place. It was in this house that the old lady who had just come from Brandy when the troops were coming in, told Mrs. Whale that the Yankees were the strangest people she ever saw, as they carried their dead soldiers along with them; for she had seen over a dozen wagons with 5 corps-es in them. The Rickard house still remains as it was, and so around Stevensburg many of the old landmarks remain, and would easily be recognized by anyone who was here during the war. Maj. Stine, who visited here last Summer, located and remembered many places which he had seen here when on his pilgrimage in these parts.

Leaving Stevensburg and going east toward Germania Ford the first house you see is the Grayson house, a large building constructed of brick imported from England over 100 years ago. It is situated about 300 yards to the right of the road, on a hill, and is heavy enough to stand a siege. After you have proceeded from Stevensburg one mile you come to my house, on the left-hand side, and McVeigh's, on the right, about 100 yards from the road. Then you pass the Kelly's Ford road, on your left, through the rocky gorge called the "Devil's Jump," and on through heavy woods to the Roberts house, on the left, two and one-half miles from Stevensburg, the crossroads from Brandy Station over to the plank road and Germania Ford coming in at the east end of the place. Proceeding on through Billy Cole's heavy woods one mile you reach cleared land on each side of the road, old Mrs. Evans's house being on the right, and the site of the old Barnes Hotel on the left. Four miles from

SCOUTS STEALING KISSES FROM THE GIRLS.

Stevensburg you come to a road coming in from the left from Kelly's Ford and Jack Stone's mill, as also a road from Brandy by way of Stony Ford and Turner's, passing near Hamilton's and Redd's. We are now 25 miles from Fredericksburg, at the point where the Fifth, Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, of Hooker's army, entered the Fredericksburg road on Wednesday the 29th of April, 1863, on their way to Chancellorsville, commanded respectively by

GENS. MEADE, HOWARD AND SLOCUM.

The road then bends to the right or southeast, the first house on the left, a little off the road, being that of Willis Madden, a free colored man; then, a quarter of a mile further, Mary Daggett's, and about half the distance further on Charles Daggett's. Soon we came to Tapp's old field, on the right hand side of the road, where a branch road comes in from the west from a free colored settlement on the plank road. Between Charles and Mary Daggett's a breastwork was thrown up across the road by a Federal infantry brigade, which camped opposite Daggett's, on Barnes's Branch, to support the cavalry pickets and outposts. A North Carolina brigade of infantry, and subsequently a brigade of Confederate cavalry, had camped there at times previously, and this brigade of the Second Division of Hancock's Corps took their place in the Fall of 1863, on account of the good wood and water, and located on the ground where Longstreet executed the spy the previous Summer.

We are now 24 miles from Fredericksburg, with Mrs. Allen's house on our right and Shepherd's Grove Postoffice half a mile further on our left; and still another half mile and we are at the forks of the road, 23 miles. That road to the right leads to Germania Ford, three miles, and that to the left goes to Richardsville, five miles, and Ely's Ford, four miles further, on the Rapidan, with branch roads to Field's Ford, Ellis's Ford and Richard's Ford and Ferry, with trails to Deep Run Mill and Klinker's Mill, where there are crossings also, on the Rappahannock. Here in the forks is a clearing, in which the Stone house is situated, occupied by Mrs. Brannon and family. Here is where the cavalry videts in this direction stood post many a time. Between those two large pine trees on the left a pole was fastened, where the Corporal and men not on post hitched their horses and slept. That burnt place at the base of the big double pine is where they cooked. The reserve was back at Shepherd's Grove, or in a hollow on the west side of the road a little behind Shepherd's. There part of Col. Bryant's 18th Pa. Cav. were surprised one morning by some of Hampton's Confederate Division, who came over Germania Ford and run the pickets in on the reserve, into whom they charged, wounding and capturing a number of men and horses and driving the rest in on the infantry supports. Pursuit was made by Gen. Davies, but without success, the Confederate cavalry getting off with their captures. In the same hollow, the Confederate Gen. Chambliss came upon and killed a number of colored soldiers, who were straggling from the negro troops sent on in the Summer of 1864 to join Gen. Burnside, I believe. A number of them were picked up here and there along their route from Brandy Station past the Sulphur Springs until they crossed at Germania, as they lay around all over the country. I found two of them fast asleep and open-mouthed under the honey-shuck trees below my house some hours after their rear-guard had passed. I woke them up and told them they had better "git," or they might get into trouble. When I informed them how long their command had been gone, they pulled out very lively. It is true I did not like to see

NEGROES IN FEDERAL UNIFORM,

but yet I did not care to have them get into trouble on my place, not knowing what the

"JAYSUS! PHAT'S THAT?"

Confederate soldiers who captured them might do with them.

Wm. Ross, with his wife, daughter Emily and son John, lived in the Grayson house, Bob Grayson having refugeed South. I have heretofore told of Bill Ross. After the war he bought the house in Stevensburg where Mrs. Moore lived, and fixed it up with shrubbery and fruit-trees from the abandoned Federal camps, making it a beautiful place.

At Joe Roberts's house, he being in the Confederate army, Bill Edwards lived, who has also been spoken of before. When he was taken off by Stuart the house was abandoned, and was afterwards torn down by the Federals and hauled to the camps to build shanties, as was also the Evans house, near Barnes Branch.

Old Willis Madden, a free colored man, lived, as formerly described, and kept a sort of house of entertainment. His daughter, Maria, was his housekeeper, and was kept by Jack Whale, the Constable mentioned as being nearly mobbed in New York, by whom she had two children, one of whom, Willis Madden, is pastor of the colored church at the settlement now at the junction of the Kelly's Ford road, and the other is a teacher of the colored school. Old Willis Madden's house was used before the war for giving big parties, where rich planters, like Gentleman Bill Ross, Jack Stone, Jack Harris and Bluke Hansborough, would meet the daughters of poor white men.

Mary Daggett lived at home with her daughter Belle, and had three sons in the Confederate army—Basil, Catlett and James. The latter married Salome Shepherd, and lives near Pony Mountain. Basil died in the lunatic asylum after the war, having gone on to Washington with his gun to obtain the Presidency, and Cat. was killed by lightning.

Charles Daggett had five daughters, with his wife and boy, John, at home. Pamelia, Lucy, Fanny and Melvina are alive and married, and Kate married a Northern soldier named H. R. Lucas, who belonged to the heavy artillery. She is now dead. When the North Carolina brigade camped opposite Chas. Daggett's house they commenced foraging on him, and he complained of it. The commanding officer issued orders, which were read on parade, that no foraging would be allowed; but they kept at it, and the commanding officer ordered Charles to shoot any man who interfered with his property. One night some soldiers were in the house talking to him and the girls, when he heard a noise outside, as he thought. He went into the other room, took a gun, went out, and fired in the direction of two stacks of rye, which the soldiers had been disturbing. He then heard a cry, and the soldiers ran out of the house to find one of their companions, who was stealing the rye for bedding, badly wounded.

At Shepherd's Grove, which was the post-office for the surrounding country, Travis Shepherd lived, with his sons, Dick and Bill, John being in the Confederate army. His daughters, Sarah, Salome and Hester have all married and gone off, old Travis being dead.

The Lambkins lived on the Smith place, on the Field's Ford road, which turns off at Shepherd's Grove and passes by Mrs. Sallie Cole's, Shepherd's and Miss Field's. Another road turned off further back toward Daggett's and went past the Forest Chapel and over toward Brimmer's and into a road that ran from Kellyville to Richardville.

A SOLDIER NAMED MEESICK,

of one of the cavalry regiments, was paying attention to Miss Jennie Cole, and was visiting her at Mrs. S. Cole's, a mile off the main road, one evening. He heard noises outside the house, and believing them to be made by Confederate scouts, drew his revolver and told them to come in and take him. A Frenchman, a recruit, who was with him, was much frightened. Fearing that the house would be fired into and the Federals killed, as they were in the light, while those outside were in darkness, Miss Jennie Cole blew out the lights. The Confederates, led by Coot Allen and Jack Harris, detailed as scouts from their knowledge of the country, then rushed in and took them prisoners; but being unable to get them out south, took them out by way of Field's Ford to Morrisville, in Fauquier County, where they turned them over to a Confederate detachment.

The Rogerses lived over near Field's Ford, and it was a picket-station for a time. On one occasion a party of Confederates dashed in on the picket-post and killed one man. Either intentionally or in the melee, the body was knocked into a fire they had burning and was disfigured almost beyond recognition.

Under the old pines I stand, where I have seen the trim cavalryman sitting his horse with carbine advanced, watching the roads, while his companions, a couple of rods away, dismounted, chatted and smoked near their horses, whose bridle-reins were cast over old pieces of horseshoe driven in the trees, and the past seems to me more like a dream than a reality.

From Stone's house at the forks we will now start forward, three miles to Germania Ford and 23 miles to Fredericksburg. This was the route taken by the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps enroute to Chancellorsville, and had been traveled over by Stoneman's cavalry a few days previously, who partly destroyed the bridge over the Rapidan. About 150 Confederate pioneers were repairing the structure when the Federal advance came upon and captured them.

GET OFF THAT HORSE.

The Fifth Corps took the left-hand road to Ely's Ford.

A fine spring is at Stone's, and the thirsty soldiers refreshed themselves from it. Mrs. Mary Brannon lived there with her daughters, Sallie, Parthenia, Ellen and Emily, and her boy "Bage." Her other son, "Coot," was in the 4th Va. Cav. Three negroes of Burnside's colored troops came to this house, straggling, and asked for water, which they received. They also inquired about their command, and Mrs. Brannon told them they had best get out of the way, as there would be Confederates following them up. Instead of following her advice they struck out into the woods and made a fire, and were discovered the next day about two miles off by Confederate soldiers, who killed them. Arthur Brown, in clearing up his place since the war, came upon the skulls and bones and buried them.

After the battle of Chancellorsville, two officers came to Mrs. Brannon's, who stated that they had escaped when the Federal hospital was taken, after Hooker's retreat. They were cousins. One was a staff officer, and had been badly injured by a fall from his horse, which was shot. The other was an artillery officer, and had his knee-cap shot off. The Brannon girls and the Misses Virginia Edwards and Catherine Allen, who visited there, waited on them for several days, there being no troops in the country. One day the Confederate scouts Coot Allen and Jack Harris came to the house, and were surprised to find the officers there. They were both up and beginning to be able to get around, and were sitting in the front room. After some conversation the scouts wanted to trade boots with the officers, but Ena Brannon, who was present, objected strenuously. So the scouts went off and got horses,

TOOK THEM PRISONERS,

and carried them away with them. They had gold watches and plenty of money when taken, but I suppose did not have much after coming out of Libby, if they survived.

One day two men in Confederate uniforms rode up to Brannon's and asked for something to eat, which was given them. They were very nice-looking men, and as they sat on their horses at the gate, recounted to the girls their exploits over the Yankees, and what great dangers they had yet to undergo. The girls were quite enthusiastic over them, and felt sad when asked how they would like to see their Southern friends defeated; the fellows regretting that they could not see their sweethearts then. They had quite a nice chat, and as they got ready to start, asked the girls to kiss them good-by, as they were going into imminent danger and might never return alive, and desired to carry the memory of their meeting such sweet young ladies with them. In the excitement of the moment the girls did kiss them good-by, and then the scouts rode off a few rods with handkerchiefs waving after them, when they turned their horses, opened their coats, and disclosed the Federal blue uniform beneath. They galloped off laughing, and the girls gave them a tongue-lashing for a while, when they, too, had to laugh at the Yankee trick played on them.

Mrs. Mary Brannon and all her sons and daughters are alive. Ena is married to Mr. Gordon Clark, and lives at Shepherd's Grove. Catherine Allen is married to Wallace Holmes, and lives on her mother's place, just above there, while Miss Virginia Edwards married W. A. McDonald, of Co. C, 2d N. Y. Cav., and owns the Stone place, where the Brannons lived during the war. They have three daughters, two of them married, and six boys.

Up to this time we have had good roads from Stevensburg, as Hooker had from Kelly's Ford, but when we go a mile and a half further we came to where many a teamster and artilleryman made the air blue with profanity. Before we reach there, however, we pass Mrs. Dr. Hale's place, on the left-hand side, one mile from the forks, where she lived with the two Miss Dukes, the house being about 400 yards back from the road, with a good spring about halfway between the road and the house.

Many a soldier will remember the "yellow bottom," as it is called, with the deep gulley and big hill on the right-hand side of the road, and the reddish clay and mud that stuck like shoemaker's wax, and stained the blue trowsers so that it had to be washed out. It is a wild-looking place, and presents the same appearance now as when the web-foot dragged through and cursed its mire.

Plodding on, at two and a quarter miles from Stone's we come to Wm. Paine's house, where the plank road enters, and where he lived with his wife and children, John, Tom, Lawrence, Mary, and Penelope. A good spring bubbles up in the woods on the left-hand side of the main road. He was discharged from the 7th Va. for disability, and remained quietly at home, taking no interest in passing events,

AND WAS NOT DISTURBED BY THE TROOPS.

And now the three quarters of a mile to Germania is along the edge of a precipitous hill of soapstone shale, making a soft and damp road, and we emerge at the river with the high hill on our right and a field on a bank to our left, which belonged to Powell, but was occupied by Ged. Grimsley, who lived with his wife and four daughters in the house a quarter of a mile to the left. About 60 yards from the road leading to the bridge, and over the road to the ford, which is cut down a 20-foot bank, is the stone cellar of an old house, with scattering cedars and honey-locusts around it. In this cellar, or by it, stood the Federal picket, watching his Confederate antagonist by the tall bare chimneys, where formerly stood the houses of Germania, looming up ghostlike over the ruins of mill, factory, store, and dwellings.

Back of us, two miles and a half toward the left and the Ely's Ford road, is old John Jones's place, where he lived with his wife and three daughters, Eveline, Mildred, and Martha. His sons, John, James, and Richard, were in the Confederate army. Directly due east of us three miles, is D. Hall's place, on a plateau 150 feet high, and a mile farther is the Culpeper Gold Mine, in a wild, hilly country, not reached from this direction, the approach to it being by way of Richardsville, but communicating with the Van Cluse and Greenwood Mines south of the river and the Wilderness country by a crossing called Culpeper Ford.

Locust Hill, Col. Humphrey's place, is about a mile and a half from us down the river; we can see his house from here, east of us, on a high hill. One of his sons was a Lieutenant in the Confederate army, and was killed at Cedar Mountain. Humphrey had been a Colonel of militia; was a very rich, arrogant man, and a prominent Secessionist, and was taken prisoner by the 3d Ind. Cav. when Gen. Buford came in, and carried off to Washington, in 1862, where he was kept in the Old Capitol Prison. He refused to take the oath of allegiance, and died in confinement. Strother Wallace, who still lives, was taken at the same time, but accepted the oath, and was set free.

To the right and west half a mile is Fox Neck, belonging to Capt. John E. Brooke in those days, but subsequently owned by Doug Wallach, of the Washington *Evening Star*. He was in the Confederate army, and home on furlough when captured by the same parties who took Col. Humphreys. It is said that he caused Humphrey's arrest. However, he took the oath of allegiance, and remained in Washington until the war was over. The Fox Neck mansion was on a high ridge, but obscured from view at the bridge by the dense grove in front of it.

Now while we gaze at the water boiling by the huge rocks below which crosses the ford to a sandbar on the southern side, we picture in our mind the northern shore of the river crowded with infantry soldiers disrobing, and the road back as far as the eye can reach full of glittering bayonets and bright uniforms. We can imagine

THE GALLANT "PADDY" OWENS

riding down the road to the river's brink, leaping from his horse, and with sword in hand dashing into the stream, shouting to the men of his brigade the command, "Forward," and advancing across the foaming stream, arm-pit deep. He reaches the southern shore, followed by his "Regulars," and ascends the road which winds first to the right to reach the road from the bridge, and then to the left before striking away form the river. This picture of the advance to Mine Run was oft repeated at Germania, where now there is "No sound save the rush of the river."

The plank road which we mentioned as coming in three-quarters of a mile back was never completed. It was intended to run from Fredericksburg to Culpeper Courthouse, but as the stockholders did not plank up, the road went under. The right of way had been purchased, and it was graded from Fredericksburg via Germania to a point within about three miles of Stevensburg and a mile and a half south of the Stevensburg and Fredicksburg roads, where there was a free-negro settlement. A trail from the Stevensburg road crossed here and went down to the old Tobaccostick Ford, and a crossroad from Shepherd's Grove to Raccoon Ford also intersected it. One mile west from these crossroads, and the same distance from the Stevensburg road, was "Lovell's," the residence of Capt. Harrison Gordon, deceased. His sons, John, Albert, and Churchill, were in the Confederate army, and his wife went to live with her son-in-law, Ab Willis.

Mrs. Melinda Edwards, with her daughter Jennie, had charge of the Gordon house, and Melinda's aunt, old Mrs. Fanny Evans, lived with them. The first troops who went in that way in 1862 were "Scott's 900." They camped all night on Mrs. Ashby's place, which was then in charge of Richard Clark, the family having gone South, Dr. J. Washington Ashby being in the army. The next day they went on to Rapidan Station, destroyed the bridge there, and got back by some other route. Richard Clark was the Overseer of the Ashby place, and also a blacksmith. They used his forge and tools, and took some articles they wanted, and also all the horses in the night. Next morning Mrs. Clark went out to them and said they all belonged to her husband, who was a poor blacksmith; so they gave the horses back. Jennie told me that one Sunday evening a man rode up to the house, dressed in butternut clothes, like some of the South Carolina cavalry that had been around. Up to this time they had seen no Yankees. He called, and she went out to him, leaving Jim Jones, a Confederate soldier from Orange County, and Mrs. Ella Gordon talking in the house. He had his right hand behind him as if he held a revolver, which led her to suspect him, as all the Confederate cavalry had left. He asked if there were any Yankees around, and looking over to the road she saw a number of men in blue, and at once answered him, laughingly:

"YES; YOU ARE ONE."

Mrs. Gordon had come out to see what was going on, and seeing the Federal cavalry in the road, ran back and told Jones that the man was a Yankee, and Jones thereupon prepared to shoot him with his revolver through the window; but upon being told that the road was full of them, he made one jump for the back door and went over the fence flying, and disappeared in the woods. Old Mrs. Melinda said that when they first came they were two and two, drawn out just like a shoestring, and then they all huddled up in a bunch and got off their horses. A Captain and a Lieutenant, they said they were, came up to her, and as she was quite excited, she asked if they were Yankees, as they looked like other men. One of them answered: "We are some of the bhoys, jist, an' haint had nothin' to sit fur three days."

The speaker was undoubtedly Irish. They told her they must have something to eat. She said that she had but little, and a sick aunt to look after. She, however, got all the bread she had in the house and put it in a large sugar-box and carried it out to them. Then a whole lot more came and called for water, and the old woman got the pitcher, wiped it out, put water in it and carried it out to them; but in her fear and excitement she had left the dish-rag, with which she wiped the pitcher, in that vessel. One fellow took the pitcher and, without waiting for the glass, turned it up to his head and was about to swallow the dish-rag, but letting down the pitcher yelled, "Jaysus, phat's that!"

The old woman went into the house very much frightened, as the Irishman swore, in fun, that she was trying to poison him with the dish-rag. Jennie then went out and got the pitcher and took them some more water. Just then Jack Stone came along with two fine horses, which he had bought for $200 apiece from Capt. Gordon. He had heard the Yankees were in the country, and was going to take the horses over the Rapidan, south, by way of Raccoon Ford, and took this route to avoid the main road. An officer rode up and asked Jennie who he was. She answered that he was an old man of the neighborhood, who bothered nobody and went nowhere much. He also asked where then was water, and she told him, pointing in the direction Jack Stone was going. The officer galloped across to the troops on the next farm, and was bringing some of them, mounted, down to the branch which Jack Stone, who had been delaying along, was approaching. Seeing this command approach, and thinking they were Confederates, as they came from a different direction, he hallooed to them as they approached:

"Come on, boys. They're right over here (pointing to the Gordon house).

GIVE 'EM HELL, BOYS."

When the officer came up he said to him:

"Yes, we will give 'em hell. Get off that horse, you old scoundrel."

He then confiscated Jack Stone's fine horses, but gave him an old horse, to which he transferred his saddle. The officer was now joined by another one, and they told old Stone to get for home, and if they caught him sticking his nose out again they would hang him for a spy. He started for home, looking very dejected, and they watched him with their spy-glasses until he was out of sight.

On another occasion some Federal troops came up to the house, and Miss Jennie went out to them at the gate. They had Ras. Daggett and Wm. Lampkin prisoners, who were home on furlough, and were visiting, when captured, near the house. One of the soldiers said: "Hello! Miss. Are these your beaus?" Jennie answered no, that they were young men of the neighborhood, and then asked what they were going to with them. One replied: "We're goin' to eat 'em." Another said: "We'll roast 'em with some of your sweet taters and have 'em for supper." They all laughed at this, and then old Mrs. Evans came out, and supposing them to be rebels, said: "Give them Yankees the devil, boys." Jennie jerked her dress and said: "These gentlemen are Yankees, aunty." One soldier said to the old woman: "What was that you said, madam?" She was thoroughly frightened, and answered: "I said I am a poor, decrepit old woman, and nearly starving," trembling all over at the same time. These men were from Ohio, and one of them said, "Bring out something, old lady, and we'll give you some sugar and coffee." The old woman did so, and they each one gave her some sugar and coffee. They then rode off, and on reaching their command the prisoners were paroled and set free.

Lieut. Blunt, of Gen. Davies's staff, who afterwards had an ear shot off in the fight at Catharpin Run, and Capt. North, of a Michigan regiment, who was subsequently killed, were frequent visitors at the Gordon house, where W. A. McDonald, of Co. A, 2d N. Y. Cav., was safeguard until after the Mine Run affair, when J. T. Harris, of the Infantry, Second Corps, was placed on duty.

When the troops started for Mine Run an Irishman of the Federal infantry came to the Gordon house and asked for something to eat. This was given to him, when he asked if they had any old citizen's clothing around the house, as he was tired of the army and wanted to get to the rebels. His Captain was down on him, he said, and mistreated him so that he could stand it no longer, as the Captain had got the other officers and Sergeants after him too. If he deserted and went North they would catch him and might shoot him, or put him in prison, and so he preferred going South. They got him an old suit of clothes that belonged to Capt. Gordon, and he put them on, and then had them prepare him a haversack full of provisions. The day he got ready to make the start the troops were returning from Mine Run, and some soldiers came to the house just at dark. The Irishmen hearing them, he being in the kitchen at the time, ran to the big fireplace and covered up the wood and embers quickly. Then, before anything could be said to him, he went up the chimney and out on the kitchen roof, then along the combing to the end, when he got down and escaped. They saw him no more. His hands must have been terribly burned and blistered, as a large fire had been kept up all the evening.

The infantry picket-line ran just south of the stables of the Gordon house, and the main part of the house and the outbuildings were used by the reserve. Sometimes a man would be taken very sick on picket, when they would bring him to the reserve, and Dr. Armstrong, or some other Surgeon, would be sent for and come after him with an ambulance. When such a thing happened the women folk always took the sick man into their part of the house, placed him on a lounge, and did all they could for him. But on one occasion they had a crazy man brought in, and the troops had to look after him themselves, the women folks being afraid of him.

On one occasion during the Winter of 1863, '64, some Confederate cavalry got in through the Federal cavalry pickets—somewhere near Morton's Ford, perhaps—and came on until they ran into the infantry picket-lines. Then the firing commenced, the reserve turned out, and a general commotion ensued; but the Confederate cavalry were driven off before they got near the house.

(To be continued.)

The blood-cleansing qualities of Ayer's Sarsaparilla render it invaluable in skin disorders.

Bronze Panel for Gettysburg.

[*New York Mail and Express.*]

Mr. James E. Kelly, the eminent sculptor, has added to his reputation by his latest work, the bronze panel designed for the monument to be erected at Gettysburg in honor of Gen. Thos. C. Devin by the 6th N. Y. Cav. The panel is one of the largest ever cast in this country, being five feet nine inches by six feet four inches. It represents a cavalry charge. Gen. Devin, mounted on a horse, occupies the foreground, and is surrounded by troopers. On the right side of the panel the color-bearer, mortally wounded, is seen trying to rally strength enough to pass the Stars and Stripes to his comrade. The left of the line shows a boyish bugler, his cheeks distended, blowing his call. It is a statue of great power, and shows that the artist, whose first important work in sculpture was "Sheridan's Ride," has not lost but gained in skill. He is comparatively a young man yet, and no one who has seen his works doubts that the future will bring him greater fame.

The Squadron of Evolution.

[*Boston Budget.*]

In a certain would-be literary circle in Boston there is a lady who prides herself upon her intimate knowledge of things in general and of the English language in particular, and in her small but exclusive set she is looked upon as an authority. When the fleet was here several of her friends were gathered at her house, and one of them asked:

"Why do they call it the squadron of 'evolution'?"

"That is very simple," answered the lady of the house; "the simplest thing in the world. For a long time they have been at work trying to devise the best kind of war ships, and this is the result; this is what has been 'evolved.' And so they call it the 'squadron of evolution.' See?"

And then she lay back in her chair, satisfied that she had enlightened her visitors. And the best of it was that they thought, and think to this day, that her explanation was correct.

This Touched a Sympathetic Chord.

[*Texas Siftings.*]

Lady—Who is that fellow who comes to see you every evening?

Bridget—He is a gintleman who is engaged to me, but I'm thinkin' of telling him not to come here any more, mum. He talks too much.

About whom?

About yourself, mum. He says you are the most beautiful lady in the city.

He doesn't seem to be such a bad man, after all. I guess you can let him call once in a while.

STORY OF A CANNONEER.

(Continued from 1st page.)

for generations their race had been taught to abhor.

On the other hand, the Southern soldiers had been habituated to homicide from infancy. They had been raised to admire and look up to the man "who had killed his man." Everybody knows that this is true. The result was that in the earlier battles of the war the Southern soldier deliberately aimed at an individual enemy as a rule, while the Yankee soldier did so as an exception. The Southern soldier, if he knew he had

"KILLED A YANKEE,"

would brag about it all over camp. The Yankee soldier, if accused of "killing a rebel," would deny it, and try to put it on his "next man in the skirmish-line." But about the date of Gettysburg the traditional Northern aversion to "the taking of human life" was on the wane. The Yankees, patient, humane, and long-suffering as they were, had begun to "draw their beads down fine." The "killing of a rebel" had begun to be a matter not necessarily calling for denial. In the infantry the Yankees had begun "to shoot from a dead rest," when they could get one—over a stump or rock or across a fence-rail, or alongside a tree. In the artillery they had learned that "canister should keep close to the ground," and that the proper thing to do was to "kick up the dirt in the faces" of a line of charging infantry. "Bowel-shots" became the talk of the Yankee camps. In short, as I said before, when the war had been going on about a year and a half the Yankees began "to shoot to kill!" began to "take aim"; began to realize that bayonets were made for something besides parade; began to comprehend that war was war, and meant killing or hurting as bad as possible, and under all circumstances.

With the Western troops it was different. The sons of the pioneers of Indiana, Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin were not so squeamish about killing. They began to kill from the start. Though, perhaps, not so hot-blooded, they were quite as ferocious as the Southern rebels they encountered. This fact was what made the "Iron Brigade"—2d, 6th and 7th Wis., 19th Ind. and 24th Mich.—so terrible in the earlier days of the Army of the Potomac. It was what taught the rebels such profound respect for the "fellows that wore the slouch hats!" The slouch-hatted "Hoosiers," "Wolverines" and "Badgers" took aim "Western fashion," and shot to kill from the start. Moreover, it was the fact that the Gunners and Cannoneers of Stewart's Battery were mainly detached volunteers from these Western regiments that gave it its early reputation for destructiveness. They easily learned that a cannon, as well as a musket, should be aimed low to do its most effective work at close quarters. In short, the great practical lesson of war was mastered only when the New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania rank and file of the Army of the Potomac began to realize that the only way to crush the rebellion was by killing rebels! After that the end was only a matter of time and lead. But the lesson was hard to learn with most of them.

Now, no one more cordially accords the meed of courage to our rebel countrymen than I do; no one—not even themselves—can be prouder of their splendid prowess than I am;

BECAUSE WE ARE ALL AMERICANS;

and I am a Democrat in politics, and to that extent sympathize with most of the rebels now alive. But I am not willing to admit that they were so much our superiors as fighting men—so much better soldiers than were, man for man, as their writers claim, and as some of our writers seem to admit. I do not think they ever had a battery that could have stood in front of Stewart's in the open at point-blank range 20 minutes, when our old Western boys were all at their posts! I know they never had a battery that could have unlimbered under our canister as we did under theirs at Bethesda. I don't believe they ever had an infantry brigade that could "down" the Old Iron Brigade, man for man, on any field.

I speak of the Iron Brigade particularly, because I knew it best. But I would say the same of Bartlett's Veteran Brigade in the Virginia campaign, as I saw them, all the way from the Wilderness to Appomattox; of Lewis Grant's Vermonters, as I saw them fight with bayonet and musket-butt, at the Bloody Angle; of Upton's Brigade, as I saw them leap the rebel works at Spottsylvania, alone and unsupported, on the 10th of May; of Webb's Philadelphia Brigade, in the vortex of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, and so on. It is not my purpose to "rub it in" on the rebels. Frankly, I say they fought better and suffered worse than sensible men had any right to fight and suffer in such a cause.

But without discussing the merits of the cause, and viewing them from the true, soldierly standpoint of their risks, privations and sufferings alone, I cannot find it in my heart to admit that they are really, on the whole, entitled to the bulk of the sympathy.

Assuming that they were as honestly attached to their cause as we were to ours, we must forever face the fact that, with the single exception of Gettysburg, they always defended their cause from behind cover, while we always vindicated our cause with bosoms bared! I say these things in no unkind spirit—in no spirit of triumph over a fallen foe; because ever since the war I have been in political sympathy with the majority of the Confederates. It is only on questions of fighting quality that I take issue with them.

The following corrections and additions should be made to the roll of the battery printed in No. XIII. The name printed as "Graves" should be Seegraves. That printed "Reeves (Bugler)" should be Reese or Reece. This was little Max Reece. He succeeded Johnny Cook, in July, 1864, and served, I think, several years after the close of the war. The name printed "Van Brunt" should be Andrew Brunt. There was no "McKnight," as given in the roll, but it should have been McCormick. The additional names are as follows, most of them being men who joined in 1864: Dupont, Earle (killed), Paul Winegar (killed, Spottsylvania), Darby, Batoway, Vanderpool, Degraff (sent back to his regiment), Leichtner (ditto), Serg't Wilsey, Hutchinson, Adams, Dinsmore, "Doc" Quinn, Seyfred, Schwanecker, Bartlett, Judge, Colgan, Bowers, Welch, Fitzpatrick, Steinhardt, Washburn, Galusha, Starke, Gifford, McNally and Kilgore, 28 in all, and brings the total of names thus far published up to nearly 300, or within, say, 40 of the entire number serving in the battery during the war. Some of these have occurred to me when reading over the roll; others have been kindly suggested by comrades who write to me. Seegraves and Dupont were from the 19th Ind.; Earle, Winegar, Batoway and Darby from the 24th Mich. The others were nearly all New Yorkers.

[NOTE.—I beg to acknowledge a timely suggestion from Capt. Stewart, calling my attention to an error—of chronological order rather than of fact—with reference to the battle of the Wilderness. In No. XI of this sketch I stated that, after following Wadsworth's infantry in the morning of May 6 through the brush by a wood road into the Hagerson clearing, and the infantry beginning to retire "rapidly though in order," "we did not unlimber, but retreated with the infantry by the same road on which we had advanced," and that we "fell back without firing a shot." In No. XII, referring to the second day, I stated that, as the infantry in our front appeared to be falling back, which would soon bring the guns in action, "we got orders to get the canister ready and retire the caissons." Upon receiving the suggestion of our Captain I became conscious that I had treated the subject of the action of the battery in the battle of the Wilderness with insufficient care, and without adequate thoroughness. Having my memory thus refreshed, I easily threaded out the work of the battery during the first day and separated it from the second day's work.

As remarked in No. XI, during the day of May 4 the eight batteries of the four divisions; ours, together with Breck's, L, 1st N. Y. (formerly Reynolds's), being assigned to Wadsworth. This gave each division one rifle-battery and one light 12-pounder battery—smoothbore Napoleons. On the morning of May 5 Gen. Wadsworth, when about to move against the enemy in the Hagerson clearing, directed Capt. Stewart to command both batteries, thereby, in effect, making him Chief of Artillery of the division, the immediate command of Battery B thus devolving temporarily upon Lieut. Goodman. Gen. Wadsworth being ordered by Gen. Warren to take ground toward the plank road, no doubt for the purpose of closing the gap between his Division and that of Gen. Crawford, moved by his flank in that direction, but owing to the broken ground and tangled brush in which the enemy found almost impenetrable cover, he was repulsed, and his troops as they retreated slowly were pushed by the enemy, who appeared extending to envelop the left flank of his division. At this time Capt. Stewart was with the General, and he had the guns and limbers of our battery with him in the direction of the left flank, while the caissons remained some distance back, with Breck's battery. It was at this time that the order came to "retire the caissons," together with Breck's battery, and that battery, followed by our caissons, pulled back to the Lacey clearing by the wood road above mentioned.

Meantime Capt. Stewart and Lieut. Goodman unlimbered the guns of Battery B with fixed prolonge, so as to fight retiring, and opened with canister on those troops of the enemy who were endeavoring to envelop Wadsworth's flank. This fire was continued, and the enemy checked by it until the retrograde movement of the infantry was safely assured; whereupon the Captain limbered up his guns and brought them back into the Lacey clearing, where they rejoined the caissons.

It should be added, that in the action of the second day (May 6), described in No. XII of the sketch, the caissons were not retired, as the enemy was checked in the edge of the brush without attempting to charge. The Captain, in his polite suggestion, does not give the reasons he had for retiring Breck's battery and our caissons, but I assume it was because the wood road was very bad, and, intending to hold the position as long as possible, he did not want the road encumbered with another battery and our caissons (I think we had eight at that time—six regular and two spare) in case a rapid withdrawal of the guns should be necessary; particularly as that wood road was the only one practicable for artillery anywhere between the pike and the plank at that point. I remember that road very well. It was grown up with small brush and full of old stumps, rotting logs, etc. It had been used in former times evidently to haul out charcoal, as there were many beds of old charcoal-pits along the route between the two clearings, which was perhaps three-quarters of a mile. I presume my error grew out of the fact that I was with the caissons at this time, and therefore retired with them, so I had no opportunity to witness the action of the guns after we passed out of sight of them. I did not even distinguished their "barking" in the general crash, or if I did have forgotten it. But the statement that the battery fell back out of the Hagerson clearing "without firing a shot" the first day of the Wilderness was certainly erroneous, and I thank the Captain for his prompt correction. Any artilleryman will understand that when the commander of a battery orders his caissons to retire and then goes into action with fixed prolonge, to fight with what ammunition he has in his gun-limbers, the situation must be one of interest.—AUTHOR.]

(To be continued.)

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