

of the soldiers below. But the Confederate soldier was as far removed from an automaton as it is conceivable for a soldier to be. Indeed, his initiative in gathering knowledge of all things and moods governing the Board of War was at times as inconvenient as it was marked. His intuition worked by grapevine.

"What," asked the soldier nearest Edward, "made the quarrel?"

"Old occasions, I believe. Now each is as poison to the other."

The inspection of water batteries and field-works was over, the review of the afternoon over. Amid cheering crowds the President left Vicksburg for Grenada, with him General Johnston and General Pemberton. The regiment which had given Edward Cary hospitality made a night march.

In the cold December dawn they came to a stream where, on the opposite bank, a cavalry detail could be made out watering its horses. There was a bridge. Infantry crossed and fraternized.

"What's the news? We had a big day in Vicksburg yesterday! The President and Old Joe —"

"Have you heard about the raid?"

"What raid?"

"Boys, they have n't heard! — Oh, I see our captain over there telling it to your colonel."

"That's all right! We'll get it from the colonel. But you fellows might as well tell — seeing that you're dying to do it! What raid?"

"Van Dorn's raid — our raid! Raid on Holly Springs! Raid round Grant! *Yaaaih! Yaaaih! Yaaaih!*"

A tall and strong trooper, with a high forehead, deep eyes, and a flowing black beard, began to speak in a voice so deep and sonorous that it boomed like a bell across the water. "Van Dorn's a jewel. Van Dorn loves danger as he might love a woman with a temper. When she's smiling she's so white-angry, then he loves her best. Van Dorn rides a black thoroughbred and rides her hard. Van Dorn, with his long yellow hair —"

"Listen to Llewellen chanting like the final bard! — Well, he is handsome, — Van Dorn!"

"He ain't tall, but he's pretty. Go on, Llewellen!"

"Van Dorn riding like an Indian —"