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### THE SIGN OF THE RED CROSS.

A THRILLING EPISODE OF THE LATE WAR.

I cannot tell of the tramp from Sabine Cross Roads to Grand Ecore, in those terrible April days of 1864. Those who were there do not wish to be told of it,—do not wish to have the picture painted for them; and to those who were not there, no pen can adequately portray the scene. Those dreadful, dreadful days, days of disappointment, dread and calamity. The bloody passage of the Cross Roads had been made, Emory, grand old Emory, had made his heroic stand at Pleasant Grove, while the shattered, howling, turbulent, utterly demoralized, and break-neck host behind, at a speed truly marvelous, had made its way through the gap he had left open for them; and, not until the fleeing rout had seen the sturdy battalions of the old Trojan closed up as a wall between them and the enemy, did they stop to take breath or to determine whether they were alive or dead. Really and truly, that sudden and unexpected "*advance to the rear*" of Franklin's and Lee's columns was one of the most inexplicable movements of that Red River Campaign.

But—what has all this to do with

my story? I shall be attempting to paint a picture before I know it. We, who lived, reached Grand Ecore after a time; but not, however, until we had had the satisfaction of wiping out just a bit of the stigma of Sabine Cross Roads. At Pleasant Hill, even the Johnnies themselves must own, we more than held our own; but Banks did a wise thing in getting away from that locality.

At Grand Ecore we waited to help Porter get his fleet down a river almost bare of water. Mercy! What a time it was! However, at Grand Ecore, on the outskirts, near to the foot of a wood hill, or a spur of the bluff, some of our baggage train had become disabled, and the disabling, or the wrecking, of one or two heavy wagons served to keep several others back, the result of which was,—they had to be guarded. On Wednesday, April 13th, Capt. John Fitz, of Beal's Brigade, and, I think, of the 29th Maine Regiment had command of this post, and the command was an important one, as on that day the enemy's scouts and bush-rangers were harassing us on all hands.