

...in thinking, waiting, wondering, in
...and pain. The old year was passing
... We were dying together.
... by suffocation, I
... was
... filling my lungs with blood. Respiration
... was almost impossible, except in a sitting pos-
... and propped nearly upright though I was,
... my breath came only with thick, irregular gasps.
... How the time in those hours of suffering seemed
... to lengthen and linger on! But midnight came
... at length, and then the new year. Toward
... morning there was a sensible relief of that hor-
... ible feeling of suffocation, and I dropped into a
... brief and broken slumber.

When I awoke, day was breaking chill and
... usually. It was Thursday morning, January
... 1862. How were they spending "Happy
... Year?"—our friends up there in the
... North? Happily ignorant, of course, of the
... awful strife that should yet echo through how
... many desolated homes, and thrill with what
... mingling of lofty pride and anguish unattainable
... to many stricken hearts!

There was an angry exchange of picket shots
... to grow feebly light, and at several different
... periods throughout the day enough of the sounds
... of battle were borne from over the open fields
... and meadows to the southward to prove the strife
... still undecided; but it was plain that no general
... engagement was in progress. Once or twice,
... however, the enemy made demonstrations upon
... the right of our line, menacing communication
... with Nashville, that seemed to threaten a trans-
... fer of the battle directly to the vicinity of our
... headquarters, and when at one time shells began to
... burst, coming from the meadow only a little be-
... yond where our tents were pitched, the possibil-
... ity suggested was by no means agreeable. If
... the worst came, the prospect of capture at least
... seemed far from remote, and it tended but little
... to occasion a feeling of security to know that on
... the day previous the enemy had made such a
... dash, and, after holding all the hospitals in this
... part of the field for half an hour or more, were
... repulsed by the determined heroism of a
... small force of our men who rushed in, ground
... their way through the most serious discom-
... fort of our position, and, destined to be re-
... placed by the main body, were in the
... end either retreating or advancing when tight
... quarters were reached, and, lying there
... in hospital care, snugly blanketed, and fre-
... quently in the very stormy hours, I thought
... with pity of the comrades out in that bleak storm
... without fire or shelter—many of them, indeed,
... destitute of even blankets and food—and the
... wounded that were still on the field.

For me, the two events of Friday morning
... were the extraction of the bullet from my shoul-
... der and writing home—this latter the greater
... work of pain and difficulty.

On the field the day continued wet and raw,
... giving little promise of any decisive action that
... should relieve the gloom and suspense that rest-

ed on the hearts of all. The surgeon, however,
... coming into the tent soon after dinner, we were
... told that heavy fighting was almost certain to
... occur before nightfall, and that General Thom-
... as H. Hooper had described the whole as being
... maintaining the rebel line, and that it was
... a terrible punishment he meant for the rebels
... had dealt us two days before. It was a cunning
... scheme to impose upon confiding innocents.
... Our artillery had been massed and planted in
... most splendid position, with a suitable disposi-
... tion of infantry to complete the work marked
... out, and a feebly-supported battery was now to
... be pushed far to the front, to begin a vigorous
... persecution of the rebel line opposite. Such an
... audacity on the part of an enemy beaten two
... days before and ever since acting most strictly
... on the defensive, would certainly prove an in-
... calculable indignity; a merited chastisement
... would be prepared for the offenders, a grand
... sweep would be made for the naughty artiller-
... ists, and—every loyal heart that has thrilled to
... that magnificent episode in the story of Stone
... River knows the remainder.

As the afternoon wore on we waited anxiously
... for the tokens of opening battle, but for hours
... the quiet of the field continued unbroken, ex-
... cept by the desultory skirmishing usual to hos-
... tile picket-lines in such proximity. Late in the
... day, however, a brisk cannonade sprang up, dis-
... tinct, uniform, sustained; but becoming by de-
... grees more rapid and irregular. Presently a
... wild, prolonged, tumultuous shout, which, as I
... sat there listening breathlessly, seemed to be
... drawing momentarily nearer, until all at once it
... was overwhelmed, lost completely, in the out-
... burst of our grand, continuous roll of artillery
... thunder, laboring between the earth and sky in
... an expanse sufficient to contain its mighty volume.
... Even at such distance the roar of battle, com-
... swelling toward us, burdened with momentous
... significance of the salvation or the destruction
... of the Army of the Cumberland, with an appeal-
... ing sublimity and awfulness beyond all descrip-
... tion. Few who were present on that Friday
... evening at Stone River but will recall the sound
... and count of this hour as the grandest and
... most terrific ever witnessed in the use of field arti-
... llery. Their explosion was never arrested. It was
... impossible for such a cannonade to be long sus-
... tained, but when it began to subside, it was
... the crash of small arms fired every instant.
... Suddenly the battle disclosed, while we
... counted the reports of the artillery, that it
... was only for a few moments. The rebels
... fierce yell of triumph—great swelling waves of
... sound surging all up and down a lengthened
... line—as if in that one outburst of passion hopes
... and fears, voiceless hitherto, and the bitter re-
... solves begotten of long suspense, had all at
... length found full expression. The hospital at-
... tendants were out on the rising slope just before
... the tent door, and from their exclamations I had
... gathered that the nearer portions of the battle-
... field were in distinct view, and through its smoke
... and apparent confusion they could catch glimpses

IN HOSPITAL AFTER STONE MOUNTAIN

... occurred, as was almost certain, he knew that he could not live. He spoke of it with such composure, as if he felt that death was inevitable, and was resolved with what spirit to meet it.

At I sat, supported by ponderous rolls of blankets that the thoughtful care of one of the attendants had procured for me, and awaiting wearily the customary morning rounds of the nurses to whom belonged exclusively the duty of dressing wounds, I could see every motion of the poor fellow on his cot directly opposite. Presently I heard a peculiar strangling cough, and looking toward him I saw the nurse bending over him and raising him into a sitting posture, while the blood gushed in streams from his mouth, his nostrils, and the external wound in his throat. The surgeon was called instantly; but his endeavors, I saw, were hopeless. It was the great carotid artery which had sloughed away. In less than five minutes the nurse was supporting only a drooping corpse.

It was a sickening sight, a horrible death. Wounded in much the same spot, how soon might not the end of earth come so to me? I buried my head in my blankets, and strove to blot the scene away from my vision; but the picture haunted me, and for days and weeks afterward it would come to me at times, all ghastly and crimson, with a vividness and power that made me shudder.

The commander of our corps visited us one day, in the course of a tour through the hospitals, and I remember well the few earnest, manly words that he addressed us, so full of encouragement and real appreciation. The subdued, almost tender, expression of that grave face his command had often remarked; but it never before impressed me as so finely, so nobly in accord with place and circumstance as now. It was but a passing moment, of course, but I am sure there was hardly one pleasanter episode in all our tedious life at that field-hospital than General Crittenden's brief and hurried call.

So the days came and went. The weather was wet and raw, or cold and wintry, almost constantly. The battle grew to be an old story. When the reports that reached us we learned that the army had settled quietly again into the old monotony and routine of camp-life, although the occasional duty of guarding the approaches to and from Nashville, and, of necessity, all supplies were that they were transported, until the railroad there could be reopened. After the second week there were fewer deaths in the field-hospitals. There were fewer inmates, too, from other causes; for most of the wounded could bear removal, and were being forwarded to Nashville as rapidly as possible. From thence, they told us, we were all to be sent directly home.

Home! In that one little word what worlds of happiness and sweet fruition of hope and long desire were stored away, awaiting our enjoyment. Hardly the returning exile, retracing the steps and the scenes of long, long ago,

knows to the full all that the grand old Saxon monosyllable can mean to the sufferer in an array hospital; and although there may be delight in the burning heart-thrill of the traveler, sated with sight-seeing and novelty,

"As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand."

It is faint and pitiful, I have learned to think, compared with the one, wild, sea-full aspiration, the yearnings unutterable, that come with the wounded soldier's thoughts of home.

Ten days after the battle arrivals from the North began to stream in. Individuals, brimming over with congratulations and words of cheer for the fortunate brother, or son, or friend who had happily braved the storm of battle, and was here in his place at the front to tell the story—or who had come to soothe and comfort his sufferings, if he had survived a less fortunate fate—or to perform the last sorrowful task of bereaved affection in the removal of his clay to the quiet grave-yard at home; delegations from cities and States; and Sanitary Commissions, with welcome supplies for the needy, or—without; and once, I remember, there came to see us one wearing upon his breast a little steel plate, having a simple device engraved upon it containing the words "U. S. Christian Commission," with his gray blanket rolled up and slung, soldier-wise, over his shoulder, his haversack and canteen by his side, and a tin cup hanging at his belt.

It was nearly two weeks before my system yielded much to the violence it had suffered. Then came a long, sleepless night of torture; appetite failed next, and spirits and strength, I could daily feel, were deserting me together. At last Wynne contrived my transfer to Nashville. Skillful, kind, and constant had been the care bestowed upon the stranger comrade by those whom now I was leaving; and my feeble thanks, as I tottered out to the ambulance, were but the shadowing forth of a great, kindling gratitude that will burn continually so long as spirit retains its consciousness.

The sun was throwing broad, lengthened shadows across the streets of Nashville, and though the day had been rather warm and genial since the sky cleared in the morning, the evening air was freshening still and wintry when the ambulance stopped before the iron gate of the pleasure of Hunter Newton, and, with a feeling of complete exhaustion that I was hardly recognizing, I was lifted out and borne to my room. I was lifted up into a comfortable, single bed in the second story. A kind of reverie, never before associated in my mind with the remembrance of that little square room, which was not to leave again for more than three long months. It was there that Death drew near and bent over my pillow, so close that I could feel his icy breath upon my cheek, while in mute, ghastly silence we looked steadfastly each in the other's face for weeks together. It was there, too, that the All-Merciful came likewise, encircling my sinking frame within an arm all-

...about my couch, the
...new and inex-
...I know
...the attendants (the
...Even the
...of strangers was ever devoted and ten-
...more I could not have asked at home.

Resting at last in the cot prepared for me, how grateful seemed the fresh, white sheets, and the soft, ample pillows! and how it enhanced the pleasure, as I read the print upon each, "From the Soldier's Aid Society of the Ladies of Northern Ohio," to recognize in their labors that, far removed as duty and dis- tance had made us, yet in the faithful woman's heart the same home we were nearest and dearest.

...of care and nursing, weakness contin- ued to gain upon me. Oh, but to reach home! One morning I heard footsteps approaching in the hall without, and the door opened. Wynne entered, and, though I could not turn my head towards a glimpse of his companion, I knew the shadow of an instant—it was Ewell, who had come to bring me home. It was too much, and I was like a child. But I was not now to get home. A rebel raid had severed railroad connection with Louisville; and while a fleet of gunboats, one of which would bear me northward, lay waiting at the wharves for the necessary conveyance of a gun-boat, the danger that I had found overlooked me.

It was Thursday morning, I recollect, in the last week of February. The night, as usual, had been a weary and wakeful, but punctual, one, spent just as the day-gone pleasure of the night to come through the dim dawn- ing, the high sounded the reveille, and the hospital was all life and motion again. In our solitary, detached rooms, occupied by two wound- ed soldiers and another untitled one besides my- self, the noise was bustling about, busy in pre- paration for the day; when suddenly a faint, quick throbbing of the heart—

...the nurse was bustling about, busy in pre- paration for the day; when suddenly a faint, quick throbbing of the heart—

...the nurse was bustling about, busy in pre- paration for the day; when suddenly a faint, quick throbbing of the heart—

The Lieutenant's voice came distinctly, cheer- fully:

"Kiss me, my boy! You are worth a hundred dead men. We'll save you yet."

The surgeon and nurse entered the room to- gether. I remember closing my eyes with a feeling of utter weariness, and a calm desire for content—nothing more. When I came to my senses again the ward-master was supporting me with his left arm, and with the other hand was emptying a tumbler of raw liquor into my mouth, while the surgeon had just succeeded in stanch- ing the flow of blood with some powerful styptic. A strange, weird sensation, that vague, dreamy return to consciousness. I have marveled at it since with my unattored notions of psychology; but distinctly predominant over all else came first the thought of upbraiding for their cruel cure the forms that were bending over me. Those moments of syncope, when over my soul had rolled the waters of oblivion, I seemed to feel had been a very heaven of delight, and it was pitiful service to recall me thence to life and suffering again.

How shall I describe the days and weeks that followed?—the infantile weakness; the utter prostration of all the powers of mind and body that form the glory and the strength of manhood; the weary days and wakeful nights; the hope- less endurances of pain; the thousand little name- less miseries that nested in my cot, and made it a place of racking torture day and night? Still less, how can I hope to find in words the power to tell all that was lavished upon the helpless wretch of tender care that never wearied, and a devotion which human affection could carry no further? How hope to be able to speak, as plain I would, of the long watchings and ministries incessant, the kindly, cheery words and living offices of those true, faithful ones about me whose services I know I can never repay?

I began to rally somewhat in a few days, and, when he could stay no longer, Ewell went home one day without me. My heart was full when the farewells came to be said this evening, but, though my eyes were dim with tears, and my voice quavered hoarsely, it went up all the same. My name was called with an attention that I never forgot, and I felt that I was being sent by the grace of God to a better place.

...the nurse was bustling about, busy in pre- paration for the day; when suddenly a faint, quick throbbing of the heart—

...burning enthusiasm of the
...calm resolves that had
...doubled in the midst of
...the grand infinitude of
...truth, and Justice—the
...whole arena struggle, and
...that it was, oh! how
...thought and suffered for
...the for! Such memories
...over my poor, weak, dis-
...sweeping rush of feeling
...sterily, to control.

Day by day the sur- geon. By-and-by I grew assistance, to totter acro- more hope revived.

...that stained the wall ri- constant reminder of
...ceased, and forbade a
...safety. The 23d of Fe- in the mottled loyalty,
...made manifest by diver- sions of the most appro- preceding it Wynne at
...I persuaded him to
...to seek a little rest,
...chair placed at my
...slipping off into a tra-
...ed if it was yet midni-
...still I could hear the
...though the flame was
...tensely improvised fu-
...and could note every
...teens mouse gnawing
...occupied the nearest
...suddenly I felt a warm-
...down the breast. I
...thrust—arterial hemo-
...thyroid: I shouted
...ed at the first sound
...from his chair, to re-
...him for the surgeon
...bandages, was the w-
...has taken me to tell
...and the heart, b-
...the life-current
......were at
...the emergency
......of the
......had
......he pot-
......it is
......they, who
......of the
......needed.

...stak God, I
...surgeon, hurrying
...bed all dabbled an
...it, bolstered half-
...wretch, but living

burning enthusiasm of those Samter times; the calm resolves that had left but little then to be decided in the midst of turmoil and excitement; the grand infinitude of principle—of Right, and Truth, and Justice—that was underlying the whole fierce struggle, and had made our Cause what it was, oh! how noble a thing to have thought and suffered for, and, if need be, yet to die for! Such memories came surging back over my poor, weak, disordered brain, in a wild, sweeping rush of feeling, which I was powerless, utterly, to control.

Day by day the surgeon pronounced me better. By-and-by I grow able, with a little assistance, to totter across the room, and once more hope revived. But the dull red smear that stained the wall right above my cot was a constant reminder of the perils I had not yet escaped, and forbade any assurance of absolute safety. The 23d of February drew near, where the motley loyalty of Nashville was to be made manifest by divers demonstrative betokenings of the most approved usage. On the night preceding it Wynne and I talked long together, till I persuaded him to relax his vigils so much as to seek a little rest, reclining in a high-backed chair placed at my bedside: I watched him slipping off into a transition daze, and wondered if it was yet midnight. Every thing was so still I could hear the low hissing of the gas jet, though the flame was hidden by a shade dextrously improvised from a folded newspaper, and could note every nibble of a little venture-some mouse gnawing away in the bureau which occupied the nearest corner of the room. Suddenly I felt a warm gushing stream coursing down the breast. I knew its meaning in an instant—arterial hemorrhage from the superior mesenteric. I shouted to Wynne, though he wakened at the first sound of my voice. To spring from his chair, to rouse the nurse and dispatch him for the surgeon, to cut away the covering bandages, was the work of no more time than it has taken me to tell it. This time I was alarmed, and the heart, beating fearfully, but poured out its life-current the faster. It was well that the nurse were at hand, ready prepared for such an emergency; for my life hung upon a hair. I heard Wynne's hand and chief, but his hand was as he poured on the astringent powder, and it is placed with the thumb, first upon the artery, then the talonous stream burst forth at the tender wound, upon both sides. "Oh, God! I've saved you!" And the surgeon, hurrying in a minute later, found a bed all dabbled and soaking with blood, and in it, bolstered half-upright, a pale statue-like wretch, but living and suffering still.

But my story grows wearisome. Again strength slowly returned; but weeks afterward gangrene threatened, and then the endurance of physical nature seemed exhausted. The bitterness, the despair, the desperation of that period,

I may never attempt to make known to another.

Desiré had returned to the field a fortnight before. Not long since I saw his name in a daily newspaper: it was heading a list of the killed from the Nineteenth Illinois upon the Chickasaw. I read it with a pang of genuine sorrow, and within me a burning desire arose, crying for "vengeance!"

The spring smiled in due season, and new life, and strength, and hope came with it. Out through the window I could see the sunshine resting lovingly upon all external nature, and bathing every object in mellow, liquid splendor. Sometimes I fancied that I could feel the zephyrs sporting about the room; and from the great, glad, free outdoors came the carol of birds—the robin's warbling gush of song, the twitter of swallows, and the chirping of house-martens as they flattered about the eaves. One Sabbath morning my nurse brought me in a fresh, green bough, the earliest leafage of the spring; and when the flowers began to bloom the little table at my bedside was beset with and fragrant with their deckings-forth, renewed constantly by fair hands, that did the service of kind and loyal hearts even in Nashville.

Oh! only to get back to that brave world of life, and joy, and beauty again! The time came at last, and home and friends were won once more.

Truly it was a marvelous deliverance, and now I often wonder why it was so signally vouchsafed to me, when others, happier and more useful far, by dangers less and more remote, perished on every side.

The Past already grows distant and dream-like; but I can never forget the scenes and sufferings; or the devotion and the care of friends, which have consecrated the memory of those times in my soul that together make up the recollections of my experience "in hospital after Stone River."

THE LOST TREASURE.

INGENIOUS persons have tried to solve the problem of what becomes of all the pins; and these lost trifles are never found to be lost in the vain effort to discover all what pains they disappear from human vision. But the treasure whose lost whereabouts varies more mysteriously from vision and, with the same which have accompanied their relation to the world, which has been discovered, it disappears from sight, while its value remains intact and its situation undiminished. And, when the land closed above the first recorded grave, in the burial-ground of these missing riches. The large shipments of the precious metals to the East Indies, and to countries bordering on the Indian Ocean, have attracted much attention, but few are aware of the magnitude of the glittering current. It occurred to us that an interesting account might be given of the rise and progress of this stream of wealth, and we have

...and the choice of position they compelled us to fight for every half mile gained, making our advance a matter of tedious, wearisome detail.

Several times during the afternoon our advance battery was called into active play to clear the way for the main column, and more than one wounded man passed us, borne to the rear by two or three stern-looking comrades. Every now and then we could hear away off to the right the rattle of heavy cannonading, and we knew that Thomas and McCook were at work here and there, the village of Leesport, Middleport, Murfreesborough, and Murfreesborough, we based upon a strong body of rebels, well posted in a trench, with the support of artillery, and evidently disposed to offer a determined resistance. It was already late in the afternoon; a lively exchange of shot and shell, followed by a successful charge made by one of the brigades upon our right, and our flag was borne down. All day long the rebels were left with a good deal of our baggage, and began our dispositions for the night.

Water, water, every where—every where but here, where we most needed it. I was twice obliged to find a little shallow pool of rain-water, which I filled the three canteens along my shoulder and my canteen, and carried them off to the tent.

...cracker, "all things overboard." It had become the appetite to enjoy it, and we did. Then came the night's bivouac. Tents had been left back at Nashville, and knapsacks, but there was no scarcity of blankets and great-coats; so that, though a drizzling rain came up again about midnight, Davy and I at least—blanket-fellows for many months—slept beside a blazing fire right royally.

The morning was dismal enough, with a raw, chill fog enveloping every thing, the trees slowly dripping, and a light rain still falling. A hurried breakfast and rolling up of blankets, a careful inspection and wiping out of our Enfields, and we were ready again for work. The task, however, of clearing our front and occupying the gaps fell to the troops upon our right; and the rest of the day our brigade was generally on the march in a cold, driving rain that beat right in our faces.

Levergne was a mass of ruins. Half a dozen of the smaller houses still remained; blackened chimneys standing lone and desolate above gray beds of ashes—significant monuments of the folly and crime of rebellion—told the fate of the rest. It was a pitiful exhibition of the devastations of war; the waste and ruin that come with the mere presence of an army, whether of friend or foe. Much of this general destruction was the work of a reconnoitering expedition pushed out from Nashville several weeks previous; but a rebel occupancy of nearly four months had likewise left its traces on every side in the spoil of fences, mutilated shrubbery, fields and gardens overrun and trampled down, and the unseemly heaps of worthless rubbish and miscellaneous debris that an abandoned camp always shows. There were signs, too, of our own work here—dead horses by the road-side, buildings with great holes gaping in their sides, while our shells had come crashing through, trees splintered and torn, and bullet marks in abundance. A little one-story frame structure on the left, near the railroad crossing, must have been an especial target for our sharpshooters, for one side of it was completely riddled. I noticed it particularly, because here was the terminus of the telegraph line communicating with headquarters at Murfreesborough, and in at one of the open windows the wires were still extending.

Rain, rain, rain—would it ever stop raining? Flash, flash through the mist, occasionally a halt—worse always than the march—now and then a shot or two ahead; and so, enlivened only with disjointed speculations upon the chances for "a fight at Murfreesborough," the day wore on. Our cavalry were doing good service in clearing the advance and securing the flank upon each flank; and several times during the day dismounted fighting parties were sent out upon our right flank, which may be accounted probably to Nashville. The day was a long one, and the march was a weary one. We turned off to the right, and along with us through a wood, full of underbrush and fallen timber for half a mile or so, reached this second night nine miles from Murfreesborough. Our company was ordered out on picket. A dark, chilly night, but without rain; and so, sleeping at the reserve post as we all did, except for a single "relief" of an hour and a half, with a bed of corn blades underneath and a well-fed fire at our feet, it was not difficult to make out the night quite comfortably.

Next day was Sunday. A beautiful, bright, quiet Sabbath morning. Following two such days of amphibious life, how delightful it seemed!

...for that, and swinging on our equi in line, ready—for what? Not presently the word was passed that we were to go on into Murfreesborough.

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IN THE REAR

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Here we lay all day, busy in the forenoon in distributing rations brought up from the post below water by a special detail, and in working our arms and equipments into proper working condition again; in the afternoon, however, the pleasant sunshine, and mounting occasionally to the crest of the low sweep of ridge-land just ahead, where a line of outposts had been established when we were relieved in the morning. Rebel pickets were in plain sight across the meadows and corn-fields, the more daring, indeed, within good rifle-range, so as to afford just enough of desultory skirmishing to make the work mutually piquant and entertaining. About sundown our line was skillfully pushed forward, and a small creek half a mile from the camping-place of our regiments this night separated the hostile pickets.

A bright frosty morning next day, growing warm and hazy as the sun mounted in the east, and under foot muddy enough. Cannonading and skirmishing, of course, preliminary to the march.

By nine o'clock we were moving again. Across the fields, over fences, through thickets, and woods, and jungles of weeds ingumerate, only at intervals catching a glimpse of the scrubby off to our left, along which the main body was easily advancing, wading creeks, pressing forward in little enough of order at times, yet the best that was possible, seven good miles by the road, and by our route doubtless something more. Our enemy did his work well, and so did we. Upon their side a resolute stand, only to be as spiritedly borne down by ours. Skirmishing almost constantly, gallant advances and steady falling back—altogether it was a day of lively work and excitement. Almost too lively, too exciting, some of us began to think when about noon a shell came whiz-zing between two files in one of our rear companies, and buried itself in the dirt a half dozen yards to our right, fortunately without exploding.

The sun was low in the west when we halted a little more than two miles from Murfreesborough. Few of us suspected the truth; we were simply as usual, and to be the battle- ground of some future day, was a common place here for the matter, and with the regular marching and countermarching of the regiments, it was not surprising that we should have been so near the scene of the coming battle.

It was not until about three o'clock that we were ordered to throw away our arms for that, and swinging on our equipments formed in line, ready—for what? Nobody knew; but presently the word was passed down the line that we were to go on into Murfreesborough that night. Noiselessly as possible we moved forward to the edge of the woods, a piece of level, grassy ground almost cleared of trees, and waited till the hours were far toward midnight. At last permission came to bivouac where we lay.

I must confess that those were anxious hours for me. Our outpost line of pickets was not

three hundred yards in length, and the pickets were not more than a few rods apart. We had good reason to believe that the rebels would be able to get up to our rear before we could get away.

As the night came on, the pickets were ordered to be on their guard, and to be ready to fire at once if they saw any signs of the enemy. The pickets were not to be seen, and the night was dark and stormy. The pickets were not to be seen, and the night was dark and stormy. The pickets were not to be seen, and the night was dark and stormy.

The night was dark and stormy, and the pickets were not to be seen. The pickets were not to be seen, and the night was dark and stormy. The pickets were not to be seen, and the night was dark and stormy.

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It was quite creditable to our reputation as soldiers. But when, late in the afternoon, some of the enemy's guns, transferring their attentions from a battery of the Fourth Regular Artillery which was attached to our brigade, began playing upon us, what a hugging of old dirty, damp Mother Earth there was! Their pieces must have been in beautifully commanding range of us, and it was fortunate that their aim was uniformly too high. We could see their quick bursts of flame, usually two at once, away over

... discharged my second shot, this time upon
... taking low and deliberate aim, when
... fell from behind. It was our little
... soldier rose and faced, with
... shoulder and bending slightly
... head, and
... three hundred yards distant.

"Fire, boys, fire! They are advancing!"

To my dying day I shall never forget the ex-
pression of that face, so fearful in its intensity,
and the concentration of every emotion in the
one dreadful idea of possible defeat. I reloaded
and fired again. Just then I caught a glimpse
through the trees of another line of dusky uni-
forms advancing toward our left. Five minutes
more, and without support, we should be out-
flanked; it flashed upon me like lightning.
I fired a whistling volley of bullets
from that new enemy, and for me the

... acute sensation of pain, not
... distinct shock, only an instantaneous
consciousness of having been struck; then my
... came hard and laboring, with a croup-
... and with a dull, aching feeling in
... my arm fell powerless at my
... the rifle dropped from my grasp.
... hand up to my throat and with-
... covered with the warm, bright-red blood.
The end had come at last! But, thank God,
I was death in battle. Only let me get back
out of that deathly storm and breathe away the
few minutes that were left me of life in some
place of comparative rest and security. It all
rushed through my mind in an instant. I turned
and staggered away to the rear. A comrade
wounded by my shot through the hand, who a
moment before was firing away close at my side,
... reinforcements moving up, and I
... a thrill of joy even then, as I thought
... tide of battle might yet be turned and
... beaten back, broken, felled,
... .

... work was done. I was growing faint
... yet half-way out of
... narrow space between two
... which rested together
... and
... I wanted
... I had no
... on the morning
... and
... And then the sacrifice
... falling thus in God's own
holy cause of Freedom. But home and friends!
... .

little off to the left of our direction of advance,
so that I had seen nothing except only once or
twice a wounded man going to the rear, and
could only take counsel of Hope. There came
upon my right, though I still could not see them,
the sound of men marching with shouts and
cheers and the confused clamor of a multitude
of voices all talking at once. It was the rebel
host rejoicing over victory.

What followed I could only conjecture. Since
then I have heard the whole story. Our regi-
ment had held them until overpowered and well-
nigh surrounded, giving, meantime, many pre-
cious minutes to our batteries to take position;
and when presently they came, eager and confi-
dent, sweeping on out of the woods, across the
corn and cotton fields, upon our shattered lines,
they met a storm of missiles—shot and shell,
grape and canister, and swarms of rifle-balls—
that speedily sent them in fragmentary masses
back through the woods whence they came.

And so I lay there, with my head pillowed on
my blanket, while the battle swelled again around
and over me—bullets glancing from the sides of
stone that sheltered me, or sinking into the log
above me, and shot and shell crashing through
the tree-tops and falling all about me. Two
shells, I remember, struck scarcely ten feet from
me, and in their explosion covered me with dirt
and splinters; but that was all. Still I lived
on. I smile now as I think of it, how I kept
raising my left hand to see if the finger-nails
were growing white and purple, as they do when
one bleeds to death, and wondered to find them
still warm and ruddy. Hemorrhage must have
ceased almost, and the instincts of existence
said, "Live!" Then came the agony of waiting
for removal from the field. How I longed and
looked for some familiar face, as our men twice
charged up into that wood, directly over me;
but they belonged to another division, and had
other work to do than bearing off the wounded.

But in those intermissions of battle when, for
several minutes together, there was scarcely a
shot from either side, why was there no help
given us? Where was the ambulance detail
of my own regiment, that was made only this
morning? Perhaps assistance was near, but I,
lying off there alone and thus hidden away,
might be overlooked. In my consciousness was
a new ball sleeping out of the hands of my com-
rade, just a month before from home. I drew it
out, not without some difficulty, and elevating
it in this hope, waving it vigorously. But
there was no one to heed the signal, and by-and-
by I gave it up in despair.

I had lain down upon my outspread rubber
... out for this attempt was successful. ...

my astonishment, I
without much diffic-
to lavish unsuccess-
my blanket upon the
prize for some time
back toward our cot-
cotton fields again,
and wounded—our
mingled together—
calls and prayers fr-
ance I could not give
and shell whistling
ed the turnpike, fall-
further down I came
with its strip of red
to indicate its pres-
crowded hours before
dying, and scores of
smoking fires on the
coming and going; f-
burden of maimed a-
still the wounded ve-

I remember the
with which I sat de-
my turn for removal
ed me. It was one
had escaped this un-
fortunate detail a fe-
oneer Corps," and a
hour shall have an
brance. He took of
I had in vain tried
for me a better place
rel for me to rest ag-
his procured me a w-
with such feeble than
him, we were driven

The road was block-
fired masses of ar-
and ambulances; a
fragmentary squads.
The afternoon was w-
reached the field-hos-
had been established
miles back from M-
morley collection of
bell, fine, any thing,
and made to afford
over-heap in a long
from the fragments of
... to the bay
... side to
... for
... what
... of him

In kind, skillful
Hospital after Stone

our direction of advance, going except only once or twice to the rear, and that of Hope. Then close still could not see them, and the clamor of a multitude once. It was the rebel cry.

only conjecture. Since the whole story. Our regiment overpowered and well-meaning, many pretenses to take position; came, eager and confident of the woods, across the upon our shattered lines, and swarms of rifle-balls— whence they came.

with my head pillowed on the side swelled again around me from the sides of the log, and shell crashing through all about me. Two feet scarcely ten feet from me covered me with dirt was all. Still I lived think of it, how I kept see if the finger-nails purple, as they do when I wondered to find them Hemorrhage must have instincts of existence me the agony of waiting. How I begged and face, as our men twice hood, directly over me; other division, and had aring off the wounded. ions of battle when, for there was scarcely a by was there no help the ambulance detail at was made only this instance was near, but I had some blanket swept away from my back when was I saw it. I was lying on my back, and I felt the agony of waiting.

my outspread rubber on, in the same dress we had gone into action was losing its power, and miserable. Presull at our part of the away off along the left, one desperate effort to I fell back, unable to it was uncessful. To

my astonishment, I found myself able to walk without much difficulty; but I had no strength to lavish unnecessarily, and reluctantly leaving my blanket, my haversack, and canteen as a prize for some fortunate rebel, I wandered away back toward the front. Across those long and cotton fields again, now strewn with the dead and wounded—our own blue and the rebel gray mingled together—heedless alike of the piteous calls and prayers from every side for the assistance I could not give, and of the perils of shot and shell whistling past me; and at last I reached the turnpike, faint and exhausted. A little further down I came to a little, low log-cabin, with its strip of red flannel fluttering before it to indicate its present use, its two small rooms crowded hours before with the wounded and dying, and scores more sitting or lying around smoking fires on the outside. Ambulances were coming and going, freighted with their precious burden of maimed and helpless humanity; and still the wounded were accumulating constantly.

I remember the almost hopeless weariness with which I sat down before the fire to wait my turn for removal, when a familiar voice called me. It was one of my own company, who had escaped this morning's ordeal of Smoky Mountain Corps, and whose kindness to me in this hour shall have an abiding place in my remembrance. He took off my cartridge-box, of which I had in vain tried to unburden myself, cleared for me a better place by the fire, rolled up a blanket for me to rest against, and as soon as possible procured me a seat in an ambulance; then, with such feeble thanks as I had strength to give him, we were driven off.

The road was blockaded with troops and confused masses of artillery, ammunition trains and ambulances; and stragglers, singly or in fragmentary squads, skulked about every where. The afternoon was waning fast, when we finally reached the field-hospital of our division, which had been established the day before about five miles back from Murfreesborough. It was a motley collection of tents—hospital, supply, mail, bell, fire, and everything, indeed, that could be found and made to afford shelter—pitched in a grassy meadow long and low, open toward the front, and with the creek itself in the background. The ambulances were being driven up to the hospital, and the wounded were being carried in. The scene was one of the most chaotic and painful I have ever seen.

In kind, skillful, tenderest hands, Reader, though strangers all, I felt that I was among friends at once. Perhaps, though you can not have portion in the gratitude that wells up in my soul while I recall their unweary ministrations, you will yet share in my confidence as I end here the story of my part "in the flanks," and may not be unwilling to listen to a few words from me about my experiences "in the Hospital after Stone River."

A WOMAN'S WAITING

Robert had come with a story to tell,
I knew it before he had said a word—
It looked from his eye, and it shadowed his face—
He was going to march with the "Ghosts" of the
We had wandered together, my dear
What will be the result of this war?
I had seen the "Ghosts" of the
The "Ghosts" of the
The "Ghosts" of the
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No matter what else were his parting words—
They are mine to treasure until I die,
With the clinging kisses and lingering looks,
The tender pain of that fond good-by.
I did not weep—I tried to be brave—
I watched him until he was out of sight—
Then suddenly all the world grew dark,
And I was blind in the bright May night.