

the very early history of the house and follow it down to the present day, so in the structure itself there are to be seen undisturbed evidences of the handiwork of each generation. Nearly a thousand years ago it was probably the fortified home of men living by right of might. It is now the winter hunting-lodge of an educated gentleman. Through all the intervening ages, it

has been the scene of the appropriate life of its time.

Our ramble ended,—from garret to cellar,—we were shown to the chief dining-hall of the castle, where the best that kitchen and cellar afforded was set before us, and we drank a quiet glass of good Rhine wine to the continued well-being and renown of the noble family zu Eltz.

## THE COOK OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

ABOUT the time the Emancipation Proclamation was getting to be a recognized fact among its beneficiaries, it is related that the following dialogue occurred between two freedmen :

“What all disher business 'mount to, any way—yo' reckon de's gwine put y' all in de army now?”

“Yo' talkin' fool talk, nigger! Ain' yo' neber been see two dogs fightin' ober bone 'fo' now?” replied the other.

“Co'se I is—but I dunno what dat dar matter got do wid disher,” rejoined the first.

“Well, den, yo' ain' neber been see de bone fight none, is you? Dat's what.”

Nevertheless, in the grand total of events which we sum up comprehensively as “the war,” the negro was no insignificant figure, and the part actually played by him was far less passive than a stranger might have inferred from the above dialogue. The enlistment of negro troops, with all the complications to which it gave rise, was still a wise stroke of policy on the part of the Federal administration, while, on the opposing side, the peculiar institution was made available for the performance of numerous offices which would otherwise have withdrawn many muskets from the ranks. Vast tracts of fertile country, whence the able-bodied white population had been called away to other sowing and harvesting, were still made to yield sustenance for the armies by slave labor under direction of the few exempts left at home; and in constructing fortifications, and as teamsters at dépôt posts, the blacks did yeoman's service.

But, in contradistinction to these compulsory Confederates who went to the wars only in the equivocal sense in which the mountain came to Mohammed, there was a large class who found a service eminently congenial to the erratic habits of their race in attendance upon their masters in the army. Whatever possibilities there might

be for him in the issue of the contest, the army ducky was in the enjoyment of the nearest approach to perfect bliss of which he had any conception, and of a larger liberty than was vouchsafed to his superiors pending its continuance. There was sufficient pomp and circumstance even in the Southern army to tickle his taste for display; the nomadic, happy-go-lucky mode of life suited him to a fraction. His duties were light and irregular, and his perquisites large. His love of novelty and change was continually being gratified, and his social instincts found infinite scope amidst the large following of his own class which the Southern forces brought into the field. In the earlier days of the war, and in the mounted service especially, this often exceeded in number the muster of fighting men. The mode of its organization naturally attracted the wealthier class into the ranks of the cavalry, and there were entire companies in which each trooper was attended by his swarthy Sancho, for the performance of stable duty. Throughout all arms of the service, indeed, and until within a year of the termination of hostilities, these retainers were still to be found in the proportion of one to each mess, in many regiments.

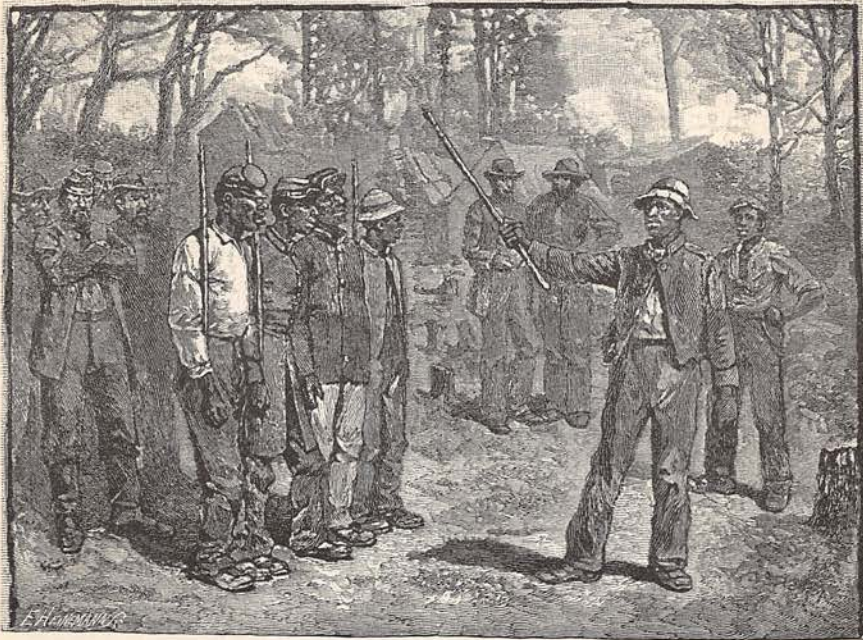
Their ranks represented as many social sorts and conditions as did those of the fairer race, and distinctions of caste were alike observed: from the gentleman's gentleman—whether the bearer of the grand old name in the possessive sported the stars of a general or carried a musket in the ranks—down to the rude field-hand transformed through stress of military necessity into a cook, the *pas* was rigorously exacted by each in his turn throughout the descending scale according to a code whose binding force was quite independent of formulation. But native talent will push its way through all obstructions of rank, and ignore distinctions of “race, color, and previous condi-



tion of servitude," and one or two such pronounced types have been selected for treatment here, partly because of their prominence but mainly because they have happened to come under the personal observation of the writer, who undertakes to declare only the things whereof he knows.

In the —th regiment of Virginia infantry,

does" is an adage of especial applicability to war times; and Bill's deeds—or, for unity's sake, we may say his *doin's*—were of a sort which veiled all his blemishes of person. His skill in the improvisation of ways and means did sometimes seem to amount to black art; but the declaration of his mess, to the effect that he "beat the devil," must not be understood as having any reference



DRESS PARADE.

there was no character more widely known than "Bill Doin's." That was not his real name, by the way, but a *nom de guerre*,—acquired through a habit the owner had of designating his personal belongings, and especially the utensils peculiar to his calling, by the generic title of "my doin's,"—and there are probably not a dozen men of the regiment who ever knew him by any other. He was a cream-colored fellow, loosely hung together, lanky and long drawn out as to figure, and with a physiognomy the sides of which were as distinct, one from the other, as the tones of "Orator Puff,"—one being normal, and the other disfigured by a scar which had drawn up the wing of the nose, given a cock to the eye and a twist to the corner of the mouth, and imparted to his countenance on that side a sinister cast, suggesting the Mephistopheles of the operatic stage. But "handsome is as handsome

to the casual resemblance above noted. Of the culinary corps of the gallant —th, he was *facile princeps*, and ruled the roast without a rival, for he embodied those qualities to which mediocre men invariably yield homage. The fact that he was the henchman of an officer had little to do with this pre-eminence, for the colonel's valet was a personage of far less significance—with the cook-boys; Bill Doin's ranked him badly. It is true that the latter inspired a certain degree of awe; but he did not kindle enthusiasm. Like his master, he had come to the regiment a stranger, and not by the popular choice; there was a flavor of West Point about him, so to speak, which did not suit the taste of these citizen soldiers of African descent. Bill was not exactly to the manner born; he had drifted into the regiment—and, indeed, into the Confederacy—by an accident of his peace-time avocation,



which he himself would have defined, in a general way, as "follerin' the water." He had been a hand before the mast aboard a Chesapeake craft in the oyster trade, which, being in Virginia water at the time of the state's secession, lost her entire crew by the prevailing epidemic, from the captain down to Bill Doin's. But Bill was a cook-boy before he was a soldier, and the handy ways acquired in the caboose now stood him in good stead in the camp, and, notwithstanding his foreign derivation, he went rapidly to the front rank of his profession in the new field. For a while, his fame did not extend much beyond the limits of his company; but true genius will not long brook obscurity, and the chances of active campaign soon developed Bill's knack of compensating for paucity of material by fertility of resource.

The hard-fought battle of Sharpsburg was just over, and McClellan had sustained a sufficient check to secure the Confederates in unmolested retreat across the Potomac. In anticipation of this movement, the trains had already been sent over; but the troops were still in line of battle on the Maryland side, awaiting further development of the intentions of the enemy, before they followed. In this situation of affairs, an order was received by the subsistence officers with the wagons of the —th to prepare immediately an issue of cooked rations, and to send them over to the regiment. Now, it so happened that the transportation had gotten rather "mixed," owing to the haste and confusion of crossing the river in the darkness; so that, while there was flour in abundance at hand, the wagon containing the "cooking tools" had gone on some miles further. To look it up before daylight, in the throng of others filling the roads and fields beyond Shepherdstown, would have been as hopeful as hunting for a needle in a hay-stack, and even if found, the utensils would have been quite insufficient for the preparation of so large a provision at once. By loss, breakage, and other accidents of the arduous campaign just concluded, the number of serviceable pots and skillets had dwindled to a minimum. Bill's company claimed proprietorship in a single implement—an old *hoe*, which served in lieu of other oven. But Bill, though bereft of his legitimate "doin's," was equal to the occasion. A man who had often tossed up a meal in the cuddy of a pitching "pungy," in a head wind, was not to be daunted by difficulties; and he marshaled his forces with a confidence which was contagious. No time was

lost in bringing the wagons down from the high bluff overhanging the river by the winding road which led to the ford below; the barrels were unloaded and rolled down to the water's edge, where Bill and his satellites were ready to receive them. A substantial fence skirted the road, and, as an act of military necessity, Bill promptly commanded this to be fired, while he unheaded a barrel, and without breaking bulk of its contents, proceeded, with water from the river, to work them into dough. It was rude bakery, certainly; but the question of the moment was of quantity and speed, rather than of quality; and Bill kept his assistants busy running to and fro between the river and the fires, fetching the water in canteens, and carrying off the "pones," as he rapidly turned them out, to be baked. The headings and staves, as each barrel was emptied, were used first for baking the bread, hoe-cake fashion, before the fires, and as fuel for the latter, as the dry rails burnt out.

Bill's genius not only solved the problem of provisioning the gallant —th, but also made a close shot at the perpetual motion; once started, the flour, so to say, cooked itself. And when the last batch was baked, the bread was packed in bags and shelter-tents, and borne high and dry on the heads of Bill's brigade, across the river and up to the hungrily expectant line of battle on the Maryland side. To have given check to McClellan was all very well, though on this point authorities differ; but whoever won or lost Sharpsburg, this chronicle claims a Confederate victory of which official reports make no mention, and bespeaks the honor, too long withheld from Bill Doin's, who then and there trumped a stronger card than "Little Mac,"—to wit, General Starvation!

From this time forth, Bill's abilities found a more extended scope for their exercise, and he became a regimental character, in the capacity of caterer for a mess comprising some of the "field and staff." In that much-harried territory skirting the upper Potomac, which supported one army or the other without respite, from the beginning to the close of the war, he seemed to divine by a species of intuition the farm-houses where there was any prospect of prog. Rarely was his foraging bootless. Commissaries, though armed with the power of impressment, might sally forth and return with empty rattling wagons at night-fall; the trust which was vain when reposed in chariots and horses ripened into assurance when Bill Doin's hove in sight, and one mess at least felt secure from



the necessity of going supperless to bed. In these operations, he was much hampered by other agencies than the mere scarcity of provisions. The flagrant evil of straggling which had resulted from the incessant marching and fighting of some weeks before, had necessitated the most stringent measures for its suppression, and Bill was perpetually getting into trouble with patrolling provost-guards who, deceived by his bright complexion and straight hair, insisted upon reversing the decree which had consigned him to the maternal caste and claiming him as a man and a brother in arms, out of bounds without leave. But Bill was up to every move on the board, and soon found a way to flank the provost. By some mysterious convention, a cavalry man might roam at large without let or hindrance, when an infantry soldier dared not venture beyond the limits of his brigade camp unless fortified with a pass, and Bill lost no time in taking advantage of this immunity by providing himself with a mount. His old sorrel nag, bearing the distinguished name of "Stonewall," was the complement of himself, affording not only the means of extending his explorations over a wider field than he could cover afoot, but also providing the necessary transportation for supplies when achieved. The early history of this remarkable steed is involved in obscurity; there are reasons for believing that he was of Southern origin, though the brand on his fore shoulder attested that, like his namesake, he had begun his military career in the service of "Uncle Sam;" for Northern horses, when put upon Confederate fare, were rarely capable of the endurance which he manifested. This argument, however, is open to objection, since, under the auspices of his provident master, Stonewall may have been as independent of quartermasters as was Bill's mess of commissaries. In common with his owner, Stonewall possessed the quality distinctive of a "singed cat,"—of being better than he looked; though, as for that, there was seldom much of him visible, when on duty, except his head and tail, the intermediate space being obscured by various edible and potable forage, and by Bill Doin's. It was wonderful what an amount of vitality was bound up in that frowsy and sun-burnt old sorrel hide, for in those stirring times which tried men's soles, it was no light work, quartering miles of country and keeping abreast of the foot-cavalry. But whether because he had touched the limit of equine endurance, or that in virtue of his presumably Southern

derivation he was averse to the policy of aggression, Stonewall could not be induced to accompany the advance into Pennsylvania, and when within a day's march of the Potomac, he incontinently "nullified." To his credit it should be stated, that he still manifested his usual willingness of spirit in spite of the infirmity of his flesh, and though his last legs declined to carry him forward, they went through the motions by executing a species of pantomimic gallop in their tracks, like a soldier "marking time"! Persuasive and coercive measures proving alike vain to move him further, Bill reluctantly sold him to a passing farmer for eight dollars in Confederate currency,—the actual cost of a new set of shoes with which Stonewall had been equipped that morning.

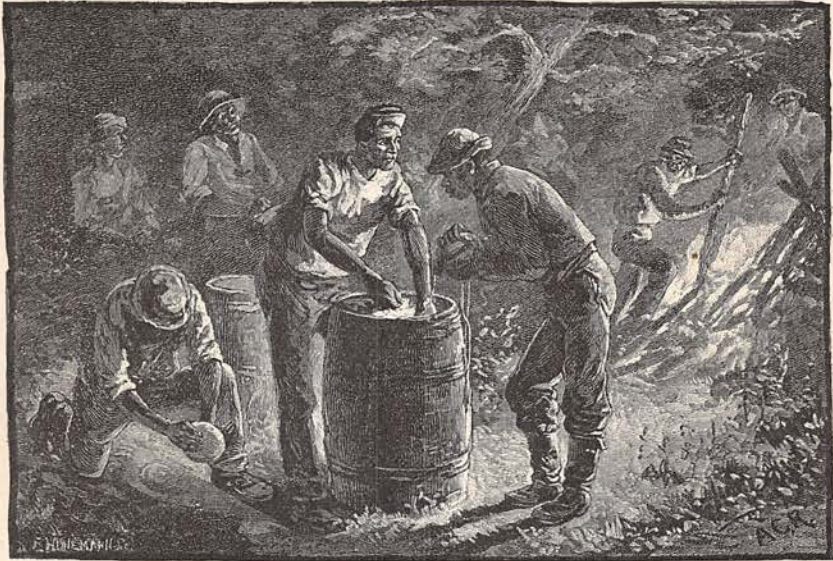
But Bill's enterprising spirit was not to be put down by so trifling an accident of war, and Stonewall had numerous successors. But from the date of the latter's retirement from public life, his master exhibited a marked inconsistency in the matter of his steeds, changing from one to another with the facility of a circuit preacher. For quartermasters had an unpleasant notion that captured animals should be turned in to their department, and Stonewall had only escaped confiscation because superficial examination had failed to detect his merit, and he had been passed as not worth claiming. Occasionally Bill would appear mounted as became a bold dragoon; but for obvious reasons, as above stated, these seasons of glory were brief and far between; more frequently the animal was some castaway "plug," wounded in action or abandoned on the road because of lameness or of some incorrigible saddle-gall—"the last of many scars" which invalidated his gallant back. These disqualifications for military duty in the strict sense would, for a while, secure Bill in undisputed possession of his prize. But as soon as by careful nursing and provident foraging he had converted the waif into something like a serviceable nag, some officious assistant quartermaster would be sure to spy out Uncle Sam's trade-mark, and Bill would be summarily reduced to an infantry footing again. Between the quartermasters and the provost, he had "a hard road to hoe"; and whether mounted or afoot, he was alike beset, until, at length, disgusted with service in the line, he went over bodily to the enemy by entering the commissary department, and so vanished from the field embraced in these annals.

Our next subject, who was thorough-



bred beyond dispute, proved more steadfast and enduring. "Gin'ral Boeygyard" was an *attaché* to Company "C," heretofore mentioned in these memoirs, of which

Mess No. 5 was not disposed to view uncharitably so venial and general a failing. It has even been intimated that much of the general's popularity with his mess was won



PERPETUAL MOTION.

organization he followed the fortunes and shared the misfortunes, to the bitter end of its career. Concerning his official title,—retained here for reasons which concern the writer personally, and would not interest the reader,—it is sufficient to say that it related to services lying altogether outside of the line of duty, as defined by those claiming authority over the bearer. Notwithstanding the scriptural declaration that no man can serve *two* masters, the general yielded obedience to six, such being the number, by the actual count of mouths, of the mess over whose culinary destinies he presided. But Boeygyard's generalship was more than a match for the outside odds against him. He could not pretend to any superior skill in his art, and his personal habits were scarcely such as would pass muster in a well-ordered *ménage*; but in the Confederate cookery-book the most significant clause of each recipe was, "First *catch* your fish," and estimates of proficiency in the *cuisine* were characterized by a studious attention to this principle. Moreover, as to the rights of property, the general was, like most of his race, a little vague; but, as he drew the line vigorously around the military family in whose service he was retained,

in ways that were dark, and that his talent of acquisitiveness covered a multitude of sins, in more senses than the orthodox one; that there are yet living those who, if put upon oath, might testify concerning certain "turns" of fire-wood, conveyed by night and under stimulus of liberal reward and no questions asked, to a particular bell-tent sacred to the privacy of the mess,—all this at or near Fredericksburg, Va., at or about the end of the winter of 1862-3, when fuel was "as scarce as hen's teeth" in the camps of the A. N. V. In the spirit of strict confidence which should govern the relations of writer and reader, it is competent to admit a declaration, however seemingly irrelevant, which may still serve to cast some light upon the matter under consideration, and which may be relied upon as authentic. This was originally offered, in plea of an increase of tariff, by Boeygyard himself, and was as follows:

"Y' all gwine git me killed yit, some o' dese nights; dem da men ober in de —th" (another regiment of the same brigade) "done got wile as hawks!"

The writer, who happened to be within ear-shot, distinctly heard the words above uttered in a grumbling tone, as the general slipped



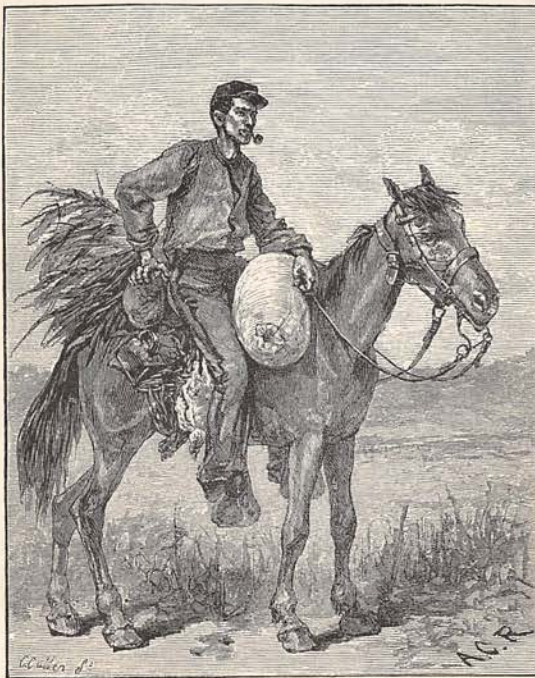
away in the darkness to his blanket, there to revive, perchance, his

“Hair-breadth ’scapes i’ the imminent deadly breach”

of—let us say the rules of military etiquette.

But if the luster of the general’s fair fame was not altogether undimmed by the breath of detraction within the pent-up Utica of a winter-quarter camp, where gossip was the one relief from enforced inaction, all tarnish was speedily rubbed off when the army broke up from the Rappahannock and began its march northward, and universal admiration succeeded factious caviling, as the chances of the campaign developed his abilities, while affording a larger scope for their exercise and in more legitimate directions. The policy and conduct of the Gettysburg undertaking have formed the subject of more criticism, perhaps, than have all the other operations of the war combined. A host of commentators of every class—soldiers and civilians, pedagogues and parsons, from the Congressional committee to the Comte de Paris—have ciphered and cross-questioned,

the pages of Early, while the “Later Rambles” of Professor Jacobs may delight the readers of romance. But it is not among the purposes of the present paper to discuss a matter which was settled in the most definite way sixteen years ago; these jottings from memory may, or may not, serve as material for the “future historian”; but, while we are taking evidence for that much talked-of personage, upon whom either faction relies to give a final verdict in its favor, due weight should be allowed to the testimony of General Boeygyard. From the Confederate point of view, it is to be regretted that the vexed question could not be decided thus, for the writer undertakes to pronounce on the general’s behalf that the Pennsylvania invasion of 1863 lacked nothing of complete success. From the passage of the Potomac, his progress was a series of triumphs, each eclipsing the other in brilliancy. At the first notes of the “drummer’s call,” before reveillé in the morning, he would disappear, to be seen no more of his associates until the end of the day’s march. But the general’s rambles, however devious, had a definite



BILL DOIN'S AND STONEWALL.

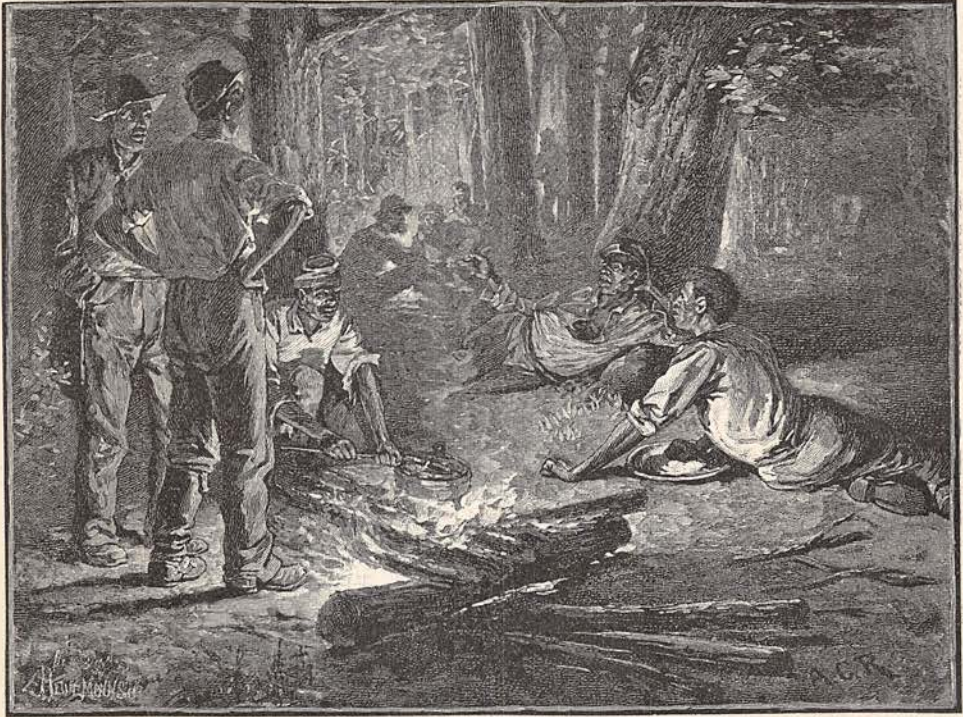
spouted and scribbled, over the famous battle-field; Batchelder has reduced it to rods and perches, and Bret Harte to rhythmic feet; those who fancy facts and figures may ponder

end and purpose continually in view. When the troops, having refreshed themselves from the heat and burden of the day by release from harness and by copious ablutions, were



beginning to think of other refreshment, then the general's visage glowed with mingled pride and perspiration, as he shucked off his plethoric haversacks and weighty canteens, and read, "Well done, good and faithful servant," in the speaking looks of the

done got my dinner, dey tuk me in de dine-room an' sot me down at de table, an' gin me jis all I kin eat, and de white ladies dey wait on me,—ef dey didn't, hope I may nebbber eat nuther moufful long's I lib. Den when I done eat all I want, I tell



OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE.

mess. Highway and by-way were alike explored, that nothing might lack to grace the banquet; and now were deployed before appreciative eyes the callow chicken, the odoriferous onion, with bland buttermilk in abundance as a corrective; loaf bread,—“salt riz,” of that heroic mold known only to Dutch farmers,—flanked by appetizing apple-butter, snowy smear-kase, and dulcet honey, while, with the spirit of a true epicure, the purveyor of all this bounty did not omit to heighten the zest of those who were to be partakers of the same, by recounting the difficulties under which it had been procured, and his own address in overcoming them:

“Dese yer sart’n’y is funny people ’bout here, but dey *does* lib well, an’ dey don’ ’pear to keer ’bout vittles, no mo’n nuffin, long’s y’ all don’ bre’k too many limbs off’n de che’y trees and don’ sturve de hosses. Dat dar house wid de big red barn whar I

um I mus’ git on to camp now and dey fill my haversock chock full and tell me dar sumpen for my supper. So de nex’ house; I leab dat dar one out in de fence corner and takes in de em’ty ones, an’ when I done got all on ’em full den I come on ’long. I till ’em I aint gin’ly hungry much tell I git done travelin’ ’n’ go back to camp, ’n’ no mo’ I wa’n’t ’ca’s’e I done eat so much I mos’ ready to bus’ open.”

In the course of these wanderings, Boey-gyard’s allegiance was more than once put to the proof, and to fortify the arguments brought to bear upon him he was frequently assured that utter disaster awaited the invading force. Not only was his virtue sufficient under temptation, but he was also duly mindful to exercise a reciprocal moral influence for the enlightenment of those to whose enticement he consented not; and he related, with the enjoyment which comes of the consciousness of having deserved



well of one's country, how he had repelled such an advance of the enemy by a counter-charge :

" 'Twas one ole man wha' I seed to-day 'lowed 't wa'n't none on y' all gwine git back 'cross de 'Tomac no mo' ; 'lowed Gin'l Hooker gwine be here fo' long wid a million o' men. I till him y'all don' gin'ly start out wid nutten less 'n *two* million, 'sides de artillery ; tell him dese here what he been see ain' no mo' 'n de 'vance gya'd, no way—de tail eend o' de column ain' nuver bim got cl'ar o' Richmon' yit, an' de calv'ry done gone on a raid up 'long tow'ds Philidelfy an' New York! I tell you dat ole man open he eyes *wide*,—nuver say no mo' 'bout Gin'l Hooker 'n' he little ole million men—yah."

Such arduous services in the line of duty might well merit occasional seasons of repose, and such release from care was all the sweeter because it came just when less provident purveyors were busy preparing rations for the next day's march. Then Boeygyard's triumph culminated, as he reclined at full length before the fire, and while enjoying his pipe, threw out sundry gratuitous remarks of sympathy or of counsel :

" Is y' all niggers gwine set up all night foolin' long o' dat dar ole bull beef an' spider-bread? How come y' all don' lay down 'n' res' yo'sif some?—'pears like yo' gwine cook *all* de time! I ain' keerin' so much 'bout cookin' myse'f dese days, and I gwine sleep soon eber I done smoke out disher pipe an' cool off little bit ; mus' be gittin' up soon in de mornin'—done 'gage some warm light bread for breakfas' down dar at de house ; my men 'low dey won' eat none o' dat ole truck, like y' all wuckin at, an' I has to 'commodate 'em. Well—ef yo' *will* set up, far *you* well!"

Boeygyard's popularity was not at all impaired by his sarcastic habit of speech, in which there was indeed no trace of ill-nature. The cook-boys of Company "C" acknowledged him as their head, and as such he showed a marked talent for organization ; during the long season of inactivity comprised within the winter months, he was rigorous in the exaction of drills and parades of his force, which numerically and otherwise bore close resemblance to the army of Bombastes. But in those times, "skeleton" commands were not anomalous, and there were stars which shed their luster over territory of little greater extent than that illuminated by the humble imitation in the

shape of a pair of plated buckles, which our general sported on his jacket collar. Concerning these insignia, delicacy forbids to say further than that they had originally and fundamentally been associated with the order of knighthood with which Britain rewards only her most deserving lieges, and in bar of any misgiving in the reader's mind, the writer begs to add a somewhat musty proverb as not quite inappropriate—" *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" It is to be regretted that Boeygyard's performances in the field did not add the force of example to the principles which he labored to inculcate, and that, as has been the case with other generals, his fine array refused the test of actual service. Such a miscalculation was the cause of some trouble to Mess No. 5, which by the defection of its cook, while in the trenches was reduced for eight days to a diet of onions supplied by a peripatetic sutler, at the moderate figure of twenty-five cents apiece ; a certain heat which characterized the next interview between Boeygyard and the mess, may be fairly referable to so prolonged a subsistence upon so pungent a pabulum. But by degrees the general became more accustomed to the sight of blue coats, and while the armies were confronting each other in the fortified lines about Richmond, the project formed itself in his mind of capturing "one o' dem Yankee niggers" and selling him for his personal profit. One snowy day, while he was upon the errand of conveying rations to one of his mess on vidette duty, he was reminded by the latter that the chance was favorable ; only a few yards separated him from the Federal vidette—a medium-sized "chat-tel" whom the general might have "toted" on his shoulder.

" Now's your chance, General," urged the mischievous man of war ; " yonder's ' Corporal Dick' by himself ; you can gather him right in."

Boeygyard hailed his intended victim, and proposed to go over and have a talk with him—who, guileless as to the Punic character of the treaty, assented, and the would-be enslaver made a few cautious steps into the narrow belt of neutral soil between the lines. At this juncture the vidette began to stamp his feet violently to restore the circulation. Boeygyard's fears misconstrued the movement as indicative of an advance of the enemy, and he promptly reversed the policy of his campaign, and, as a preliminary to defensive measures, took to his heels, without once stopping to see



if he was pursued, until he was safe behind the breastwork, a good quarter of a mile in the rear.

The following incident, related by a friend of the writer who was an eye-witness, and introduced here with his sanction, seems to define in epitome the military status of the branch of the service under consideration:

At a railroad station in Mississippi, shortly after the war, a negro vender of peaches was holding forth to some others engaged in similar traffic to this effect:

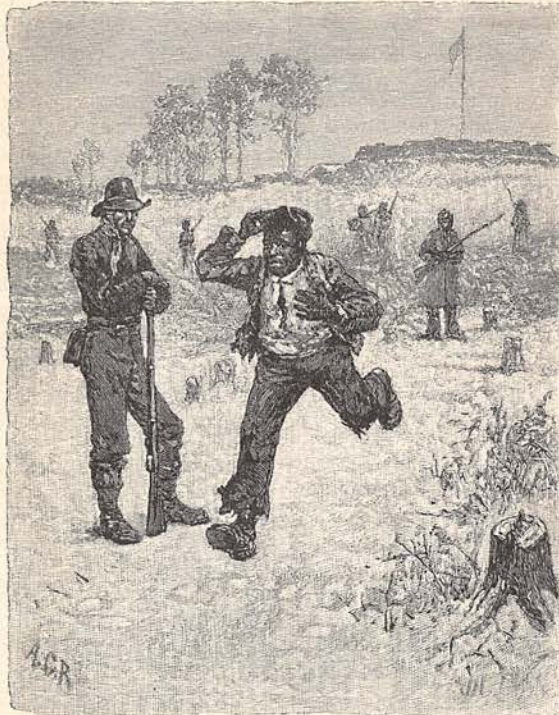
"I tell y' all, niggers, yo' donno nuffin,

An' me an' Gen'l Forres' we formed de line, dar, right on de ribber sho', an' we fit dar clean till de sun went down, an' de ribber was run red wid blood an' dead men. I tell you what—I'd a-gi'n a *million* dollars dat day ef I'd 'a-knowned I was gwine be here now, sho!"

An old negro who had been listening with an incredulous air, here put in.

"What all dat you talkin' on 'bout? You an' Gen'l Forres'—reckon anybody gwine b'leab all dem lies, boy?"

"So did," rejoined the first speaker.



BOEYVARD'S CHANGE OF BASE.

y' ain' bin nowhar! When I was up dar dat time on de Tennessee Ribber, time all dat dar fightin' was a-gwine on dar, I tell yo' ef I'd a-knowned I'd be hyar sellin' peaches to-day I'd a-gi'n a thousan' dollars. Dar was Armstrong on de right; Ross, he hilt de lef', an' Gen'l Forres' an' me, we was in de center, an' de Yankees dey come ober de hill in *seven* lines o' battle, till de whole place was jis blue wid 'em—an', Lord, how we did fit dat day! But dey was too many fur our men, an', bimeby, de white men, dey couldn't stan' it, and dey 'gin to gib way, dey did, an' Gen'l Forres' he rid up to me, he did, an' he say, 'Jim, stop dem men!'—

"What you know 'bout it, any way? is you ebber bin in de army?"

"Yaas," replied the objector, "I was in de army too—in Gen'l Lee's army, up in Ferginny. I went dar wid my young mars-ter in de ole 18th Mississippi rigiment soon arter de wau bruck out, an' come back 'long 'bout May arter the s'render—fo' yea's or sich a matter. An I bin hear um say dey was *some* fightin' done up in dat part o' de country, too; hear some talk 'bout it, but I dunno how dat was, myse'f, 'cause dar whar we was, when dey was formin' lines o' battle, an' fightin' an' sich, t'wa'n't no niggers *nowhar 'bout dar.*"