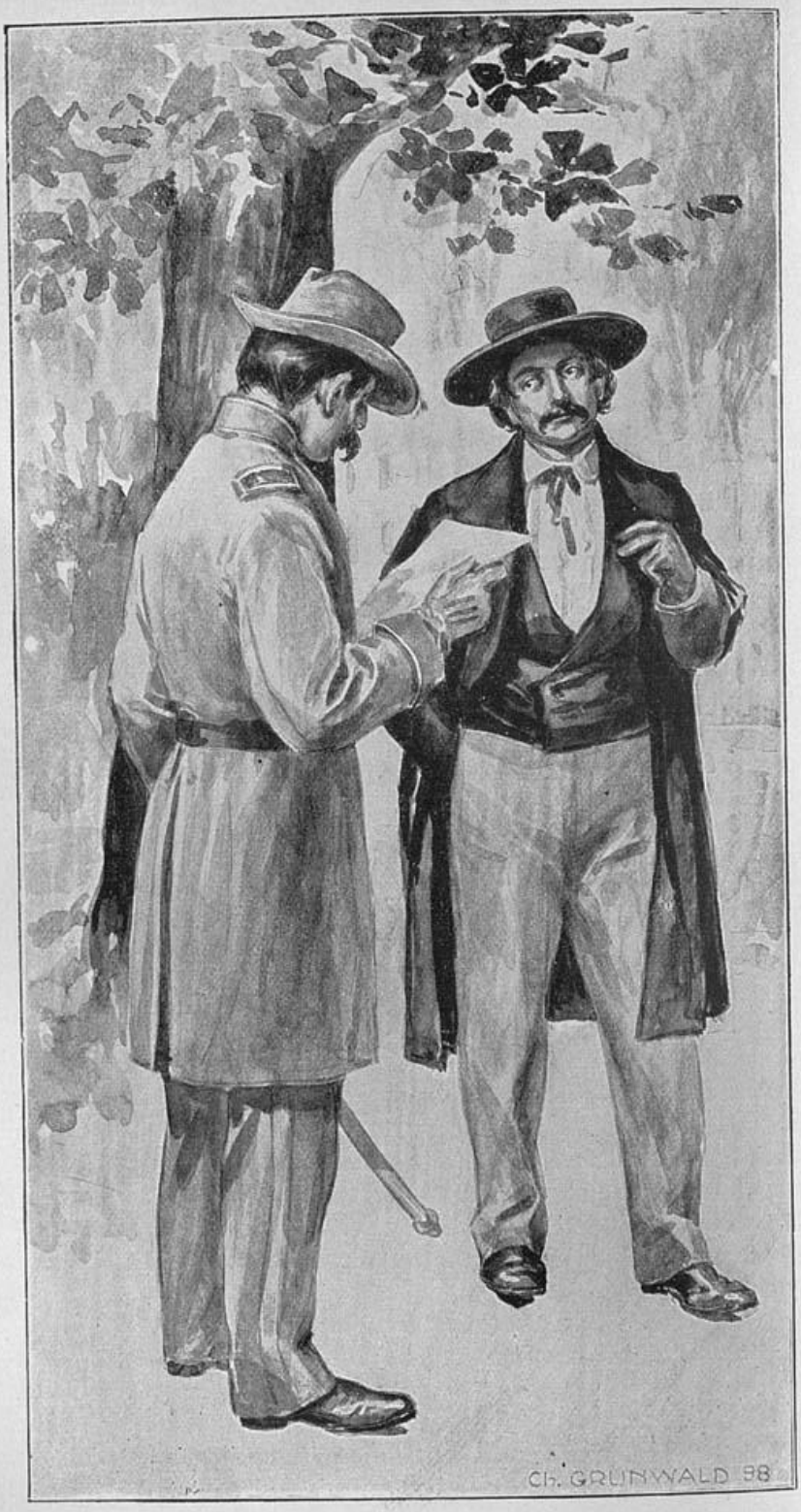
Crossing the river at Memphis, they disposed of their tobacco at enormous profit, and landed in Galveston, Texas. Here a division of the spoils was made and the two parted company.

Our hero knew it would be unsafe to return to his old stamping grounds, so he decided it were better to wear away the remaining days of the Confederacy, as best he could, by dodging. Whilst thus meditating, an officer, clad in full regalia, tapped him on the shoulder and said: "My good man, you are wanted at the post surgeon's quarters; so please come with me."

Mr. Meadors Browne instantly drew out his papers of exemption and handed them to the sergeant, with the cold blood of a martinet.

The officer glanced at them but a moment.

"These may have served you at one time, but will not do so now, if I am to judge from your present appearance. It would be quite a difficult matter to find a better subject for duty at the wheel, for it is this arm of the service we are recruiting. Please,



MISTAKEN DIAGNOSIS.

"The officer glanced at the paper for a moment."

therefore, let us go over to those men and let them have a hand at you."

Mr. Meadors Browne, for the first time, felt his hopes give way. There was no time now to practice his old trick of bleeding his gums, even if he felt so inclined.

"Your name, please?"

"My name is Meadors Browne, sir."

"Where are you from, Mr. Browne?"

"Port Ferris, Virginia, sir."

"Have you ever been in service? If so, where, and in what division of the army?"

"I have never been in the service at all, sir. I hold papers of exemption from military duty, given to me by Surgeon Bushrod Epps, of the Army of Northern Virginia."

"Yes, yes, very good. Please let us see those papers, Mr. Browne."

After carefully reading them he smiled at the grounds upon which they were issued, then upon the subject before him.

Dr. Edward Ball, president of the Board, straightened himself up and said: "These papers, Mr. Browne, are old, given perhaps hastily, perhaps honestly, by your conscript doctor; but they are worthless at present. Please, therefore, strip yourself to the waist and take that chair by the window."

The doctors, three in number, went through the usual form of examination, without ceremony or expedition, after which a moment's deliberation was had behind a screen by these experts, when Dr. Ball read the verdict:

"Mr. Browne, it is necessary to say we are satisfied with the very careful examination just made, and jointly thank you for bearing so uncomplainingly the exactions of it. Moreover, we find you free from any disease whatever. If it is any comfort to you, we will further say that, out of the hundreds examined by us, we have yet to find a more perfect all-around man than you are. Please, then, without delay, report to Lieutenant Cottonwood, Company C, Tenth Louisiana Artillery, and he will further instruct you."

* * * * * * * *

"This is Mr. Browne, I believe?" asked the Lieutenant.

"Yes, sir."

"Your papers are all right, and I will have you report to Captain Allen Frett, Battery D, for immediate duty."

Whilst the order was being written, Mr. Browne spied Surgeon

Yandell, medical director of the department, and instantly hailed him as an old friend.

"Dr. Yandell," said he, "I was caught up this morning by the conscript officer and hurriedly ordered to report for duty at 4 o'clock P. M. to-day, notwithstanding the fact I had in my pocket papers exempting me from military duty, made out and certified to by Surgeon Bushrod Epps, of Port Ferris, Army of Northern Virginia."

"Have you shown those papers to the medical board?"

"Yes; but they did not recognize them. On the contrary, they re-examined me, found my papers old and worthless, and, without much ado, sent me over to the Lieutenant across the way, for assignment forthwith."

"Then you must obey. I can't go behind them."

"But won't you help me out of the difficulty by having me transferred to Captain Albert Frett, commandant of the post at Port Ferris, where I came from?"

"Yes; I think I can do so without much trouble."

Recommendations were made out, the transfer allowed, and our friend once more became a free man. Taking advantage of the starboard breeze, he set his compass and steered for parts he knew not where. Indeed, he kept aboard and drifted on until the close of hostilities, then landed in the quiet little town of Port Ferris in safety.

After things had quieted down, he decided to insure his life for ten thousand dollars.

It so happened that Dr. Bushrod Epps was the medical examiner for the company. Presenting himself to the wise and overzealous doctor, who had apparently forgotten what had passed between them, the process of examination commenced, and when finished the doctor slapped him enthusiastically on the shoulder and said: "My dear friend, you are perfectly sound through and through!"

"Are you sure of this, doctor? My reason for asking is because some time ago I was examined and pronounced unsound, and I want to disabuse the minds of the people by showing them your papers."

"Yes, you may do this, and say that I have not the least hesitancy in accepting you as a safely-insurable first-class risk. Therefore, you may say that I, Bushrod Epps, examining surgeon for the Infinite Life Insurance and Trust Company, of Prefix, Ontario, Province of Upper Canada, take special pleasure in

making the announcement, in double leads on the face of your policy, of the result of my examination." Mr. Meadors Browne thanked the doctor, pocketed the policy, and left the good man, who, but a few short months before, pronounced him dying with consumption. Both doctor and applicant are yet living side by side in the same city, but no reference has ever been made to the game the latter played thirty years ago.

A Good One on General Fitzhugh Lee.

General Lee served gallantly through the war, engaging in many of the fiercest battles of the Rebellion. He had three horses shot from beneath him at Winchester, and was responsible for the Confederate victory at Chancellorsville. In the many stories which are told concerning him he is at times confounded with his cousin, Gen. Robert E. Lee's son, Gen. W. H. Fitzhugh Lee, who was also a cavalry officer. On the day before the Confederate armies surrendered to Grant at Appomattox, Fitzhugh Lee headed a last cavalry charge at Farmville, the last battle in which the army of Northern Virginia engaged. He was opposed to General Cook in the engagement, and won quite an advantage. One of the famous old war stories about him is in connection with the surrender, which came next day. When he was proceeding dejectedly away from Appomatox, after "the cause" was lost, he met a graycoat hastening to join his regiment.

"Never mind, old man," said General Lee, "you're too late now. Lee has surrended. You'd better go home."

"What's that?" demanded the soldier. "Lee has surrendered!"

"Yes, that's right," was the answer.

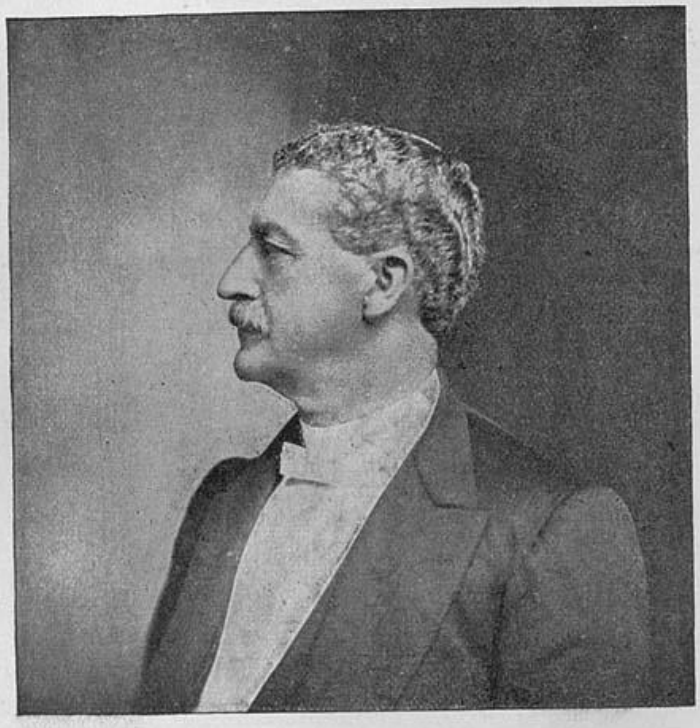
For a moment the soldier stood silent, and a tear trickled down his cheek. Then he blurted out:

"You can't make me believe Uncle Robert has surrendered. It must have been that —— —— Fitzhugh Lee."

Food for Sharks.

BY L. T. DICKINSON.

Upon a bleak chilly night, at the beginning of November, 1864, about 3,000 sick and wounded Confederate prisoners of war were loaded on transports at Point Lookout—a Federal prison at the junction of the Chesapeake bay and Potomac river, Md., prepara-



L. T. DICKINSON.
Adjutant N. B. Forrest Camp, U. C. V., Chattanooga, Tenn.

tory to their departure for Savannah, Ga., where they were to be exchanged. Over a thousand were put upon the Cunard steamer "Northern Light."

A more helpless set of poor miserable wretches never gathered together. Those whose bodies had escaped mutilation by shot and shell suffered from some dire disease. Over one-third of the number had to be carried up the steep steps of the ship, then

down, through hatchway after hatchway, to the hold, where they were placed in narrow bunks, built so close together as to barely leave room to pass between.

It seemed almost impossible for human nature to survive in such an atmosphere, reeking, as it was, with the pestilential breath and exhalations of hundreds of fevered sufferers. Four other vessels were loaded in the same manner. The fleet then steamed down to Hampton Roads, where it anchored for several

Food for Sharks.

days, to give the soldiers and sailors an opportunity to vote at the Presidential election, after which it put to sea, and headed for Savannah.

Deaths occurred every day on each ship. As high as five bodies in one day went over the bulwarks of the "Northern Light."

Sharks, those scavengers of the sea, followed in the wake of each ship. Such a treat hadn't come their way for many a day.

No ceremony was attached to the death and burial of a prisoner; the body was scarcely cold before it was enveloped in a coarse

blanket, with a shot at the feet, and cast into the sea. Surrounding the spot where the body plunged into the cold depths could be seen flecks of white, where the shark churned the dark waters to a foam, and the glimmer of a white belly, as it darted to the spot—a moment later a crimson hue tinges the emerald—a fragment of blanket rises to the surface and floats out of sight forever.

Not a prayer was heard, not a hymnal note,
As the corpse to the billows was hurried;
Naught save the sob of the sea marked the spot
Where our martyred soldier was buried.

On November 21st the fleet anchored off Fort Pulaski, at the mouth of the Savannah river. The next day, Sunday, the survivors of that dreadful voyage were cared for by the hospitable citizens of Savannah.

Adventures of Bill Ettenworthy.

BY V. Y. COOK, A BOY SOLDIER.

Afterward Major-General Arkansas State Guards and Adjutant-General U. C. V.; now Colonel of Second Arkansas U. S. Volunteer Infantry in the war with Spain.

BILL OFFICIATES AT THE FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF HIS RIVAL.

Bill Ettenworthy was an Epicurean, without an equal, perhaps, in either army. He was small of stature, but it seemed that his very bones were hollow and made especially for repositories of rations. It was wonderful the amount this fellow could eat; three days' rations at one meal was a frequent occurrence. But, regardless of the scarcity of rations or the kind of menu, Bill was never despondent; even in great extremities of adversity, he was always cheerful to the fullest extent of his good soldierly qualities.

He was an all-round fellow, perfectly adjustable to any emergency, either the ridiculous or the loftiest conception of solemnity. It mattered not to Bill; he was always equal to the occasion when an exigency required, and as punctilious as a French dancing master when in the presence of ladies.

He was on easy, if not the very best, terms with the entire regiment, except perhaps one man, whom Bill always distrusted,

and, doubtless, because this fellow was the only rival he had in making away with such enormous quantities of food. This fellow was large of stature, weighing not less than three hundred pounds, young, tall and vigorous, but otherwise somewhat out of shape, his waist measure being sixty inches, while his breast measure was scarcely forty, hence the sobriquet of Old Celine attached to him from the very beginning of his army service, and it stuck until Abraham tooted his horn. He was perfectly at home in the art of foraging the country round about camp. Rain or shine, his nocturnal visits were made with such a degree of regularity, force and frequency that these sallies greatly taxed

VIRGIL Y. COOK.
As a Private, Aged Sixteen.

the endurance of the good people among whom he was wont to forage, and it was on one of these excursions that he came within a scintilla of losing his life. In fact, many of the sturdy soldiers with whom he served, Bill among the number, thought he had heard his last tattoo. Of a morose temperament, he had gone forth from camp that morning, light-hearted and with an empty reservoir. Going to a farm-house, from which the family was absent, and finding ready-cooked victuals in abundance, Old Celine "lit into" the job of feasting, and ate until he fell exhausted upon the floor, where he remained unconscious until the

return of the family, who were perfectly horrified to find what they supposed was a dead man, and whom they at once discerned to be a soldier. Soon all the surgeons of the various regiments were in consultation over the prostrate form, when the discovery was made that it was a case of catalepsy, superinduced by the deglutition of a dozen or so young chickens; for he had, previous to entering the residence, flushed a setting hen, and at once proceeded to dispatch the eggs, or the chickens in embryo. As soon as possible a stomach pump was put to work, the patient having been removed to the field hospital, where the entire command turned out to see the performance and the extraction of the live chickens from the stomach of one of their fellow-soldiers, many of whom still persisted that their comrade was dead and that these applications were useless and needless—Bill among that number. Not liking Old Celine, he insisted that, in the absence of the chaplain, and at the earnest solicitation, as he said, of the Colonel, he was there to officiate at the funeral obsequies, which invitation, he said, he had accepted somewhat reluctantly, but without the slightest hesitation. Bill simulated sorrow, but, in fact, he was joyous, for he reckoned, with an imagination which knew no doubt, that his most dangerous rival had been removed, and henceforth his task as a forager would be very much lightened.

He began the obsequies by saying that, if he had been called upon at any other time than the present one to eulogize his dead comrade, he would have compared him to that well known ophidian which is characterized by an elongated, tessellated, squamous form, without anterior members, and moves by flexions of its body and motions of its ribs, for he said the dead soldier had all the characteristics of the ophidian, being diurnal nocturnal and crepuscular in his habits; and yet, he said the subject of this dissertation was more like the suilline, which was graminivorous, herbivorous, gregarious, viviparous and carnivorous, and that the dead pilgrim when alive was best in pseudology, in which he was learned to a degree unsurpassed, though his phraseless tongue was now harmless.

Bill chastised all acts of the forager as unbecoming a good soldier, and extolled the qualities of an obedient soldier, who, he said, was equiparable in virtue to the godly; and while Old Celine attempted to enecate the young chickens which did not belong to him, which was in bad taste, he was, nevertheless and notwithstanding, comparatively an honest man, never having stolen anything of

which he was aware other than these chickens, a few turkeys perhaps, five dollars in money from his Captain, a pair of boots from a dead Yankee and a night gown from an old lady, which he altered to suit his purposes as a shirt, using the surplus for pocket handkerchiefs.

With all this, and perhaps more, he said, Old Celine was an excellent soldier when it came to fighting, mounted or on foot, in the trenches or upon the skirmish line, he always did well his full duty and more, too; for when upon the latter, and an order was given to deploy, if an exigency required it, Old Celine would lie flat upon the ground, stretching himself parallel with the line of the enemy's fire, and behind him his comrades would shield themselves as completely as if in a bomb-proof fortress, for his was like the corrugated hide of a rhinoceros, which many bullets had struck but none had ever penetrated. He closed his exhortation by singing a few stanzas in long meter, in which many of his comrades joined as follows:

Soldiers, you have lost your shield;
And many of you will die on the field.

"HALT! AND SURRENDER."

A few days before the battle of Price's Cross Roads, where Forrest annihilated Sturgis' Federal column on the 10th of June, 1864, Bill Ettenworthy and five comrades were out on a buttermilk scent, on the right flank of Forrest's moving column, and, not being aware of the proximity of the Federals, rode boldly into the village of Blackland, in quest of that beverage so fondly cherished by cavalrymen, and right into the midst of the Second New Jersey Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Kerge, which had been detached from Sturgis' column to break the Mobile Railroad in Forrest's rear. Bill and his comrades, upon discovering the Federals, wheeled about and dashed down a declivity at a break-neck speed, the Federals firing and advancing as rapidly as their horses, in their jaded condition, could carry them, yelling at the top of their voices, "Halt! and surrender."

Bill was riding a flea-bitten, one-eyed, sway-backed mare, which he called "Molly," which, at the bottom of the descent above mentioned, turned a somersault, throwing Bill headlong into the dust, which was above shoe-mouth deep. Rising quickly, he gathered a brush, with which he whipped poor "Molly," as he was afterwards wont to say, under close fire of the advancing

Federals, up the almost precipitous hill, at the top of which the Confederates left the main road, and thereby escaped further pursuit.

Bill turning a somersault in the dust.

In speaking of it afterwards, Bill always said "Molly fell purposely, and just to show those Federals that she could get up when down."

MARRIED AN ORFANT.

In the early days of September, 1864, General Forrest made his celebrated Middle Tennessee raid, smashing things in Sherman's rear and playing havoc generally with the designs of that general of the Federal Army.

Upon Forrest's return to Corinth, Miss., he found that the Federal raider, General B. H. Greason, had raided North Mississippi during his absence, cutting the Mobile & Ohio railroad at several places between Okolona and Corinth, thereby causing a scarcity of rations for a few days, and during that period his troopers were compelled to subsist upon scant half rations.

In the meantime General Forrest came to division headquarters, which were located in the field, to consult General Buford upon some military move, during which interview Bill Ettenworthy planted himself upon a log, some fifty feet from where the generals were confabbing. Pulling an old letter from his pocket, which he pretended to read, at the same time crying, almost to

the top of his voice, exclaiming: "Oh, my poor wife! my poor wife! Just to think that she is up in Kentucky starving, and me here living on the fat of the land!" and, continuing, said: "If I was only permitted to divide with her, my happiness would be unbounded."

At the same time the tears were streaming down his cheeks, as if he were in mortal distress. Finally he attracted the attention of the officers, his prime desire, when General Forrest approached and accosted him as follows: "Hasn't your wife any relatives

"Bill planted himself on a log."

to whom she could apply for assistance?" "No, General, she haint; I married an orfant; she haint got no kin; she never saw her mother, poor child; her mother died before she was born; she is prothumous."

At this General Forrest turned and walked away, convinced that he was a victim of a joke, but nevertheless satisfied that no nostalgic genius would ever generate where that soldier grazed.

A Feast Enjoyed.

In the summer of 1864 a subaltern, with a detachment of thirty-two enlisted men, camped for the night near the residence

of a well-to-do farmer in North Alabama. Among the detachment was a sprightly soldier, whom we shall call Bill Ettenworthy, who was quite an Epicurean and somewhat of a wag, who, at the supper table, became involved in a discussion with the hostess, in reference to the termination of the war, favorable, of course, to the Confederacy.

During the discussion the hostess asked him if he still had hopes of England and France acknowledging our independence, to which he replied: "Certainly, madam, France has already done so, and is now marshaling her forces, arranging to repeat what the Marcus de Lafayette did in 1777. Why, madam, he is at this time marching a force of 118 Frenchmen to our assistance armed with Whitworth rifles, who are now crossing the Atlantic Ocean on a pontoon bridge."

The lady, who seemed to be intelligent enough, was so carried away with the thought that France was to interpose in our behalf, that she failed to note the ridiculous reply, and thinking that her guest was so well informed, and being desirous to know from what source this soul-cheering information came, asked him his rank, name, and to whose command he belonged, to which he promptly replied: "To General Forrest's, if I was not the man myself." Whereupon the lady seemed perfectly dumfounded, and could scarcely realize that she had been entertaining so noteworthy a guest, and next morning, after the detachment departed thence, Bill Ettenworthy's haversack, saddle-bags and all available space were found to be literally packed with chicken, ham, flour, bread, etc., and the pseudo general was perfectly exalted with visions of felicity, and the detachment feasted like birds for three full days, for the pseudo had been very confiding to the hostess as to his future military operations, but in strict secrecy.

A Bill for Damages Against General Forrest.

At one of General Forrest's battles in West Tennessee, in the winter of 1862, a battalion of his cavalry, in forming a line of battle, demolished an ash-hopper belonging to an old lady who chanced to live in that vicinity.

Some fifteen months later, as General Forrest was passing that way accompanied by a division of his cavalry, Bill Ettenworthy, on hearing the old lady bitterly complaining about her losses, persuaded her to upbraid General Forrest, and demand pay for the ash-hopper, which she proceeded to do in genuine

rural style. Bill told her he was a lawyer, and that he would, for a small retainer, guarantee the collection of damages, upon the presentation to General Forrest of a bill for the same, which Bill drew, and the old lady at once presented to the General.

The bill read as follows:

The claimant, Liza Livingston, is entitled to damages in the sum of one thousand dollars in Confederate money for losses sustained at the battle of ———, in the total deprivation of her only ash-hopper, worth the above amount; that one Mr. Forrest and his critter company, through unmitigated carelessness of the former, in forming a "streak of fight" with one of his critter companies in the claimant's back yard, did then and there willfully and wantonly demolish the said ash-hopper, as also her garden fence, and left the premises without reimbursing the said claimant therefor, who, through her attorney "de bonus non," demands the above-mentioned sum of money; otherwise, the claimant will garnish the Confederate States paymaster and have the salary of the aforesaid general paid her, or so much thereof as her attorney may adjudge necessary to compensate the claimant in the full liquidation of said claim, with interest and cost of this action, and that the said attorney "de bonus non" have a lien on said claim for his fee, to the amount of one hundred per centum per annum of said one thousand dollars until paid, and attorney's fees and other expenses in collecting. Should suit be brought, and the said attorney prays that an order may be granted, holding the debris of said ash-hopper in escrow, as additional collateral until the attorney's fee herein and as above stated is fully paid, and that the said debris be held also as corroborating evidence of the damage sustained by the aforesaid claimant.

BILL ETTENWORTHY, of Co. Q,
Attorney in Fact for Liza Livingston.

ACTING SURGEON.

Bill Ettenworthy was lounging about regimental headquarters one evening, when a fellow soldier presented himself for the surgeon's certificate, exempting him from duty, claiming indisposition as the cause.

The surgeon being temporarily absent, Bill readily availed himself of the opportunity to pose as a doctor, and proceeded to diagnose the case and pass upon its merits. He felt the patient's pulse, examined his tongue, had him to stand upon one foot, then upon the other, and finally upon his head; thumped him severely in the ribs with his fist, and wrote the following exemption:

This is to certify that Private John Calleho, of the Nine Hundred and Sixty-Eighth Florida Volunteer Infantry, is suffering of conjunction of the stomach and bowels, caused by the acute affluence of poverty, superinduced by the confluence of circumstances and conduced by a morbidly frequent use of the muscular organ subserving the purpose of prehension of aliments, and threatened with ferminity which may terminate in abrasion of the mental

facility. He will not be able for duty for thirty days previous to the date of this superscription.

WILLIAM ETTENWORTHY,
Acting Assistant Special M. D.

ON FURLOUGH—HAS TROUBLE AT A HOTEL, AND HOW HE LEFT IT.

In the summer of 1864, Bill Ettenworthy obtained a brief respite of ten days, and, after purloining his Second Lieutenant's uniform coat, proceeded to Mobile, where, as Bill put it, he was going to live a city life and see the ins and outs of that city while time lasted.

Putting up at a first-class hotel, he felt at the office for rates per day, and was answered as follows: In gold, fifty cents; in Confederate money, fifty dollars. Bill had five dollars in gold and five hundred in Confederate money, and thought it a strange coincidence that either would keep him during his allotted time, and could not refrain from asking the host why such wholesale discrimination was made against the money for which he was fighting, and was told that one had appreciated and the other depreciated; but Bill could not appreciate such an explanation; in fact, he could not comprehend that his question had been answered. But he wisely decided to exhaust his Confederate fund first, and at once consummated the deal by which he was to have three full meals per day for ten days, paying for the same in advance; and, as the noon-day meal was there in readiness, Bill was ushered into the spacious dining-hall, where pretty waitresses, in white aprons, were ready to cater to his overtaxed appetite. Seated by a comfortable window, Bill began to scrutinize the bill of fare, and, espying thereon "oatmeal," asked if they "had oats in the sheaf, and, if so, to bring him a whole shock, which, in the diggins 'round about where he was raised, was twelve bundles," adding, that what he could not eat his horse could; that he was accustomed to divide his provender with his horse; that he and his horse were congenial, and frequently ate ten roasting ears each at a meal, and complained that he saw no fodder for dessert.

A pretty girl explained to him their formula of oatmeal, saying that starch and the ordinary red clay, in equal proportions, were the principal ingredients, and that the coffee was made from pure sweet potatoes and the syrup from sorghum cane, when Bill innocently asked if the "breeze had been extracted from the potatoes," and how was their milk manufactured? The young lady confessed that their lacteal beverage was made principally of

starch-water and cream of tartar. After the first course was finished, Bill wiped his mouth on the tablecloth, pushed his plate aside and sighed because he could eat no more. He was now surrounded by a bevy of girls, all of whom seemed anxious to serve their inquisitive guest, and, approaching him quite closely, asked him if he was ready for a change; to which Bill replied, thinking of his five-dollar gold piece, and that he had already eaten up the fifty dollars, that he had more money, but thought they were in a great hurry, that he could pay his bill at the office if an excess was to be charged for what he had eaten. The young lady, in her embarrassment, attempted to explain that it was only a change of dishes to which she referred, when Bill asked for ten minutes in which to rest before proceeding with what he termed the second layer.

At this juncture, the host and hostess appeared upon the spot, accompanied by a photographer, who began to adjust his camera for the purpose of taking some sketches in the dining-hall, when Bill, mistaking the instrument for what he called a hand battery, gathered a handful of napkins which lay near by, sprang through a window, striking terra firma at a run, and proceeded, as fast as his legs could carry his heavily laden body, to place as great a space as possible between himself and Mobile; and, to this day, Bill cannot comprehend but that his life was saved at that eventful time by putting into execution the old adage that "He who bravely runs away, may live to run another day."

BILL STILL ON FURLOUGH—SEES FORT MORGAN, AND WHAT BEFELL HIM THERE—VISITS HIS WIFE—RETURNS TO HIS COMMAND—FORGES AN ORDER—END OF WAR.

Bill Ettenworthy, being at Mobile with a furlough almost exhausted, and after seeing the sights round about the city, said: "Now I must see Fort Morgan, then I will sail for my command in North Mississippi."

Arriving at Fort Morgan, just as the garrison was going into line of battle, the Federal fleet and land forces having approached the fort to a dangerously close proximity for its safety, Bill, who wore a suit of officer's clothes, brand-new, but without insignia, approached the Colonel commanding the fort, and, with an air of majestic lordliness, said: "I am Captain Bill Ettenworthy. Have you any spar' guns? They say the Yankees are just rarin' an' tarin' out thar." The Colonel glanced his keen eyes at Bill's physiognomy, and, quickly sizing him up, said: "I know you

now. Here is a Belgium rifle, with a sword bayonet" [the largest gun then made]; "take it and fall into line on the left of that line of battle there."

Bill persisted that he was not treated with the dignity to which his rank entitled him, took the gun and commanded: "By the right flank, trail arms, march!" Falling in, as it appeared, by accident, in the very midst and by the side of some ten or fifteen of the tallest soldiers in the fort, he swung into line, his sword bayonet striking several of the soldiers upon their legs, causing blood to flow freely, coming into line and dressing up at an order arms, at which the Colonel railed out, "Come to a shoulder arms." (Hardie). But Bill persisted that he was unable to shoulder his great gun. "And besides," he said, "we are only here to show them Yankees that the fort is still in our possession. Look, Colonel, don't you see that while the breech is on the ground the bayonet is in the sky?" And almost in the same breath he asked the Colonel for something to eat, to which the Colonel replied: "Go to my tent" [which was near by]; "there you will find a meat-skin, which I have been using for a week to grease my sword and pistols. I will give you three minutes to go and return to your position in line of battle." Bill replied that meat in any form would be a sweet morsel to him, and went forthwith, if not sooner, procured the coveted prize, and, being ambidextrous in the art of legerdemain, rolled the meat-skin in a small bundle, and swallowed it in the presence of the whole command.

In the meantime the Federal land force advanced, while the fleet in the bay opened fire upon the fort, which Bill said looked like toys in a tub of water, blowing soap-sud bubbles, in which sport, when a boy, he was wont to engage. During the bombardment, which was terrific in its noise, Bill ordered his company of one (himself) to advance close up to the parapet, and, leveling his old Belgium in the direction of the gunboats, pulled the trigger, when a loud and deafening report followed. The gun pitched forward out of the fort, and Bill was knocked several feet rearward, the meat-skin he had pretended to swallow blowing several feet further. Bill, rising to his feet, looking around, took in the situation and exclaimed: "A breech-loader, Colonel!" The Colonel approached with the meat-skin, when Bill again pretended to swallow it, rubbed his hands over his breast and said: "Meat-skins are too valuable to be wasted in that wise."

The battle over, Bill procured his gun, and, being permitted

by the commandant to take it with him, came straightway through Mobile, up the Mobile & Ohio Railroad to Egypt station, where Forrest's "Horsepital" was located, forged an order for a horse, which he rode into camp with his gun slung upon his back, infantry style; told the boys of his escapade at Fort Morgan, when the gun was thenceforth and until the surrender called "Ettenworthy's Battery."

Bill, previous to coming to his command, rode across the country, a few miles from Egypt, to see his wife, for he had married some time before, and, as he said, for three years or during the war, and was often heard to say thereafter, that marriage was the means of grace, for it broke down pride and brought about repentance.

But of all the trials through which Bill passed, the greatest was when his first child, a son, was born. On receipt of such information—for a rumor was sent straightway to the army to conduct Bill to the scene of action—he immediately sought and obtained a furlough for five days, his command being camped near his wife's residence. When he started on his weary journey, accompanied by his guide, and much against his will, to see the newborn youngster, meditating how he was to face such a trying ordeal, he first thought of playing sick, but he knew that to perfect such a scheme would be expensive, for salt enough to produce an emetic on Bill would cost five hundred dollars. Finally a happy thought flashed upon his vision, that, although he was a teetotaler (a rarity in the army), he readily decided to feign a state of intoxication upon his arrival at his father-in-law's, where his wife lived, and by the time he reached there he was so drunk it was found expedient to put him immediately to bed, where he remained in a semi-comatose condition all that day and night. The next morning the newly-made grandfather, who was also a soldier and at home on a furlough for the occasion, made Bill face the music by marching him up to see the young mother and child. Bill was still drunk, however, and when forced to confront his wife, who upraided him severely, saying that he ought to be ashamed of such conduct, and that he had better do something for the child, which she said was awful sick, and knew that it would die. Whereupon Bill replied: "Now, Annette, Katherine (Dolbury) Ettenworthy, hain't I done all I can for the youngster, leaving my command to honor him with my presence; and, besides, I will kill it a birdie, lend it a dime and buy it a knife, and what more can I do? And, besides, this is an awful business to be born of

a woman in sich a time as this, and I assure you that we won't be bothered with another, if only you will let me have my way about it, and besides it is much better to be a gal baby when sich a war is in our land."

Bill was with his command, and participated with his usual gallantry in the Selma campaign, which ended Forrest's series of brilliant campaigns, and at the surrender at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865, he stole away from his regiment, and with a forged order from General Maury, purporting to assign him and his battery to General Forrest's command, presented himself to General Canby as Captain William Ettenworthy, commanding Ettenworthy's Battery, and in that guise was paroled, securing thereby all the sidearms belonging to his company from capture, and which he afterwards returned to their proper owners. Bill still has that valuable parchment given him by General Canby, which he preserves as a souvenir and memento of those awful days when good men, as he says, were forced to do bad things.

He was still alive in 1898, and resided in northern Mississippi with his war wife, where he and his entire progeny are highly respected, and engaged in raising cotton and corn, and tooting his horn about silver and gold and things untold about that Civil War.

THE CREDULOUS WIDOW, OR HOW BILL DREW UP A DEED.

In the spring of 1865 the brigade to which Bill Ettenworthy belonged was cantoned at Artesia, Miss.

Rations were scarce, and the Confederate cause was overcast with nebulous forebodings of the approaching catastrophe. Still, Bill was in excellent spirits, and equal to any emergency.

Near by the Confederate bivouac lived a widow, whose credulity was without limit, and yet her farm, operated by willing hands, afforded a sufficiency to keep at bay the hungry wolf and with some to spare.

This widow owned an interest, by inheritence, in some feudal lands lying somewhere in the state of Louisiana, but where she did not know.

Near her lived a venturesome fellow in small deals, and who had lived in Louisiana, and being willing to buy the widow's land claim in that state, which, as he said, was like "unto a wild hog claim," a deal was soon agreed upon.

Bill Ettenworthy being present, played the *role* of a lawyer, and, as he afterwards said, "posed as an alliterator for the regi-

ment;" in fact, Bill was anything for something to eat, and, being possessed of an inexhaustible supply of wit, seldom went to bed without his supper.

For the professional or legal service which he was to render in this case he charged the grantee one hundred dollars (in C. S. A. currency) and the grantor his supper.

Terms agreed upon, Bill proceeded with his goosequill to draft the deed, of which the following is an exact copy:

"I, Lucy L. Langford, of the county of Londees, in the state of Louisiana, do hereby bargain and barter unto Philander Philpot, of Minatobia, Miss., and unto his children, and their children's children, unto the fourteenth generation, all my lands lying in the county of Londees and state of Louisiana.

"I cannot describe the land because I haven't the numbers at hand.

Drawing up a deed.

"The consideration of this contract being Confederate currency, I do not agree to warrant the possession of these premises, only in a general way, for fear the Federals, through our Uncle Abe, may "sot" their hearts on farming, should we fail to beat his blue-coated boys in battle, baffle his bailiffs, or bluff his burly negroes in after years.

"Nor do I, the said Philander Philpot, of Minatobia, Miss., agree to warrant the circulating qualities of this currency beyond the limited influence of Mr. Forrest's critter company.

"LUCY L. her X mark. LANGFORD.

"PHILANDER his X mark. PHILPOT."

CERTIFICATE OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT AND RECORD.

"I, the said William Ettenworthy, a private in Company Q, and ex-officio alliterator for the regiment, being duly sworn, deposes and says that the be-

foretaken instrument was signed, sealed and sworn to in my presence before possession was passed to these premises by the possessed to the possessor, and that the same is now duly recorded on the first page of my memory, there to be kept until Gabriel toots his horn.

"WILLIAM ETTENWORTHY,

"Belonging unto Company Q, and ex-officio alliterator for the regiment."

A Few Anecdotes.

BY GENERAL F. A. SHOUP.

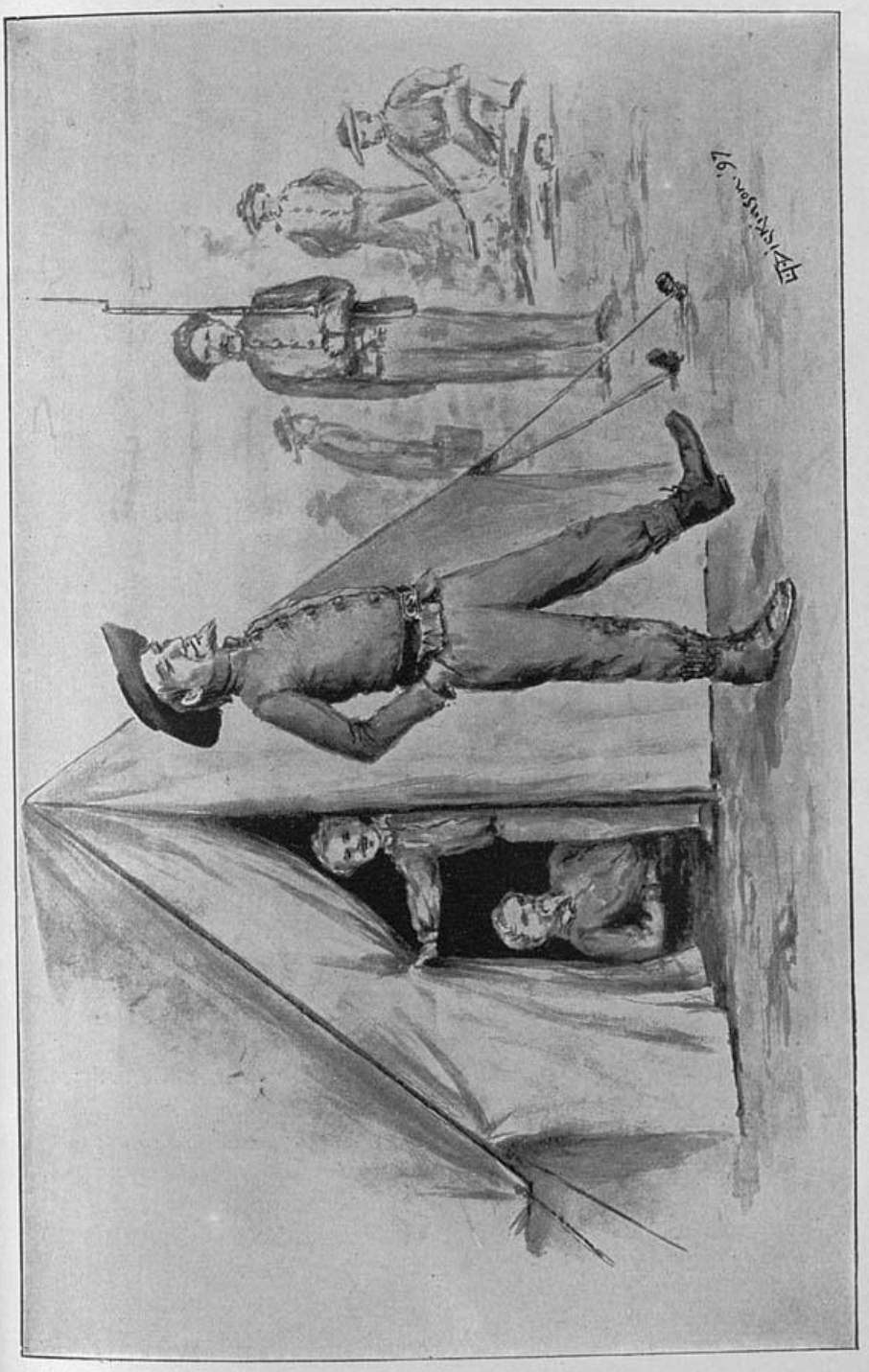
THE THANKFUL PRIVATE.

It was the night after the last day's battle at Shiloh. It rained horribly. General Hardee was fortunate enough to have a walled tent for himself and staff. We were all crowded into it,

BRIG.-GENERAL F. A. SHOUP.
[From a tintype taken in 1863.]

thankful to be out of the storm, when a long, gaunt soldier opened the tent flaps and asked if he could come in out of the rain. "No," said one of the young men, "this is General Hardee's tent." The poor fellow looked in wistfully for a moment and was just turning away, when the General said: "Oh, don't turn the poor wretch away, he can crouch down there in the corner. Let him come in."

The man shook the rain from his hat, and found a few feet of



He had "never slept with a Gineral afore."

unoccupied space, which he was not slow to appropriate. In the morning, when it just began to be light, he got up and went to the tent front, looked out, and then looked back in a state of perplexity. At last he said: "What do you charge for my night's lodging?" "Nothing," said one of the staff, "you are quite welcome." "Well," he said, "I didn't know. I never slept with a Gineral afore, and didn't know how it might be."

A CONFESSED COWARD.

At the siege of Vicksburg, shortly after we had got fairly in the trenches, the Colonel of one of my regiments came to me with a note in his hand, and asked me to read it. It was a pathetic appeal from a private of the Colonel's regiment, begging the Colonel not to force him out in the lines. He said that he had heard that a corporal's guard had been in town looking for him, but he implored the Colonel not to force him out on the lines, that he had to confess that he was a coward and couldn't stand fire. He went on to speak of the disgrace to himself and his family, but couldn't get up the courage to face the enemy.

I said to the Colonel: "Well, what are you going to do about it?" "Why," he said, "I am going to bring him out, or kill him." "Oh," I said, "the miserable wretch will be of no service here, you had better put him on some duty in town." "No," he said, "he shall come out and I'll make him stand fire."

The next day he came with another letter still more abject. He plead, for God's sake, not to force him under fire. He begged the Colonel to let him go to the small-pox hospital and attend the patients—to do anything—that he would die before he got to the lines. It was the most remarkable letter ever written. He wrote every word in a very good hand, and said he had always been considered a gentleman, but he was a coward, and couldn't stand the awful thought of being shot at.

I rather plead again for the miserable wretch, but the Colonel only laughed, and said he would get him if he had to send a company to find him After a while the Colonel did find him, and when he came upon the lines it was pitiful to see him. He dodged and crouched, trembling and moving. I never had more pity for a poor creature. In a few days I asked the Colonel how his man was getting on. "Oh," he said, "there has been the most amazing change come over him. He has got over his fright and is a first-rate soldier." Before this siege was over, he became

one of the most reckless and daring men in the ranks. It was necessary to restrain him constantly, and absolutely forbid him to expose himself. The men began by jeering him, but his daring won their respect, and he became quite popular at last. He would laugh at himself and say the Colonel had done him a great service by bringing him out of his fright.

General McNair's Defeat at the Ball.

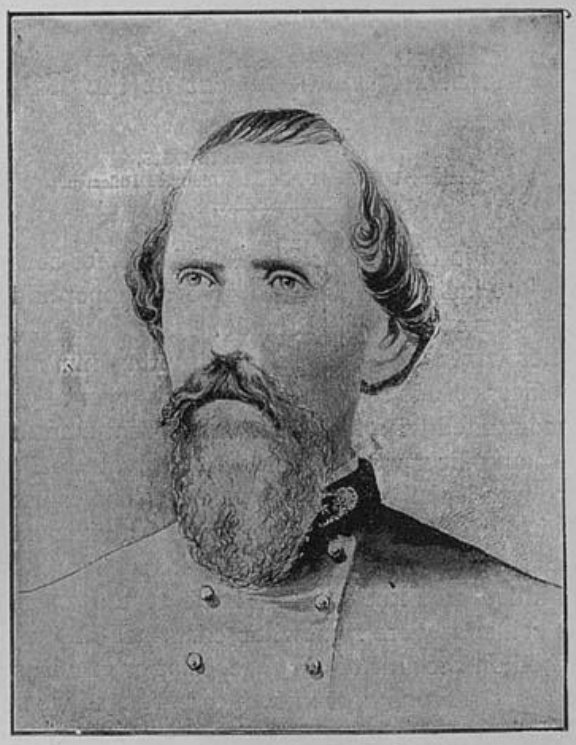
BY SAMUEL H. HARGIS,
Company D, Second Arkansas Mounted Riflemen.

We remained in camp near Brandon, Miss., for several weeks. While there the ladies concluded to give a supper and grand ball to the big officers of McNair's Brigade.

The ladies wrote General McNair, inviting him and the commissioned officers of his staff to attend this supper and ball. They were not acquainted with him, but, like a great many other fools, thought that an officer was better than a private soldier, and the people were wonderfully stuck on officers. The ladies, I reckon, were right in this, because it was a sign of awful poor judgment for a woman to fall in love with a private soldier; they were so apt to get killed, you know. But back to the anecdote. We, the private soldiers, were somewhat chagrined at the thought of being snubbed on account of our race, color or previous condition, or perhaps other reasons best known to ladies, so we fell to work advising and devising ways and means to let them know that a private was as good by nature, if not by practice, as officers. We procured an officer's uniform and sword, some of the regimental officers agreeing to help us out in this matter. On the evening of the ball we sent a spy into Brandon to get their plans. He reported that they had one man to act as boss or floor manager, and one as gate guard. The person interested in the ball knew General McNair personally. A private by the name of Charlie Gammon, who was the regimental clown, donned the officer's uniform and sabre, and lit out for the ball. Several of us went up to McNair's headquarters — to see him on urgent business and to keep him away from the ball till late. In the meantime Char-

ley had gone in and introduced himself as General McNair, and was having a gay old time. None of the people at the ball knew the difference except an officer, however, he kept "mum" to see the joke played out.

Suddenly the floor manager accosts "our" General McNair and tells him there is some one at the gate who claims to be General McNair, but that the guard refuses him admittance, and the floor manager wants to know what to do about it. Everybody



BRIG.-GENERAL EVANDER MCNAIR.
[From a war-time photograph.]

was as silent as the tomb for a moment. Finally Charlie broke the silence.

"Well, I declare, it is some of those private soldiers trying to raise a disturbance. Take three or four of your town guards and arrest him. Take him up town and guard him until morning. I will settle with him for this impudence. Go, now; do as I tell you, and pay no attention to anything he may say."

The boss went out with his guards and told the General to consider himself under arrest.

"What in the d—l do you mean?" says the General.

"Come, dry up, dry up. We won't have any of your impudence here. Lay hold of him, boys, and take him to the guard-house."

"Hold on, you —— fools, I am General McNair."

"Lay hold on him, boys, and take him on. General McNair is in the house enjoying himself for some time."

By this time the real General saw that a joke had been played upon him, and commenced to try to reason the matter with them.

"Why, fellows, don't you see that I am General McNair by my uniform?"

"Oh, you are a d—— l——; come on to the guard-house."

And to the guard-house he went. No amount of coaxing would convince them that he was the true general.

Charley danced all night. Next morning some of the officers went to the guard-house, identified the General and brought him up to camp. He offered $500 reward for the man that looked like him, but never found him.

Anecdotes of the War.

BY COLONEL PETER J. OTEY.

THE ONLY TIME STONEWALL JACKSON WAS FLANKED.

Stonewall Jackson was my professor four years just preceding the war, and many were the funny things which illustrated his character. When John Brown invaded Virginia the V. M. I. cadets were ordered to the county seat, Charlestown, Va., now West Virginia, to guard him, and were the guard of honor taking Brown to the gallows, and Stonewall Jackson, then Major Jackson, was in command.

When we passed through Washington, he being in charge of the artillery detachment, left his guns at the Baltimore depot, and took the detachment down to a little hotel not far therefrom to feed the boys and give them shelter for the night. He slept in the same room with them. Mr. John M. Otey, afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel on Beauregard's staff, was one of these boys. When he was about to go to bed he was placing his purse and his

watch under his head. Major Jackson seeing this said, "Mr. Otey, what are you doing?" Said Otey, "I am putting my valuables under my pillow." Said Jackson, "Now, Mr. Otey, do you not know that this is the most unsafe place you could put them; for if a burglar were to come in here the first place he would look for your valuables would be under your head." Said Otey, "That is no doubt true, Major, but it would be likely to awaken one," and, continuing, he said, "Well, Major, where do you put your watch?" "Well," said the Major, "not only is it the place the burglar would have for his objective point, but in the event that there was no burglar you are so much more apt to go away in the morning and leave them." Otey said that there was force in this, and again asked the Major what he did with his valuables. Said Jackson, "Well, I always put mine in my sock, because this is the last place that a burglar will suspect as being the receptacle for valuables, and again it is impossible to forget them, as the first thing you do on getting out of bed is to put on your socks." Otey followed the example of Jackson, and soon all were sound asleep. Early in the morning Jackson got up and went to the depot, leaving the boys asleep, and attended to having the guns put on flat cars for transportation to Harper's Ferry. After awhile the boys got up, ate their breakfast, which Jackson had taken care to order for them, and after they had finished, moved on toward the depot. Otey met Major Jackson returning. "Good morning, Major. Quite early; have you been to breakfast?" said Otey. Jackson replied, "Yes, sir," and nothing more. "Major, can I go back for you?" said Otey. "No, thank you," said Jackson. Otey, rather persistent, said: "Major, can I not do for you what you are going to do for yourself?" said Otey. "No, Mr. Otey; I left my watch, and I know exactly where I left that and my pocketbook both," Jackson rejoined. Otey, with a twinkle in his eye, said: "Major, I thought you always put your watch and purse in your sock because a burglar would not look there for valuables, and also because you could not forget them; so how is it that you came off without them?" Jackson saw that for once in his life he was flanked, and owned up as follows: "Yes, Mr. Otey, I did put them in my sock; but, Mr. Otey, I put on a clean pair of socks this morning, and in my hurry I left the dirty pair with my watch and purse in them under the bed. I'll be back in time for the train. The guns have all been put on the flats."

This was at the beginning of the war, before Sumter fell, and

Jackson told us at Charlestown, when we were standing in front of the gallows of John Brown, looking down the plains which stretched from the gallows down for a mile, nearly to the woods, as follows: "If the enemy should approach, they will probably come from that direction, in which event we will give them a round or two from the guns, and then put them to flight at the point of the bayonet."

CAPTURED OUR OWN MEN.

After the great battle of Cedar Creek, where I was commanding a brigade, there was, as you know, a great stampede in the afternoon. I was run over by the cavalry, as was my brigade,

"I watched with a great deal of anxiety."

and ordered to the rear. I took to the left, looking to our rear, and got across the river, and on the road leading to Front Royal, some twenty men, besides another officer and myself, got together. Our objective point was Massenutten Mountain. As we went down the road to Strausburg, before crossing the river, however, we were fired into, and hence our oblique movement across the river. The road, after crossing the river, was pretty straight, and ran through pines. We thought we were safe, and were proceeding leisurely down the road, when, all at once, we saw several Yankees, their blue coats identifying them, before the picket fire, which was now plainly visible. I was the ranking

officer in this crowd of fugitives. All the men had their guns, and I had urged them to keep them. As soon as I saw the pickets I suggested that we could get by them only one way, which was to capture them. So we divided, and the plan was that Captain ———, from Georgia (his name I now forget), would take a detachment of these men and make a circuit through the pines till he passed them, and circle back around in the road, and I, with the others, would conceal ourselves till he appeared in the road on the far side of the Yanks. The sod and pine leaves made the tread one of silence, and no sound was heard. I watched with a great deal of anxiety for the appearance of Captain ——— in the road beyond the Yanks. The signal was that he was to get out in the road beyond them, and I was then to jump suddenly from my hiding place, exhibiting the men with me and demand the surrender of the pickets, numbering about ten men. Finally I saw him, and I jumped out in the road and commanded them to surrender, using the same pleasant sobriquet applied to me by them but a few hours before, when I was run over by the cavalry. To my delight and surprise they held up their hands—at least the one who was standing as if on guard did—followed by the earnest protestations of the others that they surrendered.

With considerable pride I closed in on them to receive this surrender, and, to my greater surprise, they were all old Rebs, clad in the blue overcoats, to which they had fallen heir but a few hours before, as with victorious tread they had cleaned up Sheridan's camp, including his headquarters.

These are facts that I give you. There is nothing humorous about the recital, but the humor is in the preparation made to capture the Yanks, and the zest with which these old Rebs went at it, although then retreating before a victorious army, and the manifest disappointment when our gallant and heroic deed should be so suddenly turned into a joke. The Rebs thought we were Yanks, and hence surrendered; and we thought they were Yanks, hence tried to capture them.

A FAT CONSCRIPT.

Just as we were about to charge at the battle of Cedar Creek, at about gray day in the morning, I had noticed a very fat conscript, who, the evening before, had come to me and told me that he had a detail and expected to go to some bomb-proof in a day or so; that he had a letter from his congressman, saying that it

was on the way, and on this account begged me to send him to the rear; that he was too large to walk, and had never drilled, and it would be like murder to make him go in. I put a watch on him, because I knew he would desert. I was not far from him as we began the advance, and the enemy began shelling us, most of the shells ranging too high. One, however, burst immediately over this man. He was very corpulent. He fell as if dead, and his rotundity made him roll like a barrel; and, thinking he was hurt, I rode towards him, diverging a little in order to pass by him, but before I got to him I heard his voice in thunder tones, "God grant that I may never hear that sound again." He did not get up, but continued his prayer, and as it was no time to stop to get him up, as the shells began to strike with more effect, we rushed ahead in a run with our charge, and I never saw this man again. His prayer was answered no doubt; not that he was killed, but no doubt evaded the vigilance of the regiment and went to the Yankees.

I give these for what they are worth.

Magruder and the Private.

BY GENERAL J. W. FRAZER.

On our return from a demonstration near Newport News, our commander, General Magruder, dispatched his aide to order breakfast for himself and staff. When seated at the table, he discovered his *vis-a-vis* to be a private of the Louisiana Volunteers. Glancing at him for some time, without effect, the General said, in a stentorian voice: "Do you know with whom you are eating?" The private quietly replied: "Why, no; the fact is, since entering the army, I am not very particular as to whom I eat with," and coolly went on with his meal.

To fully appreciate the above, one should have been acquainted with our General, who was known in the old army as "Prince John"—but that is another story.

A Woman's Army Experience.

BY KATE LEE FERGUSON.

I was married during the war, and was one of the women brave enough, or foolish enough, to follow their husbands, learning to love the sound of cannon better than the cackle of hens in a farm yard. I hardly know where to begin my story, and must fain rake over the ashes of the brightest fires I have ever known. The brigade, commanded by my husband, was my only home for three years, and I grew to care for the army and our own men more than I can tell. My first experience was when the command was ordered into North Mississippi, I lead a rough-and-tumble life; on horseback or rolled up in a blanket.

The staff were very kind to me, often sharing their food and covering with me. When General Johnson reviewed the troops at Pontotoc we were all together, and Gen. S. D. Lee was there, too. The people in that part of the country were very inhospitable to us, and I had to take refuge in the old hotel that the generals had made headquarters. There were only three rooms in the building. In one they stowed the saddles; the staff slept in the other, and the third was used as a mess hall. In this last was a long dismal-looking table, a few chairs and the biggest of fireplaces; three or four dirty windows lit the whole most imperfectly. It was here the generals looked over dispatches and planned the coming campaign while I curled myself up behind an old trunk, and played checkers with a "cousin Billy" till I fell asleep with my head upon my arm and dreamed of a far better campaign than they ever planned or executed. Pontotoc is a beautiful place. There is a high bluff from which the road descends, winding far below and then up again for a long distance.

I remember well the morning I left the command—they were to go into Tennessee on a short raid, while I returned to Okalona. As I drew rein upon this eminence and waited for my ambulance to overtake me, my eye was turned to view the scenery before me as slowly the brigade moved into line, and through the valley at my feet like a great serpent it wound, while the soft rays of the November sun shone brightly against its countless guns and gleaming sabres. A slight frost lingered o'er hillside and field, which enhanced the beauty of it all. As thus the whole passed

before me like a gorgeous panorama, a feeling of love and pride rushed o'er my heart, and I breathed a blessing for them as I turned and galloped away. It was at this time that I went to Mobile, where my brother-in-law lay ill of a dangerous wound. There I met the vain and dainty Col. Slaughter, who thought more of a woman's smile than of a victory. I took good care to keep well away and watch the "slaughter" from afar.

Before I again joined the command I had one or two adven-

BRIG.-GEN. SAMUEL W. FERGUSON, OF MISSOURI.
[From a photograph taken in 1863.]

tures, also made some lasting friends. After a while we got orders to fall back, and it was at Jackson that I first met young Wade Hampton, who has ever been most dear to my memory. "My old Mamma Kitty" was my constant companion; many a weary day she "bumped" along in the ambulance or lay beside me at the camp fire; and, blessings on her old heart! she still lives to tell my little ones the wonders of the camp, while her black hands tuck them in their beds.

My old friend, Judge Dickson, was a refugee at Demopolis, and I once stayed with the family. I dare say there still lives many a soldier of the South who remembers his noble heart. He had a son in the army, and he did not forget that others were there too. No weary gray coat ever appealed to him in vain, and all through his hard struggles to keep his large family from want, he ever had a crust to spare for them. And many a time he would take from his own bed the covering for them. One night a dozen gay fellows came to beg a lodging, so they went to rest in the room above his own. Now, the Judge possessed a beautiful and much prized buffalo robe, all lined with scarlet, dear to the hearts of himself and wife, for his children had played upon it in health, and been hushed to peaceful slumber beneath its soft folds, many, many a time. In the goodness of his heart he laid it over the sleeping soldiers. When the early dawn came they crept one by one through his room, never waking him as they went away, carrying the robe with them. For a long time he could not believe that they really meant to keep it, and said to his wife: "They took it in a frolic, Jule, and I am sure they will, some day, bring it back." But "Mrs. Jule" knew better, and never more did they see it.

It was a few months later that I had a little adventure in Demopolis. I use to ride out on my mare, Juanita; every evening she was brought in from the camp for me, and one of the Judge's young sons would accompany me. It was about the last of May, 1863, one bright afternoon, that I, in this lad's company, rode out. Returning, we took a short cut home through a shady lane, running along by an old field. A gate was before us, and as the boy galloped ahead to open it, a soldier sprang over the fence just behind me, and, seizing my horse by the bridle, exclaimed: "Hold on, your girth is loose!" The next moment he had turned her so as to place her body between himself and my escort, and as he did this, I observed that he held a dispatch in his disengaged hand. Like a flash, he slipped it under my saddle, at the same time whispered my name; then turning, leaped back into the field, all unseen by the boy, who had his back to us.

I did not have an opportunity to examine the papers until after I went to my room that night. You see, people had to be very careful during the war, and could not be seen reading papers that looked official, but that is hard for one to understand now, unless they had been through what we have.

Well, I at last opened these papers, which I found were di-

rected, quite plainly, to myself, with a request that I deliver the enclosed dispatch to Gen. Polk, who was then in command at that point. The writer said that he had left the papers unsealed so that I might read them, which I certainly did. They were signed with the single letter "H", and written closely on official paper, bearing the American eagle and stamped at Washington. As near as I can remember it told me this: "That it was sent through the blockade at Mobile, and that on a 'certain' night in June the blockade would be weakened at three ports, namely, Charleston, Savannah and Mobile." There was a good deal besides, which I do not remember now, so long ago. Closing the seal, I laid it by until the morrow. The next morning I went to where Gen. Polk had his headquarters. I was obliged to ask two ladies I knew to go with me, "seemingly" for a walk and to look at the grounds of Gen. Whitfield's, where Polk had his headquarters. We gained admittance at the massive gates on the plea of wanting to see the grounds, and while my two friends were chatting on a rustic seat I made my way to the house. When I reached the front door I encountered a rather apish page, who, when I told him that I wished to see the General, said: "Oh, he is at dinner."

"Then one of his staff," I said.

I was shown into a small room a few steps from where I stood. I saw a finely dressed young officer reading near a window. He laid aside his book, and came towards me in a most indifferent and indolent way. "Can I see the General?" I asked.

"He is dining," and he turned away.

"I have a dispatch for him," I said.

"Let me see it," and he held out his hand.

I took it from my pocket and gave it to him. He broke the seal, and after reading it, slowly said, with a cool assurance:

"It is no account." Then he put it in his pocket, and was about to button his coat securely, when I stopped him.

"Very well," I said, "if it is of no importance, you will please return it to me," and I eyed him steadily, while he hesitatingly undid his coat, and with a very bad grace, put the papers in my hand.

When I was well out of the room I did not know what to do, but felt determined not to be baffled, so I walked slowly down the long and handsome hall, and soon came in view of the dining room, situated at the end of a passage leading to my right; a few steps brought me to it, and as I stood in the gloom of the fast

"I tore to fragments the secret dispatch, and cast them on the dark waters beneath my feet."

gathering twilight, I could see well into where a gay party surrounded the table. The late rays of the departing sun streamed through the large windows and flooded wine and dessert. Several ladies were there, and with his back toward me the General swung idly at his ease with a glass of red wine in his hand, smiling on the woman at his side. I was going to speak when he turned his face so that the light fell upon it, and I know not why, but a hopeless feeling, a lack of faith in the man before me, came into my heart, which "dumbed" me as I stood. So much did this feeling possess me that I gathered up my long dress and went away—yes, stole out into the coming dew, walking rapidly to a lonely bridge that spanned a stream at the foot of the garden. I leaned over its low railing and tore to fragments the "secret dispatch" and cast them on the dark waters beneath my feet, while foolish, angry tears blinded me as I hurried home. I never knew who sent those papers, but try to guess, and sometimes I think I know, and am sorry I never delivered them. God knows, they might have turned the tide for us even then.

Once or twice, during the war, I was in Charleston, South Carolina. It was my husband's home, so I went to visit his family there. I well remember the breezy, quaint old city, where a few of us were brave enough to stay and dance while the shells went over our heads, exploding in the street beyond, quite near enough to throw their light over us. Even yet, I seem to hear their "weird" sound of "wher's you! wher's you! as they sped above us.

When the brigade was on the march I was always sent ahead of the command, starting at early dawn, riding away with some one of the staff, and my husband's last words, "Don't let the column overtake you." Well did I know if it did how disagreeable it would be, for I would then have to spend the day with the wagon-train.

I recall, with pleasure, those long rides, my love for the soldiers and the cries of greeting they so often gave me. It was not the officers and staff alone who thought of me, but frequently from among the men I received little presents or attention. It was in the spring when we were ordered into Alabama, that one of them gave me a little squirrel, who rode for a long time on my shoulder, and was the pet of the whole staff. Alas! he hung himself one bright day from the string around his neck from the limb of a tree. I often look back on that grief as a great one.

In Tuscaloosa we were very handsomely treated, and I never

forgot my visit there. A bit of fun happened to me when we were in that neighborhood. I had stopped one day in the rear of the command, and the aide de camp, young Gray Field, remained with me. The next morning we started to join the brigade. After a while we discovered that we had lost our way, and the sun was far down the horizon when we realized the fact of no dinner. At length we came to a "wee bit" of a cottage, with a woman standing in the door. Field went over the stile to ask for something to eat, and got the reply that "she had done dinner." "But give us something," he said, "for we are starving, my good soul."

"I ain't got nothing, and who's dat gal out there?"

Field looked desperate, and then said: "Why, she's—my—wife."

"Lord-a-massy! Bless my heart!" exclaimed the woman, running into the house. "I is got some apples, and here they be," so she brought out a lap full. "Is you got any child'ens?" she asked, as she gave them to Gray.

"Yes; 'bout six," and he laughed.

"Six!" cried the woman. "Six! and you both look like child'en yourselves. Here, honey, eat one for every chick you got," and she shoved the apples at me. "Lord-a-massy," she repeated, "got six child'en. Just look at her! She dress like a soldier! Got long, tumble-down brown hair! Hat hang on her back. Blue eyes; red cheeks! Look like gal, herself, and—got six child'en." We rode away, and could hear her go over and over the same thing, while her hands went up and down as long as we could see her.

Let me now say a few words of the brave boy whose name I have just mentioned—young Gray Field. I knew that there were brave and faithful hearts around us, but none like his. He was but a boy, grown rapidly into manhood. He had ridden beside me over many a weary mile, and I know that he has stood more than once between my husband and the flying messengers of death. Always there at his side, with his tall and splendid form, ever willing and ready to go forth, amid any danger. To us both he was "true as steel." People loved each other in those days. They had so little! Just as the war ended, a last piece of kindness was done for me by some of the men. It was the night of the surrender, and, after the money in the treasury had been divided among the officers and the men, they could show only ten dollars apiece. With this in their pockets, they were to shoulder their knapsacks, and, parting from each other, go back

to their desolate homes. The stillness of death rested over the camp where the soldiers lay sleeping together for the last time. My husband sat in his tent, gazing out into the darkness, while a few of the officers lingered near. I know the thoughts of gloom and despair that filled his heart reached out to meet my own, as I lay many miles away, in the rear. The country was now filled with the enemy; also, something worse, deserters! who lined the mountains and the vales. When the morrow's sun arose the man who had called himself a general would mount his horse and ride away, alone and unguarded, for he knew he no longer was a commander! And I, his wife! the only thing left for him in all the world! What would become of her? A noise at the door disturbed him, and, as he looked up, his Inspector-General stood beside him. On the table he poured a heap of gold, saying: "This is sent you, by some of the men, to get your wife away."

"That alone is useless," said my husband, "take it back."

Then fifteen brave fellows came forward and offered to bring me to him. The next morning they were well on their way, and after several days of troublesome and dangerous marching they reached me. I was weak and sick when I heard their voices beneath my window; but as soon as I knew their errand I seemed to grow stronger, and soon mounted my mare and went away with them. The deserters were so bad that we were obliged to divide into three parts, having a rear and advance guard. I was with the five in the center. I still carried my pistol strapped to my side, for I knew not at what moment I might have to use it in defense of myself, or take to the woods. We made forty miles the first day, then fifty the next.

Once we stopped on the bank of a beautiful stream. The men spread their blankets on a large rock that I might lie upon them and sleep, while they went off to bathe in some falls below. When I awoke the sun was shining in my face, while countless butterflies of georgeous hues hovered over me and amid the wild flowers, with which the men had adorned me. I have so often thought of that day and how sweet it was to lie there, the great stillness broken only by the falling waters and the voices in the distance. How kind they were, those Texas fellows, who so carefully guarded me through those lonely mountains back again to him I love. I sometimes pray for them, and hope they have homes and hearts like ours.

And now, ere I close these pages, let me add a few words of my husband's command. When the war ended, it was not the

lost cause alone that grieved me, but the soldiers. Their life had grown to be so much a part of my own, that when they were scattered and their General was left with but a few faithful followers, I then realized that all was indeed over, that for me a new life must begin and the past be folded away like an old and ragged volume.

Never more would I hear the boom of the artillery, the sound of the musketry, or the sweep of the rushing cavalry! I loved it all, and as the days went by I missed those sounds that had greeted me for years. From the best rigged officer to the poorest soldier, that bestrode a sore-backed horse, and from the generals to the crawling wagon-train, the snorting and pawing of the horses as they stood and "crunched" their corn at night, most of all I missed the camp fires—the lights that were to me my only home.

At times, when the weather was bad, the officers would find a house for me near by, and when I lay down to rest I would draw back the curtains from the window so that the light from those countless fires might shine on me as I slept, and that I could see their curling smoke in the early dawn. In all of these years, stretching between this day and back to that dark night, I can see no time in which I have not missed "the command." And yet, I know when "the great roll-call" is made, both armies will rest in the gleam of one "camp fire," in the world beyond.

Anecdotes of the Late War.

BY VIRGINIA S. HILLIARD.

"TELL US WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE."

The following reminiscence of General John Marmaduke, "C. S. A.," would lose much of its value, were not a personal description of the hero attached. He was tall, thin, and angular. His complexion florid, his eyes dark and sparkling, and his head covered with a wealth of white hair (not gray), that, from infancy, had borne the same hue.

During the war it was deemed advisable to make a change of commanding officers, and General Marmaduke was ordered to the

Army of Tennessee. The news of the anticipated arrival of the new commander was the subject of camp-fire discussion, and naturally the soldiers were on the *qui vive* to see the General.

Breathless, one of the soldiers ran to a gathering of his comrades outside the tent, exclaiming: "Boys, I've seen him! I've seen him!" A shout followed: "Tell us what he looks like." "Now, do you listen? He's the image of an albatross." He evidently meant albino, and when the story reached the General's ears, he failed to see anything amusing in it, and is said never to have forgiven its perpetrator.

WHO DARES TO SAY GENERAL WISE RETREATS?

When the Confederate troops stationed on the Roanoke River, West Virginia, under command of General Wise, of Virginia, felt mountain air more healthful than river flats, and were resting at Genley Bridge, the following incident occurred:

On the veranda of the hotel, in the moonlight, the officers, with friends, were discussing the situation of affairs. At one end, concealed amidst a wealth of vines and foliage, sat General Wise. The Captain of a company in his command remarked to a lady: "How sad and unfortunate it is that we have to retreat!" Before the last word had died upon his lips, up sprang General Wise, with the buoyancy of youth, and, fire flashing indignation from his eyes, shouted: "Who is it that dares say General Wise retreats? He has never yet learned the meaning of the word 'Retreat.' He may act, as he now is doing—fall back, for prudential motives; but retreat, never."

HOW FRITZ DIVULGED THE PASSWORD.

Lieutenant Samuels, C. S. A., of the Border Rangers, was captured near the Ohio river, and taken to a Federal camp, near Charleston, W. Va. Raw recruits, mostly of Teutonic persuasion, were scattered about in West Virginia, mostly for coast duty. Lieutenant Samuels and another unfortunate Confederate prisoner passed their idle time in inventing means of escape. Fritz, a good-natured German, who was placed at the outposts, became the object of attention of the two "Rebs." One bright morning, advancing close to the line that barred their liberty, they engaged Fritz in a friendly conversation, and endeavored to persuade him that the prescribed limits of the camp was making inroads on their health, and that a slight meander down the road would be of inestimable

benefit. Fritz was immovable, and declared that, unless they pronounced the password, he could not let them pass. Lieutenant Samuels said: "Fritz, you know it, and we know it; and what's the use of my telling you what you know?" "Well," replied Fritz, "if you don't say 'Buena Vista' you can't go." They both shouted "Buena Vista," and he passed them out. When out of sight of their deliverer they took to their heels, and ran for liberty at break-neck speed. During their flight they were overtaken by a Federal soldier, who gave the alarm. Fritz tried to make use of his gun, but, to his sorrow, found that the caps had been removed by one Rebel while the other was engaging him in conversation.

While listening to encomiums on his soldierly bearing and skill in handling weapons, he lost his prize, after the fashion of the crow, who was complimented on her white plumage and beautiful voice, by the sly fox, who bade her sing. She was enjoying a savory piece of cheese, and, as she gave forth "Caw! Caw!" down went the cheese. The fox readily grabbed it, and, laughingly, went off, enjoying the sacrifice the crow made by gratifying her vanity.

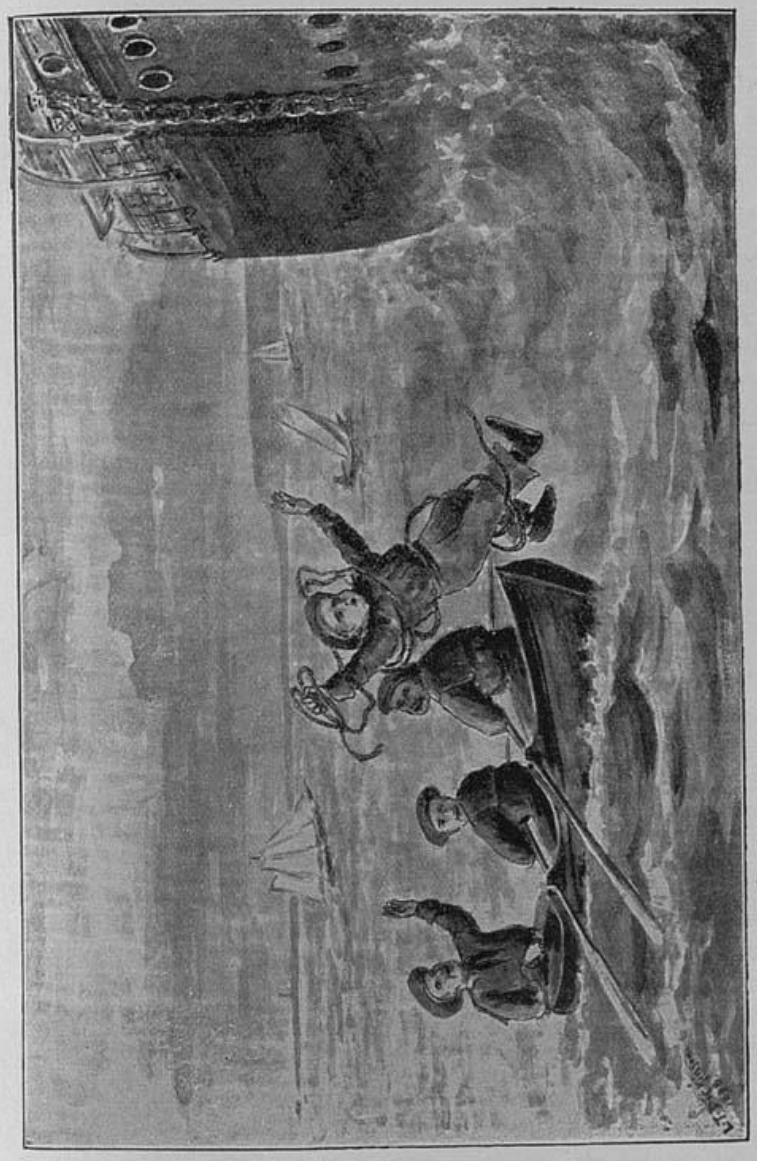
Two Reminiscences.

BY CAPTAIN JOHN M. JOLLY.

MISHAP ON THE CAPE FEAR RIVER.

It was the fortune of the writer to render a part of his services to the Confederate States in the navy, and he did service on two of our ironclad vessels, one of which was the North Carolina, commanded by Commander William T. Muse, and stationed off Cape Fear, at the mouth of the Cape Fear River, below Washington, N. C.

The crew of this vessel was made up of men of several nationalities, but few of the crew being born in the Southern States. The native Southerners were men who had been enlisted to serve in the navy, and who, after enlistment, were sent to the receiving ships of the several stations to be instructed in their duties as sailors, and who, after being kept on the receiving ships for a time, were sent to the several vessels of the squadron, as they



Mishap on the Cape Fear River.—The rope became entangled with his legs, and threw him into the water.

were needed, to keep up the full complement of men on each particular vessel.

When the men were sent to a vessel their duties did not stop there, as they were drilled daily at the guns, taught to row a boat, etc. On one occasion there was a boat's crew being drilled in boarding a vessel. Every small boat has a rope tied to its bow, called a "painter," and, if a vessel is to be boarded, it is the duty of the man in the bow of the boat to throw this rope to a man standing on the deck of the vessel to be boarded, so that it can be caught and made fast to a stanchion. On this occasion the man, whose duty it was to throw the "painter," failed to properly coil his rope, and it became entangled with his legs and threw him overboard, head foremost, into the water. When he arose, nearly drowned, he was picked up by the crew of the boat out of which he had fallen, and, as he crawled over the side of the boat, some one jocularly asked him where the "painter" was. He replied: "By G—d, I don't know; I didn't see it where I have been." This small mishap caused a two-hours' drill for the boat's crew, for, when the commanding officer saw how awkwardly this man had done his duty, he was required to be drilled until he could do this part perfectly.

A Sailor's Revenge—A Funny Incident.

The writer, at one time during the Confederate War, belonged to the navy of the Confederate States, and was one of the crew of the ironclad steamer Chicora, stationed in Charleston harbor and commanded by Commander T. T. Hunter. The crew of the Chicora, like the crews of all the vessels of our navy, was made up of men of various nationalities.

There were three negroes on the Chicora, regularly enlisted. These negroes were free before the war. One of these negroes, whose name was Charley Cleaper, was the servant of Captain Hunter, our commander. There was also on the Chicora a young Irish lad whose name was Joe Egan. Now, from some cause, Joe mortally hated the negro, Charley Cleaper, and watched for a chance to wreak his vengeance on Charley. Egan was appointed coxswain of one of the small boats belonging to the Chicora, and then his time came.

In 1864 the city of Charleston was visited by a scourge of yellow fever, brought there by blockade-runners. As soon as it was ascertained that there was fever in the city all communication between the city and the steamer was stopped. The vessel

was hauled off some 600 or 800 yards from the wharf and anchored, and strict orders passed that no one, except, perhaps, those who had had yellow fever, should be allowed to go ashore, and none were allowed to remain in the city over night. Captain Hunter always sent his laundry to the city, and, when it was done, he would send his servant, the aforesaid Charley Cleaper, to the city for the same, but under no circumstances was he permitted to remain over night.

It was getting late in the season, when, one afternoon, Charley was sent ashore for the Captain's laundry, and, as Charley himself had no fear of fever, he decided that, on this occasion, he would spend the night in the city, and take the chances on punishment afterward. It so happened that this particular night was the coldest of the season, there being a white frost next morning. Early next morning Charley appeared on the wharf and signaled for a boat. The Captain, who was walking the hurricane deck, ordered a boat to be sent after Charley, and it so happened that Egan's boat was the one to go. The Captain's instructions were to strip Charley of all his clothing, and tow the clothing overboard to the vessel; but, by some means, Joe misunderstood his orders, and, when he landed at the wharf, he stripped Charley, put his clothing in the boat, put a line around Charley's neck and towed him overboard a distance of 600 or 800 yards. When they came alongside of the vessel the negro was nearly frozen, and had to be sent to the engine-room to be warmed.

The Captain was very indignant, and ordered Joe to be punished by being tied up by the thumbs. But Joe did not care for this. He had had revenge on Charley.

Rebel Bees and Union Foragers.

BY FLORENCE L. HOLMES.

The following story was related to me by an old Federal veteran, who had seen much service during the war:

I was in Col. Marshall's command, and we were camping in the eastern part of Kentucky. It was some time before we fought the battle of Prestonburg, and we were camped miles from any town or supply store.

One day the officer in command was informed that the salt had given out. Col. Marshall sent for me, and said: "Lieut. N——, the salt is out, and we must have more, right away."

"Yes, sir," I replied, "Is there anything else?"

"That's all," said the Colonel, "take some men and go after

"Stung us in the eyes, the ears, all over our heads."

the salt, and don't come back without it. Get it honestly if you can—but get salt," he said with a twinkle.

Well, I selected twenty of my men, and we started out on the forage. It was late in the spring, and as we went on, we grew

both tired and hungry, and at noon had not yet found any salt. We knew that the Rebels were not far away, and I didn't want to lead my men into any possible ambush; but when the pangs of hunger began to assert themselves, and we saw a large white house in the distance, we forgot Rebels and everything else but the inner man. On reaching the house, I called a halt, and, entering the yard, knocked at the door. If some one had told me that the house was chock-full of Rebels, I would have knocked all the same—I was that hungry. A black woman opened the door.

"Good day, auntie," said I, "can you get dinner for us, and get it right away?"

She looked at me, then out at the men, with a glance of fine scorn. "Law, honey! I hain't got nuthin' to cook 'at you fine gemmen 'ud eat."

"Oh, I think you have," I said, encouragingly, "anything will do; but where are the folks?" for I saw a bright little child come slipping down the stairs.

A frightened look crept over the woman's face as she perceived the child, and her voice wavered, though I was satisfied at the time that she lied as she said:

"Bless yer heart, honey, they hain't no folks 'ere, but jist me an' little Miss Lizzie. The men folks is all in the war. I don't reckon ye'd want t' meet 'em, fer they'd kick th' life outen ye."

"All right, auntie, I'll try not to meet the men folks, if you will just give us a little dinner," I said, pleasantly, for I saw at once how the land lay.

"Will bacon an' corn-dodgers do?" she asked.

"Yes, give us that, if you have nothing better," I said, and, taking the child by the hand, she went to the kitchen.

Just then, one of my men came up to me and said: "Lieut. N——, there are twenty-five or thirty hives of bees in the yard, all full of honey, we might get some for dinner and take the rest to camp."

"Good!" I exclaimed, for I liked honey. I went at once to investigate the bee-hives, and all the men followed. Of course, every mother's son of them knew how to take honey from the hives. While the men argued, four or five of them began to make preparations. Just then, as we bent over, in our eagerness, something strange occurred. Every hive began to move as if going to fall of its own accord, and before we could realize the

calamity about to happen, the hives fell over, with a crash, and the air was simply alive with angry, indignant honey bees.

Did they sting us? I tell you, they settled all over us—stung us in the eyes, the ears, all over our heads; everywhere that mortal man can be stung.

There was a small stream at the end of the garden, which I caught sight of, and while the men were rolling in agony on the grass, trying to kill their persecutors, I ran, plunged into the stream, and put my head entirely under water. Gad! I never had anything hurt so in my life.

When I rose up from the stream I heard a peal of merry laughter, and, glancing in the direction of the sound, I saw the prettiest girl, I think, I have ever seen. She was leaning out of the upstairs window, dangling in her hand the rope that had been connected with those infernal bee-hives, and that had done all the mischief.

I bawled the command to mount, and, as we were flinging ourselves into the saddle, that black devil put her head out of the door and called: "Honey, hain't ye goin' to wait fer yer dodgers?"

But we galloped on to camp, half dead, and our heads were the size of water-buckets the next day. No, I never told it before, for, you see, I felt ashamed that the cleverness of one Rebel girl, and a swarm of bees, could completely whip a company of Union soldiers.

An Amusing Incident of the War.

BY COLONEL WILLIAM C. OATES.

The appetite of a soldier inspired some men with as much fearlessness as "Tam O'Shanter" said of spirits:

> "Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn,
> What dangers thou canst make us scorn!"

At the battle of Cross Keys, June 8, 1862, there was a man in my company named Maybin, who possessed a most excellent appetite—was a good soldier, and never complained about anything except not getting plenty to eat. We were fighting Blecker's Brigade, and driving it back through a beautiful grove of

trees. The ground over which we were advancing was pretty well strewn with their dead and wounded. Several steps in advance of my company lay a big Dutchman, apparently dead, with a very full haversack clutched tightly in the grasp of one hand. He lay on his back, with his eyes closed, like Falstaff when Prince Hal was doing the fighting. Maybin, thinking much more about satisfying his ravenous appetite than the danger from the flying bullets, said: "Boys, I am going to have that haversack," and, springing forward out of ranks, he seized it and gave it a pull, when the dead Dutchman tightened his grasp upon it, opened his eyes, raised his head, and said: "Nar! Nar! Nar!" Maybin let it go, took a step backward, raised his cap very politely, and said: "I beg your pardon, sir, I thought that you were dead."

How Stealing Became Justifiable.

BY WILLIAM C. OATES, EX-GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA.
[Now Brig.-General U. S. Volunteers in the War with Spain.]

In the latter part of March, 1862, when Ewell's Division was confronting Heintzelman, on the Rappahannock, our meat rations gave out, and we had no meat for many days. The boys got to killing hogs occasionally. There was one elderly man in my company—Uncle Jimmy Morris—who was a local preacher, and a very pious, good man. He was horrified at the conduct of the boys, and came to me to protest against it. He said: "Captain, our boys are stealing people's hogs, and I have come to inform you and protest against it." I said: "Well, Uncle Jimmy, the boys are very hungry, soldiering here without meat rations, and I am not much disposed to blame them for taking a hog once in a while. We can not do any better." He then said: "Why, Captain, it is downright stealing. God will never prosper our cause while we are guilty of such immoral practices, and thus violate the commands of our Creator. I protest against it, sir, in the name of religion and common honesty." I smiled, and the old man saw that his protestations did not avail much, and, as he turned away, said: "Captain, you may allow this business to go on; but there is one thing certain, I will never eat a particle of

the stolen meat." The old man sat around the camp-fires several nights and saw his comrades eating roast pork, but he would not taste it. He thus continued, day after day, until he began to grow pale and look weak and hungry; but still refused to eat stolen meat. One cold, drizzly day Uncle Jimmy and one of his messmates had been missing from camp for an hour or two, when, all at once, they appeared with a 150-pound porker hung to a pole which they carried on their shoulders. They had gone out and killed him and brought him in. It attracted the attention of the entire company, and some men from the adjacent ones, who gathered to view the hog and "Uncle Jimmy." A waggish young fellow, named Kirkland, at one improvised a song and began singing it, to the infinite delight of all present:

"Oh! boys, did you ever see the like before?
Uncle Jimmy Morris has stolen an old boar."

The old man stared at him, his eyes sparkling like coals of fire, and said: "I don't care. I don't care what you call it. I will be hanged if I came out here to starve." The roars of laughter enlivened the entire camp.

Humorous Anecdotes.

BY CAPT. W. B. KENDRICK.

COULD NOT KEEP UP WITH THE CAPTAIN.

In our regiment we had a runaway-from-home thirteen years old. His name was Maddox, but we called him "Grubbing Hoe," for he was a hard knot. On one occasion the bullets came whizzing terribly by us, and Grubby ran. Captain P., of the regiment, who was especially fond of measuring trees, saw him "flying." After the battle, Captain P. said: "Grubby, you ran like a quarter horse." "Yes," replied Grubby, "but, Captain, I could not keep up with you," a reply too true to make the Captain comfortable.

THE ENEMY SCARED HIM.

We had another character, Canady, who needed more than ordinary persuasion to keep in ranks. In an onward movement, with bayonets fixed, the Yankees retreated. Immediately, under

great excitement, he ran in front, hat waving in air, crying aloud: "Canady! Canady! Canady! a Canady from Barbour; follow, boys! Canady, from Barbour!" Just at this time the Yankees about faced, and so did Canady, from Barbour, and he ran ten miles, waded two creeks, and rested well. He is there now, unless some one has disturbed him.

CAPTAIN WM. B. KENDRICK.
(From a war-time photograph.)

A GALLANT LIEUTENANT.

A railroad embankment of five to seven feet high once separated the Yankees and Confederates. Lieutenant Jones, of the —— Alabama regiment, who was a brave, intelligent and efficient officer, climbed to the top of the embankment. His company followed him, and, with rocks, bayonets and bullets, leaped down among the enemy, and, with a genuine Confederate yell, drove the Yanks from their apparently secure shelter, and a victory crowned his gallant act. He was born in Columbia county, Ga.

THE PIG BETWEEN THE LINES.

On one of the many times when the writer was in command of the picket line, a fat pig of one hundred pounds measure-

ment was between the lines. Rations were scarce, and the Confederates had an eye to business. Firing from both sides was in genuine picket earnestness, which brought recruits of Yankees and Confederates. The pig was "in statu quo," not knowing where to go.

As soon as recruits arrived, I gave orders for "our boys" not to fire at the pig, and to fire only occasionally, for I knew if the Yankees enjoyed the fun the pig would come to our side. Sure enough, the Yankees opened fire very furiously, yelled and enjoyed the fun, and the pig came into our open arms and was captured. It was a grand and fully-appreciated pig treat.

Shells, as if from mortars, commenced to shower about us, the fuses being plainly seen in their revolutions in the air. We had two negroes as cooks (faithful and efficient), Old Trance and Pete, both able in prayer and song, and both equally afraid of shells and the devil. Pete began one of his long, earnest and fervent prayers to the Lord. In his prayer (he and Trance believed the devil was the agent of war), he prayed to the Lord to "curtail the powers of the devil." "Yes, Lord," Trance said, "cut his tail clean off. Cut it off right close to the butt."

When the pig was cooked, in good Confederate fashion, the tail, "close to the butt," was given to Old Trance, who, for once at least, fully recognized and appreciated the full "power of prayer," for never were negroes more famished than Trance and Pete. They believed their prayers were answered.

EATING PERSIMMONS.

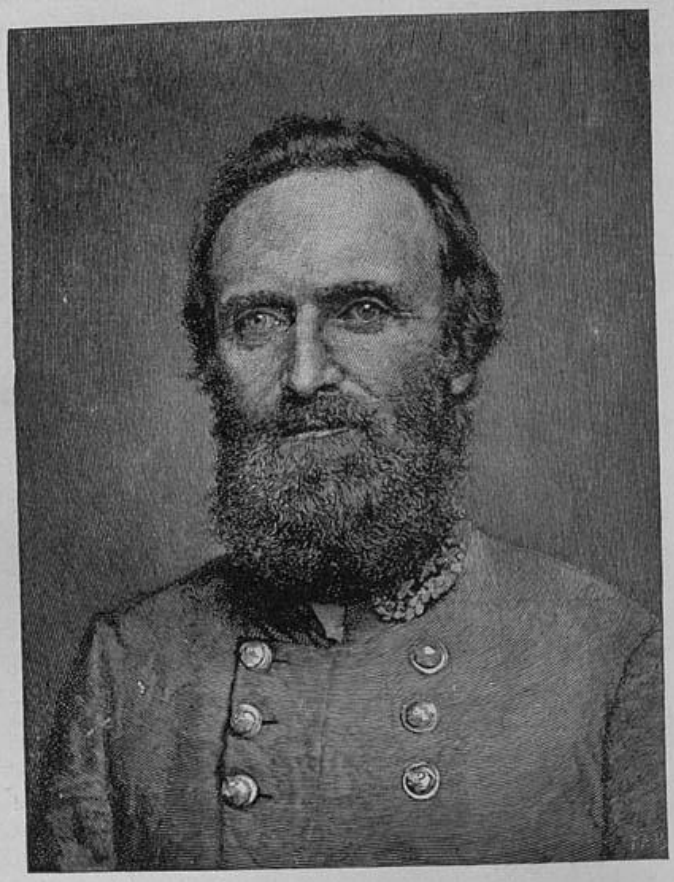
I had a half-witted youth in my company, whom we called General Lee, which seemed to please him very much. One day, on the march, he was eating half-ripe persimmons. General Trimble, who was a good man and officer, addressed his men as "my lad," or "my lads." Noticing Lee eating the persimmons, he said: "My lad, why do you eat green persimmons?" Lee replied: "Why, General, to draw up my stomach to suit the size of my rations." This is evidently the origin of the expression quoted.—W. B. K.

The Stonewall Brigade.

BY JOSEPH McMURRAN.

Stonewall Brigade! Strange name for a body of soldiers! Who were these soldiers, and how did the name originate? This brief narrative of the marches, the battles, the sufferings and trials of a band of Confederate soldiers will answer these questions. 'Tis said that circumstances make the man, and that then the man makes the circumstances. This idea would be better expressed by saying that in all great revolutions, Providence raises up those that will best accomplish the purpose intended. This idea is emphasized in the man who became the embodiment of the name "Stonewall," and who infused into the soldiers that he commanded the same spirit that animated him. A revolution had aroused the people of Virginia. Companies of armed men might be seen assembling at Harper's Ferry, at the junction of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers, in the county of Jefferson, where were located an arsenal and armory for the manufacture of all kinds of arms. The reason for this gathering is obvious. On the 17th of April, 1861, John Letcher, Governor of Virginia, the state having resumed its sovereign power, appointed Professor Thomas Jonathan Jackson, of the Virginia Military Institute, Colonel of Volunteers, and the State Convention, then in session, having confirmed the appointment, he was sent to Harper's Ferry to take command of the troops assembling there. Arriving May 3, 1861, he immediately assumed command. Here the "Stonewall Brigade" was formed, and received its first lessons in field duties, and here he from whom it afterwards took its name first showed that spirit and fitness that afterwards made him beloved and famous among commanders, and one whose name and fame are honored the world over. May 23, 1861, Colonel Jackson was superseded in command by General Joseph E. Johnston, formerly of the United States Army, who proceeded immediately to organize the several regiments of infantry into brigades. He put the Second, Fourth, Fifth and Twenty-seventh Virginia regiments into one brigade, which was for a time known as the "First Brigade of the Army of the Shenandoah," and assigned Colonel Jackson to the command of it. General Johnston, quickly perceiving that the place was untenable, from a military point of view,

advised its evacuation, and early in June, 1861, Harper's Ferry was evacuated and the troops ordered to Winchester. The First Brigade now received its first lesson in that rapid marching which afterwards made it known as "Jackson's Foot Cavalry." They bivouacked the first night on the pike between Charlestown and Berryville, having marched about fifteen miles. Tired and



T. J. Jackson

foot-sore, they prepared their first hasty meal, cooked their first "two-days' rations," and lay down to rest, "ready to move at a moment's warning." These orders were new to them then and sounded strangely in their ears; but it was not long before they became familiar sounds, even when they had no rations to cook and nothing to get ready to move. Before reaching Winchester,

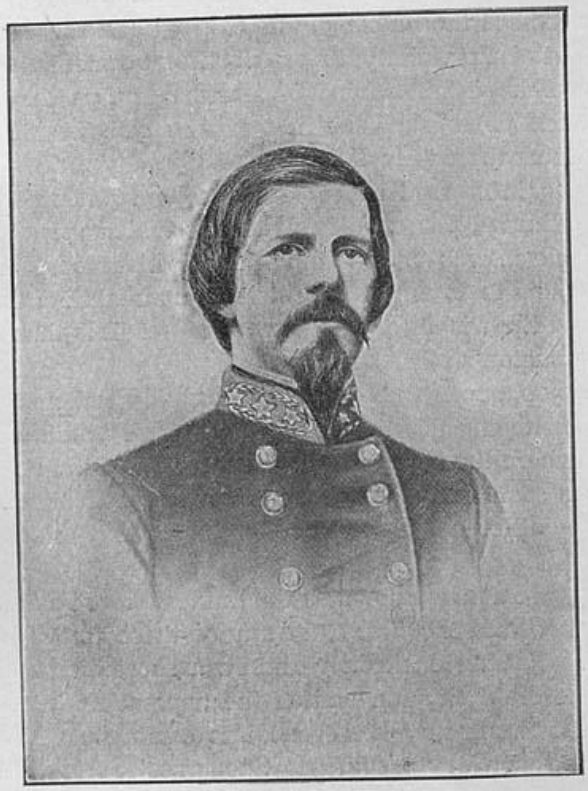
it was reported that General Patterson had crossed the Potomac and had reached Martinsburg, on his way up the valley. Colonel Jackson was put on his first "flank movement," to Bunker Hill, to head off Patterson, and, forming a line of battle across the pike at that place, awaited his coming. He came not, however, and Colonel Jackson proceeded to Winchester with his command. A few days afterwards it was reported that General Patterson had again crossed the Potomac, and Colonel Jackson was ordered to proceed to that vicinity to watch his movements. He went into camp about six miles north of Martinsburg, on the Williamsport pike, and established his first regular camp, called "Camp Stearns," from the owner of the land. On July 2, 1861, General Patterson again crossed the Potomac in heavy force—three brigades of infantry, 500 cavalry, with a complement of artillery. Colonel Jackson was ordered to withdraw his troops, but this he was not willing to do until he had tried the strength of the enemy and gratified the wishes of his men. The result is thus stated in General Johnston's official report:

"With 300 men of the Fifth Regiment and Pendleton's battery (one piece), he engaged the enemy's advance. Skillfully taking a position where the smallness of his force could not be seen, he fought them some time, inflicting a heavy loss, retiring only when about to be outflanked, scarcely losing a man, but bringing off 45 prisoners."

This engagement is known as the Hainesville or Falling Waters battle, and it was the first time any of these troops had been under fire. Colonel Jackson withdrew a short distance, formed another line of battle, and waited the approach of the enemy. Finding that the enemy had gone into camp, he withdrew his command through Martinsburg to Snodgrass' Spring, where he waited several days for General Patterson, and sent back to General Johnston for more troops. These did not come, and he retired towards Winchester, meeting General Johnston at Darkesville, seven miles south of Martinsburg, with more troops. The command remained here four days, waiting for the advance of Patterson, having made every disposition to meet him. The command then moved back to Winchester, and here the First Brigade received and occupied its first tents.

A few days afterwards Colonel Jackson received his commission as Brigadier-General, and was assigned to the First Brigade, which was increased to five regiments by the addition of the Thirty-third Regiment. This brigade was now composed of the

following Virginia Regiments: Second, Colonel J. W. Allen; Fourth, Colonel James F. Preston; Fifth, Colonel Kenton Harper; Twenty-seventh, Colonel Gordon; Thirty-third, Colonel A. C. Cummings. The companies forming the Second, Third, Fifth, Twenty-seventh and Thirty-third Regiments were from the counties of Berkeley, Clarke, Jefferson, Frederick, Shenandoah



BRIG.-GEN. BARNARD E. BEE, of South Carolina,
Killed at the Battle of First Manassas, July 21, 1861.

[At the Battle of Manassas, and just before General Bee was killed, he said to his brave men: "There stands Jackson, like a stone wall. He will support us."]

and Augusta, with one company of the Twenty-seventh, the "Shriner Grays," from Wheeling. Those forming the Fourth were from Rockbridge, Montgomery, Pulaski, Smythe, Grayson and Wythe. The most of these soldiers were young men who had been delicately reared; many of them were youths just from school; others were clerks and professional men unused to hardships; some of them were farmers and mechanics, and not a few of them were mountaineers, strong, robust, good men. All were

actuated by a noble state pride and love of home. It takes an unusual amount of patriotism and personal pride to make a good soldier in actual war. There must be a high appreciation of the good opinion of others, of parents, friends and companions, to bear the fatigue of long marches, the monotony of camp life and its deprivations, to endure the tedious night watches and dangerous picket duties, to brave the dangers and sufferings of actual battle. Now mark how all these were undergone by the soldiers of this brigade.

They soon began to regard an order from General Jackson as something that was necessary to be done. So on the morning of the 18th of July, 1861, when they were commanded "to cook two days' rations and be ready in light marching order to move at a moment's warning," they knew that something important was about to happen. About 3 P. M. on the 18th, the "First Brigade" broke up its camp at Winchester, and, leaving its baggage and sick behind, wended its way through the streets of the town, quietly and sadly, toward its unknown destination. Sad and distressing was the scene along the streets. Many an eye was wet with tears, and many a heart was sad at the thought that the "wall of defense" between them and their enemy was vanishing; and, in imagination, they pictured to themselves all those terrible things which they afterward suffered at the hands of Generals Hunter, Milroy, and Sheridan. Many a tear of regret rolled down the swarthy cheeks of the soldiers when they heard the bitter cry of those noble ladies: "You are not going to leave us to the mercy of the Yankees!" But obedience to orders and duty to their country required this sacrifice of them, and, with sorrowing hearts, but firm steps, they marched on, many of them looking for the last time upon this beautiful valley—the land of their birth, and their homes, around which clung such tender ties. When well on the march, the following order was read to them as they moved along:

HEADQUARTERS,
WINCHESTER, VA., July 18, 1861.

SPECIAL ORDER NO. —

The Commanding General directs the regiments to be informed immediately after they have left the town, on the march, that he has received the important news that General Beauregard and his brave army are being attacked by overwhelming forces. He has been ordered by the Government to his assistance, and is now marching across the Blue Ridge upon the enemy. General Patterson and his command have gone out of the way to Harper's Ferry, and are not in reach. Every moment is now precious, and the General

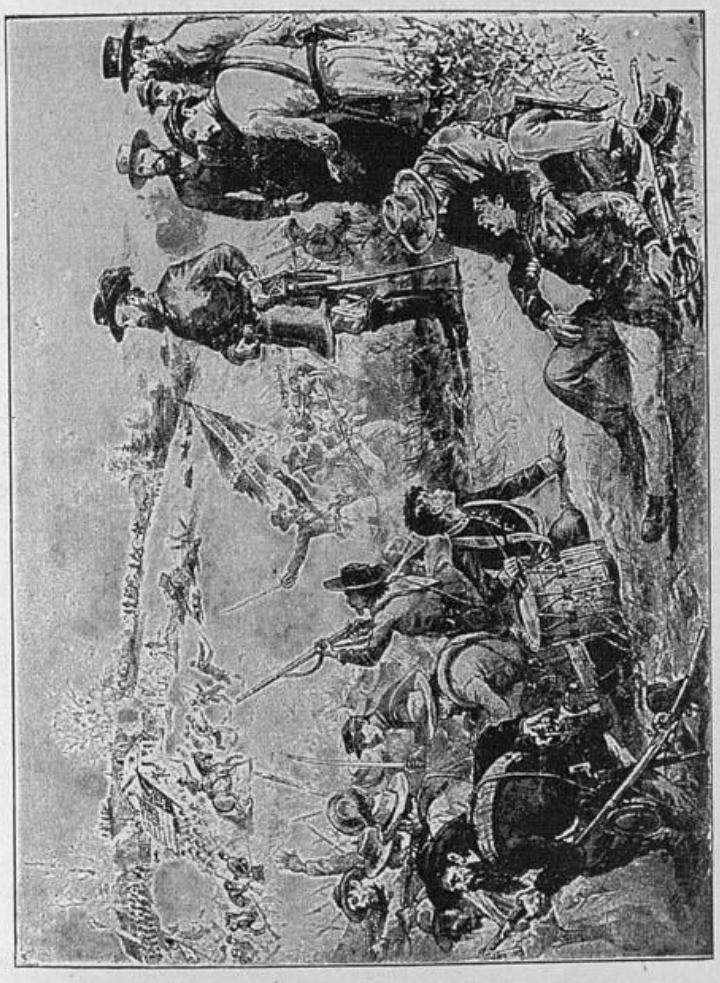
hopes that his soldiers will step out and keep closed, for this march is a forced march to save the country.

By order of General Joseph E. Johnston.

W. H. C. WHITING,
A. and I. G.

The reading of the order was listened to with enthusiasm, and every soldier felt his pulse beat quicker and his feet move faster. The Shenandoah river was forded, and on through Ashby's Gap the column marched, Jackson's brigade leading the way, and about midnight the column halted at the foot of the Blue Ridge, near the little town of Paris, for a few hours' rest. To the question, from one of his staff, whether a guard should be detailed, General Jackson replied: "No; the men are tired; I will keep watch to-night." A heavy shower of rain, falling shortly afterwards, prevented the anticipated rest, and at early dawn the brigade was on its way to Piedmont, a station on the Manassas Gap Railroad, where, after much delay, it took the train for Manassas, and that night the brigade bivouacked in a strip of pines, opposite Mitchell's Ford, near the scene of the conflict on the 18th. The 20th of July was spent in supplying the brigade with rations and ammunition, but early on the morning of the 21st they were aroused by the booming of artillery, which told plainly that the enemy was about to make another assault. General Jackson, as yet unknown to fame and not regarded with much favor by his superior officers, was ordered with his brigade to watch the movements on the left. The opening of the fight, on the enemy's extreme right and opposite the stone bridge, was clearly audible and almost visible to Jackson and his men, but it was nearly 2 P. M. before he was placed in position on the edge of the plateau, near the Henry House, to support Stannard's and Pendleton's batteries. The orders to the men were to lie down, and as soon as they saw the heads of the enemy over the brow of the hill to rise and, without further order, charge them with the bayonet. For two hours and a half did these men lie quietly there, with the shells bursting over and among them, killing and wounding many of their companions. The plateau had been, earlier in the day, the scene of a terrible struggle, and now another effort was being made to gain the position. The enemy had thrown his vast strength upon this point in one last desperate struggle for the position, and his overwhelming number were about to crush the thinned ranks of the Confederates. The noble Bartow had fallen and his troops were wavering. General Bee was bravely stand-

ing against great odds, but he saw that he must yield unless assistance came. So, riding back a short distance, he saw Jackson sitting quietly on his horse, undisturbed and calmly watching the movements of the enemy; and, to his eager inquiry, "What shall we do, General, they are beating us back?" Jackson curtly



GENERAL T. J. ("STONEWALL") JACKSON AT BATTLE OF FIRST MANASSAS (BULL RUN).

replied: "Sir, we will give them the bayonet!" Bee, struck with the manner and courage of the speaker, gathered new inspiration, and, riding back to his command, cried out, pointing to Jackson: "*There stands Jackson like a stone wall! He will support us! Let us determine to die here, and we will conquer! Follow me!*" Jackson rode back to his command, and as he passed along the line, with

his right hand raised and his eyes brightened with a new light, he said in an animated voice: "We will be in Washington before to-morrow night!" He seemed to have had foresight of the result of the battle, and had already determined what he was going to do with his command. Scarcely had Jackson reached the left of his line before a heavy attack was made upon it from the direction of the Henry House, and simultaneously the whole brigade arose, and, with one loud yell, wheeled to the left and charged with the bayonet. The enemy broke and fled, leaving the plateau covered with their dead. Henceforth the name "Thomas Jonathan" disappears and STONEWALL is the name given to General Jackson by the soldiers, and by it he will be known in history. He always insisted that the name belonged to his brigade, and not to him. He said to a friend: "When my report of this battle shall be published, you will find that the First Brigade was to our army what the Imperial Guard was to the First Napoleon. It was through the blessing of God that this brigade met the enemy, thus far victorious, and turned the fortunes of the day."

In his private letters he always spoke kindly and proudly of this command. He told a member of his staff, "You can not praise these men too much; they have fought, marched and endured more than I ever thought they could."

On his death-bed he said, "The men who live through this war will be proud to say, 'I was one of the Stonewall Brigade,' to their children." After the battle of Manassas General Jackson remained with his brigade near Centreville, about six miles north of the battlefield, doing picket duty near Alexandria and Washington, until about the 1st of October, 1861, when he was made a Major-General and ordered to Winchester to take command of the "Valley District," but he could not go without taking a formal farewell of his old brigade. So, on the morning of October 5, 1861, the command was ordered out on the hill at Centreville and massed by regiments, when General Jackson and staff appeared before them. The soldiers were all attention. They knew that he was about to leave them, and they were sad at heart. His farewell words are remembered to this day by the survivors, and are often rehearsed by them in their social gatherings. He said, "I am not here to make a speech, but simply to say farewell. I first met you at Harper's Ferry, in the beginning of this war, and I can not take leave of you without giving expression to my admiration of your conduct from that day to this—whether on the march, in the bivouac, in the tented field, or on the bloody plains of Manas-

sas, where you gained the well-deserved reputation of having decided the fate of the battle. Throughout the broad extent of country over which you marched, by your respect for the rights and property of citizens, you have shown that you were soldiers, not only to defend, but able and willing both to defend and protect. You have already gained a brilliant and deservedly high reputation throughout the army of the whole Confederacy, and I trust, in the future, by your deeds on the field and by the assistance of the same kind Providence who has heretofore favored our cause, you will gain more victories and add additional luster to the reputation you now enjoy. You have already gained a proud position in the future history of this our Second War of Independence, and I shall look with great anxiety to your future movements, and trust, whenever I shall hear of the *First Brigade* on the field of battle, it will be of still nobler deeds achieved and higher reputation won!" Then, pausing for a moment, as if to master his feelings, he dropped the reins on his horse's neck, and, with a rapid gesture of his extended arm, he added: "In the Army of the Shenandoah you were the *First Brigade!* In the Army of the Potomac you were the *First Brigade!* In the second corps of the army you were the *First Brigade!* You are the *First Brigade* in the affections of your General, and I hope, by your future deeds and bearing, you will be handed down to posterity as the *First Brigade*, in this our Second War of Independence. Farewell!" These are the parting words of Stonewall Jackson to his old brigade, which, though retaining its official name of "First Brigade" until the death of Jackson, it was still, by common consent, throughout the army, known as the *Stonewall Brigade*. After the death of Jackson, the Confederate War Department confirmed that name to the brigade:—

ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
May 30, 1863.

SPECIAL ORDER NO. 129.

XVIII. The following resolution has been submitted to the Secretary of War from the officers and soldiers of the brigade formerly commanded by Lieut.-Gen. Thomas J. Jackson.

"*Resolved*, That, in accordance with General Jackson's wish and the desire of his brigade to honor its first great commander, the Secretary of War be requested to order that it be known and designated as the "Stonewall Brigade," and that, in thus formally adopting a title which is inseparably connected with his name and fame, we will strive to render ourselves more worthy of it by emulating his virtues, and, like him, devote our energies to the great work before us of securing to our beloved country the blessings of peace and independence."

XIX. The department cheerfully acquiesces in the wish thus expressed, and directs that the brigade referred to be hereafter designated as the STONEWALL BRIGADE. It commends the spirit which prompted the request, and trusts that the zeal and devotion, the patience and courage of the fallen hero, whose name and title his earlier companions in arms desire so appropriately to honor and preserve, may attend and animate not only the "Stonewall," but each brigade and every soldier in the armies of the South, now struggling to drive back from their borders an implacable and barbarous invader.

By command of the Secretary of War.

JNO. WITHERS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

This brigade went into the battle of First Manassas with 2,611 muskets, and at the last fight, on the morning of April 9, 1865, it had less than 150 men, all told. Its old battle-flag, pierced and torn by many a bullet, bears upon it the following names:—

Hainesville, First Manassas, Kernstown, McDowell, First Winchester (Banks' rout), Port Republic, Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Cedar Run, Second Manassas, Chantilly, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Kearneysville, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Second Winchester (Milroy's rout), Gettysburg, Bealton, Mine Run (Payne's Farm), Morton's Ford, The Wilderness, Spotsylvania Courthouse, Harrison House, Nye River, Bethesda No. 1, Bethesda No. 2, Monocacy, Snicker's Ferry, Kernstown No. 2, Winchester No. 3, New Town, Winchester No. 4, Petersburg & Weldon Railroad, Shepherdstown, Winchester No. 5, Fisher's Hill, Bell's Grove, Hatcher's Run, Appomattox.

Anecdote of Captain Davy Crockett.

BY MAJOR-GEN. CADMUS WILCOX.

The Captain was going home on a leave of absence, accompanied by a private. He had ridden all day, and, hungry and weary, he stopped at nightfall at a house by the wayside, and asked for lodgings.

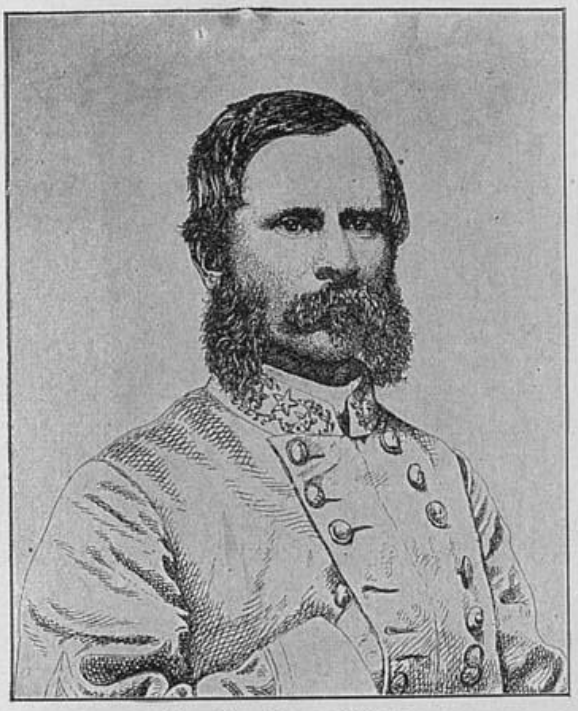
"Can't take you," said an old man at the door; "got nothing to eat; the Rebels, they comes along and eats up all we got,

and then the Yankees, they comes along, and they eats up the balance."

"Very well," says Crockett, "I am too tired to go any farther. Let my horses stay in your lot, so they can't get away, and I will sleep here on the ground."

The old man looked long and inquisitively at him, and then said: "Pears like I ought to know you; what be your name"

"I am Captain Crocket, and this is my friend, Robinson Crusoe, from Selkirk's Island."



MAJ.-GEN. CADMUS WILCOX.

"Is you enny kin to Davy Crockett, of the Western District of Tennessee?"

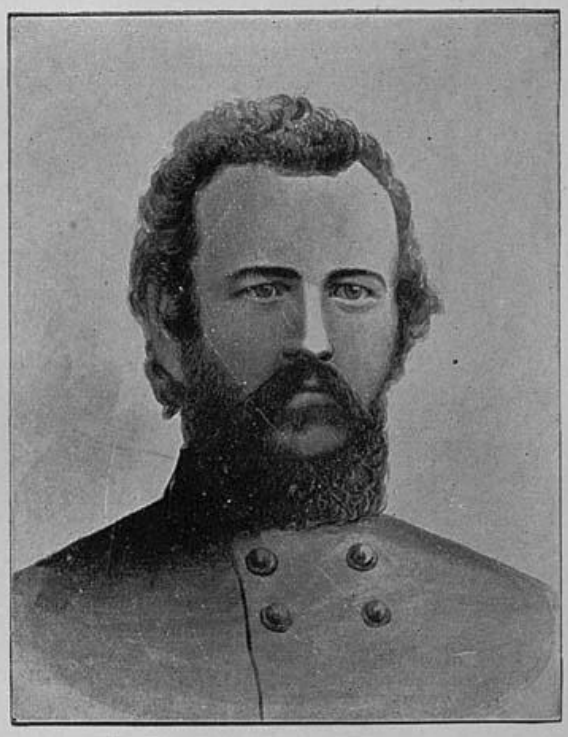
The Captain replied: "I am his grandson."

"Get down Captain, and come in; here, old woman, is the grandson of our old neighbor, Davy Crockett, of the Western District, and this is Mr. Robinson Crusoe. We knowed the Captain's granddaddy powerful well, but we wasn't so well acquainted with the kinfolks of Mr. Crusoe."

Artichokes.

BY BRIG.-GEN. W. R. BOGGS.

General E. Kirby Smith's aides-de-camp were Captains Cunningham and Walworth. Both young, both handsome, both brave; in fact, both were unexceptionable and rare young men. When General Smith was moving his headquarters to the Transmissis-



BRIG.-GEN. WILLIAM R. BOGGS.

sippi, Walworth got permission to go by his home, at Natchez, and to take with him a number of the younger members of the staff. You may well imagine how all were welcomed by the parents of young Walworth. The fatted calf was killed, in the most positive sense, and all went well, and all were bright and happy. On the third day, so the story goes, a large dish of fine "globe artichokes" were served as the "piece de resistance." That night, after retiring to their rooms, one of the young fellows re-

marked: "Boys, it is a shame to stay here and impose on these good people any longer." When asked why, he replied: "Can't you see they are being put to all sorts of straits to feed us; didn't you see that dish of *pine burrs* at dinner?"

A Thousand Shirts.

BY GENERAL J. A. SMITH.

During the memorable campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, in 1864, a few days before reaching the Chattahoochee, General Johnson ordered a Sunday-morning inspection of the whole army, and staff officers were directed to perform the duty and report to their respective chiefs. On Hardee's staff was a dapper little lieutenant, who wore a uniform for which he had just paid $1,100 in Confederate money, and whose previous service was confined to office duty in some city. There was in the command assigned for his inspection an Arkansas regiment more famous for its fighting qualities than for its soldierly appearance on dress parade. The fact of the matter was, clothing of any kind was growing alarmingly scarce at this time in Dixie. However, the aforesaid lieutenant, in the course of his inspection, came upon a soldier of the before-mentioned regiment, whose upper garment consisted only of a coffee-sack, with holes cut for his head and arms. Whereupon he asked the soldier: "Is that all the shirt you have?" to which the soldier naively replied: "Do you expect a fellow to have a thousand shirts?"

Mary and Her Little Cup.

During the battles around Petersburg, in the summer of 1864, New Market was used as a hospital by Hoke's Division, and the square was generally full of helpless soldiers in every state of exhaustion and suffering. Until the shelling of the city caused the removal of the hospital, there came *alone* every day, at a certain hour, a little girl—perhaps ten or eleven years of age—to

the market. She was very neatly and nicely dressed, very quiet and gentle in her manners, and very efficient in her labors. She carried a silver cup, which she filled at a pump close by, and, beginning at one end of the market, she handed water to each soldier as she came to him, refilling the cup as often as he desired. This she did throughout the whole line of soldiers, which was a long one. Then, beginning once more, she went through the lines, pouring water on their wounds, washing away the blood and adjusting the cloths when they were uncomfortable—in fact, doing anything and everything she could to make the situation more agreeable. If talked to, she answered kindly and briefly, and performed her self-imposed task in a quiet and business-like manner, inspiring every one with respect. The soldiers could learn nothing of her, except that her name was Mary. Her daily appearance was hailed with delight. As soon as she was seen one would exclaim: "Yonder comes Mary and her little cup!" and they often wished the friends at home could know of this little girl and her kindness to them. One poor fellow thought she ought to be put in all the little children's reading books.

The Bold Soldier Boy's Dinner, and What it Cost Him.

BY COLONEL S. BEDIER.

On the 9th of March, 1863, the First Missouri Brigade was moving from Grenada, southward, in that memorable campaign, which wound up in the surrender of Vicksburg.

We were marching among our friends, and General Pemberton's orders against straggling, were strict and rigidly enforced, and the field officers were specially called on to see that they were executed.

Owing to our extreme desire to have these orders properly obeyed, Adjutant Greenwood and myself concluded we would ride around through the country, and, perchance, while keeping the boys from straggling, do a little straggling ourselves, and see if we could not "light on" a good dinner.

We had a reasonable excuse for doing this in the fact that an officer on the march seldom gets dinner, unless he carries some

"hard-tack" in his pocket to be spliced with "sorghum" or "pine-top"—the private fares much better, with his haversack stuffed with edibles. As we were riding along on the Clifton road, the Adjutant and myself, we espied a nice-looking farm-house at the lower end of a long slope, nearly a mile ahead of us. He insidiously suggested that as our best chance for "grub." We rode up to the gate and raised our voices. A very nice-looking girl came out to see what we wanted; the lower part of her face was smooth and comely, the rest we could not see—she bashfully kept her large sun-bonnet drawn down most provokingly. Her modesty kept her, presumably, lovely eyes fixed on the ground, which considerably bothered us "bold soldier boys," as a coy damsel always does a forward man. She said that only she and her sister were at home, but if we could feed our own horses, they would get us the best dinner they could. Upon this basis we dismounted, and she returned to the house.

"Deuced pretty girl that," the Adjutant chuckled, as we unsaddled; "I'll make love to her, sure."

The Adjutant was noted in our command as an accomplished "masher." When we went to the house, the girls were busily engaged, both with their unsightly sun-bonnets still down over their faces, their long dresses sweeping the floor, and their sleeves drabbing in the dough, which, latter, I attributed to excessive modesty, as I had noticed that housewives, when thus employed, generally rolled them up so as to show their dimpled arms, while our fair hostesses showed never a dimple, save on the chin.

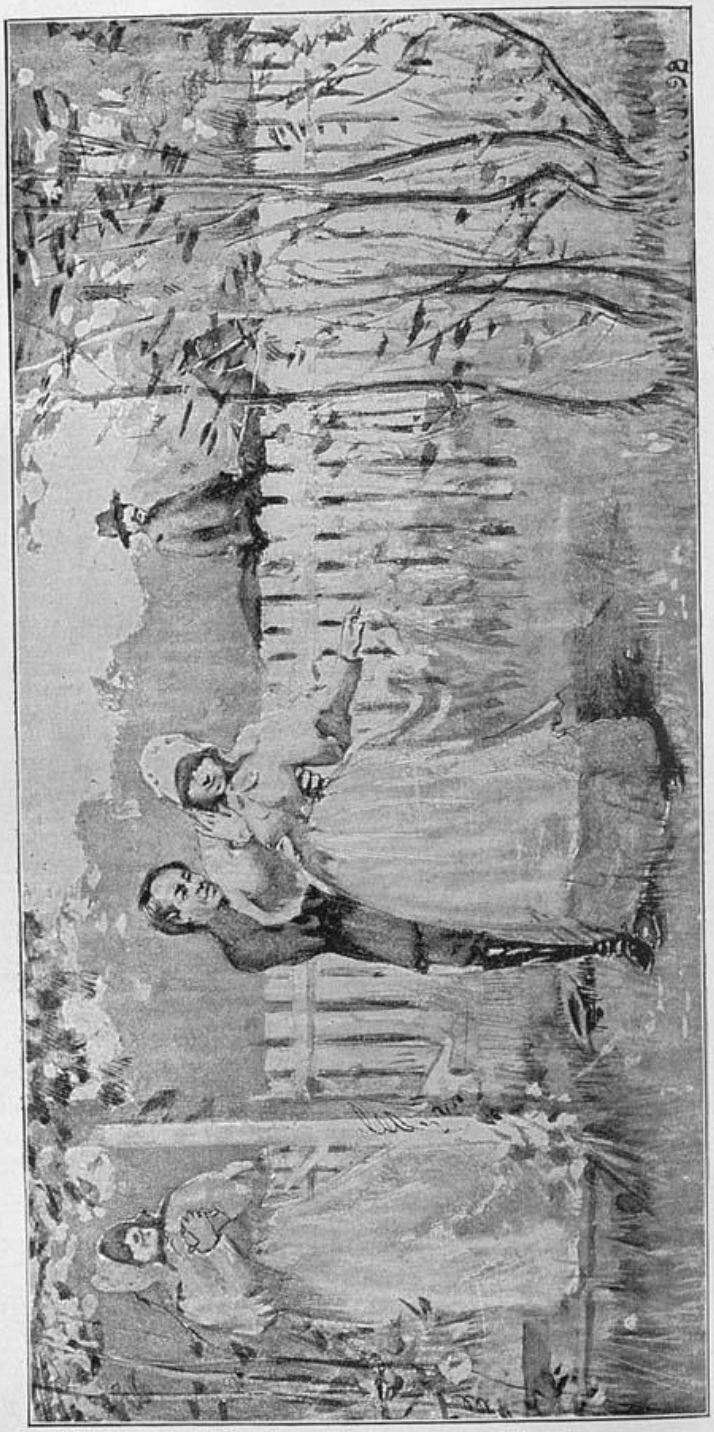
With some surprise, we also remarked their ignorance of location, exploring a barrel of soft soap in search of brown sugar, and dipping into a lard keg for a measure of flour.

They made havoc among the chickens, and added to them ham-sausage, dried beef, home-made cheese, and choice preserves. Indeed, the dinner was a gorgeous affair, and we did ample justice to it.

During the meal, Greenwood, with his softest and most languishing smile, ogled the girl with the dimpled chin—*he* said it was—and at length said:

"Please tell me what your name is, sweetheart."

"Madalene," she answered, after some hesitation, in a sweet, but constrained voice, "but they call me 'Mudgy,' for short." Greenwood looked at me with a grimace, and then she added, "Don't call me *your* sweetheart; I ain't got none."



The Bold Soldier Boy's Dinner, etc.—"She didn't allow men to kiss her, and she'd tell her pap."

The other girl, who was turning a hoecake, snickered.

We had finished; I was mounted, and still the gallant adjutant tarried. I supposed he was paying the bill, until I got a glance of a struggle, a squeezing of hands, a brief surrender, and the unconcealed glee with which the taller sister witnessed these improper proceedings. She, the tall one, had been so demure, modest, and quiet—not a word spoken by her—that I was greatly scandalized and rode off sadly, as any good soldier would have done.

In a short time the Adjutant overtook me, in the very worst humor possible. "D—n it all," he growled savagely, "that cussed Mudgy charged me seven dollars and a half."

"What?"

"Yes, she did, and I had to pay it, too; couldn't help it."

"Why couldn't you help it?"

"She whimpered so; said she thought we were gentlemen, that they had killed four dollars' worth of chickens; pap wouldn't like it anyhow, and he didn't allow men to kiss her, and she'd tell her pap, that she would, and—and—well, I just *had* to pay her to make her shut up."

About ten that night Adjutant Greenwood, with several other officers and myself, were sitting around our bright camp-fire listening to his glowing recital of the pleasant adventures of the day, the beauty of his rustic sweetheart, "Mudgy," and the excellence of her cooking, but not a word of its cost.

The tale had scarce been finished, when one of General Bowen's aides came up with an old man and said:

"General Bowen wishes you to make investigation of his complaint," nodding at the old fellow, "as he lives on the line you marched to-day."

"What is it?" I asked of the old gentleman, after he had taken a seat and warmed.

"Well, sir," he replied, "me and my wife and my daughters went to the big road to see the army pass, and while we were gone some of your fellows broke into my house, killed chickens, used up the sugar and lard, and cooked a meal big enough for forty men!"

"How much did they damage you?"

"That I can not tell, they spoiled two nice dresses of the girls; I suppose, from the looks, they put them on to cook in, and didn't turn up the sleeves."

I looked at Greenwood, he had suddenly become very red in

the face; the other officers smelled a rat of the biggest kind. "Where is your house situated?" I asked, after promising investigation and as the old man was leaving.

"Three miles back, at the foot of the long slope on the Clinton road."

That settled it. I turned to the adjutant, he was intently studying the fire. "I say, Greenwood, did you kiss that girl, sure enough?"

"Go to h—l," he answered fiercely, and returned to his quarters, followed by roars of laughter.

A Night of Adventure.

BY LIEUT. WM. N. FAIRFAX.

One evening during the month of September, 1864, Sandy Grim, who was one among a number of Confederate soldiers on transfer from one point to another, registered at a hotel in Lynchburg, Va., with the view of getting a comfortable night's rest. Some of his comrades were already gone; others were expecting to leave at any moment. A company of Stuart's horse artillery was bivouacked in the stable yard, and, to kill time till the train arrived, some of the light-hearted youths were holding a free concert. They commenced a little after dark and sung till midnight, stopping from exhaustion only. They sang the soldiers' favorites, such as "Kiss Him for His Mother," "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still," and others, over and over again. But the one they never tired of singing was "The Cavalier's Glee," Stuart's favorite. Sandy Grim had retired early, but he could not get to sleep. He had a room-mate who had gotten the start, and who, at short intervals, seemed to be in the last agonies of strangulation. And, when, just as he would close his eyes and the world of consciousness seemed fading away, the ever-recurring refrain of "Spur on, spur on," would recall him to the horrors of real life.

Sandy Grim became desperate. After tossing for several hours in torment he got up and put on his clothes. For a long time he sat by the window counting the strokes of the clock and listening to the hum of the "drowsy beetle." At last it occurred to him that

he could utilize his leisure time by paying off an old score with two friends of his who were sleeping in the adjoining room.

Walking up to the door he knocked pretty loudly. "Who's that?" said Captain G. "Gemmen," was the response, pitched in a servile key, "time to get up if you're gwine on the early train." "All right, old man," said Captain G., "just pass on, please, we are not going on the train." Sandy Grim shut the door and went away. In about twenty minutes he returned, rapping authoritatively. "Who's that?" said Captain G. and Lieutenant P. in the same breath. "It's train time, gemmen." "Didn't I tell you, you old fool," said Captain G., "that we weren't going?" "Old man," said Lieutenant P., as if to end the matter, "we have engaged board here, and won't leave for several days." "Beg your pardon, gemmen," said Sandy, closing the door.

In about twenty minutes there was the silence of death in the adjoining room. Sandy Grim, like a faithful sentinel, stole softly to the door and pushing it slightly open, again rapped. "Hang me if there ain't that old nigger again," Captain G. was heard to groan. "Gemmen," said Sandy, "the train is ready to start." "Didn't I tell you," yelled Lieutenant P., "that we had engaged board here for a month? And, besides that, we are conscientiously opposed to railroads and *never* ride on trains at all." "And if you come back here any more," growled Captain G., "I'll blow your head off you."

Undismayed, Mr. Grim retired to his own room, and, taking his station by the window, looked out on the quiet stars and laughed till he was almost sleepy. It was now nearly 4 o'clock. Once more the faithful sentinel sauntered, on tiptoe, to the half-open door of the doomed room. To make sure that no one was lying in wait to blow his head off, he stopped and listened. All was quiet. The exhausted patriots were sweetly sleeping. "Gemmen," said he, with a bang, "the train ———"

"Get out of here, you old villain," and an invisible piece of matter grazed his head. Sandy Grim retired, now somewhat in disorder, and again seated himself by the window. Seeing that day was breaking, and hearing the cry of "morning papers," a bright idea struck him. He went down stairs into the street and interviewed a newsboy. After buying a paper, for which he paid 50 cents, he told the boy that he could tell him where he probably might sell a half-dozen copies.

"They are going on the early train, and, if still asleep, will be

A NIGHT OF ADVENTURE.
"Fine morning. Hope you all slept well."

much obliged to you for waking them. If you get them thoroughly aroused they'll buy at least a half-dozen copies." "All right," said the boy, "what's the number?" Having given the proper directions, Sandy Grim followed and waited at a respectful distance. In a short time there was the sound of angry voices. Presently the boy appeared, in full retreat, followed by a broken bottle and the soap bowl.

"How many did you sell?" said Mr. Grim, encouragingly. "Sell nawthing," said the boy, rubbing his head; "they was a red-headed fellow there that tried to kill me." After paying the boy a dollar and waiting for a quarter of an hour, Mr. Grim entered the room without knocking. The occupants immediately arose with weapons in their hands; upon recognizing him they apologized, saying they had taken him for the newsboy. "Fine morning," said Sandy Grim, going to the window and looking out to conceal his feelings; "hope you all slept well. I had a glorious night's rest." "Rest!" cried Lieutenant P., rising up in bed and glaring at him, "I have been marching all night." "Well, sir," said Captain G., "if there was one nigger in here last night, there was a thousand; the last one I killed, and I'll have it out with the landlord, after breakfast, if it costs me my commission."

How Pat Arrested a Straggling Lieutenant.

BY CAPTAIN JOHN M. JOLLY.

The writer, at the commencement of the Confederate War, was living at Pendleton, S. C., and, at the first call for troops, volunteered and joined a company, which afterward was Company K, of the Fourth South Carolina Regiment.

In Company K was an Irishman, whose name was Patrick Clifford. Now, Pat, like many of his countrymen, was inordinately fond of whisky. When we were first organized, our regiment was sent to Columbia, S. C., to be drilled, and while in that city Pat had but little trouble in getting all the whisky he wanted, and he nearly always wanted it when he could get it. After going to Virginia the opportunities for Pat to supply himself with the needful were lessened, and he was often under the necessity of first locating the whisky, and, after it was located, then

came the "tug of war" for him to get around the guard and get to where the whisky was; but by some means, known only to Pat, he generally succeeded.

It will be remembered that after the first battle of Manassas the Confederate lines were advanced to Fairfax Courthouse. Whilst on this line the Fourth South Carolina Regiment was at Germantown. It will also be remembered that on the night of October 22, 1861, General Johnston withdrew the army from Fairfax to Bull Run. At this time whisky had become hard to get; in fact, it was very scarce. On this particular night Pat had located some whisky, and was bound to have some of it.

Now, there was one peculiarity about Pat that I never saw in any other man up to this time, and that was, whenever he went on one of his raids he invariably took his musket. On this particular night Pat, as usual, took his musket. When he left camp no one knew. Pat timed himself so as to get back to camp before day; but lo! when Pat returned in the morning to the place he started from, there was no company, regiment or army in sight, the movement of falling back having been accomplished in the night during Pat's absence. It was but little trouble for Pat to take the direction of the army, which he did. After following on for some time in the rear, Pat overtook the rear guard, in command of a Lieutenant. Here was something that Pat did not have down on his programme. As soon as the Lieutenant saw Pat, of course he supposed that he was straggling, and, as his duty required, he informed Pat that, as he was a straggler, he would have to arrest him, keep him under guard, and report him for straggling. Pat was not to be outdone in this way, but, cocking his musket and bringing it to bear on the Lieutenant, he coolly informed him that he was a rear guard himself, and that as he had caught the Lieutenant straggling, it was his (Pat's) duty to march him (the Lieutenant) to brigade headquarters, which he should do, and, at the same time, informed the Lieutenant that, if he resisted, he would, under his instructions, be compelled to shoot him. The Lieutenant had no alternative but to submit, which he did, and allowed Pat to march him to brigade headquarters. When they arrived at headquarters Pat marched his "straggler" into General Anderson's tent, saluted, and informed the General that he had a man, caught whilst straggling. Of course explanations were now in order, and, after hearing both sides, and getting the facts, the joke was so good that the General released Pat with only a gentle reprimand.

Reminiscences of the Second Battle of Manassas.

BY COL. J. M. STONE,
Former Governor of Mississippi.

As history accurately records the movements of the two armies for the few days immediately preceding the great battle of the 29th and 30th of August, 1862, known as the Second Battle of Manassas, the scenes at Thoroughfare Gap, the difficulties attending the march to Manassas, and the junction of the forces of Longstreet and Jackson, they need not be repeated here.

LAID OUT FOR BURIAL.
The above is from a photograph of Confederate dead awaiting identification and burial.

On the morning of the 29th of August there were unmistakable and never-failing evidences of the approach of a great battle, and every one seemed serious and expectant. Colonel Law, of the Fourth Alabama Regiment, being senior colonel of the brigade, was, in the absence of the Brigadier-General, temporarily in command of what was then known as Whiting's brigade, to which my regiment was attached, and General Hood commanded the division.

Some time in the afternoon my regiment, the Second Missis-

sippi, was directed by Colonel Law to take position in line of battle on the crest of a low ridge, a short distance in rear of a residence, on the left-hand side of the road leading to Manassas Junction, my right resting on the road and immediately at a battery of several guns. Having taken position as directed, and realizing the danger to which my whole line would be exposed when the artillery firing began, I went to Colonel Law for permission to withdraw my regiment twenty or thirty paces, that my men might be protected by the crest of the hill from the enemy's artillery, assuring him that I would be compelled to move back when the firing did begin, and that it was much safer to do so before the artillery opened fire. He replied that he had orders to form precisely where my regiment lay, and that he could not change the line.

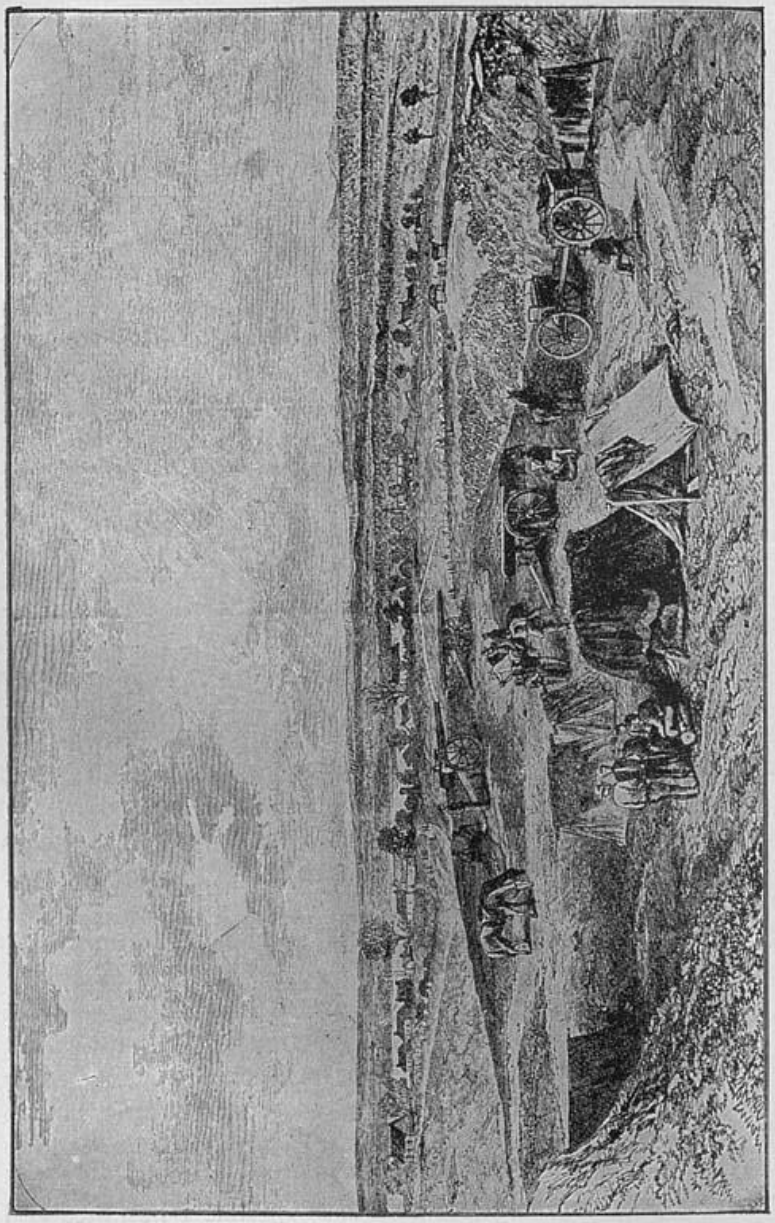
Soon the battery at the right of my regiment opened a vigorous fire, which was immediately responded to as vigorously by the artillery of the opposing army, the first fire killing six men outright on the right of the regiment — six of the finest soldiers in the army. The men showed no sign of moving, but seemed to submit to this martyrdom without complaint. Notwithstanding the orders I had received, I passed along the line and ordered the commanding officers of the companies to place markers about forty feet to the rear, and, at a signal from me, to move their companies back slowly and quietly to that line. The order was executed in splendid style, not a man failing to stop at the exact line marked out for him. After this there was no casualty in the regiment while it remained in this position.

We remained here until about dusk, when the advance was ordered and a fierce battle ensued. Shortly after the battle commenced Colonel Law sent a courier to me with an order to take command of the brigade, he having been wounded ; but the wound was not serious, and before the battle ended he was again in command. The brigade advanced rapidly, but, as the road turned sharply to the left after passing the house, I soon found the whole of the brigade on the right of the road instead of the left, as I had started, which resulted from following the Federal line of battle as it retreated before us. After passing the house, I gave the command to charge, and, as we charged down the hill, I could distinctly feel the heat of the burning powder from two pieces of artillery in position near a small house, as they belched forth death and destruction among my men. The gunners and support were driven away, except some eight or ten, who had taken refuge in

the little house, and who were made prisoners and taken to the rear. A few minutes later, when the fighting had ceased, I sent several men, at their own request, back for the guns they had captured, but they had been carried away and could not be found.

Colonel Law, now having resumed command of the brigade, I, by his direction, moved my regiment on toward Manassas, more than a mile I think, and so near to the Federal troops on the opposite side of the road that I could distinctly hear and understand the conversation going on among them. Later on, a messenger came from Colonel Law with orders to me to move back to a point indicated—about a mile from where I then was. In this difficult and dangerous situation I went to Colonel Robinson, commanding one of the Texas regiments just to my right, and requested him to accompany me to the rear. He declined, saying his men were broken down and asleep, and, without orders from General Hood, he preferred remaining there. I very cautiously and quietly moved back, without molestation, to the ground assigned me, and rested for the remainder of the night. At a late hour of the night, when all were asleep except a few on guard, General Hood came to me to ascertain where Colonel Robinson could be found, and whether I could direct a courier to him. I replied to General Hood that I could not undertake to direct a courier to Colonel Robinson, but that, if it was important, I would go myself and carry his orders, which I did. The route lay along a small stream, or dry branch, which had to be crossed several times, and which was thickly grown up with brushwood. I had no difficulty in finding Colonel Robinson, and, delivering to him General Hood's written orders, I started on my return, and then my trouble began. In crossing the little run I lost sight of the camp fires, which were my only guide, and finally became so bewildered that I could not tell which lights were ours and which the enemy's. In this state of dread and confusion I met several strolling soldiers, one at a time, and passed them with a pleasant remark, and to this day I do not know whether they were friends or foes. At length I came near enough to the lights before me to hear names which I recognized as those of my own men, and the spell departed. There was no single hour during the war which had more terror in it for me than this one, while I hesitated and halted between the two lines.

Morning dawned and we moved back to almost the same position we had occupied on the previous day. The artillery of Gen-



BATTLEFIELD OF SECOND MANASSAS.

eral Longstreet was on an elevation about two hundred yards in rear of my line, and General Jackson was in position in the woods on the left of the road, and along an old railroad cut and embankment, as I was informed, which afforded some protection to his men. For a considerable length of time there was nothing but artillery fighting, in which General Stephen D. Lee took a prominent part, and I saw General Longstreet, on his feet at his guns, directing the fire.

I was never able to remember the hour of a battle or the time of its duration, but this artillery duel had been going on for some time when I saw the Federal forces advancing through the open field in several lines of battle, in General Jackson's front. Each line moved as if on dress parade, so perfect the order appeared at that distance. My command was not engaged or threatened at the time, and my position gave me a splendid view of the magnificent panorama that spread out before me. This is the only battle I ever witnessed in which I was not myself engaged, and if there was ever anything beautiful in war, grandly beautiful, I saw it there on that field.

The first line of battle marched up through the open field nearly to the woods, in which Jackson's men lay, and at the first fire, a terrific volley, it reeled and recoiled, and then broke to the rear. Then the next line, and the next, and the next, until all had reached the "dead line," and each, like its predecessor, reeled and tottered, and gave way until all were in full retreat. As they retired in confusion over the open field, their officers making every effort to rally them, with apparent success, when, nearly three-quarters of a mile away, Longstreet opened all his guns on the retreating mass, which broke in every direction, in the wildest confusion, and in a few minutes all were out of sight; and this was the end of the great battle of the 29th and 30th of August, so far as I witnessed it.

One incident of this battle made a lasting impression on my mind, and I can never forget it. When one of the lines of battle had advanced to the point at which all recoiled, I saw a gallant officer on horseback, a magnificent specimen of a soldier, urging his men forward, but without avail. He vainly tried to rally them after the line was broken, and was the last to leave the field. Suddenly his horse wheeled and ran to the rear, and at the same moment I saw the officer lean and reel in his saddle as if he would fall. But he held on, still reeling, as the horse came to a gallop, then to a trot, then to a walk; then, stopping still, the

officer fell from his saddle, doubtless a dead soldier, with no one near to hear his last words.

In addition to the two guns captured by my regiment, or brigade, for I was in command of the brigade at the time, many small arms and some colors fell into our hands, but my men did not stop to gather them up, preferring to leave them until the battle was over; but when they went back for them they were all gone. On the following day General Hood sent a messenger to me with the request that I give him the number of guns, colors and small arms my command had captured during the battle. My reply was: "Return my compliments, and say to General Hood that I regret my inability to give him the desired information; for, while my men were driving the enemy away from their guns, capturing small arms and colors, pursuing the enemy, without stopping to gather up what they had captured, General Hood's men came along behind them, gathered them all up and carried them away."

First Time Under Fire.—Experience of my Body Servant.

BY J. M. PEARSON,
Late Second Lieutenant C. S. A., now Brig.-Gen. "United Confederate Veterans."

Henry was an old-time negro belonging to my father, J. M. Pearson, of Dadeville, Alabama. I enlisted as a private in Company E, Thirtieth Alabama Volunteers, and while stationed at Tazewell, Tenn., I wrote to father to send me a servant to cook, and otherwise wait on me. About sundown one evening, in the fall of 1862, father came to Tazewell, bringing Henry, who was then about sixty years old. I told Henry to make a fire and prepare supper. When he started his fire, and had his flour converted into dough, orders came to prepare for marching at once. I said: "Henry put up your frying-pan and dough and get ready to march."

He said: "Mos Matt, how long, fore you gwine to stop for to get supper?"

"I don't know," I replied, "I expect we will march all night."

"Good God!" Henry said, "you gwine to break your res dat way? Hit will jes be de ruination of you."

We started soon, and all night long we marched. About day-

break we stopped at Powell river, and were preparing to wade through, when Henry came up and said:

"Mos Matt, whar de bridge you gwine to cross on?"

"There is no bridge," I replied, "for us to cross; we have to wade; but you can go down the river one or two hundred yards, where the wagon train is crossing, and you can ride over in a wagon."

"Is dat so, Mos Matt, and can't you git de Kurnel to let you ride over in a wagon, Mos Matt?"

"No," said I.

"Well, if dat don't beat me," said Henry; "seems dat a white gemman ain't got de showin' of a nigger in dis country."

We finished crossing and rested on the north bank of the river, in plain view of Cumberland Gap, which was about five miles off. About nine o'clock Henry came to where we were, and said:

"Mos Matt, whar bouts de Yankees?"

Having been posted at the Gap before that time, I was able to give him a good description of the location. I told him that on the right-hand peak was located a large cannon, and that I was expecting, before long, that the Yankees would open fire on us.

"Good God!" Henry replied, "dey ain't fools enough to waste dey aminition dat way."

In a short time I discovered a white-looking puff of smoke from the right-hand peak, and at once I called Henry's attention to it, and he laughed at "de fools wastin' dey aminition." Before his laugh was over, the dull boom of the cannon was heard, and immediately the shell was whistling through the air; and as Henry said afterwards, the shell was saying "which-way, which-way, which-way, whichwaywhichwaywhichway, bang!" and exploded across the river.

Henry took up his knapsack and started off, but I stopped him, and told him maybe they would not shoot again. But he stood there with his eyes as big as saucers and watched the mountain summit. Again the puff of smoke came out, and Henry was terribly restless and uneasy, but said nothing about the "Yankees wastin' dey aminition;" and again the dull explosion fell upon our ears, followed by the wild shrieking of the shell, which burst, with a terrible crash, among the trees, about two hundred yards to the rear. The sound was appalling to Henry, who seized his knapsack and said:

"Good-bye, Mos Matt, I must go back yonder whar your

baggage is; some dem fool niggers gwine to steal your baggage, sho; an Moster told me to be sho and take keer your baggage; good-bye, Mos Matt, take keer of yosef." And he left, and I never saw him for four days.

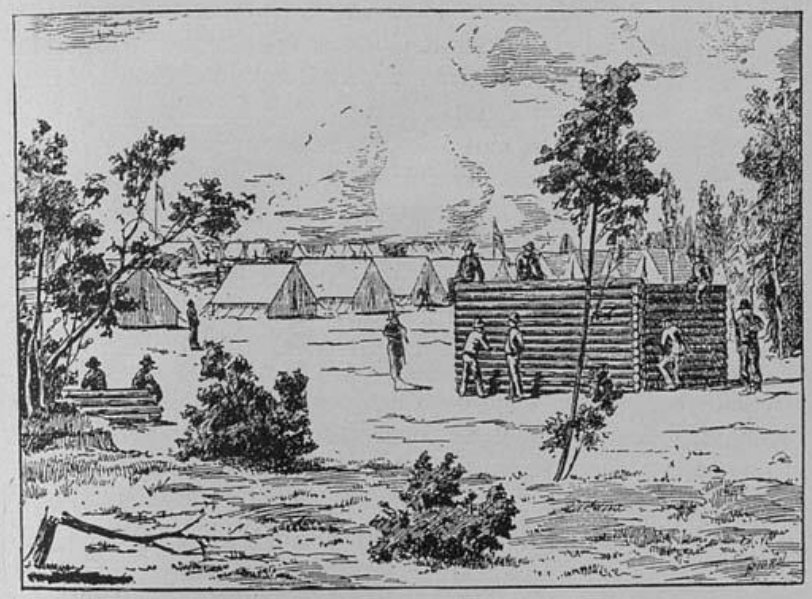
Two Reminiscences of the War.

BY JOHN O. CASLER,
A private in the ranks, now Major-General Oklahoma Division U. C. V.

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE FROM PRISON.

Lieutenant Monroe Blue, of Hampshire county, West Virginia, who had belonged to Company A, Thirty-third Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade, but at this time belonging to the Eighteenth Virginia Cavalry, Imboden's Brigade, was a prisoner on Johnson's Island. In the early part of 1864, the Federals were removing some prisoners from Johnson's Island to Fort Delaware, and they were on a passenger train. Lieutenant Blue had made up his mind, when he left Johnson's Island, to make his escape or die in the attempt; that he never intended to enter another prison. When the train was passing through Pennsylvania, in the dead hour of night, Lieutenant Blue walked up to the water-tank to get a drink of water, and, noticing that the guard at the door looked rather sleepy and negligent, conceived the idea of escape. He returned to his seat and informed his cousin, Lieutenant John Blue, of his design to escape, which was to go and get a drink of water, then knock the guard down with his fist, and jump from the train. His cousin was anxious to escape, too, but said he could not take that risk, as the train was running about thirty miles an hour, and they would not know where they were jumping. Lieutenant Monroe Blue then said he would risk it by himself. He then proceeded to the water-tank, and, after drinking and setting the cup down, he struck the guard a powerful blow with his fist, knocking him down, ran out the door and jumped from the train, not knowing whether he would land on a bridge, cut or fill. But, luckily, he landed where there was quite a pile of loose earth, void of rocks, and rolled down the embankment unhurt. The train stopped as soon as it could, he heard several shots fired, and then the train moved on. He made his way from

there to Virginia, by traveling at night and hiding in the woods during the day, with nothing to eat. One night, as he was getting a horse from a stable near the road, he captured a chicken. He rode the horse until near day, then turned it loose, and hid in the woods and ate his chicken raw, afraid to make a fire and so be discovered. In that manner he reached the Potomac river, and, finding a canoe, crossed over to the Virginia side, and, after rest-



In the guard house.

ing and recuperating, regained his command which was then camped in Augusta county, Virginia.

In a short time the Federals advanced up the Shenandoah Valley under General Hunter, and General Jones, commanding the Confederate forces, engaged the enemy at New Hope or Piedmont, near Staunton, Va. Lieutenant Blue, in leading a charge of dismounted cavalrymen, was killed in the charge; General Jones was also killed, and the Confederates defeated.

A Daring and Successful Adventure.

In the latter part of February, 1865, Lieutenant Charley Vandiver selected a squad of thirty men from the commands of Captain Jesse McNeil's company of Partisan Rangers, and from the Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Brigade, men who had been reared on the border of West Virginia and Maryland, and were

then encamped near Moorefield, Hardy county, W. Va., about sixty miles from Cumberland, Md.

They proceeded by isolated paths through the mountains, and crossed the north branch of the Potomac, above Cumberland, Md., where there were about 12,000 Federal soldiers camped, under the command of Generals Cook and Kelly. They captured the outposts of the enemy on the road leading into Cumberland, securing the countersign, and, arriving in Cumberland about midnight, inquired where Generals Cook and Kelly were quartered. Finding that they were at two different hotels, they divided their force, and went to each hotel, stating they had important messages for the Generals, and asked to be shown to their rooms at once, which the guards proceeded to do. They made the Generals get up out of bed, and then informed them that they were prisoners of war and would have to go South. They then mounted and left Cumberland with their prisoners by another road, after exchanging some horses, and made their way safely back to Moorefield, and sent their prisoners to Richmond.

General Ewell and the Private.

BY JAMES BOYD.
Major-Gen. U. C. V., Texas.

At the battle of Port Republic, on the 9th of May, 1862, after the charge of the Louisiana brigade commanded by General Dick Tyler, and the Twenty-fifth Virginia Regiment, on the celebrated battery of the First Ohio, after the battery of six guns was captured and a charge was ordered along the entire line, General Ewell, who was not known by many of Jackson's men, passed by the captured battery, where death and destruction were around—every horse killed or wounded and nine-tenths of its members killed or wounded—and got off his horse, and was leaning over a wheel of one of the guns, looking intently at the terrible work that had been done. A private of Company A, Twenty-fifth Virginia Regiment, by the name of John Hatterman, who had assisted in its capture, approached General Ewell, who had no insignia of rank on his garments, and remarked to him, not know-

ing him: "Hello, old conscript; you look like you had captured the battery. Get your gun and come along with us." The regiment passed on. Some one inquired of Hatterman if he knew he was talking to General Ewell. He said: "No; and he did not give a damn." General Ewell looked at the boy and smiled, but said nothing.

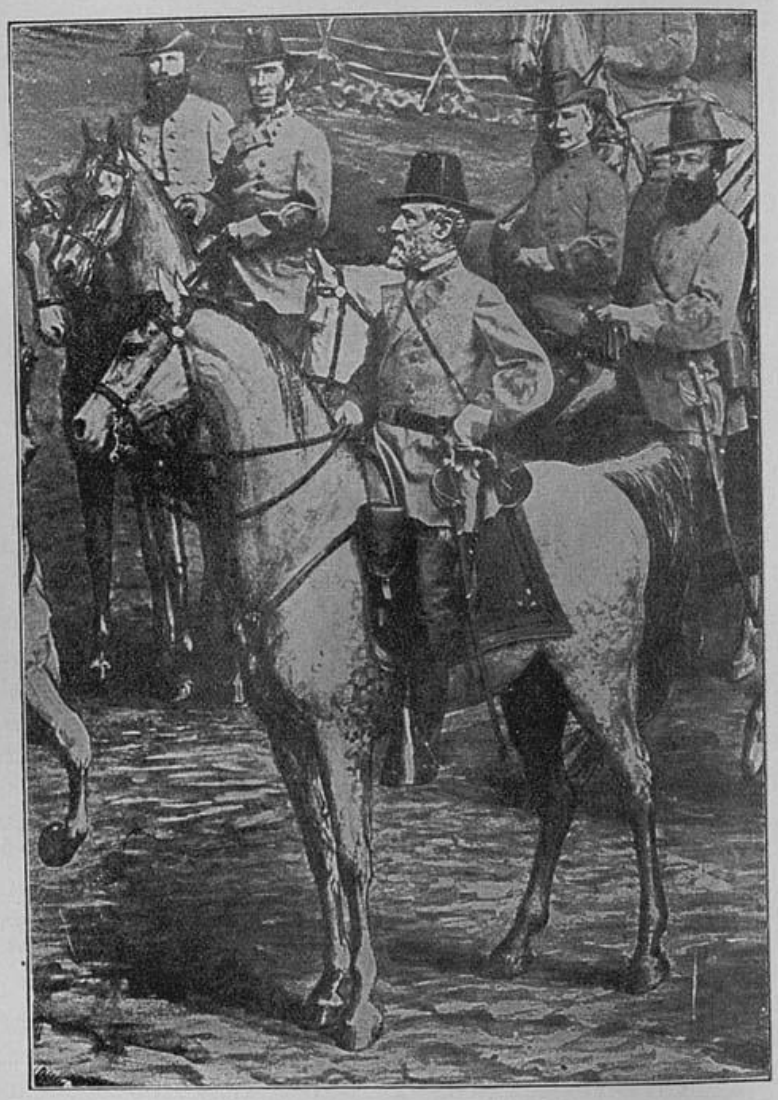
"Traveller," General R. E. Lee's War-Horse.

BY THOMAS L. BROUN.

He was raised by Mr. Johnston, near the Blue Sulphur Springs, in Greenbrier county, Va. (now West Virginia); was of the "Gray Eagle" stock, and, as a colt, took the first premium under the name of "Jeff Davis" at the Lewisburg fairs for each of the years 1859 and 1860. He was four years old in the spring of 1861.

When the "Wise Legion" was encamped on Sewell Mountains, opposing the advance of the Federal army, under General Rosecrans, in the fall of 1861, I was major to the Third Regiment of Infantry in that legion, and my brother, Captain Joseph M. Broun, was quartermaster to the same regiment. I authorized my brother to purchase a good, serviceable horse of the best Greenbrier stock for our use during the war. After much inquiry and search, he came across the horse above mentioned, and I purchased him for $175 (gold value), in the fall of 1861, of Captain James W. Johnston, son of Mr. Johnston first above mentioned. When the Wise Legion was encamped about Meadow Bluff and Big Sewell Mountains, I rode this horse, which was then greatly admired in camp for his rapid, springy walk, his high spirit, bold carriage and muscular strength. He needed neither whip nor spur, and would walk his five or six miles an hour over the rough mountain roads of Western Virginia, with his rider sitting firmly in the saddle and holding him in check by a tight rein, such vim and eagerness did he manifest to go right ahead as soon as he was mounted.

When General Lee took command of the Wise Legion and Floyd Brigade, which were encamped at and near Big Sewell Mountains, in the fall of 1861, he first saw this horse, and took a great



General Lee Astride His Famous War-horse "Traveller."

fancy to it. He called it his colt, and said he would need it before the war was over. Whenever the General saw my brother on this horse he had something pleasant to say to him about "my colt," as he designated this horse.

As the winter approached, the climate in the West Virginia mountains caused Rosecrans' army to abandon its position on Big Sewell and retreat westward. General Lee was thereupon ordered to South Carolina. The Third Regiment of the Wise Legion was subsequently detached from the army in Western Virginia and ordered to the South Carolina coast, where it was known as the Sixtieth Virginia Regiment, under Colonel Starke.

Upon seeing my brother on this horse, near Pocotaligo, in South Carolina, General Lee at once recognized the horse, and again inquired of him, pleasantly, about his colt. My brother then offered him the horse as a gift, which the General promptly declined, and at the same time remarked: "If you will *willingly* sell me the horse, I will gladly use it for a week or so to learn its qualities." Thereupon my brother had the horse sent to General Lee's stable. In about a month the horse was returned to my brother, with a note from General Lee, stating that the animal suited him, but that he could not longer use so valuable a horse in such times, unless it were his own; that if he (my brother) would not sell, please to keep the horse, with many thanks. This was in February, 1862. At that time I was in Virginia, on the sick list from a long and severe attack of camp-fever, contracted in the campaign on Big Sewell Mountains. My brother wrote me of General Lee's desire to have the horse, and asked me what he should do. I replied at once: "If he will not accept it, then sell it to him at what it cost me." He then sold the horse to General Lee for $200 in currency, the sum of $25 having been added by General Lee to the price I gave for the horse in September, 1861, to make up for the depreciation in our currency from September, 1861, to February, 1862.

In 1868 General Lee wrote to my brother stating that this horse had survived the war — was known as "Traveller" (spelling the word with a double 'l' in good English style), and asking for its pedigree, which was obtained as above mentioned and sent by my brother to General Lee.

Anecdotes of the Siege of Petersburg.

BY MISS V. E. DAVIDSON.

DON'T THINK YOU DID, CAPTAIN.

'Twas in the month of March; 'twas night—one of those weird, mysterious-looking nights, which recalled forcibly to our minds the encounter of "Tam O'Shanter" with the witches in the old ruined kirk. The veiled moon peeped from a cloud and hung above the ivy-mantled church. We watched the mortars spangling the heavens. The grate was polished, guiltless of fire or warmth, save a fagot of lightwood (in default of other light), which shed its flickering rays over the gay occupants of the room. Each soldier had some anecdote to tell—each officer some incident of his experience to relate. These two are remembered at this time: Generals Gordon and Pegram were being pressed rapidly back. At last they broke and retreated before overwhelming numbers. Mahone came in on a double-quick. We flung ourselves down to allow Gordon to pass over. Gordon and Pegram quickly reformed and gallantly supported us. In ten minutes we were driving the enemy helter-skelter before us. Later in the day, as we were walking over the ground, a courier rode up to a staff officer and asked: "How went the day, Captain?" "Fine, fine! We drove them at the point of the bayonet." He rubbed his hands with great glee. A soldier, helping himself to a comfortable overcoat, looked up and replied: "Don't think you did, Captain; but I think we fellows what carries the muskets did." The two remembered that they were wanted at headquarters, and rode away.

A FISHING PARTY.

Parties were all the rage in Petersburg, during the siege—starvation parties. There were as many officers and soldiers in the social circles of the city as in camp, and many were the schemes and plans resorted to to come to town. Colonel Lester, of Thomas' Brigade, had made arrangements for a party on Thursday night, and the officers and soldiers composing this club had made engagements, and the ladies had accepted their escort. The day arrived; the club met at the Colonel's tent to talk over the

expected pleasure of the evening; but the "schemes of men and mice gang aft agley." Orders came down from General Thomas, about 2 o'clock, that neither officers nor men were to leave camp, except on special permits, until further orders. In a moment all was changed—no mirth, no singing, all were sullenly silent. Hours passed, and no scheme presented itself. The Colonel was going to the Masonic lodge, and would tender the regrets of his comrades to the ladies. This was the best to be done. The sun was down, and the Colonel cantering down the road to the city, followed by the earnest ejaculation: "I wish I was a Mason!" Suddenly Lieutenant Lane and Captain Perry exclaimed: "Boys, we've got it! We've got it! Be ready, now; quick!" Taking some poles in their hands, they repaired to the General's quarters and modestly asked permission to be allowed to go to Ellerslie Pond to catch some fish. "Certainly," said the General, and they withdrew. Two hours later they assembled in a parlor, took up the thread of the last flirtation, and "chased the flying hours with flying feet." When the Colonel, at 10 o'clock, came to apologize for Thomas' Brigade of Georgians, knowing Mahone's Brigade of Virginians would supply the deficiency, judge of his surprise at seeing the entire club. He was greeted with a loud laugh, and informed that they started for the fish-pond, at Ellerslie, but the night was so dark they missed the road and found themselves in the city. They could not be blamed for getting lost in the dark. The joke soon got out, and wherever they went they heard the inquiry throughout their division: "What do you ask for your fish?" "Been fishing lately?" "Dealers in fish? Fresh or salt?" and when the division failed to come in (though they were under arms, waiting for Pickett's Division) on the 25th of March, the soldiers said the division must have gone fishing and got lost.

General Lee and the Private.—A Good War Story.

BY HENRY H. SMITH.

In the early part of the war I was a private soldier, under Stonewall Jackson, in Virginia. At that time I was a mere boy, and my gun was almost as big and heavy as I was. You can imagine how tired and hungry I was after I had marched two days without any

food. A driving rainstorm came on, and I could hardly drag my feet along the muddy road.

A tent by the roadside attracted my attention, and I saw a gray-bearded face peeping out at the marching troops.

"Hello, old man!" I shouted; "got anything to eat in there?"

"Yes; what's the matter?" the man in the tent replied.

I told him that I was hungry and had been marching two days without a scrap of food.

"Come right in," said the old fellow, pleasantly.

Into the tent I plunged in a hurry, throwing down my gun and smacking my lips in anticipation of a square meal.

The stranger opened a camp chest and invited me to help myself. You should have seen the way I sailed into the rations. I ate ravenously, without saying a word, and for the time forgot all about my kind host.

Finally, he asked me if I would have a drink of water, and handed me a gourd from a bucket in one corner of the tent. I took a big drink and got ready to depart.

"You have been very kind to me," I said to my new friend, "and I would like to know your name."

"My name is Lee," was the answer.

"Lee—what Lee?" I asked him—"not General Lee?"

"That is my name," was his quiet response.

Well, I was taken aback, of course; but I was young and cheeky, and I made the best of it. Soldiers had no handkerchiefs, so I wiped my hands on my breeches and gave the General's paw a cordial shake.

He asked me my name, and told me to take care of myself as I left.

A few days later my command was on the march, and had just reached a bridge, when it was ordered to open ranks to let General Lee pass.

I was standing at the head of the line, and when the General dashed up, followed by a negro servant riding on another horse, I could not keep still.

"Howdy, General!" I shouted.

"Why, Smith, my boy!" he replied, as he pulled up his horse. "Here, Smith, get on this horse and follow me."

The negro turned over his horse to me and I mounted him.

I rode off with my commander, feeling mighty good, I can tell you; but those rascals at the bridge were bound to have their fun, and about a thousand of them set up a yell.

"Take him along, General," they howled. "He ain't no good — never was on a horse before in his life — can't do nothing but eat — take him along and keep him!"

That was the send-off my comrades gave me; but the General understood the humorous side of camp life, and he merely smiled and kept straight ahead.

I accompanied him a short distance, and returned to my company in the course of an hour or two, after the General's staff had joined him.

That is the story of my meeting with Bob Lee. Do you wonder that we boys all took a fancy to him? He was just as clever to Private Smith as he would have been to a General, and I could see that it was a pleasure to him to share his rations with me.

But the boys guyed me about it a long time. They told the story with lots of fanciful flourishes, and three years later, when I went to the West, as an officer on General Forrest's staff, I found that the tale had preceded me and had made me well known in army circles.

Ah, those were great days; full of great men and great deeds. Even now, after the lapse of a generation, my heart thrills with pride when I recall my two meetings with the Confederacy's grandest chieftain — the idol of the people, the father of his soldiers — royal old Bob Lee!

A COMMON OCCURRENCE IN THE CONFEDERATE CAMP.

Two of the mess have been out foraging for roasting-ears. One fellow has landed a bagful; the other was driven off before he got any; he is coming in, with an empty sack, looking very much crestfallen, while his successful companion is telling of their escapade.

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DEPARTMENT VII.

STORIES HEARD AROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

His Ammunition Getting Low.

A Georgia colonel, in one of the battles just before Appomattox, charged the enemy, furiously and successfully, without orders, and, when reprimanded, gave as his excuse that his ammunition was getting low and was about to give out.

Nothing to Eat.

Said a hungry Confederate to the lady who met him at the door, when out foraging one day, "Madam, will you please give me something to eat? I haven't had a mouthful for three days—to-day, to-morrow and next day."

Shoot 'Em in the Line.

A straggling Yankee soldier was in a squad that was captured and passed before General Paul Jones Semmes. One of the men remarked that this prisoner was hungry. "Feed him," said General Semmes. "Shoot 'em in the line, but feed 'em on this side of it."

'Tain't State Bank.

In the first year of the Confederacy, state-bank money was at a considerable discount, and at this time the members of a volunteer company, in Richmond for the purpose of equipment, went to the theater to see a play, which was of the kind that ends in a happy marriage. The play passed off without interruption, until the generous father placed a roll of money in the hands of the blushing bride, when a soldier, who was deeply interested in

the heroine of the play, and who had some of the depreciated money, yelled out, "Say, miss, you had better look at that money and see if 'tain't state bank."

General Burnside.

When the Eighteenth Virginia Regiment was encamped at Centerville, one of the privates, while sleeping, caught afire, and all of his clothes on one side were burned off. He was ever after called "General Burnside" by his comrades.

Rather See Her After it is Over.

Just before the battle of the Wilderness, Sergeant Billy Bass received a letter from his wife. She said she heard that there was to be a big battle, and she did so wish to see him before it was fought! When Billy read it, he said he would like also to see her before the battle, but he would a great sight rather see her after it was over.

"Wo-o-oh! Sthop!"

An old German, in the days of militia trainings, commanded the "Cornstalk Rangers." On review-day he was drilling his men near a creek, and had marched them in line nearly to the brink of the stream. In his excitement he forgot the proper command, and called out, "Wo-o-oh! sthop!"

Not Covered with Glory.

Captain Lyons, of Tennessee, was a good soldier of the "Lost Cause," but, at the close of the war, while making for home, he was compelled to hide in the flour bin of a country store to escape his pursuers. One of his boys wrote to a friend that "the Captain arrived home safe, not covered with *glory*, but with *flour*."

Certainly.

In 1862 an order was issued that all seafaring men in the army could, on application, be transferred to the Confederate navy. Moses Williams, of the Manchester Artillery, applied. He was asked if he was a seafaring man, and he replied, "Certainly; I can see as far as any other man, I don't care where he comes from."

A Full Hand.

A "Confed." who was at the battle of Shiloh happened to be inordinately fond of card-playing. During the fight he had three of his fingers shot off. Holding up his mangled member, he gazed at it with a look of ineffable sorrow, and exclaimed, as a big tear stole from the corner of his eye, "I shall never be able to hold a full hand again!" Poor fellow!

Best Troops.

Captain M., of the Louisiana Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, says that, in his opinion, the North Carolina infantry were the best troops in that army; they would follow their leaders anywhere. A North Carolina man, if lucky enough to get it, could eat a side of bacon without its making him any heavier. When dead his body never decomposed: he simply turned as yellow as a saddle, then dried up and blew away. A field full of dead Tar Heels would cause *no* stench.

He Died.

A company of Confederate soldiers, bound for Chattanooga, on the cars, were indulging in some Munchausen stories of the war. One had seen a man shot through the head, and *he lived;* another had seen a soldier whose arms and legs had been carried away, and *he lived;* a third had known a man to be shot in the side and through the head, and *he lived;* and the fourth had seen a man shot clean through the body by a ten-pound cannon ball, and—"He lived?" asked his listening comrades. "No," quietly responded the narrator, "*he died.*"

"Yis, be Jabbers."

An Irishman by the name of O'Donahue, but very properly and appropriately called Donny, was placed on picket at Big Spring, Va., and Major Abe Looney, being the officer on duty, thought fit to question Donny to see if he knew a picket's duty. Major Looney said: "Donny, do you know the duty of a picket?" "Yis, be jabbers, I do." "Well, if any person was to come to your post to-night, what would you say to him?" "Why, begorra, I would presint arms and let him pass." "But, suppose it was a Yankee, what would you do then?" "Will, if it was

a Yankee, thin I would tell him that the Ribils was not far off, and he had better go back." Donny staid with the regiment until the reorganization at Corinth, but was never placed on picket.

He saved the cider.

He Saved the Cider.

Corporal G., of the Sixth Kentucky Infantry, was fortunate enough to have some cider in his canteen at the battle of Murfreesboro, and was unfortunate enough to have a minie-ball pass through that canteen just as the command started on a charge. The corporal hesitated but a minute; but, in that minute, he had thrown down his gun, placed a finger on each side of the hole made by the bullet, and, at one huge swig, drunk the precious fluid, and regained his company, conscious of having done his full duty to himself in saving the cider.

The True Ring.

Billy is an "Old Virginy" negro, proud of his state and prouder of his manners. His silver locks show that he has reached, if not passed, the allotted term of three-score-and-ten;

but his form is still erect, and he tries hard to keep up his end of the log. "Well, Billy," said a gentleman the other day, "you'll soon have to root with the hogs at the dump-pile for a living." "Nary time," said he, straightening up, with indignation, "I come of too good a stock for that. My old master was a gentleman, born and bred, and I can't go back on my *raising*."

Right About Face.

On one occasion a man from Georgia had been persistent in personal application to General Lee for a furlough. One morning the General asked his tormentor if he understood the position of a soldier. The latter said he did. He was ordered to assume it. General Lee then gave the command, "Right about face; forward, march." As he never gave the command to "halt," the Georgian kept on marching until he got tired; but this little hint cured him, and his next application was through the usual channels.

Burned up a Regiment of Home Guards.

During the retreat of the Confederates through South Carolina, at the time of Sherman's advance, Sergeant McD——, of Western North Carolina, was sent on detail to the town of M——, where a regiment of home guards was stationed. These valorous heroes, seeing a soldier from the front, gathered around him, eagerly inquiring the news. "News?" says Mac, solemnly, "I believe there is none. Yes, there is a little, too, but it's not of much importance. Old Hardee burned up a regiment of home guards at Florence, the other day, to keep them from falling into the enemy's hands." No more questions were asked.

Fight on Hand.

General Stonewall Jackson's body servant was a negro boy, who seemed to have a prescience of any forward movement; his camp utensils and his master's baggage were always ready packed in anticipation of the order to advance. This peculiarity excited remark amongst the General's staff, and one day several young officers called the black boy up and asked him how he guessed so accurately the intentions of the General. "Well, gemmen, whenever I sees Massa Stonewall get up in the night and go to kneeling and saying his prayers, I know there's a fight on hand, sure, and I makes preparations accordin'."

"Hearn Tell of Chancellorsville."

A column of infantry was one day marching along a dusty road, under a broiling sun. Close by, under some trees, were discovered a cluster of sleek commissaries seated at dinner. A tall, rawboned and dust-begrimed North Carolinian went up to the fence, and, putting his chin upon it, stared long and earnestly at the tempting table. At last, bursting with envy, he yelled out: "I say, misters, did any of ye ever hearn tell of the battle of Chancellorsville?"

Half Rations.

General Hardee once came across a straggler, and asked him "why he did not travel faster and keep up with his command?" The soldier wished to know "what in the deuce he had to do with it?" "Only that I am General Hardee, the commander of this department," was the reply. "Oh, you wrote a book on tactics, did you?" "I did," said the General. "Well," said the private, "I have been taught, according to your rules, how to double column at half distance. Now, I wish you would tell me how to double distance on half rations." General Hardee struck spurs to his horse and traveled on.

See the Point?

In the old First Virginia, in 1861, two of the boys, whom we will call A and B, had left sweethearts in Richmond. One of them soon forgot the soldier boy who had left her behind, and married a gentleman named Point. At this time B was much pleased, and joked A terribly. All day long he would ask him "If he could see the Point?" etc. Soon after this B's sweetheart, whose name was Hurt, forgot the vows she had made, and got married also. This was A's sweet revenge, and he gave B no peace by constantly asking him "What Hurt him? "Where he was Hurt?" etc. It was a case of diamond cut diamond.

"Can't Crow Over Georgia."

In the winter of 1863–64 there was great rivalry between an Alabama and a Georgia regiment attached to the same brigade. No matter what one did, the colonel of the other tried to excel it. It was during the great Madison Run revivals. One Sunday the Georgia colonel noticed a great commotion in the Alabama regi-

ment. He sent over and found out that thirteen of the Alabamians, the fruit of the meetings, were to be baptized. He sent for his adjutant, and then thundered out: "Captain ——, go to work at once and detail fifteen men, and have them baptized without delay. These —— Alabamians can't crow over Georgia."

"Get up here, you whey-faced Yankee son of a gun!"

Riding the Yankee.

The following joke is told on an army surgeon who got on a little "bender" while his command was passing through Mobile: "Surgeon was dressing a wound at Murfreesboro. Soldier boy on a Yankee's back, actually riding him to the rear. 'Doctor,' cried the lucky Confederate, from his novel perch, 'if I had them spurs you went to bed in at Mobile, I'd give this feller Hail, Columbia!—*Get up here*, you whey-faced Yankee *son* of a gun!' and he drove his heels into the sides of his jaded 'animal,' and pushed on, amid the roars of laughter from the surgeon and his corps of assistants."

"Don't Mind Them Boys, Mister."

A certain officer of Company C, Ninth Virginia Cavalry, was noted for his neatness, and, consequently, was chaffed by the boys a great deal. He had occasion, in the fall of '63, to pass

through the camp of General Barringer's North Carolina Brigade. He sat as straight as an arrow, and, with great dignity, rode along amidst such bantering as "Good morning, General," "Come out of that hat," and "Where did you get those boots?" On arriving near the General's tent, he was stopped by the Tar Heel guard, who observed to him, with great sympathy: "Don't you mind them boys, mister. They are always hollering at some fool going along by here."

He Got It.

A soldier, being on picket reserve, went to a farm house, as he said, to borrow a frying-pan, but for what none could imagine, as there was nothing to fry. However, he went to the house and knocked at the door, which was opened by a lady, who asked what he wished. "Madam, could you lend me a frying-pan? I belong to the picket down here." "Yes, sir;" and forthwith came the pan. He took it, looked in it, turned it over again, and looked into it very hard, as if not certain it was clean. "Well, sir," said the lady, "can I do anything more for you?" "Could—could—could you lend me a piece of meat to fry in it, ma'am?" and he laughed, in spite of himself. He got it.

"'Tain't Near so Dangerous."

One of the best companies of the Stonewall Brigade was composed of railroad men from Martinsburg, West Virginia. In a charge at Manassas, the story goes, the captain offered a barrel of whisky to the man who first reached the guns. When the captain got there one of his men, already astraddle of a cannon, cried out: "Don't forget that barrel, captain!" The next day an admirer of the hero asked him how war compared with railroading. "Well," said he, "the life of a soldier is pretty rough, but it has one advantage over railroading." "What is that?" was asked. "'Tain't near so dangerous," said the man of the rail.

"Three Cheers for Me, Boys."

A few days before the battle of Seven Pines, Kershaw's South Carolina Brigade was moving to take position on the right of Semmes' Georgia Brigade. As the South Carolinians came in front of our brigade, they gave three cheers for the gallant Semmes, of Georgia. Not to be outdone in courtesy, we gave lustily back, "Three cheers for the chivalrous Kershaw, of South

Carolina." The last lingering notes had hardly faded on the breeze, when a voice from far down our line was faintly but distinctly heard, "Three cheers for me, boys, and I am d—d drunk at that." This was but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. The South Carolinians were soon out of sight, but not out of hearing of the laughter following the burlesque upon the scene between the mutual admiration societies.

The sacrifice man.

Sacrifice Man.

Early in the war, when the Army of Northern Virginia lived in tents, an occasional keg of "juniper juice" was sent to the Georgians by considerate friends at home, and in camp eternal viligance was the security of the "fire-water." The soldiers of the —th Louisiana often drank this liquor in their own quarters. They managed to get possession in this way: One of their number, who was remarkable for a chronic black eye and a battered nose was known as the *sacrifice man*. His business was to make a bold effort to steal the liquor from the front of the tent, in which, of course, he would be detected, and while he patiently

received his well-deserved punishment his confederates would roll out the keg from the rear of the tent.

"Don't Think You Ought to Blame Me, Doctor."

Just as a certain brigade was going into action at Cedar Run, the chaplains and surgeons belonging to it rode up on a high hill on the flank, which commanded a splendid view of the field. They were enjoying the grand panorama, not a little, when a Yankee battery came into position, and, perhaps, mistaking the party for some general and his staff, opened on us with four pieces. The missiles came shrieking through the air, falling dangerously near. We unanimously concluded that we had no business there, and, accordingly, left without considering the order of our going. One of the surgeons had a negro boy mounted on a fine horse, who led the party to the cover of the hill. When the doctor came up with him, he began to abuse him for being so much frightened and for riding his horse so hard. The boy meekly replied, "I didn't like the whizzing of them things any better than the rest did, and I don't think you ought to blame me, Doctor, cause my horse can beat yours running." An explosion followed, for it was evident that the Doctor, as well as the rest of us, made the best time he could.—REV. WILLIAM MORRISON.

A Good Soldier's Weakness.

Private Cushman, of the Fifth Alabama Battalion, a gallant son of Erin, was known as one of the best soldiers in the command. He never missed a battle in which his company was engaged, never straggled, never missed duty on account of sickness, never asked for a furlough, and was, in every way, a faultless soldier, except that he would, occasionally, "get a brick in his hat." He was offered the first furlough of indulgence for meritorious services. He answered: "What do I want with a furlough? Jist let me go away for a day or two for me health; I have a bit of a weakness in me stomach, and a wee drop would be afther doing me good." He went to Richmond, invested all his Confederate "promises to pay" in the stimulant he loved so well, and came back, when his funds were all exhausted, with blackened eyes, a swelled nose, a mashed-up face, and the general appearance of a used-up Rebel. "I'm hearty as a buck now, me honey; all the wakeness is gone out of me stomach, and I'm ready for another turn at the bloody Yanks." He served to

the close of the war most gallantly, without ever having been sick or wounded.

Passing the Sentry.

Confederate soldiers were never at a loss for expedients to cross the sentry line when there were prospects of good foraging in the neighborhood. Private M—, Fifth Alabama Battalion, became quite distinguished in this species of strategy, or strollology. His dark skin enabled him to practice a trick upon sentinels who did not know him, with almost unvarying success. With a canteen, or some cooking utensil in hand, he would walk across the sentry line in the most unconcerned manner. When halted, he would seem very much surprised and exclaim, "What! you doesn't stop black folks, does ye?" The sentinel would say: "Why, you are not a nigger, are you?" "Oh, yes, I is; I belongs to Captain Porter, of the Fifth Alabama Battalion." "Go ahead, nig!"

Talking to Spoiled Meat.

While we were at Grenada, Miss., a young lieutenant, who felt his position more than his position felt him, had a very peculiar cap. It was made of a coon-skin, and really looked very well, though rather coonish, as the tail was left hanging behind. This youngster had occasion one day to ride through Price's Infantry, and a more noisy, roaring, mischievous set of fellows could not be found the whole world over. It was raining very hard, and the young lieutenant met the men returning hastily from the drill ground. He was not long in hearing, "Here's the same old coon." "Get out of that coon-skin; I know you are thar; I see your little legs a-stickin' out." Another began to whistle and call for dogs, saying: "Boys, we'll catch the varmint and have a mess of coon meat." "No," replied another, "it's too green to eat."

"'Tain't none; it's been killed long enough to smell a little already." "Spiled (spoiled) by its elevated position," suggested another. These jeers were too much for the dignified lieutenant. Putting on an important air and blustering manner, he bawled out defiantly: "Do you know who you are talking to?"

A little, sallow-faced, pumpkin-eating Arkansan replied: "Yes we does; we are talking to spiled (spoiled) meat."

The "spiled" meat had sufficient vitality left to wheel his horse, dash his spurs into the poor animal and gallop away.—D. H. MARTIN.

"And they were dommed big min, at that."

The Irishman's Bluff.

One day a gentleman, not connected with the army, was riding to overtake Lewis' Kentucky Brigade, then serving as mounted infantry, and operating between Augusta and Savannah, Ga., after Sherman had reached the latter city. The brigade, reduced to a few hundred by four years' active service in the field, had just marched through a little village, where the gentleman soon after arrived. He rode up to the door of a cottage, in which dwelt an old Irishman and his spouse, and, tipping his hat *a la* soldier, inquired if they had seen any rebels passing. The old lady, seeing that the interrogator had on a blue army overcoat, naturally concluded that he was the advance of a Federal column in pursuit, and, being a true Southron, she thought to do the cause a service by at once striking terror into the enemy's ranks. She therefore answered:

"Yis, sir, they have jist been afther marching through, and there was *twinty thousand* o' them if there was a single mon!"

The gentleman thanked her for the information, and again tipping his hat *a la* soldier, turned his horse's head in the direction the "twinty thousand" had gone. The old man, then, thinking that the exaggeration had not been sufficiently complete,

ceased the vigorous whiffing at his pipe long enough to call after the supposed Federal :

"Yis, sir, that's ivery word the truth, it is. *And they were dommed big min at that!*"

Where was John?

Soon after the conscript law was passed by the Confederate Congress, Captain Slack was appointed enrolling officer for the parish of Claiborne, with orders to have its provisions duly executed. His manner of execution was the reverse of that suggested by his name, and created quite a lively sensation among the "bomb-proofs," who, finding the pointed arguments of his muskets irresistible, moved rapidly, and in a right line, towards the front. Not long after his arrival, my sister had occasion to visit an old lady, whose son was notoriously of the peace persuasion. She soon missed his familiar presence, and the following conversation occurred : "Mrs. ——, where is John ?" "Gone to fight for his country, child." "Indeed ; I thought he was one of the exempts." "Lor, honey, Cappin Slack don't know no exempts. The other day I see his men a-galloping down the road. I hollered to John they war comin', and told him the chimbly was a good place. 'T'wasn't no use, though ; for they found him quicker than a cat does a mouse." "Well, Mrs. ——, what did John do ?" "Do ? Why, he came down and 'listed like a man."

He Dodged, Too.

In February, 1865, while General Hampton's command was opposing the advance of Sherman's army through South Carolina, Major D——, then commanding the regiment, was detached from the main force to guard a crossing on the Saluda river. Very soon after he had put the boys in position to defend the bridge, a heavy line of the enemy's infantry made its appearance along the opposite bank. After several minutes' hard fighting with small arms, the enemy brought up a battery of light artillery and directed a heavy fire upon the Major's command. While the shells were passing over, and making a terrible noise as they clashed through the surrounding trees, he observed some of the more timid of his braves dodging and bowing, as if to avoid the certain death to which they were so much exposed, and, stepping to the front a few paces, with sword uplifted, he shouted, "What in the hell are you dodging there for ? Keep cool, I tell you ;

there's no use of it." Just then a six-pounder passed close to the Major's head, and, falling to the ground, he crawled to a stump near by and finished his sentence, by exclaiming, with great excitement: "Unless—unless—I say, my good boys, unless they come like that one." The Major and his command held the crossing until nightfall, when, owing to the movement of the Confederate forces, they were compelled to withdraw.

Going for the feller who didn't want them to use all the soap.

He Divided the Soap.

Bob J. was, in most respects, an exemplary Christian soldier, and kept the Decalogue holy, except in one particular—he believed that "cleanliness was next to godliness," and would steal soap. The army of General Early was nearing Washington city, and Bob saw a bucket of soft soap, which he confiscated and took to camp. It was the work of but a few minutes to find a creek, divest himself of his dusty clothes, and, after a generous smear of the saponifier, to plunge into the grateful water. *A disappointed look overspread his features* as he emerged from the water, but this was quickly concealed behind a contented smile thrown out to a group of soldiers who were appealing to him for a "divide" of the soap. Bob hesitated for a long time, but finally told them

not to use it *all*, and then hied himself to camp, where he startled his messmates by screams of maniacal laughter, which, of course, they did not understand until Bob "double-quicked" from camp, closely followed by a crowd of half-dressed soldiers, on whose exposed shoulders great drops of greasy water stood out like beads. Bob had stolen a bucket of wagon-grease instead of soap, and the obliged bathers wanted to find the "feller who didn't want them to use *all* the soap."

Could Do Nothing for the Ladies.

When Hindman's division passed through Napoleon, Arkansas, in 1862, the men were ragged and dirty, even beyond the usual Confederate standard. The ladies saw in them, however, only their devotion to the South, and their effort to save us from the horrors of abolition rule. They, therefore, received the "ragged muffins" with the utmost enthusiasm, bouquets were showered upon them, sweet smiles were lavished upon them, kind words greeted them everywhere. A hatless, shoeless Reb passed along, minus his pants below the knees. He seemed to be a special sufferer in the cause, and his appearance was hailed with an unusual demonstration of white pocket handkerchiefs. As he neared the groups of young ladies, who were waving their snowy handkerchiefs and their little Rebel flags, they observed that he was red-headed, freckled faced — horror of horrors! unmistakably and undeniably ugly to the last degree. Their ardor was damped, but they were too well bred to show their disappointment, and the flags continued to wave, and they smiled and still continued to be sweet. The Reb halted in front of them, looked pityingly at them, and said, in a melancholy tone:

"Ah, ladies, I can do nothing for you; I am not a marrying man: I have a wife at home."—H. R. CLINETOP.

It Cured Him.

At Shelbyville, Pete Strong, a member of Company H, First Tennessee Regiment, had eaten too much mussels and parched corn, and they would not coalesce. It gave Pete the colic. Pete was grunting and groaning with the pain. "Ugh! ugh!! ugh!!! Can't you do something for me, boys? Ugh! ugh!! ugh!!! Please heat something and put it on my stomach. Ugh! ugh!! ugh!!!" "There is nothing here but the skillet lid," said Fred Dornin. "Well, warm that just a little; it might do me some

good. Ugh! ugh!! ugh!!!" Dornin put the skillet lid on the fire, and turned around and began talking politics, or telling about generalship or the rights of secession, or something of the kind, when Pete asked: "Ain't that skillet lid hot enough yet? Ugh! ugh!! ugh!!! Dornin felt it, and told Pete to get ready. He took hold of the cold part, and laid the hot part on Pete's stomach. "O-wa-wau-waugh!" The part upon Pete's stomach was red hot. You could have heard Pete squall for a mile and seven-eighths. It blistered Pete's stomach and cured him of the colic; but Dornin had to be as scarce as hen's teeth around Pete for some time afterward.

A Spirit--ed Adventure.

While in camp at Manassas Junction, a certain Irishman — Patrick Arthur Ryan by name, but called Old Rye-un for short — managed to steal,or—("convey, the wise it call")—to convey a keg of whisky from a citizen sutler, or peddler, and after taps, when all was dark and silent, to smuggle it to his quarters. Being on guard detail, and hearing his relief called, he hurried off to his post, first giving one or two of the occupants of the tent — whom he had roused sufficiently to listen to his adventure — a parting injunction to "kape it to themselves." He had previously filled his canteen, and, his breakfast being brought to him, he did not return to his tent till after guard mount. When he did return, his first inquiry was about the keg. "Wot keg?" "Ah, the divvle! are ye schlaping yit?" Something in the manner of his comrades startled him, and down he went rooting among the bedding, and upsetting everything in the tent, but — no keg! It was fully three months before he found that he had mistaken the line of tents, and had left his prize in the tent of another company. And the occupants —"all honorable men"— had faithfully obeyed his injunction to "kape it to themselves!"

The Terrors of Conscription.

If conscription did not "rob the cradle and the grave," it at least effectually "sheriffed up" every white male between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years not already in the army. One day Major Rucker was in conversation with a fair, fat and forty buxom widow of an adjoining county, when, by accident, she mentioned the age of one of her admirers, stating that he was not quite thirty-nine. The major made a mental noteof the fact,

and soon departed. He went straightway in pursuit of this juvenile admirer of the attractive widow, who he had before learned, was a little more than forty years of age. When he arrested Mr. Johnson, Rucker told him he regretted to inform him that he was under the painful necessity of conscripting him. "I have learned," said Rucker, "from Widow ——— that you are only thirty-nine. She says that you told her so, and I feel it my duty to take you down to Colonel Blake." "Oh! ah! yes," said Mr. Johnson, "in

Wanted to marry the widow.

fact, sir, to tell you the truth, sir, I did lie just a little to Widow ———. I wanted — yes, I wanted to get married — you understand, don't you, Major?" "I don't understand anything about it," said Rucker, "you must go with me." Mr. Johnson's knees smote one another, and in tremulous accents he besought Major Rucker to permit him to send for the old family Bible. This was agreed to. In the meantime Rucker and his new levy proceeded to Colonel Blake's headquarters. By the time they reached Knoxville Rucker became satisfied that his follower was not less than threescore-and-ten years. The widower's hair-dye was washed away, his false teeth had been removed, his form was bent by the immense pressure of mental anxiety. Colonel Blake

wished to know why this antediluvian had been brought to him; but so complete had been the metamorphosis of the gay widower that even Rucker blushed when he looked upon him. The family Bible came, and there it was, written in the faded scrawl of Mr. Johnson's grandmother, "Silus Johnsing, born in Bunkuta, Nawth Caliny, Anny Dominny, 1783."

Now, let it rain!

DEPARTMENT VIII.

NARRATIVES OF THE WAR.

Under Sentence of Death; an Episode of the War.

BY CAPTAIN W. F. GORDEN.

Under fire—in the midst of battle, hot with action, intoxicated with noise, the yells of comrades, the rattle of musketry, the whiz of minies, whir of balls, and clatter of shells, the cheers of victors, the rush for position and desperate holding, the human passion of spiteful revenge, and the roused taste for blood and carnage innate in the *animal* man—*under fire* in the frenzy of fight is no test of courage. Many a man stands *there* because he is afraid to run.

I remember, in the battle of Port Republic, in the three days' fighting around Cross Keys, down in the Valley of Virginia, in '62, our regiment, W. L. Jackson's old Thirty-first Virginia, was one of three ordered to storm and take a battery of nine pieces, supported by five regiments of infantry and some of the coolest, most accurate sharpshooters we had met. By some miscarriage the order came only to our regiment, now decimated by fighting and forced marching to 214 men.

But we crawled up through that oat-field on our bellies, rising to shoot, dropping again to load and advance. And every time we rose some comrades dropped to rise no more. We neared the crest until we could almost look down the black, sulphurous throats of those nine twelve-pounders that were belching grape and canister into our very mouths.

Five times had our colors fallen—one, two, three, four, five of our tallest brave fellows, one after another, rose with the regimental flag, and fell, shot through the forehead.

They had been picked off by the sharpshooters, one after

another—those gallant Western Virginia mountaineers, as fast as a color-bearer fell, snatching up the flag and rising with it.

The fifth had fallen. A sergeant jumped from Company C to raise the standard.

"Better let the d—d thing alone, Bill!" growled Lieutenant Cooper. "Use both hands with your bayonet next rise."

Bill Cooper was a Pennsylvanian—as brave a man as crawled back with our little remnant of 114 that day. After we had reached safe quarters, and were lying down to rest in the woods, he turned to me to ask:

"What were you looking up and down the line *in there* for, Bill?"

"Lieutenant," was the answer, "I was looking for a chance to run."

"By G—d, so was I!" gruffly retorted the quondam man of valor; "but d—d if every fellow in the regiment wasn't looking right at me."

Aye, aye; it takes less courage to stand than to run away from battle.

But I did get a touch that tested me most sorely after that, when they sent me "through the lines" in the "secret service."

Never mind what my business was, or how I was betrayed, and how I was gathered in. Enough that they bagged me, 180 miles inside the enemy's line, and hustled me off to prison at Fort McHenry, in Baltimore harbor, where I was confronted with the charge of being a spy. No matter that I had on, when captured, my full uniform as a Captain. No matter that at my court-martial their own officer, who captured me, testified that he did not take me as a spy; that there was no work for a spy where he captured me.

No matter; I was found guilty, and the sentence read to me: "To be hanged as a spy, on the parade-ground of Fort McHenry, between the hours of 12 M. and 3 o'clock P. M., November 3, 1863."

In answer to my request that, if they must kill me, for the sake of honor, to give me the death of a soldier, they graciously changed the paper to read: "To be shot to death with musketry, on the parade-ground," etc.

Somehow, I suppose I did not fully comprehend or adequately appreciate my situation, for I did not feel then, any more than I do now, that death was to be my next deal. Nor had I at all contemplated the result all through the trial. Only the last day

before that sentence was read to me, I had been creating merriment by asking puzzling or irrelevant questions of the Judge-Advocate, telling jokes during the recesses of the court, in divers manners creating fun to draw mirth for myself out of that barren rock, "military justice." Only the day before the president of the court-martial, the Colonel of the regiment, twelve of whose officers composed my adjudicators, asked to talk a little with me in private, as between man and man.

"Of course."

"Captain," said he, "I greatly fear you do not properly appreciate your present situation."

"Well, Colonel, I know of no man more favorably situated *to* realize it. Why do you say so?"

"Because, sir, your life is at stake in this trial."

"Well?"

"Well, you'll be found guilty, most assuredly, of the charge."

"Well?"

"You'll be sentenced to die."

"Well?"

"And you'll be hung or shot! And here you have been spending the leisure hours of the court trying you for life in frivolous jesting and mirth. As a fellow-man it grieves me to see you so carelessly playing at so terrible a brink as you stand on."

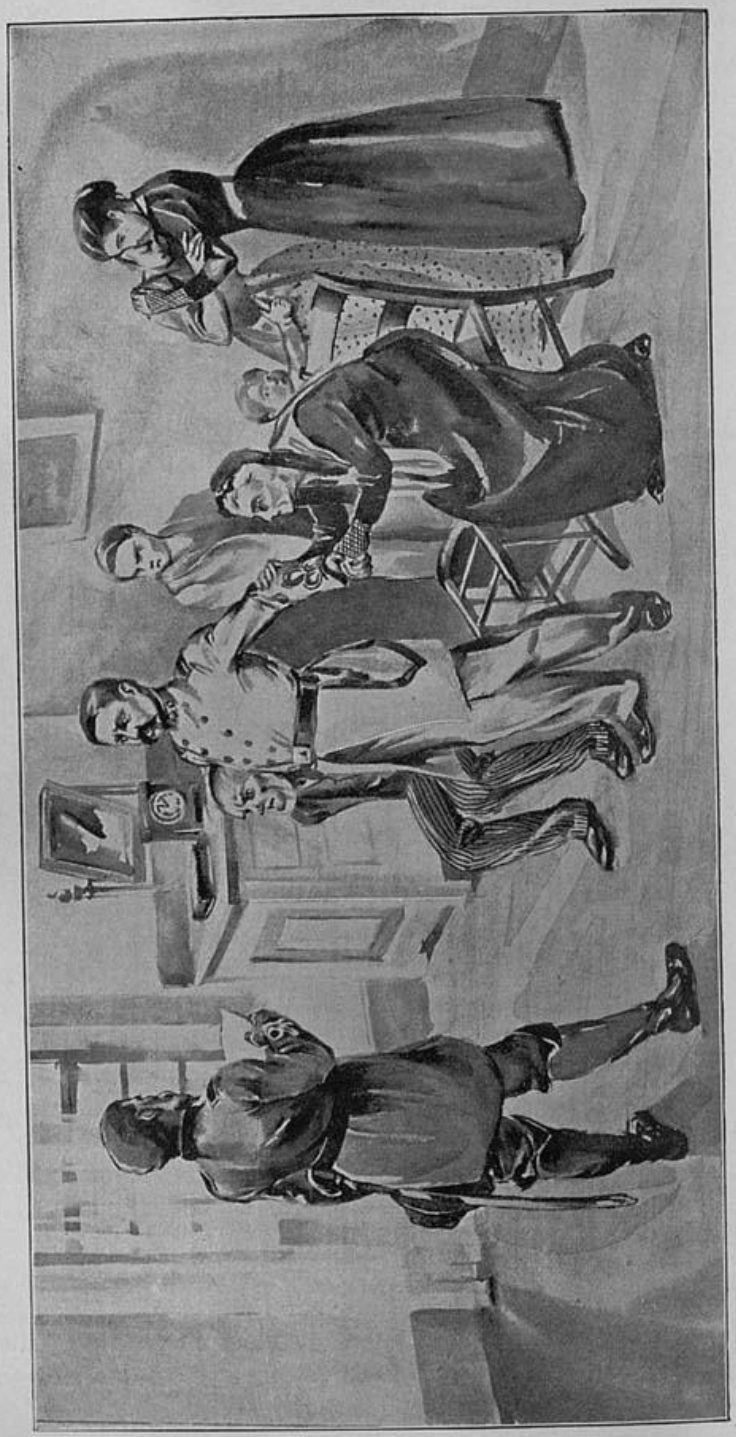
"Colonel," was the reply, "I thank you for your interest. If we are national enemies, you speak as a man and a soldier. But let me say this" (now I can not explain what induced me to make the following foolish, braggart speech; but it bubbled up, and was spoken): "Colonel, you or I may die before night; we do not know; but in so far as the result of your court's finding is concerned, I will be alive when you and your twelve officers are dead and forgotten!"

He left me, in disgust, and I don't blame him.

But such was my feeling. I did not "*feel it in my bones*," as the slang goes, that death was so near.

That Colonel, and the entire twelve composing the court, died before I was exchanged—"shot to death" in one charge at Cold Harbor. I live to write the occurrence, twenty-five years after the conversation.

It may or may not be true that when the grim monster singles out his victim, he sends him, in some way, a spiritual premonition that he is going to let fly from Death's quiver the fatal dart. Be that as it may, I had no premonition of death.



Under sentence of death. "Instinctively I jumped to my feet."

Not when they stood me up to hear my sentence and to answer, and afterward in the cool contemplation my isolation and silent dungeon afforded; not when the officer of the day, on that eventful execution morning, read to me in my dungeon the day's program, and delineated my doom at the hands of twelve detailed soldiers. He found me *whistling*, as I paced my narrow cell that morning, and exclaimed in surprise:

"Good God, Captain! what kind of a man are you?"

"Oh, I don't know; skin and bone, flesh and sinews, blood and bile. Why?"

"Why! Don't you know you are to be shot to-day? Outside here are the twelve men detailed to send you to eternity. You'll never see another morning! And here you are—*whistling!*

"Well, why not whistle as long as possible, and cry when you can not laugh?"

Hence, I may not be able to tell just how a man feels who stares death calmly in the face, for may be I did not so comprehend my situation.

But I *was sentenced to death*, that I *fully* comprehended when they marched me, handcuffed, between two guards, with arms at "charge" and bayonets fixed, back to the prison; and, instead of to my former 12 x 12 cell, barred and bolted me in an underground, dark, dark dungeon, three feet by ten, *with a tub* occupying two feet of that spare space, significantly suggesting that I was to stay right there until *the* day and hour.

The *sentence* was fully realized during the sunless days, and no darker nights of the weeks that followed.

Daylight! Good God, man! you do not appreciate what a ray of glad, bright sunlight is until shut *in* from all that makes day beautiful.

Oh, yes; I comprehended, slightly, that mine was no trifling sentence, as I crouched in that felt darkness, waiting till dilated pupils enabled me to *see* imperfectly what was the dampness that I touched.

Finally, however, I was permitted to send out and buy a lamp, and to keep it lighted. The walls had been repeatedly whitewashed, but the humid filth, oozing through the bricks, had pushed it off in discolored flakes. The floor was stone; a solid or cemented mass that at once negatived any Morganic idea of "digging out." Away up yonder, ten or twelve feet away, was the brick ceiling, whose sweaty surface told that it, too, was under the

sod. Slimy snails and "thousand-legs" drew their clammy ways across the moist walls and floor; vermin found and fed upon the noxious dirt-damp; the disgusted rats that crept in at the grated door, darted back to find a more yielding substance for their burrowing teeth.

But the dampness and darkness and the dirt were but grains of dust compared to the unutterable *loneliness* that grew upon me in that sepulcher. Not a human soul—not even a brute, except the scampering rats—to break the heavy stillness of that murky tomb! Out yonder, *somewhere* I knew was a grim sentry, for I heard the measured tread of the relief as they left him on his lonely post. But I never saw or heard him.

Twice a day, grimly silent, came the cook's detail with my barrack soup or coffee. But *he* was mute, under strict orders not to speak or signal to the prisoner, as his baker-like shovel reached in my morsel of tainted food.

Perdition! how I strove to make him speak! If he only would curse me, abuse me — any thing, even his profanity would have sounded as melody in my solitude.

I never knew what music there was in the human voice till in that dungeon, where it never sounded, and where I soon grew startled at my own.

The post chaplain's was the only human voice I heard for weeks, and his only once, for my levity shocked him so that he gave me up as an irredeemable reprobate. He offered a prayer for me, however, I courteously kneeling with him on the stone floor. But he never came again.

He told me—what my occasionally-allowed letters from my friends had too plainly informed me—that there was no hope of escape from the fate that seemed to them and the outside world to be staring me in the face. Every possible effort had been made, every available influence pressed into service with the President, and he had positively declined interfering with the judgment of the court-martial. The worthy chaplain corroborated their sad information. Said he:

"Captain, you should prepare for death, for your life ends in a few days."

Here was food for reflection, surely. In the prime and vigor of early manhood, my veins thrilling with the bounding energy of young blood, life just begun, with its plans, schemes and purposes all to work out; a young wife and two children, with all the hopes of joy existence with them gave; ambitious walks all wide

before me, awaiting to be trod; what burning pages yet unread in the book of life!

In battle, the half-read paragraph of life is suddenly left with a dash ———, an unseen, unfelt bullet cuts off, without a thought of the *might be*.

But here, alone, in silent darkness, the heavy wonder would come, "So strong in health and hope of life, is death so near?"

Life's retrospect, as memory was forced to the review, presented so much to be undone, so much yet to be done, so much just begun that should be finished.

Is it possible—is it true—that this hale, hearty, healthy body is so soon to feed the worms? Are these lithe limbs to walk out in funeral pageant — *my own funeral?* Quick, active, firm as the soldiers who march with me, am I to march out with them, and they back *without* me?

To go forth from this dark, living tomb, to give my longing eyes one glance at the sunlight, and then shut them forever in the eternal darkness of death's real grave?

Am I to die? To quit? To be no more? Talked of a day or week, and then forgotten? Is it *I* who am to look at those twelve soldiers, in silent rank, twelve paces at my front? To hear the command, "Ready—aim—fire!" and *hear* the death message, *feel* death's bullet, and *know* death, all in one brief instant—and then forever know no more?

For the life of me I could not say, "Yes, it is I." I had no such feeling, and why I can not tell.

I knew the law-military—knew if I was found guilty as a spy, no power but that of the pardoning prerogative of the Chief Executive could avert death.

I knew all had been done by my friends that could be done, and without avail.

Still, I could not *think* I was to die so soon.

Such reflections, retrospections, self-arguings came to me daily, as the time appointed for my execution drew near.

Finally it came. Shall I ever forget that November morning in '63?

They had told me I would be taken out at 9 o'clock in the morning, would be allowed an officer's room in the barracks, where my parents, sisters and brothers would meet me and spend my last few hours with me.

When taken out they had to seat me in the outer guard-room

a quarter of an hour, until my eyes became accustomed to the piercing glare of sunshine.

Then they took me to the room, where I found father, mother, sisters, brothers, and a minister. It was the quarters of an officer of the post, and very comfortably furnished.

Just outside—we could see them through the window—stood a special detail of twelve men, selected as the unwilling executioners of the sentenced man.

Telling me I should have until the last minute before 3 o'clock, but then would have to go, the Colonel locked the door and left me with my friends.

They had secured the privilege of spending these last few hours with me; I knew, to comfort and console, perhaps to strengthen me for the fearful ordeal through which I had to pass. But I had to comfort and console them.

My father was broken down. It must be a horrible strain on a father's feelings to sit and look at his son, in the prime of manhood, and count off the few intervening minutes of that boy's remaining life.

Brothers and sisters could only gaze at me in speechless misery, appalled by the gloomy shadow that death was then casting around me.

I had to become consoler, and strained every nerve, called forth every power to smile. I would not permit the trembling man of God to offer prayers, knowing his words would fall upon those loving ears as death wails, as clods falling upon my coffin. I drew them, by everything interesting I could think of, to contemplate any thing but my impending doom.

As I would about succeed, the little clock on the mantel would strike, or a footstep on the stair outside, or some movement of the garrison, would recall them, with a sigh, to the horrid present.

That little clock on the mantel seemed to me in these intervals to tick as loudly as the clatter of a mill.

It struck the half hours as well as the full stroke; and it seemed to me its little whir would buzz and the tiny hammer strike every five minutes. Ten! half-past! Eleven! and a half! Twelve! half! One!

Heavens! how it ticked off the seconds, galloped the minutes, and startled our pained ears with those fleeting half-hours!

We were seated around the room, close to each other as we could get. Father on one side, mother on the other, of me—a hand clasped by each—as the little monitor on the mantel broke

the gathering stillness with its metal voice, crying the half-hour gone!

Just then a step sounded without, a hand touched the knob, the key turned in the lock, the door was thrown open, and the Colonel stood looking in upon us.

Instinctively, I jumped to my feet, as father and mother sprang to my side, a hand each upon my shoulder.

How rapidly *thought* does its office in such emergencies!

My first thought was: Their dining hour approaches, and these officers wish to get through this unpleasant duty before dinner.

For a minute—it seemed eternity, and that the little clock had ceased to tell off time—we stood, the Colonel and myself, silent, gazing sternly at each other.

He evidently expected me to speak. But I did not, would not.

At length he slowly drew from his pocket a slip of paper, and saying, "Captain, I have just received this telegram," read, while we gazed upon him in strained, listening eagerness:

The execution of the sentence in the case of Captain William F. Gorden is postponed until further orders.

By order of THE PRESIDENT.

Not one of us spoke.

"You can stay with your friends till three. Then you go back to your cell," he said, closed the door, and left us hurriedly.

Father drew a long, trembling sigh and sank slowly to the floor, where mother had already fallen. Their support gone, the sudden, unlooked-for lifting of the cloud of death, the rush of relief from the horrid nightmare, caused a quick revulsion of feeling that made me limp as a rag, weak as a dying babe. And I, too, sank between my parents.

The minister said something I did not hear; brothers and sisters knelt around us, and I heard the preacher pouring out a prayer of gratitude that the dark shadow of death had passed by, leaving the light of life.

My sentence of death was commuted to imprisonment and labor during the war.

But it was *life*.

A Strange Battle Scene.

THE MEETING BETWEEN GENERAL TOOMBS AND THE SON OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

BY WALLACE P. REED.

The battle was on, and the Blue and the Gray were at each other's throats.

It was at Gainesville, and the Federals were getting the worst of the fight.

The heat of an August sun beat fiercely down upon the long lines of glittering steel, melting away in the fiercer heat of war.

On the right the earth trembled under thundering hosts of charging cavalry; on the left the men in blue heard their bones crash under the leaden rain like glass in a hail-storm.

Over all rose the sulphurous clouds belched forth by the deep-throated guns, whose terrible roar shook the rock-ribbed hills.

As the ranks of Blue, shattered and shaken by the shower of shot and shell, slowly rolled back, a Federal colonel waved his sword over his head in the vain attempt to rally his men, and then staggered and fell on the blood-stained grass.

The fallen officer was a man of striking appearance. His grand face and form caught the attention of the rushing legions of Gray, and the men unconsciously swerved aside to avoid trampling him down.

Desperately wounded, the Colonel painfully crawled to a tree, and reclined against it, with the life-current flowing from the bullet hole in his breast.

His anxious eyes looked into the stern faces of the Confederates as they charged on past him.

In another moment his face brightened.

"Bob!" he shouted, "Bob, don't you know me?"

General Toombs, riding at the head of his brigade, heard the familiar voice. He rode up to the tree, and glanced at the speaker.

"Good God!" exclaimed the General, "it is Fletcher Webster — Daniel Webster's son!"

In an instant Toombs was kneeling by the Colonel's side. He placed the helpless man in a more comfortable position, and gave him water from a canteen.

"He is my old friend," he said to a staff officer, "poor Fletch Webster — Daniel Webster's son — stay here with him — I must go on to the front."

General Toombs mounted his horse, and charged on with his brigade, to annihilate the rest of Webster's regiment.

The first lull in the fray brought the Georgian back to the tree.

"And so we meet as enemies," said Webster, returning the other's sympathetic hand pressure.

"Never!" replied Toombs. "Daniel's son must always be

"In an instant General Toombs was by his side."

my friend. Just now we must fight out our differences, but there are happier days ahead for us both."

"My wound is mortal," said Webster, sadly. "God bless you, old friend, for your kindness. Gentlemen, I thank you. War is a bad thing."

Again the General took leave of the sufferer, and returned to the front, leaving a surgeon behind him.

The Confederates cared for their captive with brotherly tenderness, but it was of no avail.

Weaker grew the dying man's pulse, and more fitful his heart throbs. Quietly, and with a smile on his face, he passed away. He whispered a message for his loved ones and said:

"Tell Bob I loved him — God bless him!"

Fletcher Webster was dead — the hope and glory of a proud father — the ideal soldier of New England — this was his end — dead on the battle field, with the sorrowful faces of his foemen bending over him.

"A true man, and a brave soldier," said General Toombs that night, as he wiped away a tear. "Let us send him through the lines with the honors of war."

It was done. Fletcher Webster's dead body was sent, with an escort, to the Federal camp. A funeral cortege accompanied it to Boston. It lay in state in old Faneuil Hall, and all New England mourned his loss.

War is a bad thing!

Walked off with a Locomotive.

BY T. C. De LAND.

The most successful and at the same time most unusual civil service examination I know of occurred during the war. The Confederacy was very much in need of a railway locomotive in order to operate their supply system. It was in 1864, and they had not the means to buy an engine, so the invariable alternative arose — capture one. A band of 100 men was selected from Lee's army and placed under the command of a big six-foot-four Georgian, who had been foreman of a stone quarry, and was more or less skilled in the use of derricks, etc. He took his men up into Maryland, and they tore up a section of the Baltimore & Ohio Railway tracks, flagged the next train, and, with nothing on earth save plenty of rope, those 100 men carried the locomotive fifty-two miles over hills, across streams, through bogs and woods, until they struck a line the Confederacy had built. Then they ran the engine down to Virginia. When the president of the Baltimore & Ohio heard of the feat he couldn't believe it. He went out and personally inspected the scene, went over the route and declared it the most wonderful feat of engineering ever accomplished. After the war he delegated a man to find the leader of the band. He was located in Georgia. Mr. Garrett sent for

him, and, on the strength of that single feat, made him roadmaster of his entire system of railroads. "Any man that can pick up an engine with fishing lines and carry it over a mountain has passed his examination with me," said he.

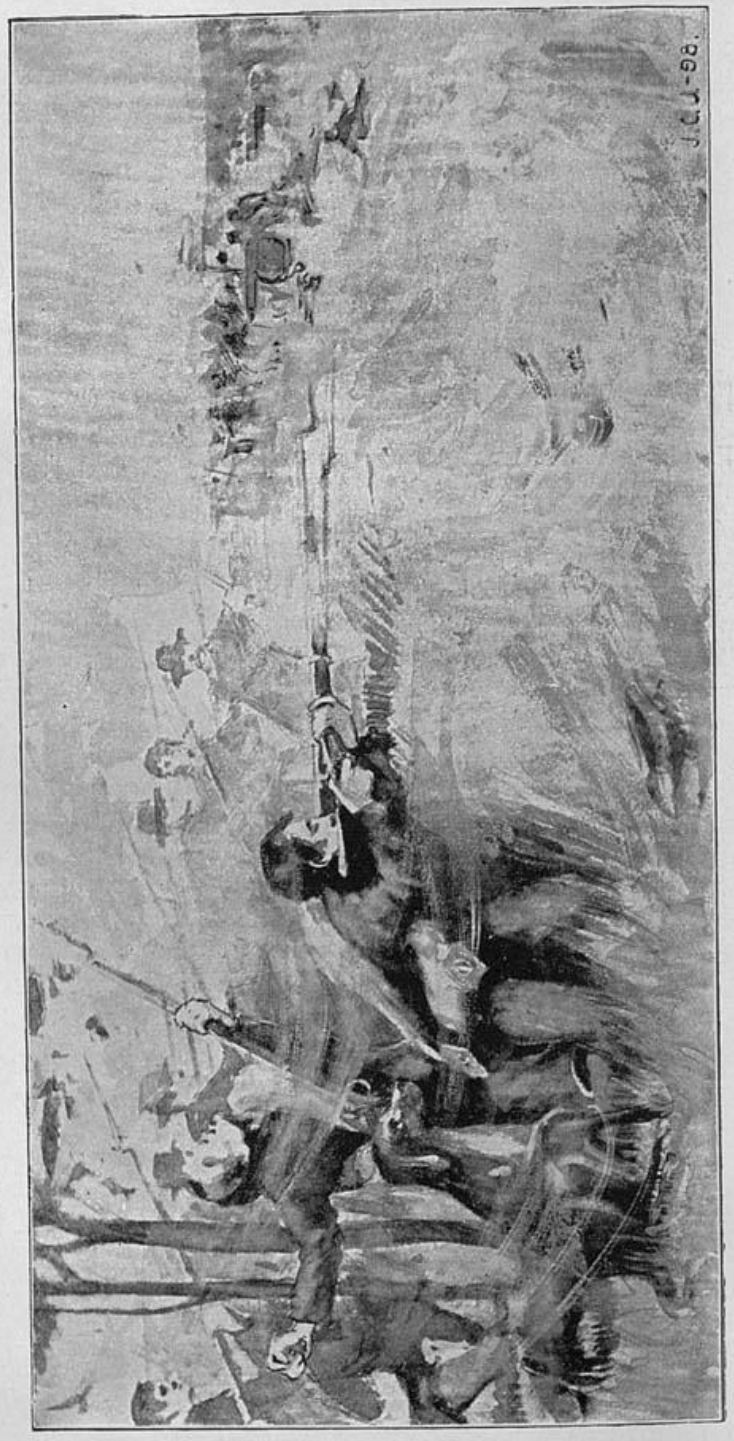
The Soldier Dog.

BY CAPTAIN ED PORTER THOMPSON.

Frank, the "soldier dog," was brought into the Second Regiment, First Kentucky Brigade, by one of the members of Company B, and long shared with the men the privations of inclement season, scanty fare, and hard marching, and the perils of the field. He went into the engagement at Donelson, was captured with the troops, and spent his six months in prison at Camp Morton; and to all attempts of the Federal guard to coax him away, he returned a silent but very dignified refusal, as much as to say that he preferred the life of a captive and scraps from the barracks to the freedom that was then vouchsafed by "the best government." When the regiment was marched out from the prison inclosure, on the 26th of August, 1862, Frank was observed to wag his tail joyfully, and he departed somewhat from his ordinarily dignified demeanor, and was gleeful at the prospect of going forth again to "the stern joys of the battle."

In more than one subsequent engagement he was wounded, but that did not deter him from marching out promptly when the "long roll" was sounded next time, and taking his chances. If a soldier fell, Frank looked at him with the eye of a philosopher; and the close observer might have discovered something of pity in his glance and a half-consciousness that the poor man was dead, or in agony, and that he could not help him. On these, as indeed on almost all occasions, he seemed to partake largely of the spirit of the men. If the conflict was obstinate, Frank was silent and dogged. If the men shouted in the outset, or cheered when the ground was won, he barked in unison.

He took part in the memorable "snowball battle" at Dalton, March 22, 1864, and was wounded in the foot, having come in contact during the melee with one of his own species who was



THE SOLDIER DOG.
"If a soldier fell, Frank looked at him with the eye of a philosopher."

serving with an adverse party. On the march he frequently carried his own rations in a small haversack hung on his neck. He almost invariably went out, when not "excused by the surgeon," to company, regimental, and brigade drills, sometimes looking on like a reviewing officer, but oftener taking part in the maneuvers; but he had a sovereign contempt for "dress parade," and generally stayed at his quarters when he found that the men were to go no further than the color line.

He was rather choice, too, in his associates; and though widely known and friendly to all, he would not allow of much familiarity outside of his own mess. When rations were short, he would visit other messes, and even other companies, and accept of the little that his friends could spare, but he did not want them to presume upon his sense of obligation and indulge in anything like caresses. In this way he lived the soldier's life. If Company B had a shelter. Frank had his corner in it. When he was shot his wounds were dressed and he had no lack of attention. If the commissariat was well supplied he fed bountifully and put on his best looks. If life were eked out on "hard-tack" and a slice of bacon, or of poor beef, Frank had but his share of that, and grew lean and hollow-eyed like his soldier friends. But, in the summer campaign of 1864, he disappeared, and we have to write of Frank, the soldier dog, as we have done of many a noble soldier boy, "fate unknown." Perhaps some admirer of his species laid felonious hands upon him and carried him captive away; or, perhaps, a ball from some "vile gun" laid him low while he was taking a lonely stroll in the woods. Or it may be that Frank had a premonition of the evil days upon which we were about to fall—when the proud little armies should go down, and the beautiful banner that had shone like a meteor, above the horizon of nations, should disappear forever, and that he voluntarily withdrew from the scene — obeying the instinct of far more noble natures than some, and disdaining even to look upon, let alone gloat over, the last sad act and the wreck of a people's hopes.

Noble Act of General Mahone.

BY GENERAL ZEB. YORK.

Early one morning in August, 1870, a Sister of Charity, while returning from church in Richmond, Va., saw ahead of her a lady, whom she supposed to be in New Orleans, as the whole family belonged there. Hearing her gentle call, the lady turned to find a former friend in the humble sister's garb. Learning that the

MAJ.-GEN. WM. MAHONE, OF VIRGINIA.

lady in question was in very straitened circumstances, and anxious to return to her people, the good sister studied how to proceed, gladly donating some small change of her own private funds to the purpose, but she found it insufficient. She then determined she would call on General Mahone at his hotel. Doing so, she related the facts that the lady had had several brothers who were valiant soldiers in the cause, and that it would be a

truly worthy deed to aid the lady in reaching her people. Listening, with all the attention of a soldier and a gentleman, to the case, he drew from his pocket a crisp five-dollar bill, modestly folded up so that its amount could not easily be seen, and then added his authority for a pass on the railroad, as far as his power extended, with a recommendation to the connecting road to continue the good service. All this was the work of a moment and so charmingly done that no one could have given more merit to the noble act than the graceful, gracious and polished General Mahone.

Christianity in the Confederate Army.

BY BISHOP J. C. GRANBERY, of the M. E. Church, South.

Away from the happy influences of neighborhood and home, the most of the men in the Confederate army were temperate and chaste. Cut off from church and Sunday-school, often having no day of sacred rest, and little of communion of saints, they feared the Lord, and thought upon His name. On every march they carried the well-thumbed Bible, and the hard ground on which they slept, without tent, or bed, or pillow, often proved a Bethel for their souls. They were kind and generous to their comrades. They delighted in devotional meetings, and were never ashamed to witness for Christ. Not recklessly, but with thoughtful and prayerful solemnity, they went into battle. The peace of God kept their hearts from fear. If a ball shivered a limb, or entered the body, a smile of resignation lit up the face as the sufferer was borne to the rear.

I am sure that upon no tented field have there ever been more wonderful displays of God's saving power and grace than were witnessed for the space of three years in the Army of Northern Virginia. Writing to his church in Talladega, Ala., the late Dr. Renfroe said: "Oh, it is just transporting to see the earnestness with which our men take hold of religion. There is scarcely an hour in which some inquiring soul does not come to my tent for instructions. In all my life I have never seen anything like it." A Virginia minister, who had spent three months in preaching to the same army, said, in a letter to the *Religious Herald:* "A

Orderly. Servant. Jackson. Ewell. Dr. Hunter McGuire. Major Hawks.
A. P. Hill. Colonel Pendleton. Major H. K. Douglass.
Colonel Wm. Allen. Captain J. Smith.

PRAYER IN "STONEWALL" JACKSON'S CAMP.

general predisposition to religion is everywhere apparent. Thousands who, in the beginning of the war, were not only thoughtless, but profane and reckless, are now either happy Christians or trembling inquirers. It is impossible for those who have not been in the army to form a correct idea of the magnitude of the work. I have witnessed the conversion of hundreds. Two thousand have recently professed religion in this army."

I have it, directly from the lips of the man who was the instrument which God honored more than any other in that glorious work, that there were more than fifteen thousand conversions in the Army of Northern Virginia. These wonderful displays of divine grace among the soldiers of the South were not confined to the army commanded by Robert E. Lee. Revivals attended the faithful preaching of the gospel in almost every regiment that fought under Bragg and Breckinridge and Kirby Smith. Thousands of brave men in these armies who had publicly confessed Christ proved, by their meekness and patience in suffering and by their joy in death, that their professions were not spurious. I recall the case of Lewis Minor Coleman, a gallant young officer, who received his mortal wound at Fredericksburg. For more than three months his suffering seemed to be all that any mortal could possibly bear. Yet it was endured with the utmost patience and resignation. When convinced that there was no hope of recovery, he was more than patient; he was happy; he was jubilant. He said to friends, weeping at the bedside: "Tell General Lee and General Jackson they know how Christian soldiers can fight, but I wish they could be here that they might see how one of them can die." When his sinking pulse indicated the speedy termination of his suffering, his brother bent over him and said: "Lewis, you are dying." His response was: "Come, Lord Jesus! Oh, come quickly." Rallying all the strength that was left in him, he sang, but faintly:

"I'll speak the honors of Thy name,
With my last laboring breath,
And, dying, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death."

The history of this century will contain nothing along the line of Christian philanthropy more beautiful than some of the deeds of our Confederate soldiers.

Capture of the "Maple Leaf."

BY CAPTAIN A. E. ASBURY, HIGGINSVILLE, MO.

In the spring of 1863, I, with twenty-six other Confederate officers, found myself in the clutches of General Butler at Fort Norfolk just as the cartel of exchange had stopped. We were placed in a room of the fort—dimensions about twelve by thirty—with but one barred window; in this room we ate, slept and attended all calls of nature for three weeks. Our scant rations were cooked and served in a kettle in one conglomerate mass—meats, cabbage, turnips, carrots, potatoes, all together. The dishes consisted of tin plates, tin cups and tin spoons. This close confinement, without exercise and proper ventilation, caused us to contract diseases until our condition was simply horrible. In the midst of this condition, on the 13th day of June, 1863, we were greatly surprised and gratified at an order to prepare for removal to Fort Delaware, and, very soon, we were taken out into the fresh and glorious air and placed upon the magnificent United States steamer "Maple Leaf," which was passing, on her way from New Orleans to Fort Delaware. On board of her were about seventy-five Confederate officers, prisoners of war from New Orleans, guarded by about twenty United States soldiers. Among the prisoners were Col. A. K. Witt, of the Tenth Arkansas Regiment, and Lieutenant Semmes.

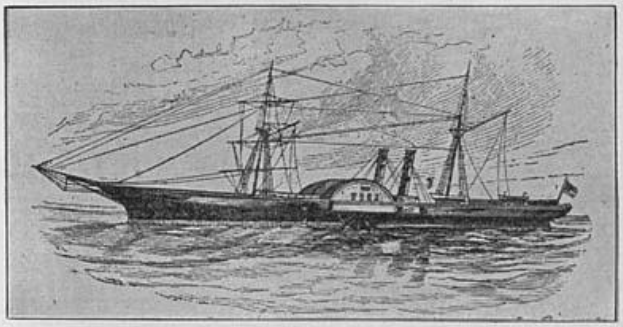
When we went aboard we were cordially received by the Confederates, and at once we passed out of the bay; then, steering by Fortress Monroe, we were soon out at sea, or out of the mouth of Chesapeake Bay.

Everything was still and the evening shades had begun to lengthen, when, at the tap of the great bell, the Confederates' agreed signal to seize the vessel, every man from his appointed station pounced down upon his man, armed and unarmed, and a desperate struggle for supremacy ensued; each man to his man, arm to arm, breast to breast, and "freedom or death" was the word.

The first to yield was the guard. Each one yielding strengthened the attacking party, for it gave them guns, sabers and pistols. The commanding officer was in his cabin. Two Confederate officers broke in the door and commanded him to surrender. Sur-

prised and excited, he drew his sword to defend himself. The Confederates quietly warned him that the boat was ours and in our possession, and that resistance was useless, and he gave up his sword. Within five minutes from the tap of the bell the officers, guard and crew of the "Maple Leaf" were cowering under the guns and pistols of the Confederates. Not a lick was given, not a shot was fired, but, as it seemed, in a twinkle, the transaction was completed and the vessel was ours.

Gray uniforms took the place of the blue, and the vessel moved on as if nothing had occurred. The course was varied a little; a hurried council was held, and Colonel Witt took command of the "Maple Leaf." We headed for the Virginia coast, with the determination to empty and burn the vessel, but before this was



The "Maple Leaf."

carried out, milder counsel prevailed, on account of the sick and disabled among the Confederates.

The Federal officers agreed to take an oath of parole, and also agreed that they would proceed on their way to Fort Delaware, and not communicate the event of the day at any intervening point, or until they had reached their destination, upon the condition that the Confederates would parole them and save the vessel. They also agreed to take care of the sick and disabled Confederates, who could not make the journey of one hundred miles through the country to the Confederate lines. A few Confederates stood guard over the Federal officers and soldiers until the last Confederate was in the small boat and near the shore, when, at a signal, the vessel was surrendered to them. The Confederates having taken all of the arms and plenty of amunition, gave a yell and salute, and were lost to us in the shade of the woods.

The "Maple Leaf" was headed for Fort Delaware, but night

and darkness being on us—I being one of the sick that remained—we knew nothing further of our course until we arrived back at Fortress Monroe, at the very point our friends were trying to prevent the Federal officers from going, knowing that the Federal cavalry would be put after them at once, and, possibly, intercept them on their way ; and, true it was, before twelve o'clock that night one thousand cavalry were after them. But the whole company, without the loss of a man, after great hardships, sore of foot, hungry and tired out, reached the Confederate lines on the third day's journey. This I learned after reaching Richmond, a paroled prisoner, in the spring of 1864, after an imprisonment of thirteen months.

Having never seen an account of this brilliant act in print, and never having met but one of the participants in it—Lieutenant Samuel L. Asbury, of Farmington, Missouri—I thought I would, at this lapse of time, give this plain statement, and ask where are those gallant Confederate soldiers, and who are left to tell this episode besides ourselves ?

Baptism of General Hood by General Leonidas Polk.

BY COLONEL DOUGLAS WEST.

One of the unique incidents of the Confederate War was the baptism of Lieut.-Gen. Hood by Lieut.-Gen. Polk, at Resaca, Ga., about the 11th of May, 1864.

General Polk had just arrived by rail from Demopolis, Ala., with the Army of the Mississippi, under orders, in cipher, from President Davis to go at once to the relief of General Johnston, then sorely pressed by General Sherman, at Rocky Face and Mill Creek Gap.

General Polk was met by order from Johnston to relieve Hood at Resaca, so as to allow the troops of the Army of the Mississippi to take the position occupied by those of Hood's Corps.

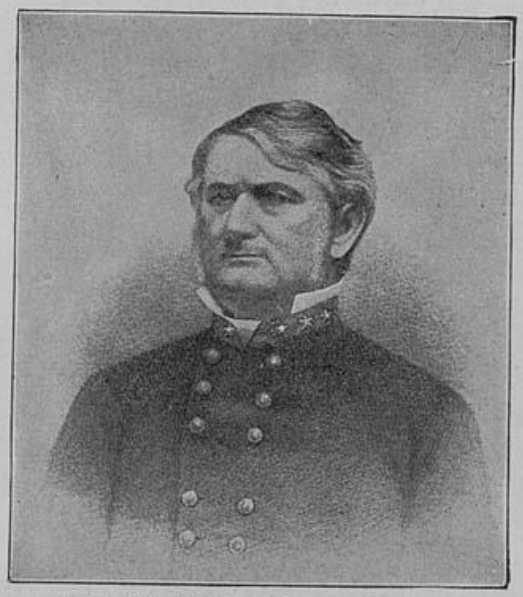
Arrived at Resaca, in the midst of a heavy storm of rain, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning and heavy peals of thunder, General Polk sought the headquarters of General Hood, and found him in a small tent awaiting General Polk's arrival.

General Polk was accompanied by his personal aides, Colonel W. D. Gale, Colonel H. C. Yeatman, and the writer, his adjutant-general.

After a few minutes' conversation in reference to military matters and a description of the position we were to occupy, General Hood said to General Polk: "I have been more anxious to meet you than any officer in the Confederate army."

General Polk replied that the pleasure was reciprocal.

"But," said Hood, "it was in your relation to the Church, as a man of God, that I have long been anxious to meet you and



LIEUT.-GEN. LEONIDAS POLK, OF LOUISIANA.
Killed at the Battle of Pine Mountain, Ga., June 14, 1864.

take counsel with you as regards my own salvation." He added that, after graduating at West Point, he had been stationed in the far West, away from the civilization and refinement of a religious community, and therefore he had had no instruction in spiritual matters. But since his constant presence with death during the present war, he had determined to avail himself of the first opportunity to unite with the Church.

He asked General Polk what he ought to do in order that he might save his soul alive. General Polk said to him: "Have you been baptized?" He said, "No."

"Then," said General Polk, "the first thing you should do is to be baptized."

"But," said General Hood, "I have no opportunity, engaged as I am constantly in the field."

General Polk said to him: "Then, I will baptize you."

Said General Hood, "When?"

General Polk said, "Now, sir," and turning to his son-in-law, Colonel W. D. Gale, himself a devout churchman, said, "Gale, get me a cup of water."

A cup was found, filled with water, and handed to General Polk, who had taken his prayer-book from his side pocket, where it always was, and was reading the office for the baptism for those of riper years, and then and there, during a war of the elements, blended with the frequent roar of the artillery, did Bishop Leonidas Polk, of Louisiana, a soldier both of the Cross and of his country, baptize General John B. Hood.

The scene was most picturesque, and was deeply significant of the earnestness of the men who were leaders in our cause.

The Confederate Girl Wife Who Fell at Gettysburg.

BY CAPTAIN A. R. FITZHUGH.

It is the second day of a great battle. The sun is low in the west. A deathlike stillness has settled over the two armies—one on Seminary Ridge, the other on Cemetery Hill. It is the field of Gettysburg. The day's fight is over, and the Confederates have the advantage. Lee's small army had shown its lion bravery to General Meade's vast force. The sun goes down; the hush deepens; the armies slumber; the golden stars come out in the violet skies, and shine down upon the pale, sweet face of a young soldier. He rests upon the hard ground, and upon the bare, rounded arms is pillowed the fair, curly head. The delicate face has the innocence and infantile purity of a young child. All day he had fought with the calm, resolute courage of true bravery; now his weary limbs are resting in careless, unconscious grace. Beside the young soldier is a strong, manly warrior; he does not sleep, but guards the slumbering youth. A thickly-foliaged tree shelters them, and the bare ground is their couch. This fair,

sweet-faced youth is the soldier's wife; but comrades thought the two were father and son.

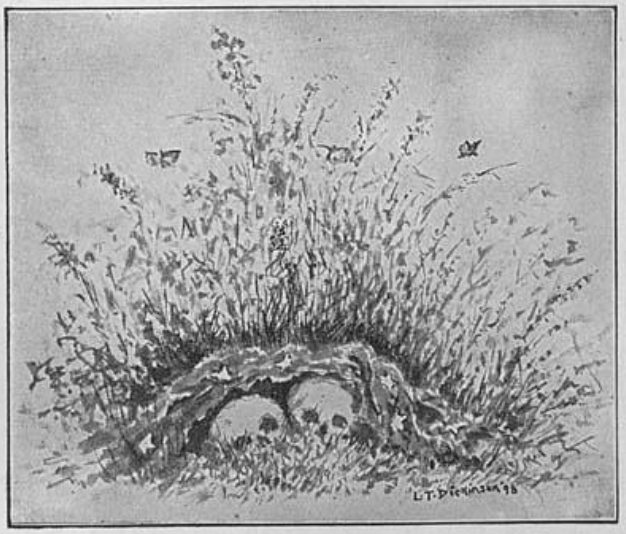
The night deepens; the two great armies slumber. Sleep on, weary soldier, take your brief, unconscious rest; to-morrow's night will find you in eternity. The Gettysburg of your life will have been fought, time ended, and your camping ground will be the everlasting fields of the Great Beyond; there thousands of soldiers, both friend and foe, will pitch their tents with you. The soft, silvered radiance of a brilliant star fell through the rustling

"A Fair, Sweet-faced Young Soldier Raises the Old Standard; for a Moment It Floats Above the Storm of Battle."

foliage and quivered over the hushed, sweet face of the young sleeper. Ah, soldier-wife, you have no equal in your heroic devotion. The perils of battle are joys when shared with your heart's idol.

With the first dim streak of light that crosses the battle-torn hilltops commences the cannon's boom. The hollow roar echoes down the valley between Seminary Ridge and Cemetery Hill, then dies, far away, like the roll of distant thunder. The great battle of Gettysburg rages in fierce fury. It is at this battle that

Pickett and his division make the desperate charge that renders their name immortal and gives the historian an example of unparalleled heroism. In the fiercest shriek and wildest storm of battle suddenly the cannon's roar dies over the hill-tops, the smoke rolls down the valley, a hush solemn as death falls over those great armies — a stillness so deep that the fluttering wings of a tiny bird are heard in a tree near General Meade's army; a stillness so deep that the rustling leaf is heard as it quivers in the sunlight. What is it that drives the blood from the cheeks of these brave Federal soldiers and holds them spell-bound? It is a strange thing they see. A division in Confederate gray comes down the oppo-



"Underneath were two skulls."

site hillside; slowly, calmly, orderly, straight into the teeth of death they march. They have reached the foot of the hill and are crossing the valley. The silence is yet unbroken. Stern Federal warriors stand awe-stricken and thrilled with wonder at sight of this unequaled heroism. Nations, build your monuments to your heroic dead! Greece has her Marathon, Sparta her Thermopylæ, Europe her Waterloo, America her Bunker Hill, but the Confederacy has her charge of Pickett's Division. Men and women of the "Lost Cause," build you here a shaft that will reach the skies, that will pierce to the glittering stars, and even then you can not sufficiently commemorate the heroism of Pickett's Division.

Across the valley it comes, a solid wall of moving men. The

silence is broken; the roar of guns shakes the earth. The boom dies; the smoke clears, and shows a wide gap in that moving wall; but slowly, calmly the gap closes, and the division moves steadily forward. Again the cannon boom; the smoke clears, revealing a wide, wide gap; yet the survivors move together again. Once more the gap closes, but a long line of their Confederate comrades covers the valley behind. The band moves unfalteringly forward. Again the guns thunder, the smoke clears; a wide, wide, wide gap this time. Once more it closes, and the heroic few come fearlessly onward. The hearts of brave Federal soldiers grow sick at such slaughter. At last Pickett and his division reach the hill on which General Meade's great army is stationed. Up the side Pickett leads his heroes; over the breastwork they come; back goes the Federal army, but only for an instant. In that heroic struggle a Confederate flag-bearer is shot down. A fair, sweet-faced young soldier raises the old standard; for a moment it floats above the storm of battle; then the young boy falls beside his comrade—the wife beside her husband—both shot dead.

The world knows the result of the battle of Gettysburg; but it has never been told the sad, sweet story of the young wife who fell beside her husband on that day when Pickett's Division attempted the impossible. A thousand days have passed since then. Burning suns and purple skies have kept watch over the spot where the girl-soldier fell. Again it is sunset. No battle rages at Gettysburg now. Hushed are its guns, scattered are its armies, and silence broods where once was the shock of battle. An old man and his little boy tramp over the field of Gettysburg. The old man had fought in that struggle; he shows his child the spot where Pickett's Division had charged. He tells the boy of the brave young flag-bearer, and, searching for the place where the wife-hero had fallen, they find an old flag—tattered it is and dropping to pieces. It had been embroidered by the fair hands of Virginian women—embroidered with their hair. As the young child raised it, underneath were two skulls. Through long, silent days and the solemn hush of night it had been their winding sheet; under burning suns and golden stars it had been their blood-drenched and battle-rent shroud. Digging a hole in the hillside, the old veteran wrapped the skulls in the torn flag, and, in the sweet calm of the sunset stillness, buried them. Europe has her Joan of Arc, her Charlotte Corday; America her Mollie Pitcher; but the "Lost Cause" has her sweet girl-wife that fell, a hero, in the charge of Pickett's Division.

Some of the "Makeshifts" of the Southern Women.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR.

BY LILLIAN W. DALE.

Shall I tell you of some of the "makeshifts" to which we were driven during the war? Well, one of the hardest things to come by was sugar, and by the second year of the war it was impossible to buy even the commonest brown sugar in the South. My grandmother possessed a loaf of white sugar that she treasured very carefully, and only used on extra occasions, and when the war was over she still had a small piece of it.

The best substitute we had for sugar was molasses, or sorghum, made from Chinese sugar cane. It was used in coffee and all kinds of desserts, and when one got used to it, it did not taste so badly. Preserves were made by cooking berries and fruits in sorghum molasses, and as all the essentials were plentiful, we made them in large quantities.

Cake was also made with sorghum. In the South we do not think it is Christmas unless we have boiled custard for dinner.

One Christmas we had no sugar for even this favorite delicacy; so we decided to make it with sorghum. It was of a rich, golden color, and certainly the prettiest, if not the best, I ever saw.

Real coffee was almost as scarce as "hens' teeth," and many things were tried as substitutes. Grandma had a sack of coffee when the war began, and she divided it into small quantities, and hid it in various places, so that if some of it was found and taken she would not lose it all, so by this means we usually had our coffee, part Rio and part Rye, without the "O." Some of our neighbors used parched corn, okra, sweet potatoes, etc.

Another thing very hard to procure was salt, and that was indispensable. Part of the time during the war it was impossible to buy it for love or money. Then it was that those who owned old smoke-houses with dirt floors were considered very fortunate. The dirt floors were dug up for a depth of several feet, and the dirt put up in hoppers, as we do ashes to make lye.

Water was then poured over it, and, as it soaked through, it was put in kettles and boiled down till it made a dark-looking salt that answered very well to preserve meat. The stock did not like it.

Many times was our house searched, on various pretenses, by the Yanks. Sometimes they were looking for Rebels supposed to be in hiding there; sometimes for arms, etc., but whatever reason they gave for doing so, everything that attracted the fancy or the cupidity of the searchers always disappeared with them.

Once my father had purchased a pair of "store shoes" for my little sister; they were very difficult to procure in those days, and she was consequently very proud of them.

A few days after a band of "searchers" came. The shoes were hidden on top of an old wardrobe, and we hoped they would not be discovered, but one man got up on a chair, and soon found them, and carried them off. My sister was only nine years old, and it almost broke her heart to lose her new shoes. My father talked to one of the men whom he knew about her grief, and he promised to bring back the shoes if he could. He was as good as his word, and brought them back next day, to my sister's great joy. I do not think anything else was ever returned to us.

At the beginning of the war my father wore a handsome overcoat of the style known as a "Lord Raglan," with wide sleeves and big pockets. As the Yanks unhesitatingly appropriated all such articles of wearing apparel, it was kept in the darkest corner of the darkest wardrobe. New Year's day, 1863, was one of the coldest days ever known in the South. One of the Federal Generals, Hatch I think it was, was quartered in our town with his command, and they roamed over the country for miles. As we lived only a short distance from town, they almost crowded us out of the house, in order to get to the fire that very cold day. Their invariable salutation on coming in was, "It is rather coolish to-day." In order to keep warm I put on my father's "Raglan," and filled the pockets with silver spoons and other valuables; they threatened to take it from me, and asked the servants if it was not a man's overcoat.

One morning, just as our breakfast was ready, a party of Yanks appeared, took their seats at the table, devoured the whole breakfast, and, as they left the table, each man put his knife and fork in his pocket. As such things were not easily procured in those days, we had to eat with our fingers for some time afterward.

One day my father was standing on the front veranda when two Yanks rode up; one of them pointed his pistol at my father's head and demanded his pocket-book. My father remonstrated, told him he had quite a large family, black and white, depending on him for support, and but little money. The Yank cursed him

Searchers at Work.

and said: "Give me your pocket-book or I'll blow your brains out." My father handed him his pocket-book, and the Yank looked through it rapidly, taking out the money, about $30.00, including a $10 gold piece, then threw the book at my father's feet, with the command "See that you say nothing about this." A neighbor of ours, a Union woman, was present, and saw and heard it all; she said: "Well! I never would have believed it, if my own eyes had not seen it, and my own ears heard it."

We all wore home-spun dresses in those days, the work of our own hands, and sang with great enjoyment:

"Three cheers for the home-spun dress the Southern ladies wear."

What happiness when our sweethearts "who wore the gray" came home from long absences! How we listened, with delight, to every word they uttered; to their glowing descriptions of camp life; of the battles in which they had participated, and how enchanted we were with the glorious vision of the time "when this cruel war should be over," and the South victorious!

How we venerated the names of Lee and Stonewall Jackson, of Jeff Davis and Alexander Stephens!—and their names are still dear to every Southern heart.

A Horrible Scene.

BY A. T. WATTS,
Private Co. A, 16th Mississippi Regiment.

On the 9th day of May, 1864, the army of Northern Virginia occupied a position in front of Spotsylvania Courthouse, its left resting upon the Po and its right upon the Ny, Grant's army in its immediate front, each army occupying rifle pits. Field's Division held the left of the line, and rested upon the Po river. Harris' Mississippi Brigade was in reserve, supporting the left. On the west side of the Po, and opposite the end of Field's line, there was a hill in an old field, which was considerably higher than our line, and about five hundred yards from our extreme left. Above the position the Po flowed from the west, and then turned abruptly to the south. From the hill the old field extended along the river for the distance of about twelve hundred yards, its

"The night was lighted up by burning human bodies."

southern boundary being upon a ridge extending back from the hill, parallel with the river. That evening Hancock's corps marched up the river for some distance, and next day moved down the river, took possession of the hill, and opened a furious enfilading fire upon Field's line. Hillis' Division, also in reserve, crossed the river some distance below, and moved up the west side to attack Hancock's corps, and as soon as this division had uncovered the bridge, Harris' brigade crossed to aid in the attack. The old field had been well covered with a growth of small pine, running from three to eight inches in diameter. These pines had, some two months before this, been cut and left upon the ground, and were perfectly dry. Hillis' Division, supported by Harris' Brigade, furiously assailed the enemy, and drove them in disorder down through the old field and across the river. Their loss was considerable, ours comparatively small. The killed and wounded Federals were scattered all over the field. About the time the enemy reached the river we discovered that all along its margin the field was on fire. As the wind was in our faces, the flames spread and rolled forward with wonderful rapidity. We hastily withdrew to the upper edge of the field, carrying out a number of wounded Federals, but leaving a large number that we could not reach.

I had participated in the battles of the Valley campaign, the Seven Days' battles around Richmond, Second Manassas, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and the Wilderness, but here, for the first time, I fully realized the hellish brutalities of war. Standing in line, watching the terrible sweep of that sea of fire, we could distinctly hear the despairing cry of these helpless, wounded soldiers amid the roaring, seething flames. Poor fellows, we knew that they were doomed to torture and frightful death, but we were absolutely powerless to render any assistance. Mercilessly the flames rolled onward, and the victims were relieved from a hell on earth by an appalling death.

As darkness approached, the flames died down, when the company to which I belonged was thrown forward as skirmishers, and marched over the charred field down to the river, where we established a picket line.

Here other horrors awaited us. Along near the stream, where the pines were thickest, the night was lighted up by burning human bodies. The sickening blue flames would flicker down, then flare out with sputtering hisses, while the air was laden with the loathsome fumes of burning human flesh.

"The night was lighted up by burning human bodies."

In my imagination ghouls and goblins hovered about that infernal field and gloated over "man's inhumanity to man."

As the hours of night grew apace, we were agreed that the confines of Pluto's regions were not more horrible than this accursed place.

Hood's Charge at Gettysburg.

PRIVATE, CO. H, FIFTH TEXAS REGIMENT.

On Monday night, July 2d, we moved from our camp, which was on some creek, and marched to Stone Bridge, six miles in the rear of the battlefield. At daylight we moved to our position in line in front of Sugar Loaf mountain. My division was on the right of Longstreet's Corps, and my regiment, the Fifth Texas, was on the right of Hood's Division. Near me, before the charge, Generals Longstreet, Hood and Robinson were sitting on their horses; I heard Hood say to Longstreet three times: "Let me take my division to the right and flank that mountain." Longstreet replied, "You must obey orders." Hood, knowing the destruction that would follow, was moved even to tears. Our position at this time was a little in the rear of the crest of a hill upon which stood our batteries. When the order to charge was given the whole line moved forward, passing by the guns and descending the hill on the other side. We struck the enemy just in a meadow situated in the valley, and drove them across the Emmettsburg road, along which was a stone fence. They attempted to rally behind this barrier, but we never stopped, and, with a rush, pressed them onward till we came to a stake-and-rider fence at the foot of Sugar Loaf mountain, behind which were heavy timber and rocks. Right there a funny thing occurred. Captain Cleveland said: "Ten dollars to the first man who gets over that fence." Privates Stone and Settler were the first to get over. Afterward they claimed the ten dollars, but I don't know whether they got it or not.

Over the fence once, we swept up the mountain, climbing with great difficulty, occasionally pulling each other up on account of the rocks. The enemy retreated to the top of the mountain,

and took position behind their breastworks. Three times we charged up the mountain-side to within forty yards of the breastworks, but were each time compelled to retire by the heavy volleys from the fortified enemy. During these charges among fallen trees and giant rocks there was necessarily much confusion. Besides the musketry fire from the front, there was an enfilading fire from Federal batteries, which swept the face of the mountain,

GENERAL JOHN B. HOOD.
[From a photograph taken in 1862.]

doing much damage. After the third charge we fell back about four hundred yards, about half way between the fence and the works, and there we stayed, though still somewhat exposed to the artillery fire of the foe. I wish here to state that during the charge a portion of the Fourth Alabama, Law's Brigade, somehow or other overlapped our line, and getting to the right of my regiment, swung around the enemy's works, and, flanking the foe, got up on top of the hill in the Federal wagon camp.

Our last charge was made about sunset, and we stayed on

the mountain-side all night long, and spent part of the night gathering up our wounded. We slept on the ground, with nothing to eat.

I was badly wounded in the arm the first charge, and left on the field within forty yards of the breastworks. As our men retired the enemy's skirmish line followed them and passed me. The thought of a prison nerved me to try to rejoin my comrades. With great difficulty I descended the mountain, passed through the Federal skirmish line, and met my command as they were returning to the second charge.

Our loss was very heavy, especially in officers of the line. I did not get off the mountain-side till after my regiment had made the third charge. During the night I made my way back to the hospital, situated just in the rear of our first position. My wounds were not attended to till next day, and I was lying under an apple tree when Pickett's Division passed me in their famous charge. What happened after this I don't know, except that I saw Pickett's broken columns retiring some time during the day. Pickett passed near me, and was weeping. I do not remember anything he said. I have told this to show that Hood's Division did some hard fighting at Gettysburg, and, as far as I have been informed, they have not received the honorable mention they deserve.

The Foe That Jackson Feared.

HOW IT WAS VANQUISHED BY A CAPTAIN WHO WAS A TOTAL ABSTAINER.

BY A CONFEDERATE OFFICER.

"About daylight of the day before the second battle of Manassas I was ordered to report to General T. J. Jackson, with a detail of one hundred men, for special orders. I went at once to headquarters, and presented the orders I had received. General Jackson came out, and, beckoning me to follow him, rode some fifty yards from his staff, and then turned to me and halted.

"'Captain, do you ever use liquor?' he asked.

"'No, sir,' I replied.

"A smile lit up his rugged face as he said: 'I sent for a

special detail of one hundred men under command of an officer who never used spirituous liquors. Are you that man ? '

" 'Yes, sir,' I said, 'I was detailed on that account.'

" 'Well, then,' he continued, 'I have an order to give upon the execution of which depends the success of the present movement and the result of the battle soon to be fought.'

" 'If to keep sober is all that is needed, General, you may depend upon me,' I said.

" 'No,' he answered, 'that is not all; but unless you can resist temptation to drink you can not carry out my orders. Do you see that warehouse over there ? ' pointing to a large building a little way off. 'Take your command up to that depot, have the barrels of bread rolled out and sent down to the railroad track, so that my men can get it as they pass, and then take your picked men into the building and spill all the liquor there ; don't spare a drop, nor let any man taste it under any circumstances. This order I expect you to execute at any cost.'

"He turned, and was about to ride back to his staff, when I called hastily :

" 'One moment, General ! Suppose an officer of superior rank should order me under arrest, and then gain possession of the warehouse ? '

"Coming up close to me, and looking me through and through, as it seemed to me, he said, with a look of solemnity that I never shall forget :

" 'Until I relieve you in person you are exempt from arrest except upon my written order. I fear that liquor more than I fear Pope's army,' he added, as he rode rapidly away.

"I took my men down to the warehouse which had become so important, and threw a guard around it, placing five men at each entrance, with orders to neither allow any one to enter nor to enter themselves.

"The next thing was to roll out the bread, which we did. Just as we were finishing that task I was called to one of the entrances to find a general officer, with his staff, demanding that the guards should either allow him to enter or bring him out some liquor. Of course, I refused to comply with the command, upon which he ordered his Adjutant to place me under arrest.

"I told him I was there by General Jackson's personal order, and was especially exempt from arrest. He ordered his staff to dismount and enter the warehouse, and I gave my men the order to level their guns and make ready.

"This made the General halt, in spite of his thirst, and hold a consultation with his officers. They concluded to try persuasion, since they could not get what they wanted by force. But they found that method of no more avail than the other. They then demanded to know my name, and to what command I belonged, and threatened to report me for disobedience.

"I should never have yielded, and whether they would have pushed things to an extremity, in their raging desire for the liquor, I do not know; but just at that moment General A. P. Hill came galloping up with his staff, and, naturally, wanted to know what was the trouble. I explained the situation, which the quick-witted General understood at once, and ordered the thirsty squad off.

"'Have you orders to burn the building?' he asked.

"'No,' I answered, 'I have not.'

"Without a word he rode away, and within an hour there came an order from General Jackson to fire the warehouse, and when it was well destroyed to report to him.

"I carried out the order to the letter; not a man got a drink that day, and for that time the foe that Stonewall Jackson most feared was vanquished."

Ole Thunder.

BY "A THREE-STARRED COLLAR."
(Willa Lloyd Jackson, Houston, Tex.)

Riding over the grass-grown fields of the First and Second Manassas, our party paused to gaze at a man bending the stiff, painful back of age over a low mound, suggesting some fallen soldier. He turned a withered, black face to us as we approached, then continued clearing away the long grass covering the grave, from which peeped the blue lupine and the fairy flax. These he left untouched. "Hello, Uncle! A friend of yours buried here?" inquired one of the visitors, when the old man straightened up, and, putting his hand to his ear after the manner of a deaf person, came forward. His eyes had the dim, wistful gaze of the old, but as the question was repeated they kindled for a moment, as the last trace in charred embers. "No, sah, 'taint no frien' o' mine

w'at's lyin' hyer. Leastways, 'tis on'y Ole Thunder. But he war jest de bestes' hoss dat e'er Gord made. Yas, sah, had sense same ez a human. He war my marster's hoss, en de two war kilt right hyer, side by side."

His eyes wandered off in a sorrowful contemplation of the field which memory peopled once again with a charging line of infantry,

Marse Fairfax a-ridin' 'bout, so harnsome en' gran'.

with blazing artillery, while cavalry swept on with dauntless courage.

"Ole Thunder?" suggested a story seeker, gently, and the black face instantly addressed itself again to the gentleman, with the humble and ready courtesy of the *ante-bellum* darky.

"Yas, sah, de bestes' en knowines' hoss dat Gord e'er let live. He war Marse Fairfax Preston's saddle hoss, war raise' down on de ole plantation, en ole Miss gin him to Marse Fairfax on he birf-day jest afo' de breakout. De day me en Marster started fer de

war, we war boun' ter go by de Cyarter place fer ter tell Miss Sue good-bye, en w'en she see us cumin', she run out'n de big road gate, en—en I war cryin' so hard dat I cudn't a-hyerd old Gabr'el's trump, or seed a mounting ef hit hed a-flopped right down afo' me. But bimeby, w'en I tu'n roun', dere war Miss Sue, wif her arms roun' ole Thunder's neck, a-kissin' him, en her tears lak jew a-shinin' on he mane, en a-sayin' ober en ober, 'Tek good keer o' him, Thunder, you en Henry Clay,' wif a look at me out'n her putty eye w'at set my fool heart a-lippin', en down I goes in de dusty road, a-holdin' her dress, en a-swearin' dat I'd die fer him ef de good Lor' wud tek me en leave him git back safe ter her en he ma. En den, wif one mo' kiss, Marse Fairfax fa'rly to' hese'f fum her arms, en me en him jest run down de road. At de tu'n he stop en wave he han' ter her, but she warn't lookin', po' gyirl, but had laid her putty yaller haid down on de pos' o' de gate, lak nuttin' wud e'er mek hit wuth while fer her ter tek hit up ag'in. Den I see somepin in Marse Fairfax' eye lak wa't war still a-shinin' on Thunder's mane, en dere war me ahine him a-snifflin' lak a baby. Bimeby Marse Fairfax tu'n roun' en say, 'Wa't you crying fer, you fool? Shut up now, er I'll sen' you home fer a coward.' Den I ups en says, 'Naw, you won', nuther. Whar you goes, I goes, too, 'cause dem's de wuds o' ole Miss; en mo', who gwine ter keep yo' close, en black yo' boots' en ten ter ole Thunder, 'cep me?' He larf den, en we goes putty com'f'ble arter dat. Bimeby, when we gits hyer, and see de yuthers in dere putty close, en a-wavin' dere flags, en a-talkin' big 'bout gwine on to Washn'ton w'en dey done whupped de Norf clean out'n hit's boots, en a-darin' the Abollitionis' ter come on, dat dey war ready fer 'em en waitin', seem lak Marse Fairfax go crazy lak de res', en de Colonel, w'at knowed he par, gin him a comp'ny w'at fa'rly set down ter wushpin' him. Yas, sah, en one of dem impdent w'ite men arsked Marse Fairfax to let him curry ole Thunder. I ain't say nuttin', but I mek up my min' dat w'en de fightin' begin I gwine ter tek a gun en kill dat po' white trash lak I wud a possum er a coon, ef Marse Fairfax hed a-say 'Yes,' but he cut he eye at me, en larf and say, 'You has ter 'ply to Henry Clay. He's boss o' me en Thunder, too.' I tells you, gentl'men, I war mighty proud o' Marse Fairfax dem days, ter see him ridin' 'bout so harnsome en gran' dat ev'boddy — offcers and all — wud tu'n roun,' en look at him, en I hyerd Gin'ral Bee say ter Marse Jeb. Stu'rt, 'Some mudder's darlin', en Marse Stu'rt say, 'Alas! dat sich should be food for

cannon.' En afo' I t'inks 'twarn't none o' my bus'ness ter be puttin' in in w'ite folks' talk, I ups en says, 'Naw, sah, nuttin' gwine ter happen ter Marse Fairfax. Dey ain't nobody dar' ter hu't him. He ma's a widder, but she jest take a fit ef anybody war ter try hit. She sent me 'long ter tek keer o' him, en I gwine ter do hit.''

The old man looked down just beyond the flower-covered grave at his feet, and his patient, humble face contracted with a spasm

'Way off I see he flag a-wavin' in rags.

of pain, and all waited, in respectful silence, on his mood. With a long sigh, he took up once more the thread of his tale, again sweeping the field with his glance, as he saw its peaceful bosom covered as of yore with all the color and roar of strife.

"De day de fight commence dey told me dat I'd jest come 'long ter see arter t'ings, en ter keep in de rear, but Lor', sah, dat don' do me. I hed ole Miss's orders fer ter tek keer Marse Fair-

fax, en she war mo' dan all de gin'rals on yearth, en how I gwine to look arter him, en me harf a mile off? So I squat down ahine a bush close to whar he war at fust, en w'en he move I moves, too, but I hed ter go at a run mos' o' the time, for dere warn't no strollin' 'long in dat fight. Hit war hyer, en dere en ober yander, en men a-ridin', en a-marchin', en a-swearin', en a-yellin', wif de big guns a bellerin' like bulls cotch in a thicket, de shells a-bustin', en de littl' ones a bang-bangin' all de time. En oh, my Lor'! de kilt men, en de hu't ones. Somehow, sah, sense den, I ain't nebber wonder dat Jesus wep' tears o'blood in

"I dug a place for Thunder right hyer."

dat gyarden, a-lookin' ahaid en seein' all dat misery. Onct I stopped to gin a po' feller w'at cotch me by the laig en beg so hard, a drink, en w'en he drunked hit, he jest drap he haid back so, en war daid. En w'en I look, I see Marse Fairfax done gone en lef' me, but 'way off I see he flag a-wavin' in rags, en I took arter hit hard ez I cud go."

The story was broken here by a sob, and a hand was close pressed against the working throat, and every man there turned away his head.

"De comp'ny war gone w'en I git dere, but dere I found Marse Fairfax, en ole Thunder lyin' by him wif a big hole in he side, en de blood a-runnin' on de groun', en in my marster's breas' war a woun' putty nigh as big. I tek he po' haid on my buzzum, en he smile up at me, same ez he use ter look w'en he war a boy. Ole Thunder lay dere a-lookin' jest lak he knowed wa't war de matter, en wud move he haid and rub hit 'gin he marster wif a low whicker lak he tryin' to say, 'Yas, I knows hit's all ober fer us, Marster, but 'long's I'se gwine wif you, I don' keer.' En on'y me wa't dey war leavin' ahine—I sot en cried in mis'ry. Den Marse Fairfax ris up en say out loud, 'Quick, Henry Clay, brung Ole Thunder 'roun', I'se gwine to tek my mudder to see Miss Sue,' en I say, 'Yas, sah,' en I knowed he war home ag'in, en Thunder he hyerd he name, en pres' clost ter him, a-lookin' in he eye lak a human, but neider see de yuther, fer death war come, en Marse Fairfax put out one han' ter me, en one ter de hoss, en—he en Ole Thunder lay dere daid, en on'y me war lef'."

The summer wind crept by with a softened sigh, a catbird whistled from a hedge, as the old man paused and looked beyond his audience with his dim, haunted eyes.

"Dey kerried Marse Fairfax down ter Lexin'ton ter bury him in de ole fambly grabe ya'd, but I dug a place for Thunder right hyer, en hyer he lies ter-day, en I walks from Rockbridge county"—seventy miles, at least—"every spring, jest ter let him know I ain't forgot him. Dey say dum' beas' ain't got no soul, en no herearter, but I kinder hopes dat w'en de good Lor' teks me home, he let Marse Fairfax meet me wif Ole Thunder."

Memoirs of the Confederate War.

"All of which I saw, part of which I was."

BY CAPTAIN T. M. SCOTT, ASSISTANT ADJUTANT-GENERAL C. S. A.

CAMP FIRE AT PORT HUDSON.

Directly after the battle of Murfreesboro, General Maxey, with his staff, was ordered to report to General Frank Gardner, commanding the post and forces in Port Hudson. On arrival, he was assigned to a brigade composed of the Forty-second, Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth, Fifty-third and Fifty-fifth Tennessee Regi-

ments, that had been made prisoners at Fort Donelson, and had just been exchanged. The command was a splendid one, and remained with General Maxey until he was sent west of the Mississippi to command the District of the Indian Territory.

During the months of January and February there was but little to do except garrison duty, and as during the greater part of these two months it rained every two or three days, we had a sloppy, disagreeable, poky time. Occasionally there was some relief, when a steamboat arrived from Red river with breadstuff, beef or hogs, and some newspapers two or three weeks old.

There came relief, however, about the middle of February, the monotony of camp life being broken by the appearance, one morning, of the ironclad gunboat Essex, anchored in the Mississippi, about five miles below Port Hudson, above which was flying the United States flag. After police duty and guard-mounting were over, curiosity to see the boat gathered some five or six hundred officers and men — there were about twenty thousand men in the fort — on the bank of the river, from which point the gunboat was in plain sight. The men were discussing, as soldiers will, the character of the vessel, where she came from, what she could do, etc. The last subject under discussion was soon answered. A flash and a puff of white smoke were seen to issue from the side of the vessel, followed immediately by a voice in the air asking "Where-ish-you? Where-ish-you?" and the roar of the cannon, as a one-hundred-and-fifty-pound percussion shell struck the road, tore a hole in the ground big enough to bury a horse, ricochetted over some low trees, killing a child on the bank, as it plunged into a pond of water five hundred yards away. I have seen a company of soldiers, drilled by a martinet officer for three hours on an August day, ordered to "break ranks." Their movements were snail-like compared with the hurry of the crowd on the river bank when the shell hit the ground. The shell failed to explode, was fished out, and for many days was the center of attraction.

At length the rainy season was over, the spring days were warm and summery, wild flowers were springing up in the woodland and the hedgerows were full of roses. The old Essex still lay below us. Every day at 4 o'clock we were served by her heavy mortars with large shells, which, bursting in the air above us, showered down a rain of iron, with but little injury, however, and soon becoming accustomed to it, it ceased to alarm. And so passed the last days of February and the March days up to the morning of

the 14th, when daylight showed five United States men-of-war anchored round about the Essex. During the day they fired a few shot and shell into the fortifications, effectually rousing us from our lethargy, but, as the sun went down beyond the wide stretch of the river, all was quiet.

Darkness had been over the land for several hours when the dull, heavy boom of a large gun was heard, then another, and another. A courier from the vidette on the Baton Rouge road came dashing in, giving information of the approach of the enemy by land. The sharp roll of the drums gave signal for the troops to take position in the trenches, as the firing on the river was very rapid, the five vessels having steamed up and were attempting to pass the batteries, which were pouring volley after volley into the ships, and they as rapidly replying; more than a hundred guns in quick succession were belching forth their hail of iron; the earth seemed to tremble under the terrific noise, and the whole heavens seemed filled with new and falling stars, the burning fuse showing the course of the shells, that, exploding in every possible direction, filled the air with falling fragments of iron.

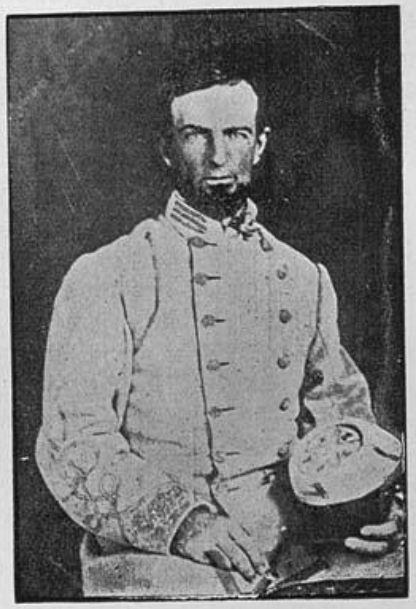
One of the batteries, commanded by Major Parker, was firing red-hot shot, some of which took effect in the hull of one of the largest vessels, as could be presently seen by a little jet of fire that, bursting into a great flame, ran up the shrouds, caught the sails, and was soon one great sheet of fire. Shout after shout went up from our men at the discovery, and more rapidly still, if possible, the guns were worked, pouring shot after shot into the enemy.

The land force from Baton Rouge, acting in concert with the fleet, was met and checked by Maxey's Brigade, and seeing the burning ship, and hearing the wild cheering, fled in dismay, never stopping until inside their works at Baton Rouge.

In the meantime, all on board the burning vessel was confusion small boats were hurriedly lowered, filled with men, and pulled for shore; many were seen (for around the burning ship everything was light) to plunge into the water and swim to land. The burning ship, being left to herself, swung around and slowly floated down the river. Two of the vessels, the Hartford and the Albatross, succeeded in passing the batteries. The Monongahela and the Richmond fell back. One of these two ships, it was not known which, the night was so dark, drifted right under our guns, and was being fired into from a battery on a jetting angle of the fortifications, and also by the riflemen on the bluff immediately

above, when the commanding officer, it was supposed, called out: "For God's sake, quit firing; we have surrendered." The usages of war, I suppose, justified the vessel in making off, as it was not possible to take possession, and the next morning it was nowhere to be seen, but she could have been burned or sunk.

The Hartford and the Albatross, having steamed out of range above the batteries, and the Monongahela and the Richmond drifted out of range below, the firing ceased, and all attention was given to the burning vessel, the whole of the upper works of which were one sheet of flame. As the fire extended into the hull, and the guns and shells became heated, they one by one exploded,



Captain T. M. Scott, Assistant Adjutant-General, C. S. A.

as though they were signal guns fired over the doomed ship as she floated away on her last cruise. Some ten miles below, the fire reached her magazine, when one terrible explosion took place, and earth and sky and water were apparently covered with burning fragments of what was but a few hours ago the noble ship Mississippi. She had a crew of about three hundred men. Many escaped by her small boats; a number swam ashore; some perished in the attempt; the wounded and dead were consumed in the flames of the burning vessel. The next morning our cavalry on the opposite shore caught about fifty of those who escaped. We lost

one man killed and five wounded. In Maxey's Brigade not a single man was hurt, though our camp was filled with shells and fragments.

After the bombardment and passage of part of the Federal fleet, matters within Port Hudson resumed for some weeks the monotony of garrison life. At length General Maxey received orders to report with his brigade to General Johnston, at Jackson, Miss. The next day, at an early hour, our camp fire was put out, and in obedience to orders we took up the line of march, bivouacking at convenient distances each night, reporting at Jackson on the 23d of May, from which time we formed a part of the army operating for the relief of Vicksburg, until that place was surrendered, on the 4th of July, when we fell back within the fortifications, and lighted our

CAMP FIRE AT JACKSON.

After the fall of Vicksburg, the Confederate forces, under General Johnston, retired within the fortifications at Jackson, and were thus enabled to hold in check Grant's victorious army for some days, giving the Confederate authorities time to remove from Jackson, Brandon, and other depots along the line of the Vicksburg & Meridian Railroad, the army supplies back to Enterprise. These hot July days, however, were made hotter with shot and shell thrown within the intrenchments.

Maxey's Brigade, of which I was Adjutant-General, had headquarters in a little cottage on the crest of a ridge west of the city. Out in front, under the protection of an old Cherokee hedgerow, was placed Burnet's Battalion of Texas sharpshooters, supported by the Forty-ninth Tennessee Infantry. Captain Fenner's six-gun battery was stationed just within the breastworks, with the Thirtieth Battalion Louisiana Infantry in the trenches, the Fourth Louisiana Infantry in support of the battery. Half way down the slope of the ridge, in the deep cut of the Chicago, St. Louis & New Orleans railroad, the other regiments of the brigade were sheltered. About one hundred yards farther, at the foot of the hill, was a beautiful little stream of running water. A clump of forest trees grew on the bank, beneath the shade of which, on a grassy plat, we selected the place for headquarters mess. By reason of the incessant bursting of shells from the Federal batteries, our cooks preferred to prepare our meals half a mile away, on the bank of Pearl river, and send the food at stated times.

This arrangement was about the disposition of our brigade until the evacuation of Jackson.

One day our mess purveyor succeeded in getting material for a splendid dinner, and invitations were given to several of our regimental commanders to dine with us next day, which was, of course, accepted.

By this time the Federals had invested the city on the west, from a point on the river above Jackson to the river below, and had brought forward and placed in battery all their field artillery and some heavy siege guns.

At high noon, as General Maxey, his invited guests, and some of his staff officers were seated on the grass enjoying dinner, the whole force of the Federal guns simultaneously opened fire on the Confederates, with a noise as if the whole earth was being torn asunder, followed by that shrill, hideous, indescribable shriek that shells give out, as they come, with death in their path, hurtling through the air.

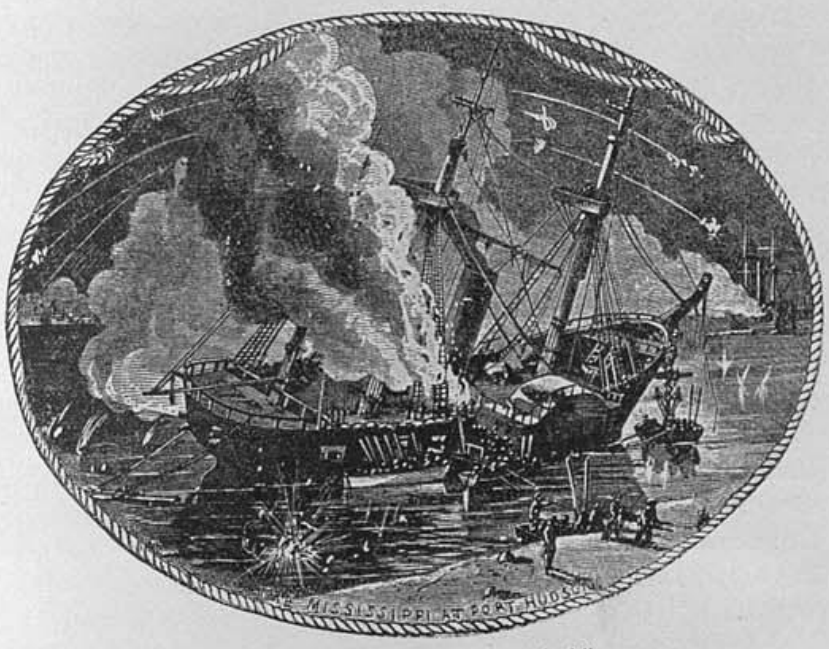
Our dinner had been brought to us that day by Private Jake Stull, B Company, Ninth Texas Infantry, detailed as headquarters teamster. He stood close by, leaning against a tree, as a thirty-two-pound spherical shell came thundering through the air, struck the ground on the farther side of tne little stream, ricochetted across, and lodged—the fuse still emitting sparks of fire—within a dozen feet of where we sat at dinner. We fell back flat upon the ground, to avoid as much as possible the fragments as the shell exploded.

The reason that I am alive to relate this incident is, that with the quickness of a flash, Jake Stull picked up the live shell and dropped it in the water. It was deeds like this of daring bravery and cool courage, performed on many battlefields, that give renown to the Confederate soldier.

General Breckinridge's Division was next on the left of General Maxey's Brigade, having Captain Slocum's battery of the Washington Artillery on the right, the line of breastworks following the crest of the ridge, the ground in front inclining gently down for a hundred or more yards, then ascending more abruptly for a like distance, forming a ridge, upon the crest of which was quite a dense growth of timber, the little valley between the ridges being entirely open and covered with short grass.

On the Sunday morning following the occupation of Jackson, the colonel commanding an Ohio Brigade, intending to spring a

surprise on the Confederates, quietly formed a column of attack under the cover of the timber on the ridge in front of Slocum's battery. The attacking column made a splendid appearance as it deployed from the timber. Captain Slocum was an efficient and ever-vigilant officer, and the whole force of the column had hardly gotten in view before it was struck by the spherical case shot from the six Napoleon guns of Slocum's battery. As the force came closer, the ammunition was changed to grape and canister, and, assisted by the rifle fire from the trenches, the shock was so effective that the column fell back behind the pro-



Burning of the gunboat "Mississippi."

tection of the timber, where it was directly reformed, with the addition of another regiment, and preceded by a rapid fire from a section of artillery in the edge of the woods, the plucky fellows made another charge, this time reaching more than half way up the slope to the breastworks. In the meantime, some two hundred men from the left of Breckinridge's Division crossed the breastworks, led by the son of General Breckinridge, a boy, apparently some fifteen or sixteen years of age, an aid on his father's staff, made a dash on the attacking force, which, under the severe fire it encountered, had halted, and was falling back, cutting off and capturing about one hundred and fifty of the

enemy, bringing them in over the breastworks, young Breckinridge—I have forgotten his name—carrying three stands of colors. He tendered the colors to his father, who directed him to deliver them to General Johnston. He was a proud boy that day, as he rode away to army headquarters.

The badly wounded were cared for within the Confederate lines. The dead lay on the field where they fell until Tuesday morning, when hostilities were suspended to bury them. The ground over which the attack was made was a fearful sight; those hot July days had caused decomposition to commence; the stench was awful, and the appearance of the bodies, swollen to nearly twice natural size, most horrible.

A severe cannonade and a sharp charge on Burnet's line of pickets, along the old hedgerow, drove them back to their support, and with it helter-skelter over the breastworks. A rapid fire from the battery and a rattling discharge of musketry from the men in the trenches sent the Federal attacking force back under shelter. The charge succeeded, however, in clearing the outside front of Confederate troops.

The sharpshooters were ordered back to the hedgerow, and the Forty-ninth Tennessee relieved by the Fourth Louisiana. In moving forward to retake position, Lieutenant Dulin, Adjutant of the battalion, was killed.

Having seen his lines re-established, I so reported to General Maxey, who, with his accustomed courtesy, thanked me, at the same time handing me a paper to deliver to one of the regimental commanders, and directing me then to join him at the sallyport, as he proposed visiting the troops in front of our section of the breastworks.

I delivered the paper, and, in company with Major Thomas, a volunteer aid, hastened to join the General, as directed. On reaching the sallyport, I saw the General, some hundred yards or more away, riding slowly along outside. At that moment came the report of a heavy gun from one of the Federal batteries, followed immediately by that indescribable shriek a conical shell gives out as it wabbles through the air. The shell fell, and exploded immediately under the General's horse. I dashed forward, followed by Major Thomas, expecting to see, as did hundreds of others along the line of entrenchments who witnessed the incident, the mangled remains of both rider and horse, but, to our astonishment and joy, neither was injured. As I closed up alongside the General, he was soothing his quivering horse. He took my outstretched hand,

as I exclaimed: "Thank God, General!" His face was as calm and his words as cool and gentle as though death had not been so near, as he replied: "Thank you, Captain; that was a close call."

A third of a century has gone by since the angel of peace spread her wings over our loved Southland, but it still gives me pleasure to remember that my commanding officer and comrade was a brave, generous, efficient, gallant soldier. He sleeps now under the green sod in the cemetery at Paris, Texas, "and glory is his sentinel."

The purpose having been accomplished for which General Johnston was holding Jackson, and there being many indications and some information that a general assault would be made by Grant's army the next day, and as there was no strategetic reason why the city should be held, preparations were being made to abandon the place during the night, and orders were issued that the utmost silence possible must be maintained during the evacuation.

About midnight General Maxey's command commenced to move—not by "folding up our tents," for we had none—but by wrapping blankets around the wheels of the gun and caisson carriages, and moving them back by hand across the Pearl river bridge. Then, "like the Arabs, we quietly stole away" to Morton's Station, and successively to Enterprise and Mobile.

Along the line of entrenchment, inside and out, and by detachments of cavalry in the field, during the siege of Jackson, were done, bold, fearless, daring acts of bravery, by soldiers on both sides. In fact, during the whole war, there occurred daily in both armies deeds of heroic courage and conspicuous gallantry that will go down in history, song, and story, giving luster to the American soldier, as long as endurance, manliness, fortitude and patriotism and honor are esteemed and prized among men.

The Drummer Boy.

A Touching Story of a Youthful Hero.

BY THE CORPORAL.

The day before our regiment, the —— Mississippi, was ordered to march towards Iuka, the drummer of our company fell ill. There was no one to take his place, and while the captain was wondering how he should supply the lack, a pale, sorrow-stricken

woman appeared at his tent door, begging an interview. She brought with her a little boy of twelve or thirteen years, whom she wished to place in the regiment as drummer boy.

"Captain," she said, after the boy had been accepted, "he won't be in much danger, will he?"

"No, I think not," replied the officer, "we will take care of him."

The new drummer soon became a favorite, and there was never a feast of fruit or other hardly-procured dainties that "Eddie" did not get his share first. The soldiers were stirred by the child's enthusiastic devotion, and declared that his drumming was more musical than and altogether different from that of all other drummers in the army!

After the engagement at Iuka Corporal B—, who had been thrown from his horse, found himself lying concealed from view near a clump of trees. As he lay there with his ear to the ground, he heard the sound of a drum, distinct, but rather faint. In a moment he recognized the stroke of Eddie, the boy drummer, and hastened toward the spot whence the sound proceeded. In a clump of bushes, propped against a tree, he found the boy. His drum was hanging from a shrub within reach, and his face was deadly pale.

"Oh, Corporal," said he, "I am so glad you came! Won't you give me a drink of water, please?"

The corporal ran to a little stream close by, and brought the child a draught. Just at this moment there came an order for the retreat, and the corporal turned to go.

"Don't leave me," said the little drummer. "I can't walk. See!" and he pointed to his feet.

The corporal saw, with horror, that both feet had been shot off by a cannon ball.

"He said the doctors could cure them," continued the boy, pointing to the dead body of a Confederate soldier who lay beside him. "He was shot all to pieces, but he crawled over here and —tied—my legs up—so they—would—wouldn't bleed so!" And Eddie closed his eyes, wearily.

The corporal's eyes were blinded by a mist of tears as he looked down. The Confederate soldier, shot to death, and in the agonies of the last struggle, had managed to take off his suspenders and bind the boy's legs above the knees!

As the corporal bent down to raise the child, a body of Federal troops came up, and he was a prisoner. With a sob in his voice,

he told the story, and a Federal soldier tenderly lifted the wounded drummer up on his own horse, swinging the drum before him. When the little cavalcade reached camp Eddie was dead, but the little drummer's last call had aroused the noblest feeling in the heart of one who was his foe—one whose generous act was an effort to save and comfort the boy-enemy who was faithful to his duty.

Dickison and His Men.

THRILLING FIGHT NEAR BRADDOCK FARM, IN VOLUSIA COUNTY, FLA.

BY MARY ELIZABETH DICKISON.

"Gaily the bugler sounded a peal
When 'Dickison's Men' recrossed the river."

Until February, 1865, Captain Dickison, as post commander, had heavy duty to perform, the enemy continually making demonstrations for invasions, and requiring all the strategetic skill of our little force to keep them in check. Our outposts, near Green Cove Springs, Palatka, and up the St. John's river, as far as Volusia county, were kept constantly engaged.

Learning from his scouts on the east side of the river that the force of the enemy's garrison at Picolata was about four hundred, Captain Dickison at once resolved on an expedition across the river, if he could gain the consent of his commanding general. He telegraphed the general, asking permission to cross the river with his command. The general replied that he would leave it to his good judgment, but to be very cautious, as the enemy were in large force at Jacksonville, Green Cove Springs and St. Augustine, with their gunboats in the river.

He ordered his men to prepare five days' rations, as he could not furnish any transportation farther than the river. His cavalry consisted of detachments from his Company H of sixty-four men, under Lieutenants McCardell and McEaddy; thirty-three from Company B, of the same regiment, under Lieutenant McLeod, and twenty from Company H, of the Fifth Battalion of Cavalry.

On the 2d of February, just at sunset, they reached the deserted city of Palatka, the objective point to cross the river. He

then formed his men into line, and in a few words made it known to them that he intended crossing over into the enemy's lines.

The distance across the river was one mile, their only transportation one flatboat that could carry but twelve men and horses. They were all night and until 10 o'clock the next morning making

CAPTAIN J. J. DICKISON, C. S. A., 1864.
Afterwards Major-General State Troops.

the passage over, where they all landed, safe and in fine spirits. They had a long and circuitous route to march to reach Picolata, their march continuing until 2 o'clock that night.

When within one mile of the fort Captain Dickison called a halt. He ordered that a young soldier in his command, whose

father lived inside the picket lines, be summoned, and asked if he thought he could manage to pass through the picket line with a message to his father, whom he wished to see. Like a truly brave soldier, he accepted the trust, and soon returned, accompanied by his worthy parent, who, in conversation with the captain, informed him that the enemy had been re-enforced that day with about four hundred men, and had several pieces of artillery in position on the fort. The same informant reported that, at a certain house on the road from Jacksonville to St. Augustine, also leading from Picolata, there was to be a large assembly of people that night from St. Augustine and Jacksonville, for a dance, and, as many of the fair sex would grace the occasion, there would be a goodly company of Federal officers and young soldiers in attendance, having no apprehension of an attack from "Dixie," the pet name given by them to Captain Dickison.

About twelve miles away, on the road to this house, was a station where several soldiers and horses were kept. The captain sent down his line to arouse his men. Soon they were all ready to march, and moved on with great rapidity, to reach, if possible, each respective place before daylight.

Arriving at the station, they came upon twelve Federal cavalry, with as many horses; all were made prisoners in quick time. Then on they pressed toward the banquet hall.

Placing a detachment on the road leading to St. Augustine, and on the road to Jacksonville, just at the dawn of day, Captain Dickison moved up in the rear. As he drew near the house he saw two officers, a major and his adjutant, riding off. He dashed up to them and demanded a surrender, which was not refused. Then on to the house our command rushed. Several soldiers, with one captain and one lieutenant, were captured; also a band of musicians, composed of twelve young soldiers, in a fine four-horse ambulance—at the two places about forty men, including four officers; also eighteen horses and one fine ambulance were captured.

While at this place Captain Dickison learned through a reliable source that Colonel Wilcoxon, with the Seventeenth Connecticut and ten large six-mule wagons, had gone up the road known as the Old Government road, in the direction of Volusia county. Dividing his command, taking fifty-two men, with one lieutenant, to follow in pursuit of Colonel Wilcoxon, leaving the remainder, under the gallant Lieutenants Haile, Haynes and McCardell, with the guard in charge of the prisoners, with orders to move on by

the way of Haw's creek, and meet him at or near Braddock's farm, about six miles east of the river, he rapidly proceeded with his detachment, Lieutenant McEaddy commanding the advance guard.

They had marched but a few miles when Lieutenant McEaddy met a detachment of cavalry under Captain Staples, and a sharp engagement took place. He captured one man and two horses, the others making their escape in the swamp near by.

A bright moon smiling upon them, they continued to press forward until midnight, when they reached a small farmhouse. Some of the command informed the captain that two of the occupants were deserters from our army.

He ordered a halt. Leaving Lieutenant McEaddy in command, he advanced with ten men to the house, and surrounded it before he was discovered.

The madam came out and met the captain, who passed for a Federal colonel, his ten men wearing blue overcoats. He addressed her as a Rebel woman. She assured him she was a loyal Union woman, and that her two sons had deserted from the Confederate army, and were then concealed in the swamp, and would remain there until they could hear that Dickison had recrossed the river, as they had been routed by his men two nights before.

The captain informed her that he was then on his way with his cavalry to protect Colonel Wilcoxon in the rear. She replied that the colonel had rested there the day before, and dined with her. Just then some of our command rode up who were not attired in blue overcoats. Fearing that she would discover the deception, as they were dismounting and coming in the yard for water, he called her attention to them and remarked, "They are some of Dickison's men we have captured," at the same time ordering his men in blue to guard the prisoners well, and not let one escape. With an earnest "God bless you, Colonel," from her patriotic heart, she threw her arms around him, and begged him to capture "that man Dickison." He replied, "I will get him before he crosses the river."

Some of the men were at the barn getting fodder. She appealed to the supposed colonel to protect her stores. He walked to the gate, accompanied by her, and ordered his men not to take that fodder, as it belonged to a good Union woman. "Oh, if they need it, let them have it," she said. He promised her payment for the same. He then bade her a tender farewell, with a renewal of his promises. Alas! poor woman, to her sorrow, she

soon learned that man's promises, like man's love, are too often written on sand.

After moving on a few miles, a halt was ordered for an hour, and, with our scant rations, both men and horses were refreshed. The march was continued, every few miles meeting deserters on their way to St. Augustine. Captain Dickison, riding at the head of his advance, his men still wearing blue overcoats, on coming up, would address them as Rebels. They would deny the charge, declaring they had deserted from the Confederate army, and were good Union men.

On the evening of the third day, when within two miles of Wilcoxon, we met two deserters, in carts, driving on the road to the ancient city. They stated that they were just from Colonel

Thrilling Fight near Braddock Farm.

Wilcoxon's headquarters, at Braddock's farmhouse, only two miles distant, and that they were making ready to start, with their wagons loaded with cotton.

Captain Dickison then advanced a little nearer, halted, and arranged his little command for a desperate encounter, as he knew well the enemy outnumbered us two to one, and that their regiment was a fine and well-disciplined one.

Moving on slowly and with great caution, his surgeon by his side, he saw the enemy at some distance moving down a long hill with a heavy train of wagons.

A brook being between the enemy and our men, he ordered our advance, consisting of ten men, under the gallant Sergeant William Cox, to dismount and take a position at the brook and

await orders. The enemy halted, not over one hundred and fifty yards distant, and our advance, under the excitement, fired into them without orders. Captain Dickison then ordered his brave boys to make a charge. They fought as only brave men fight.

Charging up to the long line of wagons, under a heavy fire, they pressed on until the enemy gave way and fell back to the woods, pursued by our intrepid dragoons. The Captain demanded a surrender, ordering them to throw down their arms. This was all done before they had time to learn the strength of our force. As we passed the wagons, Captain Dickison said to his surgeon: "Remain with the wagons and stop our advance as they come up."

At this juncture Lieutenant McEaddy, in making ready for a charge, struck a pond, around which, he, with a few of his command, made the charge; Colonel Wilcoxon, with his staff and a detachment of twenty cavalry, being at that moment ready to meet him. They charged down the hill upon our men, coming up near to where the prisoners had surrendered.

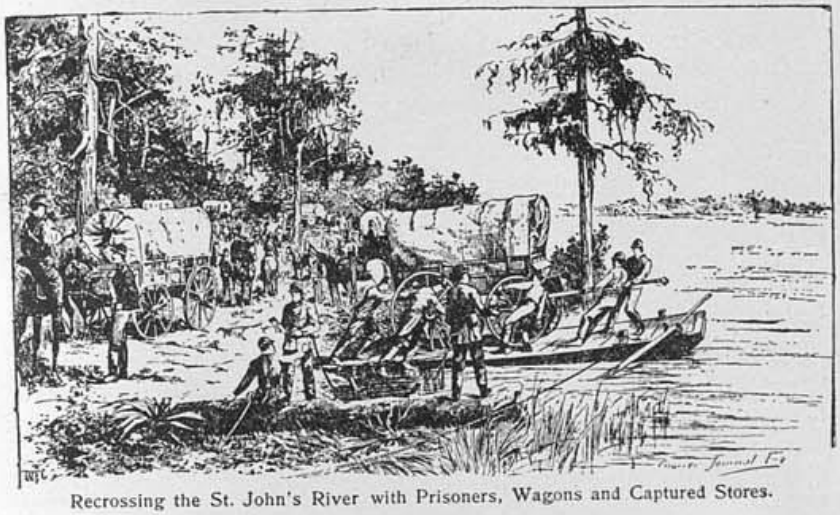
Our command then fired into the Colonel's escort, who dashed off on the road toward the wagons, where a lively fight ensued; our surgeon and Sergeant Cox, with ten men, killing and capturing every one except Colonel Wilcoxon. He fought fearlessly; after firing his last shot, he threw his pistol at one of our soldiers, then drew his sword and started down the road, where two or three men were guarding the prisoners. There was but one way for him to make his escape—between this guard and Captain Dickison, who was on watch, fearing the prisoners would revolt. Seeing this officer approaching, not knowing who he was, Dickison rode on to meet him, and demanded a surrender. Driven to desperation, the Federal drew his sword and made a furious charge at the Captain, who fired, the shot taking effect in the Colonel's left side.

As their horses were moving rapidly, they passed each other. Captain Dickison quickly turned and soon gained upon his adversary, whose glittering sword flashed defiance. Again the Captain fired with sure aim, the saber strokes falling heavy and fast. One more shot, and his antagonist fell. At this moment one of our men rode up, and the wounded man was left in his care.

The fight ended, Captain Dickison, on inquiring, learned that Colonel Wilcoxon was not among the prisoners. He looked in the direction he had left the wounded officer and saw him approaching, leaning upon the arm of the young guard, who called to Captain Dickison that Colonel Wilcoxon desired to see him.

The Captain dismounted to meet him, with an emotion that stirs the heart of every brave man—for "the bravest are the tenderest"—and addressed him: "Colonel, why did you throw your life away?" The Colonel, with true manhood, replied: "Don't blame yourself, you are only doing your duty as a soldier; I, alone, am to blame."

Our noble surgeon soon came up and greeted the unfortunate officer as a brother united by the "mystic tie." He was faithfully ministered to by brave and true men until his ear was deaf to earth's rude alarms, and the weary spirit peacefully departed to its eternal rest. Our victory was a decided and brilliant one. The entire Federal command was captured, about seventy-



Recrossing the St. John's River with Prisoners, Wagons and Captured Stores.

five in number; four were killed and a few wounded. Their wagon train consisted of ten fine wagons, each with six mules and horses, with best equipments, all loaded with sea island cotton that had been stolen and stored at Braddock's farm. We captured, also, all their fine cavalry horses, some of them the best in the Federal army. Not a man on our side was hurt.

We were about eight or ten miles from the St. John's river, and up to this time had heard nothing of Lieutenant McCardell's command, which had left us three days before with instructions to meet our detachment at or near this place. Considerable anxiety prevailed in regard to their safety, increased by the great difficulty to be met in making a successful crossing of the river with our force and so large a capture.

We moved on for about three miles. Night coming on, a halt

was ordered. Captain Dickison then sent a detachment of four men to a crossing known as "Horse Landing," about six miles off, to order the flatboat brought over by the time he would reach the landing next morning.

Early next morning, on our arrival at the landing, we found the boat ready. The position being a very critical one—apprehending that the enemy would soon follow with a large force to cut us off, an almost impenetrable swamp to our right and the broad St. John's in front, giving them the advantage—Captain Dickison fully understood the difficulties of the situation. He knew, should Lieutenant McCardell come up, he would then have about two hundred and fifty men and over two hundred horses, with ten heavily-loaded wagons and two ambulances, to cross over the river, and his only transportation, one flatboat, with capacity to carry one wagon, or twelve men with horses.

At 10 o'clock, a. m., they began their difficult and arduous task. The prisoners were first sent over, then the captured wagons and horses, until all were safely landed. Day and night these dauntless men worked with such caution and accuracy that not a mistake was made, either in loading or discharging. The boat was never stopped until the last man, horse and wagon were safely landed on the west side of the St. John's river.

While this slow and most remarkable transit was going on, a courier reported that Lieutenant McCardell and command were all safe and would soon be up. On their arrival they gave most efficient help to our tired men, who had so often crossed and recrossed the river in performance of their arduous and perilous duty.

Ten days from the time Captain Dickison left his headquarters, he returned, with his proud command, all rejoicing over their brilliant victory, and feeling richly rewarded for the anxieties and privations of the toilsome march and the dangers they had so bravely met in their adventurous and exciting expedition.

Incidents at the Battle of Franklin, Tenn.

BY GENERAL S. G. FRENCH.

History will tell how General Hood left General S. D. Lee at Columbia, Tenn., with his corps and *all* the artillery except two pieces, to hold Schofield and his army there, on the 29th of

November, 1864, while he went with Stewart's and Cheatham's Corps and Johnson's Division and gained the Columbia pike at Spring Hill, in the rear of the Federal troops. Also he will find how Hood slept by the roadside all night, and let Schofield's army pass by on the pike to Franklin.

We pursued Schofield to Franklin on the 30th. Formed line of battle in semi-circle. Beginning on the right were the Divisions of Loring, Walthall, French (east of the pike); then Cleburne, Brown and Bate on the west of the pike, Johnston in reserve.

MAJ.-GENERAL S. G. FRENCH, C. S. A.
From a Photograph Taken in 1864.

The sun was sinking in the west; the excitement had subsided, the winds were still, and the silence that precedes the storm was noticed. The calm before the earthquake—which, by some law of nature, forewarns the brute creation to flee to the hills, presaging impending calamity—was broken by a signal; 22,000 Confederate soldiers proudly advanced to storm a city defended by 25,000 Federal troops behind their fortifications. It was a glorious sight, for all were embraced in one view. Formed in a semi-circle, and marching to a common center, the divisions were forced to overlap on reaching the works, and make separate attacks. The advanced line was crushed like a shell; and then from the main line there burst a smoke cloud of battle, beneath

which an incessant sheet of flame rolled on the ground, in which the combatants were dimly seen. The shock was too violent to last. Its force was soon spent. As the smoke rose the sight was appalling. What a ghastly scene to the left of the gin-house! Now another attack was made, and beneath the smoke the angel of death garnered his harvest. On! on! forward! was the cry. It was death to stop, and the only place of safety was in the ditch beneath the sheet of flame that rolled from the parapet. There thousands of our men remained all night. Darkness came, and still the battle raged; and midnight came, and still from the captured line the fight went on with the troops inside, while the

BELLIGERENT WORK.
Sharpshooters behind fallen trees picking off their exposed enemies.

glare of musketry and the flashes of artillery lit up the surroundings with fitful fires that were wild and weird.

The conflict was severe. One of my brigades—Cockrell's—made the assault, with 696 officers and men, to the left of the gin-house, and in a few minutes 19 officers and 79 men were killed; wounded, 31 officers and 198 men; missing, 13 officers and 79 men, captured within the works; total, 419, or 60 per cent. General Cockrell was wounded. Colonel E. Gates, wounded in both arms, rode with the bridle reins in his *mouth;* the brigade flag was pierced with thirteen bullets. Sears' Brigade suffered less, as it halted a few minutes at the first line. Ecter's Brigade was not in the battle.

General Walthall came out with us. As we were talking, I

put my hand on his horse's shoulder, when suddenly it reared up, and sprang forward and fell, throwing the general far over its head. It was the death struggle. The noble animal had received its death wound, and fell.

There were two men—brothers—in a company from Mississippi, remarkably finely-formed men. One belonged to the sharpshooters at our headquarters. On the eve of the battle he came to me and got permission to go into the fight with his brother. The next morning, when riding over the battlefield, we saw the two brothers side by side, where they fell! I can not recall their names now. Further on, in a row, inside the works, I found six or seven badly-wounded men that complained of being cold. Some were from my division, and some were Federal soldiers. I gave them all some whiskey, and never received more devout thanks for a deed than they gave me. I hope they all recovered.

Another evidence of the severity of the fire is found in the thirteen bullet holes made in the brigade colors of the Missouri troops.

General Jacob D. Cox, who commanded most of the Union troops that we encountered at Franklin, in his work on this battle states (on page 15) that the number of Hood's men killed in this assault "were more than Grant's at Shiloh, McClellan's in his Seven Days' Fight, or Burnside's at Fredericksburg, or Rosecrans' at Stone River or Chickamauga, or Hooker at Chancellorsville, and only nine less than the actual loss in killed at Waterloo in the British army of 43,000 men."

Armies do not belong to commanders, but to the people who raise and support them. Notwithstanding this loss, Hood issued an order to have the artillery fire about one hundred rounds from each gun, and then, before dawn, the troops to charge the works again. But Schofield withdrew during the night.

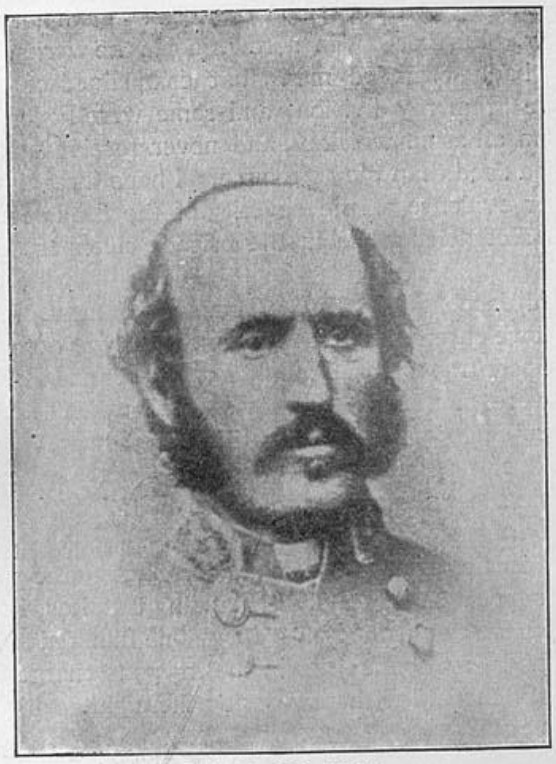
Heroic Deeds of General Zeb. York.

BY MRS. M. L. YORK.

ESCAPES CAPTURE.

Towards dusk, one crisp, frosty evening in the middle of January, 1863, a number of armed Federal soldiers were landed from the steamer "Queen of the West," in the town of Vidalia,

La. An officer, stepping from the party, ordered all bystanders off the streets, as, in a short time, there would probably be some shooting. Notwithstanding the intense curiosity aroused in the breasts of those thus cautioned, all prudently retired within doors of adjacent residences, stores, etc., taking care, however, to stand with peering faces pressed against glass windows and doors, the better to witness what was about to occur. Thus stationed was a young physician, who took refuge inside the immense glass door



GENERAL ZEB. YORK.

of the "Town Tavern," quite a place at that time. He carefully watched, as far as his limited field of vision would permit, every movement of the "Blue Coats," and noting the direction of their faces, he judged it would not be long before their expected prey would be at hand. They paced up and down for quite a while, when the sound of approaching horses' hoofs was heard. Soon two riders, finely mounted, came in front of the "Tavern" and were brought to a standstill by a "Halt!" from a Federal officer.

An order followed to "dismount," while two soldiers took hold of each horse's bridle. One rider was the fearless General York, home on a furlough on account of a well-nigh fatal wound in his neck, and the other was his partner, E. J. Hoover, who, by the authorization of the law, had remained at home to take care of their large planting interests, running, as they did, six fine plantations, with an average output of four thousand bales of cotton per year. Both were ordered to dismount, but York, who is remarkably slow to do that which is not his own choice, bestowed on them one of his most gracious smiles, while he kept on tightening his hold on the already shortened rein. His superb steed chafed and moved restlessly at being held under bit by any but his accustomed groom. "Dismount," again was ordered, with something like a threat accompanying it, and as Mr. Hoover was "at home," he, readily enough, was willing to dismount, knowing that York would manage to get free like a flash. Each soldier had a pistol, but York's being down in the lower pocket of his overcoat, he had no idea of risking being captured or shot while stooping for it, so both rider and horse, who had been trained to leap and dodge bullets with "Stonewall" in Virginia, were maneuvering for the winning part of this unequal fray. The soldier holding York's bridle, after ineffectually snapping his pistol, dropped the rein for a second, the better to manage his gun, when the fiery "Bumper," yielding to York's gentle spur, gave one leap over the crowd, and fled like the Storm King down the open road. Shots rang out from pursued and pursuers; there was blood on the road, but it was not York's this time, as the scarred veteran was out of bullet reach, and ere the setting of another sun he was, attended by his faithful valet, Sam, bound again for the fascinating battlefields of beautiful Virginia.

COOLNESS IN DANGER.

During one of the many occasions in which the Federals had them in uncomfortably close quarters, in a wood, Colonel Peck, really alarmed at the situation, rode up rapidly to York, and exclaimed: "General, we are ruined; they are all around us!"

"So much the better," replied the cool York; "for now we know it is impossible to shoot without killing some."

And they came out of the surrounding in pretty good shape.

PATRIOTIC GENEROSITY.

While he was in Columbia, S. C., the ladies were securing all possible aid for the hospital. As soon as General York's arrival

was learned, Miss Crawford, daughter of the Governor, and Miss Cora Slocumb, of New Orleans, then a very beautiful young lady, laid siege to him for money. Not having as great a supply as usual, it being very near the last days of the Confederacy, he requested the ladies to call on his aid, Charles Moss, for all money needed. They did so, and the result was that, notwithstanding the general's hope of skillful management by his aid, the appeals were so earnestly made that, after getting away from the ladies, the general said:

"Well, Charlie, how much have we left?"

"Not one cent, General! I obeyed your orders brought by the ladies."

So the general had to skirmish around for funds with which to proceed.

DARING BRAVERY.

In one of the bloodiest engagements of the war (this incident was related by an eyewitness in Lee's vicinity), a battery was playing sad havoc with the Confederates. It was taken and retaken by both sides, but at last the Federals held it longer than was to be allowed. General York was ordered to "take that battery." Drawing his sword, he plunged into the rain of shot, and, laying his sword on one of the guns, the battery was captured by his brave followers, to whom he afterward gave all the credit. A long cheer went up from the many witnesses of that daring feat when they returned into line with their prize.

DEPARTMENT IX.

FUNNY TALES TOLD AROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

A Joke in the Thick of Battle.

An old Tar Heel, who was "thar," says that at the battle of Chancellorsville, while the fight was raging, General Rhodes rode up to General Ramseur and asked him what time it was. Ramseur, pulling out his old timepiece slowly, said: "General, in such an emergency as this my old watch never runs." Rhodes "took" right off, and returned to where the bullets were "ticking" the seconds.

Don't Shoot; That's Father.

The following incident of battle is related by an eye-and ear-witness: "Two Kentucky regiments, Federal and Confederate, met face to face and fought each other, with terrible resolution, and it hapened that one of the Union boys wounded and captured his brother, and after handing him back, began firing at a man near a tree, when the captured brother called to him and said: 'Don't shoot there any more—that's father!'"

Fighting and Praying.

"Sam," said a Confederate to a negro who waited around Jackson's headquarters, "was the General kind to you?" "Dat he was, massa, all de time; in trouble and out of it, jes the same." "Was he a praying man?" "Praying? Why, I never seed no preacher what prayed much as him. 'Peared like, when he wuzn't fitin' or 'tendin' to bizness, he was allers prayin'; and when you hear him git up two or three times at night and kneel, look out fur nex' day."

Bring Your Captain a Few.

A certain captain of the Fourth Florida Infantry, feeling it his duty to reprimand the members of his company for straggling from the line of march, did that needed work to his own satisfaction and to the apparent contrition of the offenders. The good

"Bring your Captain a few."

results of the lecture were evident until an apple orchard was spied and its bright, red fruit seemed to invite the plucking. At once, by a common impulse, the newly-disciplined boys broke for the orchard, while the captain completed his work of reform by shouting: "Boys, if you *will* go, bring your captain a few."

Who Killed Tecumseh.

Colonel Skinner, of Texas, who was going it on a "high figure" before the right kind of audience, thus settled a long-disputed fact in history and "elevated" himself. "Feller citizens," said he, with a very knowing wink, "I was at the battle where

Tecumsey was killed—*I* was! I commanded a regiment there—*I* did! I'm not gwine to say who *did* kill Tecumsey—*I* won't! But this much I will say: Tecumsey was killed by one of *my* pistols; and, gentlemen, I leave it to your knowledge of human nature if a man would be very *apt* to lend out his pistol on an occasion of that sort."

Hospital Sore Eyes.

A tall, fine-looking fellow, the picture of health, went to the doctor for an excuse for the day. When his turn came the surgeon looked at him, in surprise, and said: "Well, sir, what's the matter with you?" "Well, Doctor," said he, putting on a most woebegone look and rubbing his eyes, "my eyes are sore, and it *hurts me to dress to the right!*" He didn't get his excuse *that* day.

Who Jumped.

Captain Ellis, of the Maine Cavalry, was accustomed to relate an incident as illustrating the coolness of the boys when in service. In one of his skirmishes, when his men had dismounted, a young fellow named Kitchen spied a Johnny Reb crossing a field opposite. "Now," said Kitchen, taking deliberate aim, "you'll see that lad jump," and fired, but missed his mark. Johnny Reb coolly stopped and returned the compliment, and Kitchen received the ball in the fleshy part of his leg. He jumped about four feet and ejaculated: "By golly, the wrong boy jumped that time!"

The Indignant Dutchman Captured by a Lasso.

At the battle of Lebanon, Tenn., the Eleventh Texas Cavalry belonged to John Morgan's command. It was made up of a set of brave and reckless men, thoroughly acquainted with all the peculiar accomplishments of their section, including the use of the lasso. Their skill with the lasso was often made available in procuring them certain luxuries, such as fat pig, fat turkey, and fat chicken. On the day of the battle, one of the Eleventh lassoed a Dutch cavalryman in the Yankee service. He was a fat, thick-set, surly fellow, with a stolid countenance, and as he sat squarely on his horse, giving a grunt of dissatisfaction when a playful twitch was made on the rope around his neck, he presented a spectacle of intense interest to the surrounding Rebs. Approaching General Morgan, the Texan saluted him respectfully,

and told him that he had captivated the Dutchman at the end of his line. Dutchy blurted out, "Ish you General Morgans?"

The General replied in the affirmative. "Vell, den, vot sort of a tam way is dist of vitin? You lets your mensh ketch a feller mit a hell of a r—rope round mit his neck, so like a tamt tog. Dish is von hell's of a way of vitin mit a tam r—r—ope."

A Pass to Richmond.

It is related that a gentleman from some Northern city entered Mr. Lincoln's private office, in the spring of 1862, and earnestly requested a pass to Richmond. "A pass to Richmond!" exclaimed the President. "Why, my dear sir, if I should give you one, it would do you no good. You may think it very strange, but there's a lot of fellows, between here and Richmond, who either can't read or are prejudiced against every man who totes a pass from me. I have given McClellan and more than two hundred thousand others passes to Richmond, and not a darned one of 'em has yet gotten there!"

Rebel Grit.

Beverly Kennon, who was in command of the Governor Moore, one of the gunboats opposed to the Federal fleet in the battle on the Mississippi, below New Orleans, was a thoroughly brave and gallant man. When his craft was actually sinking, riddled like a sieve by the ordnance of the Oneida and other vessels, Lee, who was in command of the Oneida, shouted out to him, pointing, as he did so, to the Stars and Bars, which were still streaming over her deck: "I say, there! haul down that d—d rag, will you?" "I'm d—d if I do!" yelled Beverly Kennon in return; "I'll see you in h—l first!"

Taking a Proper View.

With all General Gordon's gaiety and imagination, he is, and always has been, sincerely a pious man, and never went into an engagement that he did not ask Divine assistance and favor. Once, however, he almost lost his gravity at prayers held on the eve of a battle—the Battle of the Wilderness. One of the common soldiers was called on to pray—and men could pray at such times, knowing that, within the next hour or two, one or more of them must be lying in the dust. On this occasion the soldier began:

"O Lord! Thou knowest we are about to engage in a terrible conflict, if you take a proper view of the subject." At this time the hearers lost their gravity, and fought the Battle of the Wilderness with their eternal spirits giggling all through.

Walked All the Way on Horseback.

Everybody who took a hand in the affair (or, rather, a foot in it, we should say), remembers General Bragg's campaign in Kentucky. It was fraught with many hardships and privations, and, at the time, regarded as an immense affair, "a big thing." On arriving at Bardstown, Colonel B., of an Alabama regiment, and a number of brother officers of various other commands were seated around the mess table, and each person present related some incident of the march coming under his personal observation, with the exception of Lieutenant Bart O. It so happened that every member of the mess was a mounted officer, while "Bart" had tramped the whole distance on foot. When a lull occurred in the conversation, the Colonel remarked: "Well, boys, I am glad it is over; I'm glad that we have a chance at last to rest; but with what enthusiasm will we, in years to come, tell these stories over to our children, and how proud will we all be to tell of our trials, privations and hardships on this memorable march into Kentucky."

"Yes," says Bart, who had been a quiet listener to the Colonel's pretty speech, "you'll all tell of it and be mighty proud of it, but not a durned one of you will recollect to tell that you walked all the way on horseback!"

Deaf Hunter.

Old Hunter was deaf as a post, and, through his deafness and his shrewdness, he managed to hide his sympathy for either Federal or Confederate. On one occasion a party drinking in his store, to test the old man's deafness, proposed the following toast: "Here's to old Hunter, the two-sided old villain; may he be kicked to death by mules and his body sunk in the sea a hundred fathoms deep. May no prayer be said over him, and his blind soul wander rayless through all eternity." The toast was drunk in great glee, in which the old man joined. "The same to yourselves, gentlemen," said he—"the same to yourselves." Of course, he had not heard a word that was said.

How Stonewall Got to Heaven.

Two Confederate captives in a Yankee prison heard of Stonewall's death. "Bill," said one, "do you know how Stonewall got to heaven?" "No; how was it?" "Well, when the news of his being killed got to heaven, two angels were sent to escort him up. They went to our army, looked all around the field of battle and about headquarters, but couldn't find him. They went over to the "Feds'" and hunted for him there; and still they couldn't find him. So, after searching all day, they gave it up and went back to heaven, where they found he had flanked them and got there without their knowing about it."

How the soldiers captured hogs.

Old "Jube" was Anxious to See Him.

When Jackson's corps was on the march from the valley to Fredericksburg, we passed through a certain village, where lived one of the intensest "original secessionists" in the state. General J. A. Early (who had been one of the leaders of the "Union" party in the Virginia convention, who had been firm to the last in trying to avert the war, but when it came, drew his sword for his native state and "threw away the scabbard,") rode up to a group of citizens and inquired: "Where is Mr. —?" Being informed that the gentleman was absent, the grim old soldier re-

plied: "I am very sorry; I should like very much to see him. He is the gentleman who used to denounce me as a submissionist, and say that he did not want a peaceable settlement; that he wanted to show the Yankees what Southern valor would accomplish, and that he meant to wade through seas of blood, and all that sort of stuff. I am anxious to see him. I want to see how much blood he has on his breeches. I understand that he holds high office in the grand army of spectators, who have been fighting us in the rear, while we have been at the front trying to protect his precious carcass."

Well? So am I.

A "home guard" once bored General Stonewall Jackson on the Virginia Central Railroad. Elated at being treated with that gentlemanly courtesy, as little expected as little deserved, but which General Jackson invariably extended to all, he pressed the conversation, and finally clinched it thus: "Well, General, where do you intend to make your next strike?" "Are you a good hand to keep secrets?" asked General Jackson, earnestly. "Oh, yes!" breathlessly gasped the fellow, inching close up to the General to catch the mighty secret. "Well, *so am I!*" the General half whispered in his ear. Home guard mysteriously vanished, and has never been heard of since.

The Colonel Tumbled.

A member of one of the Kentucky regiments of infantry had been detailed for fatigue duty at a depot where army supplies were received. He was a little taller than a hogshead of sugar, but not quite so round, consequently when his head and hands were at the bottom of the hogshead, into which he had slipped while surreptitiously filling his haversack with short sweetening, his feet hanging over the top, gave unimpeachable evidence of his whereabouts. He was so circumstanced, and was trusting to his usual luck to be rescued by his friends, when one of the guard, passing that way and seeing the shoes, thought he would arrest them. Pulling at them, he found a man, albeit a small one, attached thereto, and he incontinently marched shoes and man, haversack and sugar, to the guard-house. When the detail was discharged for the day, the prisoner was turned over to the lieutenant commanding it, with instructions to report him to his regimental com-

mander. He was accordingly carried to regimental headquarters and charged with pilfering from the government, etc. He listened patiently to the charge and specifications, and then turning to the Colonel, said, "I did get the sugar, and was caught in the act; but I do not think you ought to punish me, Colonel, as I always give you part of every thing I *find*." The Colonel tumbled to the joke, and put him under arrest in quarters, where he persistently refused to perform any duty until released by order of the Colonel.

Military Wit.

While the Fifty-sixth Alabama Regiment was at Manchester, its colonel, L. T. Woodruff, visited the pickets. Coming up to one of Quarles' men, stationed at his post, he commenced questioning him as to his duty. Colonel—"Suppose a body of men were to approach you, what would you do?" Vidette—"I would halt them and demand the countersign." Colonel—"Suppose they wouldn't halt or give the countersign?" Vidette—"I would shoot at them." Colonel—"Then what would you do?" Vidette—"I'd form a line." Colonel—"Line! What kind of line would you form?" Vidette—"A bee line for camp!" The Colonel made a bee line to the next post.

It Cured the Chills.

There was a cadaverous soldier belonging to the hospital at Greensboro, Ga., who often contrived to get a stout draw of real old apple or peach (none of your commissary stuff), by feigning to be suddenly seized with chills. He would stroll to some gentleman's door, shake all over violently, and beg to get a warm drink, lest his chill should terminate fatally. He had such a sickly, unhealthy look, that no one suspected the trick, and so he went on from day to day, getting his hot toddies, and abundance of sympathy from kindhearted ladies. He was about to become that most hopeless and incorrigible of all nuisances—"a hospital rat,"—when his pleasant style of living was broken in upon by an unexpected incident. He had taken his seat, on this occasion, on the door-step of a very shrewd, or a very benevolent, old lady, I do not know which, and there began to shake as though every bone would come out of his body. The tender-hearted lady coming to the door seemed but to aggravate the violence of the attack; he stammered out, "Most froze to death,

can you give me some liquor?" The compassionate eyes of the old lady took in the situation, and her orders were given with military precision, "You, Jim, here's a poor soger a shakin with the ager, you tote him in that thar room and put him in the feather-bed. Lizy Ann, you run and get some hot bricks fer his feet; and you, Betsy Jane, make him some real strong red-pepper tea, hot as pisin." The orders were literally obeyed, poor Tom ——— was smothered in a feather-bed in June, roasted with hot bricks, and drenched with fiery pepper-tea. But the prescription was admirable; he had no more chills, all the unhealthy humors in his body were effectually sweated out of him.

Modesty and Spy Glasses.

The soldiers who were for any length of time stationed on the James River, near —— Bluff, will remember quaint old Mr. Tugmuddle. He, with a numerous family of daughters, lived within a short distance of the river bank and very close to our camp, near where, in summer, the soldiers were wont to bathe; so near, indeed, that one day "Colonel Cramp" received a visit from Mr. Tugmuddle, in which the latter took occasion to say:

"Sir, your soldiers strip and bathe, sir, right before the eyes of my daughters, who are modest young ladies, to whom the sight that they are daily made to witness is extremely offensive."

The Colonel, with gallantry, resolved and promised that the evil complained of should be remedied, and he stationed a guard thereafter on the bank to make the soldiers go farther up the stream. But a few days elapsed when old "Tug" made the same complaint again.

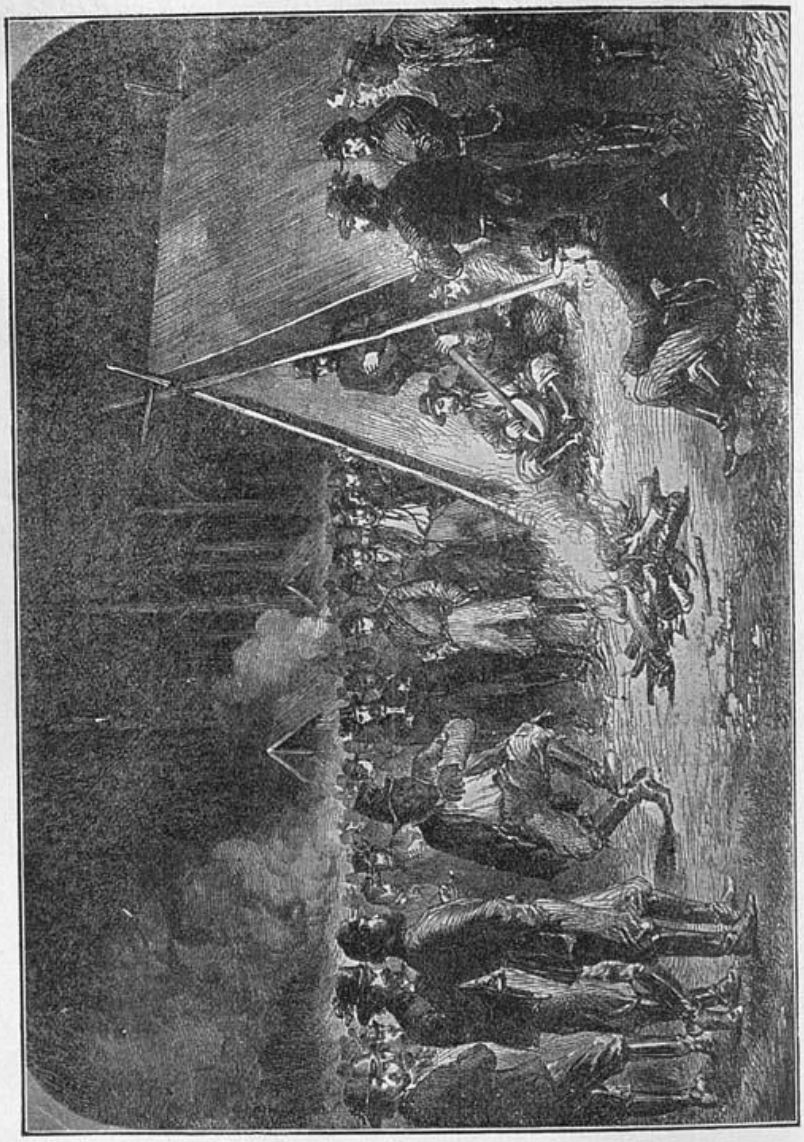
That evening, at dress parade, orders stricter than ever were promulgated, forbidding our boys to bathe nearer to old "Tug's" house than a certain point, about five hundred yards distant therefrom. Within a few days, however, old "Tug" came back with his old complaint.

"Why," said the Colonel, "have my orders been disobeyed? Surely your daughters can't see my men now, five hundred yards off."

"Yes, sir, they can."

"What! see men bathing over five hundred yards off?"

"But, sir," said old "Tug," "My gals have spy glasses."—C. W. DRAKE.



Night amusements in the Confederate camp.

"Oh, You Sweet, Darling Confederates."

One day during the war a detachment of General Basil Duke's troops was moving through the northern part of Kentucky. Dick Wintersmith's son was in the band and its leader. The guerrillas were worn out and hunted down. Their horses were nearly foundered. The men were dirty and ragged. They halted for a rest near a seminary for young ladies, all sympathizers with the Confederacy. Out came the ladies when they saw the gray coats. They brought out food, drink, and armfuls of flowers. They hung flowers around the necks of the hunted men, and sang out in a musical chorus, "Oh, you darling Confederates." A straggling Confederate, fat, greasy and ragged, came pounding up at this, flogging a jaded hack along, swearing because he could not keep up with his better mounted associates. He was just in time to hear the invocation of the young ladies. He yelled out, "Oh, you sweet, darling Confederates, the Yanks are coming." There was a bolt at this. The laggard pounded on behind, swearing, "Oh, you —— sweet darlings, I hope the Yanks will get you." The Federals were right at his heels. The flying Confederates wheeled in their saddles, laughing at the certain capture of the slow rider. Suddenly the tired horse stumbled, fell, and threw the fat rider over into the ditch, where he escaped notice, while a detachment of Federal troops headed off the main band and captured every one but one man, who was saved by having the poorest horse. The prisoners never heard the last of "Oh, you sweet, darling Confederates."

Goin' Home to 'Courage 'Em Up.

Early in the war John Williams, a full negro, fired with Southern zeal, besought his master, a Georgian, and obtained permission to accompany a regiment from that state, which was soon placed under the command of General Floyd. The history of that campaign is well known. On the retreat John became homesick, and was allowed to depart. He had become well known to General Floyd and all his command. On his departure he went to take leave of the General, when the following dialogue was had: "Well, John, you are going to leave us, eh?" "Yes, Mars Floyd; it 'pears like I could do more good at home now dan bein' here; so I thought I'd go home and 'courage up our people to hold on." "That's right, John. But are you going to tell

'em that you left us when running from the Yankees?'' "No, sir; no, Mars Floyd, dat I ain't. 'You may 'pend upon my not tellin' nothin' to 'moralize dem people.'' "But how will you get around telling them, John?'' "Easy 'nough, Mars Floyd. It won't do to 'moralize dem people. I'm goin' to tell 'em dat when I lef' de army it was in firs' rate sperrits, and dat, owin' to de situation of de country, and de way de lan' lay, we was a-advancin' back'ards, and de Yankees was a-retreatin' for'ards.''

Don't Care a Continental.

Jack B. was the wit and the clown of the company. He seldom laughed, and when he did, it was as if he despised himself for doing so. One day Jack was on squad drill. The sergeant was a close student of "Hardee's Tactics," and fond of displaying his knowledge of the manual. "Now, gentlemen," said the sergeant, suiting the action to the word, "stand with your feet at an angle of forty-five degrees, head erect, breast out, with the butt of the musket just the least bit below the hollow of the thigh—a leetle lower, Mr. B." said he; "you'll find it will come much more natural." "I don't care a continental," said Jack, "about it's coming natural, just so it comes easy."

"Has the Whole D——d Battery Blown Up?"

Almost every one is familiar with the tremendous crash made by a brass band at the commencement of certain pieces of music. I once saw it have quite an amusing effect upon a Confederate soldier in Virginia. When the Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, was removed from the 2nd South Carolina Brigade, in 1861, the band of our regiment, the 5th South Carolina, decided to give them a serenade on the night previous to their departure. Accordingly, the band, accompanied by a considerable crowd of the 5th, went over to the artillery camp. It was a calm, clear night, all the noise of the camp had died away, and with the exception of one or two, here and there, the whole section was fast asleep. The musicians took their stand between one of the caissons and a large spreading oak, at the root of which, stretched out upon his blanket, lay one of the artillerymen, quietly taking his repose, and utterly unconscious of anything that was going on around him. At last the entire band, with drums, cymbals, horns and all, struck up some lively air, with a crash equal to the dis-

charge of a twenty-four pounder—away they went, blowing most furiously and entirely ignorant of the immense excitement they had created in the mind of the poor fellow lying under them, who, at the first sound of their instruments, bounced into the air like an India rubber ball, and apparently without moving a single muscle—it seemed as if the sound of the horns had tossed him up, without changing the horizontal position of his body. He lit on his feet, however, and, still half asleep, with the most ludicrous expression of horror on his face, exclaimed, or rather gasped out "Great Heavens; has the whole d—d battery blown up?" He was agreeably surprised when informed that only the horns, and not the battery, had been blown up.—SAM WILSON.

"No, sir! you surrender to Captain ——, a much more dangerous man"

A Bombastic Captain.

Among the queer characters so numerous in the Confederate army was a certain Captain ——, of the First Kentucky Cavalry (Helm's old regiment), who will be readily recognized by any reader of this sketch that belonged to that gallant command. Captain —— was really a fine-looking man, but his inordinate vanity and bombastic style made him a laughingstock for the regiment. While it was patent exaggeration to say, as was often said, that he habitually put on three white shirts a day, it was a

fact that the sleeves and collars of his uniform carried enough gold lace and filigree to decorate a brigadier-general and his staff. Just after the fall of Fort Donelson, and during the retreat of the Southern troops to Alabama, it will be remembered that the gallant Morgan began to make his reputation by bold and astounding dashes into the Federal lines in the vicinity of Nashville, and wherever detached bodies of the Federals were to be found. So common had these "raids" become that the very name of "Morgan" was enough to keep the entire invading army in trepidation, and the wildest stories of his exploits gained ready credence. About this time the Federals were cautiously feeling their way "down South," and while the main body of our troops had crossed the Tennessee river, our cavalry hung in the rear, and occasionally skirmished with the enemy's advance guard. It so happened, on a certain occasion, that a body of Yankee cavalry and a portion of the First Kentucky had a brush on the line of the Nashville & Decatur Railroad, when the Yankees got considerably worsted, and a lot of them were cut off and surrounded. Their commanding officer, seeing the tide of battle going against him, called for quarter, and, riding up to our Bombastes Furioso, who sat on his horse with the dignity of a Wellington, politely tendered his sword, saying, "I believe I have the honor of surrendering to Captain John H. Morgan?" "No, sir! no, sir!" thundered the conqueror; "you surrender to Captain —— (giving his full name), a much more desperate and dangerous man, I assure you."

A Bold Game for Liberty.

Robert Young, while on a scout, near the rear of Hunter's plundering columns, in the summer of 1863, was captured by a foraging party of Yankees. He was put in charge of a trooper, who, with drawn saber, made him trot along ahead. Upon reaching the highway, along which the main body was passing, the prisoner was suddenly seized with a spasm. He fell down in a heap, and shrieked with pain. "What's the matter with you?" said the trooper. "Oh! Oh!" said Robert, with distorted countenance. "I was wounded in the last fight, and it seems as if it would never—Oh! please turn me over." The kind-hearted trooper stopped a passing ambulance, and, with the help of two assistants, gently lifted Robert into it, he uttering heart-rending

groans all the while. As the ambulance moved along, every time it struck a rock Robert set up a yell of pain. Presently a Federal officer was passing, and, hearing the groans, asked the driver who the wounded man was. "It's a Rebel, we took a short piece back." "Rebel! What in the thunder are you doing hauling a ——— Rebel? Put him out the first house you come to." Pretty soon the ambulance came in front of a farm-house, and Robert was gently borne in the arms of three soldiers into the house. In spite of their tender handling he suffered intense pain, and his pitiful cries excited the sympathy of all the bystanders. The lady of the house, a warm secessionist, was moved to tears. She had him laid on a featherbed and soothed him with tender words, fanning him all the time.

"Poor fellow!" said she, wiping away her tears. "I'll take such good care of you that you'll soon be well. What shall I bring you, my dear, you seem exhausted?"

"Are they all gone?" said he.

"Yes, yes," said she; "calm yourself."

"Anybody in sight?" said he, between the groans.

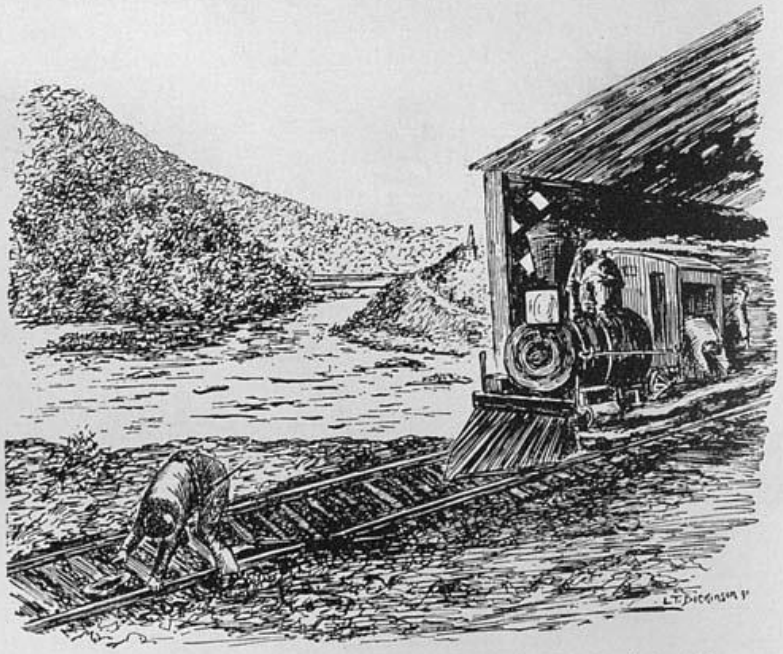
"Not a man," said she, after looking out of the window. "Come, now let me give you some tea and toast."

"No tea and toast in mine," said he, jumping out of bed, to the astonishment of the lady, "I want a square meal of bread and ham."—M.

Would Not Obey.

In the early part of the war I was on picket duty on the Maryland side of the Potomac, near the bridge at Harper's Ferry. At that time a kind of an armistice existed. The trains on the Baltimore & Ohio were allowed to pass, provided they halted at the bridge and permitted a guard to go through them. My instructions were, when the train rounded the curve, to wave my gun three times at the engineer, and if he did not slacken speed, to shoot at him and throw an obstacle across the track. The orders struck me as being so absurd that once, upon being relieved by a raw youth, I explained to him that he was to wave his gun three times at the engineer, and if the train did not slow up, he was to shoot the engineer and throw himself across the track. He replied, with emphasis, that he would do no "such ——— thing." Upon my being reprimanded by the corporal, the proper instructions

were given. About the third day after my assignment to this duty, Stonewall arrived and took command of the troops at Harper's Ferry. At midnight, while on post, some men on horseback from the Virginia side appeared, who proved to be Jackson and some members of his staff, going the grand rounds. The General halted and asked me a great many questions. After inquiring how I would challenge cavalry, going into the minutest particulars, he asked what my instructions were. Upon being told, to my surprise, he did not laugh, but asked me, in the

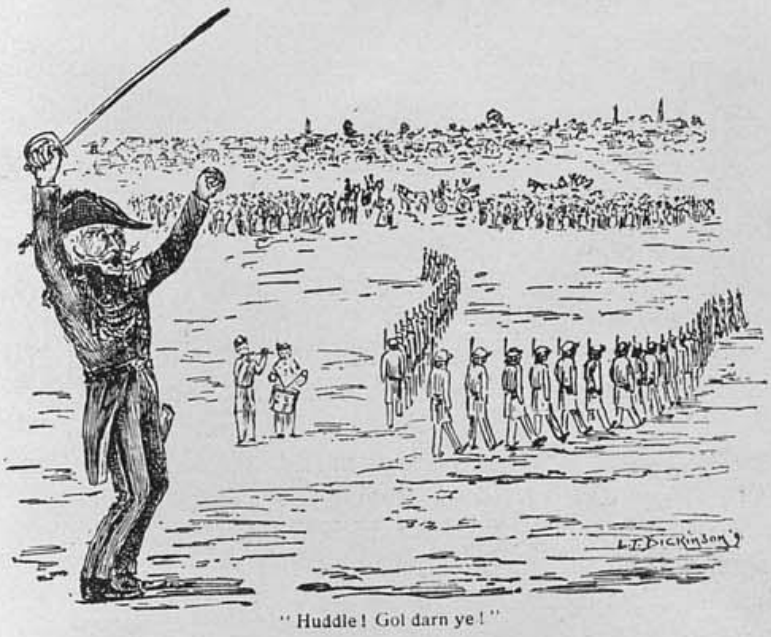


The picket's order—"Shoot the engineer and throw yourself across the track."

gravest way, if I had settled upon the obstruction to be thrown across the track. Thinking he still was joking, I replied, that it was my intention to sling upon it a railroad bar lying near (which it took four men to carry). He asked me then on which side of the track it would be my aim to throw the train. As the mountain was on one side, and the canal and river on the other, I quickly answered, "Into the river, of course." He seemed to be highly satisfied, and went away leaving the impression that the new commander was a crank.

"Huddle! Gol Darn Ye."

Immediately after the ordinances of secession had been passed, and it became apparent that there would be war, the attention of the Southern youth was directed almost exclusively to "Hardee's Tactics," and especially the Drill of the Company. Military organizations sprang up thick as hops all over the country, and the rivalry between them, as well as the interest elicited from their civilian friends and admirers, was immense. There was one very fine company organized at Memphis which acquired a wide repu-



"Huddle! Gol darn ye!"

tation for excellence in all the evolutions. It was commanded by a Mexican veteran who was a master of tactics and martinet in drill. Every afternoon a throng of people would resort to the large vacant lot whereon this company was receiving instruction, to witness and applaud its performance. On one occasion, when an unusually large and appreciative crowd was collected and many ladies present, the Captain became so enthused that, after exhausting every recognized movement, he began to extemporize, and shouted out the command: "Company, right and left oblique; march!" The men gallantly essayed to obey the order, and, diverging from either flank, scattered widely. The Captain racked his brain for a proper command to bring them together again, but the tactics provided no formula for such a dilemma. At length,

when the boys had become strung out like a flock of wild pigeons, and seemed about to separate forever, he yelled, in desperation: "*Huddle! Gol darn ye!*"

Could Not Tell His Rank.

In the spring of 1861, when the Confederate and Federal forces were stationed at Pensacola and Fort Pickens, and before the secession of the State of Virginia, the United States steamer "Wyandotte" lay between the opposing forces, floating a flag of truce. Then civilities between the two armies were not uncommon, and the death of Captain Berryman, Federal commander of the "Wyandotte," occurring, permission was obtained to inter his remains in the cemetery of the Marine Hospital, then in our possession.

A naval procession from the Federal fleet, outside the bar, brought the remains to the wharf, and, by invitation, the Confederate officers united with the Federal in the procession thence to the grave.

A Federal officer of the day was arranging the officers, irrespectively, according to rank, as the regulations required. It was before the adoption of the Confederate uniform, and our officers were dressed as fancy or convenience suggested to the various companies that composed our command. The quartermaster of the —— Alabama Regiment, a wholesouled patriot and gallant soldier, was present in the uniform of the volunteer company of which he was a member before the war. This consisted of a coat of blue cloth, single-breasted, a "navy cap," with broad band of gold lace, a small, straight sword, with white bone handle and brass scabbard, and the whole surmounted by a pair of epaulettes, borrowed from a major-general of militia. The officer of the day seemed spiced with a little humor, and, as his eye fell upon our quartermaster, he at once carried him to the rear of the column. Soon he returned and carried him to the front. Again, in passing along the line, he removed him to the center, and, with an air of anxious solicitude, remarked:

"Sir, if I fail to assign you your proper place in this procession, you must really excuse me; but you will appreciate the difficulties under which I labor, when you remember that you have on a commodore's cap, a major-general's epaulettes a captain's coat and a sergeant's sword"—SERGEANT H. W. HOLDEN.

Got His Pardon.

Major Paxton was commissary of the ——th Regiment of Virginia Cavalry. He was Falstaffian in wit and flesh, but in craft Uriah Heapish. Like Falstaff, he lived by his wits, and acquired a handsome estate without any means or occupation. "Mr. Paxton," said a friend, before the war, "how do you manage to prosper so? You are certainly not one of the toilers." "Oh," said he, with the customary horse-laugh, "I live off the fools!" After the close of the war he was one of the first to fly to Washington to get a pardon from President Johnson, to prevent his farm from being confiscated, going there armed with letters from all the Union men in that part of the country who would listen to him. Being ushered into the presence of the Chief Magistrate, he stated the object of his coming, humbly presented his papers, and pleaded his cause with cunning eloquence. "What have you ever done during the war for the Union cause, Major Paxton, that entitles you to my consideration?" said the President, when the voluble Major had finished his little piece. "This was a stunner" (to adopt the Major's account). "The idea of a man being pardoned because he had been a traitor knocked me all of a heap. But it was no time for crimination or recrimination. I thought ever the whole war — couldn't think of a deuced thing I had ever done for a Union soldier. I was desperate. Says I: 'Mr. Johnson, your proclamation of pardon was addressed to the guilty, not the innocent. You called sinners to repentance, not the righteous.' This settled Andy, and I got my pardon."

The Trials of a Conscript.

After the battle of Sharpsburg, when Lee's army was in camp near the Potomac, the cavalry company to which I belonged was frequently engaged in arresting men of conscript age who were dodging the officers of the law. The arrests occurred chiefly in counties near the border, where the "Secesh" and Union elements were about equal. It was soon understood what our business was, and, in order to lay hands on a man, we had either to run him down or take him unawares.

The aversion to enlistment was not always due to political sentiment. In many cases, that was a mere subterfuge to avoid

the perils and hardships of service, and, knowing this, we often treated incorrigible persons pretty roughly.

One day my squad, while stealing up to a house, by an unfreqented road, came, all of a sudden, face to face with the fellow we wanted. "Why are you not in the army?" said the sergeant. "Because, sir," said he, with a bold air, "I never did anything to bring about this war, and I ain't a going to help carry it on." "We'll see about that," said the sergeant; "you come along with us." Immediately the citizen "wilted." Said he, whining, "Gentlemen, don't put me in the army. I am the father of three children." Seeing that the sergeant was not touched by his entreaties, he asked leave to go and bid his family good-bye. This was granted, and we went with him to his house. Here a new trouble arose. His wife, when she realized what was meant, set up a doleful howl, and the children joined in, while the prisoner broke down and fairly blubbered, like a baby.

"Oh," said his wife, "I'd sooner see him in his grave!" "Don't bother yourself," said a heartless soldier; "you won't be disappointed long." With that the wailing greatly increased. "Oh, stop this nonsense!" said the sergeant; "the bullet ain't made that'll kill him; a four-horse team couldn't drag him into a fight. Ain't you ashamed of yourself," he continued, "to be blubbering like a baby?" "I wish I was a baby, and a gal baby, too," the conscript cried, sobbing. Within two weeks that fellow had run off, was recaptured, and again escaped from the clutches of the law.—BOURBON.

Bucked and gagged.

DEPARTMENT X.

A FEW NOTED BATTLES
ON
SEA AND LAND, ETC.

Pickett's Charge* at the Battle of Gettysburg July 3, 1863, as Described by Brig.-General E. P. Alexander, Chief of Artillery of Longstreet's Corps.

Early in the morning (July 3, 1863,) General Lee came around, and I was then told that we were to assault Cemetery Hill, which lay rather to our left. This necessitated a good many changes of our positions, which the enemy did not altogether approve of, and they took occasional shots at us, though we shifted about, as inoffensively as possible, and carefully avoided getting into bunches. But we stood it all meekly and by 10 o'clock, Dearing having come up, we had seventy-five guns in what was virtually one battery, so disposed as to fire on Cemetery Hill and the batteries south of it, which would have a fire on our advancing infantry. Pickett's division had arrived, and his men were resting and eating. Along Seminary Ridge, a short distance to our left, were sixty-three guns of A. P. Hill's corps, under Colonel R. L. Walker. As their distance was a little too great for effective howitzer fire, General Pendleton offered me the use of nine howitzers belonging to that corps. I accepted them, intending to take them into the charge with Pickett, so I put them in a hollow behind a bit of wood, with no orders but to

*Extracts from "Pickett's Charge and Artillery Fighting at Gettysburg," by General E. P. Alexander, in the "Century War Book," published by the Century Co., New York.

wait there until I sent for them. About 11, some of Hill's skirmishers and the enemy's began fighting over a barn between the lines, and gradually his artillery and the enemy's took part, until over a hundred guns were engaged, and a tremendous roar was kept up for quite a time, but it gradually died out, and the whole field became as silent as a churchyard about 1 o'clock. The enemy aware of the strength of his position, simply sat still and waited for us. It had been arranged that when the infantry column was ready, General Longstreet should order two guns fired by the Washington Artillery. On that signal all our guns were

MAJ.-GEN. GEORGE E. PICKETT.

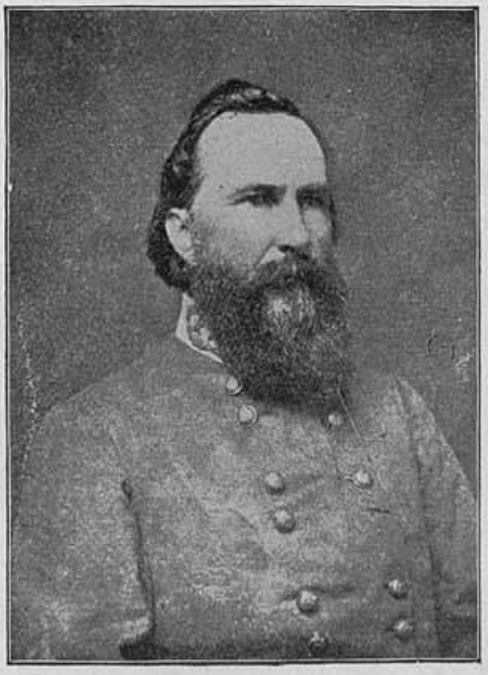
to open on Cemetery Hill and the ridge extending toward Round Top, which was covered with batteries. I was to observe the fire and give Pickett the order to charge. I accordingly took position, about 12, at the most favorable point, just on the left of the line of guns, and with one of Pickett's couriers with me. Soon after I received the following note from Longstreet:

"Colonel: If the artillery does not have the effect to drive off the enemy or greatly demoralize him, so as to make our efforts pretty certain, I would prefer that you should not advise General Pickett to make the charge. I shall rely a great deal on your

good judgment to determine the matter, and shall expect you to let General Pickett know when the moment offers."

This note rather startled me. If that assault was to be made on General Lee's judgment it was all right, but I did not want it made on mine. I wrote back to General Longstreet to the following effect:

"General: I will only be able to judge of the effect of our fire on the enemy by his return fire, for his infantry is but little exposed to view, and the smoke will obscure the whole field. If,



LIEUT.-GEN. JAMES LONGSTREET.

as I infer from your note, there is an alternative to this attack, it should be carefully considered before opening our fire, for it will take all the artillery ammunition we have left to test this one thoroughly, and if the result is favorable, we will have none left for another effort. And even if this is entirely successful, it can only be so at a very bloody cost."

To this presently came the following reply:

"Colonel: The intention is to advance the infantry if the artillery has the desired effect of driving the enemy's off, or having other effect such as to warrant us in making the attack.

PICKETT'S CHARGE.
Scene at the angle—Battle of Gettysburg.

When the moment arrives, advise General Pickett, and of course advance such artillery as you can use in aiding the attack."

I hardly knew whether this left me discretion or not, but, at any rate, it seemed decided that the artillery must open. I felt that if we went that far we could not draw back, but the infantry must go, too. General A. R. Wright, of Hill's Corps, was with me looking at the position when these notes were received, and we discussed them together. Wright said: "It is not so hard to go there as it looks; I was nearly there with my brigade yesterday. The trouble is to stay there. The whole Yankee army is there in a bunch."

I was influenced by this, and somewhat by a sort of camp rumor which I had heard that morning, that General Lee had said that he was going to send every man he had upon that hill. At any rate, I assumed that the question of support had been well considered, and that whatever was possible would be done. But before replying I rode to see Pickett, who was with his division a short distance in the rear. I did not tell him my object, but only tried to guess, how he felt about the charge. He seemed very sanguine, and thought himself in luck to have the chance. Then I felt that I could not make any delay, or let the attack suffer by any indecision on my part. And that General Longstreet might know my intention, I wrote him only this:

General: "When our artillery fire is at its best, I shall order Pickett to charge."

At exactly 1 o'clock by my watch, the two signal guns were heard in quick succession. In another minute every gun was at work. The enemy were not slow in coming back at us, and the grand roar of nearly the whole artillery of both armies burst in on the silence, almost as suddenly as the deep notes of an organ would fill a church.

The enemy's position seemed to have broken out with guns everywhere, and from Round Top to Cemetery Hill was blazing like a volcano. The air seemed full of missiles from every direction. The severity of the fire may be illustrated by the casualties in my own battalion, under Major Huger.

Before the cannonade opened, I had made up my mind to give Pickett the order to advance within fifteen or twenty minutes after it began. But when I looked at the full development of the enemy's batteries, and knew that his infantry was generally protected from our fire by stone walls and swells of the ground, could not bring myself to give the word. It seemed madness to

launch infantry into that fire, with nearly three-quarters of a mile to go, at midday, under a July sun. I let the fifteen minutes pass, and twenty, and twenty-five, hoping, vainly, for something to turn up. Then I wrote to Pickett: "If you are coming at all, you must come at once, or I can not give you proper support; but the enemy's fire has not slackened at all; at least eighteen guns are still firing from the cemetery itself." Five minutes after sending the message, the enemy's fire suddenly began to slacken, and the guns in the cemetery limbered up and vacated the position.

I looked anxiously with my glass, and the five minutes passed without a sign of life on the deserted position, still swept by our fire, and littered with dead men and horses and fragments of disabled carriages. Then I wrote Pickett, urgently: "For God's sake, come quick, or my ammunition won't let me support you properly."

I afterward heard from others what took place with my first note to Pickett.

Pickett took it to Longstreet; Longstreet read it, and said nothing. Pickett said, "General, shall I advance?" Longstreet, knowing it had to be, but unwilling to give the word, turned his face away. Pickett saluted and said, "I am going to move forward, sir," galloped off to his division, and immediately put it in motion.

Longstreet, leaving his staff, came out alone to where I was. It was then about 1:40 P. M. I explained the situation, feeling then more hopeful, but afraid our artillery ammunition might not hold out for all we would want. Longstreet said: "Stop Pickett immediately, and replenish your ammunition." I explained that it would take too long, and the enemy would recover from the effect our fire was then having, and we had, moreover, very little to replenish with. Longstreet said: "I don't want to make this attack, I would stop it now, but that General Lee ordered it and expects it to go on. I don't see how it can succeed."

I listened, but did not dare offer a word. The battle was lost if we stopped. Ammunition was far too low to try anything else, for we had been fighting three days. There was a chance, and it was not my part to interfere. While Longstreet was speaking, Pickett's Division swept out of the wood, and showed the full length of its gray ranks and shining bayonets, as grand a sight as ever a man looked on. Joining it on the left, Pettigrew stretched farther than I could see. General Dick Garnett, just

out of the sick ambulance, and buttoned up in an old blue overcoat, riding at the head of his brigade, passed us, and saluted Longstreet. Garnett was a warm personal friend, and we had not met before for months. We had served on the plains together before the war. I rode with him a short distance, and then we wished each other luck and a good-bye which was our last.

Then I rode down the line of guns, selecting such as had ammunition enough to follow Pickett's advance, and starting them after him as fast as possible. I got, I think, fifteen or eighteen in all, in a little while, and went with them. Meanwhile, the infantry had no sooner debouched on the plain than all the enemy's line,

BRIG.-GEN. E. PORTER ALEXANDER.
Commanding Artillery, Army of Northern Virginia.
[From a photograph taken in 1863.]

which had been nearly silent, broke out again with all its batteries. The eighteen guns were back in the cemetery, and a storm of shell began bursting over and among our infantry. All of our guns—silent as the infantry passed between them—reopened over their heads when the lines had got a couple of hundred yards away, but the enemy's artillery let us alone, and fired only at the infantry. No one could have looked at that advance without feeling proud of it.

But, as our supporting guns advanced, we passed many poor, mangled victims left in its trampled wake. A terrific infantry fire was now opened upon Pickett, and a considerable force of the enemy moved out to attack the right flank of his line. We halted, unlimbered, and opened fire upon it. Pickett's men never halted, but opened fire at close range, swarmed over the fences and among the enemy's guns—were swallowed up in smoke, and that was the last of them. The conflict hardly seemed to last five minutes before they were melted away, and only disorganized stragglers, pursued by a moderate fire, were coming back. Just then Wilcox's Brigade passed by us, moving to Pickett's support. There was no longer anything to support, and, with the keenest pity at the useless waste of life, I saw them advance. The men, as they passed us, looked bewildered, as if they wondered what they were expected to do, or why they were there. However, they were soon halted and moved back. They suffered some losses, and we had a few casualties from canister sent at them at rather long range.

From the position of our guns the sight of this conflict was grand and thrilling, and we watched it as men with a life-and-death interest in the result. If it should be favorable to us, the war was nearly over; if against us, we each had the risks of many battles yet to go through. And the event culminated with fearful rapidity. Listening to the rolling crashes of musketry, it was hard to realize that they were made up of single reports, and that each musket shot represented nearly a minute of a man's life in that storm of lead and iron. It seemed as if 100,000 men were engaged, and that human life was being poured out like water. As soon as it appeared that the assault had failed, we ceased firing in order to save ammunition, in case the enemy should advance. But we held our ground as boldly as possible, though we were entirely without support, and very low in ammunition. The enemy gave us an occasional shot for awhile, and then, to our great relief, let us rest.

This was the end of the battle. Little by little we got some guns to the rear to replenish and refit, and get in condition to fight again, and some we boldly held in advanced positions all along the line. Sharpshooters came out and worried some of the men, and single guns would fire on these, sometimes very rapidly, and manage to keep them back; some parts of the line had not even a picket in front. But the enemy's artillery generally let us alone, and I certainly saw no reason to disturb the "*entente*

cordiale." Night came very slowly, but came at last; and about 10 the last gun was withdrawn to Willoughby Run, whence we had moved to the attack the afternoon before.

Of Pickett's three brigadiers, Garnett and Armistead were killed, and Kemper dangerously wounded. Fry, who commanded Pettigrew's Brigade, which adjoined Garnett on the left, and in the charge was the brigade of direction for the whole force, was also left on the field desperately wounded. Of all Pickett's field officers in the three brigades, only one major came out unhurt. The men who made the attack were good enough; the only trouble was there was not enough of them.

The Battles of Fort Fisher, N. C.

BY COLONEL WILLIAM LAMB,
Commander of the Fort.

December 20, 1864, the Federal armada commenced gathering off New Inlet, N. C. Wilmington, N. C., on the Cape Fear river, was the principal blockade-running port in the Confederacy. The Cape Fear river has two entrances, Main Bar and New Inlet, divided by Smith's Island. Fort Fisher commanded New Inlet at the mouth of the river nearest to Wilmington. It extended across the peninsula 682 yards, a continuous work, mounting twenty heavy guns and having two mortars and four pieces of light artillery and a sea face 1,898 yards in length, consisting of batteries connected by a heavy curtain, and ending in a mound battery sixty feet high, mounting in all twenty-four heavy guns. At the extreme end of the point, at the entrance to Cape Fear river, was Battery Buchanan, a naval command, with four heavy guns.

The effective total, December 25, 1864, was 1,431, consisting of 921 regulars, about 450 junior reserves and sixty sailors and marines.

On the night of Friday, December 23d, an attempt was made by the enemy to destroy the works by exploding the steamship "Louisiana," with 250 tons of powder, about a half a mile from the north-east salient of Fort Fisher. The explosion did no injury to the garrison or works.

At 12:40 P. M., December 24th, the fleet, consisting of the "Ironsides," four monitors and forty-five wooden steam frigates, sloops and gun-boats, commenced a terrific bombardment, surpassing anything ever before known in naval warfare. For five hours a tremendous hail of shot and shell was poured upon the works, but with little effect. At 5:30 P. M. the fleet withdrew. Some 10,000 shot and shell were fired by the fleet. The fort, being obliged to husband its ammunition, fired only 672 projectiles. The last gun was fired by Fort Fisher on the retiring vessels. In the first day's fight the works were only slightly injured. Twenty-

COLONEL WILLIAM LAMB,
Commander of Fort Fisher. [From a photograph taken in 1864.]

three men were wounded, one mortally, three seriously, and nineteen slightly. Never since the invention of gunpowder was there so much harmlessly expended as in the first day's attack on Fort Fisher.

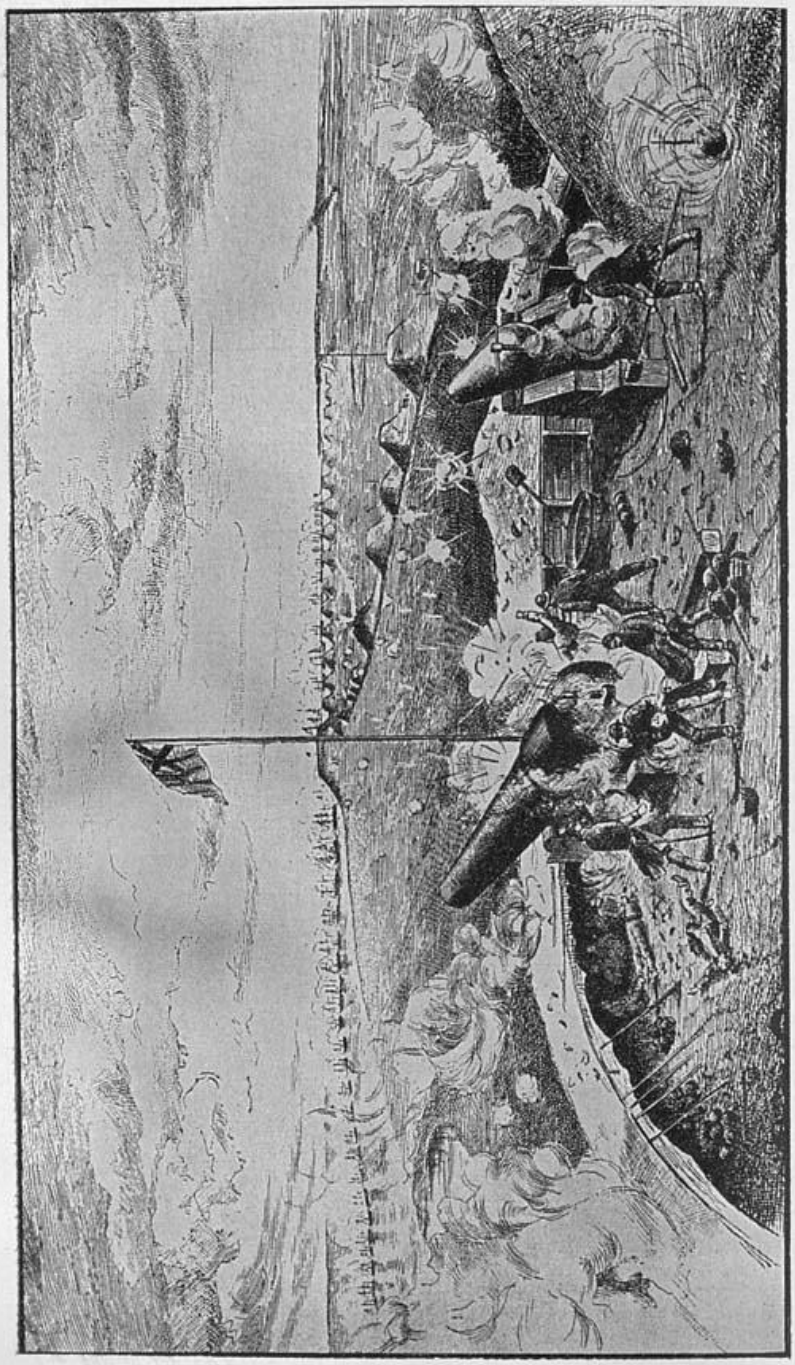
On Christmas day, at 10:30 A. M., the fleet, reinforced by another monitor and some additional wooden steamers, commenced an incessant bombardment, if possible more noisy and furious than that of the preceding day. At 5:30 P. M. a most terrific enfilading fire against the land face and palisade commenced, unparalleled in severity. Admiral Porter reported it at 130 shot and shell per minute, more than two every second. As soon as this fire commenced, a line of skirmishers advanced towards the works. When the fire ceased, the guns were manned and opened with grape and canister, and the palisade was manned by 800 veterans and junior reserves. No assault was made. Some of the

enemy were killed and wounded and two prisoners were captured. Our casualties for the day were: killed three, mortally wounded two, severely seven, slightly twenty-six. No attempt was made to pass the fort and none except armored vessels came within a mile of the guns; the firing was slower than on the previous day, only 600 shot and shell being expended. The fort again fired the last gun as the fleet withdrew at dark. There were only 3,600 shot and shell, exclusive of grape and shrapnel, in the works. As no attempt was made to run by the fort, the fire was limited, to prevent the expenditure of all the ammunition. In the two days the frigates "Minnesota" and "Colorado" fired almost as many shot and shell as were in all the batteries of Fort Fisher. It was this deliberate firing that gave the fleet the erroneous impression that the guns of the fort were silenced.

In regard to this fight there was an absurd statement made, that three or four of the picket line ventured through the sally-port of the work, capturing a horse, which they brought off, killing the orderly, and also that the flag of the fort was taken from the parapet and carried off. No Federal soldier entered Fort Fisher during this attack except as a prisoner. The courier was killed and the horse captured within the enemy's lines, and the flag captured was a company flag, which was carried away and thrown off the parapet by an enfilading shot from the navy.

General Butler was severely criticised and retired from active service, because he failed to capture the works. He could not have captured them with his force on Christmas day. The armament and palisades were substantially uninjured, and the subterra batteries undisturbed. General Whiting was correct when he wrote that, but for the supineness of General Bragg, the 3,500 men landed would have been captured on Christmas night, and it is incomprehensible why he should have allowed the 700 demoralized soldiers, who had to remain on the beach on the 26th of December, to escape unmolested with the 200 junior reserves who had been cowardly surrendered to them without resistance.

At night, on January 12, 1865, the lights of the returning fleet were seen to the north of Fort Fisher, and the fact was telegraphed to headquarters, Wilmington. Daylight disclosed an even more formidable fleet than in the previous attack, with transports carrying 8,500 soldiers; and soon there rained upon fort and beach a storm of shot and shell which caused both sea and land to tremble.



FORT FISHER.
The Mound Battery resisting the attack of the Federal fleet.

All day and night on the 13th and 14th the fleet kept up a ceaseless and terrific bombardment. Reinforcements were sent from the adjacent forts. It was impossible to repair damages at night. No meals could be cooked for the exhausted garrison. The dead could not be buried without fresh casualties. Fully 200 had been killed during these two days, and only three or four of the land guns remained serviceable. The Federal army had been slowly approaching by the river side, protected from observation by the conformation of the ground.

General Bragg could have passed safely from his headquarters at Sugar Loaf, on the Cape Fear river, to Smithville, and with a field-glass have seen everything transpiring on the beach and in the fort; and in person or through aides, with the steamers at his command, could have watched every movement of the enemy; and yet, thirty-six hours after the battle had begun, and long after Craig's Landing had been in possession of the enemy, he sent to that point a steamer, filled with needed stores, that could have gone at night to Battery Buchanan unseen, and in the day with comparative safety.

General Bragg was requested to attack the enemy under cover of the night, when the fleet could not protect them. He was promised the co-operation of the garrison, and as our combined forces nearly equalled them in numbers, and the garrison was familiar with the beach at night, the whole or a portion of them could have been captured. General Bragg never availed himself of this opportunity to demoralize, if not capture, the besieging forces.

On the morning of the 15th, the fleet, which had not ceased firing during the night, redoubled its fire on the land face. By noon every gun save one on the land face had been destroyed. The palisade was so torn up as to cease to be a defensive line, and actually afforded a cover for the assailants. The wounded and dead were hourly increasing, and at that time there were not 1,200 effective men to defend the long line of works. The enemy were now approaching to assault. Their skirmish line were digging rifle-pits close to our left; and their sharp-shooters firing upon every head which showed itself upon our front. On the ocean side the column of sailors and marines, 2,000 strong, were approaching, throwing up slight trenches to protect their advance.

Shortly after noon, Hagood's South Carolina Brigade, about 1,000 strong, under Colonel Graham, attempted to land in a steamer near Battery Buchanan. After landing two of the regiments, she ingloriously steamed off with the remainder. Never

FORT FISHER.
The Mound Battery resisting the attack of the Federal fleet.

was there a more stupid blunder committed by a commanding general. If this fresh brigade had been sent by General Bragg to this point the night before, they could have reached the fort unobserved. When they reached the fort, 350 in number, they were out of breath, disorganized and more or less demoralized.

At 3:30 P. M. the lookouts reported that the enemy were about to charge; the naval bombardment ceased, and instantly the steam whistles of the vast fleet sounded a charge. I ordered my aide, Lieutenant Blocker, to double-quick the Twenty-first and Twenty-fifth South Carolina Regiments of Graham's Brigade to reinforce Major Reilly, who was in command of the left, while I rallied to the right of the land face some five hundred of the garrison. There were 250 men defending the left and with the 350 South Carolinians, I had no fears about its successful defense.

The assaulting line on the right, consisting of 2,000 sailors and marines, was directed at the north-east salient, at the intersection of the land and sea faces, and the greater portion had flanked the torpedoes by keeping close to the sea. Ordering the two napoleons at the sallyport to join the columbiad in pouring grape and canister into their ranks, I held in reserve the infantry fire. Whiting stood upon the parapet inspiring those around him. The sailors and marines reached the berme and some sprang upon the slope, but a murderous fire greeted them and swept them down. Volley after volley was poured into their faltering ranks by cool, determined men, and in half an hour several hundred dead and wounded lay at the foot of the bastion. The heroic bravery of their officers, twenty-one of whom were killed or wounded, could not restrain the men from panic and retreat, and with small loss to ourselves we witnessed what had never been seen before, a disorderly rout of American sailors and marines.

But it was a Pyrrhic victory. That magnificent charge of the American navy upon the center of our works enabled the army to effect a lodgment on our left with comparatively small loss.

As our shouts of triumph went up at the retreat of the naval forces, I turned to look at our left, and saw, to my amazement, several Federal battle flags upon our ramparts. General Whiting saw them at the same moment. Calling on those around him to pull down those flags, he rushed toward them, followed by the men on the parapet. It was in this charge that the fearless Lieutenant Williford was slain.

There was a fierce hand-to-hand conflict for the possession of the fourth gun chamber from the left bastion. The men, led by the

fearless Whiting, had driven the standard-bearer from the top of the traverse and the enemy from the parapet in front. They recovered one gun chamber, with great slaughter, and on the parapet and long traverse of the next gun chamber the contestants savagely fired into each others' faces, and, in some cases, clubbed their guns, being too close to load and fire. Whiting was quickly wounded by two shots, and had to be carried to the hospital. The men were exposed not only to a fire from the front, but to a galling infantry fire from the left salient, which had been captured. The enemy were pouring into the fort by the river road. Rallying the men in the work, I placed them behind every cover that could be found, and poured, at close range, a deadly fire into the flank of the enemy occupying the gun chambers and traverses.

The South Carolinians failed to obey my orders, although their officers pleaded with them, and only a few followed their flag to the front.

The assaulting column made two charges upon the extreme left, and were repulsed. The torpedo wires had been destroyed by the fire from the fleet. The enemy, driven from the extreme left, found a weak defense between the left bastion and sallyport in the third charge, and gained the parapet, capturing two gun chambers; had attacked the force on the left, on their flank, simultaneously with a direct charge of another brigade. After great slaughter our men had been compelled to surrender just as we repulsed the naval column. The assaulting column consisted of three brigades, with a total of not less than 5,000 troops. Some of the most desperate fighting done in the work was in repulsing the two charges in the space between the left bastion and river shore. Notwithstanding the capture of a portion of the work and several hundred of the garrison, the Confederates were still undaunted, and seemed determined to recover the captured salient and gun chambers. We had taken one of these since we had opened on their flank, had shot down their standard-bearers, and the Federal battle-flags had disappeared from our ramparts. We had become assailants, and the enemy were on the defensive, and I felt confident we would soon drive them out of the fort. Just as the tide of battle seemed to have turned in our favor, the remorseless fleet came to the rescue of the faltering Federals. Suddenly the bombardment, which had been confined to the sea face during the assault, turned again on our land front with deadly precision. The ironclads and frigates drove in our two napoleons,

killing and wounding nearly all the men at these guns, which had been doing effective service at the entrance to the sallyport. They swept the captured gun chamber of its defenders, and their 11 and 15-inch shells rolled down into the interior of the work, carrying death and destruction in their pathways. They drove from the parapets in front of the enemy all of my men except those so near that to have fired on them would have been slaughter to their own troops.

We had now to contend with a column advancing around the rear of the left bastion by the river into the interior plane of the fort. I met them with an effective infantry fire, my men taking advantage of every object that would afford shelter, for we were now greatly outnumbered. The fire was so unexpected and so destructive, combined with the shells from Battery Buchanan, on the massed columns of the Federals, that they halted, when a quick advance would have overwhelmed us. I turned the two mound guns and two columbiads on the sea face on this column. These were the only ones available on account of the construction of the work. I brought every man from the sea face to the front except a single detachment for each gun. Fighting still continued over the same traverse for the possession of the gun chamber, despite the fire of the fleet. As men would fall, others would take their places. It was a soldiers' fight, for there could be no organization observed, the officers on both sides loading and firing. If there was ever a longer or more desperate hand-to-hand fight during the war, I have never heard of it. The Federal column did not advance, and seemed demoralized by the fire of the artillery and the determined resistance of the garrison. Going to the South Carolinians, who were in a position to flank the enemy, I appealed to them to rally and help save the fort. I ordered Adams' two napoleons brought out of the sallyport and opened on the enemy. I begged the sick and slightly wounded in the galleries to come out, and make one supreme effort to dislodge the enemy.

As I passed through portions of the work, the scene was indescribably horrible — great cannon broken in two, their carriages wrecked, and among their ruins the mutilated bodies of my dead and dying comrades. Still no tidings from Bragg, to whom I had appealed to attack the enemy in the rear. The enemy's advance had ceased entirely; protected by the fleet, they still held the parapet and gun chambers on the left, but their massed columns refused to move, while those in their rear, near the

river, commenced entrenching against any assault from us. I believed a determined assault with the bayonet would drive them out. I had sent word to our gunners not to fire on our men if we became closely engaged with the enemy. The head of their column was not over one hundred feet from the portion of our breastwork where I stood, and I could see their faces distinctly, while my men were falling on either side of me.

I passed quickly down the rear of the line, and asked officers and men if they would follow me; they all responded fearlessly that they would. I returned to my position, and giving the order, "Charge bayonets!" sprang upon the breastwork, waved my sword, and as I gave the command, "Forward, double quick, march!" fell on my knees, a rifle ball having entered my hip. The brave Lieutenant Daniel R. Perry fell mortally wounded at my side. We were met by a heavy volley aimed too high to be very effective, but our column wavered, and fell back behind the breastwork. A soldier raised me up, and I turned the command over to Captain Munn, who was near me, and told him to keep the enemy in check, and that as soon as my wound was bandaged I would return. Before reaching the hospital I was so weak from the loss of blood that I realized I could never lead my men again. In the hospital I met General Whiting, suffering uncomplainingly from his wounds. Perceiving the fire of the garrison had slackened, I sent my adjutant, John N. Kelly, for Major James Reilly, next in command (Major Stevenson, who died shortly after in prison, being too ill for duty). Reilly came and promised me that he would continue the fight as long as it was possible, and nobly did he keep his promise. I again sent a message to Bragg, begging him to come to the rescue. Shortly after my fall, the Federals made an advance, and, capturing several more of the gun chambers, reached the sallyport. The column in the work advanced, and was rapidly gaining ground, when Major Reilly, rallying the men, including the South Carolinians, drove them back, with heavy loss.

About 8 o'clock my aid came back to me and said the supply of ammunition was exhausted, and that Chaplain McKinnon and others had gathered all from the dead and wounded and distributed it; that the enemy had possession of nearly all the land face, and it was impossible to hold out much longer, and suggested that it would be wise to surrender, as a further struggle would be a useless sacrifice of life. I replied that while I lived I would not surrender, as Bragg would surely come to our rescue in time to save us.

General Whiting declared that if I died he would assume command, and would not surrender. I thought the troops which General Lee had sent to our assistance would rescue us, and if Bragg had ordered Hoke to assault with his division late that afternoon, we would have recovered the works. I have positive information that so determined was our resistance that General Terry sent word to General Ames, commanding the three brigades assaulting us, to make one more effort, and if unsuccessful to retire. General Abbott, who commanded a brigade, and lived in North Carolina after the war, told Captain Braddy that at one time during our fight only one colored brigade held Bragg's army in check, and they were so demoralized that five hundred veteran troops could have captured them. But an all-wise Providence decreed that our gallant garrison should be overwhelmed.

In less than an hour after I refused to surrender, a fourth brigade (three were already in the fort) entered the sallyport, and swept the defenders from the remainder of the land face. Major Reilly had General Whiting and myself hurriedly removed on stretchers to Battery Buchanan, where he proposed to cover his retreat.

When we left the hospital the men were fighting over the adjoining traverse, and the spent balls fell like hail stones around us. The remnant of the garrison then fell back in an orderly retreat along the sea face, the rear guard keeping the enemy engaged as they advanced slowly and cautiously in the darkness as far as the mound battery, where they halted. Some of the men, cut off from the main body, had to retreat as best they could over the river marsh, while some unarmed artillerists barely eluded the enemy by following the sea shore. When we reached Battery Buchanan, there was a mile of level beach between us and our pursuers, swept by two 11-inch guns and a 24-pounder, and in close proximity to the battery, a commodious wharf, where transports could have come in safely at night to carry us off.

We expected with this battery to cover the retreat of our troops, but we found the guns spiked, and every means of transportation taken by Captain R. F. Chapman, of our navy, who, following the example of General Bragg, had abandoned us to our fate. The enemy threw out a heavy skirmish line, and sent their fourth brigade to Battery Buchanan, where it arrived about 10:30 P. M., and received the surrender of the garrison from Major James H. Hill and Lieutenant George D. Parker.

One more distressing scene remains to be chronicled. The next morning, after sunrise, a dreadful explosion occurred. My large reserve magazine, which my ordnance officer, Captain J. C. Little, informed me contained about 13,000 pounds of powder, blew up, killing and wounding more than a hundred of the enemy, and some or my own wounded officers and men. It was an artificial mound, covered with a luxuriant turf, a most inviting bivouac for wearied soldiers. Upon it were resting Colonel Alden's One Hundred and Sixty-ninth New York Regiment, and in its galleries were some of my suffering soldiers. Two sailors from the fleet, stupefied with liquor, looking for plunder, were seen to enter the structure with lights, and a few moments after the explosion occurred. The telegraph wires, from a bomb-proof near this magazine across the river to Battery Lamb, gave rise to the impression that the Confederates had caused the explosion, but an official investigation traced it to these drunken sailors.

So stoutly did our works resist the 50,000 shot and shell thrown against them in the two bombardments, that not a magazine or bomb-proof was injured; and after the land armament with palisades and torpedoes had been destroyed, no assault could have succeeded in the presence of Bragg's force had it been under a competent officer. Had there been no fleet to assist the army at Fort Fisher, the Federal infantry could not have assaulted it until its land defenses had been destroyed by gradual approaches.

For the first time in the history of sieges, the land defenses of the work were destroyed, not by any act of the besieging party, which looked on in safety, but by the concentrated fire, direct and enfilading, which an immense fleet poured upon them for three days and two nights without intermission, until the guns were dismounted, torpedo wires cut, palisades breached, so that they afforded cover for the assailants, and the slopes of the work rendered practicable for assault.

I had half a mile of land face and one mile of sea face to defend with 1,900 men, for that is all I had from first to last in the last battle. I have in my possession papers to prove this statement. I know every company present and its strength. This number included the killed, wounded and sick. If the Federal reports claim that our killed, wounded and prisoners showed more, it is because they counted as part of the garrison those captured outside of the works, who were never in Fort Fisher. To capture Fort Fisher, the enemy lost by their own statement 1,445

killed, wounded and missing. Nineteen hundred Confederates, with forty-four heavy guns, contending against 10,000 men on shore and 600 heavy guns afloat, killing and wounding almost as many of the enemy as there were soldiers in the fort, and not surrendering until the last shot was expended, is the heroic story of the defense of the last gateway to the Southern Confederacy.

Davis' Mississippi Brigade at the Battle of the Wilderness.

UNWRITTEN HISTORY BY A MEMBER OF THE BRIGADE.

One of the fiercest and most hotly contested battles fought in Virginia was that of the Wilderness, on the 5th and 6th of May, 1864, and among the most conspicuous actors in that battle was Gen. Joseph R. Davis' Mississippi Brigade, to which written history has given little notice. While the writer was an active participant in that battle, he claims to know but little except that which occurred in his immediate presence, and now, after the lapse of thirty-three years, writing from memory alone, will not undertake to give the names of places or persons or the exact time of the occurrence of events with any degree of accuracy.

Marching along the plank road through the Wilderness, in the direction of Fredericksburg, on the 5th of May, Davis' Brigade encountered the skirmishers of the Union Army, which interrupted the march for a time, but within an hour or so the enemy appeared in force and the battle began. McRae's North Carolina Brigade took position on the left of the road in line of battle, nearly perpendicular to the road and facing nearly east, while Davis' Mississippi Brigade formed on the left of McRae's, but, because of a deep, winding, boggy ravine in front, the line of battle of this brigade was facing nearly north and almost perpendicular to McRae's line. This brigade (Davis') was composed of the following commands, and thus aligned: The Second Mississippi Regiment, Forty-second Mississippi Regiment, First Confederate Battalion, Fifty-fifth North Carolina Regiment, Eleventh Mississippi Regiment and Twenty-sixth Mississippi Regiment.

Before the regiments on the left were in position, firing on the right began, continued down the line to the Eleventh Mississippi,

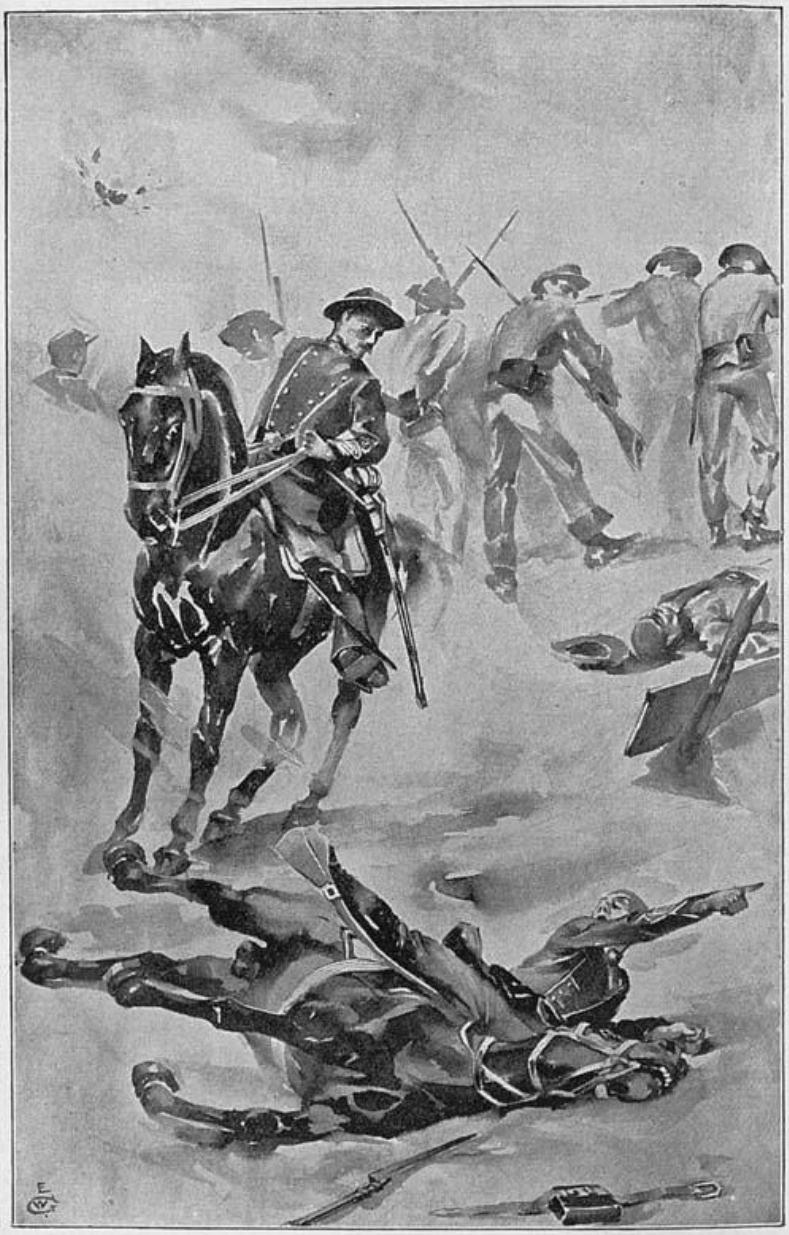
and was kept up almost incessantly until sunset, but, because of the formation of the ground, the left of the brigade was not exposed to the deadly fire that swept along the line to the right. The Second Mississippi, the Forty-second Mississippi, First Confederate Battalion and Fifty-fifth North Carolina Regiment were all the time under a galling fire, the Fifty-fifth North Carolina Regiment being the greatest sufferer. One could have easily walked on dead men from one end of that regiment to the other without putting his foot on the ground.

The fierce assaults of the enemy on McRea's Brigade forced back the centre of his line, which was rapidly melting away, when the Twenty-sixth Mississippi, on the left of Davis' Brigade, not being at that time under fire, was sent to McRea's relief. It charged gallantly through the thick woods, driving the enemy back in confusion, and re-establishing the broken line, but with serious loss to the Twenty-sixth Regiment.

The Second Mississippi, on the right of the line, was constantly under fire, and twice completely exhausted its supply of ammunition. When out of ammunition the second time, and out of patience waiting for more, the Eleventh Mississippi, then on the left of the brigade, and exposed only to an occasional fire, was ordered to relieve the Second, which it did in gallant style, and the Second, then entirely without ammunition, was withdrawn in good order, and remained in line of battle some fifty yards in rear of its old line, then occupied by the Eleventh Mississippi.

Just before night General Thomas was sent with his Georgia brigade to relieve Davis, but just as he came into position his brigade was struck a terrific blow on the left flank, which produced great confusion, but he finally got into position, and Davis' Brigade retired to the plank road, and was directed by General Hill in person to take position, in line of battle, on the right of the road, and rest for the night, the soldiers sleeping on their arms. As a considerable force was between Davis' Brigade and the Federal line of battle, the position assigned to it by General Hill was believed to be one of perfect security. This proved to be true until about sunrise on the following morning, the 6th of May.

General Davis being absent, Colonel Stone of the Second Mississippi Regiment, was in command of the brigade. When the night was far advanced Colonel Stone unsaddled his horse, and, with his bridle around his wrist and his saddle for a pillow, he fell asleep. About sunrise he was awakened by the rattle of musketry and the hoarse cheers of the enemy, and in a moment the Con-



DAVIS' MISSISSIPPI BRIGADE, ETC.
Death of Captain T. C. Holliday.

federate forces between his command and the enemy were rushing pellmell over his brigade to the rear. He gave the command to commence firing, and, mounting his horse without stopping to girt his saddle, galloped along the line cheering his men, and urging them to hold their ground. Seeing General Heth, who had ridden up in the meantime, he galloped to him and asked what should be done. General Heth replied, "Colonel Stone, you must hold your position, at all hazards." Colonel Stone replied, "I will, General, if possible, but these are our own men running over us, and the situation is desperate." Colonel Stone hurried back to his command, cheering his men, and urging them to hold their ground.

General Heth, seeing all his division melt away except Davis' Brigade, and believing the situation hopeless, sent a staff officer to Colonel Stone with an order to retire from the field as best he could. The advance of the enemy was perceptibly checked by the continuous fire from Davis' Brigade, and Colonel Stone rode along the line directing his men to retire slowly in line of battle, all the time keeping up a lively fire. He had retired some two hundred yards with the four Mississippi regiments on the right of the road, and the Fifty-fifth North Carolina and First Confederate on the left, when the head of General Longstreet's column came in sight marching rapidly up the plank road. The undergrowth on the left of the road being very thick, the Fifty-fifth North Carolina and the First Confederate Battalion were cut off from the rest of the brigade by General Longstreet's column, and were not afterward engaged during the day.

The four Mississippi regiments, still holding their ground, joined the advance with Longstreet's command, and in a short time were fighting on the identical ground upon which the brigade had fought the day before, the dead of the previous day's battle still remaining upon the field unburied. The enemy on that part of the line were soon out of reach, and the firing ceased, but farther to the left a terrific fire continued, and in a short time the lines were broken a short distance to the right of General Harris' Brigade, the brigade on his right having given way, Colonel Stone quickly changed his front into line of battle facing nearly west, charged up the hill, drove the enemy back in great disorder, and re-established the lines.

That part of the line occupied by Davis' Brigade, when compelled to move to the left to re-establish the broken lines, was still open, and the enemy seemed to be making a determined effort

to turn the right of Davis' Brigade and get in rear of it. In this dilemma Colonel Stone had made every effort to obtain support for his right without success. Finally, the Assistant Adjutant-General of the brigade, Captain T. C. Holliday, of Aberdeen, Miss., who fully realized the gravity of the situation, was sent to the rear to find troops to fill up the gap on the right of the brigade. He had gone but a short distance when he fell, mortally wounded, in rear of the Sixteenth Mississippi Regiment, of Harris' Mississippi Brigade. Partially raising himself, and waving his hand in the proper direction, he uttered the words: "Re-enforce the right," and expired, which touching incident inspired the following poem, written by Miss Annie P. Creight, of Alabama:

"Night brooded o'er the battlefield and o'er the valleys crept,
And fell with solemn stillness o'er the spot where brave ones slept;
Upon the broad extended plains, that round were widely spread,
The cold dews shed a clammy blight o'er dying and o'er dead.

Well might a shade be cast o'er earth, for there in youth's dream time,
Lay calm in death a fair bright boy, who scarce knew manhood's prime.
The bright stars from their thrones on high, cast trembling rays of light,
Upon the boy whose dying words were "Reinforce the Right."

Death claimed for his the gallant youth, whose soul knew naught of fear,
And there destroyed, in bloom of youth, his heart with hopes so dear;
Death chilled the warm and loving form, and dimmed the flowing eye,
And paled the brow where stern resolve was stamped with purpose high.

Amid the sons of his fair land, upon the glorious field,
He strove to drive the Northman back, determined ne'er to yield;
Where Mississippi's battle flag waved foremost in the fight,
He called unto his comrades brave to "Reinforce the Right."

He fell amid the cannon's roar, that seemed to rend the sky,
And where artillery sent forth a loud appeal on high,
His dreams were free from fear or woe, or as the evening air,
Went up from his young, pallid lips, a meek and fervent prayer:

"Oh! Heavenly Father, on thy throne, if 'tis thy will divine,
Crown freedom's flag with victory, and save this land of mine!"
He heard the dying words of those who met his darkened sight,
And from the bloody ground he called to "Reinforce the Right."

He gave a thought to his sweet home, and loved ones far away,
And how they'd mourn for him who fell upon that glorious day.
He longed to meet his mother's kiss, and feel her fond caress,
Oh! that upon his dying brow, her tender hand might press.

But that fond mother far away, within his childhood's home,
Heard, not, alas! his plaintive prayer, nor heard his dying moan.
He sadly yearned for sisters dear, who were his heart's delight:
They'll see no more the boy who strove to "Reinforce the Right."

Oh, God! like that brave boy, we kneel, submissive in thy sight,
And pray that in our Southern land thou'lt "Reinforce the Right."
Till "home again," our loved ones come, the war cloud passed away,
And star of peace shine o'er the spot where dark strife now holds sway.

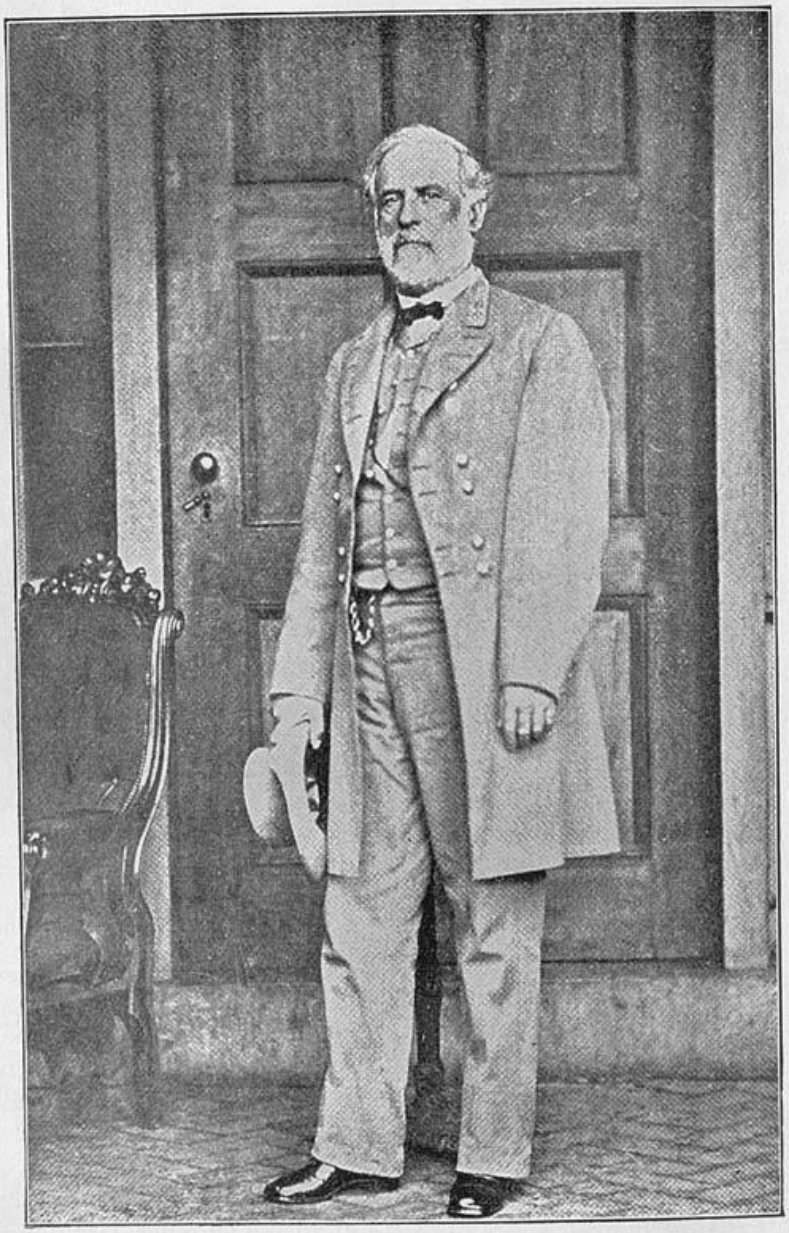
"Reinforce the Right," and soon beneath our glorious Southern sky,
Sweet freedom's flag will proudly wave its cheering folds on high,
"Reinforce the right," and over earth, with all its magic bright,
Religion's balmy breath will shed a ray of heavenly light."

On the day after the battle Generals Lee, Hill and Heth, in passing, stopped at the bivouac of Davis' Brigade and sent for Colonel Stone, whom they all complimented on the success of his command during the two days battle. Among other things, General Lee said, "Colonel Stone you have done well; you have won, and are entitled to a major-general's stars, and to the gratitude of the country." Colonel Stone replied, "General, these men with the muskets did the work, and they are entitled to the compliment, not I."

Last Days of the Confederacy.

BY GEN. JOHN B. GORDON, LATE C. S. A.
Commander-in-Chief United Confederate Veterans.

I will give you from my personal knowledge the history of the struggles that preceded the surrender of General Lee's army, the causes that induced that surrender—as I had them from General Lee—the detailed account of the last assault ever made upon the Federal lines in pursuance of an offensive purpose, and a description of the last scenes of the bloody and terrible Civil War. This history has never been published before. No official reports, I believe, were ever made upon the Confederate side; for after the battle of Hare's Hill, as the attack upon Fort Steadman was called, there was not an hour's rest until the surrender. From the 25th of March, 1865, until the 9th day of April my men did not take their boots off, the roar of cannon and the rattle of



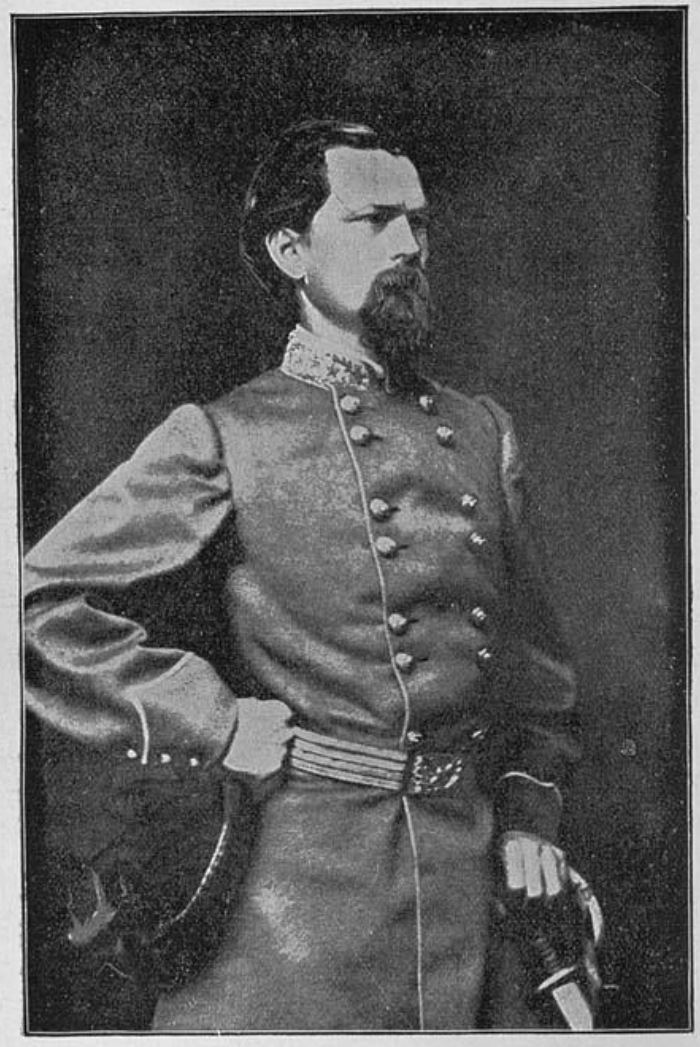
GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.
[From a photograph taken in 1865.]

musketry was scarcely stilled an instant, and the fighting and marching were continuous. Hence no report of these operations was ever made.

You will remember the situation of affairs in Virginia about the first of March, 1865. The Valley campaign of the previous summer, which was inaugurated for the purpose of effecting a diversion and breaking the tightening lines about Richmond and Petersburg, and from which so much had been expected, had ended in disaster. Grant had massed an enormous army in front of Petersburg and Richmond, and fresh troops were hurrying to his aid. Our army covered a line of over twenty miles, and was in great distress. The men were literally starving. We were not able to issue even half rations. One-sixth of a pound of beef a day, I remember, was at one time the ration of a portion of the army, and the men could not always get even that. I saw men often on their hands and knees, with little sticks, digging the grains of corn from out of the tracks of horses and washing it and cooking it. The brave fellows were so debilitated by the time Grant broke our lines that the slightest wound often killed them. A scratch on the hand would often result in gangrene and prove fatal. The doctors took me to the hospitals and showed me men with joints of their fingers shot off and their arms gangrened up to the elbows. "The men are starved," they said, "and we can do little for them."

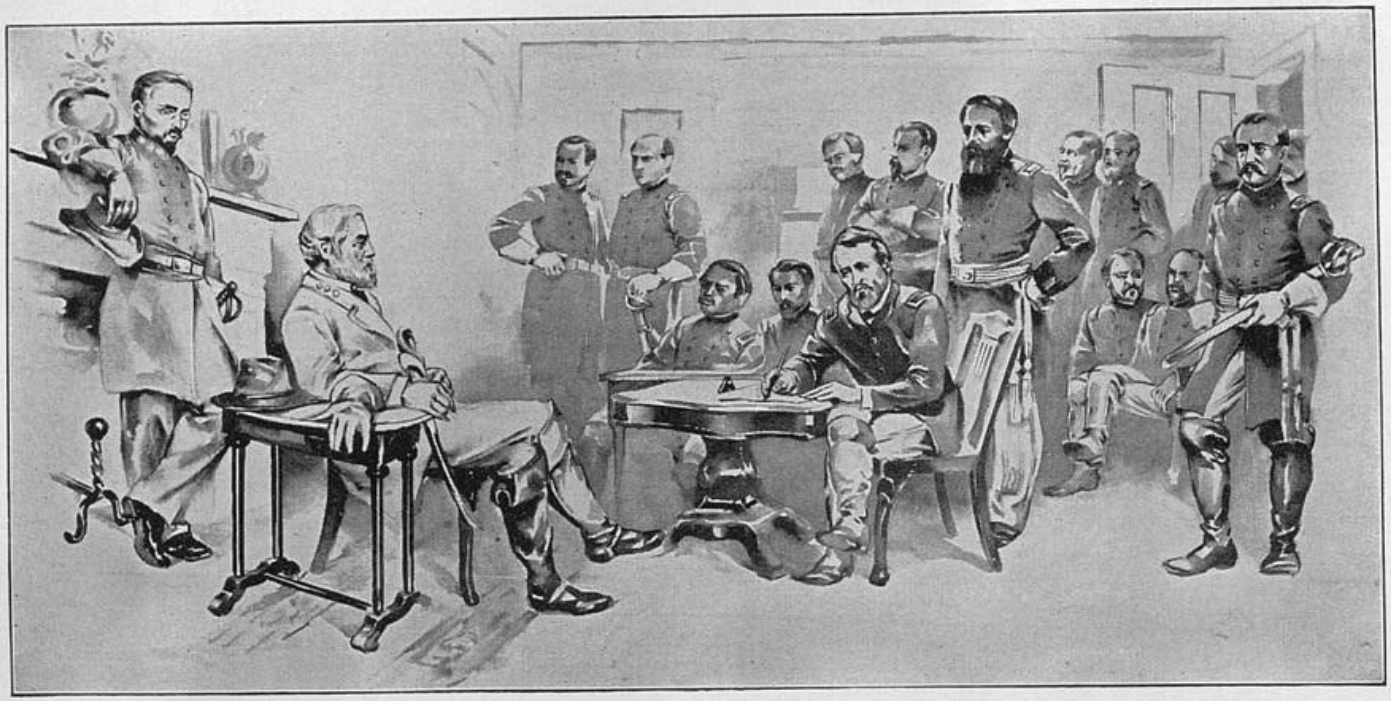
A Terrible Situation.

The sights that I saw as I walked among these poor, emaciated hungry men, dying of starved and poisoned systems, were simply horrible. Our horses were in no better condition; many of them were hardly able to do service at all. General Lee had gone in person into Petersburg and Richmond, and begged the citizens to divide what little they had with his wretched men. The heroic people did all they could. Our sole line of supplies was the railroad running into North Carolina and penetrating into "Egypt," as we called Southwest Georgia, which was then the provision ground for our armies. Such was the situation. My corps (Stonewall Jackson's old corps), after severe and heroic work in the Valley campaign, had been ordered back to Petersburg and placed upon the right wing of the army. I had general instructions to protect the flank of the army, prevent General Grant from turning it, and, above all, to protect the slender line of road from



LIEUT.-GEN. JOHN B. GORDON, OF GEORGIA.
[From a war-time photograph.]

which solely we received our scanty supplies. We were almost continually engaged in fighting, making feints, and protecting our skirmish lines, which the enemy were feeling and pressing continually. Before daylight on the morning of the second of March, 1865, General Lee sent for me. I mounted my horse at once and rode to the general's headquarters. I reached the house in which he was staying at about 4 o'clock in the morning. As I entered the room to which I had been directed, I found General Lee alone. I shall never forget the scene. The general was standing at the fireplace, his head on his arm, leaning on the mantlepiece—the first time I ever saw him looking so thoroughly dejected. A dim lamp was burning on a small center-table. On the table was a mass of official reports. General Lee remained motionless for a moment after I opened the door. He then looked up, greeted me with his usual courtesy, motioned me to the little table, and, drawing up a chair, sat down. I sat opposite him. "I have sent for you, General Gordon," he said, "to make known to you the condition of our affairs and to confer with you as to what we had best do." The night was fearfully cold. The fire and lamp both burned low as General Lee went on to give me the details of the situation. "I have here," he said, "reports sent in from my officers to-night. I find, upon careful examination, that I have under my command, of all arms, hardly 45,000 men. These men are starving. They are already so weakened as to be hardly efficient. Many of them have become desperate, reckless and disorderly as they have never been before. It is difficult to control men who are suffering for food. They are breaking open mills, barns and stores in search of food. Almost crazed from hunger, they are deserting from some commands in large numbers and going home. My horses are in equally bad condition. The supply of horses in the country is exhausted. It has come to where it is just as bad for me to have a horse killed as to lose a man. I can not remount a cavalryman whose horse dies. General Grant can mount 10,000 men in ten days, and move around your flank. If he were to send me word to-morrow that I might move out unmolested, I have not enough horses to move my artillery. He is not likely to send this message, however; and yet," smiling, "he sent me word yesterday that he knew what I had for breakfast every morning. I sent him word that I did not think this could be so, for if he did know he would surely send me something better. But, now, let us look at the figures. I have, as I have shown you, not quite 45,000 men. My men are starved,



Col. Chas. Marshall. General Lee. General Grant. Sheridan.

LAST DAYS OF THE CONFEDERACY—ARRANGING THE TERMS OF SURRENDER.

[Redrawn from the lithograph called "The Dawn of Peace," owned by W. H. Steele.]

exhausted, sick. His are in the best condition possible. But beyond this, there is Hancock, at Winchester, with a force of probably not less than 18,000 men. To oppose this force I have not a solitary vidette. Sheridan, with his terrible cavalry, has marched almost unmolested and unopposed along the James, cutting the railroads and canal. Thomas is approaching from Knoxville with a force I estimate at 30,000, and to oppose him I have a few brigades of badly-disciplined cavalry, amounting to probably 3,000 in all. General Sherman is in North Carolina, and, with Schofield's forces, will have 65,000 men. As to what I have to oppose this force, I submit the following telegram from General Johnston. The telegram reads: 'General Beauregard telegraphed you a few days ago that, with Governor Vance's Home Guards, we could carry 20,000 men into battle. I find, upon close inspection, that we can not muster over 13,000 men.'" [This was, as nearly as I can recollect, General Johnston's telegram.] "So there is the situation. I have here, say, 40,000 men able for duty, though none of my poor fellows are in good condition. They are opposed directly by an army of 160,000 strong and confident men, and converging on my little force four separate armies, numbering, in the aggregate, 130,000 more men. This force, added to General Grant's, makes over a quarter million. To prevent these from uniting for my destruction there are hardly 60,000 men available. My men are growing weaker day by day. Their sufferings are terrible and exhausting. My horses are broken down and impotent. I am apprehensive that General Grant may press around my flank and cut our sole remaining line of supplies. Now, general," he said, looking me straight in the face, "what is to be done?" With this he laid his paper down and leaned back in his chair.

"WHAT IS TO BE DONE?"

I replied: "Since you have done me the honor to ask my opinion, I will give it. The situation, as you portray it, is infinitely worse than I had dreamed it was. I can not doubt that your information is correct. I am confident of the opinion, therefore, that one of two things should be done, and at once. We must either treat with the United States Government for the best terms possible, or we should concentrate all our strength at one point of Grant's line—selecting some point on the right bank of the Appomattox—assault him, break through his lines, destroy his pon-

toons and then turn full upon the flank of his left wing, sweep down it and destroy it if possible, and then join General Johnston in North Carolina by forced marches, and combining our army with his, fall upon Sherman."

"And what then?"

"If we beat him or succeed in making a considerable battle, then treat at once for terms. I am forced to the conclusion, from what you say, sir, that we have no time for delay."

"So that is your opinion, is it?" he asked in a tone that sent the blood to my face. I ought to have remembered that it was a way that General Lee had of testing the sincerity of a man's opinion by appearing to discredit.

"It is, sir," I replied; "but I should not have ventured it had it not been asked; and, since you seem to differ from the opinion I hold, may I ask you what your opinion is?"

At once his manner changed, and, leaning forward, he said, blandly: "I entirely agree with you, General."

"Does President Davis and the Congress know these facts? Have you expressed an opinion as to the propriety of making terms, to President Davis or the Congress?"

General Lee replied to this question: "General Gordon, I am a soldier. It is my duty to obey orders."

"Yes," I replied, "but if you read the papers, General Lee, you can't shut your eyes to the fact that the hopes of the Southern people are centered in and on your army, and if we wait until we are beaten and scattered into the mountains before we make an effort at terms, the people will not be satisfied. Besides, we will simply invite the enemy to hunt us down all over the country, devastating it wherever they go."

General Lee said nothing to this for some time, but paced the floor in silence, while I sat, gloomily enough, as you may know, at the fearful prospect. He had, doubtless, thought of all I said long before he sent for me. I don't wish you to understand that I am vain enough to believe for a moment that anything I said induced him to go to Richmond the next day. As I said before, he had probably decided on his course before he sent for me, and only feigned a difference of opinion or hesitation in order to see with what pertinacity I held my own. He did go to Richmond, and on his return sent for me again, and in reply to my question as to what had occurred, he said:

"Sir, it is enough to turn a man's hair gray to spend one day in that Congress. The members are patriotic and earnest, but

they will neither take the responsibility of acting nor will they clothe me with authority to act. As for Mr. Davis, he is unwilling to do anything short of independence, and feels that it is useless to try to treat on that basis. Indeed, he says that, having failed in one overture of peace at Hampton Roads, he is not disposed to try another."

"Then," said I, "there is nothing left for us but to fight, and the sooner we fight the better, for every day weakens us and strengthens our opponents."

It was these two conferences that led to the desperate and almost hopeless attack I made upon the 25th of March on Grant's lines at Fort Steadman and Hare's Hill, in front of Petersburg.

"WITH FATE AGAINST THEM."
[From the painting by Gilbert Gaul.]

My corps was, as I tell you, at that time on the extreme right of General Lee's army, stretching from Hatcher's Run, southward along the Boydton plank road. He proposed to transfer my corps to lines in and around Petersburg, and have me familiarize myself with the strong and weak points, if there were any weak ones, on Grant's line near the bank of the Appomattox river. He ordered my command into Petersburg to replace the troops which were there. I spent a week examining Grant's lines, learning from deserters and men captured the names of the Federal officers and their commands in the front. At last I selected a point which I was sure I could carry by a night assault. I so reported to

General Lee. It was in the last degree a desperate undertaking, as you will presently see, but it was the best that could be suggested — better than to stand still. Almost hopeless as it was, it was less so than the certain and rapid disintegration, through starvation and disease and desertion, of the last army we could ever organize. The point on my line from which I decided to make the assault was Colquitt's salient, which had been built by Governor Colquitt and his men and held by them, when, to protect themselves, they had to move under covered ways and sleep burrowed in the ground like Georgia gophers. I selected this point because the main lines here were closest together, being not more than two hundred yards apart, I should say, while the picket lines were so close that the Confederates and the Federals could easily converse. By a sort of general consent the firing between the pickets nearly ceased during the day, so that I could stand upon my breastworks and examine General Grant's. It is necessary that you should know precisely the situation of the lines and forts.

A Strong Position.

What follows will show how desperately strong was even this, the weakest, point on Grant's line. It was close to Colquitt's salient where the fearful mine, called the Crater, was sprung. The whole intervening ground between Fort Steadman and Colquitt's salient, over which I had to make the assault, was raked not over by a front fire, but by flank fires from both directions from the forts and trenches of the main lines. An attack, therefore, by daylight would have been simply to have the men butchered, without any possibility of success, so that nothing but a night attack was to be thought of. Between the main line of trenches and forts and the rear lines of forts was a heavy line of Federal reserves, and the rear forts were placed with such consummate engineering skill as to command any point on that portion of Grant's line which might be captured. It was, therefore, necessary to capture or break through the reserves and take the rear line of forts as well as the front. The rear line of forts was so protected by abatis in front that the whole of General Lee's army could not have stormed them by a front attack, and the only possibility of securing them was to capture them from the rear, where there was an opening. This could only be done by stratagem, if it could be done at all.

I finally submitted a plan of battle to General Lee, which he approved and ordered executed. It was briefly this: To take Fort Steadman by direct assault at night, then send a separate body of men to each of the rear forts, who, claiming to be Federals, might pass through the Federal reserves and take possession of the rear line of forts as if ordered to do so by the Federal commander; next, then to press with my whole force to the rear of Grant's main line and force him out of the trenches, destroy his pontoons, cut his telegraph wires, and press down his flank. Of course, it was a most desperate and almost hopeless undertaking, and could be justified only by our desperate and hopeless condition if we remained idle. We both recognized it as the forlornest of forlorn hopes. Let me particularize a little more. The obstructions in front of my own lines had to be removed, and removed silently, so as not to attract the attention of the Federal pickets. Grant's obstructions had to be removed from the front of Fort Steadman. These obstructions were of sharpened rails, elevated to about breast high, the other end buried deeply in the ground, the rails resting on a horizontal pole and wrapped with telegraph wire. They could not be mounted or pushed aside, but had to be cut away with axes. This had to be done immediately in front of the guns of Fort Steadman. These guns were at night doubly charged with canister, as I learned from Federal prisoners. The rush across the intervening space between the lines had to be made so silently and swiftly as to take the fort before the gunners could fire. The reserves had to be beaten or passed and the rear line of forts taken before daylight. All this had to be accomplished before my main forces could be moved across and placed in position to move on Grant's flank, or rather left wing.

The Plan of Attack.

My preparations were these: I called on my division commanders for a detail of the bravest men in their commands. To rush over the Federal pickets and into the fort and seize the Federal guns, I selected a body of only one hundred men, with empty rifles and fixed bayonets. To precede these, to clear an opening to the fort, I selected fifty of the most stalwart and brave men I could find and armed them with axes to cut down the obstructions in front of the fort. They were ordered to remove my own abatis, rush upon the Federal obstructions, and cut away a

brigade front. The one hundred with empty rifles and fixed bayonets were to follow immediately, and this one hundred and fifty men were not to falter or fire, but to go into Fort Steadman, if they had to do it in the face of the fire from all the forts. Immediately these axemen and the one hundred had cleared the way and gained the fort, three other squads of one hundred each were to rush across, pass through Fort Steadman, and go pellmell to the rear, and right through the Federal reserves, crying as they went: "The Rebels have carried our line in front, captured Fort Steadman, and we are ordered by General McLaughlin, Federal commander of Fort Steadman, to go back to the rear forts and hold them against the Rebels." I instructed each commander of these last squads as to what particular fort he was to enter, and a guide, who had been raised on the ground, was placed with each of these three squads, or companies, who was to conduct them through the reserves, each commander was instructed to pass himself off as one of the Federal officers whose names I had learned. I remember that I named the commander of one of the companies Lieut.-Col. Pendergrast, of a Pennsylvania regiment—I think that was the name and regiment of one of the Federal officers in my front. As soon as Fort Steadman should be taken, and these three bodies of one hundred men each had succeeded in entering the rear forts, the main force of infantry and cavalry were to cross over. The cavalry was to gallop to the rear, capture the fugitives, destroy the pontoons, cut down the telegraph wires, and give me constant information, while the infantry was to move rapidly down Grant's lines, attacking and breaking his division in detail, as they moved out of his trenches. Such, I say, was the plan of this most desperate and last aggressive assault ever made by the Confederate army.

General Lee had sent me, in addition to my own corps, a portion of Longstreet's corps (Pickett's Division) and a portion of A. P. Hill's and a body of cavalry. During the whole night of of the 24th of March I was on horseback, making preparations and disposing of troops. About 4 o'clock in the morning I called close around me the fifty axemen and four companies, 100 each, of the brave men who were selected to do this hazardous work. I spoke to them of the character of the undertaking, and of the last hope of the cause, which was about to be confided to them. Around the shoulders of each man was bound a white strip of muslin, which Mrs. Gordon, who sat in a room not far distant, listening for the signal gun, had prepared as a means

of mutual recognition. The hour had come, and when everything was ready I stood on the breastsworks of Colquitt's salient and ordered two men to my side, with rifles, who were to fire the signal for attack. The noise of moving our own obstructions was going on, and attracted the notice of a Federal picket. In the dense darkness his voice rang out:

"Hullo there, Johnny Reb, what are you making all that fuss about over there?"

The men were just leaning forward for the start. This sudden call disconcerted me somewhat; but the rifleman on my right came to my assistance by calling out in a cheerful voice:

"Oh, never mind us, Yank; lie down and go to sleep. We are just gathering a little corn; you know, rations are mighty short over here."

There was a patch of corn between our lines, some of it still hanging on the stalks. After a few moments there came back the kindly reply of the Yankee picket, which quite reassured me. He said:

"All right, Johnny; go ahead and get your corn. I won't shoot at you."

As I gave the command to forward, the man on my right seemed to have some compunctions of conscience for having stilled the suspicions of the Yankee picket who had answered him so kindly, and who the next moment might be surprised and killed. So he called out to him:

"Look out for yourself now, Yank; we're going to shell the woods."

This exhibition of chivalry and of kindly feelings on both sides, and at such a moment, touched me as deeply as any minor incident of the war. I quickly ordered the two men to fire. Bang! bang! The two shots broke the stillness, and "Forward!" I commanded. The chosen hundred sprang forward, eagerly following the axemen, and for the last time the stars and bars were carried to aggressive assault.

FORT STEADMAN TAKEN.

In a moment the axemen were upon the abatis of the enemy and hewing it down. I shall never know how they whisked this line of wire-fastened obstructions out of the way. The one hundred overpowered the pickets, sent them to the rear, rushed through the gap made by the axemen up the slope of Fort Stead-

man, and it was ours without the firing of a single gun, and with the loss of but one man. He was killed with a bayonet. The three companies who were to attempt to pass the reserves and go into the rear forts followed and passed on through Fort Steadman. Then came the other troops pouring into the fort. We captured, I think, nine pieces of artillery, eleven mortars, and about six hundred or seven hundred prisoners, among whom was General McLaughlin, who was commanding on that portion of the Federal line. Many were taken in their beds. The prisoners were all sent across to our lines, and other troops of my command were brought to the fort. I now anxiously awaited to learn the fate of the three hundred who had been sent in companies of one hundred each to attempt the capture of the three rear forts. Soon a messenger reached me from two officers commanding two of these chosen bodies, who informed me that they had succeeded in passing right through the line of Federal reserves by representing themselves as Federals, and had certainly gone far enough to the rear for the forts, but that their guides had abandoned them or been lost, and they did not know in what direction to move. It was afterwards discovered, when daylight came, that these men had gone further out than the forts, and could have easily entered and captured them if the guides had not been lost, or had done their duty. Of course, after dawn, they were nearly all captured, being entirely behind the Federal reserves.

FAILURE OF THE ATTACK.

In the meantime the few Federal soldiers who had escaped from the fort and intrenchments we had captured, had spread the alarm and aroused the Federal army. The hills in the rear of Grant's lines were soon black with troops. By the time it was fairly daybreak the two forts on the main line flanking Fort Steadman, the three forts in the rear and the reserves all opened fire upon my forces. We held Fort Steadman and the Federal intrenchments to the river, or nearly so. But the guides had been lost, and, as a consequence, the rear forts had not been captured. Failing to secure these forts, the cavalry could not pass, the pontoons could not be destroyed, and the telegraph wires were not cut. In addition to these mishaps, the trains had been delayed and Pickett's division and other troops sent me by General Lee had not arrived. The success had been brilliant so far as it had gone, and had been achieved without loss of any

consequence to our army; but it had failed in the essentials for a complete success or a great victory.

Every hour was bringing heavy reinforcements to the Federals and rendering my position less and less tenable. After a brief correspondence with General Lee, it was decided to withdraw. My loss, whatever it was, occurred in withdrawing under concentrated fire from forts and infantry. The fighting over the picket lines and main lines from this time on to the surrender was too incessant to give me an opportunity to ascertain my loss. It was considerable; and although I had inflicted a heavy loss upon the enemy, I felt, as my troops re-entered Colquitt's salient, that the last hazard had been thrown, and that we had lost.

I will give you here the last note I ever received from General Lee, and one of the last he ever wrote in his official capacity. It is as follows:

4:30 P. M. HEADQUARTERS, March 24, 1865.

GENERAL: I have received yours of 2:30 P. M., and telegraphed for Pickett's Division, but I do not think it will reach here in time; still we will try. If you need more troops, one or both of Heth's Brigades can be called to Colquitt's salient, and Wilcox's to the Baxter road. Dispose of the troops as needed. I pray that a merciful God may grant us success, and deliver us from our enemies. Very truly,

R. E. LEE, General.

GENERAL J. B. GORDON.

P. S.—The cavalry is ordered to report to you at Halifax road and Norfolk railroad (iron bridge) at 3 A. M. to-morrow, W. H. F. Lee to be in vicinity of Monk's Corner at 6 A. M. R. E. L.

THE DEATH STRUGGLE.

I had very little talk with General Lee after our withdrawal. I recognized the fact that the end was approaching, and of course he did. It will be seen from his semi-official note, quoted above, that he became very much interested in the success of our movement. While he had known as well as I that it was a desperate and forlorn hope, still we had hoped that we might cut through and make a glorious dash down the right and seek Johnston in North Carolina. The result of the audacious attempt that had been made upon his line, and its complete success up to the time that it was ruined by a mischance, was to awaken Grant's forces into more aggressive measures. A sort of respite was had, for a day, after the night attack on Fort Steadman, and then the death struggle began. Grant hurled his masses agains tour starved and broken-

down veterans. His main attack was made upon our left, A. P. Hill's corps.

Grant's object was to turn our flanks, and get between us and North Carolina. The fighting was fearful and continuous. It was a miracle that we held our lines for a single day. With barely 6,000 men I was holding six miles of line. I had just 1,000 men to the mile, or about one to every two yards. Hill and Longstreet were in not much better trim, and some part of this thin line was being forced continually. The main fight was on my line and Hill's, as General Longstreet was nearer Richmond. Heavy masses of troops were hurled upon our line, and we would have to rally our forces at a certain point to meet the attack. By the time we would repel it, we would find another point attacked, and would hurry to defend that. Of course, withdrawing men from one part of the line would leave it exposed, and the enemy would rush in. Then we would have to drive them out and re-establish our line. Thus the battle raged day after day. Our line would bend and twist, and swell and break, and close again, only to be battered against once more. Our people performed prodigies of valor. How they endured through those terrible, hopeless, bloody days I do not know. They fought desperately and heroically, although they were so weakened through hunger and work that they could scarcely stand upon their feet and totter from one point of assault to another. But they never complained. They fought sternly, grimly, as men who had made up their minds to die. And we held our lines. Somehow or other—God only knows how—we managed day by day to wrest from the Federals the most of our lines. Then the men, dropping in the trenches, would eat their scanty rations, try to forget their hunger, and snatch an hour or two of sleep.

THE EVACUATION OF PETERSBURG.

Our picket lines were attacked somewhere every night. This thing went on till the morning of the 2d of April. Early that day it became evident that the supreme moment had come. The enemy attacked in unusually heavy force along the line of Hill's corps and mine. It became absolutely necessary to concentrate a few men at points along my line, in order to make a determined resistance. This left great gaps in my line of breastworks, unprotected by anything save a vidette or two. Of course, the Federals broke through these undefended passes, and established themselves in my breastworks. At length, having repulsed the

forces attacking the points I defended, I began re-establishing my line. My men fought with a valor and a desperate courage that has been rarely equaled, in my opinion, in military annals. We recaptured position after position, and by 4 o'clock in the afternoon I had re-established my whole line except at one point. This was very strongly defended, but I prepared to assault it. I notified General Lee of my purpose and of the situation, when he sent me a message, telling me that Hill's lines had been broken, and that General Hill himself had been killed. He ordered, therefore, that I should make no further fight, but prepare for the evacuation which he had determined to make that night. That night we left Petersburg. Hill's corps, terribly shattered and without its commander, crossed the river first, and I followed, having orders from General Lee to cover the retreat. We spent the night in marching, and early next morning the enemy rushed upon us. We had to turn and beat them back. Then began the most heroic and desperate struggle ever sustained by troops—a worn and exhausted force of hardly 4,000 men, with a vast and victorious army, fresh and strong, pressing upon our heels. We turned upon every hilltop to meet them and give our wagon-trains and artillery time to get ahead. Instantly they would strike us; we invariably repulsed them. They never broke through my dauntless heroes; but after we had fought for an hour or two, we would find huge masses of men pressing down our flanks, and to keep from being surrounded I would have to withdraw my men. We always retreated in good order, though always under fire. As we retreated we would wheel and fire, or repel a rush, and then stagger on to the next hilltop, or vantage ground, where a new fight would be made. And so on through the entire day. At night my men had no rest. We marched through the night in order to get a little respite from fighting. All night long I would see my poor fellows hobbling along, prying wagons or artillery out of the mud, and supplementing the work of our broken-down horses. At dawn, though, they would be in line ready for battle, and they would fight with the steadiness and valor of the Old Guard.

THE LAST COUNCIL OF WAR.

This lasted until the night of the 7th of April. The retreat of Lee's army was lit up with the fire and flash of battle, in which my brave men moved about like demi-gods for five days and nights. Then we were sent to the front for a rest, and Longstreet

was ordered to cover the retreating army. On the evening of the 8th, when I had reached the front, my scout, George, brought me two men in Confederate uniform, who, he said, he believed to be the enemy, as he had seen them counting our men as they filed past. I had the men brought to my camp fire, and examined them. They made a most plausible defense, but George was positive they were spies, and I ordered them searched. He failed to find anything, when I ordered him to examine their boots. In the bottom of one of the boots I found an order from General Grant to General Ord, telling him to move by forced marches toward Lynchburg, and cut off General Lee's retreat. The men then confessed that they were spies, and belonged to General Sheridan. They stated that they knew the penalty of their course was death, but asked that I should not kill them, as the war could only last a few days longer anyhow. I kept them prisoners, and turned them over to General Sheridan after the surrender. I at once sent the information to General Lee, and a short time afterward received orders to go to his headquarters. That night was held Lee's last council of war. There were present General Lee, General Fitzhugh Lee, as head of the cavalry, Pendleton, as chief of artillery, and myself. General Longstreet was, I think, too busily engaged to attend. General Lee then exhibited to us the correspondence he had had with General Grant that day, and asked our opinion of the situation. It seemed that surrender was inevitable. The only chance of escape was that I could cut a way for the army through the lines in front of me; if General Ord had not arrived—as we thought then he had not—with his heavy masses of infantry, I could cut through. I guaranteed that my men would cut away through all the cavalry that could be massed in front of them. The council finally dissolved, with the understanding that the army should be surrendered if I discovered the next morning, after feeling the enemy's line, that the infantry had arrived in such force that I could not cut my way through.

NEARING THE END.

My men were drawn up in the little town of Appomattox that night. I still had about four thousand men under me, as the army had been divided into two commands, and given to General Longstreet and myself. Early on the morning of the 9th I prepared for the assault upon the enemy's line, and began the

last fighting done in Virginia. My men rushed forward gamely, and broke the line of the enemy, and captured two pieces of artillery. I was still unable to tell what I was fighting; I did not know whether I was striking infantry or dismounted cavalry. I only knew that my men were driving them back, and were getting further and further through. Just then I had a message from General Lee, telling me a flag of truce was in existence, leaving it to my discretion as to what course to pursue. My men were still pushing their way on. I sent at once to hear from General Longstreet, feeling that, if he was marching toward me, we might still cut through and carry the army forward. I learned that he was about two miles off, with his face just opposite from mine, fighting for his life. I thus saw that the case was hopeless. The further each of us drove the enemy the further we drifted apart, and the more exposed we left our wagon trains and artillery, which were parked between us. Every line either of us broke only opened the gap the wider. I saw plainly that the Federals would soon rush in between us, and then there would have been no army. I therefore determined to send a flag of truce. I called Colonel Peyton, of my staff, to me, and told him that I wanted him to carry a flag of truce forward. He replied:

"General, I have no flag of truce."

I told him to get one. He replied:

"General, we have no flag of truce in our command."

"Then," said I, "get your handkerchief, put it on a stick, and go forward."

"I have no handkerchief, General."

"Then borrow one, and go forward with it."

He tried, and reported to me that there was no handkerchief in my staff.

"Then, Colonel, use your shirt."

"You see, General, that we all have flannel shirts."

At last, I believe, we found a man who had a white shirt. He gave it to us, and I tore off the back and tail, and, tying this to a stick, Colonel Peyton went out toward the enemy's lines. I instructed him to simply to say to General Sheridan that General Lee had written to me that a flag of truce had been sent from his and Grant's headquarters, and that he could act as he thought best on this information. In a few moments he came back with some one representing General Sheridan. This officer said:

"General Sheridan requested me to present his compliments to you, and to demand the unconditional surrender of your army."

"Major, you will please return my compliments to General Sheridan, and say that I will not surrender."

"But, General, he will annihilate you."

"I am perfectly aware of my situation. I simply gave General Sheridan some information on which he may or may not desire to act."

THE FLAG OF TRUCE.

He went back to his lines, and in a short time General Sheridan came forward, on an immense horse and attended by a very large staff. Just here an incident occurred that came near having a serious ending. As General Sheridan was approaching, I noticed one of my sharpshooters drawing his rifle down upon him. I at once called to him: "Put down your gun, sir; this is a flag of truce." But he simply settled it to his shoulder, and was drawing a bead on Sheridan, when I leaned forward and jerked his gun. He struggled with me, but I finally raised it. I then loosed it, and he started to aim again. I caught it again, when he turned his stern, white face, all broken with grief and streaming with tears, up to me, and said: "Well, General, then let him keep on his own side." The fighting had continued up to this point. Indeed, after the flag of truce, a regiment of my men, who had been fighting their way through toward where we were, and who did not know of a flag of truce, fired into some of Sheridan's cavalry. This was speedily stopped, however. I showed General Sheridan General Lee's note, and he determined to await events. He dismounted, and I did the same. Then, for the first time, the men seemed to understand what it all meant, and then the poor fellows broke down. The men cried like children. Worn, starved and bleeding as they were, they would rather have died than have surrendered. At one word from me they would have hurled themselves on the enemy, and have cut their way through or have fallen, to a man, with their guns in their hands. But I could not permit it. The great drama had been played to its end. But men are seldom permitted to look upon such as a scene as the one presented here. That these men should have wept at abandoning so unequal a fight, at being taken out of this constant carnage and storm, at being sent back to their families; that they should have wept at having their starved and wasted forms lifted out of the jaws of death, and placed once more before their hearthstones, was an exhibition of fortitude and patriotism that might set an example for all time.

THE END.

Ah, sir, every ragged soldier that surrendered that day, from the highest to the lowest, from the old veteran to the beardless boy, every one of them, sir, carried a heart of gold in his breast. It made my heart bleed for them, and sent the tears streaming down my face, as I saw them surrender the poor, riddled, battle-stained flags that they had followed so often, and that had been made sacred by the blood of their comrades. The poor fellows would step forward, give up the scanty rag that they had held so precious through so many long and weary years, and then turn and wring their empty hands together and bend their heads in an agony of grief. Their sobs and the sobs of their comrades could be heard for yards around. Others would tear the flags from the staff and hide the precious rag in their bosoms and hold it there. As General Lee rode down the lines with me, and saw the men crying and heard them cheering "Uncle Robert" with their simple but pathetic remarks, he turned to me and said, in a broken voice: "Oh, General, if it had only been my lot to have fallen in one of our battles, to have given my life to this cause that we could not save!" I told him that he should not feel that way, that he had done all that mortal man could do, and that every man and woman in the South would feel this and would make him feel it. "No, no!" he said, "there will be many who will blame me. But, General, I have the consolation of knowing that my conscience approves what I have done, and that the army sustains me."

In a few hours the army was scattered, and the men went back to their ruined and dismantled homes, many of them walking all the way to Georgia and Alabama, all of them penniless, worn out, and well-nigh heart-broken. Thus passed away Lee's Army; thus were its last battles fought, thus was it surrendered, and thus was the great American tragedy closed — let us all hope, forever.

The Fight Between the Virginia and Monitor.
(MERRIMAC.)

BY CAPTAIN CATESBY AP R. JONES, CONFEDERATE STATES NAVY.

When, on April 21, 1861, the Virginians took possession of the abandoned navy-yard at Norfolk, they found that the Merrimac had been burned and sunk. She was raised, and on June 23d following the Hon. S. R. Mallory, Confederate Secretary of the Navy, ordered that she should be converted into an iron-clad, on the plan proposed by Lieutenant John M. Brooke, Confeder-

COMMANDER CATESBY AP R. JONES.
Executive and Ordnance Officer of the Virginia.

ate States Navy. The hull was two hundred and seventy-five feet long. About one hundred and sixty feet of the central portion was covered by a roof of wood and iron, inclining about thirty-six degrees. The wood was two feet thick; it consisted of oak plank four inches by twelve inches, laid up and down next the iron, and two courses of pine; one longitudinal, of eight inches thickness, the other twelve inches thick.

The intervening space on top was closed by permanent gratings of two-inch-square iron two and one-half inches apart,

leaving openings for four hatches, one near each end and one forward and one abaft the smoke-stack. The roof did not project beyond the hull. There was no knuckle, as in the Atlanta, the Tennessee, and other iron-clads of later and improved construction. The ends of the shield were rounded.

The armor was four inches thick. It was fastened to its wooden backing by one-and-three-eighths-inch bolts, countersunk and secured by iron nuts and washers. The plates were eight inches wide. Those first made were one inch thick, which was as thick as we could then punch cold iron. We succeeded soon in punching two inches, and the remaining plates, more than two-thirds, were two inches thick. They were rolled and punched at the Tredegar Works, Richmond. The outside course was up and down, the next longitudinal. Joints were broken where there were more than two courses.

The hull, for a space of two feet below the roof, was plated with one-inch iron; it was intended that it should have had three inches.

The prow was of cast iron, wedge-shaped, and weighed fifteen hundred pounds. It was about two feet under water and projected two feet from the stem; it was not well fastened. The rudder and propeller were unprotected.

The battery consisted of ten guns, four single-banded Brooke rifles and six 9-inch Dahlgren shell guns. Two of the rifles, bow and stern pivots, were 7-inch, of fourteen thousand five hundred pounds; the other two were 6.4-inch (thirty-two pound caliber), of nine thousand pounds, one on each broadside. The 9-inch gun on each side, nearest the furnaces, was fitted for firing hot shot. A few 9-inch shot, with extra windage, were cast for hot shot. No other solid shot were on board during the fight.

The engines were the same the vessel had while in the United States Navy. They were radically defective, and had been condemned by the United States government. Some changes had been made; notwithstanding which, the engineers reported that they were unreliable. They performed very well during the fight, but afterward failed several times, once while under fire.

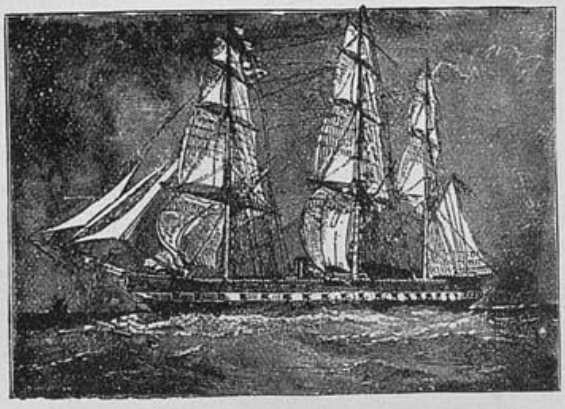
There were many vexatious delays attending the fitting and equipment of the ship. Most of them arose from the want of skilled labor and lack of proper tools and appliances. Transporting the iron from Richmond also caused much delay; the railroads were taxed to supply the army.

The crew, who were three hundred and twenty in number,

were obtained with great difficulty. With few exceptions they were volunteers from the army; most of them were landsmen. Their deficiencies were, as much as possible, overcome by the zeal and intelligence of the officers. A list of these is appended. In the fight one of the 9-inch guns was manned by a detachment of the Norfolk United Artillery.

The vessel was, by the Confederates, called the Virginia. She was put in commission during the last week of February, but continued crowded with mechanics until the eve of the fight. She was badly ventilated, very uncomfortable and very unhealthy. There was an average of fifty or sixty at the hospital, in addition to the sick list on board.

The flag officer, Franklin Buchanan, was detained in Rich-



The United States Frigate "Merrimac" before Conversion into the Ironclad "Virginia."

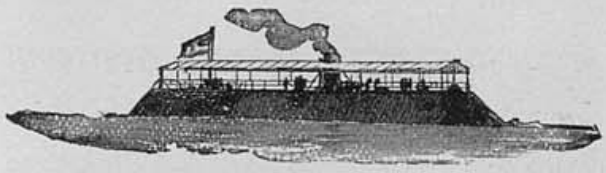
mond in charge of an important bureau, from which he was only relieved a few days before the fight. There was no captain; the ship was commissioned and equipped by the executive and ordnance officer, who had reported for duty in November. He had, by special order, selected her battery, and was also made responsible for its efficiency.

A trial was determined upon, although the vessel was in an incomplete condition. The lower part of the shield forward was immersed only a few inches, instead of two feet, as was intended; and there was but one inch of iron on the hull. The port shutters, etc., were unfinished.

The Virginia was unseaworthy, her engines were unreliable; and her draught, over twenty-two feet, prevented her from going to Washington. Her field of operation was therefore restricted

to the bay and its immediate vicinity. There was no regular concerted movement with the army.*

The frigates Congress and Cumberland temptingly invited an attack. It was fixed for Thursday night, March 6, 1862, the pilots—of whom there were five—having been previously consulted. The sides were slushed, supposing that it would increase the tendency of the projectiles to glance. All preparations were made, including lights at obstructions. After dark the pilots declared that they could not pilot the ship during the night. They had a high sense of their responsibility. In justice to them it should be stated that it was not easy to pilot a vessel of our great draught under favorable circumstances, and that the difficulties were much increased by the absence of lights, buoys, etc., to which they had been accustomed.



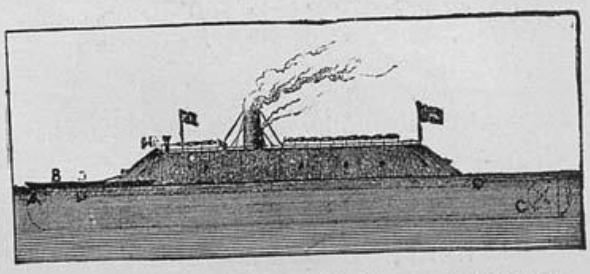
The "Merrimac" after Conversion into the Ironclad "Virginia"

The attack was postponed to Saturday, March 8th. The weather was favorable. We left the navy yard at 11 A. M., against the last half of the flood tide, steamed down the river past our batteries, through the obstructions, across Hampton Roads, to the mouth of the James River, where, off Newport News, lay at anchor the frigates Cumberland and Congress, protected by strong batteries and gunboats. The action commenced about 3 P. M. by our firing the bow gun† at the Cumberland, less than a mile distant. A powerful fire was immediately concentrated upon us from all the batteries afloat and ashore. The frigates Minnesota, Roanoke and St. Lawrence, with other vessels, were seen coming from Old Point. We fired at the Congress on passing, but continued to head directly for the Cumberland, which vessel we had determined to run into, and in less than fifteen minutes from the firing of the first gun we rammed her, just for-

* There was, however, an informal understanding between General Magruder, who commanded the Confederate forces on the Peninsula, and the executive officer, to the effect that General Magruder should be kept advised by us, in order that his command might be concentrated near Hampton when our attack should be made. The movement was prevented in consequence of a large portion of the command having been detached just before the fight.

† It killed and wounded ten men at the after pivot gun of the Cumberland. The second shot from the same gun killed and wounded twelve men at her forward pivot gun. Lieutenant Charles C. Simms pointed and fired the gun.

ward of the starboard fore-chains. There were heavy spars about her bows, probably to ward off torpedoes, through which we had to break before reaching the side of the ship. The noise of the crashing timbers was distinctly heard above the din of battle. There was no sign of the hole above water. It must have been large, as the ship soon commenced to careen. The shock to us on striking was slight. We immediately backed the engines. The blow was not repeated. We here lost the prow, and had the stem slightly twisted. The Cumberland* fought her guns gallantly as long as they were above water. She went down bravely, with her colors flying. One of her shells struck the sill of the bow port, and exploded; the fragments killed two and wounded a number. Our after 9-inch gun was loaded and ready for firing, when its muzzle was struck by a shell, which broke it off and fired the gun. Another gun also had its muzzle



a. Prow of Steel. *b*. Wooden Bulwark. *h*. Pilot House.
dd. Iron Under Water. *c*. Propeller.
The Virginia (Merrimac). From a sketch made the day before the fight.

shot off; it was broken off so short that at each subsequent discharge its port was set on fire. The damage to the armor was slight. The fire appeared to have been aimed at our ports. Had it been concentrated at the water line, we would have been seriously hurt, if not sunk. Owing to the ebb tide and our great draught, we could not close with the Congress without first going up stream and then returning, which was a tedious operation, besides subjecting us twice to the full fire of the batteries, some of which we silenced.

We were accompanied from the yard by the gunboats, Beaufort, Lieutenant-Commander W. H. Parker, and Raleigh, Lieutenant-Commander J. W. Alexander. As soon as the firing was heard up James river the Patrick Henry, Commander John R. Tucker; Jamestown, Lieutenant-Commander J. N. Barney, and

*She was a sailing frigate of 1,716 tons, mounting two 10-inch pivots and twenty-two 9-inch guns. Her crew numbered 376; her loss in killed and wounded was 121.

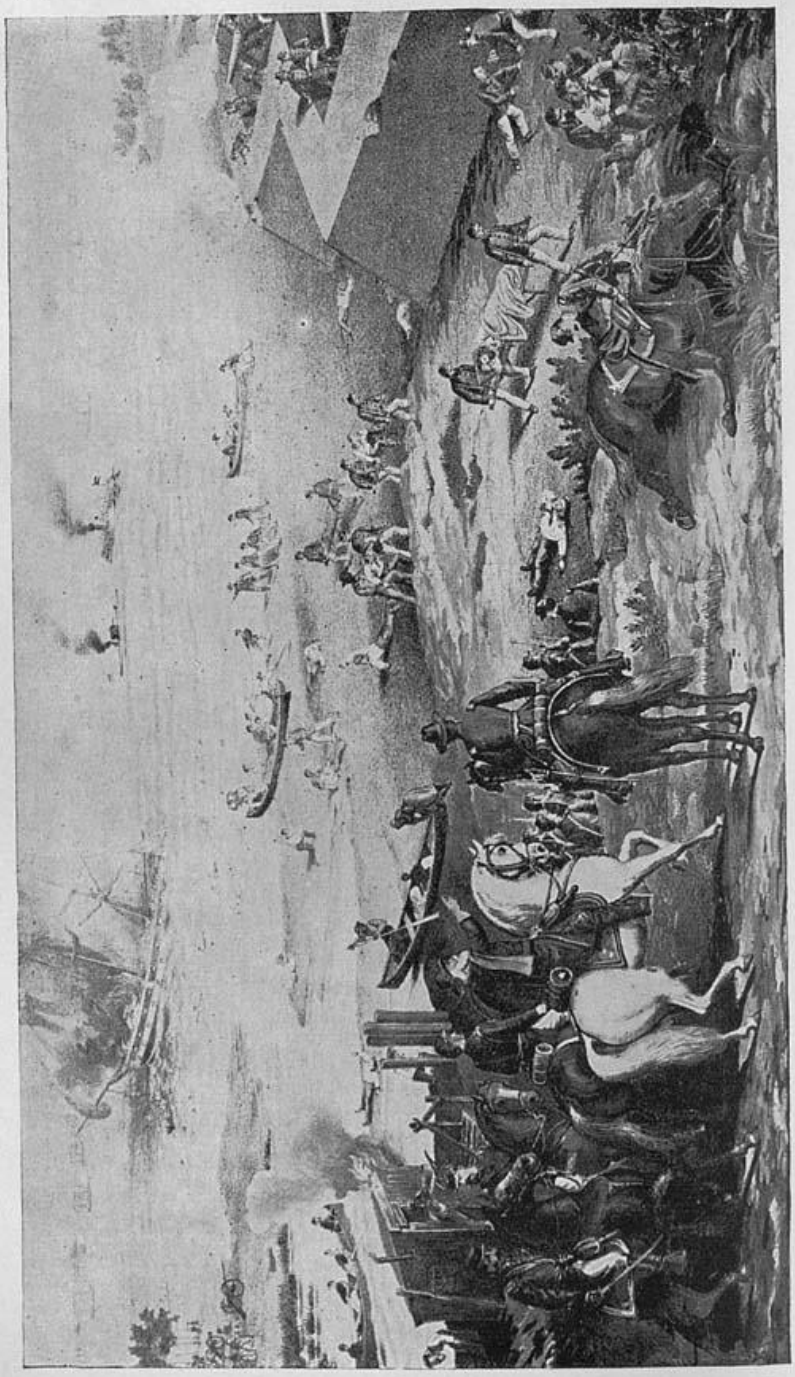
the gunboat Teaser, Lieutenant-Commander W. A. Webb, under command of Captain John R. Tucker, stood down the river, joining us about 4 o'clock. All these vessels were gallantly fought and handled, and rendered valuable and effective service.

The prisoners from the Congress stated that, when on board that ship it was seen that we were standing up the river, three cheers were given, under the impression that we had quit the fight. They were soon undeceived. When they saw us heading

ADMIRAL FRANKLIN BUCHANAN.
From an old photograph.

down stream, fearing the fate of the Cumberland, they slipped their cables, made sail and ran ashore bow on. We took a position off her quarter, about two cables' length distant, and opened a deliberate fire. Very few of her guns bore on us, and they were soon disabled. The other batteries continued to play on us, as did the Minnesota, then aground about one and one-half miles off. The St. Lawrence also opened on us shortly after. There was great havoc on board the Congress. She was several times on fire. Her gallant commander, Lieutenant Joseph B. Smith,* was struck in the breast by the fragment of a shell and instantly

* His sword was sent by flag of truce to his father, Admiral Joseph Smith.



THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE VIRGINIA (MERRIMAC) AND MONITOR.
March 9, 1862.

killed. The carnage was fearful. Nothing remained for them but to strike their colors, which they did. They hoisted the white flag, half-masted, at the main and at the spanker gaff. The Beaufort and Raleigh were ordered to burn her. They went alongside and secured several of her officers and some twenty of her men as prisoners. The officers urgently asked permission to assist their wounded out of the ship. It was granted. They did not return. A sharp fire of musketry from the shore killed some of the prisoners and forced the tugs to leave. A boat was sent from the Virginia to burn her, covered by the Teaser. A fire was opened on them from the shore, and also from the Congress, with both of her white flags flying, wounding Lieutenant Minor and others. We replied to this outrage upon the usages of civilized warfare by reopening on the Congress with hot shot and incendiary shell. Her crew escaped by boats, as did that of the Cumberland. Canister and grape would have prevented it; but in neither case was any attempt made to stop them, though it has been otherwise stated, possibly from our firing on the shore or at the Congress.

We remained near the Congress to prevent her recapture. Had she been retaken, it might have been said that the flag-officer permitted it, knowing that his brother* was an officer of that vessel.

A distant and unsatisfactory fire was, at times, had at the Minnesota. The gunboats also engaged her. We fired canister and grape occasionally in reply to musketry from the shore, which had become annoying.

About this time the flag-officer was badly wounded by a rifle ball, and had to be carried below. His bold, daring and intrepid conduct won the admiration of all on board. The executive and ordnance officer, Lieutenant Catesby Ap R. Jones, succeeded to the command.

The action continued until dusk, when we were forced to seek an anchorage. The Congress was riddled and on fire. A transport steamer was blown up. A schooner was sunk and another captured. We had to leave without making a serious attack on the Minnesota, though we fired at her as we passed on the other side of the middle ground, and also at the St. Lawrence.†

* One of the sad attendants of civil war, divided families, was here illustrated. The flag-officer's brother was paymaster of the Congress. The first and second lieutenants had each a brother in the United States Army. The father of the fourth lieutenant was also in the United States Army. The father of one of the midshipmen was in the United States Navy.

† A sailing frigate of 50 guns and 1,726 tons.

The latter frigate fired at us by broadsides—not a bad plan for small calibers against ironclads, if concentrated. It was too dark to aim well. We anchored off our batteries at Sewell's Point. The squadron followed.

The Congress‡ continued to burn. "She illuminated the heavens and varied the scene by the firing of her own guns and the flight of her balls through the air," until shortly after midnight, "when her magazine exploded, and a column of burning matter appeared high in the air, to be followed by the stillness of death." [Extract from report of General Mansfield, United States Army.] One of the pilots chanced, about 11 P. M., to be looking in the direction of the Congress, when there passed a strange-looking craft, brought out in bold relief by the brilliant light of the burning ship, which he at once proclaimed to be the Monitor. We were, therefore, not surprised in the morning to see the Monitor at anchor near the Minnesota. The latter ship was still aground. Some delay occurred from sending our wounded out of the ship; we had but one serviceable boat left. Admiral Buchanan was landed at Sewell's Point.

At 8 A. M. we got under way, as did the Patrick Henry, Jamestown and Teaser. We stood toward the Minnesota and opened fire on her. The pilots were to have placed us half a mile from her, but we were not at any time nearer than a mile. The Monitor§ commenced firing when about a third of a mile distant. We soon approached, and were often in a ship's length; once while passing we fired a broadside at her only a few yards distant. She and her turret appeared to be under perfect control. Her light draught enabled her to move about us at pleasure. She once took position for a short time where we could not bring a gun to bear on her. Another of her movements caused us great anxiety; she made for our rudder and propeller, both of which could have been easily disabled. We could only see her guns when they were discharged; immediately after the turret revolved rapidly, and the guns were not again seen until they were again fired. We wondered how proper aim could be taken in the very short time the guns were in sight. The Virginia, however, was a large target, and generally so near that the Monitor's shot did not often miss. It did not appear to us that our shell had any

‡ A sailing frigate of 1,867 tons, mounting 50 guns. She had a crew of 434, of whom there were 120 killed and missing.

§ She was 173 feet long and 41 feet wide. She had a revolving circular iron turret 8 inches thick, 9 feet high and 20 feet inside diameter, in which were two 11-inch guns. Her draught was 10 feet.

effect upon the Monitor. We had no solid shot. Musketry was fired at the lookout holes. In spite of all the care of our pilots, we ran ashore, where we remained over fifteen minutes. The Patrick Henry and Jamestown, with great risk to themselves, started to our assistance. The Monitor and Minnesota were in full play on us. A small rifle gun on board the Minnesota, or on the steamer alongside of her, was fired with remarkable precision.

When we saw that our fire made no impression on the Monitor we determined to run into her if possible. We found it a very difficult feat to do. Our great length and draught, in a comparatively narrow channel, with but little water to spare, made us sluggish in our movements and hard to steer and turn. When the opportunity presented, all steam was put on ; there was not, however, sufficient time to gather full headway before striking. The

The Virginia and Monitor at Close Quarters.

blow was given with the broad wooden stem, the iron prow having been lost the day before. The Monitor received the blow in such a manner as to weaken its effect, and the damage to her was trifling. Shortly after an alarming leak in the bows was reported. It, however, did not long continue.

While contending with the Monitor we received the fire of the Minnesota,* which we never failed to return whenever our guns could be brought to bear. We set her on fire and did her serious injury, though much less than we then supposed. Generally, the distance was too great for effective firing. We blew up a steamer alongside of her.

The fight had continued over three hours. To us the Monitor appeared unharmed. We were, therefore, surprised to see her

* She was a screw steam frigate of 3,200 tons, mounting 43 guns, of 8, 9, and 10-inch caliber. She fired 145 10-inch, 349 9-inch, and 34 8-inch shot and shell, and 5,567 pounds of powder. Her draught was about the same as that of the Virginia.

run off into shoal water, where our great draught would not permit us to follow, and where our shells could not reach her. The loss of our prow and anchor and consumption of coal, water, etc., had lightened us so that the lower part of the forward end of the shield was awash.

We had for some time awaited the return of the Monitor to the roads. After consultation, it was decided that we should proceed to the navy-yard, in order that the vessel should be brought down in the water and completed. The pilots said if we did not then leave that we could not pass the bar until noon the next day. We, therefore, at 12 M., quit the roads and stood for Norfolk. Had there been any sign of the Monitor's willingness to renew the contest, we would have remained to fight her. We left her in the shoal water, to which she had withdrawn, and which she did not leave until after we had crossed the bar on our way to Norfolk.

The official report says: "Our loss is two killed and nineteen wounded. The stem is twisted and the ship leaks; we have lost the prow, starboard anchor and all the boats; the armor is somewhat damaged, the steam-pipe and smoke-stack both riddled, the muzzles of two guns shot away; the colors were hoisted to the smoke-stack and several times cut down from it." None were killed or wounded in the fight with the Monitor. The only damage she did was to the armor. She fired forty-one shots. We were enabled to receive most of them obliquely. The effect of a shot striking obliquely on the shield was to break all the iron, and sometimes to displace several feet of the outside course; the wooden backing would not be broken through. When a shot struck directly at right angles, the wood would also be broken through, but not displaced. Generally, the shot were much scattered; in three instances two or more struck near the same place, in each case causing more of the iron to be displaced and the wood to bulge inside. A few struck near the water line. The shield was never pierced, though it was evident that two shots striking in the same place would have made a large hole through everything.

The ship was docked, a prow of steel and wrought iron put on, and a course of two-inch iron on the hull below the roof, extending in length one hundred and eighty feet. Want of time and material prevented its completion. The damage to the armor was repaired; wrought-iron port-shutters were fitted, etc. The rifle-guns were supplied with bolts of wrought and chilled iron.

The ship was brought a foot deeper in the water, making her draught twenty-three feet.

Commodore Josiah Tatnall relieved Admiral Buchanan in command. On the 11th of April he took the Virginia down to Hampton Roads, expecting to have a desperate encounter with the Monitor. Greatly to our surprise, the Monitor refused to fight us. She closely hugged the shore under the guns of the fort, with her steam up. Hoping to provoke her to come out, the Jamestown* was sent in and captured several prizes, but the

COMMODORE JOSIAH TATNALL.
(From an Old Photograph.)

Monitor would not budge. It was proposed to take the vessel to York River, but it was decided in Richmond that she should remain near Norfolk for its protection.

Commodore Tatnall commanded the Virginia forty-five days, of which time there were only thirteen days that she was not in dock or in the hands of the navy-yard. Yet he succeeded in

* French and English men-of-war present. The latter cheered our gunboat as she passed with the prizes.

impressing the enemy that we were ready for active service. It was evident that the enemy very much overrated our power and efficiency. The South also had the same exaggerated idea of the vessel.

On the 8th of May a squadron, including the Monitor, bombarded our batteries at Sewell's Point. We immediately left the yard for the roads. As we drew near, the Monitor and her consorts ceased bombarding and retreated under the guns of the forts, keeping beyond the range of our guns.

Men-of-war from below the forts and vessels expressly fitted for running us down joined the other vessels between the forts. It looked as if the fleet was about to make a fierce onslaught on us. But we were again to be disappointed. The Monitor and other vessels did not venture to meet us, although we advanced until projectiles from the Ripraps fell more than a half mile beyond us. Our object, however, was accomplished; we had put an end to the bombardment, and we returned to our buoy.

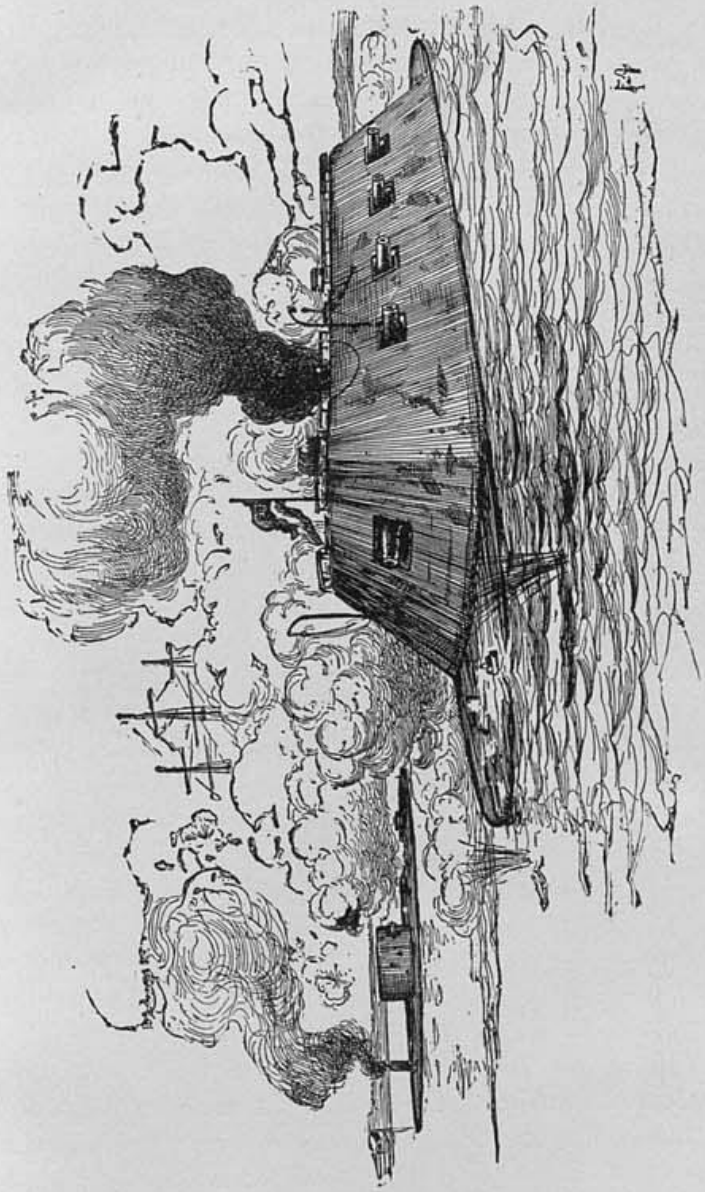
Norfolk was evacuated on the 10th of May. In order that the ship might be carried up the James River we commenced to lighten her, but ceased on the pilots saying they could not take her up. Her shield was then out of water; we were not in fighting condition. We therefore ran her ashore in the bight of Craney Island, landed the crew and set the vessel on fire. The magazine exploded about 4:30 on the morning of the 11th of May, 1862. The crew arrived at Drury's Bluff the next day, and assisted in defeating the Monitor, Galena, and other vessels on the 15th of May.

Commodore Tatnall was tried by court-martial for destroying the Virginia, and was "honorably acquitted" of all the charges. The court stated the facts, and their motives for acquitting him. Some of them are as follows: "That after the evacuation of Norfolk, Westover, on James River, became the most suitable position for her to occupy; . . . That when lightened she was made vulnerable to the attacks of the enemy. . . The only alternative, in the opinion of the court, was to abandon and burn the ship then and there, which, in the judgment or the court, was deliberately and wisely done."

NOTE.—The above deeply interesting narrative of the gallant and accomplished executive officer of the Virginia was prepared for the Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va., not long before his lamented death.

LIST OF OFFICERS OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES IRONCLAD VIRGINIA, MARCH 8, 1862.

Flag-Officer—Franklin Buchanan. Lieutenants—Catesby Ap R. Jones, Executive and Ordnance Officer; Charles C. Sims, R.



The Battle of the Ironclads.

D. Minor (flag), Hunter Davidson, J. Taylor Wood, J. R. Eggleston and Walter Butt. Midshipmen—Foute, Marmaduke, Littlepage, Craig, Long and Roots. Paymaster—James Semple. Surgeon—Dinwiddie Phillips. Assistant Surgeon—Algernon S.

Garnett. Captain of Marines—Reuben Thom. Engineers—H. A. Ramsey, Acting Chief; Assistants—Tynan, Campbell, Herring, Jack, and White. Boatswain—C. H. Hasker. Gunner—Oliver. Carpenter—Lindsey. Clerk—Arthur Sinclair, Jr. Volunteer Aid—Lieutenant Douglass Forrest, Confederate States Army; Captain Kevill, commanding detachment of Norfolk United Artillery. Signal Corps—Sergeant Tabb.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE CONFEDERATE FLEET.

On the 8th and 9th of March, 1862, the Confederate States fleet had successfully encountered, defied and beaten a force equal to 2,890 men and 230 guns, as follows:

	MEN.	GUNS.
Congress (burned)	480	50
Cumberland (sunk)	360	22
Minnesota (riddled)	550	40
Roanoke (scared off)	550	40
St. Lawrence (peppered)	480	50
Gunboats (two or three disabled)	120	6
Forts (silenced)	200	20
Ericsson's Monitor	150	2
Total	2,890	230

EXPLOITS OF THE ALABAMA.

INCLUDING A DESCRIPTION OF HER FIGHT WITH THE KEARSARGE.

BY ADMIRAL RAPHAEL SEMMES,
Commander of the Alabama.

Introductory.

The Confederate Government, through its agent, Captain Bullock, in June, 1861, opened communication with the Messrs. Laird, proprietors of extensive shipyards at Birkenhead, opposite Liverpool, for the building of a steam sloop. He paid them £47,500 for the vessel, which was known in the yards as "No 290," and subsequently became the Alabama. On July 29, 1862, she steamed out of the Mersey, a few hours before the British Foreign Office

sent down orders to detain her, on the complaint of Minister Adams that she was a Confederate ship of war. Seven days later she arrived at Terceira, in the Azores Islands, where she was joined by the bark Agrippina, bringing her armament and stores, and the steamship Bahama, on which her officers and most of her crew had come out from England. On August 24th she was formally commissioned as the Confederate States cruiser Alabama, with the subjoined list of officers: Captain, Raphael Semmes; first lieutenant and executive officer, J. M. Kell; second lieutenant, Richard F. Armstrong; third lieutenant, Joseph D. Wilson; fourth lieutenant, Arthur Sinclair; fifth lieutenant, John Lowe; surgeon, Francis L. Galt; assistant surgeon, David H. Llewellyn; paymaster, Clarence R. Yonge; captain's clerk, William B.

CAPTAIN RAPHAEL SEMMES.
Commander of the Steamer Alabama.

Smith; lieutenant of marines, Becker K. Howell; chief engineer, Miles J. Freeman; assistant engineers, William P. Brooks, S. W. Cummings, Matthew O'Brien, John W. Pundt; midshipmen, William H. Sinclair, Irvin S. Bullock, Eugene Maffit, Edwin M. Anderson; master's mates, George T. Fullman, James Evans; boatswain, Benjamin L. McCaskey; gunner, J. O. Cuddy; carpenter, William Robinson; sailmaker, Henry Alcott.

The Alabama was two hundred and twenty feet long, thirty-two feet breadth of beam, and ten hundred and forty tons burden. She was barkentine rigged, and her propeller was so constructed that it could be lifted out of the water, and when this was done she was, to all intents and purposes, a sailing ship. Under sail alone, with the wind abeam, she occasionally made ten knots an hour, and her best performance was eleven and a quarter knots under sail and steam combined. Her armament consisted of six 32-pounders in broadside, a 100-pounder Blakely rifle in the forecastle and a smooth-bore 8-inch shell gun abaft the mainmast.

The cost of the Alabama was as follows:

Hulls, spars, sails, boats, anchors, cables and all equipment, except armament	£47,500
Battery	2,500
Magazine tanks	616
Ordnance stores	500
Small arms	600
Total	£51,716

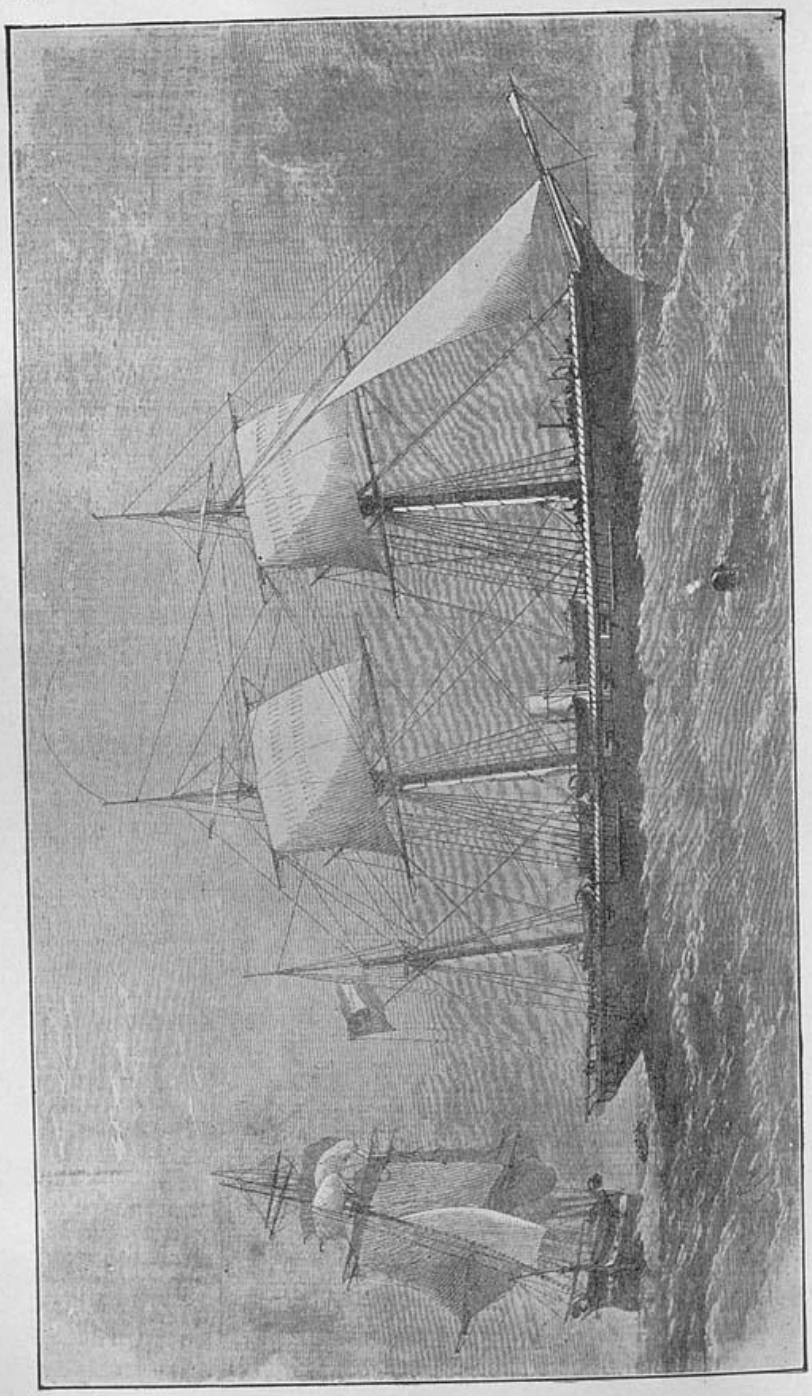
£51,716@$4,84=$250,305.44.

She made her debut as a warship by plunging in among the American whaling fleet that between the early spring and October finds employment around the Western Islands. On September 14, 1862, the Alabama was off Fayal, and before the equinoctial gales drove the whalers out of those waters she made prizes of a dozen of them. Captain Semmes selected for his next cruising ground the Newfoundland banks, and the track of the American grain ships bound from the Eastern ports to Europe. He reached this station October 3, 1862, and began burning prizes, or ransoming, to carry away his prisoners, those containing cargoes documented as the indisputable property of neutrals. The first of the wheat ships taken was the Brilliant, and the second the Emily Farnham; and the latter returning to New York, under bond, with the information that the Alabama was on the coast, a panic was created in shipping circles.

Between October 3d and 21st Semmes made sixteen captures, and then fell in with a number of ships whose cargoes were certified to be neutral property. A prize court was convened in the cabin of the Alabama, and, upon its decision that the certificates were fraudulent, the vessels and their ladings were burned. The Alabama ran down to within two hundred miles of New York, while the Federal men-of-war were looking for her up on the Grand Banks. About November 18th she put into Port de France, Martinique, when some of the men, who had smuggled liquor on board, created the first and only mutiny on the ship, which the commander promptly suppressed by no severer measure than drenching the guilty ones with cold water.

The United States frigate San Jacinto made her appearance off the port while the Alabama was there, but the latter's speed enabled her to go to sea past her slow and clumsy enemy. After coaling from a tender at Blanquilla, Venezuela, Semmes lay in wait between San Domingo and Hayti for one of the California treasure steamers bound from Colon to New York. On December 7, 1862, he captured a steamship, but she was outward bound from New York, with some five hundred women and children among her passengers, and as he could not take the prize into any port he was forced to release her on a ransom bond for $261,000, payable after the recognition of the independence of the Confederate States. He got nothing from the prize except $9,500 in money, that her safe contained, while he might have captured a million if he had taken one of the steamers bound into New York.

The Alabama next went into the Gulf of Mexico, with a view of attacking the expedition known to be fitting out in the North under General N. P. Banks for a descent upon the Texas coast, but Banks had gone into New Orleans, and Semmes found off Galveston a Federal squadron, bombarding that city. By concealing the identy of his ship and steaming slowly off, he decoyed a vessel of the enemy twenty miles away, and then halted and cleared ship for action. To a hail he responded, first: "This is her Britannic Majesty's steamer Petrel," and then, "This is the Confederate States' steamer Alabama." She fired the first broadside at 9 o'clock on the night of January 11, 1863; the other ship replied valiantly, and the engagement lasted just thirteen minutes. Closing in with the foe, Semmes found that he had defeated the United States gunboat Hatteras, Lieutenant-Commander Homer C. Blake, and that she was in a sinking condition. Blake asked for assistance, which was so promptly



THE ALABAMA LEAVING THE MERCHANT SHIP TONAWANDA.

rendered that, although the Hatteras went to the bottom within fifteen minutes after surrendering, every man on board, including the five wounded, was transferred in safety to the Alabama. Two men were killed on the Hatteras and the Alabama had but one man wounded. The latter steamed for Jamaica, and on January 20th made the harbor of Port Royal.

On January 25th the Alabama left Kingston for a cruise down the Brazil coast and thence to the Cape of Good Hope. At the forks of the marine roads, in the fairway of commerce, he captured twenty-four vessels, all of which were destroyed except the Conrad, which was converted into the Confederate States cruiser Tuscaloosa. Crossing the Atlantic to the southern point of Africa, two more prizes were taken, and on July 28, 1863, the Alabama put into Saldanha Bay. On this coast he captured only the bark Sea Bride, which vessel, with her cargo, Semmes sold to an English merchant, making the transfer at Angra Pequena, in the Hottentot country, to avoid any fracture of the British neutrality laws. For the remainder of the year he cruised in the Straits of Sunda, the China Sea and the Bay of Bengal, with moderate success. Beating up the waters of the Atlantic again, between Cape Town and the equatorial line on the Brazil coast, only two more captures were made. The ship Tycoon was taken on April 27, 1864, and she was the last of the long roll of the victims of the Alabama.

On June 11th the cruiser came to anchor in the port of Cherbourg, France, and three days later the United States corvette Kearsarge, Captain John A. Winslow, came across from Southampton. The vessels fought their famous battle on Sunday, June 19th. Thousands of people gathered on the southern heights, overlooking the British Channel, to witness the combat, and the French ironclad Couronne and the English yacht Deerhound, owned and sailed by Mr. John Lancaster, moved to and fro outside the line of fire.

The following, by Captain Raphael Semmes, gives all the needful particulars of the battle:

BATTLE BETWEEN ALABAMA AND KEARSARGE.

We entered Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, on the 20th of March, 1864. After taking on board coal and provisions, in three days, we were ready for sea again. On the morning of the 25th we got up steam and moved out of the bay, amid lusty cheers

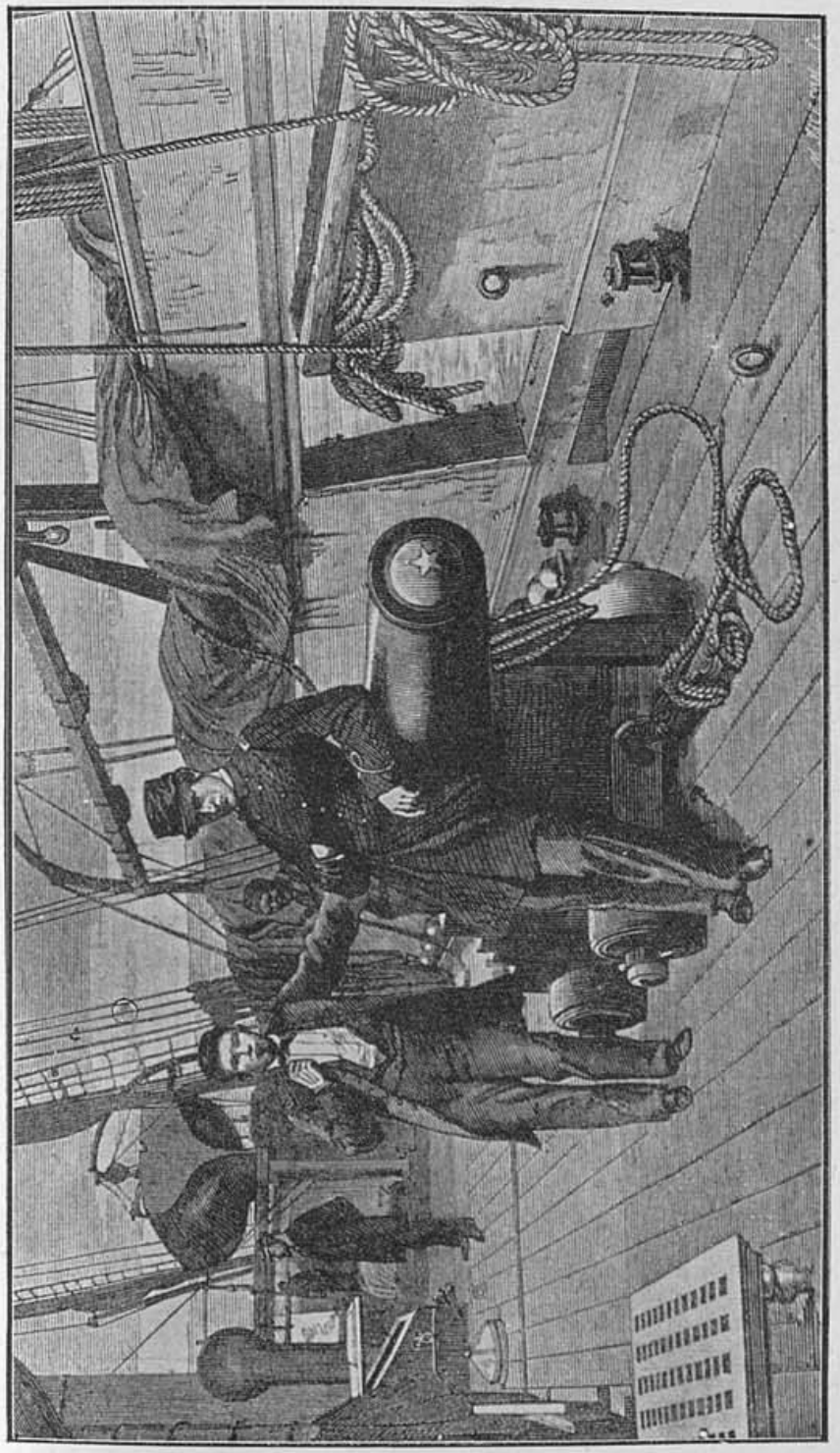
THE ALABAMA LEAVING THE MERCHANT SHIP TONAWANDA.

and waving of handkerchiefs from the fleet of boats by which we were surrounded.

As we were going out, it so happened that a Yankee steamer was coming in. The Quang Tung, a fast steamer, recently built for the China trade, and now on her way to the Flowery Land, not dreaming that the Alabama was at the Cape, had made Table Mountain that morning, and now came steaming into the harbor. Both ships being within the marine league, we could not touch her, which was a sore trial, for the Quang Tung was a beauty, and passed so close under our guns that the Confederate and United States flags nearly touched each other, the crews of the two ships looking on in silence. Reaching the offing, we permitted our fires to go down, and put the ship, as usual, under sail. My intention now was to make the best of my way to England or France, for the purpose of docking and thoroughly overhauling and repairing my ship, in accordance with my previously expressed design.

On the 2d of May we recrossed the equator into the northern hemisphere, took the northeast trade-wind, after the usual interval of calm and the usual amount of thunder, lightning and rain, and with it ran up to our old toll-gate, at the crossing of the thirtieth parallel, where we halted, on our outward passage, and vised the passports of so many travelers. The poor Alabama was not now what she had been then. She was like the wearied fox-hound, limping back after a long chase, foot-sore and longing for quiet and repose. Her commander, like herself, was well-nigh worn down. Vigils by night and by day, the storm and the drenching rain, the frequent and rapid change of climate, now freezing, now melting or broiling, and the constant excitement of the chase and capture, had laid, in the three years of war he had been afloat, a load of a dozen years on his shoulders. The shadows of a sorrowful future, too, began to rest upon his spirit. The last batch of newspapers captured were full of disasters. Might it not be that, after all our trials and sacrifices, the cause for which we were struggling would be lost? Might not our federal system of government be destroyed, and state independence become a phrase of the past—the glorious fabric of our American liberty sinking, as so many others had done before it, under a new invasion of Brennuses and Attilas? The thought was hard to bear.

We passed through our old cruising-ground, the Azores, sighting several of the islands, which called up reminiscences of the



LIEUTENANT ARTHUR ST. CLAIR AND LIEUTENANT R. F. ARMSTRONG.
[From a photograph taken at Cape Town, South Africa, August 19, 1863.]

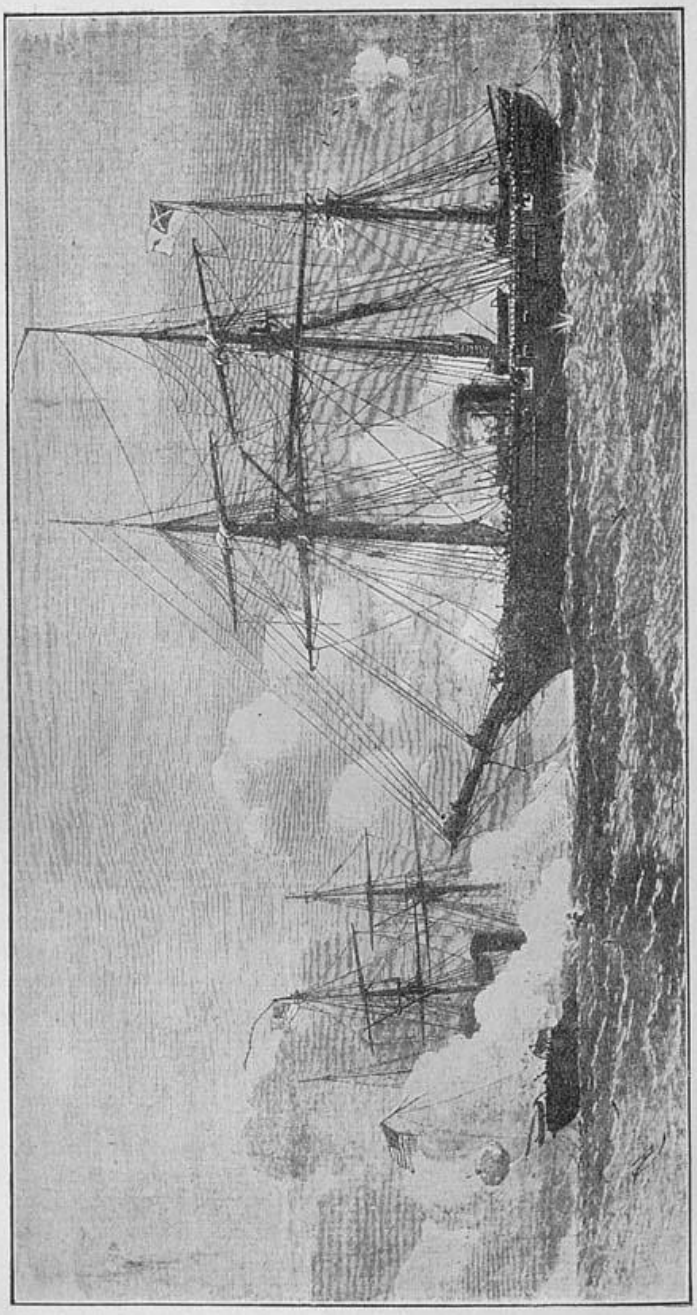
christening of our ship, and of the sturdy blows she had struck at the enemy's whaling fleet, in the first days of her career. Thence we struck over to the coasts of Spain and Portugal, and thence to the British Channel, making the Lizard on the 10th of June, and being fortunate enough to get a channel pilot on board just as night was setting in, with a thick southwester brewing. By 11 P. M. we were up with the "start" light, and at 10 the next morning we made Cape La Hague, on the coast of France. We were now boarded by a French pilot, and thirty minutes past noon we let go our anchor in the port of Cherbourg.

This was to be the Alabama's last port. She had run her career, her record had been made up, and in a few days more she would lay her bones beneath the waters of the British Channel and be a thing of the past. I had brought back with me all my officers except the paymaster, whom I had discharged, for good and sufficient reasons, at the island of Jamaica, and the young engineer who had been accidentally killed at Saldanha Bay. Many changes had taken place, of course, among my crew, as is always the case with sailors, but still a large proportion of my old men had come back with me. These were faithful and true, and took more than an ordinary interest in their ship and their flag. There was harmony and mutual confidence between officers and men. Our discipline had been rigid, but mercy had always tempered justice, and the sailors understood and appreciated this. I had been successful with the health of my men beyond precedent. In my two ships, the Sumter and Alabama, I had, first and last, say five hundred men under my command. The ships were small and crowded. As many as two thousand prisoners were confined, for longer or shorter periods, on board the two ships, and yet, out of the total of twenty-five hundred men I had not lost a single man by disease. I had skillful and attentive surgeons. I gave them carte blanche with regard to medicine and diet, and my First Lieutenant understood it to be an important part of his duty to husband the strength of his men. The means which were resorted to by all these officers, for preserving the health of the crew, were such as long experience and intelligent appreciation would dictate. Not only was their clothing changed as we changed our latitude, but it was changed every evening during the time we were in warm climates. Invariably and sedulously we guarded against intemperance, at the same time, however, giving the sailor his regular allowance of grog. And last, though by no means least, we endeavored to promote a

cheerful and hilarious spirit among them, being present and encouraging them in their diversions.

Immediately upon anchoring, I sent an officer to call on the Port Admiral and ask leave to land my prisoners from the two last ships captured. This was readily granted, and the next day I went on shore to see him myself in relation to docking and repairing my ship. My arrival had, of course, been telegraphed to Paris, and, indeed, by this time had been spread all over Europe. The Admiral regretted that I had not gone into Havre, or some other commercial port, where I would have found private docks. Cherbourg being exclusively a naval station, the docks all belonged to the government, and the government would have preferred not to dock and repair a belligerent ship. No positive objection was made, however, and the matter was laid over until the Emperor could be communicated with. The Emperor was then at Biarritz, a small watering place on the south coast, and would not be back in Paris for several days. It was my intention, if I had been admitted promptly into dock, to give my crew a leave of absence for a couple of months. They would have been discharged and dispersed in the first twenty-four hours after my arrival but for this temporary absence of the Emperor. The combat, therefore, which ensued, may be said to be due to the Emperor's accidental absence from Paris.

When the Alabama arrived in Cherbourg, the enemy's steamer Kearsarge was lying at Flushing. On the 14th of June, or three days after our arrival, she steamed into the harbor of Cherbourg, sent a boat on shore to communicate with the authorities, and, without anchoring, steamed out again and took her station off the breakwater. We had heard a day or two before of the expected arrival of this ship, and it was generally understood among my crew that I intended to engage her. Her appearance, therefore, produced no little excitement on board. The object which the Kearsarge had in view in communicating with the authorities was to request that the prisoners I had sent on shore might be delivered up to her. To this I objected, on the ground that it would augment her crew, which she had no right to do in neutral waters, and especially in the face of her enemy. Captain Winslow's request was refused, and the prisoners were not permitted to go on board of her. I now addressed a note to Mr. Bonfils, our agent, requesting him to inform Captain Winslow, through the United States Consul, that if he would wait until I could receive some coal on board—my supply having been nearly exhausted by my



Kearsarge. Alabama.

FIGHT BETWEEN THE ALABAMA AND KEARSARGE
Off Cherbourg, France, Sunday, June 19, 1864.

late cruising—I would come out and give him battle. This message was duly conveyed, and the defiance was understood to have been accepted.

We commenced coaling ship immediately and making other preparations for battle—as sending down all useless yards and top-hamper, examining the gun equipments, and overhauling the magazine and shell-rooms. My crew seemed not only willing but anxious for the combat, and I had every confidence in their steadiness and drill; but they labored under one serious disadvantage—they had had but very limited opportunities of actual practice at target-firing with shot and shell. The reason is obvious; I had no means of replenishing either shot or shell, and was obliged, therefore, to husband the store I had on hand for actual conflict.

The stories that ran the round of the Federal papers at the time—that my crew was composed mainly of trained gunners from the British practice-ship Excellent—were entirely without foundation. I had on board some half-dozen British seamen, who had served in ships of war in former years, but they were in no respect superior to the rest of the crew. As for the two ships, though the enemy was superior to me, both in size, stanchness of construction and armament, they were of force so nearly equal that I can not be charged with rashness in having offered battle. The Kearsarge mounted seven guns, two 11-inch Dahlgrens, four 32-pounders and a rifled 28-pounder. The Alabama carried one gun more than her antagonist, though the latter was enabled to throw more metal at a broadside, there being a difference of three inches in the bore of the shell guns of the two ships. Still the disparity was not so great but that I might hope to beat my enemy in a fair fight. But he did not show me a fair fight, for, as it afterward turned out, his ship was ironclad. It was the same thing as if two men were to go out to fight a duel, and one of them, unknown to the other, were to put a shirt of mail under his outer garment. The days of chivalry being past, perhaps it would be unfair to charge Captain Winslow with deceit in withholding from me the fact that he meant to wear armor in the fight. He may have reasoned that it was my duty to find it out for myself. Besides, if he had disclosed this fact to me, and so prevented the engagement, the Federal Secretary of the Navy would have cut his head off to a certainty.

In the way of crew, the Kearsarge had one hundred and sixty-two, all told; the Alabama one hundred and forty-nine. I

had communicated my intention to fight this battle to Flag-Officer Barron, my senior officer, in Paris, a few days before, and that officer had generously left the matter to my own discretion. I completed my preparations on Saturday evening, 18th of June, and notified the Port Admiral of my intention to go out on the following morning. The next day dawned beautiful and bright. The cloudy, murky weather of some days past had cleared off, and a bright sun, a gentle breeze, and a smooth sea, were to be the concomitants of the battle. While I was still in my cot, the Admiral sent an officer off to say to me that the iron-clad frigate Couronne would accompany me a part of the way out, to see that the neutrality of French waters was not violated. My crew had turned in early and gotten a good night's rest, and I permitted them to get their breakfast comfortably—not turning them to until 9 o'clock—before any movement was made toward getting under way beyond lighting the fires in the furnaces.

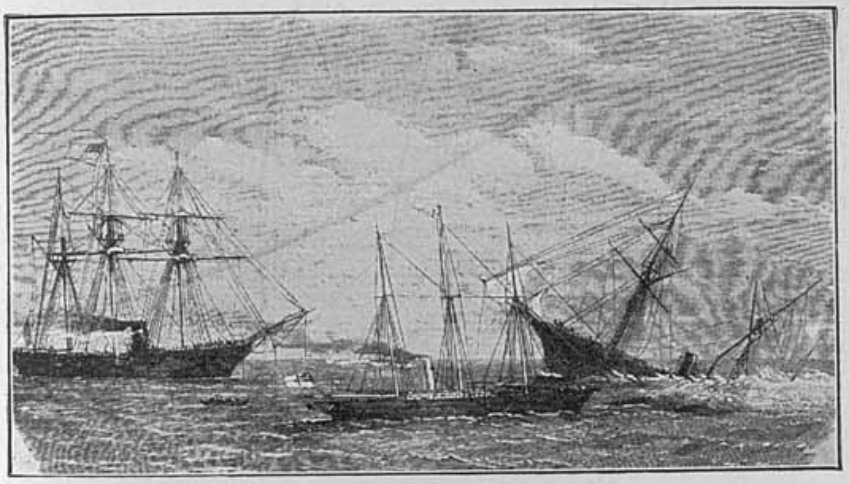
I ought to mention that Midshipman Sinclair, son of Captain Terry Sinclair, of the Confederate Navy, whom I had sent with Low, as his First Lieutenant, in the Tuscaloosa, being in Paris, when we arrived, had come down on the eve of the engagement, accompanied by his father, and endeavored to rejoin me, but was prevented by the French authorities. It is opportune, also, to state that, in view of possible contingencies, I had directed Galt, my acting paymaster, to send on shore, for safe-keeping, the funds of the ship and complete pay-rolls of the crew, showing the state of the account of each officer and man.

The day being Sunday and the weather fine, a large concourse of people—many having come all the way from Paris—collected on the heights above the town, in the upper stories of such of the houses as commanded a view of the sea and on the walls and fortifications of the harbor. Several French luggers, employed as pilot-boats went out, and also an English steam yacht, called the Deerhound. Everything being in readiness, between 9 and 10 o'clock we got under way and proceeded to sea, through the western entrance of the harbor; the Couronne following us. As we emerged from behind the mole, we discovered the Kearsarge at a distance of between six and seven miles from the land. She had been apprised of our intention of coming out that morning and was awaiting us. The Couronne anchored a short distance outside of the harbor.

We were three-quarters of an hour in running out to the Kearsarge, during which time we had gotten our people to quar-

ters, cast loose the battery and made all the other necessary preparations for battle. The yards had been previously slung in chains, stoppers prepared for the rigging, and preventer braces rove. It only remained to open the magazine and shell-rooms, sand down the decks, and fill the requisite number of tubs with water. The crew had been particularly neat in their dress on that morning, and the officers were all in the uniforms appropriate to their rank. As we were approaching the enemy's ship, I caused the crew to be sent aft, within convenient reach of my voice, and, mounting a gun-carriage, delivered them the following brief address. I had not spoken to them in this formal way since I had addressed them on the memorable occasion of commissioning the ship:

"Officers and seamen of the Alabama: You have, at length, another opportunity of meeting the enemy; the first that has



Sinking of the Alabama; the Deerhound Rescuing a Portion of the Crew.

been presented to you since you sunk the Hatteras! In the meantime you have been all over the world, and it is not too much to say that you have destroyed and driven for protection under neutral flags one-half of the enemy's commerce, which, at the beginning of the war, covered every sea. This is an achievement of which you may well be proud, and a grateful country will not be unmindful of it. The name of your ship has become a household word wherever civilization extends. Shall that name be tarnished by defeat? The thing is impossible! Remember that you are in the English Channel, the theater of so much of the naval glory of our race, and that the eyes of all Europe are at

this moment upon you. The flag that floats over you is that of a young republic, who bids defiance to her enemies whenever and wherever found. Show the world that you know how to uphold it! Go to your quarters."

The utmost silence prevailed during the delivery of this address, broken only once in an enthusiastic outburst of "Never! Never!" when I asked my sailors if they would permit the name of their ship to be tarnished by defeat.

My official report of the engagement, addressed to Flag-Officer Barron, in Paris, will describe what now took place. It was written in Southampton, England, two days after the battle:

SOUTHAMPTON, June 21, 1864.

Sir: I have the honor to inform you that, in accordance with my intention as previously announced to you, I steamed out of the harbor of Cherbourg between 9 and 10 o'clock on the morning of the 19th of June, for the purpose of engaging the enemy's steamer Kearsarge, which had been lying off and in the port for several days previously. After clearing the harbor we descried the enemy with his head off shore, at the distance of about seven miles. We were three-quarters of an hour in coming up with him. I had previously pivoted my guns to starboard, and made all preparations for engaging the enemy on that side. When within about a mile and a quarter of the enemy he suddenly wheeled, and bringing his head inshore, presented his starboard battery to me. By this time we were distant about one mile from each other, when I opened on him with solid shot, to which he replied in a few minutes, and the action became active on both sides. The enemy now pressed his ship under a full head of steam, and to prevent our passing each other too speedily and to keep our respective broadsides bearing, it became necessary to fight in a circle, the two ships steaming around a common center and preserving a distance of each other of from three-quarters to half a mile. When we got within good shell range we opened upon him with shell. Some ten or fifteen minutes after the commencement of the action our spanker gaff was shot away and our ensign came down by the run. This was immediately replaced by another at the mizzen mast-head. The firing now became very hot, and the enemy's shot and shell soon began to tell upon our hull, knocking down, killing and disabling a number of men at the same time, in different parts of the ship. Perceiving that our shell, though apparently exploding against the enemy's sides, were doing him but little damage, I returned to solid-shot firing, and from this time onward alternated with shot and shell.

After the lapse of about one hour and ten minutes our ship was ascertained to be in a sinking condition, the enemy's shell having exploded in our side and between decks, opening large apertures, through which the water rushed with great rapidity. For some few minutes I had hopes of being able to reach the French coast, for which purpose I gave the ship all steam and set such of the fore and aft sails as were available. The ship filled so rapidly, however, that before we had made much progress the fires were extinguished in the furnaces and we were evidently on the point of sinking. I now hauled down my colors, to prevent the further destruction of life, and dispatched a

boat to inform the enemy of our condition. Although we were now but four hundred yards from each other, the enemy fired upon me five times after my colors had been struck. It is charitable to suppose that a ship of war of a Christian nation could not have done this intentionally.

We now directed all our exertions toward saving the wounded and such of the boys of the ship as were unable to swim. These were dispatched in my quarter boats, the only boats remaining to me, the waist boats having

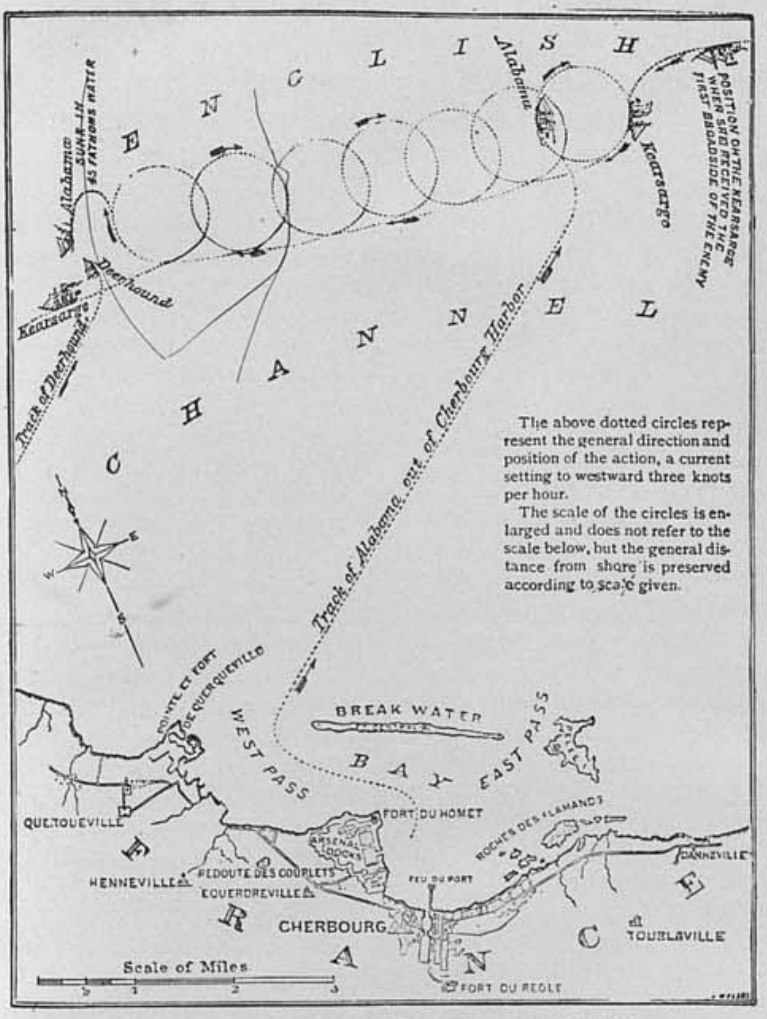
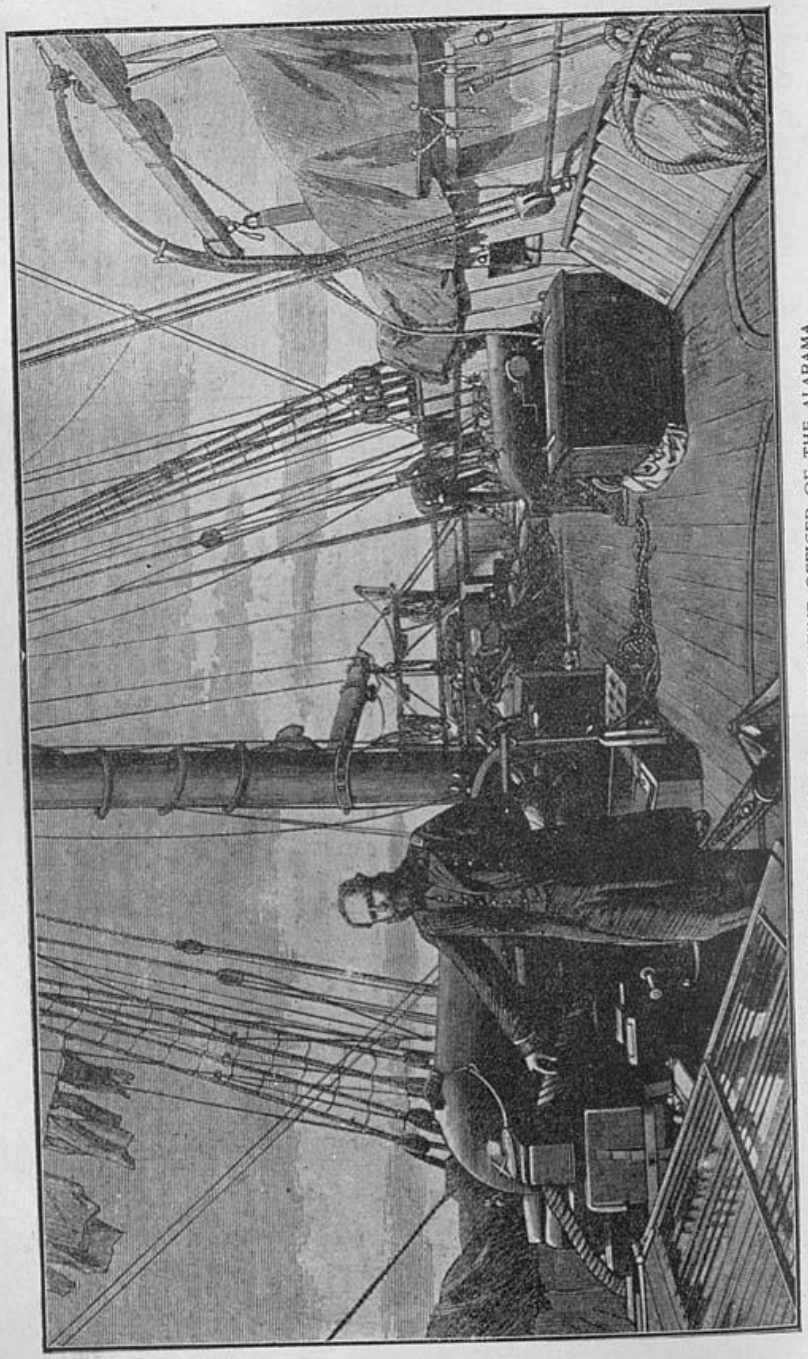


CHART OF THE ACTION OFF CHERBOURG.

been torn to pieces. Some twenty minutes after my furnace fires had been extinguished and when the ship was on the point of settling, every man, in obedience to a previous order which had been given the crew, jumped overboard and endeavored to save himself. There was no appearance of any boat coming to me from the enemy until after my ship went down. Fortunately, however, the steam yacht Deerhound, owned by a gentleman of Lancashire, England—Mr. John Lancaster—who was himself on board, steamed up in



LIEUTENANT MCINTOSH KELL, EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE ALABAMA.
[From a photograph taken at Cape Town, South Africa, August 19, 1863.]

the midst of my drowning men and rescued a number of both officers and men from the water. I was fortunate enough myself thus to escape to the shelter of the neutral flag, together with about forty others, all told. About this time the Kearsarge sent one, and then, tardily, another boat.

Accompanying, you will find lists of the killed and wounded, and of those who were picked up by the enemy and by a couple of French pilot-boats, which were also fortunately near the scene of action. At the end of the engagement it was discovered by those of our officers who went alongside of the enemy's ship with the wounded that her midship section on both sides was thoroughly iron-coated, this having been done with chains constructed for the purpose, placed perpendicularly from the rail to the water's edge, the whole covered over by a thin outer planking, which gave no indication of the armor beneath. This planking had been ripped off in every direction by our shot and shell, the chain broken and indented in many places and forced partly into the ship's side. She was effectually guarded in this section from penetration.

My officers and men behaved steadily and gallantly, and though they have lost their ship they have not lost honor. Where all behaved so well it would be invidious to particularize, but I can not deny myself the pleasure of saying that Mr. Kell, my first lieutenant, deserves great credit for the fine condition in which the ship went into action with regard to her battery, magazine and shell-rooms, and that he rendered me great assistance by his coolness and judgment as the fight proceeded.

The enemy was heavier than myself, both in ship, battery and crew; but I did not know until the action was over that she was also ironclad. Our total loss in killed and wounded is 30, to wit: 9 killed and 21 wounded.

With the greatest respect, I am your obedient servant.

RAPHAEL SEMMES.

It was afterward ascertained that as many as ten were drowned. As stated in the above dispatch, I had the satisfaction of saving all my wounded men. Every one of them was passed carefully into a boat and sent off to the enemy's ship, before the final plunge into the sea was made by the unhurt portion of the crew. Here is the proper place to drop a tear over the fate of a brave officer. My surgeon, D. H. Llewellyn, of Wiltshire, England, a grandson of Lord Herbert, lost his life by drowning. It was his privilege to accompany the wounded men in the boats, to the Kearsarge, but he did not do so. He remained and took his chance of escape with the rest of his brethren in arms, and perished almost in sight of his home, after an absence of two years from the dear ones who were to mourn his loss.

LIEUTENANT MCINTOSH KELL, EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE ALABAMA.
[From a photograph taken at Cape Town, South Africa, August 19, 1863.]

VESSELS CAPTURED AND DESTROYED BY THE ALABAMA

FROM SEPTEMBER 5, 1862, TO APRIL 23, 1864.

THE TOTAL VALUE AMOUNTING TO NEARLY $50,000,000.

Name of Vessel.	Value.
Alert	$ 52,000 00
Altamaha	6,000 00
Amanda	104,442 00
Amazonian	97,655 00
Anna F. Schmidt	350,000 00
Ariel (bonded)	261,000 00
Baron de Castine	6,000 00
Benjamin Tucker	70,200 00
Bethia Thayer	40,000 00
Brilliant	164,000 00
Charles Hill	28,450 00
Chastelaine	10,000 00
Clara L. Sparks	.....
Conrad	69,000 00
Contest	122,815 00
Courser	7,000 00
Crenshaw	33,868 00
Dorcas Prince	44,108 00
Dunkirk	25,000 00
Elisha Dunbar	27,000 00
Emily Farnum	.....
Emma Jane	40,000 00
Express	121,300 00
Golden Eagle	61,000 00
Golden Rule	112,000 00
Harriet Spalding	.....
Hatteras	160,000 00
Highlander	75,965 00
Jabez Snow	72,881 00
John A. Parks	70,000 00
Justina	7,000 00
Kate Cory	28,268 25
Kingfisher	24,000 00
Lafayette (1)	110,337 00
Lafayette (2)	36,025 50
Lamplighter	117,600 00
Lauretta	32,800 00
Levi Starbuck	203,962 50
Louisa Hatch	82,250 00
Manchester	164,000 00
Martha Wenzell	.....
Martaban	97,628 00
Morning Star	61,750 00
Nina	.....
Nora	80,000 00
Nye	31,127 00
Ocean Rover	98,820 00
Ocmulgee	131,712 00
Olive Jane	43,208 00
Palmetto	18,434 00
Parker Cook	25,399 86
Punjab	52,000 00
Rockingham	105,000 00
Sea Bride	100,000 00
Sea Lark	550,000 00
S. Gildersleeve	62,783 00
Sonora	46,545 00
Starlight	4,000 00
Talisman	139,135 00
Thomas B. Wales	245,625 00
Tonawanda	80,000 00
Tycoon	88,559 78
Union	1,500 00
Union Jack	77,000 00
Virginia	30,074 00
Washington	50,000 00
Wave Crest	44,000 00
Weather Gage	10,000 00
Winged Racer	150,000 00

DEPARTMENT XI.

EMBERS FROM THE CAMP FIRE.

"Du Play S'more that Swe-e-e-t Music."

I was marching with the vanguard one day, and the villainous music of one of the bands became so annoying to the General that he turned to the Officer of the Guard and exclamed: "Lieutenant, go and tell them to stop that d—— noise." The

Still Jigging to the Final Echoes.

Lieutenant started, but they corked 'er up of their own accord, such accord as it was. But just before they ceased, we came suddenly into view of a farm house, on the gallery of which was an old lady waving a sun bonnet, and a gawky, bare-legged young woman in the act of jigging at a very lively rate. She was greeted, of course, with yells and complimentary expressions which brought her performance to an end, and she tried to shrink

out of sight behind her "maw." The old lady wasn't at all embarrassed, but screamed out: "O gen-tel-men! *du* play s'more that *swe-e-e-t* music." Unable to withstand this appeal to his gallantry, the General gave a signal to the band to take the cork out again, and they gave vent to a tolerably lively dancing air, which, though as much "a noise" as their previous effort, was irresistible to the young lady. Throwing aside all bashfulness, she stepped boldly out, though with a certain shy turning of her head, and just "come down" with a determined flat-footedness, and with motions as graceful as might be displayed by a kangaroo in a bed-tick. Each successive regiment joined in the yells, but as we turned the bend, and the music ceased, my last glimpse showed her still jigging to the final echoes, and her "maw" waving her sun bonnet in a farewell to "that *sweet* music." The General—rather an austere man—puckered his face into a grim smile, and our Major—a French Creole—who had heard the General's words, exclaimed to a fellow officer: "Chacun à son gout."

LEBER.

A Lucky Shot.

A soldier at the battle of New Berne, N. C., was struck by a Federal bullet, which penetrated his coat, vest and shirt, passing entirely through those garments and burying itself about halfway through a pocket Bible, the same being a gift from his sweetheart. Before entering the battle he had placed the precious book over his heart, as he jocosely remarked, "just for the fun of the thing." It proved an exceedingly lucky act for him, for it saved his life. As soon as he felt the shock, which shock laid him on his back, he pulled the book from its position, gazed at it for a moment in silent wonder, and then exclaimed: "Heaven bless that precious girl! By thunder, that was a lucky shot for me."

"Jest Thought So."

City Point, on the James River, was the landing for transports with soldiers released from Northern prisons on parole. One day, a most woebegone and emaciated "Johnny" sat swinging his shoeless feet from a barrel, awaiting his turn, when a pompous Federal major remarked to no one in particular: "It isn't far to Richmond?" "Reck'n et's near onto three thousin' mile," drawled Johnny, weakly. "Nonsense! you must be crazy!" replied the officer, staring. "Wal, I ent a-reknin' edzact," was

the slow reply. "Jest thought so, kinder." "Oh, you did! And why, pray?" "'Cause it took youens nigh onto foore years to git thar from Washington," was the settling retort.

Whipped the Conductor and Captain.

No officer was more beloved by the soldiers than General Hardee, yet, he was, at times, austere and given to sudden bursts of uncontrollable anger. Upon one occasion he was riding aboard a train, when the conductor fell into an altercation with a sick soldier. The latter had no ticket, but offered Confederate money in pay for his fare. The conductor refused to take it, and started to put the soldier off the train. General Hardee at once interfered, and gave the conductor a terrible mauling, saying, at the conclusion of his efforts, "I have beaten you for two reasons: first, for mistreating a sick soldier; second, for refusing to take Confederate money."

Upon another occasion, there was great haste necessary for unloading a wagon. He called upon a Captain standing by to help with the unloading. The Captain indignantly refused, and expressed astonishment that an officer so well versed in the prerogatives of rank should make such a request. General Hardee replied by giving the dignified Captain a good beating.

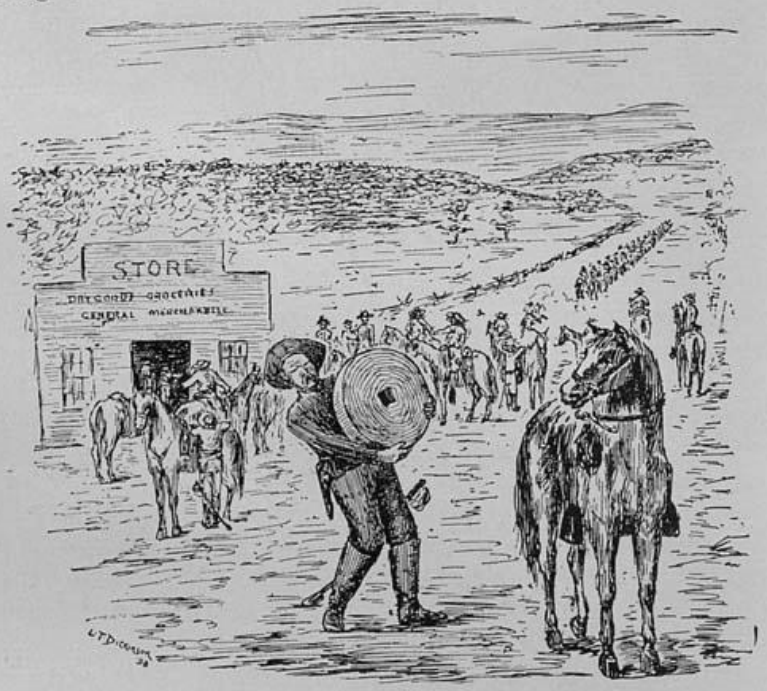
Darky Reminiscences.

"Sam," said a Confederate the other day to a negro in his employment, "were you in the army during the war?" "Yes, *sir;* a little longer than I keered to be." "Were you ever in a fight?" "Lots of 'em." "Which side whipped in your fights?" "Well," said he, resting on his spade and looking away off, "I kin hardly tell. My rigiment was mostly overpowered when we fit." "What was the cause of that?" "Dunno. The Rebs seemed to cover the yearth, and when they yelled it was awful." "Were you ever wounded?" "No, sir; and I never intended to be. Wounded? No, indeed, sir. I'd rather been killed stone dead than had them sturgeons cuttin' and slashin' at me!"

He Captured a Grindstone.

On Jones' West Virginia raid, one day there was a fight near a country store. The house was soon abandoned by the occupants, and when the enemy retired precipitately the store was

plundered. It was first come, first served. In a twinkling the dry goods were gone; then the mob began on the miscellaneous articles. My most valuable capture was a jar of nutmegs. By the time I had them rolled up in a tablecloth the store was about empty. I saw one poor fellow enter and look around for something to steal. There was nothing left in sight but a pile of



grindstones. Uttering a volley of oaths at his bad luck, he shouldered one of these, and marched off triumphantly.

AN EYEWITNESS.

An All-Night Call.

A party of four Confederates paid a visit to some young ladies staying at a farmhouse about six miles from camp. The night was dark and cold and the road was horrid. They were, however, amply rewarded by the warm welcome they received. Three were in love, and soon there were just three pairs of the most absorbed young people to be seen anywhere. The remaining soldier was obliged to talk to the elderly mistress of the house and witness in agony the happiness of his comrades. By twelve o'clock the two had exhausted the war as a topic, and still it was

impossible to catch the eyes of any of the other wretches, so fascinated were they by their fair companions. By three o'clock A. M. they had confided to each other all they knew of earthly things, and sat scowling in gloomy silence. The fire, though often replenished, at last went black out. The candle flickered in the socket. The lady of the house, in despair, left the room. "Gentlemen," said Captain G., arising when the candle was on the point of leaving them in darkness, "the fire has gone out, the lady of the house has gone out, and the candle is about to follow suit. I, at least, am going home." It is needless to say that the visit terminated suddenly, and they failed to get back to camp by morning roll call.

Can Cross on a Log.

When Grant, in command of the Army of the Potomac, crossed the Rappahannock, Lee's veterans, though aware of his previous good fortune, were none the less confident of sending him back as "tattered and torn" as ever were the armies of his numerous predecessors. After he had crossed the river the first prisoners seen were some captured by Mosby. Many questions were asked them by curious Confederates, among others the following: "What has become of your pontoon train?" said one. "We haven't got any," replied a prisoner. "How do you expect to get over the river when you go back?" "Oh!" says the Yankee, "we are not going back. Grant says that all the men he sends back can cross on a log."

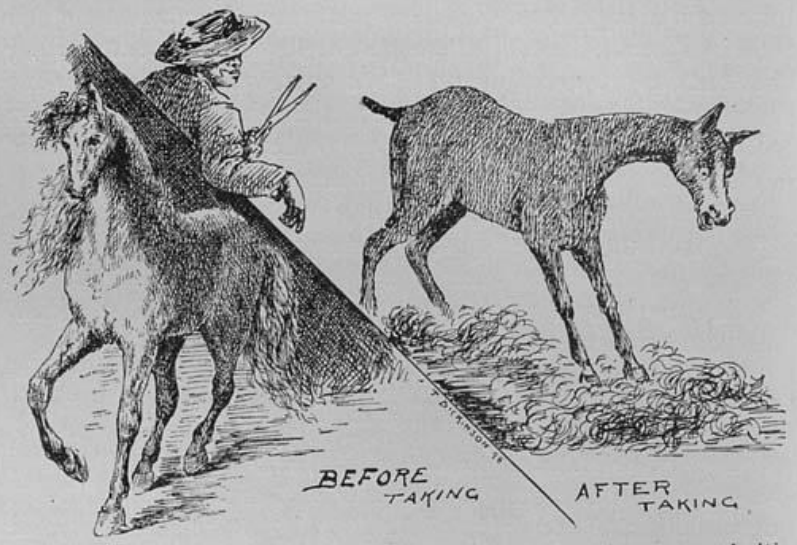
"I Wish I Was a Gal Baby."

During the battle at Kinston, N. C., in the campaign of 1865, I met the First Sergeant of Company A, Second Regiment, North Carolina Junior Reserves, who was going to the rear at double quick, alone and unhurt, but crying as if he was heartbroken. I called and asked the sergeant where he was going, and what was the matter, and why he was crying like a baby; when he only took time to mutter between the sobs, "I—wish—I—was—a—baby—and—a—gal—baby—too—boo—hoo—hoo—hoo!" and then resumed his course and speed. But the facts were these: The North Carolina seventeen-year-old boys were brave, and, like those of Virginia and elsewhere, ready for any emergency. We were state troops, but volunteered to go out of the state to meet the foe, and our first engagement was at Bellfield, Va. At

Kinston, N. C., we drove the enemy back, and merited and received praise of our commander, General L. S. Baker, who, with an empty sleeve, rode up to John H. Anderson, Colonel of the Second Regiment, dropped his bridle on the neck of his horse (after the battle) and, slapping the Colonel on the shoulder, exclaimed, "Ah, Colonel, I'm proud of your boys—I'm proud of 'em!" whereupon the boys made the welkin ring with three cheers for General Baker. REV. JOHN N. ANDREWS.

How Teasly Stole a Horse and Disguised It.

Robertson Teasly was an excellent soldier belonging to the Tenth Tennessee C. S. A. Cavalry, who enlisted in the very incipiency of the Confederate War, serving thenceforth until the final mustering out of the Confederate forces by surrendering in



the spring of 1865, and now lives, an honored and respected citizen, in the great commonwealth of Arkansas, surrounded by his progeny, where his last days are doubtless his best days.

At the battle of Parker's Cross Roads, on the 29th of December, 1862, where the intrepid T. Alonzo Napier, Colonel of the aforesaid regiment, fell while leading his regiment boldly to the front, Robertson Teasly, among the bravest of the brave, became unhorsed, but, having a caballine affection, soon appeared, superbly mounted. On the retreat which followed (for here Forrest met his most signal defeat) Robertson Teasly led the van, for his

charger was an excellent one and magnificent to behold, and a saddler which equaled the best from the bluegrass region of Kentucky. In fact, Robertson, in his earnestness to procure a mount, had no respect of persons and thus appropriated the regimental surgeon's horse. After purloining a pair of shears from a lady that night, he sheared the horse's mane and tail so closely that both exposures were almost blistered. This operation he continued to repeat every few days, although it spoiled the appearance of one of the finest horses in the brigade. By these means he was enabled to keep possession of his magnificent mount, in the daily presence of its rightful owner, two years, four months and seventeen days, in fact, until the surrender at Gainesville, Ala., on the 16th day of May, 1865, when the surgeon, who had been frequently mounted on a mule, often traveling afoot and sometimes forced to ride upon a wagon or to remain in camp, was apprised of the real state of affairs, which explained to the whole regiment one of the greatest mysteries of the period—the real cause which actuated Robertson Teasly to keep the aforesaid horse so closely shaven. His excuse, for this unprecedented and strange conduct upon his part, had always been that the strength of the horse, unlike that of Samson, was not in an abundance of hair, but quite to the contrary. The surgeon accepted the horse in its then condition, but could he have discovered Robertson Teasly's whereabouts there would have been no necessity for a Federal parole to protect him from hostile hands, for the Doctor would have made short work of him, and the state of Arkansas would thereby have been loser many dollars in the way of poll tax, and Robertson Teasly's progeny would have been lost to all eternity.

V. Y. COOK.

"Didn't I Capture You?"

After the battle of Kernstown, when Jackson, with his broken columns, was slowly retreating up the Shenandoah Valley, there was a great deal of miscellaneous fighting between small detachments of the opposing armies. Robert Smith, a Confederate, was quite active on the advanced lines of reconnoissance. Robert, we regret to say, was unduly fond of firewater, and many were the bold efforts he made to get it, on doubtful ground. Upon one occasion he captured a Yankee straggler and led him triumphantly off toward the Confederate lines. Passing a spring, the two stopped to take a cooling draught and sat down to rest. The

prisoner pulled out a concealed flask and hospitably offered Smith a drink. The courtesy was highly appreciated, and very soon, while swapping yarns, the bottom of the flask was reached. "Come," said Smith, "it is time we were going. I must take you to headquarters." "That's cool," said the Yankee—"from a prisoner, too!" Both were fuddled, but Smith particularly.

"Didn't I Capture You?"

"Didn't I capture you?" said the Confederate. "Not by a —— sight!" said Mr. Yankee. "I captured you!" "How is that?" said Smith; and down they sat and argued the question. Just as Smith was about to yield to the overpowering logic of his prisoner, another Confederate arrived and settled the question.

Masked Batteries and Black Horse Cavalry.

Not long after the first battle of Manassas I was hunting in the neighborhood of Centreville, Va., through which the bulk of the Federal army fled. All of a sudden, upon emerging from a piece of woods, I came upon an old woman doing up her week's washing by a spring. After taking a deep draught I sat down on a log and entered into conversation with her. "Did any of the Yankees run back this way?" said I. "Plenty of 'em," she said, stop-

ping the rubbing process and straightening up, holding a dripping garment in one hand. "Did they give any reason for their running away?" said I. "Oh, yes. I hyearn 'em say that masked batteries riz up out ov the groun', and that thar was a hull division chargin' on black hosses." "Pretty badly scared they were, I suppose?" said I. "Well, I should say so," she replied, as she laid the wet rag down. "Two of 'em come through my yard and didn't seem to notice me. They didn't have no arms and mighty little clothes on. One of 'em was bare-headed and barefooted. Sez he, turnin' roun' an' roun', 'Bill, take a good look. Do you see any holes in me?' Bill said no, he couldn't. 'Well,' sez he, 'thank heaven, I am alive!'"

CHARLES FAIRFAX.

Surrendered to a Hog.

Tom Black was a tall, cadaverous-looking cavalryman from the knobs. His gun carried an ounce ball, and the boys called it the "mountain howitzer." Wonderful were the stories he told of killing "varmints sich as painters an' the like" at a quarter of a mile range. There was a great curiosity to catch sight of the Yankees just to see Tom slay them at long taw. "Oh, you better believe old Bet never flickers! Just show me one!" Pretty soon Tom was put on picket. The place was lonely enough in the daytime, but at midnight, when it was so still you could almost hear the stars in their courses, and when under the cover of darkness savage beasts come from their lairs and assassins crouch and watch for their victims, the loneliness was awful. The Yankees were said to be five miles off, but it was not long before Tom was convinced they were sneaking upon him. The fall of every leaf was but like the catlike step of a murderous foe. Presently there was a rustling sound of human feet among the leaves. It was a hungry hog searching for acorns. The sound grew louder and the enemy was plainly no longer trying to conceal his presence. Tom's "each particular hair" began to rise. At last the hog, discovering the sentinel, suddenly wheeled. "Don't shoot!" cried Tom. "I surrender!"

They're Thar Yit, Gineral.

On the evening of the 6th of May, 1864 (the second day of the fighting in the wilderness of Spottsylvania), General J. E. B. Stuart, finding it necessary near nightfall to ascertain whether or

not the line of Federal earthworks in his front had been abandoned, sent an orderly to the Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, in line near by, with the request that the officer in command of that regiment would send him a good man for the performance of a hazardous duty. Private Jim O'Meara, of Company F, was selected, and reported to the General. General Stuart, replying to his salutation, simply said: "You see that line of earthworks? I want to know if it is manned. Ride down within seventy-five or a hundred yards of it, and then turn to the left and gallop parallel with it. If the Yanks are there, you go fast, and they'll shoot behind you." "All right, Gineral. I know it," said Jim, with an appreciative wink. He rode within seventy-five yards of the line, started in the twilight on his run parallel with the line, which, being well manned, was immediately illumined. The fusillade did not cause Jim to swerve. When he had gone nearly half the length of the line his horse received a bullet through his nose, midway between the nostril and eye. Jim deliberately stopped, unslung his carbine, took as careful an aim as he would have done at a squirrel, fired, and resuming his parallel course, completed his run the entire length of the line, and slowly riding to where the General stood at the head of his command, touched his hat and reported, "They're thar yit, Gineral."

By Order of the Burgess.

One of the quiet boroughs of Pennsylvania was suddenly thrown into a state of excitement by a report, afterward ascertained to be false, that Stuart's cavalry were within a few miles of town. During this excitement the burgess, a very ignorant and illiterate man, issued a proclamation, of which the following is a copy: "Fellow cidens: I order yous to take up armes to defend our borow so I order yous to take up armes amedly, and so do not delay. By order of the Burgess, Peter Van Brunt, Burgess.'

Hard on the Parson.

Just after the battle of Perryville, in October, 1862, Dr. Savage, a strong Union man, was at one of his appointments to baptize some children. There was a large crowd, and a sturdy Southern matron brought her four children to the altar. "Name this child," said the Union preacher, laying his hand on the boy's head, "Simon Bolivar Buckner," was the reply, which caused a smile to come over the congregation, but the brave preacher

went on with his duty. "Name this child," taking the next in order. "Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard," was the answer, and the smile grew into a snicker, while Dr. Savage became red in the face. He baptized the young namesake of the great engineer soldier, and went on with the ceremony. "Name this one," he gasped, reaching for the third. "Albert Sidney Johnston," came the answer. The smile became audible, and the preacher apoplectic. Heaving a sigh of relief, he took the fourth child, a

Hard on the Parson.

little girl, whose gender he fondly supposed would preclude a continuation of heroic reproduction, and said: "Name this child," "Mary Stonewall Jackson Lee," came the response that set the congregation in a roar, while the Union parson thought he had held in his arms the whole Southern Confederacy.

I Ish Got to Shmell it All.

During the summer of 1864 there were several officers who had been wounded and one or two privates going up the Valley of Virginia. A rain coming up the party took shelter for the night in a schoolhouse near the road. During the night a skunk

found its way under the floor of the house and in the usual way evinced its presence. All of the officers were aroused from their sleep, but being thorough gentlemen, and each one thinking that he was the only one that the animal had awakened, they kept silent. At length one of the privates, a German, exclaimed, "Mine Got! mine Got!! dish ish too bad; dey shleeps, und I wakes, und I ish got to shmell it all." This broke the charm. There followed a long peal of laughter.

The Bridge is Built, General.

During "Stonewall's" brilliant campaign in the Shenandoah Valley it became necessary that a bridge over a small creek should be built in great haste. One evening Jackson sent for his old pioneer captain, Myers by name, and pointed out to him the urgency of the occasion, saying that he would send him the plan of his Colonel of Engineers as soon as it was done. Next morning Jackson rode down to Captain Myers' quarters, and saluting the veteran, said: "Captain, did you get the plan of the bridge from Colonel ——?" "Well," said the Captain, "the bridge, General, is built, but I don't know whether the *picture* is done or not!"

The Game Rooster.

While the 60th Tennessee (Crawford's) Regiment was camped at Johnson City, winter of 1862, a beautiful red rooster came to the tent of Major Rhea. He was soon tamed and named Tennessee. He was the pet of the regiment. Many battles he fought and never once went down in defeat. He kept the camp clear of other roosters, he was game in its truest sense. He was so tame that he would often fly upon the shoulders of the soldiers and crow.

In the spring of 1863, the regiment and brigade (Vaughn's) were ordered to Vicksburg, Miss. Tennessee stuck to his regiment, and the regiment stuck to Tennessee. Every rooster he saw from the train, on his route, Tennessee would always give a dare by a crow and flapping of his wings. He was in the great siege, and, often when the works were stormed, and shot and shell were falling in every direction, Tennessee would fly upon the works and defy the whole Yankee army with his flapping wings and his mighty voice. At last he went down in defeat. He was made a prisoner of war and was paroled with his regiment. He was carried all the way on horseback from Vicksburg to Blounts-

ville. Tennessee then returned to private life, and never again took up arms against the Federal government, but for his common foe he was always ready, and many a bloody battle he fought and never once was he defeated.

"One at a Time, if You Please!"

One dark and rainy winter's night the writer was ordered to carry food to the men in the trenches. A team was hitched up, and with a loaded wagon and driver we started out. Every challenge was made with the least noise, as the enemy was only a few

"One at a time, if you please!"

rods in front. "Halt, dismount, and give the countersign!" came at every thirty paces. It was rough on my teamster, who was rheumatic and cold. However, we made the trip, and halted at a cavalry post. Major ———, a very paladin for courage and strength, had rolled in my blanket for a snooze; he had driven the enemy with slaughter that day. My Jehu began to recite his annoyances thus: "Cuss the durned infantry, they made me halt, dismount, and give the countersign till I was weary and tarrify wid their foolishness." A roar followed from the couriers. At this moment a trim staff officer of a general, who had lost an

arm, put in his say-so: "I say, hold that noise; the General wants to rest; don't let me hear any more of it." Staff had hardly gone into darkness before Jehu began his old story. It was folly to try to keep back the laugh. A second outburst, and a second entry of staff. "Darn it! did I not order you to stop this noise? Who is it? I'll have him arrested!" Just then, by some strange accident, a donkey put his demure snout in at our fire, and flapping his ears, began his unmistakable bray. Jehu jumped to his feet, and shaking his fist at the donkey, said: "*One at a time, if you please!*" Staff left amid a burst of laughter, as Major ——— (the prince of soldiers) rolled over and over with my blanket, trying to restrain a big laugh.

"Are You a Secesh, Too?"

One day a Federal soldier, a member of an Illinois regiment, while lounging on the banquette in front of Mrs. R.'s house at Bolivar, Tenn., was assaulted by a belligerent calf; in turning around to defend himself, and looking askance at Bully, he exclaimed: "Are you a Secesh too?" and rapidly decamped from a neighborhood where opposition to Yankee invasion was so strikingly developed.

"Good-bye, Boys, I'm Bound for Dixie."

A young Scotchman, named Black, whose parents lived down in Dixie, happened to be in New York City at the breaking out of the war. The lines were at once closed, and Black was snugly caught. Seeing no other way to get back home, he joined the Northern army with the intention of deserting at the earliest opportunity. The command to which he attached himself was immediately ordered to Edwards' Ferry, near Leesburg. One day, while on picket duty at the river, he pretended to be bathing, and being an expert swimmer, he dexterously struck out for the Virginia shore. When about midway the river, the daring little rogue turned and shouted: "Good-bye, boys! I'm bound for Dixie." "Come back, come back, or we'll shoot," answered the guard. "Shoot and be d——d to you," shouted Black, and, in the midst of a shower of minie balls, he reached his destination. He immediately entered the Confederate ranks (joining my company), and very soon proved himself a gallant soldier and a good fighter. In the battle of Leesburg (Ball's Bluff) he performed many acts of daring, and

when approaching night was closing the scene for the day, he was one of a corporal's guard that escorted a full company of Yankees off the hotly-contested ground. As Black was laughing and joking the prisoners, the Federal Captain remarked to him: "I ought to know that voice." "Well, I guess you ought, for I dare say we have met before." "Why, hello, is that you, Charlie Black?" "This is me," jocosely replied the renegade Scotchman. "I couldn't stay with you, Captain, but 'twas not because I was scared to fight; it was just because I did not like the side you were on." Singularly enough, brave Charlie (as he was called afterwards) was escorting his old company, officers and all, to a "Confederate guard house."

CAPT. H. D. STEVENS, 17TH MISS. VOLS.

"Have Me Sent to Meridian."

During the occupation of Tupelo, Miss., by the Confederate troops, under Price, after Bragg had gone on his famous raid into Kentucky, a favorite officer of "Old Pap" was taken very ill, and his death pronounced inevitable by the attending surgeons. While the sufferings of the gallant Captain were at their height, General Price called upon him to condole with him and comfort him in his last moments.

General Price—"Can I do anything for you, my dear friend?

Captain (faintly)—"Nothing."

General Price—"Have you any messages for friends?"

Captain—"None; all my effects are disposed of, and all my relations and dependants provided for."

General Price—"Can not I, in some way, add to your personal comforts?"

Captain—"Do you think I'll die?"

General Price—"The physicians pronounce your case hopeless; what relief can I afford you in this critical period?"

Captain (very faintly)—"Have me sent to Meridian. I think that I can leave this world with less regret from that point than from any other in the universe."

Ramjammed the Coffee Pot.

General M—— was a good officer. His division of infantry was kept well in hand in camp and on the pitched field. Rail-stealing was a bucking offense, and straggling in the presence of the enemy well-nigh a capital one. The consequence was that

method and promptness characterized all his subordinates, and, from posting a sentinel to mustering on the battle front, there were celerity and precision. Perhaps the best organized corps under the despot was his household body of detailed servants. There was John to milk his cow and attend to the headquarters hennery; Solomon, the black cook, to prepare his waffles and omelet for breakfast, and his milk punch at noon. Then there were Bob and Dan, who drove the two headquarter teams to haul the General's private baggage. But above all these towered, hign in authority, Jim, the major-domo of the military family.

General M—— and his military family.

One moonlit evening, two days before Lee's surrender, General M—— was informed by Jim that some supper could be gotten at a house near by. For three days the wagons had not been up, and the General was anxious about them.

"Jim," said he, as we swept along through the broken country, now and then pausing to pick our way across a gully, "how about the wagons?"

"The wagons, sur, is all rite," said Jim, rather hesitatingly.

"How about the horse team?" said the General.

"Jes' leff it, sur, safe an' soun'," was the reply.

"And the mule team? my English coffee-pot is in that, you know."

"Yes," said Jim, "I know. Pretty rough times for it, too. 'Twas packed in a hurry, and—"

"What!" said the General, suddenly halting, "you don't mean to say that anything has happened to my coffee-pot? Why, I wouldn't take a mint of money for it!"

"O, no," replied Jim, "it's all right; only I'm afeard it's got ramjammed a little."

"Ramjammed? thunder and lightning! Who dared to ramjam my coffee-pot?" roared the Major-General.

"I dunno who's dun it," said Jim tremblingly.

"You'd better know," said the General, as he rode forward. If there was one man rejoiced at Lee's surrender, it was Jim, for, like everything else of value, the coffee-pot disappeared at Appomattox.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

In the early part of the war many of the Rebs were very ignorant or disregardful of the strictness connected with guard duty or the "conduct unbecoming of a soldier." One night—or morning—when the second relief, from 4 to 6, had been posted only a few minutes, there was a sudden call from "Post No. 9." I had left one of my own mess there, a simple piney-woods fellow, with no very saintly feelings. I hurried back and demanded to know what in thunder was up, for we were only on ordinary camp ground. "O, Corpul," said he, "do you know whether Clem's give that letter to the Cap'n?" "*What* letter?" "Why, Clem was writing to his folks last night, and I give him a message for my girl, but it just come in my mind I'll bet he thought I meant Lizzie, that went to live with her aunt when her folks moved off. That *useter* be the one, but it ain't now. It's the one as lives at Old Man Ray's, up the bayou a piece, whar me and Clem dug that well, more'n forty foot deep, Corpul." "*Well*," said I, "What of it? What did you call me for?" "Well, Corpul, if you couldn't let me off before reverlee, couldn't you see Clem and tell him to hold on till I come offer guard? Or if he says he's sent the message to the one as lives at Old Man Ray's, then it's all *right*, and he kin let her go. You won't forget, will you, Corpul? 'Cause it might play hell." I answered him—I know not what, and went floundering back through the darkness, wondering if "our army in Flanders" ever had such

excuse for profanity as I had, and if I could find anything in the Articles of War or Cushing's Manual to enable me to have him sentenced to death, with hard labor for life. As to which girl got the message—well, thirty years ago I didn't know or care, and I haven't cared a continental since. LEBER.

What He Thought of the War.

In the summer and fall of 1861, it was the misfortune of quite a number of young men who wore the grey jacket to be stationed for many weeks upon Valley Mountain, in West Virginia. Nobody who was there can ever forget how the rain poured down, day and night, through all those dreary weeks, and how the only "tap" for the poor soldier was the water which fell upon those everlasting hills. Rations were scanty and corn meal the order of the day. Surgeon C——, of the 21st Virginia Regiment, was sitting at his tent door on one of those bleak, gloomy days, wondering if the rain would ever cease, and if we would finally succeed in whipping the Yankees, when a Tennessee Lieutenant came along, looking the very picture of woe. Rumor said that the Lieutenant was too fond of his cups when at home, but here he was of necessity a member of a total abstinence society. The doctor, a wag in his way, and at all times ready and willing to beguile an idle hour with chat, calls in the Lieutenant and enters into a conversation with him. The subject uppermost in the minds of soldiers naturally came up, and the length of the war and its probable results were fully discussed

"Well, Lieutenant," said the surgeon, "after this much experience in the army, what do you think of war?"

The Lieutenant looked out on the falling torrents, and visions of a cozy room at home, and decanters and glasses passed before him. Heaving a deep sigh, he answered:

"I am no military man, doctor, and therefore am not able to express any opinion upon military matters, but I regard the war as the most gigantic temperance movement the world ever saw."

"Whistle, Daughter, Whistle."

While on outpost duty one night, a peculiar whistle was given for the countersign, and any one giving that in reply to the challenge was to be considered "a good man and true." I was lying down, outside the bivouac or lice-eum, as I termed it, when one of the sentries sang out a challenge, which not being properly

answered, the sergeant of the guard was called for. I was but a few steps away, and though rather dark, I could see somebody on horseback a short distance off. The sentry whispered to me that it was the Colonel of our own regiment, and his answer to my challenge convinced me of the fact, but I let on I didn't know him from Queen Victoria, and ordered him to dismount and approach. I met him half way, when we could both see, and recognize each other and he exclaimed: "O, Sergeant, is that you?" "It's me, Colonel." "It's a whistle, I know, two short ones and a long one, but I can't whistle, I never could." He seemed so distressed about it, and being quite an old man, his distress seemed the more pitiable, though rather comical, and knowing nothing in the Articles of War to make a man whistle if he couldn't, any more than the girl could whistle though she was promised a cow, and being quite satisfied he was all right, I let the old man proceed. He made some further remark about having no whistle, but not doubting but what I had, he gave me a little sumthin' to wet it. "Pass, friend, and all's well."

SERGEANT B. B. RAIFORD.

An Extinguisher.

During the late war there were two darkies, servants, attached to Gordon's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, of the Confederate army, who, like some of the soldiers of that army, were divided in their opinion as to the relative merits of Generals Braxton Bragg and Joseph E. Johnston as commanders. Their names were Marsh and Bill. One day they were in a tent by themselves, when a controversy on the subject arose and was overheard by Colonel Horace Rice, who was in an adjoining tent. Marsh was the champion of General Bragg, and after his making a long, incoherent and senseless harangue in support of his favorite; Bill replied as follows: "You arganize and you arganize, but you never locates. You talks and you talks, but you never ascertains no subject." It is needless to say that this was an extinguisher from which Marsh never rallied.—Related by General Geo. W. Gordon, Memphis, Tenn.

His Pants Were Too Short.

W——, of Harrisonburg, Va., was a brave and true soldier. But nature had given him very long and slender legs, and it was not always possible to get a pair of pants, in the quartermaster's

scanty supply, of sufficient length for these attenuated extremities. One day he drew a pair of pants, which were two feet too short, and as he passed by a line of soldiers, they seemed to be a good deal attracted by the appearance of the protruding appendages. One fellow gazed so earnestly at the gallant W—— that he became offended, and said to the impertinent gazer, "I hope you will know me next time." The man made no answer, and W—— stalked on indignantly, when he heard his tormentor remark: "That must be a powerful brave man to venture out in the war on such a par (pair) of legs."

Would be Honest if There Was Nothing to Steal.

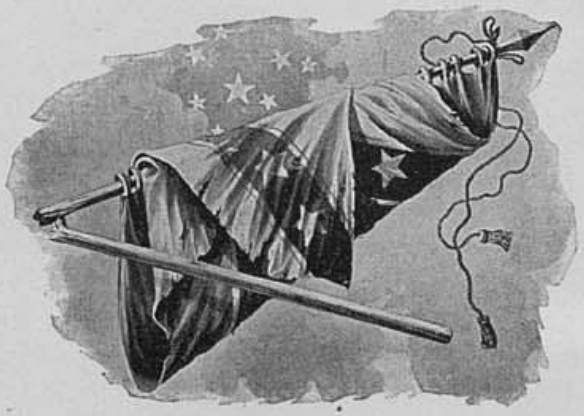
A poor fellow, moved and instigated by the father of all mischief, had taken some property not belonging to himself. He was brought before a court-martial, and having failed to establish an alibi, he next resorted to the expedient, so often practiced, of proving "previous good character." Jerry O'Flynn was called upon to prove the integrity of the Confederate purloiner. Now, it so happened that Jerry did not know anything particularly good about the accused, and his conscience was too tender to permit him to swear to an untruth to save an afflicted friend, though his kindness of heart prompted him to say all that he could, consistently with the obligation of his oath. He stood, therefore, scratching his head, with a perplexed air, when the prisoner proposed the point-blank question: "From your previous knowledge of my character, don't you believe me to be an honest man?" Truth and conscience were on one side, friendship and good feeling were on the other. Jerry was sorely puzzled. At length, a bright thought seemed to strike him, and with a happy smile and relieved expression, he exclaimed, "Faith, an' you would be an honest mon, Jock, ef there was nothing to stale!"

DEPARTMENT XII.

CONFEDERATE POEMS AND SONGS

(SELECTED.)

MARTIAL MELODIES DEAR TO SOUTHERN HEARTS: PATHOS AND PATRIOTISM, RECITED AND SUNG BY THE "LADS IN GRAY," WHICH HAVE ENCOURAGED IN TRIALS, CHEERED BY THE LONELY CAMP FIRE, AND INCITED TO VICTORY.



"Broken is its staff and shattered."

The Conquered Banner.

BY FATHER ABRAM J. RYAN, THE POET PRIEST OF THE SOUTH.

Furl that banner! for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best:
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it,
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Take that banner down, 'tis tattered,
Broken is its staff and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered,
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner! furl it sadly—
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands, wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword could never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
Till that flag would float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it
And the hearts that fondly clasped it
Cold and dead are lying low;
And the banner, it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.
For, though conquered, they adore it,
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it,
And—oh! wildly they deplore it—
Now to furl and fold it so.

Furl that banner! true, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages,
Furl its folds though now we must.
Furl that banner! softly, slowly,
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead;
Touch it not, unfold it never,
Let it droop there, *furled* forever,
For its people's *hopes* are dead.

A Reply to the Conquered Banner.

BY SIR HENRY HOUGHTON, BART., ENGLAND.

Gallant nation, foiled by numbers!
Say not that your hopes are fled;
Keep that glorious flag which slumbers,
One day to avenge your dead.
Keep it, widowed, sonless mothers!
Keep it, sisters, mourning brothers!
Furl it with an iron will;
Furl it now, but keep it still—
Think not that its work is done.
Keep it till your children take it,
Once again to hail and make it
All their sires have bled and fought for;
All their noble hearts have sought for—
Bled and fought for all alone.
All alone! ay, shame the story!
Millions here deplore the stain;
Shame, alas! for England's glory;
Freedom called and called in vain!
Furl that banner sadly, slowly,
Treat it gently, for 'tis holy;
Till that day—yes, furl it sadly;
Then once more unfurl it gladly—
Conquered banner! keep it still!

Oh, No! He'll Not Need Them Again.

Oh, no! he'll not need them again—
No more will he wake to behold
The splendor and fame of his men,
The tale of his victories told!
No more will he wake from that sleep
Which he sleeps in his glory and fame,
While his comrades are left here to weep
Over Cleburne, his grave and his name.

Oh, no! he'll not need them again;
No more will his banner be spread
O'er the field of his gallantry's fame—
The soldier's proud spirit has fled!
The soldier who rose 'mid applause,
From the humblemost place in the van—
I sing not in praise of the cause,
But rather in praise of the man.

Oh, no! he'll not need them again;
He has fought his last battle without them,
For barefoot he, too, must go in,
While barefoot stood comrades about him;
And barefoot they proudly marched on,
With blood flowing fast from their feet;
They thought of the past victories won,
And the foes that they now were to meet.

"I'm killed, boys, but fight it out."

Oh, no! he'll not need them again;
He is leading his men to the charge,
Unheeding the shells, or the slain,
Or the showers of the bullets at large.
On the right, on the left, on the flanks,
He dashingly pushes his way,
While with cheers, double quick and in ranks,
His soldiers all followed that day.

Oh, no! he'll not need them again;
He falls from his horse to the ground!
Oh, anguish! oh, sorrow! oh, pain!
In the brave hearts that gathered around.
He breathes not of grief, nor a sigh
On the breast where he pillowed his head,
Ere he fix'd his last gaze upon high—
"I'm killed, boys, but fight it out," said.

Oh, no! he'll not need them again;
But treasure them up for his sake;
And oh! should you sing a refrain
Of the memories they still must awake,
Sing it soft as the summer-eve breeze,
Let it sound as refreshing and clear;
Tho' grief-born, there's that which can please
In thoughts that are gemmed with a tear.

*On the morning of the battle of Franklin, Tenn., Major-General Patrick Cleburne, while riding along the line encouraging his men, saw an old friend—a captain in his command—barefooted, and his feet bleeding. Alighting from his horse, he told the captain to "please" pull off his boots. Upon the captain doing so, the general told him to try them on, which he did. Whereupon the general mounted his horse, telling the captain he was tired of wearing boots, and could do without them. He would hear of no remonstrance, and, bidding the captain good-by, rode away. In this condition he was killed.

The Pride of Battery B.

BY F. H. GASSAWAY.

South Mountain towering on our right,
Far off the river lay,
And over on the wooded height
We held their lines at bay.

At last the muttering guns were still,
The day died slow and wan;
At last the gunners' pipes did fill,
The sergeant's yarns began.

When, as the wind a moment blew
Aside the fragrant flood
Our brierwoods raised, within our view
A little maiden stood.

A tiny tot of six or seven,
From fireside fresh she seemed
(Of such a little one in heaven
One soldier often dreamed).

And as we stared, her little hand
Went to her curly head
In grave salute. "And who are you?"
At length the sergeant said.

"And where's your home?" he growled again.
She lisped out, "Who is me?
Why, don't you know? I'm little Jane,
The Pride of Battery B.

"My home? Why, that was burned away,
And pa and ma are dead,
And so I ride the guns all day,
Along with Sergeant Ned.

"And I've a drum that's not a toy,
A cap with feathers, too,
And I march beside the drummer boy
On Sundays at review.

"But now, our 'bacca's all give out,
The men can't have their smoke,
And so they're cross. Why, even Ned
Won't play with me and joke!

"Give me some Lone Jack."

"And the big colonel said to-day—
I hate to hear him swear—
He'd give a leg for a good pipe
Like the Yank had over there.

"And so I thought, when beat the drum,
And the big guns were still,
I'd creep beneath the tent and come
Out here across the hill,

"And beg, good Mister Yankee men,
You give me some Lone Jack;
Please do; when we get some again
I'll surely bring it back.

"Indeed, I will, for Ned, he says,
If I do what I say
I'll be a general yet, maybe,
And ride a prancing bay."

We brimmed her tiny apron o'er;
You should have heard her laugh
As each man from his scanty store
Shook out a generous half!

To kiss the little mouth, stooped down.
A score of grimy men,
Until the sergeant's husky voice
Said, "'Tention, squad!" and then

We gave her escort, till good night
The pretty waif we bid,
And watched her toddle out of sight
Or else 'twas tears that hid

Her tiny form—nor turned about
A man, nor spoke a word,
Till after awhile a far, hoarse shout
Upon the wind we heard.

We sent it back, then cast sad eyes
Upon the scene around;
A baby's hand had touched the ties
That brothers once had bound.

That's all—save when the dawn awoke
Again the work of hell,
And through the sullen clouds of smoke
The screaming missiles fell.

Our general often rubbed his glass
And marveled much to see
Not a single shell that whole day fall
In the camp of Battery B.

All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night.

BY LAMAR FONTAINE, SECOND VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men—
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

"And thinks of the two on the low trundle-bed."

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves slowly is creeping,
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There is only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two on the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle, with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for his children asleep—
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine as brightly as when,
That night,when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips, and when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun close up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart swelling.

"And his life-blood is ebbing and splashing."

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary,
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—ha! Mary, good-by,!
And his life-blood is ebbing and splashing!

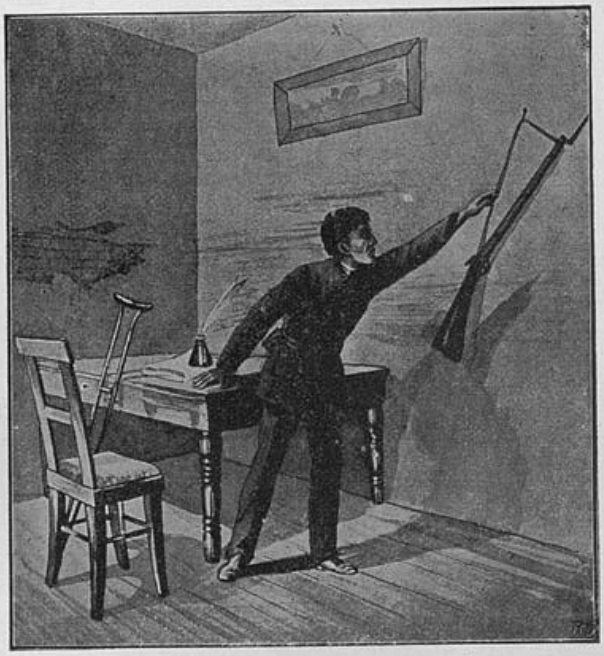
"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever!

Little Giffin.

BY DR. FRANCIS O. TICKNOR.

["A ballad of such unique and really transcendent merit, that in our judgment it ought to rank with the rarest gems of modern martial poetry."—P. H. Hayne.]

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire,
Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene
(Eighteenth battle, and he sixteen!),
Specter such as we seldom see,
Little Giffin of Tennessee!



"Little Giffin was up and away."

"Take him and welcome," the surgeon said;
"Much your doctor can help the dead!"
And so we took him and brought him where
The balm was sweet on the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

Weary War with the bated breath,
Skeleton boy against skeleton Death,
Months of torture, how many such!
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch!
Still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Spoke of the spirit that wouldn't die—

And didn't!—nay, more in death's despite,
The crippled skeleton learned to write!
"Dear Mother," at first, of course, and then,
"Dear Captain," inquiring about the "men."
Captain's answer: "Of eighty and five,
Giffin and I are left alive!"

"Johnson's pressed at the front, they say!"
Little Giffin was up and away;
A tear, his first, as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared." There was news of a fight,
But none of Giffin! he did not write!

I sometimes fancy that were I a king
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of chivalry,
For Little Giffin of Tennessee.

The Contraband.

[A Song of Mississippi Negroes in the Vicksburg Campaign.]

Say, darkies, has you seed my massa,
Wid de mustache on his face?
He came along sometime dis morning
As dough he'd leave de place.
He seed de smoke way up de river,
Where de Lincum gunboats lay;
He took his hat and lef' bery sudden,
I speck he's runned away.

Chorus.—Massa run, aha!
Darky stay, oho!
It must be now dat de kingdom's comin',
In de year of Jubilo.

He's six feet one way, four feet t'other,
And weighs three hundred pounds;
His coat's so big he can't pay de tailor,
And it won't go half around.
He drills so much they call him cap'n;
And he am so very tan,
Speck he'll try to fool dem Yankees
And say he's contraban'.

Dis darky get so very lonesome,
In de cabin on de lawn.
He moves his things to massa's parlor,
To keep 'em while he's gone.
There's wine and cider in de cellar,
And de darkies dey'll have some;
I speck it will be confiscated
When de Lincum soldiers come.

De overseer will give us trouble,
And run us round a spell;
We'll lock him up in de smokehouse cellar,
Wid the key thrown in de well.
De whip is lost and de handcuffs broken,
And massa'll lose his pay;
He's big enough and old enough
Dan to gone and runned away.

Lorena.

[This was the great sentimental song of the war period.]

The years creep slowly by, Lorena;
The snow is on the grass again;
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena;
The frost gleams where the flowers have been.
But the heart throbs on as warmly now
As when the summer days were nigh;
Oh! the sun can never dip so low
Adown affection's cloudless sky.

A hundred months have passed, Lorena,
Since last I held that hand in mine,
And felt the pulse beat fast, Lorena,
Though mine beat faster far than thine.
A hundred months—'twas flowery May,
When up the hilly slope we climbed,
To watch the dying of the day
And hear the distant church bells' chime.

We loved each other then, Lorena,
More than we ever dared to tell;
And what we might have been, Lorena,
Had but our loving prospered well!
But then, 'tis past, the years have gone,
I'll not call up those shadowy forms;
I'll say to them, Lost years, sleep on,
Sleep on, nor heed life's pelting storms.

The story of the past, Lorena,
Alas! I care not to repeat;
The hopes that could not last, Lorena,
They lived, but only lived to cheat.
I would not cause e'en one regret
To rankle in your bosom now—
"For if we try we may forget,"
Were words of thine long years ago.

"A hundred months have passed, Lorena."

Yes, these were words of thine, Lorena—
They are within my memory yet—
They touched some tender chords, Lorena,
Which thrill and tremble with regret.
'Twas not thy woman's heart which spoke—
Thy heart was always true to me;
A duty stern and piercing broke
The tie which linked my soul with thee.

It matters little now, Lorena,
The past is in the eternal past;
Our hearts will soon lie low, Lorena,
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.

There is a future, oh, thank God!
Of life this is so small a part—
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,
But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.

The Dead Man that Lay at My Door.

BY A. I. MOORE.

[In June, 1863, the Kentucky Brigade was encamped at Jackson, Miss. While there the writer of the following lines was confined with fever in what was formerly the Dixon House, then temporarily converted into a hospital under the charge of the Sisters of Mercy. The place being destitute of the necessary equipments, those who died over night were left in the hallway to await the morning for burial.]

At last through the casement is streaming
The soft mellow glow of the dawn.
And night, with its visions and dreaming,
Thank Heaven! forever is flown.
Ah! fearful the night was to me,
As, noiseless, I crept o'er the floor,
With my eyes closed fast, lest I see
The dead man that lay at my door.

The wind o'er the chimney top sighing,
Wailed fitfully out on the night,
Like the wail of some lost spirit flying
Amid the dread regions of fright.
It seemed that all nature, in sorrow,
Did the fate of my comrade deplore,
And with howlings of pity awaited the morrow,
For the dead man that lay at my door.

The lamp on the mantel was burning,
And fitfully lighted the room;
The shadows were dancing and turning
Like specters that peopled the gloom.
In vain did I strive to forget me
In events that had passed long before,
But the demon of dread would not let me—
The dead man that lay at my door.

The rats, in the wainscot at work,
Their stores were moving about,
Whose rattling noise seemed the knock
Of some wandering spirit without.
It was in vain I strove to withstand
The dread impression it bore—
That it came from the cold, withered hand
Of the dead man that lay at my door.

Naught but the deep breathing around
  Betrayed that the living was near,
And they in their slumbers profound,
  Like the dead lay quietly there.
'Twas fruitless to try to awake them—
  Their names did I call o'er and o'er:
As well might I strive to awaken
  The dead man that lay at my door.

"The dead man that lay at my door."

I can bear it no longer! To see
  This sentinel grim at my door,
A feeling too potent for me
  To withstand led me out on the floor.
And there on his lone little bed,
  So still, so calm and so hoar,
Lay the stark, frozen form of the dead—
  This dead man that lay at my door.

A hand on my shoulder was laid.
A voice in my ear, low and kind,
In tones of sweet sympathy said:
"Come, get thee to bed, my poor friend!"
I pointed my finger, and she,
The direction her eyes glancing o'er,
Started and screamed, there to see
This dead man that lay at my door.

On my couch again am I lain,
And in whispers they bade me forget
The visions so freighted with pain,
That my mind in its weakness beset.
But their voices were husky and drear,
And wild was the look that they wore;
They, too, felt a dread and a fear,
Of the dead man that lay at my door.

But the sun in my window shines warm,
And with night have my fears passed away,
And broken's the spell and alarm,
For none fear the dead during day.
I have heard them! They've nailed down the lid,
And slowly and sadly they bore
Away—oh! forever away—
The dead man that lay at my door.

The Little Soldier.

BY J. L. MOLLOY.

"When I'm big I'll be a soldier—
That's what I will be;
Fight for father, fight for mother,
Over land and sea!"
And before him on the table
Stood in bright array
All his little wooden soldiers,
Ready for the fray.
Then he charged his little cannon,
Singing out in glee,
"When I'm big I'll be a soldier—
That's what I will be."

By the firelight sat the mother;
Tears were in her heart,
Thinking of the swift time coming
When they two must part.

* * * * *

Soon the shadow fell between them—
  Soon the years flew by;
He has left his little mother—
  Left her, perhaps to die.
All the laughter gone forever,
  All the sunshine fled;
Only little mother praying
  By his empty bed.

"Then there came the dreadful battle."

Then there came a dreadful battle,
  And upon the plain
Crept the little mother, seeking
  Some one 'mid the slain;
But she never found her darling
  In the white moon gleam,
For the little cannon firing
  Woke her from her dream.
All a dream! He stood beside her,
  Singing out with glee,
"When I'm big I'll be a soldier—
  That's what I will be!"

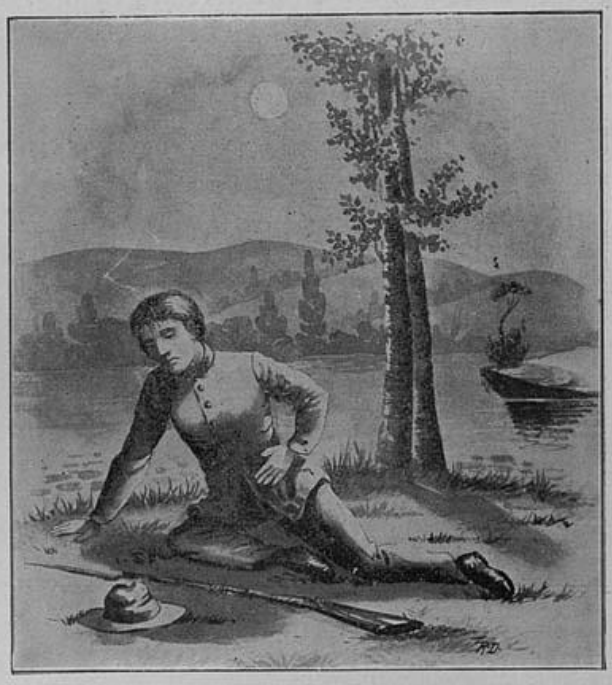
The Dying Soldier Boy.

BY A. B. CUNNINGHAM, OF LOUISIANA.

Air—"Maid of Monterey."

Upon Manassas' bloody plain a soldier boy lay dying!
The gentle winds above his form in softest tones were sighing;
The god of day had slowly sunk beneath the verge of day,
And the silvery moon was gliding above the Milky Way.

The stars were shining brightly, and the sky was calm and blue!
Oh, what a beautiful scene was this for human eyes to view!
The river rolled in splendor, and the wavelets danced around,
But the banks were strewed with dead men, and gory was the ground.



"But the hero boy was dying."

But the hero boy was dying, and his thoughts were very deep,
For the death wound in his young side was wafting him to sleep.
He thought of home and kindred away on a distant shore,
All of whom he must relinquish, and never see them more.

And as the night breeze passed by, in whispers o'er the dead,
Sweet memories of olden days came rushing to his head;
But his mind was weak and deaden'd, so he turned from where he lay,
As the Death Angel flitted by, and called his soul away!

'Twas Just Like Jim.

BY L. W. CANADY.

'Twas just like Jim, in his schoolboy days,
To protect the lad who threw
The paper wad at the big blackboard
On the wall, with aim so true;
'Twas just like Jim to say, "'Twas I,"
And the master's wrath defy—
To shift the blame from a weaker lad
Jim faltered not at a lie.

"'Twas just like Jim to march away."

'Twas just like Jim, when, in sixty-one,
There came the appeal to arms,
And the pleading voice of Peace was hushed
By War and his rude alarms;
'Twas just like Jim to march away—
Tap of drum and music gay—
Looking so handsome, so brave and true,
In his suit of homespun gray.

. . . . . .

'Twas just like Jim, that April day,*
When the broken and sullen lines of gray
Turned anon like a stag at bay,
Rallied and fought, then filed away:
'Twas just like Jim I say:
To be the last
On guard at the bridge where his comrades passed.

*The day before the surrender of Lee.

Firm and motionless, gaunt and grim,
"*No surrender for me!*" said Jim,
Alone he stood, close by the bridge,
When Sheridan's troops rode over the ridge.
A "Yankee shout," a "Rebel yell"—
Three troopers from their saddles fell.
Fewer the living moments grew
For Jim, but his *aim* was never more true;
And when the foe the bridge had gained,
Not a ball in his cartridge box remained;
But never a saber that squadron drew—
They *rode him down, those lines of blue!*

. . . . . .

At Appomattox they called the roll,
But Jim answered not. His wayward soul
Had gone to God to be judged by *Him.*
No surrender! Ah! that was like *Jim.*

"No surrender."

The Baltimore Grays.

BY BUTLER BRAYNE MINOR.

Ah, well I remember that long summer's day,
When round about Richmond our broken ranks lay.
Week in and week out we had been at the front,
And bore without flinching the battle's fierce brunt,
Till, shattered and weary, we needed repose
Ere we met in death struggle our numberless foes.
Our knapsacks were empty, our uniforms worn,
Our feet, from long marching, were naked and torn;
But not a man grumbled in the rank or the file,
We bore all our hardships with a joke and a smile.
For Jackson was with us, and, under his eye,
Each soldier determined to do or to die.

"Old Jack had us out on review."

That evening old Jack had us out on review,
When a glance down the line showed us all something new—
Eighty-seven young boys from old Baltimore,
Who had run the blockade and that day joined our corps.

Their clothes were resplendent, all new, spick and span—
'Twas plain that a tailor had measured each man.
When we learned who they were what a shout we did raise!
How we cheered our new allies, the "Baltimore Grays"!
There were Lightfoots and Carters, and Howards and Kanes,
The grandsons of Carroll, the nephews of Gaines,
And as the brave boys dressed up in a row,
You could see the pure blood of the proud Huguenot.

"Cried 'good-by' to the boys."

But we were old vets of Stonewall's brigade;
We'd been fighting so long that war seemed a trade,
And some of us laughed at the youngsters so gay
Who had come to the battle as if coming to play;
And all through the camp you could hear the rough wits
Cry, "Hullo, young roosters!" and "Dandified cits!"
But the boys took it bravely, and heartily laughed
At the hungry "Confeds" by whom they were chaffed,
Till one ragged soldier, more bold than the rest,
Fired off this rough joke, which we all thought the best:
"Boys, you'd better go home; 'tis getting quite late."
Then the girlish-faced captain spoke up, and said, "Wait!

They didn't wait long, for the very next day
We were ordered right off to the thick of the fray;
For early that morning we heard the dull roar
Of the guns of our foemen on Rapidan's shore,
And all of us knew, with old Jack in command,
If fighting was near him, he'd at once take a hand.
And, sure enough, soon marching orders we got,
And we swung down the road in "foot-cavalry" trot,
The boys were behind us. I fell to the rear,
To see how the youngsters on march would appear.
Their files were close up, their marching was true;
I reported to Stonewall, "Yes, general, they'll do."

"You'll miss not a Gray."

In a few minutes more the action began.
We met the first shock, for we were the van;
We stood to our ranks like oaks of the field,
For Stonewall's brigade never knew how to yield.
Upon us, however, a battery played,
And huge gaps in our ranks were now and then made,
Till Jackson commanded a charge up the hill.
We charged—in a moment the cannon were still.

Jackson said to the Grays, "Such valor you've shown,
You'll veterans be ere your beards are full grown;
In this, your first action, you've proved yourselves bold;
I'll station you here, these guns you must hold."

Then the girlish-faced captain, so straight and so tall,
Saluted, and said, "You'll here find us all,
For, wherever stationed, this company stays."
How we laughed, how we cheered the bold Baltimore Grays!
But the red tide of battle around us still flowed,
And we followed our leader, as onward he rode,
Cried "Good-by" to the boys; take care of the guns—
We'll relieve you as soon as the enemy runs."
Ah, yes, indeed! soon the brave boys were relieved,
But not in the manner we all had believed;
Alas the sisters who weep and the mothers who pine
For the loved and the lost of the Maryland line!

By some fatal blunder our left was exposed,
And by thousands of Federals the boys were inclosed;
They asked for no quarter, their Maryland blood
Never dreamed of surrender—they fell where they stood.
We heard in the distance the firing and noise,
And doubled-quicked back to the help of the boys.
The guns were soon ours, but oh, what a sight!—
Every Baltimore boy had been killed in the fight,
Save the girlish-faced captain, and he scarce alive.
When he saw us around him he seemed to revive,
And smiled when we told him the field had been won,
And the Baltimore Grays had saved every gun.

Then Stonewall rode up and endeavored to speak,
But his utterance was choked, and down his bronzed cheek
The hot tears flowed, as he gazed on the dead.
"God pity their mothers and sisters!" he said.
Then, dismounting, he knelt on the blood-sodden sand,
And prayed while he held the dying boy's hand;
The gallant young hero said, "General, I knew
That the Grays to your orders would always be true;
You'll miss not a Gray from our final roll-call;
Look around you, my general—you'll here find us all."
The blood gushed from his mouth, his head sunk on his breast,
And the girlish-faced captain lay dead with the rest.

Pop Goes the Weasel.

King Abraham is very sick,
Old Scott has got the measles,
Manassas we have now at last—
Pop goes the weasel!

All around the cobbler's house
The monkey chased the people,
And after them in double haste
Pop goes the weasel!

When the night walks in, as black as a sheep,
And the hen on her eggs was fast asleep,
When into her nest with a serpents creep
Pop goes the weasel!

Of all the dance that ever was planned
To galvanize the heel and the hand,
There's none that moves so gay and grand
As—pop goes the weasel!

The Original "Dixie."

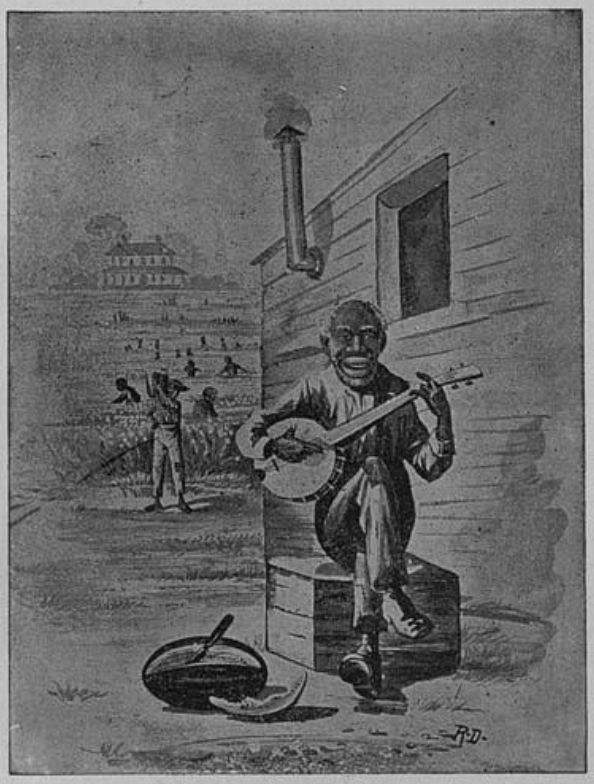
[The song "Dixie" is indelibly connected with the South. We all know the air, but how few have seen the original song! There have been many versions, but we give here the original from which they all sprang.]

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land, whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll took my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie;
Away, away, away down South in Dixie;
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

Old missus marry "Will de weaber."
William was a gay deceaber,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.
But when he put his arm around 'er,
He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.

His face was as sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greab 'er.
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.
Old missus acted the foolish part,
And died for the man dat broke her heart,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.



"Away down South in Dixie."

Now here's a health to the next old missus,
And all the gals dat want to kiss us.
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.
But if you want to drive away sorrow,
Come and hear dis nig to-morrow,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.

Dar buckwheat cakes and ingen batter
Makes you fat or a little fatter.
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's Land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.

The Coat of Faded Gray.

BY G. W. HARRIS.

A low hut rests in Lookout's shade,
As rots its moss-grown roof away,
While sundown's glories softly fade,
Closing another weary day.
The battle's din is heard no more,
No more the hunted stand at bay,
The breezes through the lowly door
Swing mute a coat of faded gray,
A tattered relic of the fray,
A threadbare coat of faded gray.

"'Tis hanging on the rough log wall."

'Tis hanging on the rough log wall,
Near to the foot of a widow's bed,
By a white plume and well-worn shawl—
His gift the happy morn they wed;
By the wee slip their dead child wore—
The one they gave the name of May;
By her rag doll and pinafore—
By right 'tis here, that coat of gray
A red-fleck'd relic of the fray,
An armless coat of faded gray.

Her all of life now drapes that wall;
But poor and patient, still she waits
On God's good time to gently call
Her, too, within the jewel'd gates;
And all she craves is here to die—
To part from these and pass away,
To join her love eternally
That wore the slip—the coat of gray,
The shell-torn relic of the fray,
Her soldier's coat of faded gray.

Stonewall Jackson's Way.

[Found on the Body of a Sergeant of the Old Stonewall Brigade, Winchester, Va.]

Come, stack arms, men! pile on the rails,
Stir up the camp-fire bright;
No matter if the canteen fails,
We'll make a roaring night;
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's rousing song,
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now! the old slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew—
The shrewd, dry smile, the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue Light Elder" knows o'er well—
Says he: "That's Banks—he's fond of shell.
Lord, save his soul! we'll give him"—well,
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
Old Blue Light's going to pray;
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention! 'tis his way!
Appealing from his native sod,
In firma pauperis to God—
"Lay bare thine arm, stretch forth thy rod;
Amen!" That's "Stonewall's way."

He's in the saddle now! Fall in!
Steady—the whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off! He'll win
His way out, ball and blade;

What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn!
"Quick step, we're with him before dawn!"
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning, and, by George,
There's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge—
Pope and his Yankees whipped before—
"Bayonet and grape!" hear Stonewall roar,
Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score
In "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Ah, maiden! wait and watch and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band;
Ah, widow! read with eyes that burn
That ring upon thy hand;
Ah, wife! sew on, pray on, hope on,
Thy life shall not be all forlorn—
The foe had better ne'er been born,
Than get in "Stonewall's way."

Only a Private.

BY F. W. D.

Only a private! his jacket of gray
Is stained by the smoke and the dust;
As Bayard he's brave, as Rupert he's gay,
Reckless as Murat in heat of the fray,
But in God is his only trust!

Only a private! to march and to fight,
To suffer and starve and be strong;
With knowledge enough to know that the might
Of justice and truth, and freedom and right
In the end must crush out the wrong!

Only a private! no ribbon or star
Shall gild with false glory his name!
No honors for him in braid or in bar,
His Legion of Honor is only a scar,
And his wounds are his roll of fame!

Only a private! one more hero slain
On the field lies silent and chill!
And in the far South a wife prays in vain—
One clasp of the hands she may ne'er clasp again,
One kiss from the lips that are still!

Only a private! there let him sleep,
He will need no tablet nor stone;
For the mosses and vines o'er his grave will creep,
And at night the stars through the clouds will peep,
And watch him who lies there alone!

Only a martyr! who fought and who fell,
Unknown and unmarked in the strife!
But still as he lies in his lonely cell,
Angel and seraph the legend shall tell—
Such a death is eternal life!

NOVEMBER 19, 1861.

"Only a private."

The Soldier's Amen.

As a couple of good soldiers were walking one day,
Said one to the other: "Let's kneel down and pray;
I'll pray for the war, and good of all men,
And whatever I pray for, do you say 'Amen!'

"We'll pray for the generals and all of their crew,
Likewise for the captains and lieutenants, too;
May good luck and good fortune them always attend,
And return safely home!" Said the Soldier—"Amen!"

Said the Soldier, "Amen."

"We'll pray for the privates, the noblest of all;
They do all the work and get no glory at all;
May good luck and good fortune them always attend,
And return crowned with laurels!" Said the Soldier—"Amen!"

"We'll pray for the pretty boys who want themselves wives,
And have not the courage to strike for their lives;
May bad luck and bad fortune them always attend,
And go down to Old Harry!" Said the Soldier—"Amen!"

"We'll pray for the pretty girls, who make us good wives,
And always look at a soldier with tears in their eyes;
May good luck and good fortune them always attend,
And brave gallants for sweethearts!" Said the Soldier—"Amen!"

"We'll pray for the conscript, with frown on his brow,
To fight for his country he won't take the vow;
May bad luck and bad fortune him always attend,
And die with dishonor!" Said the soldier—"Amen!"

My Warrior Boy.

Thou hast gone forth, my darling one,
To battle with the brave,
To strike in freedom's sacred cause,
Or win an early grave;

"If a mother's tears could call thee back."

With vet'rans grim, and stalwart men,
Thy pathway lieth now,
Though fifteen summers scarce have shed
Their blossoms on thy brow.

My babe in years, my warrior boy!
Oh, if a mother's tears
Could call thee back to be my joy
And still these anxious fears.

I'd dash the traitor drops away,
That would unnerve thy hand,
Now raised to strike in Freedom's cause
For thy dear native land.

God speed thee on thy course, my boy,
Where'er thy pathway lie,
And guard thee when the leaden hail
Shall thick around thee fly;
But when our sacred cause is won,
And peace again shall reign,
Come back to me, my darling son,
And light my life again.

The Countersign.

Alas! the rolling hours pass slow—
The night is very dark and still—
And in the marshes far below
Is heard the lonely whippoorwill;
I scarce can see a foot ahead—
My ears are strained to catch each sound.
I feel the leaves beneath me spread,
And the springs bubbling thro' the ground.

Along the beaten path I pace,
Where white rays mark my sentry's track;
In formless things I seem to trace
The foeman's form, with bended back.
I think I see him crouching low!
I stop and list—I stop and peer—
Until the neighboring hillocks grow
To groups of soldiers, far and near.

With ready piece I wait and watch
Until my eyes—familiar grown—
Detect each harmless earthen notch,
And turn "guerrillas" into stone;
And then amid the lonely gloom,
Beneath the tall magnolia trees,
My silent marches I resume
And think of other times than these.

"Halt! who goes there?" my challenge cry—
It rings along the watchful line—
"Relief!" I hear a voice reply.
"Advance and give the countersign!"

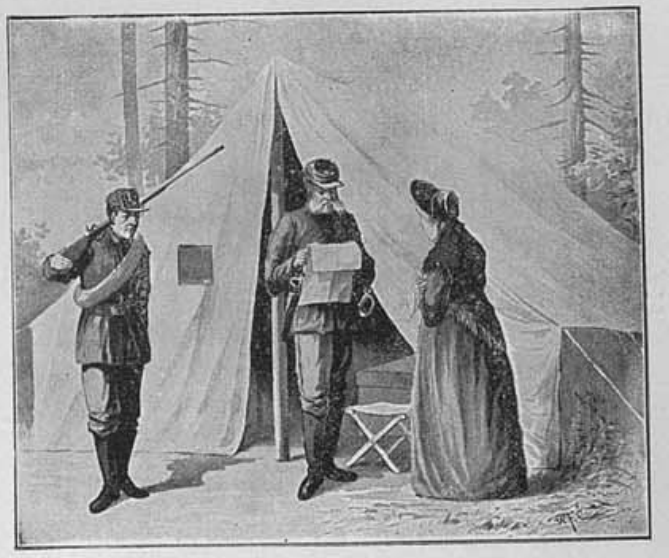
With bayonet at the charge I wait—
The corporal gives the mystic spell—
With "arms aport" I charge my mate
Then onward pass, and all is well!

But in my tent, that night awake,
I ask, "if in the fray I fall,
Can I the mystic answer make
When the angelic sentries call?"
And pray that heaven so ordain,
Where'er I go, what fate be mine,
Whether in pleasure or in pain
I still may have the "countersign!"

Reading the List.

ANONYMOUS (SOUTHERN).

"Is there any news of the war?" she said.
"Only a list of the wounded and dead,"
Was the man's reply,
Without lifting his eye
To the face of the woman standing by.



"Read me a list of the wounded and dead."

"'Tis the very thing I want," she said;
"Read me a list of the wounded and dead."
He read the list; 'twas a sad array
Of the wounded and killed in the fatal fray.

In the very midst was a pause to tell
Of a gallant youth who fought so well
That his comrades asked: "Who is he, pray?"
"The only son of the Widow Gray,"
Was the proud reply
Of his captain nigh . . .

What ails the woman standing near?
Her face has the ashen hue of fear!
"Well, well, read on; is he wounded? Quick!
O God! but my heart is sorrow-sick!
Is he wounded?" "No; he fell, they say—
Killed outright on that fatal day!"
But see, the woman has swooned away!

Sadly she opened her eyes to the light;
Slowly recalled the events of the fight;
Faintly she murmured: "Killed outright!
It has cost me the life of my only son;
But the battle is fought, and the victory won,
The will of the Lord, let it be done!"

God pity the cheerless Widow Gray,
And send from the halls of eternal day
The light of His peace to illumine her way.

Dear Mother, I've Come Home to Die.

BY E. BOWERS. MUSIC BY HENRY TUCKER.

Dear mother, I remember well
The parting kiss you gave me,
When merry rang the village bell—
My heart was full of joy and glee:
I did not dream that one short year
Would crush the hopes that soared so high!
Oh, mother dear, draw near to me!
Dear mother, I've come home to die.

Chorus—Call sister, brother to my side,
And take your soldier's last good-by.
Oh, mother dear, draw near to me!
Dear mother, I've come home to die.

Hark! mother, 'tis the village bell;
I can no longer with thee stay;
My country calls to arms! to arms!
The foe advance in fierce array!

The vision's past—I feel that now
For country I can only sigh.
Oh, mother dear, draw near to me!
Dear mother, I've come home to die.

Dear mother, sister, brother, all,
One parting kiss—to all good-by:
Weep not, but clasp your hand in mine,
And let me like a soldier die!
I've met the foe upon the field,
Where hosts contending scorned to fly;
I fought for right—God bless you all!—
Dear mother, I've come home to die.

"Dear mother, I've come home to die."

The Bonnie Blue Flag.

BY HARRY MACARTHY.

We are a band of brothers, and native to the soil,
Fighting for our liberty, with treasure, blood and toil;
And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose near and far,
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag, that bears a single star!

CHORUS—Hurrah! Hurrah!! for the Southern Rights, Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star!

As long as the Union was faithful to her trust,
Like friends and like brethren, kind were we and just;
But now when Northern treachery attempts our rights to mar,
We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.
Chorus.

First, gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand,
Then came proud Alabama, who took her by the hand;
Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia and Florida,
All raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.
Chorus.

Ye men of valor, gather round the banner of the right;
Texas and fair Louisiana, join us in the fight;
Davis, our loved President, and Stephens, statesman rare,
Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.
Chorus.

And here's to brave Virginia! the Old Dominion State,
With the young Confederacy at length has link'd her fate;
Impelled by her example, now other states prepare
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.
Chorus.

Then cheer, boys, raise the joyous shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out;
And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given,
The Single Star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be Eleven.
Chorus.

Then here's to our Confederacy, strong we are and brave,
Like patriots of old, we'll fight, our heritage to save;
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer,
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

CHORUS — Hurrah! Hurrah!! for Southern Rights, Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag has gained the Eleventh Star!

Goober Peas.

BY A. PENDER.

One of the most widely-known Confederate songs. The melody suited a soldier, and in his gayest mood he roared out: "Peas! Peas! Peas!" with a gusto that was charming.

Sitting by the roadside, on a summer day,
Chatting with my messmates, passing time away,
Lying in the shadow, underneath the trees,
Goodness, how delicious, eating goober peas!

CHORUS — Peas! Peas! Peas! Peas! eating goober peas!
Goodness, how delicious, eating goober peas!

When a horseman passes, the soldiers have a rule
To cry out at their loudest, "Mister, here's your mule;"
But another pleasure, enchantinger than these,
Is wearing out your grinders eating goober peas!
Chorus.

Jus' before the battle the general hears a row,
He says: "The Yanks are coming, I hear their rifles now;"
He turns around in wonder, and what do you think he sees?
The Georgia militia eating goober peas.
Chorus.

I think my song has lasted almost long enough,
The subject's interesting, but the rhymes are mighty rough,
I wish this war was over, when, free from rags and fleas.
We'll kiss our wives and sweethearts and gobble goober peas.
Chorus.

My Maryland.

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My Mother-State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life or death, for woe or weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy gleaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come! to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And ring thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Old Folks at Home.

Way down upon the Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation
And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS—All de world am sad and dreary
Ebrywhere I roam,
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wander'd
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many old songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder
Happy was I.
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me live and die.

Chorus.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a humming
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming
Down in my good old home?

Chorus.

Tell the Boys I'm Coming Soon.

Where a hundred, sick and dying,
Groaned in agony and pain;
Where the whizzing shells were flying
Fast as comes the pelting rain,
Was a soldier quickly straying
Unto death's remorseless swoon;
Still he woke up, firmly saying:
"Tell the boys I'm coming soon."

CHORUS—"Tell the boys I'm coming soon;
Tell the boys I'm coming soon."
Still he woke up, firmly saying:
"Tell the boys I'm coming soon."

"Did you hear it not, the rattle
Of the canister, the crash,
Hear the furious peal of battle,
See the cannon's lightning flash?
God of heaven! my bosom's swelling,
Beating to the bullets' tune.
Listen to their distant yelling!
Tell the boys I'm coming soon."

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