

which are in some places almost impassable) affords very little chance for good generalship to display itself.

We now made preparations for——

It is here that the six pages of MS. are missing; and as far as I can remember, they gave an account of the *Entrenching of the Confederates at Corinth*, and their falling back from there; the *Bombardment of Vicksburg* by the Federals; the *Battle of Baton Rouge*, and the *Battle of Corinth*—in all of which the writer was engaged. He mentioned also the great kindness shown him by the Sisters of Mercy when he was laid up for a long time in an hospital from the effects of a sun-stroke. After his recovery, he had again joined his Regiment, and the remainder of the MS. in my possession continues what was a very interesting account of camp life, with many amusing foraging incidents.—L. S.

*MS. continued:*

We took it in turns to be "Maitre de cuisine;" and really Soyer himself could not have beaten us. Our "roasts" were decidedly original; for instance, we would dig a hole in the earth, choosing (when we could get it) clay, which we would make a sort of paste of, cover entirely a turkey feathers and all with it—put it in the hole—dig a sort of ditch round it, and build a tremendous fire over it; and when baked, the clay would come off with the feathers adhering to it, leaving our turkey done to perfection. When we ran short of coffee we burnt rice, and made most excellent coffee of it. When settled in camp for any time, I think the only thing we ran short of was salt. Strict orders had been given concerning all foraging, but sometimes it was impossible to avoid it. On one occasion, I remember seeing a nigger who had been placed in a farm-yard to watch, as a sort of poultry-guard—fast asleep: and, to amuse ourselves, we seized him, and added much to his discomfiture by telling him that, as we could get nothing else, we would make him do for a meal or two, as we were all but starving. He believed us—fell on his knees