FROM SECOND BULL RUN TO ANTIETAM.

Campaigning with the Army of the Potomac Under Gens. Pope and McClellan.

By COL. CHAS. F. MORSE.

In August, 1862, my regiment, the 2d Mass., was with the Army of Virginia, under Pope. Our own corps, that of Gen. Banks, had lately been engaged in the battle of Cedar Mountain, and had met with severe losses there.

The losses in officers of the 2d Mass. had been unusually heavy, and some of us who a few weeks before had been First Lieutenants were now among the senior Captains in the line, and often in command of two companies.

Altogether this was a very unhappy time for us, and it was, perhaps, a more depressing period of the war than any other, at least for those serving in Virginia. Richmond had not been taken, and after several months of marching and fighting, our enemy had sullenly withdrawn from its front, and instead of plans for the capture of the rebel capital, the minds of those high in authority were earnestly engaged arranging for the defense of Washington.

After the withdrawal of the army from Culpeper, Pope took position along the north bank of the Rappahannock, to watch the movements of Lee's army, while McClellan transferred the Army of the Potomac from the James River to northern Virginia. So far as watchfulness went there was no lack of it. There was little sleep by night or rest by day, for at all hours we were marched and countermarched from one fort to another to support batteries and meet the advance of the enemy, who was reported to be crossing at some one of these points. For fully 10 days the soldiers hardly took off their equipments, nor were the horses in the batteries at the front once allowed to be unharnessed.

One of my most distinct recollections of this campaign is the wretched condition of these poor animals from the constant wearing of their harness in that hot August weather.

Wagon trains had, of course, been sent to the rear, consequently there were no regular issues of rations, and three days' issue was made to last for 10 days.

The country was poor and the only thing which could be had to eke out those meager supplies was green corn, which, at that season, was about right for roasting. It was very different from "Marching Through Georgia," which seemed afterward, in the light of this campaign, to be one huge picnic.

In the meantime, while Pope was carefully watching the fords of the Rappahannock, to our great discomfort, Jackson was industriously moving his troops to our right, and when this fact became established, a movement to the rear was the order of the day.

In this movement northward along the Orange & Alexandria Railroad, we first began to encounter the troops of the Army of the Potomac, and make the acquaintance of the commands which had thus far been known to us only by name.

Jackson was now through Thoroughfare Gap, marching toward Manassas, and the second battle of Bull Run soon followed. We were within sound and easy supporting distance of the troops engaged in that battle, but for some reason, which we were never able to understand, our corps was not called on during the two days' fight.

At the time we did not criticise this neglect severely, although it is possible that the weight of our 6,000 or 8,000 men might have turned the scale of that close and hard-fought contest.

After this battle came the northward march again, and then the gloomy battle of Chantilly, where Gen. Phil Kearny was killed. Our command was in the support ing line, but not actively engaged. This battle, like so many others fought in Virginia, began just before night.

The sky was heavily clouded, and almost with the first firing began a crashing thunder storm with torrents of rain. The battle went on fiercely until long after dark; but the fire on each side gradually slackened and finally subsided with the storm. The night was a most wretched one. We were so near the enemy that no fires were allowed, and all talking had to be done in low tones. We were wet through and the ground was soaking, so that there was nothing else to do except to wander about disconsolately waiting for day to come.

Before daylight the army was again moving northward, and late that night, at that time a part of the rear guard, we marched inside the outer defenses of Washington. The advance of the enemy was close in our rear, as we had been well aware of by the scattering skirmish fire which had followed us through the evening, and which had prevented any rest on that tiresome retreat.

There is no doubt that the army was in a somewhat demoralized condition, and with good reason, for the plain English of it was that, after a few months' aggressive campaign, we had been forced to seek shelter and protection inside of the defenses of Washington.

McClellan, who had been gradually stripped of his army, as the different corps had been assigned to Pope, had been placed in command of these defenses. He was never formally ordered back to the command of the Army of the Potomac, but at the personal solicitation of Lincoln he took charge of the troops as they came inside the defenses and exerted to the utmost his rare talent as an organizer, to restore the army to a condition for effective work.

The Army of Virginia ceased to exist without an order of any kind, and a few days later we find McClellan's orders dated Headquarters, Army of the Potomac. Events moved rapidly in those days.

On Sept. 2 we had marched into the defenses of Washington, tired and dispirited, and on Sept. 6 we were marching again, this time toward the enemy, rested, shod with new shoes, cheerful and full of confidence that we were marching to victory. All of the conditions had changed—we were no longer retreating, but advancing; the great mass of the army believed in McClellan, every soldier's haversack was full, there was coffee without limit, and the surroundings seemed as cheering as a week before they had been discouraging.

The march did not interfere with the reorganization of the army, which before many days was completed, and Banks's command became the Twelfth Corps of the Army of the Potomac.

Gen. Mansfield, who was assigned to the command, was a fine-looking, gray-haired veteran of the old Regular Army; but we hardly became acquainted with him, as a few days later he was killed, leading his corps into action at Antietam.

Whittier, in his "Barbara Frietchie," tells of the march of the "rebel horde" through the streets of the quaint old town of Frederick. We followed closely on the heels of Stonewall Jackson, and it was in this vicinity that Lee's important order was found by a soldier of the 27th Ind., of our brigade, which disclosed his intentions to McClellan.

Camping one night near Frederick, we marched the next day toward South Mountain, and all that afternoon and evening was enlivened by the battle of that name, which was directly in our front.

Slowly the line of fire crept up the side of the mountain, and the last sounds of battle came from the summit, indicating plainly that the day was ours.

Late in the night, after a long and tedious march, the Twelfth Corps bivouacked near the battleground.

On the march next day occurred one of those dramatic events which occasionally happened to relieve the tedium of hard, active service, and stir the latent enthusiasm which every soldier who was worth his rations was sure to have. As I have said before, McClellan had a strong hold on the mass of his soldiers. There were varied opinions as to his ability, and his generalship on the Peninsula had been severely criticised, but the personal feeling toward him was very strong, particularly among the men in the ranks, who regarded him and spoke of him always with real affection.

At the time of which I write the Twelfth Corps was marching over the summit of South Mountain, on the old turnpike road, and had stretched below it an extended view of as beautiful a country as ever the sun shone on. In plain sight for miles in each direction the line of the turnpike could be followed threading its way through fields yellow with corn and wheat, and now filled with the long

"WE SWEPT FORWARD WITH A RUSH WHICH CARRIED US THROUGH THE CORNFIELD."

line of infantry and artillery, and far in the rear the endless wagon trains.

Suddenly we heard in the distance what seemed hardly more than a murmuring sound, but which gradually swelled into a roar, and looking back we could see caps going into the air and could hear a mighty cheer which was taken up successively by regiment after regiment as McClellan with his staff rode rapidly by the marching line.

Whatever might have been our views when we were coldly criticising his campaigns, we were all alike brought under the influence of his personal presence and the spirit of the occasion, and at that moment McClellan was the hero and idol of the army. It was a sight and sound to stir the blood, and the General, as he appeared to us then, seemed worthy of all this ovation.

He was a handsome man, and he looked every inch a soldier, with his clean-cut face, strong figure and close-fitting uniform. He was a fine rider and always rode a good horse, and he might have been selected as a type of perfect horseman and soldier, so far as all external attributes are concerned. The cheers died away in the distance in our front, and we marched on, very confident that everything would be all right for our side in the battle which was coming in a few days.

Another impressive sight was the massing of troops on the afternoon before Antietam, in the fields in the rear of what afterwards became the line of battle.

Before making a deployment on to this line at least 50,000 men were massed as closely as the lines could be brought together, and the entire mass did not cover but a few acres of ground.

Out of this field of troops, as the afternoon went on, thin lines of blue wormed themselves away, and late in the evening the Twelfth Corps moved across the Antietam to a position near the extreme right, and in the rear of Hooker's First Corps.

Before dawn we quietly roused our men to get their coffee, and with the first streaks of daylight the battle opened fiercely in our front. Mansfield, our gray-haired commander, soon galloped back from the front, where he had been watching events, and ordered our division forward.

Fortune favored this movement, as the right of our line lapped a little by the enemy's left, and we found ourselves in an orchard on the flank and very close to the rebel line in a cornfield.

After a few moments' sharp fighting the enemy's line wavered, and we swept forward with a rush which carried us through the cornfield and into the open field beyond.

It fell to the lot of the 2d Mass. to encounter the 11th Miss., of Hood's Division; in this charge, and the battle-flag of the latter was seized from the hands of the Color-Sergeant as he fell, by a Sergeant of our own regiment. Later on in the morning we saw the grand advance of Sumner's Corps in three lines of battle into the woods by the Dunker Church, where Sedgwick's Division was so terribly cut up. Still later in the day our First Division again moved forward, and in the ensuing action we suffered severely.

The field of Antietam was not so picturesque as that of Gettysburg, but it was a fine, open country, made up of cultivated fields with groves of fine timber and a belt of woods along the Potomac. It was not like the fighting-ground in the Wilderness of Virginia and northern Georgia, and from many points of view the movements of both armies were plainly visible. In the morning of the day the cornfield which is mentioned so prominently in all accounts of the battle stood high with corn ready for the harvest, but before night it was level with the ground and thickly sprinkled with the dead of both armies.

The groves of fine large oaks were torn to pieces by shot and shell, branches were lopped off and strewed the ground much as if a Western tornado had swept through them.

That night we bivouacked on the field surrounded by the bodies of the dead, which lay thickly about us, and we went to sleep possessed with the idea that with the first streak of dawn the battle would be renewed and pressed to a successful termination.

The night passed peacefully and the day broke without a sound, except an occasional shot on the picket line. The battle was over.

It was only given a few commanders in our war to know the supreme moment when it was safe to risk everything for victory. Grant and Sheridan had this instinct, so had Stonewall Jackson. McClellan did not possess it; if he had, Lee's army would never have crossed the Potomac, except in scattered fragments, and the great civil war might have ended much sooner.

My own regiment lost heavily in this action, the most severe blow being the death of our Lieutenant-Colonel, who was a man of unusually high character and much loved by both rank and file. I cannot refrain from quoting a few lines from a letter which was written by a Drum-Major of our regiment to a friend, telling of a meeting with Col. Dwight after he was mortally wounded, as an instance of the spirit that was inspiring men at that time.

He writes: "I was with Col. Dwight, and helped to dress his wounds. The morning after the fight, while going to join my regiment with my drum and fife corps, he stopped us and requested as a last favor that we would play him the 'Star-Spangled Banner' once more. As we played he raised himself up, suffering terribly, for he was mortally wounded. When we had finished, he thanked us, and repeating the last line of the song he said, 'I hope that glorious old flag will wave over this whole country again. So it may be. So it shall be.'"

Our soldiers were not much given to sentiment, but this feeling for the old flag existed deep down in the heart of many a man in the Army of the Potomac, and sustained him through the weary months and years of hard campaigning which were yet to elapse before the final victory at Appomattox.

My own regiment shared the fortunes of the ... until after the battle of Gettysburg, and then, with thinned ranks of hardly more than a handful of our original comrades, we came West to march with Sherman, and with him again at Washington meet the old Army of the Potomac at the Grand Review.

Unification.

"Sectional lines are vanishing! Soon there will be no North, no South, no East, no West!"

"Yes; I suppose it's only a question of time until they get up a corporation big enough to own the whole country."

REWARD OF MERIT.

A New Catarrh Cure Secures National Popularity in Less Than One Year.

Throughout a great nation of eighty million it is a desperate struggle to secure even a recognition for a new article, to say nothing of achieving popular favor, and yet within one year Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, the new catarrh cure, has

met with such success that today it can be found in every drug store throughout the United States and Canada.

To be sure, a large amount of advertising was necessary in the first instance to bring the remedy to the attention of the public, but everyone familiar with the subject knows that advertising alone never made any article permanently successful. It must have in addition absolute, undeniable merit, and this the new catarrh cure certainly possesses in a marked degree.

Physicians, who formerly depended upon inhalers, sprays and local washes or ointments, now use Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, because, as one of the most prominent stated, these tablets contain in pleasant, convenient form, all the really efficient catarrh remedies, such as red gum, blood root and similar antiseptics.

They contain no cocaine nor opiate, and are given to little children with entire safety and benefit.

Dr. J. J. Reitiger, of Covington, Ky., says: "I suffered from catarrh in my head and throat every Fall, with stoppage of the nose and irritation in the throat, affecting my voice and often extending to the stomach, causing catarrh of the stomach. I bought a 50-cent package of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets at my druggist's, carried them in my pocket and used them faithfully, and the way in which they cleared my head and throat was certainly remarkable. I had no catarrh last Winter and Spring, and consider myself entirely free from any catarrhal trouble."

Mrs. Jerome Ellison, of Wheeling, W. Va., writes: "I suffered from catarrh nearly my whole life, and last Winter my two children also suffered from catarrhal colds and sore throat so much they were out of school a large portion of the Winter. My brother, who was cured of catarrhal deafness by using Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, urged me to try them so much that I did so, and am truly thankful for what they have done for myself and my children. I always keep a box of the tablets in the house, and at the first appearance of a cold or sore throat we nip it in the bud, and catarrh is no longer a household affliction with us."

Full-sized packages of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are sold for 50 cents at all druggists.

Send for book on cause and cure of catarrh, mailed free. Address, F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

CHAT OF THE CORRIDORS.

Comrade E. S. Miner, who is President of the Lumbermen's Association of Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and Indian Territory, was in the city last week, with the delegation of lumbermen who are seeking an amendment to the Inter-State Commerce law, such as will give the Commission power to enforce penalties. Comrade Miner served in the 1st Wis. Cav., and is now a resident of Bethany, Mo., where he is engaged in the lumber and banking business, with branches at Ridgeway, New Hampton, Cainsville, Coffey, Mt. Moriah, Gilman City, King City and Trenton. He is a very live man in the Grand Army, in the Republican party, and in business. He is also one of the leading spirits in the Grand Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoos, the association of lumbermen. He saw the President, and was around a good deal among the Grand Army comrades.

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Comrade James A. Wilson, Co. D, 98th Ill., Wilder's Brigade, Pueblo, Colo., was in the city last week, on his way to New York on business. He is a buyer of carpets, draperies and upholstering for the great Crews-Beggs Dry Goods Co., of Pueblo.

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Col. C. J. Jones, of Topeka, Kan., known all over the country, and familiarly addressed by President Roosevelt as "Buffalo" Jones, had a talk with the President last week. Col. Jones is urging the President to do all in his power to secure legislation providing for the preservation and protection of herbiverous animals of North America, especially those liable to become extinct, such as the buffalo and muskox. Col. Jones believes this can partially be done by means of great parks or preserves, but at the same time he wants some law passed that will give protection to the few buffaloes that have been domesticated. Col. Jones was a great buffalo hunter in the days when the animals numbered millions. He saw that they were going to be wiped out, and captured and preserved a herd of about 100. From this herd are bred nearly all the buffaloes in parks and domestic confinement throughout the world. There are less than 600 buffaloes left in the world. The few that were in Yellowstone Park are becoming extinct.

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The gentleman in charge of the great equatorial of the United States Naval Observatory, is appropriately named Prof. Thos. J. See.

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Cablegrams from Washington to Manila are usually sent about 5 p. m. On account of the difference in time, which is 13 hours between Manila and Washington, the message is received at the former place at about 6 o'clock a. m., and we receive a reply thereto the next morning at about 9 o'clock.

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The route of a message sent during the late war with Spain was as follows: From Washington to New York; thence to Canso, Nova Scotia; thence across, or, rather, under, the Atlantic to Valencia, Ireland; thence to Penzance, England; thence to Lisbon, Portugal; thence through the Mediterranean Sea, to Tangier, on the north coast of Africa; thence to the Island of Malta; thence to Alexandria, Egypt; thence to Aden, Arabia, by way of Port Said and Suez; thence to Bombay and Penang to Singapore, on the Malay Peninsula; thence to Labuan, Island of Borneo; thence to Hongkong, China, and from there to Manila, some 600 miles south. From the foregoing it will be observed that the cable system touches at something like 18 different points, but by a system of repeating stations but nine relays are involved.

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The cable route has been shortened a little since then, but it is still 13,000 miles. When a cable is established over the trans-Pacific route, already surveyed to Manila, via the Hawaiian Islands and Guam, the distance will be about 11,300 miles from Washington. Thus a Pacific cable will shorten the route more than 2,000 miles, and there will not be to exceed three relay stations on the entire route.

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The toll rates from Washington to Manila are now $1.69 per word to the public, the Government getting a discount of 12½ cents from this rate.

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When the new cable reaches Manila the Government will have there nearly, if not quite, 6,000 miles of permanently constructed land and cable telegraph in the Philippine Islands. Of this mileage, nearly 1,500 miles are submarine cables. This work has all been done by the War Department, under the immediate supervision of the United States Signal Corps.

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Comrade Theodore Totten, who served in the navy during the rebellion, and is now one of the leading lawyers of Findlay, O., is in Washington, with a delegation from that thriving young city, seeking an appropriation for a public building suitable to the present development and probable future of Findlay. They make a fine showing of the growth of Findlay, which has since 1900 erected buildings and made municipal improvements aggregating nearly $2,000,000, more than doubled the circulation of their newspapers, and greatly increased the capital and deposits of their banks.

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The veterans of the 117th Ill. and of "Smith's Guerrillas" generally, will be glad to learn that the old Colonel of the 117th—Risdon M. Moore—is alive and in good health. He is a resident of San Antonio, Tex., and has been in Washington looking out for his candidacy for the Collectorship of Customs of the San Antonio District. Col. Moore comes of old Revolutionary and Virginia stock. He is descended from the men who were the Lieutenants of Gen. Geo. Rodgers Clarke, who in 1778 made the famous expedition into the Northwestern Territory, and captured Vincennes, Kaskaskia and other places from the British, and secured that splendid country for the Americans. Col. Moore's grandfather was a slaveholder in Georgia, but removed to Illinois to get rid of slavery, and set his slaves free. He was one of the leading pioneers of Illinois, and helped greatly to make and keep it a free State. Col. Moore was a professor in McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill., at the outbreak of the rebellion, and stayed at his post as long as he could, but finally felt the call too strong, and helped raise the 117th Ill., of which regiment he became the Colonel, and commanded it with great ability till the end of the war. Frequently he commanded a brigade. His brothers were all in the war. After the war he went to Alabama and helped greatly to develop the coal fields there. Then, some score or more of years ago, he went to Texas and embarked in the sheep business. He is Past Commander of the Department of Texas, G. A. R.

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The Commission charged with the selection and preparation of a site and the erection of a pedestal and the completion of a statue of Maj.-Gen. George B. McClellan has received favorable notices from 29 artists in response to the circular inviting American artists to submit models of the statue in competition. The Commission consists of the Secretary of War, Senator Wetmore, Chairman of the Joint Committee on Library, and Brig.-Gen. George D. Ruggles, U. S. A., retired, Chairman of the McClellan Statue Committee of the Society of the Army of the Potomac. Mr. Merritt O. Chance, private secretary to Secretary Root, is Secretary of the Commission, and Col. T. A. Bingham, U. S. A., the Executive and Disbursing Officer.

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The cost of the statue and pedestal is limited to $60,000, including excavation, foundation and all expenses incidental to the erection of the statue and pedestal.

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The Commission will first select, from all the models submitted, four which they consider the most meritorious, and will pay to each of the four artists submitting the models thus selected $500. The final selection will be made from the four thus chosen. No extension of time will be given any artist, and no model received after May 1 will be considered unless it is shown that it was delayed through no fault of the artist.

WHO GOES THERE?

(Continued from first page.)

"Well," said he, "the 1st, or part of it, went under the guns of Sumter on the morning of Jan. 9, just an hour after the Cadets had fired on the Star of the West; we thought Sumter would sink us, but she didn't say a word."

I was silent, through fear of self-betrayal. Why it was that these men had not asked me about my home was puzzling me. Momentarily I expected either of them to blurt out, "Where are you from?" and I had no answer ready. Afterward I learned that I was already known as an Aiken man, in default of better—the Doctor having considerately relieved me from anticipated danger.

"After the bombardment the 1st was transferred to the Confederate service. It had enlisted for six months, and its time expired in June. It was in Virginia then. It was paid up and discharged, and at once reorganized under the same field-officers."

I did not very well know what a field officer is.

"Who is the Colonel?" I asked.

"Col. Hamilton," said he; "or Old Headquarters, as I called him once in his own hearing. We were at Suffolk in Winter quarters, and it was the day for general inspection of the camp. We had scoured our tin plates and had made up our bunks and washed up generally, and every man was ready; but we were tired of waiting. I had my back to the door, and I said to Josey, 'Sergeant, I wonder when Old Headquarters will be here.' You never were so scared in your life as I was when I heard a loud voice at the door say, 'Headquarters are here now, sir!' and the Colonel walked in."

I attempted appropriate laughter, and asked, "Where is Suffolk?"

"Down near Norfolk. Gen. Gregg was our first Colonel. He was in the Mexican war, and is a fine officer; deaf as a door-post, though. He commands our brigade now."

"Where did you go from Suffolk?"

"To Goldsborough."

"Where is that?" I asked.

"North Carolina. You remember, when Burnside took Roanoke Island it was thought that he would advance to take the Weldon & Wilmington Railroad; we were sent to Goldsborough, and were brigaded with some tar-heel regiments under Anderson. Then Anderson and the lot of us were sent to Fredericksburg. We were not put under Gregg again until we reached Richmond."

"How many regiments are in the brigade?"

"Five—the 1st, 12th, 13th, 14th and Orr's Rifles."

"All from South Carolina?"

"Yes."

"From Fredericksburg we marched down here," observed Joe.

"Yes," said Dave; "and not more than a week ago. We came very near getting into it at Hanover, where Branch got torn up so."

"Where is Hanover?" I asked.

"About 20 miles north," he replied. "I thought we were sure to get into that fight, but we were too late for it."

The Bellots were very willing to give me all information. They especially sounded the praises of their young Captain, and declared that I was fortunate in joining their company instead of some others which they could name.

Not a word was spoken concerning my prior experience. I flattered myself with the belief that they thought me a raw recruit influenced by some acquaintance with Dr. Frost.

Before they left Joe Bellot said a word privately to his brother, and then turned to me. "By the way," said he, "do you know anybody in the company?"

"Not a soul except Capt. Haskell," I replied. "I am simply relying on Dr. Frost; I am going to join some company, and I rely on his judgment more than on my own."

"Well, we'll see you through," said he. "Join our mess until you can do better."

I replied, with true thankfulness, that I should be glad to accept his offer.

"Did you see the morning papers?" asked the elder Bellot. I was walking a short way with the brothers as they returned to their camp. "No," said I.

"It contains a terrible account of the Yankees' method of warfare."

"What are they doing?" I asked.

"Inciting the slaves to insurrection and organizing them into regiments of Federal soldiers. Butler, in command at New Orleans, has several regiments of negroes; and Col. Adams, in command of one of our brigades in Tennessee, has reported that the Yankees in that State are enticing the negroes away from their owners and putting arms into their hands."

"That is very barbarous," said I. My ignorance kept me from saying more. The language he had used puzzled me; I did not know at the time that New Orleans was in the hands of the Federals, and his saying that Butler had regiments of negroes seemed queer.

"The people who sold us their slaves helped John Brown's insurrection," said Bellot.

A sudden recollection came, and I was about to speak, but Bellot continued. The last thing I could clearly remember was the reading of Brown's deeds at Harper's Ferry!

"They claim that they are fighting against the principle of secession, and they have split Virginia into two States. In my opinion, they are fighting for pure selfishness—or, rather, impure selfishness; they know that they live on the trade of the South, and that they cannot make as much money if they let us go to ourselves."

"Yes," said Louis; "the war is all in the interest of trade. Of course there are a few men in the North whose motives may be good mistakenly, but the mass of the people are blindly following the counsels of those who counsel for self-interest. If the moneyed men, the manufacturers, and the great merchants of the North thought for one moment that they would lose some of their dollars by the war, the war would end. What care they for us? They care only for themselves. They plunge the whole country into mourning simply in order to keep control of the trade of the South."

Up to this time I had known nothing of the creation of West Virginia by the enemy, and I thought it discreet to be silent, mentally vowing that I should at once read the history of events since 1859. So I sought Dr. Frost, and begged him to help me get books or papers which would give me the information I needed; for otherwise, I told him, I should be unable to talk with any consistency or method.

"Let me see," he said; "there is, of course, no one book in print that would give you just what you want. We might get files of newspapers—but that would be too voluminous reading and too redundant. You ought to have something concise—some outline; and where to get it I can't tell you." Then, as the thought struck him, he cried, "I'll tell you; we'll make it! You write while I dictate."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A LESSON IN HISTORY.

"So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after."—Shakspere.

The Doctor brought me a small pocket memorandum-book, thinking that I would require many notes.

"Now," said he, "where shall we begin? You remember October, '59?"

"Yes."

"What date?"

"Eighteenth; the papers contained an account of John Brown's seizure of Harper's Ferry."

"And you know nothing of the termination of the Brown episode?"

"Nothing."

I took brief notes as he unfolded the history of the war.

In the course of his story he spoke of the National Democratic Convention which was held in Charleston. I remembered the building of which he spoke—the South Carolina Institute Hall—and interrupted him to tell him so.

"Maybe your home is in Charleston."

"I don't think so, Doctor; I remember being in Charleston, but I don't remember my home."

He brought out a map and told me the dates of all the important actions and the names of the officers who had commanded or fought them in '61 and '62, both in Virginia and the West.

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"So we have come down to date, Doctor?" I said.

"Yes; but I think that now I ought to go back and tell you something about your own command."

"Well, sir."

"There was more fighting while these Richmond movements were in progress. Where is Fredericksburg? Here," looking at the map.

"Well."

"A Yankee army was there under McDowell, the man who commanded at the battle of Manassas. We had a small army facing McDowell. You were in that army; it was under Gen. Anderson—Tredegar Anderson we call him, to distinguish him from other Andersons; he is President of the Tredegar Iron Works here in Richmond. Well, you were facing McDowell. Now, look here at the map. McClellan stretched his right wing as far as Mechanicsville—here, almost north of Richmond; and you were between McClellan and McDowell. So Anderson had to get out. Don't you remember the hot march?"

"Not at all; I don't think I was there."

"I thought I'd catch you napping. I think that when you recover your memory it will be from some little thing that strikes you in an unguarded moment. Your mind, when consciously active, fortifies itself against your forgotten past, and it may be in a moment of weakness that things will return to you; I shouldn't wonder if a dream proves to be the beginning. However, some men have such great strength of will that they can do almost anything. If ever you get the smallest clew, you ought then and there to determine that you will never let it go. Your friends may find you any day, but it is strange they have not yet done it. They surely must be classing you among the killed."

"Do you think that my friends could help me by telling me the past? Would my memory return if I should find them?"

"No; they could give you no help whatever until you should first find one thing as a starting point. Find but one little thing, and then they can show you how everything else is to be associated with that. Without their help you would have a hard time in collecting things—putting them together; they would be separate and distinct in your mind; if you remember but one isolated circumstance, it would be next to impossible to reconstruct. Well, let's go on and finish; we are nearly at the end, or at the beginning, for you. Where was I?"

"Anderson retreated from Fredericksburg. When was that?"

"The 24th of May, or 25th—say the night of the 24th."

"Well, sir."

"We had a brigade here, at Hanover Court-House—Branch's Brigade. While you were retreating, and when you were very near Hanover, McClellan threw a column on Branch, and used him very severely. You were not in the fight exactly, but were in hearing of it, and saw some of Branch's men after the fight. That is how we know what brigade you belong to, although it will not claim you. You know that you are from South Carolina, and your buttons prove it; and your diary shows that you were near Branch's Brigade while it was in the fight; and the only South Carolina brigade in the whole of Lee's army that had any connection with Branch is Gregg's. Do you see?"

"I see," said I; "what is the date of that battle?"

"May 27th; your diary tells you that."

"Yes, sir."

"You continued to retreat to Richmond. So did Branch. The division you are in is A. P. Hill's. It is called the Light Division. Branch's Brigade is in it."

"Yes, sir; now let me see if I can call the organization of the army down to the company."

"Go ahead."

"Lee's army"——

"Yes; Army of Northern Virginia."

"What is Gen. Lee's full name?"

"Robert E.—Robert Edward Lee, of Virginia; son of Light-Horse Harry Lee of Revolution times."

"Thank you, sir; Lee's army—A. P. Hill's Division—Gregg's Brigade—what is Gen. Gregg's name?"

"Maxcy."

"Gregg's Brigade—1st S. C., Col. Hamilton"——

"How did you know that?"

"Bellot told me; what is Col. Hamilton's name?"

"D. H.—Daniel, I believe."

"Co. H, Capt. Haskell"——

"William Thompson Haskell."

"Thank you, sir; any use to write the Lieutenants?"

"No."

"Well, Doctor, that brings us to date."

"Now read what you have written," he said.

I read my notes aloud, expanding the abbreviations I had made. My interest and absorption had been so intense that I could easily have called over in chronological order the principal events he had just narrated.

"Now," asked Dr. Frost, "do you believe that you can fill in the details from what you can remember of what I said?"

"Yes, sir," said I; "try me."

He asked some questions, and I replied to them.

My memory astonished him. "I must say, Jones, that you have a phenomenally good and a miraculously bad memory. You'll do," he said.

His account of the fight of the ironclads had interested me.

"What has become of the Merrimac?" I asked him.

"We had to destroy her. When Yorktown was evacuated, Norfolk had to follow suit. The Federal fleet is now in James River, some halfway down below Richmond. A blockade has been declared by Lincoln against all the ports of the South. We are exceedingly weak on the water."

(To be continued.)

After a Disappointment.

Aunt Hetty—Well, experience does teach us some purty hard lessons.

Uncle Josh—Yes; but we don't seem to learn that it's no good wastin' time grumblin' about 'em.

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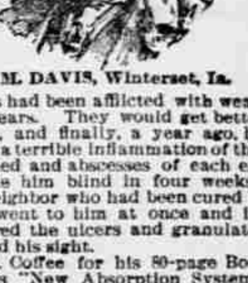

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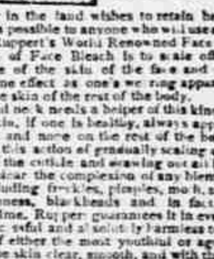

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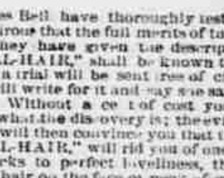

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