

the second village far away, and not altogether liking the looks of our guide, a first suspicion crossed our minds, though none expressed it. We turned back, having no weapons whatever, and the Commodore being satisfied with the apparently friendly feeling that had been established, gave the order to prepare to embark. They all went down to the beach and were in or near the boats except the Commodore, our Lieutenant of Marines, and myself. We three remained at the corner of the village. Suddenly a man, who was standing three or four yards from the Commodore, fired an arrow, which struck my dear chief in the left side, and as we turned to the boats where our arms were, several flights of arrows followed us. The men in the boats were not prepared for this sudden attack, and had not their rifles at immediate command, and, consequently, the arrows kept dropping among and around us until a few shots from our revolvers and rifles instantly stopped them, bringing down two natives and dispersing the rest into the jungle. The Commodore was again wounded in the head, and five men in the boats received arrow wounds in various parts of their bodies. The only punishment which it was thought desirable to inflict on these wretches was the burning of their village, and my chief humbly regretted that any of the natives had been killed. My good luck followed me on that day, and I escaped without a scratch. I was therefore able to pass the time while going off to the ship in sucking the Commodore's wounds, for it is the custom of these barbarians to poison their weapons. This possibly still exists, and on it depends the lives of the patients, although their wounds now appear light. This sore anxiety is the only one which has turned us southward again, so that tetanus, if it does take place, may at least have the cooler climate to withstand it.*

Another writer, the Chaplain of the *Pearl*, says:—"The *Pearl* at once proceeded south to gain a cooler climate. After calling at Mota to leave directions for Her Majesty's ship *Nymphæ*, shortly expected there, her course was shaped for Australia. At first, all seemed going on well with the wounded. On the Sunday following the accident the Commodore desired the chaplain to return thanks for merciful deliverance in great danger, desiring specially to return thanks that he had not been suddenly cut off, but time and opportunity given to think of death. In his own words, he had been led to consider more closely the things that are hereafter. On Wednesday, August 18, symptoms of tetanus appeared, and, in all human probability, the Commodore must die. He seemed to grasp this fact in all its fulness, at once settling all earthly matters, in which he was thoughtful of everyone dependent on him, and attended to the minutest detail of the command he was then called on to give up; then he fixed his thoughts on God. Without one earthly regret with a perfect trust in the infinite love of God, with thankfulness for all the mercies he had received in his life, he resigned himself to the will of God. Till Friday evening he lingered among us, who, much as we liked and respected him, in those few hours learned that we only then were apprehending his true greatness. On Thursday afternoon, thinking that the end was near, had all his officers summoned to his bedside, where, in lovely and loving words, he spoke of his trust in the infinite love of God and the readiness he felt to go. He had a word for each, a word of love, as at his request each kissed him and said good-bye. He then caused himself to be carried

on to the quarter-deck and placed on a bed there, the ship's company being assembled to hear his last words to them. His heart was full of God's love to himself, and out of its abundance the mouth spoke. He spoke, of this love, and exhorted all to love God, telling them how he had loved them all, even when having to punish them, seeing good in them to love. Many such words were spoken before he said good-bye, blessing them all in the name of God. A calm sleep followed after this exertion, and on waking his mouth still spoke the same things. He said that, as a proof of God's love to him, instead of some dark picture of his past life rising up to trouble him at the last, God would only let his mind dwell on the words, "In whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning;" he said God had opened, as it were, this little window in Heaven. He retained his consciousness to the last, his face lighting up with a glorious smile when reminded of his "little window." It would be impossible did one dare further to write publicly of so sacred a scene, to speak of his many loving words to all near to, of all away from him. Unselfish and noble, he even regretted that he was so long in dying, as it gave such trouble to those attending him.—One of his last utterances was, "I have no breath left to praise God for all His mercies;" but enough. He died quietly at 5 30 p.m., on Friday, August 20.

The Commodore earnestly desired no vengeance should be taken on the natives of Santa Cruz. In his last words to the men he spoke to this effect:—"We cannot tell their reason; perhaps they have been injured by white people, but we cannot communicate with them, not knowing their language; perhaps some day—it may be twenty or thirty years hence—some good missionary, some Christian man, may go among them and find out why they did this."

ADMIRALTY, October 19.—Assistant Paymaster W. W. Perry, Secretary to the late Comm. Goodenough has been this day specially promoted to the rank of Paymaster in H. M.'s Fleet, the Acting Captain of H. M. S. *Pearl* having reported the warm appreciation expressed by the late Comm. Goodenough of Mr Perry's devotion, in that "he at considerable risk to himself (having at the time a sore in his mouth) sucked the Commodore's wound, in the hope of extracting any poison which might have been left by the arrow."

A Forage Train.*

Descriptions of battles have been written in language so fervid and glowing that officers and troops participating will live as long as memory can hold the impress. Bold charges have won many a general his stars, and the hero and his men are characters in history. The genius of the pencil has paid its tribute to the genius of the sword. Battle scenes have been painted so true to the reality that you could almost hear the roll of the musketry and artillery and the crash of the charging columns.

Many readers of history know only of army life as pictured to them on the printed page and on the canvas. Hero only Military glory! Hero only heroes!

This mistake is as old as the Grecian and Latin poets. Virgil's muse breaks forth in the very first line of the "Æneid," "Arma virumque cano"; but it is doubtful, if Vir-

* From *Everglade to Cannon*, in the press of D. Van Nostrand.

gil had been in the Quartermaster's Department on that memorable flight from Troy, if he had seen so much poetry in it. What a loss to the curriculum of our academic and colleges!

A close observation of McClellan's Pan-insular campaign, and the subsequent military operations of the Army of the Potomac, will justify the remark that much merited commendation has been withheld—unintentionally, of course—from the officers and enlisted men who had charge of the supplies and their transportations. The haversack and nosebag mean more than bread and meat and oats and hay—they mean hard marches, steady nerve under fire, and cheerfulness in defeat.

To have the supply trains of Commissary and Quartermaster's stores at the appointed place and on time, especially in the cavalry, required no small amount of mature judgment, combined with courage and patient endurance of severe hardship and exposure. Good train masters and teamsters are as necessary to efficient transportation as a good orderly sergeant to a thoroughly-disciplined company.

It was the writer's good fortune to have charge of a supply train, which left City Point on the afternoon of July 30, 1861—destination, "the Reserve Brigade, on the march." The scenes of that march are well worth noticing here, as they give us a picture of army life that has not yet appeared in print or on canvas.

The train parked in an open field, teams hitched up, teamsters at their posts, and the order given to move. The regimental wagons are loaded with officers' baggage and regimental and company records and effects, the supply-wagons with rations and forage.

Not a cloud or a tree breaks the blinding, scorching rays of the noonday sun. The flies are in countless millions, and as vicious as numerous. It takes some time to pull out, and the head of the train is a long distance on the road before the last wagon leaves the park. Several miles are marched before the train is well closed up, the trotting of the teams to accomplish this filling the air with clouds of dust and adding the pangs of suffocation in those of cremation. Suddenly the road begins to slope, and deep, gullies and steep banks are on either side. Frequent stoppages indicate trouble ahead, and as we ride forward a teamster is seen locking his chain brake. "What's the matter?" "An ugly piece of corduroy through a swamp just at the foot of the hill." It looks next to impossible to get down the hill, over the corduroy, and through the swamp, with wagons so heavily loaded, without some serious accident. Yet skilful driving, and no small amount of courage on the part of each teamster, take the train safely through.

Alternate stretches of dusty and muddy road are passed over, and night draws on.

The heat and dust are making long gaps, and, though frequent halts are made, it is impossible to close up. Night overtakes us in a thick pine forest, slowly but surely making our way through difficulties that to the uninitiated would be simply insurmountable.

About midnight the head of the train comes to a halt. It is clear, though intensely dark. A ride to the front discloses a dilapidated narrow bridge over a creek.

We dismount and examine carefully the approach to the bridge, and, finding it dangerous, hastily build a fire. There is nothing like light on every subject; army transportation is no exception.

The fire lightens up the scene, giving a