discretion to prevail, and it was well that I did. Stopping in a skirt of woods near the premises, I devoted myself to a careful reconnoitre of the situation. I was unable, however, to determine anything definite, and after waiting about two hours, when it had become well dark, I ventured cautiously up to the front gate. My attention had been attracted by the lowing of many cattle, and I suspected they were accompanied by the "boys in blue," hence my approach was not made without grave misgivings. There were a number of large cedars in the front yard and I could hear several persons talking at one side of the house. I gave a gentle "hello," to which my father responded by coming to the front gate. He never suspected that his soldier boy stood before him, and when I requested lodging for the night he replied: "With the exception of the family room, the house is full of Federal officers, not only the beds but the floors as well, and several hundred of their cattle are in the field. Probably you can get accommodations at 'Squire Henry Duncan's, a few hundred yards down the road." Unable longer to conceal my identity, I told him who I was. For the first time in my recollection, he broke down completely and cried like a child. The cedars concealed this meeting of "Jacob and Joseph" from the officers, though they were not more than fifty yards away. I knew it would be quite impossible for me to rest under the parental roof that night, despite my longings to do so, and the next question claiming consideration was food, as I had eaten nothing since breakfast. My father told me to secrete myself in a cane patch just across the road, and that he would see me again in a little while. I did so, and presently heard a gentle rap on the fence, to which I responded by the shaking of a cane stalk. He came to tell me it would be impossible to get anything to eat without divulging my presence to the other members of the family. Consoling him in his distress over the situation by assuring him that I had frequently passed two days without food, I told him to return to the house before his absence would awaken suspicion. He directed me to a fodder stack nearby where I could spend the night. Thither I repaired, after munching a few stalks of cane to appease my hunger, and burrowing my way to the center of the stack, I was soon fast asleep.

About daybreak I was visited by my father, who, after ascertaining that I was safe, returned to the house. At sunrise, a mingled crackling of corn stalks, rumble of hoofs and clatter of horns aroused and startled me. The herd of cattle had broken into the field. In a moment more they had reached the stack, and my hiding place was being literally devoured by a hundred head of hungry cows. Here was a situation that defied strategy. No fleetness of foot, adroitness of statement, or cunning of manipulation would avail me now. I was as helpless as was the infant Moses in his basket of bulrushes, and an ague of fright seized upon me. I knew that in a few minutes the last bundle would be pulled off and my concealment exposed. Just as I was giving up in despair, however, the "whoop-woa" of more than a score of soldiers greeted my ears. They were driving the cows from the field, and another narrow escape was added to the series that had made up my experience for the past two weeks.

Perfect quiet soon reigned, save for the shouts of the soldiers as they proceeded down the pike with the cattle. As soon as the premises were cleared my father for the first time told my mother who the stranger was that had called at the gate the night before, notwithstanding she had earnestly besought him to do so, and had, in fact, spent a sleepless night on account of the incident, though she had never suspected the truth. The revelation had no sooner been made than she exclaimed in a mother's own way: "Where is he? Where is he?" She was reminded that the negroes about the house must first be gotten away and the coast cleared generally before I could come in. This was done in short order by sending the whole of them, large and small, away to the fields. Then I heard approaching steps followed by the voice of my mother: "My son, my son, where are you?" A moment later she was in my arms. How I rained tears and kisses on that dear, sweet face and pressed her to my bosom in ecstacy of joy and tenderness such as my heart had never known before! He who has not spent three long years amid the dangers of war, and returned through many perils to the maternal arms that in earlier years were his sure fortress and refuge from childhood's fiercest alarms, is not prepared to appreciate the supreme bliss of this moment.

My mother told me to go to the house where I would find my father and sister Nannie, while she joined the negroes in the field to keep down suspicion. As I neared the yard, I was met by my sister, and the scene at the fodder stack, with a few variations, was re-enacted.

It having been decided that I should occupy an upper room, the problem of preparing and serving my meals without the knowledge of Maria, the cook, was one that baffled even the wits of my mother. Maria's devotion to the family during the trying ordeals of the past three years and the fidelity with which she had regarded and conserved their every interest, had won for her their entire confidence. Accordingly when my mother asked me whether I would be willing for Maria to know of my presence I said yes, unhesitatingly. I knew her so well that I was not afraid to risk my life in her hands, and it is needless to add that my trust was not betrayed.

For the three or four nights that I remained at home, after the lights had been extinguished, the family, including Maria, would gather together in the darkness of the upper chamber, where the events of the three years, at home and in the war, were recountered in detail. For more than a year after the close of the rebellion, no one save the family and the faithful negress, Maria, ever knew that I had been ta home, notwithstanding that during my stay the Federal forces were passing along the pike, and infesting every part of the premises in search of supplies.

Despite its hardships and dangers, there is a strong fascination about war life, and when a heart, especially a young heart, has once been fired by the peal of the cannon, roar of musketry and shouts of contending forces, it soon chafes under the monotonous quiet of home. Hence, on the morning of the fourth day, when my breakfast was carried up to my room, the family discovered that I was gone. I had determined to rejoin my command at all hazards, and rising early, I hastily despatched a remnant of supper which I had saved for the purpose, and was well on the road before I was missed.

About nine o'clock in the morning, ere I was aware, I walked into a squad of Federals commanded by Capt. Mitch Billingsly, of the 52nd Kentucky, and was once more a prisoner of war.

I was in a creek bottom and the soldiers on the bank above me, when the mutual discovery was made. I was commanded to halt, which I instantly obeyed to the letter. The next order was "Come up out of that ditch," which was also met with a ready and prompt acquiescence.

"Where are you from?" queried the officer. Just here I did some rapid thinking.

Pretending to wilt, I told him that I was a Confederate soldier, giving my real name, and that I had gone home from the army to find that my parents had taken the oath. Not wishing to render them liable to the penalty of law for concealing a rebel soldier, I had concluded to go to Gallatin and take the oath myself and was now on my way there.

The officer sarcastically remarked he was afraid that I might get lost, and that I had better go with him, adding also that I was a disgrace to my family whom he personally knew and that he would not trust me as far as he could throw a cow by the tail. He then ordered me to put my feet in the narrow path that formed the central section of the road, authorizing his men to shoot me down without further notice if I deviated an inch to the right or left. Fearing to trespass on the sod that lined the path on either hand, and seeing my duty as I thought very plainly, I walked "pigeon-toed" for three miles. Then we came to a broader road where I could walk with more ease. A mile and a half more brought us in front of a widow's premises, where a gray mare stood hitched. She was saddled, ready for mounting, and I was commanded to get into the saddle, despite the woman's protest. The mare was very aged, but very frisky nevertheless, and manifested a decided penchant for trotting when a walk would have served a better purpose, and saved me a great deal of unnecessary jolting.

We stayed that night at the home of a Mrs. Bracken, whose husband was in the Southern army. Capt. Billingsly, who was a minister of the gospel, before and afterwards, submitted this lady to indignities, whose mention would fire the blood of any true lover of honor and virtue. The next day we stopped at a farm house on the Gallatin and Scottville road for dinner, having by this time accumulated two or three other prisoners beside

myself. Capt. Ellis Harper, the noted guerrilla, having learned of my capture by Billingsly and his men, had set out with a band of valiant comrades to rescue me. I had determined to escape, if possible, and just as we were remounting, a fearful volley was discharged from the guns of Harper and his men who had concealed themselves on the top of a steep hill, at whose base we had left our horses. This unexpected attack threw our party into confusion. I had prepared a long stout hickory limb, which I intended using as I did the cedar brush on the mule, if opportunity should offer, and now the time for action had come. Turning the old mare's head up the pike, I threw myself over the pommel of my saddle and applied limb and spur to her aged ribs in a mad endeavor to develop the highest possible rate of speed in the smallest space of time. We made fine time, "Gray" and I, and as I fairly lifted her from the ground with each application of the limb, she seemed to fly through the air, and I felt that my escape was an assured fact. Just as I was beginning to congratulate the mare on her splendid speed, to my unutterable dismay I heard the command: "Halt, halt, you—rascal halt," ring out close at hand. Looking back under my arm, for I was afraid to raise my head, I beheld the muzzle of a carbine aimed at me, not more than fifty feet away. At the sight of this I commenced to yell, "Whoa, Gray! Whoa, Gray! Whoa!" at the top of my voice, gradually rising to a sitting posture as the mare's speed slackened. As soon as I could get enough breath I said to my pursuer: "Old gray is about to run away with me," to which he replied with a grim humor: "Yes, and you are helping her." My switch had been worn into a "frazzle," and the mare was blowing like a bellows. On my way back with my captor, I saw locks of white hair floating in the air like thistle down, sad reminders of my luckless race for liberty. Rejoining our party, who had succeeded in beating off Harper's squad, we went to Scottville without further incident, and I was there committed to jail for the night by order of Capt. Billingsly. My cell floor was rendered unavailable as a couch on account of the twenty-penny nails that protruded above it, and backing up in a corner I dropped down to what was known as a "hospital bend," and passed the night as best I couid.

Next morning a call at the cell door brought me promptly forward, though I was by no means certain I was not to be shot. I was conducted to headquarters, and as I came into the Captain's presence the odor of savory viands greeted my olfactories. The odor was soon traced to a big tea tray, which held a sumptuous breakfast, I supposed was for his honor, Capt. Billingsly, but to my delight he gruffly remarked that there was a breakfast sent to me by one of my rebel friends, Mrs. Dr. Sidney Walker, of that town. I was kept in prison for ten days, during which time my meals were sent to me by turns, by three lady friends, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. James Reed and Mrs. Fount Brown, and through their instrumentality I was paroled to the limits of the town for one week.

At the expiration of this time I was sent in charge of a detail of five men to Bowling Green, where I was again placed in jail with a lot of other prisoners of war. I had a top bunk, and immediately beneath me was a fellow-prisoner much smaller than I. On the third or fourth night after my arrival, he succeeded, with the single remaining prong of an old table fork, in digging out the mortar and removing a sufficient number of brick to make a hole large enough through which to escape. His blanket was torn into strips and knotted together, and securing one end of the improvised rope thus made he dropped outside the prison in safety. I discovered afterward, not only that he was gone but my only pair of pants had departed with him, leaving me to adjust myself to circumstances as best I could. The pants he had left behind were about three inches too short at either end, and when I donned them contrasted strangely with my striped vest, besides being unsightly in the extreme.

From Bowling Green we were taken to Louisville and placed in a prison at the corner of Tenth and Main streets which was reserved for the more desperate men that might be captured from time to time. On entering, I was surprised to find among my new fellow-prisoners, three old acquaintances, Messrs. W. P. Hendricks, John Hendricks and James (Pone) Cherry, the two fermer belonging to the Union army, the latter a civil prisoner. We were placed on half rations for twenty days, after which time began the most trying experience of my life.

Gen. Burbridge, the military despot, whose name and character are familiar to all Kentuckians, had issued an order for the execution of four men in prison, retaliation for the killing of a Union citizen in Meade county by supposed guerrillas. The draft was made without our knowledge and the first intimation of Burbridge's bloody purpose was received when the names of the four unfortunate prisoners on whom the lot had fallen were called out. The announcement fell like a pall upon the prison. There were only nineteen of us, and four were doomed to certain death. As each man's name was called, he marched bravely forward to receive his handcuffs. Manacled and surrounded by a heavy guard, they were marched down three flights of stairs and sent by rail to the place of execution.

The night passed, a sad one for us, and the morning dawned. Our apprehensions that the worst was not yet over proved to be well founded. Another roll was called at the door and eight of us went forward, each receiving his handcuffs in turn. We supposed the fate that had befallen our companions was soon to be ours. One who has never faced death, in full possession of every faculty, can not imagine the sense of awful dread and despair which took hold on each heart. Down the dismal steps we went, and, accompanied by a heavy guard, we were marched hurriedly through the streets to the depot, while it was yet barely day and before the city had awakened to resume its activities.

We were placed on the Lexington train, securely handcuffed in pairs. Nothing of the program was divulged to us, and we knew not where we were to be stopped for execution. One of my handcuffs had been pressed too tightly, and by degrees buried itself in the flesh. I was comparatively unconscious of the pain, however, so heavily did the burden of my expected doom weigh upon me.

We arrived at Lexington, however, at noon, and were conducted to a prison in the center of the town, near the Kentucky Central railroad. The second floor was reached by a flight of stairs, and we there found about three hundred prisoners, soldiers and citizens, from boys of fifteen to gray headed men of seventy. Several, like ourselves, were wearing chains. Soon after entering, our handcuffs were removed and we were allowed the free-

doom of the room. Guards heavily armed, stood along either wall, at the head of the stairway and at the front door.

Thirty days of wearisome prison life wore uneventfully away. To us they were days of dread, for we were in constant apprehension that the fate of our companions in Louisville was sooner or later to be our own. Added to this, we were in a half starved condition, as any soldier can well understand who has passed a month on quarter rations. The monotony of prison life was rudely broken, however, on the night of November 1st, and its hardships altogether forgotten amid scenes and circumstances which combined to make the most memorable night of my life.

It had been rumored about the prison during the day that another draft was to be made. The announcement struck terror into every breast, and in an agony of fear we watched and waited. The ordeal through which I had passed in the Louisville prison did not prepare me for a second, but on the contrary served to intensify my dread. Sure enough about 9 o'clock that night an officer appeared with paper in hand and commenced calling out a list of names. Fifteen names were called, and as each was pronounced its owner was ordered to descend the stairway. My name was the second on the roll. When I reached the foot of the stairs I found thirty or forty armed soldiers, standing so as to form a circle near the door. A soldier stepped aside to admit us, and one by one the fifteen men walked into the fatal circle.

We knew not what was to happen, and not a word had yet been spoken, but heavy dread bore upon each heart. Two officers stood at a desk near by, with their backs turned to us, and a third stood in our midst, holding a hat in his hand. Raising it above his head he announced that he was ready. One of the officers at the desk came forward, and placing his hand in the hat drew therefrom a single slip of paper. This was carried to the officer remaining at the desk, and the name written thereon silently recorded in an open book. Another and another slip was drawn until ten names were registered.

The terrible meaning of this dumb procedure was all too plain. Ten men were to be executed, but which of our names had been inscribed on the death roll was not as yet revealed. We were commanded to go back up stairs, which we did, followed by the

soldiers who had been present at the drawing. The soldiers on duty in the prison were then directed to close up to their right and the space thus cleared was filled by those who came from below. The walls of the prison were literally lined with loaded guns and bristling bayonets. An officer stepped forward and demanded the attention of the troops. Every prisoner was ordered to lie flat on the floor and any man who should raise his head unless his name was called was to be shot without further notice.

Another file of soldiers came up from the fateful room below, the first two bearing an anvil and the others bringing balls, chains and handcuffs. During these preparations a stillness of death reigned in the room, broken only by the clanking of chains and the solemn tread of those who bore them. Motionless and almost breathless, we lay on the floor and watched the development of the awful program. How our minds flew back to home and loved ones as we contemplated an approaching fate, in which each of the fifteen expected to share!

The details of preparation perfected, an officer said in tones that were touched with the solemnity befitting the moment: "Thomas Hunt, come forward."

He was a young man of twenty years, from Maysville, Ky., a magnificent specimen of physical manhood and as brave as a lion. He arose promptly and walked to the officer, holding up both hands as he said calmly and distinctly: "If it is for my country I die, it is all right." To this the officer replied: "You will possibly not be so patriotic before you get through with this."

Handcuffs were placed upon him, and the click of each cuff as it was pressed together was plainly audible all over the prison. He was then told to sit upon the floor, and shackles, one of which was attached to a long chain and a ball of forty pounds, were put about his ankles. Each foot was placed upon the anvil, and a man, weilding blow after blow with a hammer, riveted the shackles firmly together. This was all. Thomas Hunt's doom was sealed, and he was ready for execution.

Ten minutes had passed since Hunt's name was called until the echo of the hammer's last blow had died away. Who was

to come next? The agony of soul which each of the remaining fourteen men suffered baffles the puny insufficiency of language to describe. We were ready if need be to die for the cause we had espoused, but to be executed to avenge a crime which we had not committed, and of which we had no knowledge, made the situation tenfold harder to contemplate.

In another moment the suspense of one of us was forever relieved. His name was called, he arose and went forward, and the same process through which the first victim had been carried was repeated. One by one the names was called, and one by one the dooms were sealed as shackles, chains and cuffs of steel were fastened upon those on whom the lot had fallen.

As the number remaining grew less the suspense waxed more awful. I lay prostrate, with fists clenched, teeth set together and every muscle drawn to its utmost tension. So powerfully was I wrought upon that my finger nails almost pierced the flesh of each palm. Dim oil lamps, few in number, shed a strange, uncertain light upon the solemn scene. Not a word had been spoken, save by him who called the death-roll, until the last name was called, when the same fateful sentence that had been uttered an hour before, greeted my ears: "That's ten."

This being done, the doomed men, with thier balls and chains, were removed to a space allotted them near the stove, and in this they sat, grouping together, gazing vacantly into each other's faces. With them the die was cast, and in that despair, which sees no gleam of hope, they waited for their fate. Some of them procured Bibles and read for hours. The lips of others could be seen moving in prayer. The officers had all gone below, and the lynx-eyed guards that stood along the shadowy walls, seemed as spectres. The stillness that reigned in the room was oppressive, broken only by an occasional sigh breathed by some of the three hundred prostrate prisoners. The soldiers themselves were deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. I lay in one position on the hard floor the whole of that terrible night, not daring even to move for fear that my life, grown more precious to me than ever, might pay the penalty. Sleep was of course out of the question, but as I lay and gazed upon the scene about me, the feeling would now and then steal

in upon my consciousness that the whole thing was a horrible nightmare. Oh! how I longed for the morning, though it was a longing unmixed with dread, for I had no assurance that I would not be called upon to meet the doom which had already been assigned to my companions.

Finally the shadows of night gave way to the indistinct light of dawn. A sigh of relief went up from the floor of the prison, saving that space where the ten men sat, quietly awaiting the approach of the end. What storms of agony raged in their bosoms, what keen knife thrusts of despair pierced their hearts, as they thought of the homes where mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, wives or children were eagerly anticipating his coming back again who should never return, what shrinking from the awful fate that was near at hand, and what thoughts of the great future upon which they were soon to enter, passed in hurried march through their minds, will never be known until the last great day, though a pitiable index of their feelings was seen upon every face, which wore a cast of inexpressible sadness.

By and by it was fully day. The heavens seemed to be in sympathy with the occasion, as a dismal mist of rain was falling and the clouds were dark and lowering. Breakfast was announced at six o'clock, and although our appetites had been sharpened by thirty days on quarter rations, I dare say not a morsel was touched by any man in the prison. Soon the scream of a locomotive was heard in the distance, and a moment later it drew up with two or three cars in front of the prison door and stopped. An officer, with some soldiers, ascended the stairs and commanded the condemned men to get ready. Each man rose unfalteringly as his name was called, and with manacled hand clutched the chain fastened to his leg and threw the iron burden over his shoulder. For some reason the names of only eight were called, and it was afterward reported that an indentity had been offered to secure the release of the other two.

The death procession filed down the stairway, young Hunt leading the way. It was followed by the soldiers who had stood on guard during the night, a fresh detail taking their places. Hunt and his seven comrades were carried to Frankfort, where, in the outskirts of the city, eight new-made graves were waiting

to receive their occupants. The doomed men were assembled in close proximity to the graves, and a minister who chanced to be present asked the privilege to hold a brief religious service, which was granted.

One of the prisoners was an old man of seventy years. His hair was silvery white, and he had tottered along with the rest, scarcely able to bear the heavy iron ball. From long confinement he was much emaciated and very weak. The iron band about his ankle had worn its way into the flesh and he had torn off a piece of his clothing and slipped it between the shackle and the bleeding surface. While prayer was being offered, he managed with the aid of the cloth to slip the shackle from his leg. When the "Amen" was pronounced he rose with the others and quickly whirling about, made a desperate effort to escape. Gun after gun was discharged, but he ran on until he reached a fence. Just as he was mounting it, the sure aim of a soldier pierced him in a vital part and he fell over the fence dead.

This was witnessed by the other seven, but they seemed unmoved, and were evidently determined to die like brave men. They were ranged in a row and a detachment of fifty soldiers stood in front of them fifteen paces away. One of the prisoners asked for a drink of water before being executed, and it is said to have been dipped from one of the graves and handed him. The words "ready," "aim," "fire," were then spoken in quick succession, a volley of bullets was discharged and seven souls were sent into eternity.

To-day there stands in the cemetery at Frankfort a monument erected in memory of these eight men, and every year flowers are brought and strewn over their graves.

The next day Dick Vance, commander of the post, came into prison. I recognized him, and still fearing that I might be the unlucky victim in another draft, I approached him, told him who I was and that I desired, if possible, to be released. He had already received a letter from Dr. G. W. Duncan, of Franklin, written in my behalf and had doubtless come in search of me. I was promised a hearing on the morrow which was had, and which resulted in my being permitted to parole north of the Ohio river.

On the following day myself and four others, who had secured hearings when I did, one of them a nephew of John J. Crittenden, were placed in charge of an escort of soldiers. They were part of those who had participated in the slaughter of our comrades at Frankfort, and from them we learned the details of the execution. We were carried across the river to Cincinnati, and were free men once more.

I remained there a month or so, after which, through the instrumentality of Mrs. Francis Ford, of Covington, then Miss Augusta Webb, the legislature passed an act in my favor, making the corporate line of that city the limit of my parole.

Cincinnati continued to be my home under the conditions of my parole until the general amnesty was issued, by which I was released.

One thing more and I am done. My experience under the tyrannical and inhuman reign of Gen. Burbridge had learned me to loathe his name, and I had sworn in my heart of hearts to slay the assassin if he should ever cross my path. This was a thing I intended to do at all hazards, even if it cost me my life.

About a year after the occurrence of the events narrated in this chapter, while standing one day in the office of the Metropolitan Hotel, at Cincinnati, a friend to whom I had previously expressed my intention, came to me and told me that Gen. Burbridge was in the office, at the same time pointing him out. I was armed for the emergency, and immediately walked over to Burbridge, who was engaged in conversation with Senator Garrard Davis, then one of Kentucky's representatives in the United States Senate. Taking my position in front of Burbridge and to the left of Senator Davis, I drew my pistol and began to remind my intended victim of the slaughter of my comrades at Frankfort, whose death I had sworn to avenge. At this juncture Senator Davis threw himself between us, and raising both hands excitedly exclaimed: "Don't shoot! for God's sake, young man, don't shoot!" Burbridge had backed against the wall while I sought to get a clear passage to him, telling the Senator I didn't want to hurt him but he must keep out of the way. This all occurred in a trice. There were perhaps forty or fifty bystanders, who, seeing that a tragedy was about to be enacted,

rushed upon us and separated us. My friend hurried me away, while Burbridge made his way up the steps of the hotel. I have never seen him since, but I am informed that he died while in connection with the United States mint at Philadelphia.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

IN RESACA'S bloody battle,
In the thickest of the fight,
Stood our comrades, true and gallant,
Battling for the cause of right.

While the fight was fiercely raging,
Contested hardly by the foe,
Fell a comrade, true and noble,
With his face toward the foe.

"Tell me, Doctor, am I dying?
My shattered limbs are racked with pain;
Shall I ever join my comrades?
Shall I meet the foe again?

"Is it death that's coming on me?
Is it death that dims my sight?
Tell me, Doctor, shall I ever
Speed the cause of God and right?"

As the doctor knelt beside him,
With an effort to console,
Told him that he might recover;
Not give up—but to be bold.

When he spoke, his words betrayed him.
The soldier's close discerning eye
Caught the truth like inspiration,
That his time had come to die.

"Doctor, seek not to deceive me;
My future fate I gladly own.
These ghastly wounds I would not change
To be a king upon his throne.

Or were it ever in my power
To protract my days of pain,
I would not—but to see the hour
When my country's free again.

To see the true Confederate banner
Float from every Southern hill,
And beneath her white and crimson
Freedom's thoughts engendered still.

But adieu, my noble comrades.
I trust you to the future fight;
Ever strive—ever labor
To speed the cause of God and right.

Take this ring my sister gave me
When first I joined my brave comrades.
Tell her that I dearly love her—
That we'll meet in Heaven again.

Tell father that this last injunction,
When he pressed my hand good bye—
That if I like a Christian lived,
I could like a soldier die.

These few words have been my guidance,
And with a purpose fixed on high,
I have tried like Christ to live,
And now can like a soldier die."

As they from the battle bore him,
To which he ne'er returned again,
Angels' wings were hovered o'er him
To calm his soul and soothe his pain.

Then with voice loud and sweeter
Than e'er before was sung by him—
While yet amid the groans of dying—
He sang his last, his favorite hymn.

The one his mother dear had taught him,
Who years ago had passed away,
Yet had ever been consoling
And lit his soul with heavenly day.

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high."

We laid him with his comrades brave
Who had in battle fell;
No words escaped his pallid lips,
Save "Jesus does all things well."

The chaplain close beside him knelt,
A tear was started from his eye;

He asked, but not without emotion,
"Alfred, do you fear to die?"

A smile of joy then lit his features,
That seemed to shine from heaven.
"Oh, no, dear chaplain, all is well,
My sins are all forgiven."

"See the sun is sinking low
Beneath the Western sky—
Comes streaming through the forest trees
To cheer me as I die.

"Before its rich resplendent rays,
To earth again are given
I will be at rest with God,
My soul will be in heaven."

And ere its golden tinted rays
Had faded in the west,
A heavenly smile illumined his face—
The soldier was at rest.

He yet fills a Southern grave,
The Southern land of flowers
Alone bedecks his resting place
Beneath her woodland bowers.