were fighting—and in the evening of the first day's fight the 7th made a saber charge and drove the rebels beyond a creek six miles below Nashville, on the river. They made a stand beyond the creek, and planted a battery so as to command the bridge spanning it. The 7th at once dismounted and commenced skirmishing with them. While on this charge the 7th ran over four pieces of artillery sticking in the mud in the cornfield near the river. After skirmishing a while Col. Garrard came to the writer and said:

"Captain, I will give you Co. F to add to your battalion, and I want you to take that battery. I will send Capt. Hall with three companies to cross the creek at its mouth, and when you have got fairly to work Capt. Eylor will charge over the bridge with two companies."

Our "left bower," the old 5th Iowa, had not yet come up, and I said to the Colonel:

"Isn't that a little premature? Would it not be well to wait till the 5th Iowa comes up, and then make the charge?"

The Colonel replied in a low, stern voice: "Captain, I want you to make the charge."

I lacked the nerve to disobey and at once ordered the men to horse. The five companies who were to charge in front of the guns were soon formed and moved out from behind a ridge by fours, and as soon as the column was all out the command was given, "The right of squadrons, fours right!" By this time the shot and shell were coming thick and fast. The boys raised a shout and dashed down the hill, over the fence, across the creek, over a narrow ridge, across another small stream, and on to within 30 paces of the guns, when my attention was called to the fact that Capt. Eylor had been repulsed on the bridge and that Capt. Hall had failed to cross the creek at its mouth, and as some of my companies were weak, having been reduced to but 16 or 18 men, I fell back and recrossed the creek. As soon as we were sufficiently out of the way, the gunboats, which were near our right, sent two shots up the creek. One would have been sufficient, for from the way the rebels limbered up and struck out I was satisfied they wanted no more of that. Darkness coming on we rested for the night where we were.

On the morning of the 16th we were on the move by daylight, the 5th Iowa in the advance. After marching some four miles we came to the abandoned camp of the enemy. Here they left the pike, taking a mud road. We followed about two miles, when we came to another gun left

STUCK IN THE MUD.

A halt was made, and the writer's battalion was sent across the country with orders, if possible, to reach the Harding pike. Upon accomplishing the work assigned to me, I sent the following dispatch back:

Colonel: I hold the Harding pike at the brick church. Chalmers's Division passed this point this forenoon, taking the Franklin road. They left some wagons here.

As soon as the command could be brought up our pursuit was continued, the 5th Iowa in advance. Skirmishing soon commenced. The Iowa boys "whooped them up" pretty lively the remainder of the day and captured a great many prisoners. Night coming on we went into camp.

The next morning (17th) the 7th Ohio took the advance, and the pursuit was vigorous. We were soon at work on the enemy's rear, and the excitement ran high. We crossed the Harpeth River some miles below Franklin, and skirmishing became very lively, but we steadily pushed them back until we arrived in full view of the town, when I was ordered to take my battalion and move out to the right and occupy some buildings in the suburbs. Upon reaching the position assigned me I saw the rebel infantry moving off in three lines. I sent an Orderly back to inform the Colonel, who ordered a charge at once. I charged to the right of the town while the two other battalions charged through the town, capturing the rebel hospital and driving the enemy before them. We were soon upon their rear, where we captured them by the hundreds.

Their front line, on reaching the wooded hill one and a half miles beyond Franklin, faced about and opened fire. They planted a battery on the road and commenced shelling us. We continued our charge until we reached a stone fence near the foot of the hill. My battalion, charging to the right of the town, met with no obstruction, and was some distance in advance before the other battalions got through the town. When I had got 300 yards beyond Franklin the rebels ran out a train of cars past my battalion. I was far enough past to have torn up the track and captured the train had I known it was behind me.

Before reaching the stone fence above mentioned the 4th U. S. battery, which belonged to our brigade, took position at the houses where my battalion had begun to charge before and opened fire on us. One of their shots came very near striking the Chaplain of the 5th Iowa Cav., who was with me. He was in the habit of

STAYING ON THE FRONT LINE.

His name was Ellis or Elliott. To get from under the fire of the battery I was compelled to move to the left of the Columbia road, where I joined the other battalion of the 7th. We took position behind the stone fence and were engaging the enemy, when a battery belonging to Knipe's Division was run into a fort on the opposite side of the river from Franklin, commenced shelling us, and continued to do so until a messenger was sent to stop it.

Up to this time none of our troops had passed beyond Franklin. The 5th Iowa soon took position on our left, and while we were holding the enemy Hatch's Division came in from the left and struck the rebels in the flank, capturing a battery and about 1,000 prisoners. This was the first sight we of the extreme right had of that splendid fighting division, and I know it was doing its whole duty wherever it may have been on the line. Up to this time we had not seen a rebel cavalryman, but had been fighting infantry from the start. When Hatch's Division came up the rebels took to their heels.

Col. Harrison congratulated Col. Garrard upon what the 7th Ohio had done, and said:

"You have done enough for one day; you may fall in the rear, and I will throw the 5th Iowa in advance."

The enemy was driven back some two miles farther, and we went into camp. This ended the third day's fighting. The 5th Iowa was sent farther out, with orders to get in their front while Hatch was pressing their rear.

From the 18th to the 25th nothing of interest occurred beyond continued skirmishing and gathering of stragglers from a badly whipped and retreating army.

On the 25th, Christmas Day, our brigade took the advance, and the 5th Iowa the advance of the brigade. We were soon upon their rear, and skirmishing was lively, the 5th Iowa doing the work handsomely. On reaching Pulaski the 5th Iowa made a gallant charge, driving the enemy through the town. One battalion of the 5th charged the bridge over Richland Creek, beyond Pulaski, but was repulsed, leaving a First Sergeant killed at the entrance of the bridge. The rebels fired the bridge in several places and had run three cars loaded with arms and fixed ammunition close up to the bridge and

SET THEM ON FIRE

also. The enemy formed a line of battle in the bottom land a quarter of a mile from the bridge.

As the 7th neared the bridge the 1st battalion was ordered forward at a double-quick to save the bridge. We dismounted and made for the burning bridge, gathering buckets, tubs, pans and anything we could get hold of capable of carrying and throwing water. Some of the men were set to work with boards in their hands to knock the siding and roofing off, while others were carrying and throwing water. The enemy stood watching the operation, but did not fire a shot, though we were greatly annoyed by the bursting of shells from the burning cars.

When the 5th made the charge on the bridge the enemy ran a battery completely into the creek, which our brigade should have the credit of capturing, as well as the one the 7th Ohio ran over in the cornfield during the first day's fighting, about three miles from Nashville.

When I reached the bridge with my bucket brigade I found at the entrance of the bridge the dead Sergeant of the 5th Iowa. With gentle hands we laid him by the side of the road. He had been killed in the charge. This was sufficient evidence that the gallant old 5th was getting in its work near the right spot. As soon as the flames were under control the 5th and 7th moved across the bridge and formed in line just beyond the bridge. Following them came Hammond's Brigade, of Knipe's Division. On seeing this the enemy set fire to some ammunition wagons, about-faced and moved off without firing a gun. I was ordered to complete the work of putting out the fire. The rebels made a stand on the top of the hill, but were soon driven back with heavy loss.

When the work of saving the bridge was completed I followed. On reaching the top of the hill I discovered four horses lying in a heap dead, and the same number of men on a porch close by. Here the country became very broken and mountainous, and the enemy

DIDN'T DRIVE WORTH A CENT,

nor could we operate as cavalry, and were compelled to dismount and fight on foot. The timber for the most part was cedar, and stood very thick, and in crawling through our clothes were torn at almost every step. In this way we succeeded in driving them back about six miles, when we came to the south side of the mountain.

Our horses were brought and we mounted and rode by file down the mountain, across a narrow valley and about half way up the hill on the other side, where the regiment was formed in close column of squadrons. My battalion was dismounted, sent out to the right and deployed as skirmishers. I soon discovered that the enemy reached far beyond my right, and theirs was not a skirmish-line either, but a solid one. I rode back and informed the Colonel that I did not have near men enough, as the enemy far overlapped my flank. He ordered me to dismount Co. F and take them out and put them on my right. I had just got them into position and given the order forward, when the enemy rose from their concealment with fixed bayonets and came down like an avalanche upon my little skirmish-line. To say we ran don't half express it; we just flew.

On reaching the foot of the hill the Colonel came galloping down past, saying:

"Captain, get your men out of here;—don't try to save your horses."

The Colonel need not have said that, for we were making lightning speed, and "No. 4" got our horses out too.

We ascended about halfway up the opposite side of the hill, about-faced, and ordered the rebels that were near us to come into our line, and they came. From them we learned that there were eight brigades left on that hill to hold us back until they got their pontoons laid and their trains across the Tennessee River. Their charge was simultaneous from right to left, and our whole line was driven back just as I had been. The 4th U. S. battery, which belonged to our brigade, was a mile or more to the left of the 7th Ohio Cav., and it was supported by the 4th U. S. Cav. The rebels were on that battery before they could turn round, and

GOBBLED IT UP,

leaving us a polite little note thanking us for it. It was said that the 4th U. S. Cav. made as good time as I did with my skirmish-line, but I don't think it possible.

This wound up the 11 days' cavalry fighting begun on the morning of Dec. 15, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., and ending the 25th, Christmas Day, on the Tennessee River, in Alabama. After scouting the country for some three weeks we settled down at Gravelly Springs, Ala., where we were reorganized preparatory to making the greatest raid of the war, to wit: the Wilson raid. In the new organization the 7th Ohio Cav. and 5th Iowa Cav., with the 1st Ohio Cav. added, became the Second Brigade, Fourth Division, Cavalry Corps, Military Division of the Mississippi. Gen. Alexander commanded the brigade and Gen. Upton the division.

The 7th Ohio and 5th Iowa were the only regiments of the Sixth Division that were mounted in the Nashville fight. The remainder could not be on account of the scarcity of horses, and therefore fought on foot as infantry. I did not see them after we went into the fight on the morning of Dec. 15, nor did I see our division commander after the 7th made the charge in the evening of the first day's fighting. I presume he remained with the dismounted cavalry of the Sixth Division.

Feeble Woman's Memory.

[*Lewiston Journal.*]

A woman in one of the Lewiston dry-goods stores was in a quandary Friday forenoon. She had too many strings on her fingers. "Now," said she, "the string on my forefinger is to remind me to get four yards of baby ribbon, and that red string there is so as I wont forget to call at the stove shop and get the wash boiler that's bein' mended. The piece of yellow ribbon is for powdered sugar for cake for the festival, and the yarn on my thumb is, lemme se-e-e, is to get four skeins of domestic yarn for mittens for the boys. What puzzles me is this other piece. Seems though it was somethin' about givin' the horse some dinner somewhere, but I don't just remember. Oh, dear me! How nervous it makes me! I want 12 yards of unbleached cotton cloth and two spools of thread. I'm got to get some velvet to trim over my new Winter bonnet, and I want some hairpins and some buttons for my cloak, and some ruching, and wont you let me look at some of your Winter garments, and—there! I want two sticks of braid, black, please, and two papers of pins, and a paper of needles and some whalebones, and a yard of brown silesia, two spools of twist, and what sort of lace have you got to trim a dress for my dau—oh! mercy sakes! What an escape! Isn't it fortunate! I've just recalled what that string is for. It's to remind me to call at my sister's in Lewiston and get my daughter, who has been visiting here, and take her home with me. Oh, my poor memory! Isn't it fortunate that I put the string on my finger. Good day. You put up the goods and I'll be back after them," and she went out before the clerk had time to perpetrate the trade-mark chestnut, "Is that all?"

The Little Fly.

[*Boston Record.*]

Harry's father is not strictly a moralist, although he goes through certain forms of ethical training sometimes with his infant son, to be on the safe side, as it were. Taking the little fellow upon his knee a few Sabbaths ago, he gave him a very homeopathic dose of religious teaching on the subject of the future state from an orthodox point of view. Closing he said:

"Now Harry must be a good boy, and always mind papa and mamma, and when he dies he will go to the beautiful Heaven and see God, who is so good to him. Does Harry want to live in Heaven some time?"

Harry nodded perfect acquiescence in the plan, and squirmed down to the floor to resume his play. But the lesson made a deep impression on the boy's mind, as the father realized not long after when he beheld him at the window with a large fly imprisoned in an angle of the sash. This is what he heard:

"Ittle f'y, is oo dood? Does oo always mind papa and mamma; toz if oo do, some day oo'l die and do and see Dod and Heaven. Does oo want to see Dod?" Then giving the poor fly a cruel thrust with his chubby finger, causing the instant death of the insect, he concluded: "Well, I dess it's about time to do and see him."

Her Gentle Hint.

[*St. Paul Herald.*]

He was seated across the room.

"Harry," she said, "if a fire were to break out suddenly in the house, what would be your first impulse, do you think?"

"Well, my first thought would be for you, of course. I would get you to a place of safety and then do what I could to extinguish the flames."

"That would be very nice of you, Harry, to think of me first; but if a fire were to break out now, for instance, wouldn't you lose valuable time reaching me from way across the room?"

Cause and Effect.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"Father," said Rollo, "why should the burning of four large sardine houses in Eastport affect the mackerel fisheries?" Rollo's father continued not to answer at some length, and Rollo's Uncle George said it would affect the fishery just as the burning of the large tobacco factories in Connecticut would affect the value of the cabbage crop. Then Rollo said he thought he could see through a grindstone when the hole was pointed out to him, and then they got to talking about the drouth and the failure of the milk crop.

A Common-Sense Answer.

[*New York Sun.*]

There is a good deal of practical common sense in the answer of the old cook in New Orleans when her young mistress told her of Wiggin's coming earthquake. "Go 'long, chile," she said, "go 'long wid yer nonsense? God-a-mity don' go and tell anybody what He's gwine der do; He jes' go 'long and do it."

Over 500 new agents, located in almost every State and Territory, have been made for Tansill's Punch 5c. Cigar during the past three months. Live dealers are making their rent in this wonderful cigar. Apply at once to R. W. Tansill & Co., Chicago, and secure the agency for your town before it is too late.

ANTIETAM DAYS.

A Picture of the Struggle in Maryland.

[*From Katy of Catoctin; or, The Chain Breakers; By George Alfred Townsend.*]

It was natural enough that the guide of the insurgent army into Maryland and Pennsylvania should have been one of the Logans—the mountain slave-catchers. They knew all the byroads, and, if the invasion had succeeded, the bloodhound would have been the next guide, chasing up fugitive slaves.

The issues to be settled under the South Mountain and by the Antietam mill-stream, were the same determined by Charles Martel, on the plains of Europe—whether women should have souls and Christians liberty!

The defeat of the Army of the Potomac there might have made slavery the dictator of all future American law and policy; it would next have compelled Canada and Mexico to remand fugitive slaves, and the slave trade would have been opened with Africa and Polynesia, and Europe forced to consent or fight; for men who would attack the United States in the proportion of one to three, would not hesitate to attack any State in Europe; and, in fact, the education of slavery had made the fiercest white race on the globe since Mohammed and his caliphs—a democracy practicing slave-driving had all the energy of a popular society with all the bigotry of Orientalism. The fatalist Presbyterian, to whom was consigned the capture of Harper's Ferry, as the principal result of the invasion of Maryland, would have been no unwelcome general to Abderrahman or Kara Mustapha.

There, under the fatuity of belief that the old mountain hole was important, the Government kept a garrison of 12,000 men, while the insurgents also felt annoyed to leave this hollow post in their rear; and, turning to take it, they lost the great battle of Antietam, and also learned that their remaining sympathizers in Maryland did not enlist for open war.

Lloyd Quantrell, like many a one returned to his native State, kissed the ground, and heard the bands play "Maryland," and read the proclamation of the heir-at-law of Washington that "freedom of the press has been suppressed"; and next, Lloyd saw the Union newspaper office at Frederick destroyed. The more honest proclamation was that of the Maryland rebel Brigadier: "Come, all who wish to strike for their liberties, and each man provide himself with a pair of shoes, a good blanket, and a tin cup."

The mountain counties had too few slaves to be interested in an otherwise causeless rebellion.* The false prophet lost nearly as many by desertion as he took at Harper's Ferry.

There an officer with great considertion for slavery was in command, and at the head of the Government army was another who had rather instruct his President on the enormity of freedom than go and strike the invader and follow him home.

Stonewall Jackson was the John Brown of his cause, and, like Brown, sat down in Harper's Ferry and paroled his prisoners; and the war was to continue till every influential officer and civil ruler of the two sides became fashioned to their likeness—a Union man had to hate slavery, and a disunionist to fear freedom. Stanton was the one great Unionist with the intensity of the secessionists themselves; they saw him and hated their own likeness.

Quantrell served as the staff-officer of a great slaveholder from Georgia, who had seen his political party break up and the Republican party prevail, rather than let his rival, the opponent of President Lincoln, receive the Democratic party's leadership. Jealousy, commencing in the party, had been the widening avenue to treason. This able man, who had handled the finances of his whole country, now found himself defending Crampton's Gap, one of two depressions in the long South Mountain wall, and as the Government troops stretched across the Catoctin Valley to carry the pass, something in their numbers and deliberations awed his heart. Quantrell was sent along the mountain crest to solicit reinforcements from the greater insurgent wing which held the pass of the old National road, some miles northward.

Suddenly he heard the strains of a band of music swell up from the plain behind him, to the air of a Maryland poet of other days:

"Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a Nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—'In God is our trust.'
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Lloyd's eyes filled with tears as he heard this tender music—plaintive, hopeful and trustful; like a *Te Deum*, threatening none, execrating none, resting upon the spirit of Heaven in the hearts of the young and devoted.

"Why can we not play that piece?" said he. "I know it is never played in our camps; but why not? Have we lost our State, our flag, our music too? What have we got in return?"

As he dried his eyes and looked at his shoes, half unsoled, and his garments and skin dirty, and himself come back, like a gypsy tramp, to the mountains of his childhood, he heard the fifes and drums in Crampton's Gap playing the old, monotonous, drunken-student tune, like a Roundhead drawl sung through the nose to insidious suggestions, to the words—

"Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! my Maryland!"

"Nice present for Maryland from her friends," Lloyd reflected—"the torch, the dirk-knife, the assassin's shot, and a bowl, either of poison or turpentine whisky."

He drank of the good rye he had purloined at one of the distilleries in Catoctin Valley, the capture of which had appeared yesterday to be the political motive of the whole war.

Suddenly he thought of the Sunday evening when he had left Katy, near Crampton's Gap, and the mysterious music of fife and drum had followed her retreating wheels.

"Oh prophecy of this desolation!" Quantrell cried, "was it I who brought this war upon my country? Did my coming to these mountains bring ruin to a single heart or shame to any hearth? God help me! What will to-morrow bring them, when every fife screams hate and every drum beats 'kill'?"

He had stumbled along the mountain table, when he found himself at the edge of a rock parapet, and identified the spot as that where he had met Isaac Smith and sons under their assumed names the day he shot the dove.

Looking out upon the rival valleys, Lloyd recognized his hunting park, somewhat as he had desired it that day when he said:

"I would clean out the whole region like a Norman King; all the wild beasts should return again—none but native American beasts, you bet!"

Every beast was here; every hamlet had become its lair; and from the North Mountain, more than 20 miles away, to Hagerstown and the Pennsylvania vales stretched the uncoiled insurrection, with one fold only around Harper's Ferry, and the flat head, like the sluggish copperhead snake's, hissing at Baltimore, where lay the Government fleet to raze that city if it sought to rise and destroy itself.

The mild, wistful eyes of Abraham Lincoln, whose life would pay the price of his devotion if his army failed, looked out from Washington city—his enemy far in his rear and hardly a day's march from his person—and he knelt in the agony of his responsibility to the God he had sometimes doubted, and promised if the battle were favorable to proclaim slavery the Nation's outlaw.

As if Heaven had taken the President at his word, the army charged the South Mountain with a spirit it had never shown. Behind Quantrell the old statesman's command was torn to pieces, and among the killed were some of his own family, and in the Gap ahead the soldiery of the West fought far into the night, and hurled their enemy down the mountain, though he had massed 30,000 men to keep this rampart. Three thousand fellow-men lay on the mountain side, crying for water and death.

Quantrell was caught up in the tide of flying men and carried on to Sharpsburg—that same little town where he had volunteered to carry the letter to Isaac Smith nearly three years before.

Here, in the dawn, stretched thousands of men upon the bare ground; hundreds more were contending for water at the stone-arched spring.

"The blessings of our Confederacy have been up to this time," Lloyd thought, "hardly to leave Maryland water to drink."

He went to the commanding General's and asked for a place in the coming battle, and they sent him to the Dunker church near by, where he had plighted troth with Katy; and that night, as Fate would have it, he slept beneath the September stars in the Dunker graveyard, where, at the grave of Katy's mother, he had put his own mother's ring upon Katy's hand, and heard a mystic music in the fields.

Now, from the small mountainous ridges, from the fields ribbed with limestone and the drooping woods of hickory and oak came the pipes and bands of vast and organized war—not like the handful of John Brown's followers caught in the mountain's jaws, but landscapes of men embroidered between the great quilting-frames of the North and South Mountains; and the Antietam brook, like a ball of blue yarn, lying on the floor below.

At dawn, next day, the bright needles began their task, and the red and white patches spangled the rich groundwork; like scissors cutting, the shell and shrapnel clipped the air, while smoke of burning rags and flesh went up to God in human sacrifice. It was the domestic quilting-party over domestic slavery.

During that night, thinking of where he might lie the night to follow, Lloyd Quantrell imagined he saw on the South Mountain summit the gaunt form of John Brown demonstrating with a pike upon the great blackboard of the battlefield and saying, "This, gentlemen, is the inevitable line of war!"

The battle of Antietam may be likened to two leopards lying in a brook, and fighting all day with their heads and teeth, and not till near night remembering the terrible claws upon their hinder feet, when these also do ferocious work.

At light of Wednesday morning the flexile animals began the roar of war, contending for the Dunker church through cornfields and lanes; and that little temple of the peaceful Dippers, standing on a white turnpike in the edge of beautiful woods, was the only Christian sign to 25,000 dead or bleeding men who lay that night beneath the breeze that carried the symphony of their wails to the old mill wheels in the creek, which turned as innocently to blood as to water. These mills had ground out flour for Washington's army and for the French wars a hundred years before.

The three arched bridges of the creek typified to many a burning man the three heads on Calvary with the hyssop at their lips.

In little villages, like Nazareth or Bethlehem of old, the taxed people crowded to pay Pilate the currency of blood, and many a pale virgin heard Joseph the carpenter's saw all the night working in human bones.

Artillery had been busy as the talk of crows in the standing corn for a full day's farmhand's work; the volleys of musketry seemed to rend the intervening mountains and account for their present partitioning; the old sycamores above the sluggish windings of the creek calmly slept in the tornado of iron like the Dunkers in their graves.

How many a barn of stone, such as were scattered over that rolling battle plateau, seemed to its fugitives of both armies, who crowded there fraternally, to be the palace of God's abundance until the missile of Christian chemistry made it burst to flame and be old Torquemada's sacrifice to the faith!

In grassy cross lanes, where the sighs of pastoral love had passed in the innocent sight of nibbling sheep, there lay at morn the specters of entangled bodies, swelling to quick decay, like the hewed trees upon the mountains and the corded wood.

By night the lamps of good Samaritan and robber moved among the sufferers, hearing the cry of "water," and answering it with rapine; or the cry for "death," and answering it with water and with wine.

The whole world contributed to that last supper to slavery; the multitudinous tribes that had swelled by their mutiny and emigration the as yet unwelded American race dipped in the sop of Antietam and sighed in all the tongues before the Pentecostal day.

The public enemy, with the Potomac at his back—looped up to his flanks and cinctured by his pontoons—held the horizon line above the creek and watched the three stone bridges of the Antietam; but only at the far left was battle given for the Union willingly, and it seemed in the moral laws of the world ordained that the commander who would qualify freedom in his heart could receive only qualified obedience. The nearest bridge to Sharpsburg was not attacked till afternoon, though ordered to be taken at dawn; and when that town was almost taken the returning victors from Harper's Ferry appeared and saved it.

Thus 150,000 men had tried a whole day to destroy each other, upon the issue of two Nations or one—no other moral point was then at issue.

But the President at Washington had recorded his vow. The day but two after the battle he read to his Cabinet the Proclamation of Emancipation, and the Monday after the battle—washing-day in the State—it was published to mankind.

Before it serfdom went down everywhere. The Russian and Brazilian followed the spirit of old King Frederick, and the American followed the example of Frederick's sword-wearer, Capt. John Brown.

These were the words of mercy, born out of the Autumn harvest of the Dunker's vale:

"*On the 1st day of January, in the year of our Lord 1863, all persons held as slaves by the people in rebellion against the United States shall be then, thenceforward and forever free.*"

The stream of Dutch immigration moving down the Cumberland Valley from the Delaware had prepared the battlefield of emancipation, and verified the proclamation of Mennonites and Dunkers a century and three quarters before: "We shall doe to all men licke as we will be done ourselves, making no difference in what generation, descent, or colour they are."*

In the night the enemy had abandoned Maryland and crossed the river.

Not long afterward President Lincoln rode from Frederick City across the mountains in the month of October to see these battlefields—the nearest to his fame—and they took him to the mountain farm of John Brown, whence that outlaw had descended upon Virginia with his Gideonites nearly three years before in the same russet month.

The President got down from his carriage in the lane by the old log hut, and asked the privilege of entering the spot alone.

He looked within the humble stone basement at the bare floor and peeped into the small, contracted loft.

He sat in John Brown's own room, and the memory of his childhood, in such a hut as this, brought back the recollection of his mother and her barefoot brood.

He thought of his tanned and hazel-eyed mother crossing the Ohio to a home as bare as this among the wild pines and a little clearing of Indian corn in the bottoms of Indiana. He thought of her dying when he was only nine years old and the digging of her lonely grave, without a preacher near to see her dear mold go down beneath the October sycamore; and of his desolate father, looking his last upon her with a sound of inarticulate wo and wringing hands. The trees without made the same sound now in the same October weather, saying Indian things in the afternoon light.

"Dear mothers of poor boys!" the President said, "look down in pity on the orphans who have made their way to public life in honor of your characters, and never find the unselfish joy you gave them, even in the solace of such opportunities for good as poor John Brown's and mine! Oh, could you tell me, mother, that I am right and give me the luxury of that great grief I felt when you were suffering, I would gladly lie down here and surrender to the silence of a grave like yours the honors and the troubles I am so much envied for!"

Tears bade the President go down to the old spring house and bathe his eyes. As he reached it a large, black-haired woman sat there beneath the hooded roof and looked up at him like one expected, and with compassion like the mother of his youth.

"My son," she said in deep, indwelling tones, "have you come also to the martyr's farm? Shall I see you go out of this lane never to return, however victorious?"

"I know your face," the President said in pleasant recognition. "You are one of the hospital nurses and Sisters of Dorcas who come sometimes to my office. Did you know John Brown?"

"He was another son of mine," the dark woman said; "I brought him to this barren shrine near the hut where I had ministered to many escaping slaves. I saw his destiny, and I see yours, President. Let old Hannah Ritner, the witch of Smoketown, look into your hand!"

The President hesitated, still looking at her kindly, and he touched his moist eyes with his hands.

"Be careful, friend," he spoke; "my sensibilities have been a little moved by thinking of some things of childhood, and I derive from my old Dutch ancestry, which lived at both ends of this same valley, a vein of superstition. I hope you will not press me too hard."

"Your fortune has already been told, my gifted son."

"Yes; once it was. When I was a young man I went to New Orleans, and saw a beautiful yellow girl sold on the block, and I wished I might live to see slavery end. That very day a fortune-teller—an old Voudoo—solemnly told me that I would be President, and all the negroes would be free."*

"It has come to pass, my noble son! I will soon be laid away, obscurely as the patient mother you were just invoking by those tears, and, like the Scripture witch of old, I would connect my intuitions with your fate; for you look down on me like Jonathan, the son of Saul's own stature. Give a poor mourner for the hero who died on the gallows, that hand which executed his unsuccessful purpose with the more merciful pen!"

The President held out his hand. She took it and drew him toward her, and, gathering up her sheet of black and silver hair which had fallen in the spring, she wiped his eyes and scoured his palm with her hairs.

With face bent over his hand, and accents which were low, but made her bosom throb, Hannah Ritner spoke these words:

"The fierce are threatened oft
And live life out;
The wolf assails the soft—
Have thou no doubt!
He whose remaining gun
At thee takes aim,
Shall save the tenderest one
All of his fame!"

When the President heard these words, he saw the woman sink to her place upon the stone, by the log spring-house, under the rotting roof.

"Thank you," said he, "for the kindness of your augory. When my time comes, may God find me with no cares upon my face!"

During the battle for the Dunker church, Lloyd Quantrell, at the head of a detachment from everywhere—conscripts, filibusters, lads taken from school to stop bullets, and lads never meant for school at all, but to be "sand-hillers" and "crackers," like all their generations; bright Virginia yeomen and ardent young Carolinians, Irishmen from the wharves of cities, creoles from the levees, with Spanish and St. Domingo blood; fat, chicken-fed Georgians and Alabamans, lean duelists and card-players from Mississippi, men without origin from the spontaneous grass of Texas, and freckled skeletons from Tennessee—fought the ever-recurring advance of the Union army with the business coolness and rallying power he showed in Baltimore in firemen's times. Though Lloyd had reasoned upon the errors and follies of the secession cause, he gave it his full physical loyalty, and on his native soil would surpass his best endeavors, in the sight of all these wild levies.

His gun in hand at times, his pistol at others, his sword at closer quarters, and at times with nothing at all, he made the trembling stand, cheered the young tyro at man-killing, pointed the place of latest danger, and hurried to make it good; and, gigantic in stature, free in humor, forgetful of everything but the pleasure and hotness of the fight, he stood more distinct than a General, with clothes ripped by bullets and hat already ragged, one arm in a sling and his pair of new boots taken from a Federal corpse, his face black with powder and his food an ear of corn, and the dead around and before him unobserved as the limestone ledges which stood also in battle-lines under the beautiful woods.

His negro, Ashby, brought him water at times, constant but automatic, and once in the lull of battle, when far away the artillery roared like lightning in the mountains, Lloyd raised a laugh among his desperate but discouraged men by saying:

"Ashby, how did you get on *this* side? The Yankees will hang you!"

"I's corn-scripted," replied the negro, "like most of dese yer patriots—corn-scripted by my 'fections!"

The blue line of battle came on again through the shot-mowed Indian maze, announced by the skirmishers falling back with reports like popcorn in the pan.

"Now, boys," cried Quantrell, "we'll blow them out like a candle! We've had a little rest. Lie down behind the stone copings and take aim, and fire low—only when I give the word."

The emaciated, awed, but energized battalion fell down, and awaited the shock of war.

"Great Patapsco!" laughed Quantrell, "how many more Yankees can there be? We've killed a million and here they come again. This war will last till the Yankees learn to fire low, and then it wont last six months."

He was a great comfort to his men—candid, saucy, satirical, as apt to sing as to swear—and now he, alone, stood up, gnawing a half-dry ear of corn, and shaking the cob at the enemy—otherwise unarmed—and daring them to come nearer.

"Come on! Right here, to meeting! Come to love-feast! Come get your feet washed! Come get your hair cut! Come and get some lambsoup! Come, brethren—come to hell!"

Stalwart and ragged as a pirate, Lloyd's sense of humor even in this moment of intensity rose supreme; for the Federal leader was, like the Dunkers he had described, with straggling beard and shaved lip and long hair.

A blast of flame and lead blew from the Northern rifles, and the old Dunker church cracked like a white slave under the rawhide.

"Hold fast! I'll make him who fires before I speak eat all this corn-cob! Low, now, and—*fire!*"

The ground burst with smoke, and in the smoke rose the feeble rebel yell, and on before was another yell like women screaming.

"Snuffed out!" exclaimed Quantrell, grimly; "all are dead that have got legs. Give me a fresh ear, somebody!"

His men had hardly congratulated themselves, when the blue line reappeared, decimated, shorter, but steady yet—reformed behind the knoll and the corn—and the bearded figure leading it on wore his arm also in a sling, like Lloyd Quantrell.

"That Yankee's almost as saucy as I am," chuckled Lloyd to his men. "Now, down again, and finish them! Not a trigger goes till I call out! What are you doing here, Ashby? Go to the rear!"

"Don't you want your sword, mosster?"

"No. Give me a drink! *That* is a cool chap yonder, sure! Now, *low*—fire!"

As the smoke and dust arose from the fields the same mournful wail and the same rejoicing rebel yell echoed to each other.

"The graveyard's full!" said Lloyd; "I don't see a man!"

As the volleys of musketry went round the circuit of the battlefield, and the hushed and wondering soldiery gazed forth from the Dunker woods, they saw the same man, in beard and long hair, appear at the edge of the cornfield, at the head of a poor and uncertain handful of men in blue. He waved a sword and shook his head, and seemed to be saying "Forward!"

It was in vain. The waft of death, twice blown from those mysterious woods, had broken the hearts of his followers.

"Come, brother!" shouted Lloyd, "we'll divide the porridge with you. Bring them along! And you, my men, down their again, and wait for the word!"

The bearded man seemed now making a speech. He threatened his soldiers with a drawn pistol. He stripped his sword-sash from his body and threw it on the ground and stamped upon it.

"They wont come," said Quantrell; "I wouldn't if I was they. But the bully, yonder, is a lion."

The man they looked at now walked right toward them, head up, and the heroism of death in his tension and devotion. He came on, pistol in hand, not to surrender, but to defy, and to set the example of duty, and to die.

"Why," Quantrell said, "if this was his church, and he the preacher of it, he couldn't show more confidence walking up to his pulpit. Don't fire at him. Don't kill that man!"

To the credit of the worst among them, there was no such intention. His personal, unattended valor, and the appreciation of it, encompassed the whole battalion of his enemies. But it became apparent that he must die, lest he kill some one or many among them. His pace never slackened, nor were his features relaxed. He meant to give his life, but to exact life for it.

The whole stooping body peered up to see him; guns were cocked, and his heart seemed to beat visibly in the air where he walked, like the perforated cardboard it was in a moment to be.

"Don't shoot so game a fellow-man!" called Lloyd; "I'll trip him up and take him alive."

As he and they all stared at this effigy, whose breathing they could almost hear as it came at full momentum, like a bull to the Indian ambush, their flank, which they had neglected for this spectacle, flamed and thundered, and Lloyd Quantrell turned his head to see the woods full of blue blouses and charging men, and to hear a wail of anguish at his very feet, and see his battalion rise and rush from his side in the panic of demorilization.

At the same moment a pistol went off at his own ear, and he grappled with a strong man.

Another human body rushed between, and the pistol was again discharged.

Lloyd seemed to be in a burning house, and suffocated.

He awoke in the night, clasped in some one's arms, helpless, athirst, and everywhere in pain. The air smelled of the tons of sulphur shot into it a whole day long, and spasmodic cries of dying wails, the lonely trumps of camps, or random picket-guns, ascended to the stars.

"Help! countrymen! Help! Oh, help!"

His wail also had arisen among the rest, for he felt like a sick baby.

The person in his arms relaxed his grasp, and said:

"Mosster?"

"O Ashby! Take me up, my poor old friend!"

The negro's throat seemed to rattle, and he also sighed.

"God's took me up, Lloyd! I took de las' shot Luther Bosler fired at you. De first hit you and fetched you down. He's lyin' yer, too, wounded wid your sword: I had to run it in him—he was so brave."

The negro's form seemed to stretch, and his lips to give forth bubbles. Lloyd shouted for help again, and this time not for himself.

"Ashby! Servant! O my friend!"

"Lloyd, good by! I'm a pore black man, but I love you. Oh, don't oppress my people. Let whisky alone; it's ruinin' of you. Daddy—I'm comin'!"

A long suction, a gap, and silence.

Lloyd put out his hand with pain, and the black face was cold with a night dew that awaits no morning sun.

"Help! help! Some water! Oh!"

Voices and a lantern came near, and people were heard speaking in old German. Soon there was a cry of affection, and the words, "Sohn! Bubbelly! O Luter—Bi'm-by."

"Father, attend to te people first here at my right. They're suffering te most. Give them a drink of your water and whisky—it's good, now."

A man raised Lloyd's head and pressed cold spirits to his lips, and said:

"Drinksht! You was Yasus' man, too."

"Jake, don't you know me?"

The man wiped Lloyd's face and held the lantern to his eyes, and fell back, as in horror or hate.

"You?" he cried. "You robbed me of my heilich dowb, my Katy! We fed you, and you bit us. Luter, te feind, te difel is py your side! Don't speak mit him. He dies in hell—Bi'm-by!"

Luther did not hear; he had fainted.

When morning came upon the battlefield, Ashby lay stark upon his back, testifying to the spheres, with eyeballs white as the fading moon.

All day Lloyd lay there in delirium, shouting unconsciously, and at night it seemed that millions of lamps were moving over the battleplain seeking out the dead. He lost all sense of time or place, or everything but torment, and only heard repeated the old man's bitter words: "He dies in hell bi'm-by!"

He felt a breath of cooler air, and heard a voice say:

"Lloyd!"

He was in a boat upon a sort of bier, crossing a river, and Hugh Fenwick looked down at him, saying:

"*Dominus vobiscum!* Poor friend, I have sent you to your own side of the river!"

"Virginia? Oh, let me stay in Maryland! I want my wife, my father!"

The boat grounded on the pebbles at Shepherdstown, and Quantrell was abandoned to his political environment.

In the long hospital at Washington, Luther Bosler lay, with his sister and Hannah Ritner by his cot.

Hugh Fenwick came in to these, and took Katy's hand.

"*Benedictus*, my pupil. Lloyd Quantrell is dead!"

* "The section occupied by the Confederate army was inhabited by people who had, for the most part, very different views and feelings from those of the more southern counties. In the latter, and in Baltimore, thousands would have flocked to the standard of Lee, but if," and so forth.—Scharf's rebel and official "History of Maryland."

* Mennonite protest against slavery to the Pennsylv