

Odors of oil and honey 'riched the sky,  
 Out of the seething flames a cloud did fly  
 Of shrill-voiced birds,—like swarms of swarthy bees  
 That move their household gods in young July,—  
 And screaming fought and perished, to appease  
 My Manes, and fulfill impelling Jove's decrees.

“O mother, hath my song no charm for thee  
 To hamper thee from flight? Thou then didst wait  
 Scarce till the lustral drops were dry for me,  
 And embers parched with dark wine satiate;  
 But wast away through the Hesperian gate  
 To mourn o'er waters Atlantean. Now,  
 Thy loose locks trailèd are in golden state  
 Down the far side of yon keen peaks of snow:  
 The brazen sun hath come, and beareth on my brow.

“Soon will for me the many-spangled Night  
 Rise, and reel round, and tremble toward the verge.  
 Soon will the sacred Ibis her weird flight  
 Wing from the fens where shore and river merge,  
 With long-drawn sobbings of the reed-choked surge.  
 The scant-voiced ghosts, in wavering revelry,  
 For Thebes' dead glory gibber a fitful dirge:  
 Would thou wert here, Mother, to bid them flee!  
 O Beautiful Mother, hear; thy chained son calleth thee.”

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WITH STONEWALL JACKSON.

“ATTENTION to orders!”

It was the evening dress-parade; in an old field beside the Charles City Road, a few miles from Richmond, the bayonets of a Confederate regiment were flashing back the last sunbeams of a midsummer day. But our “attention” now was something more than mere formality, as the curt tones of the adjutant proclaimed the order consigning us to the command of Stonewall Jackson.

The battle of the Seven Days was over. The last curl of the smoke which had rolled down the slopes of Malvern Hill had been borne away and dissipated, and the inevitable rain following the conflict had washed the air clean of all taint of its sulphurous burden. There were still to be seen, here and there in the woods, trees recently felled where no ax had been plied, and in the fields there were furrows not traced by the plow; there were acres—miles indeed—of country, now without a human inhabitant, where the soil was trodden like a highway; about the White House on the Pamunkey, fires were still smoldering among the *débris* of abandoned camps; here and there, in

deserted farm-houses, or else in some shady grove of timber near a spring, were field hospitals, in which some of the wounded yet lingered, awaiting transfer through convalescence, or the final discharge which death would confer; here and there, too, in out-of-the-way places in the woods, disfigured by dust and blood, and with faces blackened and swollen and distorted out of all likeness to the Creator's image,—prostrate in the underbrush, or standing upright and stark in mud and water as they had met their doom,—were forms in gray or blue or brown clothing which betokened that they had been men. In Richmond, the tobacco factories and warehouses were so many hospitals and prisons, and full to overflowing with the city's late defenders or assailants, as the case might be; down the James, about Turkey Island Bend and the Westover plantation, the remnant of one army was striving, under the protecting guns of its iron-clad fleet, to renew its shattered organization and impaired *morale*; while between it and the city, another army, in scarcely better plight, was laying to heart

Napoleon's aphorism—"After defeat, the saddest thing in war is victory."

The opening of the attack which had rolled up McClellan's right flank had been intrusted to the raw troops of the newly organized "Light Division" of A. P. Hill. These brigades, and even many of the regiments composing them, had been but a short time associated together, were strangers to each other, and to the young major-general, their commander, and thus the interdependence and homogeneity of feeling—such important elements of efficiency in modern warfare—were feeble or altogether wanting in the division. But these soldiers, in whose garments the smell of fire was not yet to be found, were quick to learn the ways of war; the same men, who under the cannonade of the 26th of June—that ordeal always so trying to new troops—had suffered almost a panic, four days later stormed and captured those death-dealing guns with the steadiness and determination of veterans. Before the battle, they had scarcely known and cared even less to what division of the army they belonged; *now* if you asked one of them he would answer, with a perceptible pride in his mien and in his voice, that he was one of Hill's "Light Bobs."

For a while the mere relief from daily hardship and danger had been enjoyment in itself, but by degrees the dull routine of the camp grew more irksome than ever by contrast with the late stirring events; and in recounting the triumphs and glories of the battle, men lost sight of its attendant horrors, or saw them more and more dimly through the veil of retrospection. Dead comrades were buried out of sight, and so gradually they passed out of mind; the more seriously wounded were at home on leave, more to be envied than pitied, while the slightly wounded were returning to duty, physically or morally none the worse for their scratches.

And now we were going with Jackson! The very idea seemed to infuse a new spirit into the listless men, as if they felt already the refreshing breezes and tasted the cool springs of the far-off mountains. A month before, in our sultry squalid camps along the Chickahominy, the news had reached us of the brilliant Valley campaign, and in the midst of destitution and depression and doubt, with the enemy at the very gates of the capital, the bulletins of McDowell, Front Royal, Winchester, Cross-Keys, Port Republic, read like a fairy tale: the contrast with our own tedious inaction lent a

charm to the record of these stirring events, while scurried mouths watered, and stomachs nauseated with eternal ration-bacon fairly yearned for the tents of Israel filled with blockade dainties, and for the teeming wagons of "Commissary"-General Banks. With feverish interest we devoured the accounts of rapid marches, of sudden appearances where least expected, which had frustrated every combination of the enemy and conferred upon the troops of the mountain department the anomalous *sobriquet* of "Foot Cavalry." The commander who was thus harvesting laurels almost daily—the first crop that season had borne, after long and sorrowful sowing, upon Confederate soil—had been, only a year ago, an obscure, plodding professor of natural philosophy at the Virginia Military Institute; remarkable chiefly for certain eccentricities of manner, and something of a butt for the witticisms of the thoughtless young cadets, because of what they regarded as too rigid exactness in his enforcement of the regulations. A little later, with the victory of the Southern arms at Manassas, came the story of how Jackson's brigade of Virginians had stood "like a *stone-wall*" against the irruption of the enemy upon our wavering lines, and won for their leader the name which was destined to supersede his sponsorial designation in the ages to come. In the long period of disaster which ensued, he escaped the popular notice. Left with a single division to guard the approaches to the fertile region of the Shenandoah, he had held on until the last moment, and when compelled, by the general drawing in of the Confederate frontier, to fall back for his own protection, had retired sullenly and doggedly, bringing off all movable stores and munitions of war, tearing up the railroad to save the precious iron as well as to retard the enemy's advance, and even transporting the locomotives up the Valley Turnpike by horse-power, while his rear-guard was skirmishing at every step with the pursuing column, and another force was moving upon his flank through West Virginia to cut off his retreat. Then followed that brilliant series of successes already referred to, which sent a thrill of hope through all the Southern land. Again the enemy had found the inexorable stone-wall in the path of his triumphant advance,—a stone-wall for resistance, a catapult for dealing rude blows where an opportunity offered. Milroy, Banks, Fremont, Shields, in succession, attested his power of striking hard and

promptly. The tactics of the young Bonaparte in Italy were recalled to mind, and the comparisons of the two campaigns reflected no discredit upon the Virginian. As we wondered still at these triumphs, he was again on the move with his face turned eastward, and the roar of his musketry was heard upon our left, swelling the din of that hot afternoon at Gaines' Mill, as he drove in the Federal flank and forced McClellan from the ground of that stubborn contest. But the free air of the mountain land liked him best, and he was not to linger long in the lowlands; the enemy's shattered forces in Northern Virginia had been reorganized under General Pope, who "came from the West where he had been accustomed to see only the backs of his enemies,"—as he announced in the order by which he assumed command. According to this instrument, the war in that department was to exhibit henceforth a new aspect entirely; the army was admonished to dismiss from its vocabulary such terms as lines of retreat and of supply, and to give to its enemies a free monopoly of the same; positions were only to be considered with reference to attacking from them, while General Pope proclaimed that his head-quarters would be "in the saddle." At the period with which this chronicle opens, Jackson had already been dispatched to offer remonstrance to these Vatican decrees, and we were to follow on the morrow.

It was late in the afternoon before we embarked in the train of cattle-cars and wood-flats and began our rumbling, bumping journey—through the Chickahominy low grounds and past our old picket-post at Meadow Bridges, along the causeway where we had marched at double-quick going into the "first day's fight"; then on through the hours of the night, jostled and cramped, all idea of time or of distance being merged in the sense of present discomfort and the necessity of bearing it, until, chilled to the marrow and but half awake, we stopped, and our objectivity rallied just enough to take in vaguely that we were at Gordonsville. Some woods close to the track were designated as our camping ground; they were already populous with sleeping men of the other brigades, more than one of whom was rudely awakened by being trodden upon, as we stumbled among them in the dark—for there were no fires burning. Blankets were soon unrolled and spread, and in a few minutes more we had joined our comrades in the land of Nod.

The drum corps and bands of the division, sounding reveillé in deafening discord, recalled us to consciousness and our eyes opened upon a scene so different from the monotonous level fields and pine woods of the low country to which they had been accustomed, that we had to rub them again to be sure we were not dreaming. Bold hills shut off the view on every side, and waving fields of ripening corn stretched toward them and up their slopes, while thrifty-looking farm-houses, embowered in trees, relieved the landscape here and there. The dew-drops sparkled in the level rays of the sun, or frosted the tops of the grass when the long, cool shadows fell, and over all was the brilliant, yet pure and tender, sky of a midsummer early morning. Only in the camp and about the dépôt was there to be seen a vestige of anything betokening war. Here freight trains were moving up and backing down as they discharged a burden little enough like the wares of peaceful traffic. Ominous-looking square boxes, singularly heavy to handle, needed no marks to denote them ordnance stores to an experienced eye, and certain mess-chests and rolled tents, with other personal effects of the general staff, piled upon the platform, certified the military character of the freight. Little other baggage was to be seen, for the wagon-trains were to follow the troops by country roads, and would not be up for some days yet; the regimental camps were defined only by the stacked muskets upon the color line, the men being grouped about in the intervals, discussing the situation while they awaited further developments. We had yet to learn that in Jackson's corps to stack arms was synonymous with being in camp, and that permission to halt implied making oneself comfortable without delay.

As it happened, however, Providence, or some other power, befriended our inexperience, and before the morning was far advanced, we were distributed by brigades, in more commodious camping-places, along a woody ridge with slopes open in front to the banks of a small brook. Beyond this the ground rose again, and upon this acclivity, the troops of Ewell's division were already in camp. Here began our real initiation into the mode of life which we were henceforth to pursue. By this time the stock of cooked rations was running low in the haversacks, and details were ordered to report for a fresh supply to the brigade commissary; what it was to consist of, and where

it was to come from, were questions speedily settled by ocular evidence. In the open ground near the stream, was a rail pen inclosing a herd of cattle; thither the details were conducted, and found the subsistence officers of the division already assembled, and having their provision allotted to them on the hoof. It was short work after that; the animal selected was driven apart from its fellows, and dispatched by a musket-ball in the forehead; it was skinned, dressed and quartered on the ground, and slung upon a fence-rail between two men, each quarter of the smoking beef was borne to camp. Here, orders had been received to prepare for an immediate movement, and a style of cooking ensued which was of a piece with the rough-and-ready butchery already described. The new provision was no sooner distributed to the messes than men were busy about the fires preparing it for transportation on the march; bayonets, ramrods and sharpened sticks served in lieu of utensils, and, impaled upon these, the collops, still warm and quivering, were speedily twisting and sputtering over the fires. The staff of life was represented by a mixture of flour and water made into dough upon the rubber side of a poncho, and baked in the hot ashes, or else upon clean chips propped up on edge before the fire. Both bread and meat were quite innocent of any savor of salt, for there had been no issue of this useful condiment, but a little powder from a broken cartridge, rubbed upon the steaks, furnished a tolerable substitute so far as they were concerned, while a small dole of "genuine" coffee and sugar—the first for many weeks—seemed an earnest of the good things toward which our expectation yearned. There were, indeed, certain dainty souls in our midst, who, having secured to themselves the tidbits,—by covenant with the butchers, whose perquisites they were,—now served up savory messes of brains or tongue in extemporized frying-pans, contrived by adjusting a tin-plate upon the end of a cleft stick, or prepared ox-tail stews with flour dumplings in some of the patent "contraptions" which they had providently brought along,—thus making "both ends *meat*," as some one suggested. The charm of novelty yet clung about the new order of things, and laugh and jest were not wanting to season the primitive fare. The *pièce de résistance*—as it was, according to most literal translation—was variously named, as the inventive fancy of the individual, or his luck in the cut falling to his share, might suggest. "Beef and

*pull-it*" enjoyed a run of popularity, until some fellow—whose wits were possibly sharpened by appetite unappeased in spite of his struggles with an especially stringy morsel—offered in amendment, "sinews of war." This designation was adopted at once, as better befitting the dignity of the military matter under discussion, and passed into the vernacular of the corps, to hold thenceforth a significance no less specific than attaches to the knightly order bestowed by the Merry Monarch upon his favorite loin.

Supper disposed of, pipes were filled and lighted, and we broke up into small councils of war; each discussing a different theory of the campaign without, however, coming to any definite conclusion. Where was the enemy? Which way was he moving? Would we await his attack or advance to meet him? Above all, where was Jackson? We had not yet seen the leader of whom we had heard so much, and we had the most indefinite notions concerning his personality. The awkward martinet professor, described by some of our number who had been students in his classes at Lexington, did not fill the measure of the central figure of the Valley campaign; our minds would not be content with dry statistics; their familiar "Old Jack" was not like our "Stonewall." The masses of his countrymen found something peculiarly acceptable in the character of the man, apart from his services: his retiring modesty, his indifference to display, his simple trust in the Giver of all victory, were shining virtues in the eyes of a people who had only taken up arms in behalf of what they considered their dearest rights, and with no care for the pomp and circumstance of war. His very homeliness was a recommendation to the essentially practical-minded Southerner, regarding himself as the peer of any man, and constitutionally intolerant of the pretension symbolized in gold-lace and other fripperies of official rank. To such a one the old faded gray coat and cap of the Valley campaign were emblematic of something after his own heart. In a contest which, in the estimation of the participants on either side, partook of the nature of a crusade, the man whose first care, after the "fatiguing day" upon which he himself had shed most glory, was to forward his subscription to a Sunday-school at home; the man whose negro servant claimed to foretell a battle by the omen that his master rose frequently during the night to pray—this man would clearly "do to tie to." A hundred stories

illustrative of these traits had already gathered about his name and invested him who bore it with a mysterious interest, and while they served to draw him home to our hearts, as a representative man, they marked him apart as a leader of men, not by any fortuitous combination of chances, but because of that inherent fitness which the chances of war had brought to light. This prestige attached also in some degree to the troops whom he had unfailingly led to victory, and whom we as yet scarcely conceived as mortal men in all ways like unto ourselves. Those fires gleaming through the darkness across the little valley were to us as are the lights of a populous city to the stranger approaching it at night, revealing nothing of the mortal nature of the busy inhabitants; nor was our ideal disturbed when returning daylight showed no trace of our late neighbors upon the hill-side. Only here and there a thin wreath of smoke from a smoldering fire betokened where they had been; under cover of the darkness, while we were still sleeping, without drum or bugle note, they had folded their blankets—tents they had none—and had “silently stolen away.”

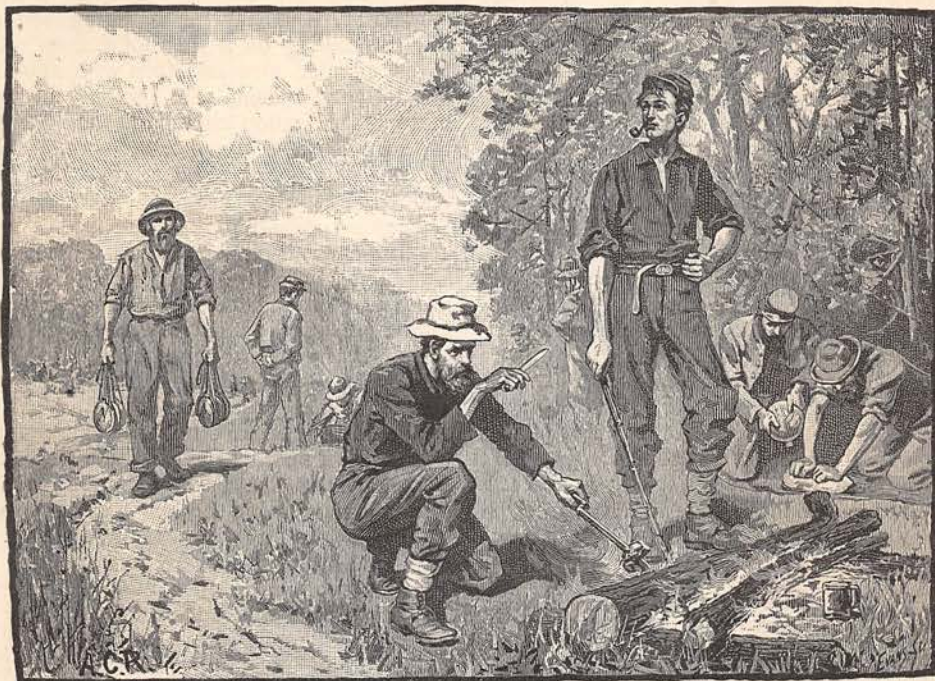
Some important movement was evidently afoot, and still the morning hours went by and brought no orders for us. The shadows were already lengthening out again, when drums were heard beating in some of the camps further along the ridge, as if for dress-parade; a few minutes later our adjutant passed along, warning the regimental officers to prepare their companies for immediate marching; and as the sun was dipping behind the western hills, columns were seen winding down from the timber to the plain below, then moving northward toward the Rapidan. Soon we were following in the same direction, through the fields at first, where the troops ahead, marching in column of fours and by the right flank, had worn parallel foot-paths knee-deep in the herbage; then out upon the highway, trodden smooth and hard by the same feet; now with the forest shadows deepening the twilight into gloom, and the religious quiet of its dim aisles broken by the shuffling murmur of the column's tread and the cadenced clanking of canteens against the bayonet-shanks, or the occasional note of the “whip-poor-will” uttering shrill protest against the strange intrusion; now by farm roads, with rows of tall corn standing upright and motionless on either side, the drooping blades gleaming mysteriously in the gray moonlight, as it were another armed host halted for ours to pass; now

down in a glen, with dank odors filling the air and the musical gurgle of running water under our feet, as we crossed a rude pole bridge; and anon carried far away in thought from any of these surroundings, as the bark of a dog from some otherwise silent farm-house suggests other homes, then wrapped in slumber. Knapsacks were growing heavy, and muskets were shifted at shorter intervals from shoulder to shoulder; feet were beginning to throb and burn with a suggestion of blisters, and to drag a little as we stepped out; men spoke seldom and only in monologue, the sterner souls deigning no reply to the exclamations of pain or fatigue which formed the burden of speech; and so on through the hours of the still summer night. A vociferous baying of dogs and crowing of cocks at last announced that we had arrived *somewhere*; a few moments more, and the clustered white houses and court-house cupola of Orange stood out clear and distinct in the moonlight before us. Rest here, for a while at least, for the Rapidan is close by, and the enemy not many miles off on the other side!

It was a busy scene in and about the usually quiet little country town upon which the sun rose that morning of the 9th of August. Our night march had been pursuant to an order for concentration at this point, and we were beginning a day pregnant with events. Since an early hour the bivouacs had been all astir with preparation; batteries stood, with horses ready harnessed and munching their forage, in the fields where they had parked over night; ordnance officers were riding about, directing the movements of certain tarpaulin-covered wagons,—all the visible transportation, except the ambulances,—in the throng which poured steadily through the town and out upon the road to Barnett's Ford. We had at last a near view of those troops whose exploits had so commanded our admiration, as we waited by the roadside to take our place in order in the column, and an interesting study we found in the endless variety of type and costume offered. Almost the only semblance of uniformity was in the arms and equipment, every portion of which had changed its allegiance since it issued from the arsenal, while the garb of these veterans exhibited a strange mixture of garments furnished forth by the quartermasters of either army. There were many brigades of Virginians, representing every class and section; conspicuous among these was the old “Stonewall Brigade,” now led by the gallant Winder, who had already seen the sunrise of his last morning on earth;

Carolínians, too,—gaunt, sallow men, wearing the gray cloth of peculiar texture which, in spite of stain and rust, distinguished the "State Troops;" solemn as Cromwell's "Ironsides," and about as tough to tackle.

of homespun; the few coats or jackets to be seen are well cut, and the threadbare cloth is of fine quality, while the pelican device on their buttons tells the story of their origin; for they come from far-off.



THE SINEWS OF WAR.

Tall, big-boned Georgians, slouching by in long-skirted coats of brown jeans, their swarthy faces and abundant bushy locks shaded by wide-brimmed wool hats of the same color, or of black or gray, giving them a very Quaker-like look, despite their arms and trappings. And here comes a set of fellows of a different sort; there must be a dash of Celtic blood beneath that gay *insouciance*. A novice would be puzzled to say what state claims them, or what nation, for that matter,—you may hear half a dozen tongues spoken in one of those regiments, counting out Doric brogue and local "gumbo." Ask one of them the name of the command, and the odds are he will tell you—with a half-pitying glance, as if the information were, or should be, superfluous—"the Eighth Brigade." There is a crispness in the utterance which distinguishes the dweller in towns from the agriculturist, while a certain *chic* in their habiliment, as well as the "snap" and go in all their movements, sets them further apart from the other troops. Their dress is motley enough; but there is no admixture

sunny Louisiana—from the cosmopolitan "Crescent City."

For a while the march is slow and often interrupted, for the head of the column has already reached the Rapidan and is crossing, and with probable foot-work to do on the other side it is good economy to keep dry shoes and trowsers also, if the ford be deep. So we think when it comes to our turn, and splash through in accurate uniform as to our nether members, looking very top-heavy with the divested garments added to bulging accouterments and baggage, and upborne by so slender a support. And so we pass the Rubicon. No more halting or delay now. "Close up!" comes continually along the column, and though the hot sun glares and the air is filled with choking dust, the march is pushed without relenting. A moment's halt by any one for a swallow of water must be atoned for by a long double-quick, seasoned with much jostling and not a few observations of a *cursor* character from the men filling the road, before the laggard can hope to regain his place,—by which time

the benefits of his sybarite indulgence are more than canceled. Many such stragglers from the brigades ahead are already mingled with our ranks: some of them are but too willing to escape from their own and have no thought of regaining them; others, though conscious of a lapse from virtue, are content for the present to backslide no further, and with their faces in the right direction trudge sturdily on, hoping vaguely to catch up at the first halt. There are signs of work ahead, too; we meet occasional cavalry-men conducting dusty blue-coats by twos or threes to the rear, and reporting "plenty more of the same sort a little further down the road"—they are well out of the scrape for to-day, lucky scamps, and so can afford to be facetious. Now staff-officers and couriers thread their way circumspectly by the side of the road, or, with more enterprise, strike through the fields and woods at a trot, and anon we try to persuade ourselves that a faint, jarring growl, felt rather than heard at intervals, may be merely distant thunder; but there is a trifle too much of the *staccato* in those bass notes, and now, as we open a more extended view, there is smoke rising from

over toward Culpepper. "The troops ahead may be in camp there," or, "Somebody may be burning new ground," or, "No—look yonder!" Just over the distant woods, a queer little round white cloud jumps suddenly out of the sky,—there's another! And now a pattering sound, like rain falling on a tin roof, comes back to us, mingled now and then with another not to be mistaken,—the prolonged, murmurous vociferation rising and falling upon the air, now shrill, now hoarse,—which tells that the gray people are charging. The ball is open, indeed!

Forward still—but there are eddies and counter-currents now in the tide of humanity rolling toward the sound which becomes more and more unmistakably the voice of battle. First of all come the stragglers,—men who, wearing the garb of soldiers, yet never fight,—limping rearward with abstracted gaze, as if they took no heed of the jeers which greet them at every step; ambulances next, inside of which we catch occasionally a glimpse of a prostrate, moaning figure returning broken and mangled over the ground which he trod an hour ago,—where some of us are now treading in his very foot-prints; then more stragglers; then field-hospitals and ordnance-wagons beside the road; then stragglers again, some of them bloody now, and grim with the stains of mingled dust, and sweat, and powder, and haggard with faintness and fatigue. Now the leveled fences and wheel-tracks turning into the fields mark the frontier of the battle-ground, but the firing, though distinct, is still receding, and we keep to our order in column. The sun is already down, and the rising moon sheds a soft, mellow light over the scene of conflict, revealing its features only by suggestion. Stacked muskets and drooping battle-flags mingle confusedly with rows of trampled corn, and the eye seems to discern the camp-fires of an army in the stray beams which filter through the foliage, making spots of alternate light and gloom in the woods. A light, filmy vapor hangs breast high above the ground, and the air is odorous with its pungent fumes and with aromatic exhalations of the bruised herbage. By degrees the firing dies away in stray skirmish shots, until at last the quiet of the summer night is broken only by the rumbling of ambulances on the road and the subdued voices in the bivouacs, and we lie down in the wan moonlight upon the field which has been won without our aid. The Valley army has again en-



A "TAR-HEEL."

countered its old adversary, and again Jackson has given "check."

Our service thus far under the new *régime* had been a little disappointing; for, though the field of Cedar Run had brought no hard knocks to our personal share, and while we came in for our due proportion of praise, it was somewhat barren of substantial pudding. It had been unjust, perhaps, to General Pope, upon so brief a probation, to have compared unfavorably his administration of the subsistence department with that of Gen-

eral Banks; yet we could not quite forbear some regrets for the "flesh-pots of Egypt," as typified in our ovens and camp-kettles left behind, when the fruits of the promised land were found to consist of green corn, and not too much of that. We accordingly went back to hunt up our wagons, solacing ourselves with the moral reflection that grass beef in Orange was better than a dinner of herbs in Culpepper with strife in the midst thereof. But we were not to hold fast to even so much that was good, until we should

have first proved all things; and before many days we were once more in quest of the general with the ambulant head-quarters, who, notwithstanding his dispatch from the battle-field that his cavalry and artillery were in pursuit, had followed at so respectful a distance upon our flying traces that, in the two days which elapsed between the close of the engagement and our return across the Rapidan, he could scarcely have enjoyed more than a distant glimpse of even "the backs of his enemies." Nevertheless, though



PASSING THE RUBICON.

eral Banks; yet we could not quite forbear some regrets for the "flesh-pots of Egypt," as typified in our ovens and camp-kettles left behind, when the fruits of the promised land were found to consist of green corn, and not too much of that. We accordingly went back to hunt up our wagons, solacing ourselves with the moral reflection that grass beef in Orange was better than a dinner of herbs in Culpepper with strife in the midst thereof. But we were not to hold fast to even so much that was good, until we should

still in his novitiate as to the modes of warfare prevalent in Virginia, and laboring under further disadvantage through defects in his Western education, General Pope learned apace. In the hitherto neglected department of military science relating to lines of retreat, and in its application, especially, his progress was most rapid. Following the axiom which declares that *linea recta brevissima est*, the lines in question were promptly reduced to a single one, upon which he moved with such celerity that not



even Jackson's practiced marchers could overtake his rear-guard before it was over the Rappahannock.



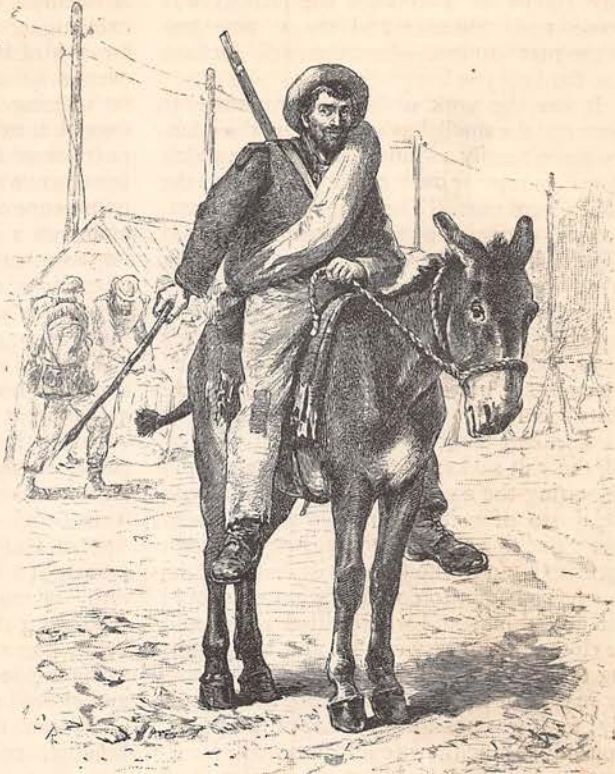
A "PELICAN."

But the race is no more invariably to the swift than is the battle to the strong, and a trial of speed was yet to be essayed which should refute calculations by the book of arithmetic; in which the Foot Cavalry, though heavily handicapped, was still to show a lead at the winning-post. As the spirit of gaming will pervade such contests, the interval between the heats witnessed what seems, in the light of subsequent events, very like a big game of bluff. It was upon a bright Sunday morning—the more shame—that a little bridge spanning the river near the Warrenton Springs formed the center of interest for either army. The enemy made numerous attempts to destroy this structure, and thus prevent our crossing, while some companies of sharpshooters, on our side, were thrown

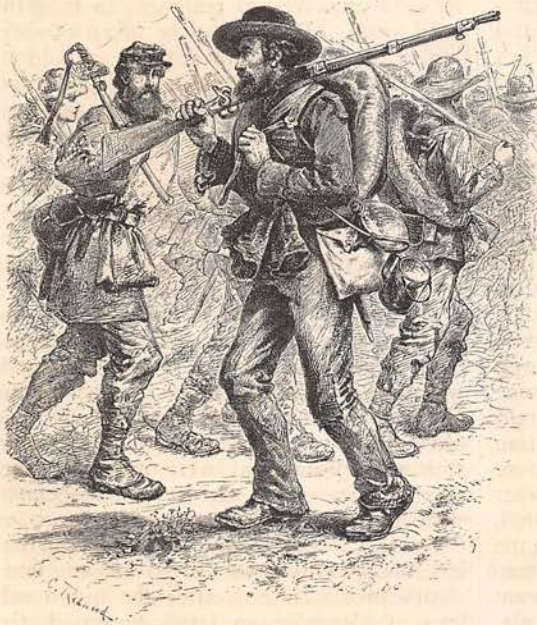
out to defend it; and, as the day wore on, a furious artillery duel grew out of this slight difference between neighbors. The gallant officer who commanded the skirmishers has testified that it was the most trying duty of a somewhat extensive service; yet so well was it performed that at night-fall the bridge still stood, and we lay down expecting a renewal of the contest on the morrow.

"Mystery is the secret of success,"—so our leader professed and believed,—and we were never to know what happened next day in that locality; for by two o'clock in the morning we were moving silently among the hills, following the course of the river upward, and long before dawn were well out of sight and hearing of our last night's camp. The two days' march which ensued was a test of the best speed and bottom of the Foot Cavalry; that movement must remain a life-time memory to those who were participants in it, and yet it is almost impossible to recall its incidents with any degree of distinctness. No systematic halts broke its weary monotony, nor is there any remembrance of camping-places to serve as an index of each day's stage; when the column stopped, far on in the night, the weary, foot-sore men, all accoutered as they were, dropped beside their stacked muskets, and without so much as spreading a blanket were instantly asleep. No reveillé woke them in the morning, but long before the crack of day they were shaken up, to limp on in the darkness, still more than half asleep. Knapsacks had been left behind in the wagons, and haversacks were reduced to the minimum weight by noon of the first day; for the provision of unsalted beef was spoiled and worthless by that time and had to be thrown away. There were no stated meal-times, therefore; the fuel for this rapid and prolonged locomotion was chiefly green corn from the fields by the roadside, hastily roasted when some blocking of the way by the artillery or ordnance train, stalled at a hill, necessitated a few minutes' halt; or unripe apples, snatched from the trees as the column passed an orchard, and devoured while marching. The fine dust, which enveloped the column like a cloud, settled upon clothing and accouterment, upon hair and beard, until there was no longer any distinction of color; only hands and faces showed a departure from the whitey-gray uniformity, as the mingled soil and perspiration streaked and crusted the skin. Men dropped exhausted out of ranks by the wayside, or got hope-

lessly in arrears in stopping to gather a few ears of corn or an apple, or to dip a cupful of water from a spring; but the column still pressed on. Whither were we going in such haste? No one could guess, unless it was, perhaps, he who was now seen frequently riding back and forth along the toiling column, and who by degrees had come to be recognized as its guiding spirit—Jackson. It would have been easy to have mistaken him for the courier of one of his brigadiers, for all external tokens to the contrary; his single-breasted coat of rusty gray, sun-scorched about the shoulders until it was almost yellow, and his plain cadet-cap of the same hue, tilted forward until the visor rested almost upon his nose, were meaner in appearance than the make-up of many a smart fellow in the ranks whose musket was the badge of his station; and not a quartermaster in the corps but would have considered Jackson's gaunt old sorrel a bad



FIRST AT THE WINNING-POST.



A BACKSLIDER.

swap for his own nag. But the eager look in his eyes when one could catch a glimpse of them under the cap-brim, the firm set of his lips and the impatient jerking of his arm from time to time, were all signs by which we were to learn to know that "something was up," though we could not read them then. We had already crossed the Rappahannock and were stretching across Fauquier at our best pace. The people of this long-abandoned border-land stared amazed at the sight of the gray-backs in their midst again,—still no sign of a blue-coat. We cross the Manassas Gap Railroad and strike into the defiles of the Bull Run Mountain,—can we be going to the valley? The sun has risen for the third time since this mad race began, as we strike a railroad track *running north and south*, and Manassas is in sight! Ah! General Pope, better had you looked a little more carefully to your "lines of communication and supply." The longest

way round is sometimes the nearest way home, and "disaster and shame now lurk in the rear" indeed—for Stonewall Jackson has flanked you!

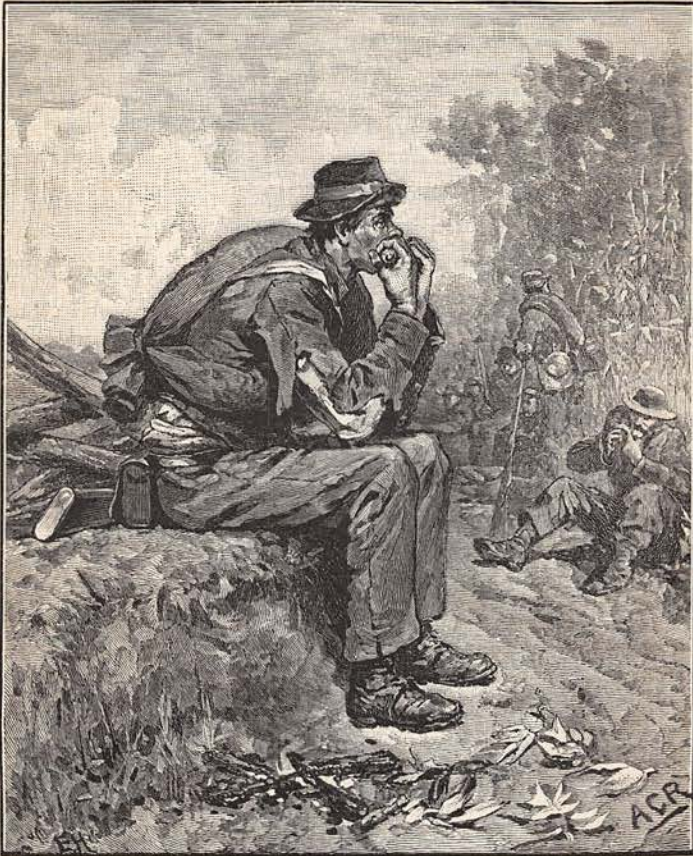
It was the work of but a few minutes to clean out the small *dépôt* guard and the infantry force hastily sent down from Alexandria by rail, to repulse our "cavalry raid," and the stakes were ours. The space about the station was occupied by frame store-houses and sutlers' shanties, the camp of a cavalry regiment was standing as its late tenants had left it, and there were besides, two trains of cars freighted with new clothing for Pope's army, but which that army was destined never to see unless it was upon the "backs of its enemies." True to its equine instincts, the corn-fed Foot Cavalry charged first of all the salt-sacks; slitting them open and devouring the contents by the handful with the gusto of colts fresh from clover pasture. But this most urgent craving was soon appeased, and when the salt had lost its savor, we began to consider what we should eat and drink, and wherewithal we should be clothed,—no easy matter, and one requiring the exercise of judgment and self-denial, by reason of the very abundance of the supply; for it was possible to utilize of this profusion only so much as we could personally transport, and we had had recent experience of how very little that might be upon occasion. Yet how tempting were those new blankets, rubber-ponchos and shelter-tents! How comfortable next winter would be those cavalry overcoats with voluminous capes, and collars turning up to the tops of the ears! and those high boots,—they would be just the thing for stumping about in the snow and slush, but, alas! how worthless for such marching as we had done yesterday and might do again to-morrow. If we could only have brought the wagons along, or if this railroad were but open all the way to Richmond! How soon a haversack got full, and how hard it was to reject further additions of sardines, canned meats and fruits, and desiccated vegetables! But such regrets were worse than vain, and he who dwelt long upon them was likely to lose his chance of obtaining even such things as he might lawfully and prudently claim. Some solution of the difficulty was afforded as the day wore on, and our wealth began to be somewhat more equitably and economically distributed, as in more peaceful communities, through the medium of traffic and barter between man and man of articles which one did not want for those of which another held a superfluity.

A mounted officer or courier would be seen exchanging any number of shirts or trowsers for a McClellan saddle, a pair of spurs, or even a halter; or a ragged private would be offering for sale to an officer, equally ragged it might be, a handsomely mounted pistol or sword,—each endeavoring to fix the price according to a nice calculation of the imminence of marching orders. An infantry man with a captured mule would be hesitating whether to retain his "loot" at the risk of confiscation by the Q. M. D., for the sake of getting a lift on the next march, or to make a swap for something of surer utility, as a pair of shoes. The tariff was somewhat irregular, but the law of supply and demand governed it still; a pint bottle, bearing the cabalistic inscription, *Sp. Vini Gallici*, was a sufficient *quid pro quo* for a case of fine surgical instruments, while an entire keg of lager went begging for a long time. A loyal subject of Gambrinus was at last found in the person of a sturdy Hessian who had strayed into our ranks: "I vas looken efervere already, unt don't can vint some beer—dat is better don anyding," said the happy Teuton, as he dipped his tawny mustache into the amber fluid and took a mighty swig.

So ran the festive hours of our brief holiday, and now, having danced, it remained to settle accounts with the piper. Night was coming on, and so were our friends whom we had left on the Rappahannock, and orders were already abroad to hold ourselves in readiness to take the road again. But, lest by the token of walking in ways that were dark we should lie under the imputation of evil deeds committed, a grand illumination signaled our departure and insured General Pope against mistaking his way. We ourselves had some need of a similar office, for the corduroy road to Centreville was full of pitfalls and stumbling-blocks, and the last gleams of our gigantic holocaust were giving place to the first streaks of dawn as we reached that desolate little hamlet and were allowed a short halt. Still no enemy, and as we filed off upon the road to Sudley our minds were more mystified than ever as to the objective point of our restless leader. The old soldiers who had served under Johnston and Beauregard were now at home, recalling at every step scenes associated with the battles of "the 18th" or of "the 21st;" but to us of the Light Division the locality was devoid of any such significance. Indeed, after the fertile valleys of Fauquier, so lately traversed, the

famous battle-field seemed remarkable only for its arid desolation. The houses about which the tide of conflict had surged on that sultry Sunday morning a year ago were distinguished from other Virginia farm-houses mainly in that their tenants would seem possessed of the mysterious faculty of living without water, so rare were the springs in this region. We cross Bull Run near the ruin of the famous stone bridge, and now there seems to be some stoppage ahead ;

so distinctive of the officer of the old service, and as we scramble into our places in the road, suddenly, from beyond the woods in front, the sharp, ringing report of a Parrott gun breaks upon the air,—another—and then another still, but duller and more distant. A few seconds, then succeeds the familiar flutter of a rifle-shell, passing nearly spent overhead. The hunt is up; Jackson is at bay on his baptismal soil, with Pope in front and the whole North behind him, and



"CORN-FEDS."

the troops file off along the edge of a wood as if they were at last going to take ground for camp. The stillness of the hot summer afternoon is broken only by an occasional impatient remark, as we rest in the broiling sun, seated upon the dusty grass by the roadside. Upon a bare knoll not far off, our brigade commander is looking attentively through his glasses at something which we cannot see; now he closes them and rides down to the road again. "Attentio——n!" comes the stentorian order, long drawn out,

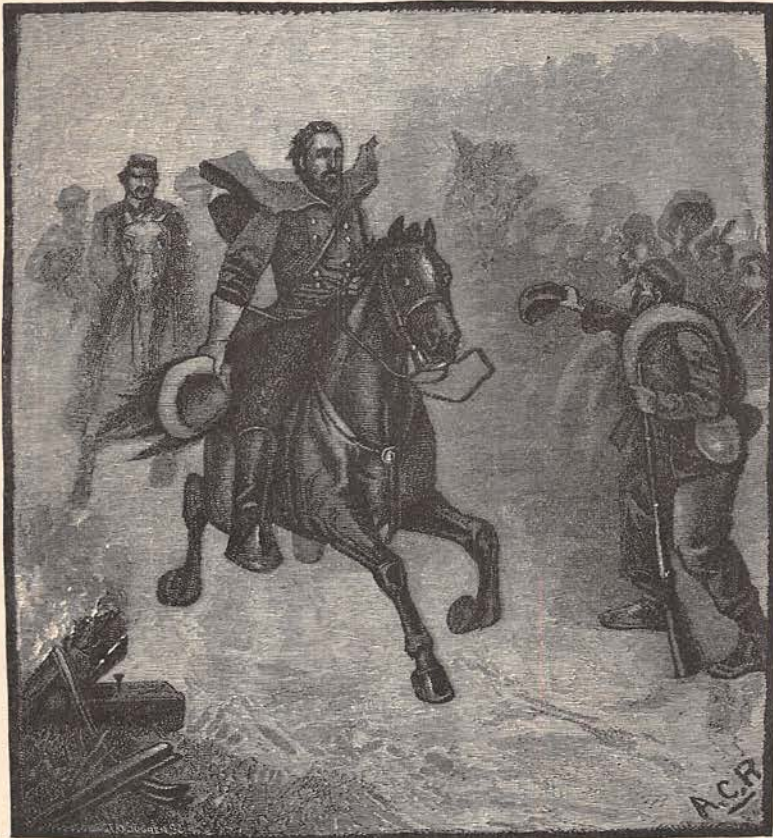
another battle has begun upon the field of Manassas.

Space forbids more than passing mention of the succeeding events of that memorable campaign. The world knows the story of Jackson's grim fight to hold his ground, while Pope, McClellan, and Burnside were closing in upon him, and his own lagging succor held off; of that sharp, short skirmish in the blinding rain at Chantilly where brave Phil Kearney fell in front of our brigade. It were vain to tell of the passage of

the Potomac, to recount the investment and capture of Harper's Ferry, where the scenes already described at Manassas Junction were re-enacted. Boonsboro', Sharpsburg, Shepherdstown,—these are names belonging to history, and to that custody the writer would yield them, while his modest pen more becomingly illustrates the annals of the Foot Cavalry in their every-day aspect.

The bright, bracing October days had come. Since the return from Maryland there had been no very active hostilities,

transit could not be disputed! However this may be, the man of the Foot Cavalry seemed to regard the occupation in the light of an *auto da fé*, and as he warmed his hands by a fire of piled cross-ties, with a length of rail, poised upon the top, red-hot and bending with its own weight, an inquisitor might have envied the beatific consciousness of duty well performed which overspread his soul. Like other people in prosperous circumstances, we came gradually to be quite fastidious in our considera-



A GLIMPSE OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

and the troops were resting in their camps, scattered over the fair country between Winchester and the Opequan. Occasional changes of locality for the sake of wood comprised the extent of the marching, and kept the reputation of the corps for mobility from going quite to seed, while its destructiveness found vent in tearing up all the railroads within reach,—as though it would have thus disposed finally of the one rival whose pretensions in the matter of rapid

tion of camping-places, and in view of the abundance of fine timber which surrounded us and the bold springs which gushed from every hill-side, were luxuriously extravagant in the matter of fuel,—if, indeed, generous fires might not be reckoned among the necessities of life, now that the nights were becoming frosty, while as yet we had but a scanty *tenue d'été* for all defense against the nipping air. Few companies could parade a sound pair of trowsers; an overcoat was a

distinctive badge of high official rank, and tents had long since passed among the things of tradition. In default of the regulation shelter, the camps presented an array of nondescript wigwams in every variety of color, shape, and material. The dwellers in these motley tabernacles—themselves no less motley—were like a mob of school-boys in their excess of animal spirits, which, deprived of outlet through the channels of hard fighting and marching, found vent in noisy hilarity upon the least provocation; for now that the wagons were up and “pone” bread and beef stews had re-appeared in the *menu*, the Foot Cavalry, feeling its keep, waxed fat and kicked. Two causes were potent above all others for the calling forth of this vociferous demonstration,—the chase of a hare or the appearance of Jackson near the camps. His dislike of notoriety was well known, and he never failed to avoid it when it was possible; for this very reason, the men who, when General Lee passed, were wont to stand silent by the roadside and with heads reverently uncovered, would yell like demons for the sake of “making old Jack run,” and all the camps would turn out in force at the signal.

It was the end of a bleak November day; the fires of railway ties, extending in a long line either way as far as the eye could follow, made still more neutral by contrast with their ruddy light the dun-gray fields of stubble, and the woods in which the gorgeous panoply of the earlier season was paling into russet and ashy tones. The work was over and we were waiting with some impatience for the order to take up the line of march back to camp; for the evening air struck chilly through our threadbare and tattered jackets, and we had eaten nothing since early morning. Moreover, a wild rumor

had spread abroad that an issue of fresh pork awaited our return, and though the long habit of expecting nothing good until it came secured us against any serious disappointment, there were not wanting tender memories of “short” biscuit to raise our anticipations higher than we cared to own. Thus preoccupied, we are fain to refer a distant cheering further down the line to tidings of the coming rations, and we gather by the roadside in order to get off the more promptly when our turn shall arrive. The sound grows more and more distinct every moment, and now, far down the road some moving object can just be discerned in a cloud of dust which travels rapidly our way. Nearer and nearer it comes; louder and more enthusiastic ring the shouts, and now we make out in the dust the figure of a single horseman, with a clump of others trailing off into obscurity behind him—Jackson is coming! A moment more, and he is here, going at almost top-speed; his hat is off; his hair blown back from his broad white forehead; his eyes dancing and his cheeks aglow with excitement, and the rush of keen air. And now the cheers grow deafening and ragged hats are swung more wildly still as the men of the Foot Cavalry recognize their leader. The cavalcade passes like a whirlwind and disappears in the dust up the road, cheered to the very last lagging courier of the escort,—for we are in good humor now with ourselves and all the world. And as we step briskly out upon our homeward march, the air feels fresh and invigorating, and the miles seem shorter than they were in the morning; even the beloved biscuit is of minor consequence, and the promised pork pales beside the thought which fills us—that we have seen Jackson!

And we got the pork besides!

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 HER REPROOF TO A ROSE.

SAD rose, foolish rose,  
 Fading on the floor,  
 Will he love you while he knows  
 There are many more  
 At the very door?

Sad rose, foolish rose,  
 One among the rest:  
 Each is lovely—each that blows;  
 It must be confest  
 None is loveliest!

Sad rose, foolish rose,  
 Had you known to wait,  
 And with dead leaves or with snows  
 Come alone and late—  
 Sweet had been your fate!

Sad rose, foolish rose,  
 If no other grew  
 In the wide world, I suppose,  
 My own lover, too,  
 Would love—only you!