

seems unusually damp this year; indeed, if you put your boots outside your door, in the morning they are quite mildewed——”

The rest of the letter does not apply to the subject in question, therefore it is not necessary to give it in full. On first reading it, I was most shocked at the allusion to the Calhoun Guards, for I hear the regiment has been cut up almost to a man; and some of the lads alluded to proved their valour in the battle-field.

I fear I am trespassing on your valuable space; but I cannot conclude without allusion to the extreme kindness and hospitality I met with without exception wherever I went, on my returning to St. Louis. I left the South in November last, having received a pass through the Confederate lines, upon stating my wish to return home in consequence of my being in ill health. I reached St. Louis late one night, and was arrested and kept a prisoner of war by the Federals three weeks, in the very place I had started from without the least intention then of joining the Confederate service. Owing to the kind exertions of my friend, Mr. De B—r, I was enabled to communicate with my friends here, and he procured my release. I therefore arrived here about five weeks ago; and

which I cannot remember—to the effect that he hoped when they met the enemy, they would do so bravely, as Germans. The fawn had a peculiar way of tossing her head up, and giving a defiant sort of stamp with her fore foot, when anything approached her that she was not accustomed to see. She did so at this moment, strangely enough; and as the troop left the yard, in single file, she headed it, and marched down St. Charles Boromeo Street, (I think it is called) still heading the company, now in double file, to the admiration of every one. It was the prettiest sight I think I ever saw; and any one who was residing in New Orleans at the time, will remember what a sensation Mr. Huth's troop caused, as it marched down the street on this occasion, led by a small fawn.—*L. S.*

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