PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

[Fourth Paper.]

EXPECTANCY.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

After the excitement incident to the operations about Ball's Bluff had died away, the truth of this proverb was painfully realized. The "ninety-day" theory was completely exploded. Those who had flattered themselves that the conflict would be "sharp and short," that a single victorious and glorious campaign would crush the rebellion, were now disenchanted. My own hopes had controlled my judgment on that subject, and made me visionary. I had hoped for myself to be able speedily to return to congenial pursuits and my domestic circle. I had hoped for the Southern people that a speedy collapse of their frenzy would save them from the inevitable ruin which must result from a protracted war. I had hoped for my coun-

try that the spectacle she now presented to the world—exciting the derision of her enemies, the melancholy pity of her friends—would presently be changed by the "returning good sense of the people:" a phrase often used by disappointed parties, but rarely realized by those of certain opinions.

The results of the late campaign had dissipated all these hopes. The war which had burst upon many like a thunder-clap from a cloudless sky, without any apparent adequate cause, a surprise, a concatenation of accidents, was now developing into a reality whose proportions and consequences it was bewildering to estimate. The peace-loving people who had no interest in the war, who voted against it, who abhorred it, were nevertheless fighting as fiercely and determinately as those who initi-
ated the quarrel and blew the trumpets. The *certaminis gaudia* had got possession of the sections. The hurrah for our side had now completely drowned the voice of reason, interest, or policy. An interminable and gloomy vista began to open before us. That the American people would prevail in the end who could doubt?—but at what a cost! Their best blood must flow in rivers; their accumulated wealth wasted like water, their mild and paternal government embittered, and hardened perhaps into an iron despotism. All that, perhaps, and worse. Well, let it come! "The Federal Union—it must and shall be preserved!" Let this fair land, from the Potomac to the Gulf, become a howling wilderness, so that the Right prevail and the Nationality is established. War to the last man and the last dollar!

The mind easily resigns itself to the inevitable. War, with its fatigues, privations, and fearful hazards, has its compensating glories and rewards.

"Still, still, forever
Better though each man's life-blood were a river
That it should flow, and overflow, than creep
Through thousand lazy channels in our veins
Dammed like the dull canal, with locks and chains.
Better be
Where the extinguished Spartans still are free,
In their proud charnel of Thermopylae,
Than stagnate in dishonorable peace;
Better one current to the ocean add,
One spirit to the souls our Fathers had,
One freeman more, America, to thee!"

Henceforth I begin to pay more attention to the details of a soldier's profession; to calculate distances, take bearings, study fortifications and tactics, read treatises on grand strategy, and dream of feats of arms and future campaigns. I was but a globule of the blood of the Great Nation which was warming up to the subject in hand.

Oct. 27.—Having surveyed the roads and topography in the vicinity of Edwards's Ferry we broke camp to-day, and followed our division back to its position near Darnestown. We found the locality of head-quarters changed from the old place in the pines to Magruder's Farm, about two miles below the village. The General and staff occupied the farm-house; the topographers established themselves among the ruined chimneys of an old mansion which had been burned some time ago. The tents were pitched under the trees in the grass-grown enclosure; while the kitchen and mess-room were established in the cellar walls. We had news
of the occupation of Romney by General Kelley.

November 1.—Bright and cool. Captain A—commenced a course of lessons in field fortification. An earth-work redoubt was planned in a neighboring field, and working parties from the different regiments were detailed to execute it, thus familiarizing the officers and men with this essential branch of a soldier's duty. War is the practical application of all human science—creative, conservative, and destructive.

November 2.—During the night a northeast storm arose, shaking my tent so violently that I could not sleep. About two o'clock A.M. I went out to look after my tent-pegs, and saw that Captain A—'s tent had blown down, exposing his bed, books, and papers to the rain. He was absent; so I aroused Benjamin and the Swizertes, and righted matters; after which I returned to bed, but not to sleep. During the whole day the storm raged with unabated fury. With Benjamin's assistance we reinforced our tent-cords and pins, ditched about them to prevent overflow, and finally regulated the Captain's tent. General Banks called to see us about mid-day, and the violence of the storm suggested fears in regard to the Grand Armada, under Burnside, recently sailed for parts unknown. Several officers called to report for fortification duty, but were dismissed until the following morning on account of the weather.

November 3.—Clear and cloudless, with high wind. Ate an enormous breakfast, and afterward discussed the merits of Hawthorne and Longfellow with Luce. Wrote to my wife, and studied fortification. In the afternoon visited the signal-station on the old Chestnut—from whence, through the glass, we could see the signal-tower on Maryland Heights, opposite Harper's Ferry (thirty-two miles distant), and read the signals from the flag. Returning met some Martinsburg men, who were enlisted in the First Maryland Regiment. These gave me some news of individual acquaintances there of a private and unimportant character. An officer of the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers told me the following anecdote of Edwards's Ferry:

During our occupation of the Virginia shore picket posts were established along Goose Creek, and when the retreat was ordered a sergeant was dispatched to call in the pickets. The sergeant, thinking it might be dangerous, shirked the duty and slipped over the river with the retiring troops without executing his mission. The men on duty remained at their posts all night (ten hours), and finding that the expected relief did not come returned to the mill, where the post head-quarters had been established. This they found vacant. They then returned to the regimental bivouac, and found that also deserted. Making their way to the ferry landing, they called a boat, and were thus enabled to rejoin their regiment in Maryland. I remember seeing these men come down to the landing and wondered at their tardiness. Ten minutes after a party of Confederate cavalry appeared on the ground—the reconnoitring party referred to before.

This evening at head-quarters the idea of spending the winter in Winchester was discussed. I pressed it with all the argumentative zeal that I was capable of; but the military opinion of the staff seemed rather against it. They insisted that we would in all likelihood have a hot winter there, and one which might be unhealthy. Inaction sits most heavily on men newly entered into military life. The veteran's power is in patience. The lesson of life, civil or military, is in knowing how to bide one's time.

November 8.—Clear and pleasant. This even-
ing a sergeant with his guard, who had been on picket duty at Seneca Mills, lost his way in attempting to return to the regiment, and called at our quarters for directions. This is one of the disadvantages that men born and educated in cities and work-shops have to contend with in military life. Their topographical faculties having never been cultivated, they have no capacity to find their way in the fields and forests. The sergeant reports that six or eight dead bodies of National soldiers drowned at Ball's Bluff have been picked up at the mouth of the Seneca.

Among the most pleasant features of our military life are the delightful serenades, vocal and instrumental, that are got up almost every evening for the entertainment of head-quarters. The bands of the Massachusetts regiments, which are the best in our division, give us the instrumental music, while the Zouaves of the body-guard are charming vocalists, and not sparing of their music, especially since the advent of a company of cavalry detailed for duty at head-quarters. The musical rivalry between this company and the Zouaves inures to the enjoyment of all the circumjacent camps.

This company of Zouaves was brought from Philadelphia by Captain Collins, a young lawyer of that place, and not being connected with any regimental organization was assigned to duty as the General's body-guard. They wear a sort of Turkish costume with breeches of extraordinary redness, enlivening by its brilliancy the prevailing dinginess of our regulation blue. A number of these fellows are Europeans, and some having served in the Crimea, show themselves adepts at divers of the minor military accomplishments, forgoing included. I exercised my pencil to-day in portraying one of the strongest characters among them, an old Frenchman of various Crimean reminiscences, at present chief wagon-master of the body-guard.

I passed an evening with some West Point officers, discussing the character and capacities of their old class-mates and comrades who had gone South. As these opinions expressed in November, 1861, around a camp-fire, may be interesting at some distant day I will record them:

Joe Johnston is considered the foremost man among the Southern leaders in point of general ability and military genius. A man eminently brave, energetic, and ambitious; capable of enlarging views in war or politics, and one who will take the highest position in case the rebellion succeeds. Cold and concentrated in manner, of invulnerable self-possession, he will exhibit great vigor in the field, but will probably lack confidence and steadfastness under reverses.

Robert Lee, who was the favorite officer of General Scott, is supposed to be much overrated, and not to have inherited the military genius that so greatly distinguished his father, Light-Horse Harry Lee of Revolutionary memory. In manners and deportment Lee is the complete gentleman—handsome, dignified, and courteous—an accomplished engineer, thorough in his observations, and almost infallible in his decisions on points examined; but so slow in arriving at conclusions, and so cautious in action, that he will probably be beaten by a more active and less calculating opponent in the field. Lee was always considered a good staff-officer, but failed as a colonel of cavalry. He is supposed to have won the regard of General Scott as much by the uniform urbanity of his manners as by his engineering talents.

Beauregard is also a capital engineer, but for general command in the field is an inferior man. He will, however, sustain himself against reverses better than either of those mentioned, rising against adversity he will be found fighting to the last.

Braxton Bragg, lately appointed Secretary of War in the Confederate Government, is a bright, clever man in his profession, but limited in capacity and not likely to achieve high distinction in the present struggle. In social life he is sour and cynical; in command, an overbearing martinet.

Albert Sydney Johnston is by birth a Kentuckian, and is the General Johnston of the Mormon Expedition. He is a man decided in council, energetic and resolute in action, possessing a large amount of practical wisdom and vigorous common sense, and full of very strong prejudices withal.

Magruder is a light man, dissipated, dressy, and full of knight-errant valor. In developing the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, his genius is Napoleonic. He may execute a brilliant demonstration, or succeed in a harebrained adventure, but lacks solid and reliable military qualities as well as comprehensive judgment.

Jackson was a hard and earnest worker at West Point, but dull in some important branches. He was secluded and peculiar in his social habits, and so much of a hypochondriac that it seemed to indicate occasional aberration of mind. He had been brevetted for gallantry in Mexico, but owing to his peculiarities of character will probably not be trusted in any important command by the Confederate chiefs.

Evans—"Shanks Evans" as he was familiarly called by his old comrades—is considered an inferior soldier, and without much ability otherwise. His luck at Ball's Bluff may give him position, but he will in all probability not sustain it.

Jeff Davis is himself an educated soldier, and was the best Secretary of War we have ever had at Washington; the only one who entirely ignored politics in the administration of his Department. He is for the rest a narrow-minded martinet, full of prejudice, obstinacy, and vindictiveness, which latter characteristics may be serviceable to our Government before the war is over.

November 12.—Clear and frosty. I was talking last night with some of the officers about the Rocky Mountains. Their descriptions of
the strange and sublime scenery, the breezy healthfulness of the atmosphere, the picturesque quality of the Indian encampments, manners, and costumes, the wild beasts, birds, and fishes with which those regions abounded, quite fired my imagination. Captain A—— relates that on one occasion in traveling up a gorge in these mountains he saw three strange figures approaching by the narrow way. They appeared to be very old men, so extremely old that they seemed almost to have taken leave of humanity. Their strange and savage countenances were half hidden in growth of grizzled hair and whiskers. They moved with an awkward, shambling gait, so weird and uncoil altogether that their approach was watched with mingled emotions of curiosity and terror. When quite near they were discovered to be Grizzly Bears——a mother and two cubs nearly grown. Both parties halted, reconnoitred each other, and then tacitly entered into an amicable arrangement, which permitted each to go on its way rejoicing.

November 13.—Clear and cold. Information was received at head-quarters that Jackson was at Winchester with twenty-five thousand men, and Joe Johnston in the same vicinity with forty thousand. This disturbs our plan for occupying Winchester. If true, it means more than defense against any premeditated move of ours. But the whole statement is without foundation, or the force is greatly exaggerated. I volunteered to ride up the river as far as Hancock, reconnoitre the positions, and obtain reliable information.

Starting after dinner, I arrived at Poolesville just as General Stone and staff were sitting down to supper. The General was about starting for Washington and left me in occupancy of his tent for the night. It was believed here that a portion of the troops about Leesburg had moved in the direction of Winchester.

November 14.—I continued my ride to the month of the Monocacy, crossed on the aqueduct, and followed the tow-path to Point of Rocks. The line was guarded by a regiment of Philadelphia Zouaves, stationed at Monocacy, and Colonel Geary's Pennsylvania regiment, stationed at Point of Rocks. The picket-posts were all alert. I was amused and pleased with the varied ingenuity exhibited in the huts and shelters erected to protect them from the rains and frost. At the Point of Rocks I met Colonel Geary, who seems to be a capital officer, and has a fine regiment. His accurate knowledge of the topography of Loudon County, opposite, gives him great advantages, and shows that the Government has one man, at least, in the right place. Pushed on to Sandy Hook by way of the tow-path, and stopped with Major Tyndale, of Geary's regiment.

November 15.—A cold, driving rain made my ride gloomy and uncomfortable. This, I remember, is the day appointed by Jeff Davis for humiliation, fasting, and prayer. May his humiliation be eternal! Above Harper's Ferry I left the tow-path and took the road to Williamsport via Antietam Iron Works, Sharpsburg, and Jones's Tavern. Just as I passed a road-wagon my horse took fright, and came near throwing me by his extraordinary capers. The object which scared him out of his propriety was an astonishing piece of ordnance which was attached to the tail of the wagon. This was one of the guns of the Sowards Battery, already known to fame.

Those who live remote from the military frontier doubtless have imagined that all the fighting in this war is done by the great organized antagonists—the Government and the Rebellion. This is a mistake. Individuals are continually taking advantage of the times to fight out their private quarrels, villages and communities to avenge the jealousies and rivalries of past years. Sharpsburg and Shepherdstown are but three miles apart, separated by the Potomac River, the boundary line between Maryland and Virginia—"Lands separated by a narrow frith abhor each other." Sharpsburg and Shepherdstown are jealous in proportion to their mutual insignificance. Since last spring they have been fighting each other across the river with all the virulence of rival tom-cats: raiding and counter-raiding; plundering and defending canal-boats; arresting and counter-arresting citizens and strangers. As the war spirit waxed and the amusements of pelting each other with musket-balls at long range was found scarcely stimulating enough; they couldn't kill any body. The Shepherdstowners, having nothing else to do, pursued the war with more pertinacity, and were rather gaining on their rivals. At this juncture a brilliant idea suggested itself to Captain Sowers. There were two old 6-pounders of Revolutionary or 1812 memory planted as street-posts in Sharpsburg. The Captain had them dug up and mounted upon a couple of water-cars. The ammunition consisted of bags of nails and scraps of iron of all shapes and sizes. These formidable engines were hauled down to the bluffs, and placed in battery against the devoted village of Shepherdstown. The guns were charged and sighted, but the patent friction and percussion fuse were both ignored. The artillerists preferring a slow match lighted with a cigar—which done, they ran and hid themselves in adjacent gullies and behind rocks. The explosion was terrific, tremendous, entirely satisfactory to the Marylanders, and equally so to the Virginians, who, before the nails and bits of old iron had ceased raining upon their houses, succumbed and dispatched a flag of truce to protest, in the name of humanity and civilized usages, against the wholesale massacre of unarmed and non-combatant widows and orphans who were thus menaced with destruction. A truce was concluded, highly honorable and advantageous to the Sharpsburg party.

It may be as well to anticipate, and here give
the conclusion of the history of these memorable guns. Some time after this date I was riding through Sharpsburg, and there saw a dozen or more fugitives from one of our defeated columns. They told me that in their attempt to gain the northern bank of the Potomac they had been set upon and arrested by certain citizens of Shepherdstown, disarmed, and held as prisoners. One of their number escaping reported the facts to Sharpsburg. The terrible Sowders Battery was again put in the field. A flag was sent over the river demanding the release of the prisoners, threatening an immediate bombardment if the demand was not complied with. The prisoners were incontinently released; but their arms and equipments still remained behind. The herald returned and haughtily demanded their surrender, even to the last haversack. They were surrendered meekly; but the current of war (no more than that of love) does not run always smooth, nor in the same direction. Grown arrogant, perhaps, and careless from their repeated triumphs, or fatigued with their martial labors, or, like Charles the Twelfth (who sent his jack-boot to preside over the Swedish Senate), believing that the mere presence of their terrible guns on the opposite bluff would quell the spirits of their adversaries, and keep them in subjection—for some reason, unknown to history, they left the pieces on the bluff and retired to Sharpsburg to celebrate their victory. What was their mortification on returning, a short time after, to find their victorious engines disappeared—gone. Their enemies, taking advantage of their error, had come with subtlety in the night and captured—no, not captured, thank Fortune—but had mainly stolen them away. Thus ended the Sowders Battery. The gallant Captain still lived, however, and, obtaining a commission in the National army, turned his energy and courage to account with more scientific weapons, and rendered good service during the war.

It was night when I arrived at Williamsport. Here I obtained accurate information in regard to the enemy's force and position on the Virginia border. There had been no troops in Winchester for some time, except three or four hundred militia, ill fed, ill paid, and ill disposed, deserting whenever they had an opportunity. Alarmed at Kelley's position at Romney, which was a continual menace to Winchester, the leading citizens of the place went to Richmond and besought protection from the Confederate Government. The commander at Manassas emphatically declared that he had not the troops to spare, and refused to send assistance. The importance of the delegation at length prevailed with the President, and General Jackson, with his brigade, was sent to their defense. This brigade was twenty-five hundred strong instead of twenty-five thousand, as had been reported to General Banks. The force at the Junction (meaning Manassas) was forty thousand. The officer, unacquainted with the geographical points of the country, had supposed this junction located somewhere near Winchester. This explained the whole matter. Jackson, on his arrival at Winchester, had drawn in some other troops to his command, and had ordered out the militia en masse, including all males between 16 and 60. This call had been slowly and feebly responded to, a large number fleeing into Maryland to escape the conscription.

November 16.—Blustering and bitter cold. Leaving my horse in Williamsport, I accepted a seat in Bill Hooper's Rockaway, and we drove to Hancock, with a stiff norwester blowing in our faces the whole way. My wife and daughter from Berkeley joined me the same evening.

November 17, Sunday.—Captain K——, commanding the post here, came in to inform me that my father was waiting on the Virginia side of the river. We hurried down to the ferry landing, but found none of the boatmen at hand. I could see my father on the opposite shore, wrapped in his cloak, and apparently shrinking from the bitter breeze. The rough and sturdy Captain had enough of true manhood in him to divine my burning impatience. He seized a stone and broke the chain which confined the boat. We both leaped in, and with bending oars swept across the swollen current and brought our passenger triumphantly back to town. I have never forgotten the rude but hearty sympathy manifested in that act of the Captain. I also found in Hancock on this occasion some old and faithful friends from Virginia. Once more surrounded by family and friends I passed a day most pleasantly, reveling in anticipation of victory and peace soon after the opening of the coming spring.

November 18.—Clear and moderate. A company of Pittsburg cavalry are stationed here, and this morning went through their drill opposite the hotel. As a grand finale the whole body charged at full speed down the street. Casualties: two pigs killed dead, a cow overthrown and crippled; one cavalier and horse tumbled over the cow, and were both seriously but not fatally hurt.

In the afternoon Colonel Leonard, commanding at Williamsport, arrived in town on a reconnoissance toward Romney and Cumberland. He was escorted by Captain Russel, of the Maryland cavalry, with twenty-four men, and accompanied by Lieutenant Devins, Assistant-Quarter-master. I was invited to accompany the party, and borrowing a horse from Lieutenant Stewart of the Pittsburg cavalry, started with them up the National Turnpike at five o'clock p.m. As we crossed the Sideling Hill the air was frosty and bracing, and the full moon rose upon our cavalcade, investing it and its wild surroundings with Picturesque interest. At eight we arrived at Mrs. Bell's "hostelry," fourteen miles from Hancock, one of the best specimens of an old-fashioned House of Entertainment, roomy, neat, and bountiful. The presence of a fine piano, and the walls hung with
November 19. — We started after an early breakfast, and made Flintstone, twelve miles westward, in good time. Here we left the broad National Turnpike and took an obscure country road to Oldtown, fifteen miles distant. Took lunch by the way with an old couple whose cottage was wriggling with dogs, kittens, and grandchilders. The old man's sons were in the Southern army, as he confessed, to his great grief, and contrary to his orders. Oldtown is the most miserable collection of human habitations that I ever beheld; fortunately for humanity the village is very small. We crossed the Potomac here by a deep and difficult ford, and halted at Green Spring, a station on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and at present the head-quarters of a regiment of the Maryland Home Guard, commanded by Colonel Johns, of Cumberland. Here Colonel Leonard procured an engine, and leaving our fatigued horses to needful refreshment and repose, we mounted the minning iron beast and started for Cumberland, sixteen miles distant. A good bed at the Saint Nicholas served to repair the fatigue of this long and wearisome journey.

November 20. — We returned to Green Spring this morning by railroad. Finding our horses still stiff from the travel of the last two days, we were freshly mounted, through the politeness of Colonel Johns, and started for Romney at high speed. At Springfield I saw Captain Louis Dychle, with his company enlisted in my own county of Morgan, and composed almost entirely of personal acquaintances. We had a shaking of hands, and an interchange of inquiries about friends and families, and then we drove on our course.

At the Chain Bridge over the South Branch there had been a skirmish between Colonel Johns's Maryland regiment and some Virginia militia, at the time of Kelley's advance on Romney on the 25th ult. The Virginians, about three hundred strong, were intrenched on a wooded hill facing the bridge, a strong position. The Marylanders, ordered to co-operate with Kelley's movement from another direction, advanced upon the bridge until they got two-thirds of the distance across, when they found the flooring torn up and their further progress stopped; at this point they received a volley from the log breast-work in front, which killed one man and wounded seven. Finding themselves exposed, without the ability to advance, they broke, and retiring behind the pillars and abutments of the bridge, commenced returning the fire, at which the Virginians fled in their turn.

In Romney the question was more advantageously settled. General Kelley with twenty-five hundred men advanced upon the place through Miller's Gap by the covered bridge above the town. The enemy commanded this bridge with three or four guns, and disputed it until Kelley's advance dashed across the ford and bridge and rushed rapidly into the town. The commandant, Colonel McDonald, with about four hundred militia who had attempted to defend the place, now fled in panic, leaving artillery, stores, horses, and prisoners in the hands of the National forces.

Arriving at Romney, we drew rein in front of General Kelley's quarters, having made the distance, sixteen miles, in two hours. We dismounted and were courteously received by the commander of the forces. General Kelley has the air and manner of a West Virginian: a tall commanding figure, bronzed face with slingly.overhanging brows, a countenance which shows both determination and sagacity, a manner which indicates great mildness and goodness of heart. He is still suffering from a wound received at Philippi, supposed at the time to have been mortal. I am pleased with his manner of managing the revolted counties which have been brought under his control: a combination of liberality with severity. The people are offered grace if they come in and lay down their arms. They are encouraged to trade; paid liberally for what they have to sell; and where they have nothing, their necessities are gratuitously supplied. On the other hand, bushwhackers are ruthlessly shot where found; while incorrigible and defiant rebels, violators of oaths and plunderers, are (to use an expressive phrase of the times) "cleaned out." This policy seems thus far to work well. But to obtain solid results it is essential that the Government shall remain in occupation of the country at all hazards.

After a hearty dinner with the General we remounted and turned our horses' heads to Green Spring. My Secession steed, although long-legged and fiery at the start, began very soon to show symptoms of flagging. Lieutenant Devins's horse was in the same plight, and we soon found ourselves distanced by our driving Colonel. Night overtook us between Springfield and Green Spring, and we pursued our journey at the risk of being shot either by rebel malignants, who ambuscaded our pickets, or our own suspicious sentinels, who were posted all along the highway at short intervals. At every half mile a picket-fire blazed in the road, and as we advanced into the circle of light the guard had an ugly way of retiring into the shade, out of sight, and with a startling halt, and still more startling clatter of belted muskets, demanded our business and condition. As several of our sentinels had been treacherously shot their suspicion was extremely hazardous to the traveler. We were lucky enough to arrive at Green Spring without accident.

Here we learned that Colonel Leonard and suite had gone on at least an hour ahead of us. We were anxious to follow, but hospitably pressed to stay all night. It was raining, pitchy dark; the river ford was deep and dangerous;
a good supper, beds, a social fire blazing in the chimney. Our extreme fatigue all argued in favor of stopping for the night. We yielded gracefully, and had a pleasant evening and good night's rest.

November 21.—This morning we rose refreshed, crossed the ford, consulted the authorities at Oldtown, and took the short road to Hancock. The party consisted of Lieutenant Devins and his negro servant, and myself. The short cut turned out like all other schemes to avoid study, labor, or trouble. It was a failure. The country through which we passed was rugged and desolate in the extreme. We lost our way, and recovered ourselves several times, and at length finding an easy road that descended continuously for several miles, we followed it until we found ourselves upon a narrow spar, impassably steep on either side and terminating abruptly in a precipice thirty feet high, which overhung the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. Our servant descended by a shelving rock, aided by roots and branches, and crossing the canal by a lock gate, endeavored to obtain from a woman at the lock-house some idea of our whereabouts. By reason of bashfulness or churlishness we did not get any information at all. The feminine occupant of another house in the neighborhood was more communicative, and gave us to understand that we could not cross but must return to the road from which we had wandered, and by pursuing that would presently reach Little Orleans, another station on the canal, four miles below.

We followed these directions, and at length reached Little Orleans, a straggling settlement on the river and canal. From hence we struck inland, determined to reach Mrs. Bell's, on the National Turnpike, seven miles distant. After riding half a mile we stopped at a house to inquire the way, when three cavalrymen came out and a red-faced sergeant began to question us. These fellows had been placed on guard at the Little Orleans crossing, but had evidently been taking their ease. To their inquiries as to our State and business Devins replied that we were United States officers, just from Virginia, and on our way to Hancock. This avowed aroused the crafty sergeant's suspicions, and he plied his questions so fast and so bunglingly that Devins became impatient, and cursing him, rode off. At the end of five or six miles we were again puzzled about the road, and seeing a house near, my companion dismounted to make inquiries. At this moment we heard the sound of horses' hoofs approaching by the road we had come, and apparently moving in hot haste. Presently our red-faced sergeant, followed by two men with carbines cocked, burst upon us, their faces all flushed and their horses all sweated and blown. The placidity with which we regarded their demonstrations rather dazed the sergeant, and he began to look confused; but plucking up confidence, he gave me to understand that his mind was not entirely at ease in regard to our characters, and he had come to get a little more satisfaction. I asked him what reason he had to doubt our statement that we were United States officers. He replied that the language the Lieutenant had used toward him was not that of an officer. This was a fair hit; and in return we reiterated our statements, and opening our over-coats, exhibited the United States button.

The sergeant still had doubts, and fearing he might annoy us further, I opened upon him rather fiercely about neglecting the duty to which he had been assigned. Instead of watching the river we had found him loafting at a country house half a mile back; he was now five miles from his post on a foolish errand; I had a great mind to report him. This quelled the sergeant, who began to apologize and take the defensive. So the scene ended, and we went on our way. It was dark when we arrived at Mrs. Bell's, jaded and hungry. An hour's repose and a fat dinner nerved us for the completion of our journey. We reached Hancock the same night by eleven o'clock.

November 22.—Lieutenant Devins rode on to Williamsport. I determined to enjoy the society of my friends for a day longer. During our absence Captain K—— had made a raid to Berkeley Springs, hoping to surprise a rebel conscript party sojourning there. His expedition was unsuccessful in the main feature. The party escaped, and the raiders got two horses, an old hat, an empty cigar box, and a map of Virginia for their trouble. I claimed the map as my share of the plunder.

November 23.—We heard the rebels had returned and occupied Berkeley Springs in force. As I was about to start for Darnestown, I endeavored to dissuade my father from returning home while the enemy were in possession. He had violated their orders and crossed the lines, and he might be re-arrested and maltreated in revenge for the late action of the Federal troops. The old man's eye blazed with excitement. "I must go back," he said; "I can not go to war; but I feel that it is my mission to face these people—to show them on all occasions that there is one Virginian, at least, who abhors their treason and despises their usurped authority." So we parted; but the look and the words will remain impressed upon my memory forever, for it was the last time I ever saw my father's face.

November 25.—Making my way back to the division I arrived at Poolesville this afternoon, and called on General Stone at his head-quarters. He showed me a letter from an aid-de-camp of Beauregard, inclosing copies of the orders and communications sent by Stone to Colonel Baker during the battle at Ball's Bluff—the original papers having fallen into the hands of the Confederates on that occasion. Having seen the newspaper strictures on the management of that battle, the orders were inclosed to enable General Stone to place his own action in a proper light, and fix the responsibility where it properly belonged. This is the
first act of chivalric courtesy that I have heard of from the other side.

November 26.—About mid-day arrived at Camp Magruder, near Darnestown, and reported the results of my reconnaissance to the general commanding. The news received of the enemy's numbers and position while I was at Williamsport had been confirmed at Hancock and Romney, with circumstantial details corroborating the general statement, so that there was no room for a reasonable doubt of their approximate correctness. At this time the enemy certainly had not over fifty thousand men under arms in Northern Virginia.

I found the topographical establishment in a melancholy condition. The Captain and his valet had gone to Washington. Adam, our cook, had been sent to Frederick with a fellow-servant, who had been taken violently ill with typhoid fever. I found Lance alone, trying to cook dinner. Lance was a delightful companion—artist, poet, musician, wit, inventor, a soul filled with all generous sympathies, and a mind accomplished in all elegant attainments; but in the kitchen he was a boche. The dinner was already ruined past remedy. I sharply censured his action, and forthwith relieved him of command in the culinary department, contemptuously throwing his abortive mess to the fat pup (who, by-the-way, despised it). I commenced a new dinner, which was presently served and pronounced a success. Even Lance, who was half starved, had the magnanimity to compliment it highly. In the evening Captain A—— with Captain C——, of the New York Ninth, arrived. I was appointed cook pro tem., and for my pains politely complimented at each meal by the company. Visited head-quarters and discussed public affairs with the officers—the proposition to remove the Confederate Capital to Nashville, the great decline in their bound, the local and personal jealousies which are embroiling both army and leaders, give token of the speedy dissolution of this infernal league. How can a movement founded wholly on the local prejudices of the masses, and the factions ambition of individuals, and otherwise than in anarchy and mutual destruction?

"I talked with Major C—— about old John Brown and his raid. No new ideas were broached on the subject, but he convinced me beyond a doubt that Brown had good reason, on that occasion, to expect reinforcement from a certain set in the North. Many were on their way from adjacent points in Maryland and Southern Pennsylvania, but in the hour of imminent action their hearts failed them and they turned back.

November 28.—After dinner Benjamin got home with the light wagon, and, detaching the horses, left it standing in its usual place. He came into the kitchen, and I turned over the cookery to him after a conversation of ten or fifteen minutes perhaps. Upon going out I was astonished to see the wagon lying overturned at the foot of the slope some two hundred yards distant, while my horse and one of the cavalry horses were running about, snorting and gazing at the vehicle with every expression of amazement. Upon examination we found the tongue of the wagon broken short off, and tracking it back to the spot whence it started, perceived that it had been violently dragged around a tree, breaking some of the lower branches. It was at first suggested that this must have been the work of some drunken or malicious person about the camp; but we had heard no noise, and such an act within the respected precincts of head-quarters would have been unprecedented. Moreover, the earth was soft, and while the traces of wheels and horses were plainly visible there were no human tracks to be found. We were completely mystified. Meanwhile my pony had ceased to graze, and continued to trot around the overturned carriage at a respectful distance, snorting violently, and rolling his eyes like Toodles at his cravat tie. Presently light began to dawn, and by putting facts together we solved the mystery. The pony had been grazing in the meadow with his halter looped up carelessly. The halter had got loose. The pony, on the arrival of the carriage, went nosing about it to seek for oats, which it frequently carried. The halter became entangled in the running gear of the vehicle. The horse started, the vehicle followed. He became frightened and ran, dragging it after him. In the race he got loose, and the carriage continued to roll down the declivity until it upset in the swamp at the bottom. The pony's subsequent behavior verified our surmises. For a week after he never came in sight of the light wagon without renewing his ludicrous manifestations of astonishment; and when, under the soothing influences of time and oats, he seemed to have forgotten his terror, yet if, while he stood near, any one would slyly give the wagon a push, he would start and take to his heels as if the devil were after him.

On recounting this story to some friends in the evening it led to the narration of other wonderful stories, and finally to the discussion of mesmerism, spiritualism, and the other "isms," credences, and superstitions that have prevailed among the enlightened as well as the ignorant of all nations and all ages. We came to the conclusion that "there may be more things between heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy." The human mind seems most unreliable when most confidently relied on.

November 29.—It is definitely concluded that we are to take up our winter-quarters in Frederick City. I received orders to-day to reconnoitre the roads in that direction preparatory to a move.

November 30.—I started this morning with an orderly, via Monocacy Chapel and Urbana, to view the roads. My orderly was a sociable fellow, and talked so incessantly that, at Mo-
nocacy Chapel, I penciled a report of my reconnoissance and sent him back with it. I stopped to dine at old Howard's farm-house at the foot of Sugar Loaf Mountain. While dinner was preparing a negro girl came in and reported that Mass Sammy was lying in the road, and the "creetur" was running loose across the field. The old woman instantly exclaimed, "Hit's that fool spur. He's spurred the creetur and she's flung him." Mass Sammy presently entered, limping, covered with mud, his eye bleeding, and (speaking metaphorically) his comb decidedly cut. He was a man of twenty-five or six years, city bred, and possessed with the martial ambition of riding with a spur.

December 1.—Having staid all night at Thomas Dixon's, near Urbana, I rose early and rode back to Darnestown through a damp and chilly wind which pierced to the bones. As I passed the site of the encampment occupied before our movement to Edward's Ferry six weeks ago, I was constrained to visit it to verify or rid myself of a trifling presentiment which had been haunting me for a month. I had lost a cake of very fine ultramarine, used in coloring my maps. I could not fix the date of the loss within ten days, nor the locality within a circuit of twenty miles. Yet I was strongly impressed with the idea that by seeking on the spot where Luce's tent stood I should find it. This impression haunted me so persistently that it amounted to annoyance. Yet I refused to gratify my urgent curiosity. I was ashamed of it. The old ground had been picked over and plundered by all the soldiers, negroes, and children of the vicinity for weeks. It had been washed by all the autumn storms, and it was absurd to expect at this date to recover my treasure. I had passed the place several times and resisted the violent itching I had to look over it. To-day I was alone and free to gratify my weakness. My horse, seeing his old feeding-ground, turned unchecked from the main road and trotted up to the spot, stopping upon the former site of Luce's tent. The first object that met my eyes was a little square package of monthly paper lying among the straw and leaves. I dismounted and took it up. It was my lost ultramarine. I was as much delighted for the moment as if the realization of my presentiment had involved the fate of nations.

December 2.—The army is in motion for Frederick. I started in charge of the topographical baggage-wagons and party. It was bitter cold, and the roads so thoroughly frozen as to be equal to stoned highways. Arrived at Clarksville about the middle of the afternoon, and found entertainment at a house at the eastern end of the village, kept by a motherly old lady with two pretty daughters.

By the time that my party and horses were comfortably provided for the promises were invaded by the Provost Marshal with all the thieves, drunkards, deserters, mutineers, and murderers of the Division in his charge. The officers, however, were sociable and agreeable fellows, so that we had a jovial evening and a comfortable night.

December 4.—To-day we arrived and took up our winter-quarters in Frederick City.

For the next month our time was passed agreeably in organizing the duties of our office, attending reviews, and in enjoying the elegant hospitality of the loyal city of Frederick. We heard of Jackson's rampaging along the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and spluttering at Dam No. 5 and Williamsport, intending, perhaps, to interrupt the navigation of the canal. His exertions in these matters will serve to keep his half-naked troops from freezing in this cold weather.

A letter from my wife informs me that the Virginia militia are occupying Berkeley, and that General Carson is occupying our cottage. He treats the family with marked courtesy, and does every thing in his power to prevent destruction.

I afterward saw a negro refugee from Virginia, who informed me that the National troops were at Berkeley and my house was occupied by their officers. Thus they live, changing governments from day to day, not knowing when they go to bed whether the political horizon on the next morning will be gray or blue.

My wife incloses me a letter from A——, who is about to be married, and desires me to procure her a permit to visit Baltimore for the purpose of getting her wedding finery. I wrote in reply that so spirited a rebel as Miss A—— should by all means be content to get married in homespun.

December 30.—I received orders to-day to report to the Topographical Bureau at Washington in view of assignment to another department. I sapped on terrains and oysters with Lieutenant-Colonel Bryan, Captain Bingham, and others, and was felicitated on my expected change to "an enlarged sphere of usefulness" as the preachers say when called to a place with a larger salary. But my change brought with it no increase either of rank or pay; and I was ordered from a field where my local knowledge might have been eminently useful to one, where, in my present position, I would be a mere draughtsman—still further from those who needed my care and protection to sink my individuality in the masses and mud lying in front of Washington.

On the following morning I packed my baggage by express and started on horseback for Washington. The whole weary and freezing day I jogged along chewing the cud of bitter fancies. About sunset I entered Danvessus, and while hesitating as to where I should look for shelter I remembered Luce's telling me that he was once comfortably entertained here at a house, where a pretty girl lived who spent most of her time before the glass arranging her hair. As I rode slowly through the village I saw the fire-light glowing hospitably through a
cottage window. On approaching I saw a girl before the glass dressing her hair. I immediately dismounted, and knocking at the door claimed food and shelter. The answer was, 

"Well, we do sometimes take in strangers." I suppose and rested pleasantly before the fire, making friends of the old folks, children, and dogs. The girl continued to fix her hair (of which she had a charming suit) until several of the village beaux came in to pay their "devoirs." I retired to bed early and slept profoundly until the cheering beams of the first sun of 1862 awakened me. Another fatiguing day's journey brought me to Washington, where I arrived in time to partake of a late New-Year's dinner with some friends.

January 2, 1862.—I repaired to the Topographical Bureau this morning, and received orders to report to Colonel Simpson, of the Fourth New Jersey, Kearney's Brigade, at the Theological Seminary near Alexandria. Thus ends my connection with the Army of the Shenandoah. Thus ends the first volume of my journal with the eventful year of eighteen hundred and sixty-one. Eighteen hundred and sixty-two! May the bright and balmy sunshine that welcomed your birth betoken a brighter future for my home and country. But whether your skies may be clear or clouded, whether your winds blow soft or biting—speed on—

"Here's a heart for any fate."

As my orders were not pressing, I remained in Washington for several days discussing political and military affairs with such acquaintances as I chanced to meet. I have observed that while in the field I am never troubled with a doubt of the entire ability of the Government to crush out the rebellion in good time; and I feel at the same time satisfied that our political system will weather this storm and even be strengthened by the trial, yet whenever I come to Washington I fall into discouragement in regard to both our military management and our political salubrity. I hear that Jackson is bombarding Hancock. We have more than double his force in position to be thrown upon his communications, cutting him off entirely, and forcing him to surrender or destruction. What deep-laid strategic plan there may be that prevents us from assailing and destroying a detachment of the enemy which has walked like a hungry wolf into our trap I can not imagine. Have the mud, cold, and dangers of a winter campaign more terrors for those who have volunteered to defend their homes and country, their freedom and civilization, than they have for the stupid and aimless destructives who are laboring to scatter all these things to the winds? Is the National soldier, with his complete equipments and ample supplies, really incapable of taking the field against one-third his numbers of these half-starved ragamuffins? I can not believe it. I know that it can not be so. What, then, am I to think of the military policy which permits so many thousand square miles of our most fertile territory to be occupied and stripped by an enemy so contemptible both in moral and physical power? of the Government which refuses its protection to so many thousand loyal citizens, who are stretching forth their arms to it and imploring assistance? While our armies are rotting in their camps, losing more men and moral power by disease and inaction than would be spent in twenty battles, the enemy is keeping every thing astir with his zealous activity. With less than fifty thousand men afoot he has blockaded the Potomac, cut off the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, is threatening to drive our troops out of Western Maryland, and actually besieges Washington, scarcely defended by an army of two hundred and fifty thousand men. These, however, are but trilling evils and easily remedied. But there are others more deadly and irreparable resulting from this fatal delay. The active and virulent poison of treason is withering and blighting the hitherto steadfast loyalty that existed in many portions of the Southern States. How many are daily drifting away from their allegiance to a Government which seems to have neither the power nor the will to crush its enemies and protect its friends! How this lack of respect and confidence seem to be creeping north from the feebly-defended military lines—poisoning the body of the nation itself! Where do we see and hear more dangerous defection and more venomous treason than in the Federal city, under the very shadow of the Capitol? Can it be that this vast aggregation of power and civilization is to perish thus early and ignominiously of its own inherent insufficiency, helplessly groping like a blind giant stung to death with poisonous flies? Has our Democratic theory of equality been so successfully established that we have now no man or class of men sufficiently above their fellows as to be fitted to direct them in this terrible emergency? Has the spirit of timorous subserviency to public opinion and popular will so emasculated our strong minds that none are to be found capable of decisive action? Now when the clearest dictates of reason, policy, the public safety, the cries of the nation, demand action we are permitted to be kicked, cursed, and flouted, and make no reply.

I was introduced to General Rosecrans at Willard's by Major Doubleday. The General expressed a desire to have me attached to his command, and asked me certain questions in regard to the topography of the Valley of Virginia and the Upper James, which induced me to think he meditated a campaign in that direction. Our conversation was interrupted by a man who had a machine for putting percussion-caps on the musket-tubes when, during frosty weather, the men's fingers were so numbed that they could not handle them. The General went off with him, while I am sure, from his explanation, that a machine for blowing the men's noses on similar occasions would
be equally useful. The city seems to be filled with patented machines and plans for carrying on the war. With the booming of the rebel cannon in their ears our Congressional patentees are busily occupied in disposing of the lives and property of their insolent besiegers, liberating slaves, confiscating and hanging in prospect, with their trunks packed all the while ready for a move into Canada in case of emergency. Those who have faith in material engines are confused with the infinite variety offered. Earth, air, fire, and water are all scientifically tortured into subserviency to the great end—all warraanted to crush the rebellion in an incredibly short time, and at an astonishing small expense of human life, not to mention money.

January 7.—I went to Willard’s this morning, hoping to meet General Rosecrans again. I here understood that he had come to the city for the purpose of proposing a campaign in Western Virginia and East Tennessee, but had failed in his mission. I then mounted my horse, and, crossing the river by the Georgetown Aqueduct, rode to the Seminary Camp, near Alexandria, and reported to my former friend and chief, now Colonel Simpson of the Fourth New Jersey. My pony was comfortably stabled, and I passed an agreeable afternoon making the acquaintance of the regimental officers. In the evening I was domiciled in the Seminary building, and introduced to the surgeons who occupied the place as a hospital. I shared a room with Dr. Osborne, surgeon of the regiment, and immediately set to work studying and mapping the topography of the adjacent country.

The Theological Seminary, around which the regimental camps of Phil Kearney’s brigade were grouped, is beautifully situated on a wooded eminence, three miles from Alexandria, commanding a view of the Federal City, the Potomac River, and the surrounding country, with a horizon of fifteen or twenty miles radius. It included the whole circle of forts, redoubts, and earth-works defending the capital, and the winter encampments of the vast army there assembled. I have seldom looked upon a grander panorama than that seen from the cupola of the central building of the Seminary. Every thing here is on a rigid military footing. The troops drill frequently. The officers study and discuss tactics and points of discipline. I saw General Kearney on parade—a keen, soldierly-looking man with the air of a game-cock. He rides a white horse, and wears an empty sleeve pinned across his breast, having lost an arm in the war with Mexico. The tone of the brigade officers is high, and among them are many educated and polished gentlemen. They relieve the prevailing dreariness of wintry snows and mud by frequent social suppers, where all the culinary delicacies of this favored region are washed down with the choicest brands of foreign wines. I attended a “possum” supper given by Dr. S— on the occasion of his taking leave of the brigade for service elsewhere.
The table groaned with the choicest products of the famous Chesapeake shell-fish, flesh, and fowl—wine and confectioneries flashed between, like jewels on the "cheek of night." But why a possum supper? Where's the chef de cuisine that gives its name to the feast? The Doctor uncovers a dish in the centre of the table, and there, in all its farcical grimness, lies the "possum," reminding one of a roasted rat sodden in castor-oil. The Doctor is a jolly wag, as well as a charming companion and accomplished gentleman.

January 10.—A day of rain and fog. The mud apparently bottomless and tenacious as wax. I passed the evening with the Colonel, hoping to enjoy a quiet conversation concerning past campaigns and future prospects. The attempt was a failure, as it was near pay-day, and a stream of applications for furloughs poured in upon the unlucky Colonel. It reminded me of my school-days, when the boys wanted holiday to go to a fair or a camp-meeting. One fellow's grandmother was at the point of death. Another's wife was very ill. A third had a child that was very bad. A beardless recruit pokes his finger in his eye, and desires five days "to see the end of his 'old man,'" who has been suddenly taken down with a "parallax." Evidence of the truth of these statements, in the form of letters, tele-
grams, and personal witnesses, is volunteered with a readiness that would suggest a doubt in the mind of a wicked lawyer; but our amiable and truthful Colonel is credulous of these tales of sorrow. It is remarkable, indeed, that such a Pandora's box of diseases and misfortunes should open upon unhappy New Jersey always about pay-day. Yet the regulation is inexorable—but ten furloughs at a time are allowed to a regiment. The ten lucky ones are gone already, and there is no chance for a week to come. So the hackneyed lies are filed away to await their turn, and the weepers, readily resigning themselves to the inevitable, dry their tears, and laughingly plan some other scheme for dissipating their pay.

January 11.—On going the rounds to-day the Colonel found a huckster selling beer within the precincts of the camp—a high offense and breach of regulation. He forthwith ordered the vendor to the guard-house, and pulled the spigot out of the barrel. As the foaming liquor spouted out upon the ground the huckster poured out in unison a stream of prayers and supplications. He was a poor man, striving to support a starving family; this small keg of smaller beer was his little all, his only hope for bread for his innocent babes. The Colonel relented, and with his own hand replaced the spigot, containing himself with ordering the sinner to get out of his camp with his nuisance. A Jew who was caught peddling copper watches through the tents was treated with less consideration. He was incontinently packed off to the guard-house for forty-eight hours. As a considerable portion of the brigade got there for one reason or another during the peddler's term of confinement he opened shop for the benefit of his fellow-prisoners, and sold off his whole stock to great advantage.

January 15.—I see in the Philadelphia Enquirer a confused report of a fight at Berkeley Springs. I suppose this refers to the affair that took place there ten days ago; but as I have had no letter since Jackson's operations in that vicinity I feel some uneasiness in regard to my friends.

Major —— and Surgeon —— visited me, and we passed the evening playing euchre, discussing public affairs at intervals. The Doctor's views were very discouraging. The corruption of contractors, the virulence of faction, the blunders, indecisions, futilities, and cowardice patent in our military operations—all seemed to indicate that there must be a breakdown. I could not but feel the force of his views, and acknowledge the truth of his statements. Yet I could not acquiesce in his conclusions, as I had been ten days out of Washington, and I felt the vigor of the military surroundings. What government or what people has escaped similar or worse difficulties? In all countries and all history the word "army contractor" is a synonym for fraud. What nation has ever attempted to make war (even with a foreign enemy) whose efforts were not hampered and thwarted by domestic faction? Look at our own history during the Revolutionary struggle of 1776—half of our people were adverse to the war, a third of the military force of the Colonies supported the British crown. Then what else than blunders, weakness, and waste of means can be expected of a people that has grown up in entire ignorance of the art of war; whose habits and instincts have combined to unfit them for military service; who believed in Peace Congresses and approaching millenniums, and the universal empire of love and dimes, among whom the military profession was hardly held reputable?

It can scarcely be expected that such a people will, in the commencement of a war, exhibit the promptitude, energy, and efficiency that characterizes the action of those governments which possess large and well-trained standing armies. Yet even among these, when called to the field after a long interval of peace, what failures and mismanagement! Read Napier's History of the War in the Peninsula, look at the more recent exhibit of the English in the Crimea; recall the earlier efforts of the French on the opening of their great Revolution. Our most unwarlike nation has, within the space of six months, marshaled for war, equipped, provisioned, and organized an army of six hundred thousand men. What this army will accomplish we will see. Those who have general command have general information, and have doubtless general plans which time will develop. It can not be otherwise. Let us, therefore, ride our time patiently and hopefully. I, for one, have an abiding faith in the power and destiny of the American people. I am at times troubled with a momentary faintness. I fret and vituperate, but if I hear another speak discouragingly forthwith my faith becomes belligerent. This nation will not perish thus ignominiously.

January 17.—The weather was so mild today that I sketched in the open air a view of the winter camp of the Fourth New Jersey. The men were engaged in erecting a new flagstaff in the centre of the parade-ground. In the afternoon I received a visit from my uncle, the chaplain of the Third Pennsylvania cavalry regiment, commanded by Colonel Averill. This regiment was encamped five or six miles above us, and we had exchanged several visits since I came over the river. Indeed, Colonel Averill had proposed to me to apply for a vacant Majority in the regiment, and my uncle had called over to urge me accept the proposition. I must get my commission from the Governor of Pennsylvania, and he naturally is unwilling to commission natives and residents of other States. I still had a lingering hope of being recalled to the Army of the Shenandoah when the great movement began. My personal services would be more important in that field, and my feelings induced me to prefer it. To accept a commission in a cavalry
regiment here would cut me off entirely from friends and home. Yet all our former ideas of personal merit, social distinction, and character were fast becoming merged in the military hieroglyphic wrought upon the shoulder-knots. I had, like many others, entered the service with the praiseworthy but rather romantic notion that it was even more honorable to serve one's country without rank or pay. However elevating such sentiments may appear at first, the man who attempts by their means to sustain long flights will find himself in the condition of a flying fish; his wings will dry up, and he must, per force, fall to the practical level whence he started. I determined to seek a commission in the Line or Staff service in time for the spring campaign. Having talked over these matters, I proposed to my uncle to visit Colonel Simpson's tent. As we walked together he began making minute inquiries about my father's health and appearance, as he had not seen him for some years. I described him as I had last seen him at Hancock, erect, animated, filled with fire and faith as he talked of national affairs, yet when the excitement was past he would relapse into age and feebleness.
that it pained me to recall. The Colonel was absent when we entered his tent, but I observed upon his table a telegraphic dispatch addressed to me. "Here," said I, cheerily, "is my recall to Bank's column. There will be some movement soon."

"Open it," said my uncle, "and let us hear the tidings."

I opened the missive and read as follows:

"Hancock, January 17, 1862.

"Your father died of pneumonia yesterday. I forward letter from — by to-day's mail."

"W. W. Wilkes, A. A. G."

I spent this afternoon alone, strolling about a country once beautiful and pleasantly improved, now withered by the double desolation of war and winter. The light of a lurid sunset was just fading into a more dismal gray when the funeral train of an officer moved out from one of the redoubts and wound slowly through the felled forest that covered the slope of the hill. A military band accompanied the procession, thrilling the dreamy twilight with strains of solemn music. The blasted landscape, the ruined dwellings, the wailing anthem, all combined to fill the soul with images of death—death, not fearful, but sublime.

Looking upon a nation's agony, how trivial appear our private griefs! Absorbed as we are in the petty details of our daily routine, how often do we fail to realize the importance of the era in which we are living, the grandeur of the drama which we are acting! On the events of these days hang the culminating hopes of mankind for a thousand years. Hundreds of millions of human hearts are now watching the issue of this contest with trembling solicitude. How small a matter seems a man's life given to so great and glorious a cause! Now the music, as it ascends from the misty valley, arouses the echoes with its notes of martial triumph. The brief hour of mourning is already past.

January 18.—Damp and foggy. Last night the Hutchinson Family gave a concert at the Seminary. During the performance a song was introduced containing abolition sentiments. It was violently hissed by one party, and defended by another, until a grave disturbance ensued. This morning the excitement is unabated, and the subject is discussed by the officers with a degree of feeling that both surprises and distresses me. Such exhibitions of partisan spirit menace the social unity of the brigade, if not the military efficiency of the army. Colonel S—— takes the conservative view, and believes that a recurrence of the disorder may be avoided by prohibiting the exciting cause. I have just heard that the Commander-in-Chief has revoked the permit given to the Hutchinsons, and ordered them out of the lines.

January 19, Sunday.—Thick fog and rain. At breakfast we discussed the Slavery question and the objects of the war. New Jersey officers will not admit the question of Slavery as entering into their views. They see no object in the war of sufficient importance to dignify and justify it, except the single idea of national unity. That must be maintained at all cost and at all hazards. It is the great essential, upon which the whole people will unite; and they object to the introduction of all non-essential, ideological factions or local issues, as tending to degrade and enfeeble this great idea. Some, however, maintained that the Institution of Slavery lies at the bottom of the whole matter, and that its abolition was essential to the secure establishment of that national unity upon which all were equally determined. I protested against all exciting discussion of the subject as needless. It was virtually a dead issue. The opinion of the nineteenth century had heretofore spared the Institution out of respect for the power of the United States Government. Its special maintainers, in their madness, had forestalled destiny, and were striving now to destroy the only barrier that stood between it and an abhorrent world. Whether they won or lost in the coming struggle, slavery was equally doomed to destruction—exposed as it must be, naked and enfeebled, to the pressure of that vast, all-controlling, and mysterious power, the Opinion of the Age, of which it may be truly said, that, "Whoso falleth upon it shall be broken; but upon whomsoever it shall fall, it shall grind him to powder."

For the rest, let this and all other disputed questions slip until we have decided the great question. At the siege of Jerusalem the Jews, when not engaged in resisting the assaults of the Romans, spent their time in cutting each other's throats—their mode of discussing differences of opinion respecting ceremonial forms and religious dogmas. The Moors of Grenada fought around the doors of their mosques until the pavements were slippery with blood, and then, with swords dripping with fraternal gore, ran to man the walls against the Spaniards. Both cities fell. Most fortunately for this country the armed rebellion has claimed territorial limits, and assumed a distinct and organized form. We know in what direction to march our armies, and upon whom to point our cannon. But the prevalence of factious opinion poisons the healthy blood of a nation, confuses its counsels, and undermines its strength unseen. The nation true to itself may laugh to scorn the dangers of a localized rebellion, backed by all the powers of the earth. Poisoned by internal faction we may perish ignominiously of our own corruption, the most despicable failure that ever stained the pages of history, the most pitiful monument of human incapacity for free government that ever merited the derision of a despot.

January 21.—The drums are rolling and the bands playing panes for a victory in Kentucky. General Thomas has defeated Zollikeroff at Mill Spring with great slaughter, thus opening the road to East Tennessee. This news is indeed important, and has suspended the discussion of the Hutchinson concert.

January 26, Sunday.—Cool wind with pleas-
ant sunshine. Rode over to Camp Marcy to see my kinsman, but found him absent at church. Dined with Colonel A—— and Lieutenant-Colonel Gregg of the Eighth Regular Cavalry. After dinner we had the following graphic sketches of Arlington House before and after the battle of Bull's Run:

On the day the troops marched out the sun shone bright, the banners flatted, the bands filled the air with inspiring strains of martial music. Columns of trigly dressed, neatly equipped infantry moved with cadenced tread and burnished arms glittering in the sun. Gay cavaliers pranced on bedizened chargers, exchanging courly salutes with carriage-loads of smiling ladies and immensely respectable civil officials, who crowded the grounds to witness the victorious march of the grand army.

There were regiments of invincible Fire Zouaves, "Whose breeches were red and whose jackets were blue," and portentous reporters, their patrons and admirers, already writing out the deeds of valor and renown that were to be accomplished by these heroic imitations. So the gay and martial pageant left the stage, and with it went the narrator.

Scene 2, Monday morning, July 22.—Arlington revisited. The sky is overcast, and a continuous soaking rain has dampened and bedraggled all nature. A death-like silence reigns over the old house and the gloomy groves that surround it. The camps are desolate, the tents dripping and lazily flapping in the fitful gusts, as if impatient at their loneliness. Here and there a pavilion lay overthrown, exposing beds and furniture to unheeded soaking. A crippled and discarded horse straying among the trees raises his head for a moment to salute the passer with a dreary stare, and then quietly returns to his grazing. The occasional twitter of a lonely sparrow or subdued cackling of an irritated wren were thrown in to point the effect of utter silence, as the idea of utter desolation was pointed by the appearance of a single human figure on the wide and lofty portico. Seated in a high-backed chair, leaning against the door-jamb, his military costume wet and mud-stained, his hair disheveled, skin blistered to a lurid red, hat slouched over his eyes, breathing thick and heavily, asleep. This was McDowell, the Federal commander.

In the afternoon I started on my return to Camp Seminary. My way led through Blenk-er's Division, located about Hunter's Chapel. The Dutch were hived around the lager beer tents like bees around a sugar hogshead in a dry summer. Numerous drunk were straying between this and the other encampments, all outrageously polite to any passer supposed to be an officer, heightening the grade of the salute in proportion to the quantity of beer they had belt.

January 28.—The papers are still cackling over the defeat of Zollicoffer. I am anxious to hear of some further results.

January 30.—Raining. I visited Major Birney to-day, and had some conversation with him respecting my chances for a commission in the Pennsylvania cavalry. He proposed another position for me. His brother, David B. Birney, who commanded a regiment in the Patterson campaign, is now Colonel of the Twenty-third Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. He is about to receive a commission as Brigadier-General, and will want an Adjutant. He offers me the position, and I will take it into consideration. The rank and pay are less than the other, but for many reasons a staff appointment will suit me better than a commission in the line. These gentlemen are sons of the Mr. Birney who was formerly supported by the Anti-Slavery party for the Presidency. The Colonel at the breaking out of the war was a lawyer in Philadelphia. The Major, with whom I have been conversing, has led a life of varied experiences. He was born in Alabama, was educated partly in Kentucky, and afterward at the North. He became early imbued with anti-slavery principles, and has led a characteristic American life: having figured as a farmer, manufacturer, editor, lecturer, writer, teacher, soldier, and lawyer. He was in France during the Revolution of 1848, and commanded at one of the barricades. He was afterward a professor in a school there, but becoming an object of suspicion to the police under the present Emperor he returned to America, and has lately been practicing law in New York. He is, of course, a zealous partisan of the war, and our philosophy on the subject runs very generally in the same direction.

February 1.—I went over to the city to-day, and met General Birney at Willard's. He formally tendered me the position of Assistant Adjutant-General on his staff. I asked a week to consider the proposition, which was politely acceded. The General's manners and appearance are extremely prepossessing, and I remember having met him in the Patterson campaign. The rank of Captain of infantry, at one hundred and twenty dollars per month and forage for two horses, will do to commence with.

February 3.—I have been only two days in the city and feel my faith in men and governments beginning to sicken again. I must hasten back to seek invigoration in the atmosphere of the camp.

I left Washington in a furious snow-storm, and rode to Camp Marcy, where I dined with my friends, and disclosed my intention of accepting Birney's offer. It was combated with a zeal most friendly and flattering; but I believed I had reason on my side. The aspect of the country as I rode to Camp Seminary was most gloomy and Russian-like, yet the soldiers seemed as lively as snow-birds in the storm. Owing to the stupidity of the orderly at Camp Marcy my pony had been left standing out during my visit, and on coming out I found the snow heaped upon his back a hand-breadth in
depth. As we jogged homeward over the rugged roads he whined and granted like a sick child, and I feared the unexposed exposure had injured him. He went gaily to his stall, however, and evidenced by his appetite that he had received no serious damage.

I found the regimental mess at supper, where I was warmly welcomed and felicitated on my prospective promotion. We spent the evening in Dr. Oakland’s room, where we met the members of the surgical staff and a number of other officers—Doctors Dougherty and Osborne; Colonel Torbert, of the Second New Jersey; Captains Sturgis, Jackson, Ryerson; and Lieutenant Hamick. Our discourse turned upon the cliame and monstrous vegetable growth of California, when one of the party produced a set of prints showing the great trees of that region, four hundred feet in height, and thirty feet in diameter at the base. One of the pictures represented an officer on horseback riding into the hollow of a fallen and decayed trunk. Another gives a view of a waterfall which, in three consecutive leaps, falls two thousand three hundred feet. What a magnificent country!

Returning to my quarters I parted with Colonel Simpson, who took the path toward his tent. A moment after entering my room I heard the report of a musket, followed by cries of agony and voices shouting for the corporal of the guard. I was thrilled with the horrible suspicion that the Colonel had been shot by a stupid sentinel. Voices in wild alarm calling for a doctor seemed to confirm my appalling surmise. I called to Osborne, who was writing letters at the other end of the room, and then rushed out to face the tragic scene. I met a group of men and officers hurrying toward the Seminary, the medical head-quarters of the brigade. The Quarter-Master led the way with a lantern. To my great relief the next person I recognized was the Colonel, active and sympathetic, giving orders to those who were supporting a soldier apparently suffering from a mortal wound. Surgeons, hospital stewards, and servants swelled the crowd. The sentinel’s musket had gone off accidentally and blown his hand off. Back at the post I saw the corporal, with one or two comrades, with a light, searching in the snow for the missing member. The wounded man was carried into the surgical room, surrounded by a sympathizing and agitated group. Lint and bandages were spread upon the table, and cases of instruments unrolled, exhibiting rows of hooks, pinches, and gleaming blades, suggestive of all manner of insufferable tortures. The barber had brought his basin and towels, ready to catch the blood, while two young surgeons, who had been heating water to make some punch, magnanimously devoted it to the dressing of the gory wound. The man’s hand had not been blown off, after all; for, on raising his arm to the light, it appeared encased in a dirty glove still dangling to the wrist. At every touch and movement the soldier groaned and shrieked most pitiously, so affecting some of the spectators (not accustomcd to such bloody work) that they were obliged to retire to reinforce their stomachs with some narcotic stimulant. Two surgeons with hook and scissors undertook to remove the glove. The patient’s outrages were so violent during the operation that it was proposed to administer chloroform. Before it was brought in, however, the glove came off, and developed a manipulator red and dirty enough, but with four fingers and a thumb complete. The hand was turned over and over to the light, and wrist and arm were carefully examined. “Damn it!” quoth the Doctor, “I can’t see the wound!” Neither could any one else. Not a scratch, nor a bruise, nor a powder-burn! The sentinel was the most astonished individual of the company. His hands and feet were half frozen, and he had been dancing to warm them, holding his musket near the muzzle, meanwhile. The piece went off accidentally, jarring his benumbed fingers painfully; imagination did the rest. The meeting dissolved in shouts of derisive laughter. Several whose sympathies had been most painfully excited vented themselves by giving the ex-patient a kick or two as he retired. The Colonel, who had been most deeply grieved of any, condemned the man to stand on a barrel for three hours in the cold next morning.

February 4.—Bright and mild. I wrote to General David Birney, accepting the position he has offered me. Below I saw the regiments of a neighboring division engaged in a snowballing drill—attacking, retreating, and maneuvering in handsome style—by the bugle-calls and under the direction of their officers. It struck me as a very cheerful and appropriate exercise to break the monotony of camp life in snowy seasons. At night I attended a supper at the mess-room of the Second New Jersey—a rich and elegant affair. Champagne, speeches, songs, and stories were the order of the evening. Several of the officers expressed their fears lest the war would be over before they had an opportunity of fleeshing their burnished arms or grinning their gilded trappings in battle. I have often recalled that night when, in after-times, I have seen and heard of Phil Kearney’s brigade, foremost in the blaze and
storm of battle, and wondered how many of that gallant company have survived to remember that festal evening, with its hopes and fears.

February 7.—Clear and mild. I rode over to the city to-day and paid a visit to General Birney at the camp of the Twenty-third Pennsylvania. He was at dinner, and I joined him with a will. I afterward wrote to the President applying for the requisite commission, and after some agreeable general conversation returned to Camp Seminary.

February 8.—Mild and misty. At breakfast we all pitched into the authorities for continuing inactive so long. The genial spring breezes have begun to thaw men's blood and render the mud and despondency of inaction doubly irksome. Our strictures were suspended by hearing cheers at a distance. What does that mean? Fort Henry in Kentucky has been captured by our gun-boat fleet. The reoccupation of Romney by Lander is also news of less national interest, but being nearer home adds to my personal enjoyment.

February 12.—This morning smells deliciously of spring. More drums and cheering for the victory at Roanoke Island. The Fourth New Jersey is paraded and formed in hollow square, facing inward receives the news and responds with three times three.

February 14.—Raining. Having settled my affairs and taken leave of my kind friends of the brigade, I started with horse and baggage for Washington. Having seen General Birney I ascertained that my application had been duly forwarded, but would not be acted upon for two weeks perhaps. I determined to improve the leisure thus afforded by visiting my family at Berkeley—engaging the General to telegraph me at Hancock, Maryland, in case of any movement.

February 18.—I arrived at Hancock last night. This morning is bright and balmy as spring. Soon after breakfast I called to see General Williams (of Banks's Division), who holds this place with his brigade. The General, ascertaining that I wished to visit Berkeley, kindly offered me a company of cavalry as an escort. Colonel Kuippe, of the Pennsylvania Rifles, also offered me his horse and arms. I crossed the river at the head of my troop, and took the road to Berkeley after an absence of nearly seven months. The grander features of the familiar landscape were unchanged, still defying the power of human might and malignity; but all the minor landmarks were obliterated. Fences, houses, and barns had disappeared; heaps of ashes and the carcasses of dead horses marked the route over which Jackson's army had advanced and retired. The streets of the village as I entered were silent and deserted, with no signs of life except an occasional face of a woman or child peering from a half-closed door or window.

In the public square I met some negroes who recognized me. Captain Homer halted the escort here, and sent out pickets to guard the roads, having been informed that a large body of rebel cavalry were a short distance above the town. Meanwhile my friends, informed of my advent, had appeared at doors and balconies and were waving joyful welcome. As I rode past the Pendleton cottage I saw my venerable kinsman waving his handkerchief from the balcony. I responded with the triumphant tidings which I had brought over the river:

"Grant has captured Fort Donelson, with fifteen thousand prisoners—Union forever!"

As I approached my own door there were handkerchiefs waving too, and my daughter, all bright and blooming, ran out to meet me. It is strange that my eye should have searched so persistently for a face that I knew could not be there. My sight grew dim for a moment, but I quickly rallied, determined to draw to the bottom my cup of social joy and triumph. We talked, laughed, dined, drank wine, and congratulated each other. I was at home again; Victory had perched upon the National eagles in all quarters. A few days more and the power of the nation would move, sweeping all before it like an Alpine avalanche. Who could for a moment doubt the result?

"Twas as though God himself had set "Gainst Satan—"

Courage, dear friends! One brief and glorious campaign, and all will be over. We will see our beloved Virginia again free from her bloody oppressors—"sitting clothed and in her right mind. The evil spirits cast out," and peace established in all her borders. The flag that unfolds all that is great and noble in her past history shall wave forever in power and honor over the homes of her living and the graves of her dead children.

In the afternoon I returned to Hancock accompanied by my wife and daughter, and by sunset we were comfortably established in our quarters at Barton's. While here I gathered the following account of Jackson's recent operations in this vicinity:

Having been sent to Winchester in the early part of the winter to protect that place against an anticipated occupation by the National forces, and encouraged by their apathy, he determined, notwithstanding the inclinability of the season, to make an active campaign. He consequently gathered all the available force in the Northwestern Department of Virginia, amounting to about ten thousand volunteers and several thousand militia, with thirty pieces of cannon. With this force he moved into Berkeley and Jefferson counties, completely destroying the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad between Harper's Ferry and Hedgesville, and making several abortive attempts to render the Chesapeake and Cumberland Canal useless by destroying the dams from which it was fed. These attempts brought on some skirmishing along the river, in which the National troops, from the superiority of their ordnance, generally had the advantage. In the beginning of January Jackson moved with his whole force toward Berkeley Springs. The
place was occupied by a battalion of National troops, with two guns of Muhlenburg's Battery. As the rebels advanced by the Winchester road a company of the Thirty-ninth Illinois Infantry was sent out to feel and reconnoitre their column; as the reports from the country had been so uniformly false or exaggerated, they were not credited in the present instance. The scouting party encountered the enemy's advance several miles out and made a dashes attack upon it, killing and wounding several and checking the whole column. Perceiving they had fallen upon a greater superior force, the gallant Illinoisians retired in good order and un molested to their post at Berkeley. Jackson was so much deceived by this audacious and unexpected attack that he halted for the night, and next morning advanced cautiously on the village, occupied by five companies, as if he were in the presence of a large army. The Federals, still incredulous in regard to the enemy's force, held their ground; and Muhlenburg's two guns, posted on the ridge over the hotel, opened sharply on the columns advancing by the Winchester and Martinsburg roads. The presence of artillery again confused the rebel commander, who had expected to find nothing but infantry opposed to him, and again his march was checked and his opportunity lost. The eyes of the National officers were at length opened by seeing heavy flanking columns moving both to the right and left of their position. They quietly retired with their guns by the Sir John's road, and, crossing the river, joined the brigade under Lander, stationed at Hancock, in Maryland. About four hours after the Illinoisians had withdrawn the enemy's advanced cavalry under Colonel Ashby entered the village. Jackson, with his artillery and a brigade of infantry, passed through without stopping, and took position on the bluffs opposite Hancock. Young's brigade occupied the Berkeley Springs Hotel, while the militia bivouacked here and there where they could find a convenient resting-place. The rebel General's plan, it seems, was to capture the force at Berkeley, then cross the Potomac at Hancock, move up the National Turnpike, capture Cumberland, and cut off Kelley, who held possession of Romney. Hancock was defended by Lander with about two thousand men and two guns. He was summoned to surrender by Jackson, and his answer may be better imagined by those who know him than by those who do not. Persons who were present say the oaths were appalling. Immediately after Jackson's messenger returned the cannon opened. The rebel bombardment was urged to the utmost, and several houses in the centre of the town were perforated by shells, while the women and children were running wildly through the streets seeking an escape from the fire. Muhlenburg's two guns, already in position, returned the fire with such fatal accuracy as to drive the rebel batteries from the bluff.

During the heat of the bombardment the gallant lieutenant commanding the artillery, wishing to quiet the alarm of the fleeing women and children, rode up the street and addressed them in the following soothing words: "Ladies, don't be frightened, there is no danger, I assure you—their powder ain't worth a damn!" Jackson got his pontoons upon the river bank, but so sternly were the opposing shores held by Lander's infantry that neither commands nor persuasion could induce the rebel troops to attempt a crossing.

While matters stood in this position at Hancock, Kelley made a dash from Romney in the direction of Winchester, and at Blue's Gap attacked and dispersed a body of militia, storming their redoubt and capturing four cannon with all their stores and baggage. This spirited blow caused the rebel commander hastily to abandon his position before Hancock, and to move on Romney by the Bloomery road. The weather, which had been mild at the commencement of the movement, had now become intensely cold, and the march was accomplished with the most severe suffering to the troops. Kelley meanwhile quietly withdrew from Romney, leaving Jackson to occupy, unopposed, a useless and devastated village which he could not afford to hold, and from which he could not advance.

This campaign was as stupidly conceived, and as feebly executed, as any that will be recorded on either side in this war of failures and blunders. It cost the rebel commander about two thousand men hors du combat (chiefly from cold and exposure), and nearly cost him his commission. I was told he was so offended at the structures that were heaped upon him by his superior officers, and the public generally, that he tendered his resignation, which, however, was not accepted.

During the rebel occupancy of Berkeley my father's property was wasted and plundered with many circumstances of obscene and wanton outrage. Besides large quantities of blankets and bedding which the men took to supply their necessities, a great amount was destroyed from mere spite and malignity. Doors, balusters, and furniture were used for fire-wood, although the place was surrounded with abundance of good timber. Private papers, collections of rare books, choice paintings, port-folios of sketches and engravings, cabinets of curiosities and articles of vertu, were torn, trampled under foot, defaced, or carried away. A chivalric amateur of the arts introduced his horse into my studio and served his feed in the desk. Both animals left indelible traces of their appreciative tastes behind them. The handsome residence of Mr. Garrison, a gentleman from New Jersey, was needlessly burned, as were several barns and other buildings.

Ill-natured folks might be tickled to hear that our visitors were not altogether partial in their attentions, and that sympathizing friends of the Southern cause fared little better than their avowed and open enemies. Some boxes of clothes and valuables, belonging to Southern
neighbors, had been deposited in our house to insipid protection against the Federal Hessians and Vandals. Although special pains were taken to protect them by proclaiming the political proclivities of their owners, they went with the rest. Some neighboring cottages, belonging to well-known friends of the Southern cause, were gutted as ruthlessly as ours had been. For the rest the family received no personal rudeness from either officers or men. Indeed they spoke with feeling of many acts of sympathetic and kindly attention received from individuals during these trying times.

Directly after the departure of the invading army my father took to his bed, complaining of a severe cold, owing, perhaps, to the unusual exposure and discomfort to which he had been subjected during the occupation of his house by the troops. During his illness he seemed to suffer but little, except from general prostration of vital energy. In his broken and fevered sleep his mind seemed continually occupied with the unhappy condition of his beloved country, and when he died, on the sixteenth of the month, in his seventy-sixth year, his last audible words were, "Forward! Forward! McClellan!"

February 21.—To-day I received a telegram from General Birney, informing me of my appointment as Assistant Adjutant-General, and requesting me to report at once. This promises a speedy answer to the patriot’s dying cry.

The days of impatient and wearing expectancy are at length past, and those of tremendous realization are at hand.

WOODEN LEGS.

TWO children sat in the twilight,
Murmuring soft and low,
Said one, “I’ll be a sailor-lad,
With my boat ahoy! yo ho!
For sailors are most loved of all,
In every happy home,
And tears of grief or gladness fall
Just as they go or come.”

But the other child said sadly,
“Ah, do not go to sea,
Or in the dreary winter nights
What will become of me?
For if the wind begins to blow,
Or thunder shook the sky,
While you were in your boat, yo ho!
What could I do but cry?”

Then he said, “I’ll be a soldier,
With a delightful gun,
And I’ll come home with a wooden leg,
As heroes have often done.”

She screeches at that—and prays and begs.
While tears—half anger—start,
“Don’t talk about your wooden leg,
Unless you’d break my heart.”

He answered her rather proudly,
“If so, what can I be?
If I must not have a wooden leg
And must not go to sea?
How could the Queen sleep sound at night,
Safe from the scum and dregs,
If English boys refused to fight
For fear of wooden legs?”