

tion as to their state of preparation, their discipline, their equipment, and numbers. His reports used to convulse the whole garrison, and rendered them completely fearless as to the result of the impending contest.

But everything must have a termination; the drilling and organization, with the accoutrement of the troops, was at length considered complete, and Colonel Puffpouch marshalled and reviewed his magnificent brigade preparatory to the assault. The dress and equipment of so large a number of volunteers, would necessarily involve great discrepancy of style, colour and quality, in the absence of a uniform government supply. The Colonel, despite his ignorance of military matters, was staggered by the unique and motley display: the troops were literally of all arms, but fowling pieces were by far the most numerous.

The captain of one company created a terrific sensation, and no little envy, by appearing in a full dress uniform of some former period, probably that of Queen Ann, for many of the volunteers carried muskets of her reign. He displayed his sword with great awe-inspiring effect, for no one could doubt it had been in active service.

It must be confessed, however, that his company were by no means creditable to so puissant a leader, their weapons, such at least as carried such things were more varied than their clothing. Birmingham cast iron shot guns were the choice weapons. In the rear of the line came the artillery, drawn by mules, with of course, negro drivers. The guns were three in number, of the old iron construction, and evidently were representatives of some broken-down, effete museum of ancient curiosities. Rusty as exposure could make them, without limber chests or caissons: the ammunition was carried in rude carts drawn by mules, driven by screaming negro boys, who, together with their elders, with the cannon, kept up the most hideous clamour of directing, urging, but more correctly, confusing cries to the animals under their charge. Some few gentlemen joined as volunteers on their "own hook," without any special department.

We were informed by an eye witness of the affair, who was acting in the double capacity of spy and reporter, that he saw one old planter, who had got for his body guard a number of negroes whose teeth chattered, and knees trembled at the awful "muss" in which they were most unwillingly involved by their volunteer master. Among them they carried powder flasks, shot, pouches, and other portions of the shooting outfit of their master's sporting days. One had a rifle, another carried a double-barrelled fowling-piece, while a third bore his master's favourite, single-barrelled "Manton."

"Now, Sam," said the master, "You must take great care of that gun, or it may go off and shoot you or somebody else."

"No fear of dat, massa, nothink in him."

"Why, how are we to shoot you Yankee rascals without anything in the gun?"

"Dunno Sar."

"Well, look here, we must put something in it."

The gun was examined and found to be empty. Just at this