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Dedicated to the Soldiers' Children.

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year—payable quarterly, in advance, at place of de-
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Original and Select Poetry.

TO LITTLE AGNES S.

There rests a child, a gentle spirit,
Where the weeping willows wave;
One that will a crown inherit,
When she rises from her grave.

It is well she went to Heaven,
Ere her life was stained with sin,
And 'tis well that back was given
The young heart the crown to win.

Her short life was like the flower
Which expands in morning fair,
But before the twilight hour,
Withered leaves are scattered there.

Roughly blew the winds of Heaven,
Round the blossom pale and light;
And too frail to last till even,
It "was sadly touched with blight."

Thus was freed the gentle spirit,
Freed by death's unerring hand;
And it went, life to inherit,
Upward to the better land!

B.

GAMBLING.

The room is dark, the light grows pale:
Am I struck with deadly ail;
Money—honor—yes, I know,
There they go!

All upon a single card!
Oh, but it is very hard!
Life-long hopes at one fell blow,
There they go!

Oh my love! my brow is wet
With her tender kisses yet;
None again shall she bestow—
There they go!

Boyhood's hopes of future days,
Place and honor, fame and praise,
Paths of joy and peace below,
There they go!

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE PERILS OF A SCOUT.

Among the scouts sent out during the battles of the Potomac, was Dick B., of Ohio. He had seen some perilous and thrilling adventures among the rebels, which cannot be better told than in his own words.

I was out scouting with three or four others, when we got separated, and on turning a bend of the road, suddenly came upon a party of rebel cavalry. They commanded me to halt. I replied by firing my revolver at the foremost and then putting spurs to my horse, galloped away;

but the rebels were not disposed so easily to lose their prey, and they followed, all of us going at a break-neck pace, and they firing at us as they could get near enough. Presently I discovered a pathway in the wood that led off from the main road. Into this path I turned my horse, as I thought the trees would afford a better chance to escape them and their bullets. My horse was fleet and used to brush, and I gained on them a little. I began to think my chance was tolerable, when I came to a large tree that had been blown down directly across my path, and when I attempted to leap it, my horse stumbled and fell, throwing me off. Before I could re-mount they were upon me.

"Surrender," shouted a sergeant, "surrender, you d—d blue-bellied Yankee, or I'll blow your heart out," and he pointed his revolver at me—which motion was followed by the rest of the crowd.

"See here, old covey," said I, "Put up your pop gun, and take me prisoner, if you like; but don't murder a fellow in that manner."

Of course I was a prisoner, and thought it the better part of valor to fall in and trust to chance and strategy to get me out. So I was toted in line up to the rebel camp, and brought before the notorious Stonewall. The General eyed me closely about one minute, and then said:

"They tell me you are a Yankeespy." Whew! thought I, this is more than I bargained for.—But I was determined to put a jolly face on the matter, and said:

"Yes, General, that's what they say; but you rebels are such blamed liars there's no knowing when to believe what you say. I thought the Yankees could outlie any other nation, but I'll be hanged if you fellows can't beat us."

"Ah," said the General, "you don't seem to have a very exalted opinion of your brethern."

"Why should I have. I've lost and suffered a great deal in that same Yankee nation."

"That's strange; don't the officers treat their soldiers well?"

"They're like all other officers, good and bad among them; but that's not where the shoe pinches. To make a long story short, I live in Virginia. I was favorably disposed to the Union cause, but the beggarly Lincolnites wouldn't believe it; so they fed their troops on my granary and cupboard till I was ruined, and when I wanted pay they told me I was a fool, and said if I was a good Union man I ought to be glad to help the Government. One day one of the officers told me if I would enlist they would think better of me, and instead of destroying my property would protect it. So the upshot of it was, my loyalty was doubted, and I was compelled to enlist to save my property."

"That's a plausible story, but not a very probable one. Why didn't you come into our lines at once, if you wanted protection?"

"That's just what I'm coming at. I was sent out with a scouting party, and so kept on scout-

ing until I got within your lines, and was taken by your cavalry."

"Take care; young man, said the General sternly, "I understand you tried to escape."

This was a poser, but as I got under way, I thought I must try and make the ripple. I felt tolerably streaked about the result, too, but I said earnestly, "Of course I did. Who wouldn't with half a dozen horses and bullets after him? I hadn't time to surrender, and besides, the officer cursed me. I don't like to be cursed; it's against my principles; and then I was so mighty mad to see such beastly cowards that I had made up my mind to get away from both armies and get to Canada?"

The General looked at me and then at his staff, and they all smiled, while I looked as sober as a deacon. I had heard that the General was a pious old fellow, and I thought that this would tickle him.

"Are you willing to take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy, and fight in our cause?"

"To be sure. I told you before that I had been trying to get into your lines. But I don't want to fight for you unless I am protected in my rights. I want my property respected?"

"Where do you live?"

"At Phillippi; and I've got a nice property up there, and I want it taken care of."

"Well, we are going up that way shortly, and whether you go with us or not, we will protect your property. In the meantime, I will think of your offer, but for the present, as evidence is against you, you will be placed under guard, for you Yankees are too slippery to be trusted with much liberty. Events show that you don't know how to use it."

After this I was kept under guard, and was treated perhaps as well as they were, and nothing to brag of at that. The next day there was a great battle, and there was much commotion in the rebel camp. For fear that I should be recaptured, a guard was detailed to take me to the rear. We could distinctly hear the rumbling of the cannon, and we knew the battle had commenced. I overheard the guard chuckling at the idea that they were exempt. This put a flea in my ear. I knew they were cowards, and I determined to manage them accordingly. My canteen was not taken from me, and as good luck would have it was half-full of tolerable rot-gut whiskey. I also had a large powder of morphine which the Surgeon had given me a few days before to take occasionally. This I slipped into the canteen. After this was accomplished I appeared to take long swigs at the canteen. At last the bait took; the boys got a smell of the whiskey, and one of them said:

"Look here Yank, that whiskey smells mighty good. Let us help you drink it, or you'll be so drunk that soon we shall have to carry you."

"All right boys, help yourselves," said I,—