

RECOLLECTIONS

OF A

CHECKERED LIFE,

BY A GOOD TEMPLAR.



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P R E F A C E .

The following sketches were originally commenced without any positive intention on the part of the writer to make them public. An importunate friend, however, advised their publication as likely to do good ; and, at some sacrifice of feeling on the part of the writer, they were published in the columns of the **MONTREAL WITNESS**. With the consent of the proprietors of that useful and enterprising journal, they are now published in book form, at the request of friends to the temperance cause, and in the hope that some may take warning and others encouragement from this remarkable case. Beacons of warning are as necessary in the moral world as examples for imitation. Mariners do not put light-houses in the channels which should be followed, but on the sunken reefs, headlands and sandbars which must be avoided. Such a beacon these sketches are meant to furnish in a moral sense. The writer, as the title page shows, is now a staunch Templar, in a fine way to regain position in the world, which ought to be encouragement to the most despondent

November 3, 1868.

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RECOLLECTIONS

OF

A CHECKERED LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

GLASGOW—NEW YORK.

The account of my early life in Glasgow would be uninteresting: suffice it to say, the example of my parents and relations was up to the high standard prevailing among the middle classes in Scotland, and, through my training was strict, it could not be said to be of the pharisaical kind, which is supposed to lead young men to take license when they become their own masters. Intended for mercantile pursuits, my education was as liberal as that usually bestowed on the embryo votaries of commerce, and this was afterwards supplemented by years of study, for which, easy hours of business gave me ample opportunity. Ere I had attained my twenty-first year, I occupied an honorable position in an extensive monetary concern. I was a member of a church, a Sabbath-school teacher, and a contributor to religious periodicals. The business position referred to I retained for four years with credit to myself, and I only resigned it to embrace a favorable opportunity of entering into mercantile business in Glasgow, and as a partner in a shipping and

commission business; the New York branch of which, I came out to manage in 1850. As a business man I prospered, and although I experienced some of the usual vicissitudes of trade, I found myself, at the age of thirty, as happy, and, I believe, as much respected as most men of my years. in the commercial metropolis of the United States. All this time I had been in the habit of using all kinds of wine and spirits freely; but I do not believe that any one ever saw me incapacitated for business or any other duty by their use. The serpent, however, was slowly but surely winding his coils around me; and soon, too soon, was I to feel the fearful strain.

The system of drinking and tipping in the United States is altogether different from that prevalent in the British Islands; and, as the incidents I am about to relate, principally occurred in America, as well as for the benefit of those who have not visited the "Model Republic," I shall here explain what I am forced to believe to be the greatest moral evil in that great and good country.

When friends meet on the street or elsewhere, it is the almost invariable habit for one to ask the other if "he will take a drink"; and, if the answer be affirmative, they immediately adjourn to a bar-room, one of which is to be found under every hotel, as well as within one hundred yards of any given point, in every town and village throughout the country. If there be a party, the inviter then "treats the crowd," as it is called, although he may have only one friend among the number. If they have not met for some time, most likely there is a treat in return, and, if time does not press, perhaps an hour is thus spent standing at the bar, talking over old times and the news of the day, with an

occasional "smile" between hands by way of lubricating the colloquial machinery. This habit is not confined to the laboring or mechanical classes. Respectable traders and dealers, and even merchants of the highest standing, are to be found at the bars of the restaurants. Of course, there is a large class of teetotalers and temperance men who do not frequent such places; but it is principle that deters them,—not that it would tarnish their respectability to appear there. From morning till night these places are open, affording every opportunity to those who are so disposed to tipple respectably. This mode of drinking, like everything else in the United States, is a matter of business, and is conducted in the most democratic manner. The bars in some of them are fitted up in the most expensive style, the walls being literally covered with mirrors and paintings. Of course some of them are of a plain character, and some of the most filthy description. The "Bar" is a long counter, behind which are unarranged decanters, containing almost every conceivable kind of liquor, while from one to six, or even more, "Bar-tenders" are in readiness to administer what is too often literally the *poison*; for it is a very difficult matter to get pure liquor in America, from the almost universal habit of mixing. Whatever you call for, the attendant places before you in a decanter, with a tumbler, and you help yourself liberally or sparingly as you feel inclined; and in each case the charge is the same, namely, that for a "drink." There are no private rooms in those bars, nor any accommodation for sitting down. The laborer in his shirt-sleeves, and the senator and merchant in their broadcloth, standing side by side, imbibing their respective liquids. The whole system has its origin in a convivial habit of one friend or

acquaintance wishing to treat another ; but, to my thinking, observation, and experience, is most dangerous, as inducing habits of intemperance. As might naturally be expected from such a system, it is generally the most liberal and kind-hearted that fall victims to the snare ; so much so, that I have heard more than one temperance man say that he "never knew a mean man to be a drunkard." Alas ! the "mean man" has too often the advantage of his more generous fellow ; for the former, with temperance, will attain worldly position and a certain kind of respect ; while the latter, with intemperance, in spite of his natural amiability, soon gets beyond the pale of respectable society.

The evils of intemperance are greatly increased in the United States, by the difficulty of procuring good liquor. Formerly there was no excise duty, but a very heavy import one ; and this system led to the production of the most noxious compounds, which passed for different kinds of liquors. To my shame be it said, I for a time lent money to a man who made the *best French brandy*, in the very centre of New York city. He had been educated as a physician and was a good chemist. His *modus operandi* I cannot fully explain, but his principal ingredients were corn whiskey, then selling at 20c. or about 10d. per gal., and a liberal supply of water. Those he mixed with other compounds, so as to produce, in strength, taste, smell, color, &c., an excellent imitation of pale brandy. The deception was still farther carried out by his purchasing empty French casks, which he filled ; and he was thus enabled to dispose of goods that cost him about \$1 per gallon for \$4 to \$5. Of course, his was far above the common mixtures, many of which, according to a current joke, were, "warranted to kill at fifty yards." No wonder,

then, that in New York the principal seat of this iniquitous traffic, many deaths and crimes occur, while the poor poisoned drunkard is suffering under *delirium tremens*. I have little doubt that many of the deaths which in summer are charitably set down by the coroner's jury as owing to sunstroke, are actually to be accounted for by the use of bad liquor.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE PRECIPICE.

All must be familiar with the phenomenon of movable bodies descending an inclined plane. They may require a slight impetus to start them at first, but their speed increases by degrees, till, in proportion to their weight, they acquire a momentum that can scarcely be impeded. So in the world of habit, and particularly so in the domain of intemperance. A man does not become a drunkard all at once, but when once he has been inoculated with the poison of this vice, his downward course is more or less rapid in proportion to the susceptibility of his bodily and mental constitution. I have noticed that phlegmatic organizations are slower in their descent, and have more chance of recovering themselves, than those of a nervous and sanguine temperament. When the latter class break through the recognized barriers of good society and lose their self-respect, their journey to the lowest level is usually at express railroad speed.

As far as I remember, my first great bound in this direction occurred at Baltimore, and the celebrated couplets,—

“A Sabbath well spent brings a week of content,
 And health for the toils of to-morrow;
 But a Sabbath profaned, whate'er may be gained,
 Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.”

received a remarkable verification on that occasion. I had two commercial correspondents in Baltimore,—one of the houses being a millionaire concern, and of the highest standing; the other a young house anxious for business, and using conviviality and every other means to procure it. I had made a large purchase of provisions, through the former of these houses; and, when the time of its delivery arrived, markets had advanced so that the packers from whom my friends had purchased wished to pay the sum of \$8,000 (over £1,600) to be relieved of its delivery. On a Saturday evening, I left New York for Baltimore, accompanied by a convivial friend, arriving early on Sabbath morning. We put up at the ——— House, one of the first-class hotels of the “monumental city.” It so happened that Mr. B., one of the partners of the young firm above referred to, stayed at this hotel. He was a Southerner, and, like most of his countrymen, impulsive, warm-hearted and hospitable. When the dinner hour came, a huge concourse of Mr. B.’s friends assembled to dinner; and it soon became apparent that the said gentleman had made up his mind to have “a day of it.” During dinner, my friend and I, as the strangers, were kept busy taking wine with the numerous company to whom we had been so lately introduced; and when the cloth was removed I believe we had almost every description of after-dinner wines circulating. Songs and toasts were soon introduced, Sabbath though it was, and a regular bacchanalian revel was inaugurated. To me this would have seemed all right on a week day; but my sense of propriety was shocked; yet I became passive and went with the tide. I strove to drown reflection by deep potations, but could not

become drunk. In fact one of the company afterwards remarked that you might as well pour wine into a rat-hole as into me for all the effect it produced.

Later in the evening, we adjourned to the house of one of the company to enjoy a little music; but, though the charms of the "divine art" are said to "soothe the savage breast," on this occasion they seemed to have lost their tranquilizing power. The heels were too much in sympathy with the head, or the relative positions of these extremities had got mixed up, for dancing was commenced; but, for the credit of the ladies present be it recorded that the gentlemen had to choose partners of their own sex. Smoking and drinking were kept up till near daylight, and, when the business hours of Monday approached, sundry cocktails and eye-openers had to be had recourse to before any one was up to the mark for business. One poor gentleman, who showed stubborn symptoms of unconsciousness, was taken by some of the company in a mad frolic, put into a bath and packed round with ice, to the imminent danger of extinguishing the little spark of vitality that remained in him. This state of inebriation was kept up for three days, during which time I purchased two cargoes of Indian corn, through my young friends, and saw the future in so ruby a light that I refused to accept the handsome sum offered as compromise on the provision contract. The corn transactions were unfortunate from the beginning. There was delay in loading the vessels; one of them went ashore going down the river, and had to return for repairs. Both made long passages, and on their arrival, the one at Cork and the other at Liverpool, the Russian war was about closing, markets had declined, and a loss of about £3,000 was the result. The provisions referred to

were delivered and shipped to Liverpool, and instead of a profit of £1,600, which had been refused before delivery, a loss of about £300 was incurred. Had I been sober and cool-headed, most likely I should have accepted the compromise, and certainly would not have risked a purchase of grain at the then high prices. Thus, between actual loss and loss of an offered profit, this breach of the Sabbath and of good morals may be said to have cost not less than £5,000. But though money is more scarce with me now than then, I regard this as a poor way of estimating the loss. By introducing into the mind a disregard of public opinion and rendering scenes of excess familiar, it was paving the way for moral degradation and forging the first links in the chain of intemperance which ere long was to chain me to the earth a helpless inebriate.

Although there may be nothing particular in the foregoing, I have been thus minute in description, as this scene remains impressed on my memory as the starting point on the road where I parted company with regard to appearances, and to take some of the bolder flights of the fast liver. Still, I had some regard left for the opinions of Society, as a proof of which I may mention an incident connected with the foregoing transactions. When the provisions referred to were shipped, my friends drew a sight draft for the cost, amounting to \$76,000, or about £12,000. I had removed to a new office, and my friends did not know my precise address, although one of the partners had been in the office. It was, of course, necessary that the draft should be what bankers call "domiciled," so they addressed it to me, "opposite A B. C.," a celebrated drinking shop. The draft was duly presented and paid; but, not relishing such an address, I wrote

requesting that in future they would cease to associate me with the bar opposite, and address me No. — Blank street. To this they replied, "that my wishes should be respected, but that they considered the address they had given was, to the full, more respectable than "Wall Street," that abode of publicans and sinners." For the benefit of the uninitiated, let me remark that Wall Street is the Lombard Street of New York, most of the bankers or brokers having their offices there or in the neighborhood. In this connection, though in anticipation of the order of time, I may here mention that the friend referred to as accompanying me to Baltimore had been under many obligations to me, and we were as intimate as brothers. He was not a great drinker ; that is to say, he could stand a great deal. He was, therefore, all the more dangerous, for, though a most agreeable companion in every sense, he ultimately shewed himself to be a most unprincipled man. We had numerous transactions together in which he was the debtor ; and in about two years after the events narrated in this chapter, he suddenly disappeared, leaving due to me about £5,000, and as much more to another concern. The last day I saw him I lent him £200. Those sums he did not lose in trade, so he must have taken the money with him, or lost it in some outside way ; for, to all appearance he spent but little. Of course, a "teetotaller," if unprincipled, might have cheated me as well, if he had had the opportunity ; but it is not at all likely, unless there had been blinding boon-companionship, that I would have allowed an account to run on unsettled for over two years, as in this case.

CHAPTER III.

DOWNHILL.

I must here request the reader to banish from his mind, the idea that vanity, or any equally unworthy motive, has led me into mentioning the transactions narrated in the last chapter, or those to which I am about to refer in the present. As I said before, these references are made solely for the purpose of showing by contrast the position which a person may occupy when temperate, or moderately so, and that to which intemperance will bring him. As we progress, scenes of the most degrading character will be described; but, before descending into what may be called those subterranean horrors, let me, once for all, describe in plain language the position which I held about this time. It will be seen from what has already been said that it was no pettifogging business in which I was engaged. I had a large correspondence with different parts of the world, and have had at one time as many as thirteen vessels loading or discharging in New York harbor, whole or part of their cargoes on my account. I conducted all the correspondence, did the buying and selling, and managed the finance of this large business myself. I had a reputation for honor and integrity, which I believe was deserved. I was at my business early and late; and, though constantly tipping, could not be said ever to have been put *hors de combat* by drink. But a crisis was coming both in my affairs and in my habits. After having allowed large sums to get "locked up," as it is called; and, having made heavy bad debts, I was obliged to stop payment; or, in plain language, to fail. I thought I had enough to

pay every one; and making an assignment for the benefit of my creditors, commenced business as a broker, without a penny of capital, or before I was discharged from my old debts. I had a large acquaintance, and, being well liked, my friends (among others my former creditors) stuck to me and patronized me in my new business, in spite of my drinking habits, which were now beginning to attract attention. In less than a year, I was well up hill in business again, but far down hill in a moral sense. The mortification of having failed led me to drink deeper, and it was no uncommon thing for me to tipple all day while at business; and, after heavy libations during the evening, to go to bed in an almost insensible state. I became known as one ever willing to treat the crowd,—in fact to treat anybody who seemed willing to drink.

A rather curious, and what might have proved a serious adventure, grew out of this peculiarity. I was in the habit of patronizing a hair-dresser, a very decent man, who had his pole displayed in the business part of the town. One evening, having been late at business, I happened to pass his shop just as he was locking up, and I requested him to cross the street and take a "drink," which is the invariable appellation bestowed upon any choice you may make of the contents of a bar in the United States. Before we left the bar, we imbibed several times, and I found myself too late to catch the boat which should take me to —— Island. There was then no hurry, so I set myself to the laudable occupation of making Mr. Irons, as Punch would call the hair-dresser, drunk. I succeeded tolerably well, but had little sobriety to boast of myself. Finally, I accompanied him to his house, where I was introduced to more than I bargained

for. In the first place, I was made acquainted with the dining-room, which was well furnished, and upon the table of which was a handsomely set dinner for four people. It had the appearance of having been hot when set, perhaps three hours before, and had not been touched. In the second place, I was introduced to Mrs. Irons, who soon made her appearance and convinced me in a brief space that my poor friend had a second edition of Xantippe for a spouse. Her figure was of the bean-stalk pattern, being tall and slender. Her nose somewhat resembled a three-day-old moon, her eyes of a wicked gray, her color was of the livid persuasion, and her hair was a most energetic red. After giving Mr. Irons a round of her artillery with considerable effect, she turned about and gave me a discharge of grape and cannister in the most approved style. Before her husband or I could say anything, she had exhausted all the opprobrious epithets imaginable, accusing me of keeping her husband from home and family every night; and, to crown all, of having had the audacity to show myself before her injured innocence in her own house. I stammered out an apology for the intrusion, and ventured to hint that there must be some mistake, as this was the first occasion on which I had had the honor of being social with her lord and master. Mr. Irons also came to the rescue, by assuring her that I was not the young man that she took me for. She, in turn, apologized, and left the room; I fear only for the purpose of "nursing her wrath to keep it warm," until she should get poor Irons by himself. In the meantime, he fortified himself by producing a bottle of excellent sherry, which we discussed between us, and I took my leave. I remember getting on the street, and then a blank occurs. When I came to myself, I was lying on the

floor of what seemed to be a large room, with a stool for a pillow. Day-light was streaming through the shutters, and, on my getting up, a figure which the uncertain light and surprise magnified into a colossus, approached me from a corner of the room. Before I had time to build many theories as to my position, the shutters were opened, and the bright sunshine reduced my colossus to a man of usual dimensions, dressed in shabby black clothes, with bleared eyes and a decidedly rubicund nose. Evidently he was a toper, but he proved to be a good-hearted and an honest man. I enquired where I was, and before he had time to answer, asked for something to drink; for my throat felt as if I had swallowed all the Egyptian mummies from the original Pharaoh downwards. He informed me that I was in his house in Brooklyn (a suburb of New York), and that if I would furnish the needful cash, he would endeavor to procure something to drink. This led me to feel my usual depositories, and all was safe. A bottle of rum having been produced, and almost half of it drunk between us in silence, I at last learned that he was porter in a respectable hatter's in New York; that this was his house which was situated in a lane off — street; and that, on coming home late the night before, he found me, lying in the lane in a motionless condition, with three or four young fellows round me "admiring" my watch. He carried me into his house and laid me on the floor, where I had remained motionless till a short time before. He had evidently found me in time to save me from being robbed, perhaps murdered, for it was not a very respectable locality. How I had come there, or how I had become insensible I never learned; but on getting a shower bath, after returning home I was as well as ever. Of course I did not forget

my friend who had sheltered me so opportunely. But, poor fellow, I soon found that if he had a great heart, he had, like myself a weak head or had got a strong one weakened by the infallible recipe for such a transaction,—that of strong drink ; for I soon had a call from his wife in great distress, her husband having been dismissed from his employment after repeated warnings.

About this time, this fearful vice came near bringing my career to a tragic conclusion. Many of my readers are aware that New York is built on an island, Manhattan by name. This island, and consequently the city, is almost surrounded by piers for shipping. Those piers are of a very simple construction, being formed by piles driven into the mud and planked over by heavy timber. Of course the tide ebbs and flows underneath. One evening, in the beginning of winter, I started off for a pier up town, where I expected a friend to land by a steamer from Europe. On the way up I had met several friends, and had imbibed freely. The gas was lit along the streets before I got to my destination ; so that going out of the light on to the pier which was not lighted, and not being very luminous myself, I walked clean over into the Hudson river. I am a poor swimmer, the tide was low, and there was no vessel in the neighborhood. Such a plunge soon sobered me, and I had need of all my senses. The tide carried me under the pier, but the piles on which it was built were wet and slippery, so that I could neither climb up nor hold on. Add to my other difficulties, it was freezing, and the wind was blowing hard. At last I thought my time was come, but a merciful Providence had decreed that I should not perish in this miserable manner. Almost exhausted, I got on my

back and floated, and with every remaining energy shouted for help. Fortunately I was heard, and before long two men came in a small boat and rescued me. One of them, who was captain of a small vessel at the nearest pier, proved indeed to be a good Samaritan. He took me on board his vessel, gave some brandy, and put me to bed. When I awoke in the morning my clothes were dried and cleaned, my silk hat had been fished out, taken to the hatter's, and blocked; my watch was wound up and set to the correct time, and the paper money which I had in my pocket was dried and fit for using. I had about £4 or £5 of money, yet would not this excellent man take a fraction of it, or hear of any reward whatever. He had a little son with him, however, to whom I managed to convey a small token of my gratitude. Shortly after he left with his vessel, and I never saw him again.

Let those who are in the habit of associating Yankees with meanness and inordinate love of money modify their opinions, and remember that, in more senses than one, "he is not a Jew that is one outwardly," for this was a Yankee and to the manor born, being a native of Massachusetts. In my intercourse with men of different nations, I have observed that though certain characteristics may predominate in a race, yet the several virtues and vices are to be found in individuals irrespective of clime or nationality.

CHAPTER IV.

DELIRIUM-TREMENS.

I had now become a confirmed tippler. My business prospered, for I was indefatigable in my attention to it. My usual course was to rise early, take a dram, then a shower-bath, a slight breakfast, and start for my office. Most likely I had another dram by the way, and, during an hour devoted to reading correspondence and the newspapers, it was usual for me to tone myself up with another drink or two, and thereafter to keep myself up to a certain point of elasticity by tipping all day. After business, heavy potations followed, requiring the shower-bath and the former routine over again next morning. It was evident to myself that I was fairly in the toils of intemperance, and I became alarmed. I had been foolish enough to believe that my habits were not fully known among business people, but this illusion was dispelled by friends speaking to me on the subject. I resolved to make an effort to stop, and that for altogether. I had been drinking heavier than usual when I made arrangements to be away from my business for a few days. I went to my lodgings, and resolved to stay in doors till I could do without drink. What an undertaking! The first day was bad enough; the second was torture. My nerves were "nowhere," and I could scarcely lift a cup to my mouth, My mind was on the rack. I reflected on my past follies, and intensified imagination aggravated them into mountains of infamy. There was also an irresistible inclination to drink, which I had resolved not to gratify. I could not sleep, and

I believe no condemned criminal, on the eve of his execution, ever felt more real horror at his position. The third day was worse, and my mind wandered. I fancied I heard strange sounds, and my eyes, which felt like balls of fire, did more than their office, for I often started, thinking I saw something alongside of me, which, upon investigation, proved to be nothing. That night was fearful. Towards morning I dozed a little ; and, when daylight came, I started from a half-sleep with a choking sensation in my throat, and fell on the floor in a kind of faint. With an effort I retained consciousness, and, calling a young man from the adjoining room, requested him to run for a friend of mine, not far off, and request him to come with a doctor. Both soon arrived, and the medical man at once comprehended the state of the case, for he had been in the navy, and had seen many cases of the kind. He immediately ordered some brandy to be given me, instructing my friend to remain by me, and, in case of relapse, to administer more brandy until his return with medicines. He returned, and first gave me some cathartic compound, and left instructions that I should be given some other medicines, which I understood were of a strong narcotic nature, every two hours. I got through the day tolerably well, but towards morning my troubles began in earnest. I shall describe them minutely as a warning to others, as indeed all this narrative is meant to be.

It is a strange thing, but nevertheless true, that persons suffering from this most horrible disease very rarely see anything that is agreeable in their delirium. Their visions are of a painful kind, and, for the time being, are terrible realities. Another still more remarkable thing is, that, after recovering, they remember all these scenes through

which they have passed in imagination—a circumstance which does not occur in the case of almost any other delirium. Well, as I said, towards evening my troubles began in earnest. I was alone in my room, my friend having left for a short time to attend to some business. While walking about the room, I saw an immense rat run across the floor and get inside the grate, which was empty, it being summer time. Now, if there is any animal which I abhor, it is a rat. The rat having taken possession of the grate as a rostrum, began to squeal, on which a whole family of the race gathered round him, and commenced dancing in the most harmonious manner. I rang the bell furiously, and ordered the servant to send up the landlady. On her appearance, I began to upbraid her for not having previously informed me that her house was so overrun with rats, to which she replied that she had never seen one in the house. I pointed to the fireplace, and asked her if she did not see that patriarch of his race making faces at her. She smiled, left the room, and in a short time my friend and the doctor arrived. I complained to them of the rats; they looked knowingly at each other, made me undress and go to bed. But no sooner had my head touched the pillow than a rat gave a most unearthly squeal and scrambled from below it. The bed, in short, was swarming with rats, that ran over me in all directions, their long file-like tails sticking out everywhere. By and by the rats disappeared, and I heard some of my most intimate friends in the next room talking of me in the most disrespectful manner. I called on them to prove their assertions, but was answered that I had forever forfeited the position of a gentleman, and should enjoy their friendship no longer. Then there came an infuriated

crowd to the street door, demanding that I should be delivered up to them for an offence of which I knew I was innocent. The police interfered to protect the house; and, firearms and swords being used, a great many were killed on both sides.

My friend got me smuggled out of the house by a back door and taken to a hotel where I used to live, in another part of the city. All the time I heard the cry of the infuriated rabble close at our heels, and heard the report of the firearms that were being used in the riot. At last I got to the hotel and was at once concealed between two feather beds, where I was nearly suffocated, while every now and then I got a stab from a sword or other sharp instrument, thrust through the bed. After having been hunted from concealment to concealment in this way for a long time, I had a little relief. My friend came and told me that the rabble had dispersed on his assuring them that I was dead, and that he had arranged to have me buried immediately in Greenwood Cemetery. Accordingly, I was put into a coffin with a small breathing hole in it. I felt myself carried down stairs; heard the execrations of some and the commiserations of others at my fate, felt my coffin shoved into a hearse and the door banged to.

Presently, however, the lid of my coffin was removed, and my friend smiled upon me. Never was such a cheerful-looking hearse before. There was plenty of light, and all around were dishes of prairie chickens, grouse, quail, and all kinds of game; while bottles of claret, hock, champagne, and every kind of wine, were lying in a pile at the far end of the hearse. I made a bound for this wine cellar, but it eluded me, and appeared at the other end of the hearse, while my

friend, hitherto faithful, laughed at my disappointment. Again, by some means, the crowd had learned the trick played upon them, and were in full cry after us again. This brought my friend once more to his allegiance, and the hearse went off at railroad speed. We reached the East River, and, by some means, drove straight on board a large ship lying at the pier. She was instantly cast off, and we were carried without sail or steam up the river. But our pursuers were not to be baffled. We saw the river swarm with small boats full of excited enemies, who still kept about the same distance behind us. After sailing in this way for some distance, we came to a slip with rails running into the river. Our vessel sailed up towards those rails. A steam-engine was attached, and away she went like a railway carriage, at the rate of sixty miles per hour. The speed must have been greater than this, for our trouble now was to get breath. We seemed to be flying, and left our pursuers far behind. Presently our ship was transformed into a sledge, drawn by four black horses. An imp of a most diabolical aspect was driver, and we were pursued by hundreds of wolves in the true Siberian style. This agony lasted long, and was followed by an almost endless succession of others, all of an equally painful character. In fact if I were able to describe them properly, they might not inaptly be taken as an imitation of Dante's "Inferno" in prose.

At last, one bright summer morning, I awoke with a great joy at my heart, and a sense of escaped peril behind. I began to speak to the nurse about those awful dangers through which I had passed, when he kindly asked me not to distress myself, as I had been very ill, and that he would explain everything to me bye and bye. That evening I was

quite well, but weak, and the doctor and my faithful friend, who had been with me almost day and night, explained to me that I had been over nine days in delirium, during which time I had neither ate nor slept. The night before, they had given up my case as hopeless, and my friend with tearful eyes, had gone home, as he said he could not stay to see me die, so the nurse told me; but after midnight I had fallen into a quiet sleep, and after four hours awoke, saved.

From the remarks I made to the imaginary individuals with whom I was conversing, those about me saw plainly the horrid torture I suffered in mind, and the body, sympathizing with its companion, was reduced almost to a skeleton. In a short time strength returned; and the impression made by this fearful sickness gradually faded from my mind. One would have thought, after such a warning, I would have abandoned drink altogether, but such was not the case. My doctor advised me to take a glass or two of beer to dinner and supper, and it was not long before I ventured further. Let others beware, for, in my case, it seems as if this attack had permanently injured the constitution and the brain, for, ever since then, a day's excess will destroy my nervous system, and, so far as temperance is concerned, completely deprive me of self-control; so that, once inebriated, there is no cessation to indulgence till health or opportunity is gone. Total abstinence is the only course for me; any for others, in similar circumstances, there can be no doubt it must be the best also. Yet, with this mature conviction, I have often been beguiled into the idea that I could control myself and take a moderate glass like my neighbors. Vain thought! In every instance the experir resulted disastrously. Let me earnestly say to all who are struggling with this

fearful and most enslaving habit, there is only one way of returning to the proud manhood of former days, and that is by total abstinence.

CHAPTER V.

OTHER CASES OF RUIN.

About this time I adopted a new mode of living that did not mend matters. I had "kept house," as it is called in America, where you have a house and servants of your own. I had tried the American system of boarding; I had lived in lodgings, after the Scotch fashion, and now I tried hotel life. I hired a room in a hotel, conducted on the European plan, and got my meals at a restaurant, or wherever fancy led me. Of course the bar and adjoining reading-room were my principal haunts, and there I had no great difficulty in meeting with others like myself, and in increasing my list of boon companions. At this time I was intimate with six or eight young men of bright abilities, and belonging to first class families and firms, all of whom are now under the sod, and several of them victims of *delirium tremens*. I might mention some strange adventures which I have had in their company, but I refrain, lest they should be recognized and awaken painful feelings in the breast of the living. I will, however, mention the case of two accidental acquaintances who had come under the powers of the universal leveller, strong drink, by way of showing what it did for them. One evening, about ten o'clock, I was taking a walk up Broad-

way, when I heard some one following close behind ; and, on looking round, a stranger accosted me in a most off-hand manner and asked me how I did. He was a middle-aged man, well dressed in black, and had a very gentlemanly appearance, but was evidently under the influence of liquor. I assured him I was well, and requested to know his business, as I was a stranger to him. He told me he had seen me in a bar-room down the street ; and judging that I was a countryman of his, had followed me for the purpose of explaining his unfortunate position. He was hard-up and wanted help. I took him into the first bar that appeared ; and, after giving him something to drink, learned his history, which I would not here narrate if I had not afterwards found it to be true. As he will appear afterwards in this narrative, I shall give him the name of James Blank. He had held the position of chief clerk in one of the leading mercantile concerns in Glasgow several years before. He afterwards got an appointment of a similar kind in Canada, with a salary of £500 per annum. This he retained for some years, and resigned on being, as he considered, slighted about a partnership arrangement in the house. He then removed to the United States with his family, where he had held various positions ; always, *hoy. ver.*, lessening in value as he advanced in the worship of Bacchus, which he had begun to practise. He had got so far with the habit at last, that he and his family were in the greatest destitution. He reformed for a time, and again got employment, this time as clerk to some temperance association in Boston, with a salary of \$800. This he again lost, on refusing to hold forth and narrate his experience at public meetings ; which surely was somewhat tyrannical on the part of the Society. The

day before I saw him, he had come to New York to look for employment; had got overcome with liquor, had lost what little money and luggage he had, and was without shelter for the night. I took him to the hotel and provided him with a room. It was next to mine; and, as I was going up along with him, I met an acquaintance who asked me (and as he supposed) my friend, to go out and get a nightcap. I declined; but Blank intimated his willingness to go, and go he did. This was the last I saw of him till I met him under somewhat peculiar circumstances, as the reader will find towards the close of these sketches. On another occasion, I was addressed in a somewhat similar manner by a young man, who, however, was sober, but badly dressed, and evidently in great distress. He was an M. D., a graduate of the University of Edinburgh; had practised in Scotland, became dissipated, and had come to America to seek employment in any capacity. Having no relatives, or even acquaintances, in the country, he had gone through many hardships. I provided for him that night and next day, got him some good clothes from my own stock and that of my acquaintances. He soon afterwards got employment in a druggist's where he gave great satisfaction till he again succumbed to drink; and from that he went down, till the last I heard of him, he was working as a baker; but that again was a step or two upwards. I have met with many more signal instances of ruin by intemperance; and I may mention some of them in the order in which they came under my observation. Meantime I must continue my own narrative.

This Quixotic habit of succoring "gentlemen under difficulties," once led me into a ridiculous position. It will be

seen from the foregoing that I was thoroughly "democratic in my cups." The truth is, I would as soon, under these circumstances, take up with a pedlar as with a "Merchant Prince." One evening, I had been taking my usual stroll, when the following adventure befel me. A well-dressed young man walking the same way, accosted me ; and we had not proceeded far when I asked him to drink. This was repeated at almost every bar-room we came to, till I, who had been drinking before, got decidedly muddled. After having gone a considerable distance, I proposed to return, when my companion begged me to give him a little money, as he was hard up. I declined, having only a few dollars in my pocket. I had a suit of new clothes on, which my friend began to admire, remarking that if he had as good a coat, it would soon visit his "Uncle's." Had I been nearly sober, I should have resented this familiarity on the part of a stranger ; but, being as I was, I volunteered to give him my vest, as I had a large stock of them at home. He expressed his gratitude, and I took off my coat, giving it to him to hold till I got off the vest. No sooner had I handed him the vest than he started like a deer with both coat and vest, and of course he had the dollars also, as they were in the inside pocket of the coat. Fortunately it was dark, and the time summer. I was ashamed to be seen at the hotel in this half plucked condition ; and, having a good supply of whiskey on board, I walked into the first entry I saw, lay down on the stones, and composed myself to sleep. The sound of running water awoke me to the bright beams of day. Following the sound, I reached a court where I found some mechanics washing themselves at a hydrant. I asked the loan of a cup to take a drink, as I felt as arid as the desert. Not being very

steady in my attempt at raising the water to my lips, one of the men asked me to desist, started off, and presently returned with a glass of brandy, remarking that, from appearances, I would be the better of a "hair of the dog that bit me." I thanked him, remarking, if I had the animal present, I would most likely handle his wool somewhat roughly, as I had been bitten the night before by the meanest dog it had ever been my lot to meet with. I then explained my adventure, and left. I found myself in a part of the city where I had never been before, and had doubtless been led there for a purpose which had been too fully attained. I soon found my way, however, to a grog-shop where I was known and instantly consoled myself with sundry drinks, and waited till ten o'clock, when I sent for one of my clerks, and made him fetch me some clothes from the hotel. Exposing myself, as I did, at all hours of the day and night, and often in the worst localities, it is marvellous that in a city like New York, I did not meet with many mishaps; but this is the only case in which I am conscious of having been robbed, nor did I ever meet with a case of insult or bodily harm, save one, and it was a case of mistaken identity. I had wandered out late one beautiful moonlight night, and took a fancy to see the shipping on the North River. In my way, I had to cross some streets supposed to be dangerous even in daytime. Right in my course, at a corner of a street, I saw three or four men standing together; but I pursued my journey, and, just as I was in the middle of them with my hands in my pockets, I received a blow on the forehead that laid me prostrate on the pavement. I gathered myself up, and deemed it best to walk on gently as if nothing had happened. The blow was repeated with a like result, and

now I thought it time to adopt different tactics. On gaining my feet this time, I made a nimble leap to the middle of the street and commenced a parly by asking what was the meaning of the assault. No sooner had I spoken than one of the fellows, without seeking to come near me, expressed regret, and intimated that they had mistaken me for another man that they considered themselves called upon to put through a course of training, and, concluded with an advice that I should go away home as that was neither a place nor hour for a man like me. I thought it best to "pocket" the affront and to take the advice, and so I returned as I came, and never knew whether the man that I had the misfortune to resemble came to grief or not.

CHAPTER VI.

EFFORTS AFTER AMENDMENT.

I was now getting fairly among the breakers. My business was declining. Friends remonstrated: one, though no relation, making the handsome offer that, if I would only say that I would make an honest effort to give up drink, he would pay my expenses for a year, and let me go and travel where I pleased. I gratefully declined, thinking I could continue my business and alter my habits at the same time. I was honestly anxious to do so, and would sometimes, with a great effort abstain for a considerable period. During such times everything went well. Business revived, and friends who had been shy openly expressed their satisfaction. But some

fearful fatality seemed to drag me back again—the most common temptation being the thought that I could safely indulge in a little beer or a glass of wine. Excess immediately followed every such experiment. Another friend asked me to put myself under his direction for a month or two, and he would undertake to cure me. I consented, and was placed by him in a Cold-Water-Cure establishment, near New York. It was conducted by an intelligent German physician, an allopathist by education, but a hydropathist by practice. If it did not lie out of the scope of this narrative, I should mention some of the wonderful cures that I saw effected at this establishment. The system seems to be peculiarly effective in all diseases of the skin or blood. In rheumatic ailments, it also seems to be almost magical in its effects. In my own case, I went in with my nervous system completely shattered; and in two weeks my brain was clearer and my body stronger than it had been for years. The physician asserted, that, in three or four months, he would undertake to effect a permanent return to temperance habits. But I felt strong, and too confident in myself, and went out to business at the end of six weeks. For a week or two I abstained, and seriously meant to continue to do so. The temptation, however, came in this wise. For a year or two before, I had been intimate with a lawyer, who at one time had had a good practice, but who, like myself, had lately been traveling by the express train on the Alcoholic Railroad, and, of course, leaving all his practice behind. One forenoon I had a message from this gentleman requesting me to call at his office immediately. I went, and found about half a dozen mutual acquaintances in his private room, indulging freely in brandy and water. I was soon informed that Mrs.—,

the lawyer's wife, had had a son the night before, and that they wished me to join in "wetting the baby." I objected, urging that they all knew my failing; that I had given up drinking, and, in short, that it was cruel to insist on my breaking through my good resolution. After a great deal of talk, a compromise was effected by my agreeing to take a glass of light wine. This had to be repeated several times, and, before long, the drag was taken off, and my speed, if anything, was greater than that of the others. I had \$150 in my pocket when I went into that company, and when I left them next morning I had \$5, and I was in a state little short of despair. Of course I had "lent" the money and would never hear of it again, but that was not the cause of my trouble: it was finding myself in the Slough of Despond once more. To some monsters it may seem good fun thus to make a man who is honestly striving to reform, fall through his resolution and relapse; but I believe that if angels could in reality weep, those denizens of a purer sphere would shed tears at the sight. Reformations and relapses of this kind became now so common that my friends advised me to give up business and take a trip home to Scotland for a year or two. This was easily arranged, for I owed nothing, and my business had been gradually leaving me. I had lost, like most others, heavily during the crisis in 1857, and was now in no way burdened with this world's treasures. Accordingly, I became passive in the hands of my friends, and a passage was taken for me by a steamer for Glasgow. I went on board an hour or so before the time of sailing, and soon found that, at the request of some well-meaning friends, strict orders had been given that I should get no drink during the voyage. I was in a state when I could not respect such

orders, and soon found means to circumvent them. The agent (a somewhat self-complacent individual) who had given those orders must have been somewhat taken aback, on coming into the saloon, to find me with one empty wine bottle before me, and a second undergoing manipulation. He stared, stormed, and wanted to know whether he had not given such and such orders regarding me, but no one spoke, save the doctor, who spoke somewhat as follows: "Mr.——, I believe you are agent of this ship, and I believe I am surgeon; you may attend to your business and I will attend to mine. This passenger did not get wine by my orders, but if, at any time during the voyage, I think he requires spirits, he shall have it no matter what your orders may be." I knew the doctor as well as the other officers before, but I never thought so much of him as on this occasion. I began to think there was "corn in Egypt" yet, for I have always had a great dread of being brought to an abrupt stop after hard drinking. I would here take upon me to give advice to those who may take an interest in any such case, never to attempt immediate cessation after excess in drinking. After excess, the system gets so depressed that a certain amount of stimulant is necessary to prevent serious consequences. If the debauch has been heavy, two or three glasses may be necessary the first day after, two the next, and so on, according to the condition of the patient. I believe most physicians who have had experience in such cases will say that my advice is a sound one; and it may save the poor drunkard much suffering. The indignant teetotaler, or those who have no weakness this way, and have never known what it is, will say, "Let him suffer." Give such an one a half hour's taste of what is vulgarly called

“the horrors,” and he would not wish his worst enemy to endure it, if he be a man of any feeling whatever. Besides, every man does not bring this suffering on himself voluntarily. From my own experience and observation, I will maintain that there are men who are as little able to control themselves in such matters as they would be in striving to prevent the periodical return of an attack of fever and ague. On this occasion, I had to have recourse to the doctor; and, by such a course as that hinted at above, he had me quite well before the voyage was over. I did not long continue so, however, for I had not been long in Glasgow before I was drenched in liquor again. I did sometimes think, however, and when I did compare my then self with my former self, and in that city, ten years before, I could scarcely believe in my identity. I will not be particular in describing my stay in Scotland. It was of course a great mortification and grief to my relations to find my habits so changed; and indeed I felt it most keenly myself. Most of the time I stayed in the country, but every now and then, when I got money in my hands and visited any of the larger towns, I was sure to relapse into old habits and return home in a shattered condition.

Let no one toss this paper aside with contempt, and say that my course was wilful. I was to blame, of course, in acquiring the habit; but I acquired it unwittingly, as you may be doing at this moment, reader, if you are a consumer of liquor, however moderately. Now, when I would have given anything and everything just to stand divested of all but the temperate manhood of former years, I was in a manner powerless to help myself. Know ye who never felt his power, that this is no common enemy,

and he attacks men in different ways. Some men—for example, the late eminent John Vine Hall—have periodical longings for drink, which they cannot resist, and are obliged to have a drinking bout, as it were, in spite of their judgment and wishes. In my case it is different, and I will to some seem less excusable on that account. When fairly sober, and when my nervous system is restored to its normal condition, I have no longing for drink whatever, and can even take a glass or two with impunity; but, if once overcome, my brain and nerves become so effected that self-control is completely gone, and moderation is impossible.

I remained in Scotland only about nine months, during which time I was, on the main, very temperate; but as good or ill luck would have it, on the voyage back to New York, I had two old acquaintances as fellow-passengers, and, though we did not go to any great excess, it was enough to set me going. The demon who had me in charge seemed to have resolved to make me “serve with rigor,” in consideration of late temperance; and, on my arrival in New York, he did so, as the following chapter will show.

CHAPTER VII.

AMONG THE BREAKERS.

On arrival in New York, though considerably “under the influence” I had reflection enough left to know that it would scarcely do to appear among my friends in a state of “abfustification.” I therefore resolved upon keeping quiet for a

few days, and appearing in business-like shape after regaining self-control. As the best method of accomplishing this desirable end, I resolved upon quartering myself with my former friend, Dr.—, of hydropathic fame, and accordingly made my way thither. The doctor, though somewhat chagrined at seeing a relapse in the case of his former patient, was not discouraged. He told me I must undergo the former process, and must on no account go out for a week or two. In order to leave the latter condition as little in my power as possible, he took possession of my hat and boots, which he carried off, and I adjourned to the reading-room. This condition of imprisonment was rather more than I bargained for; for, I had contemplated taking a dram or two now and then, by way of letting myself “down easily” on the temperance platform. I felt restless and miserable all day, and towards evening the case became so urgent that it was plain something must speedily be done.

It is said that madmen and imbeciles frequently show great cunning and ingenuity, and the imbecile or maniac, from drink, is not much behind his relations in those particulars, when the question is the satisfying of his diseased appetite. In the sequel I shall give some rather amusing instances of this. In the present emergency, the question was how to obtain possession of my hat and boots. I knew that the Dr. would prove inexorable in the matter, so I watched my opportunity; and, when he went out, I waited on his wife and informed her that I had neglected some important business, and I must attend to it immediately, hinting that, in my confusion, I thought I had left my hat and boots in the Doctor's bedroom. This was a random shot; but it hit the mark. Mrs. — soon returned with the desired

articles ; and I believed I felt as much elated at my success, as a victorious general might be supposed to feel, on discovering the retreat of his antagonist, or a defeated leader on discovering a safe retreat for his scattered followers. I was soon in one of my old haunts, bringing up the nervous system, by the old prescription of fire-water, as the Indians call strong drink. After sundry applications of this remedy, I soon not only felt well, but "glorious," as Burns represents Tam O'Shanter, to have felt on a memorable occasion in his history. I resolved myself into a committee of the whole, and decided that it was ridiculous for such a splendid fellow as I to relinquish my liberty; and, in short, that I never was in better trim for seeing my friends, and at once taking Wall Street and the board of brokers under my personal protection. I accordingly took lodgings at a hotel, with, of course, a commodious bar suitable for my carrying on the liquor business, "in all its branches." My own foolish brain, or the being who gets so much laid to his charge, suggested the bold idea of holding high carnival there for a week; after which, I was to astonish my acquaintances, by suddenly turning teetotal, and of course, rising in the social scale immediately. The first part of the programme was easily enough gone through; but the convenient time for the second part never seemed to arrive, so I had to continue the first piece, for about 30 nights, "with great success." Notwithstanding this success, however, the treasurer's department began to show signs of decrepitude, and it became necessary to take steps for restoring it to a more robust condition.

My business acquaintances were both glad and sorry to see me; for I knew many who wished to see me in my old

business again; but, of course, they knew that now when fairly out of business, and my antecedents being so well known, it was folly in me to attempt a re-organization, without first re-organizing myself. Thus, all the advice I got was to cultivate correct habits, and all would come right. In the meantime, when money was wanted, I had no great difficulty in getting it. I had some small balances due me, which I collected from time to time; and, having been considered a good financier when a merchant and broker, I turned my acquirements in that way to account, in my then limited requirements. When "short" I rarely had difficulty in borrowing, and sometimes I succeeded best when "half seas over," as it effectually destroyed any delicacy which I would otherwise have had, in approaching those with whom I had formerly held business relations. This state of things continued for several months. It was fortunate that my supplies generally came in small sums; as no matter what the amount might be at night, there was generally a total absence of the smallest coins in the morning, unless a few had been accidentally put into an unusual pocket. My former reputation did me good service, however; and I generally had no difficulty in getting my *bitters*, as they are called, in any part of the town, whether I had money or not. I also observed honor and punctuality in this species of traffic; as, if a man trusted me with a drink, especially if not much known, I was sure to return as soon as possible, and square the score. After two or three cases of this kind, my credit would be established, and I used to run up scores in this way, which I regulated as carefully as a merchant would his accounts. If I got into discredit with one, I was sure to rectify matters on the first occasion of profusion. I remember

a somewhat curious case. I was coming down town, after money, was *shaky*, and had not a copper in my pockets, when a sudden necessity for a drink arose, and I was not near any of my haunts. I made as bold a dash as my nerves would let me into the first liquor store I saw, and asked the man to give me a drink, and I would pay him afterward. I was shaking, almost as if I had had the ague. The man, a stranger, looked at me a moment, and though not like a sympathetic individual, he remarked, "Yes, old fellow; I will give you one, we will not be bothered long with you: you are in for it." He no doubt had seen many cases of the kind, and thought I was about to be carried off with *delirium tremens*. I took a stiff pull at the decanter, and after getting my exchequer replenished, *toned up* to the requisite pitch, and presented myself before the man who had given me the drink. My nerves were then steady, and I was collected and fluent as an orator. The man was thunderstruck, and I had actually difficulty in persuading him that I was the trembling object who had begged a drink from him about an hour before. This condition is what creates in a great measure the craving for drink. The nervous system is shaken to the foundation, and the man feels miserable every way. Strong drink will for the time remove the unpleasant feeling, and restore the nervous system to a normal condition. The man knows this from experience, and his misery is such that he would almost go through fire and water to obtain the means of relief. I know of no better illustration of the case of a man in drink, and what is commonly called the horrors, than that of a vessel going along with a good breeze of wind. All sail is set, and she bounds along "like a thing of life." Such is the man when braced up with liquor to his normal

condition of body. But the vessel has to tack, and she misses stays, as sailors call it—she fails to come round to the wind so as to fill her sails on the other tack. The propelling impetus is removed, and as she lies helplessly on the water buffeted and tossed, she literally trembles in every timber, as if in mortal agony. Such is the drunkard, when his debauch is over, and the liquor begins to die out. But the vessel is at last brought round to the wind; the sails are filled; and she careers away over the blue waters as gaily as ever. So does the drunkard feel, or least imagine he feels, when, after the horrors, he has got two or three “horns,” as he usually calls his medicinal potations. The first excess carries him above a natural level; then comes an unnatural depression; and something is required to bring the abused system back to something like a normal condition.

About this time I met with a curious case. One Sunday morning, I got up at daybreak, and went out to walk; for I could not sleep, my nerves being somewhat in the state described above. It was summer; and all nature looked so lovely that I wondered how so much misery could exist in so fair a world. Fancy led me into one of the up-town parks, where I sat down on a bench, and began to ruminâte on painful subjects. After a short time I observed a young man approach from the opposite side of the park. He was a man of imposing appearance in more ways than one; for his features were good, and bespoke both intelligence and manhood; but his clothes were in a very dilapidated condition. Altogether, he looked like no ordinary man “under the weather.” He made some casual remark, and sat down beside me. I was about to fill a pipe, when he asked me for a *chew*; remarking that he was in the habit of eating tobacco.

On this somewhat novel annunciation of his habits, I handed him the tobacco, which he began to chew in a most ferocious manner. Observing my nervous condition, he remarked that I would be the better of two or three *inches* of whisky. I admitted the fact, and returned the compliment. He conceded as much, and we were soon busy devising the ways and means for satisfying our cravings. The difficulties, however, were great. In the first place it was Sabbath morning, when all the bars were closed; in the next place it was yet four o'clock; and, in the third place, he had no money, and my depositories contained the munificent sum of two cents. My friend, however, was equal to the occasion. He consoled me with the assurance that a couple of hours would soon pass, when some of the Dutch groceries, where they despised Sunday restrictions, would be open; and that he would guarantee that the two cents should produce us two good drinks. This showed more boldness in finance than I had ever ventured to, or dreamed of, and I was anxious to see my friend develop his tactics. While waiting, he gave me his confidence; and his story was such as I would have guessed from his appearance. But why amplify? It is always the same. Once wealth, position, and friends. Now poverty, rags, and the street. In the course of time, we saw a man remove the shutters from his store. After giving him time to collect his thoughts a little, we advanced to the attack; my friend carrying the specie and being master of ceremonies. He went up to the counter with great gravity and importance, caught the man's attention, and then slapped the cents down on the counter remarking, "I want two *big* drinks for two cents." The man looked astonished, but my friend showed no appearance of jest in his countenance. At last

the man seemed to comprehend the joke, or the state of the case, and, remarking that he had had too much already, filled a tumbler to the brim, and divided it between us, returning my casual friend the two cents. He repeated the experiment in another grocery where he was not quite so gracefully received, however; and I left him to see him no more, poor fellow. His talents fitted him for better things.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STORY OF LOUIS ——. AN EPISODE.

In my devious wanderings among the rum-mills, I became acquainted with Louis ——, and learned some incidents of his history, which, from early life, had been influenced by King Alcohol. He was, at the time I saw him, a man of about 60 years, but showed evidence of having been a man of imposing appearance. His manners were of the most agreeable kind, and he might with propriety have been called the poor gentleman. He was born in the Southern Province of France, and commenced the study of medicine at Paris, with the view of succeeding to the practice of his father, who was a physician, and a man of considerable means. He, like many other young men at college, had learned irregular habits; and when his father died, and he, as only child, came into possession of a fine house, fine horses, and a good bank account, no persuasion of friends could induce him to finish his studies, as had been intended. To his young imagination, the money in bank seemed sufficient for a life-

time of extravagance, and he immediately set up as a fast young man of fashion. A few years dispersed his money, and left him with nothing but his house and personal effects. At the solicitation of a friend, he sold these, and joined in the purchase of a small vessel, lying at Havre, which they loaded, and on which they both sailed on a trading voyage to South America. The vessel was not insured, and, when among the West India Islands, was lost; and our friend Louis, and some of the hands, were picked up by another vessel and carried into Havana. There he was landed without money, without a profession, and without friends. When in the greatest distress, a Spanish barber took pity on him—took him into his shop, boarded him, and learned him his trade. He followed this profession for a few years, and, after saving a little money, left Cuba for the United States. He remained steady, and soon got into a prosperous business in New York. This part of his history, though showing the evils of intemperance, I merely narrate as introductory to an incident that occurred in his experience, which will show that if the traffic in liquor does not debase human nature, there must be some ready-made monsters engaged in it.

Louis, now comparatively well off, wished to visit Havana, again, but, at that early day, there was little or no direct traffic between New York and Cuba. At all events he went to Portland in Maine, for the purpose of getting passage by a vessel thence to Havana. It was winter, and when he arrived in Portland a severe snow-storm prevailed. One night while walking along, he saw at a corner of a street, a young girl standing shivering in the snow, and crying bitterly. He asked her why she stood there, and what was the cause of her distress. She told him that she was a stranger, hav-

ing only been a few weeks in the country. She had been employed since her arrival as servant in a small tavern ; and that morning while dusting the bar, she had the misfortune to break one of the decanters, for which offence her employer turned her out of doors without a penny. She was helpless and did not know where to go. She seemed timid and modest, and Louis believes her story. He took her to the place where he lodged, paid her board for a month, and asked the lady of the house to do what she could to procure employment for the outcast. Fortune did not favor his efforts after getting to Cuba, and he returned to New York. About two years after this, he again returned to Portland to get a vessel for Cuba. This time he was directed to call at the house of a Captain P——, who had a vessel about to sail, of which he was part owner. He followed the directions given, and, on knocking at the door, it was opened by a nice-looking young woman, with a baby in her arms. This was Mrs. P——. She looked attentively at him, turned pale, and asked if he were not Mr. Louis —— who rescued a girl from the snow two years before. He then recognized the object of his former charity in the person of the captain's wife. He was immediately introduced to her husband, as the benefactor of whom she had so often spoken, and it is needless to say that a passage was easily arranged. It remains to be told, however, that captain P—— would not take a penny of passage money—that he treated Louis like a prince, and insisted on his staying on board the vessel while she lay in the harbor of Havana. This surely was an instance of one casting his bread upon the waters, and finding it in increased dimensions after many days.

Louis told me another somewhat singular case of the

same kind, only he was the recipient of the kindness in this instance. After his return from Cuba, he got extensively engaged in his line of business in New York, and prospered until he got fairly confirmed in drinking habits; and then, as a matter of course, he came to grief and poverty. He was once more reduced to a journeyman barber, and, at the time of the incident I am about to narrate, was working at Patterson, N. J. He had got his pay on a Saturday night,—had indulged more than usual, and was unable to make his appearance at the usual hour on Monday. The consequence was his dismissal. He resolved on starting for New York; but not having a copper left, he was under the necessity of finding his way on foot. While trudging along, in a very disconsolate condition, he went into a tavern on the road to ask a drink of water. A well-dressed and stylish-looking young man, who was drinking at the bar, noticing his shaky condition, offered him first one drink, then another, which he eagerly accepted. This young man asked Louis his story, and, on leaving, slipped a two dollar bill into his hand. Louis again stopped drinking, and for a year or two prospered once more in New York. One day, while in a restaurant taking his dinner, he observed a very seedy-looking young man sitting in the bar-room in a very disconsolate-like condition. On a closer examination he recognized his benefactor of the Patterson road, and made for him immediately. He recalled their former meeting to the stranger's memory and asked the cause of his altered fortunes, never doubting but that the "universal leveller," drink, was at the bottom of the misfortune. For once the surmise was wrong; for the young man explained that he was a professional gambler, that at times he was flush, as was the case

when they met last ; and that on other occasions, such as the present, he was "dead broke." Ill-luck had lasted longer than usual, and he was out at elbows, and unfit for profitable company. Louis rigged him out, gave him a few dollars, and an advice to change his profession, which we may surmise in passing, would not be much heeded.

Poor Louis, when I was in the habit of meeting him, was in sore straits, but was still possessed of the feelings of a gentleman, though they had but poor opportunities of exercising themselves. Still, on the whole, he was philosophic in his poverty, and managed to preserve wonderful serenity amidst his gloomy prospects—gloomy they were ; for age and hard living were fast rendering the French medical student unfit for the duties of barber ; and when that trade failed him, what was he to do ? "Alas, poor Yorick !"

CHAPTER IX.

WHISKEY AS A RECRUITING SERGEANT.

Who is there that has read the current news of the period, and does not remember the popular excitement and the fierce political strife that preceded the late civil war in the United States ? And who is there who was then engaged in commerce in the States, or in connexion with them, that does not remember the convulsive throes of the body-commercial before and after the out-breaking of the war. If it were not irreverent, I might compare the greatest politicians and the most eminent merchants, at that time, to so many dying dol-

phins, that changed color with every gasp. The whole community was stirred; and when the first gun was fired in Charleston Harbor, its echoes seemed to reverberate throughout the country, convulsing every department of trade, and electrifying all classes of people. I never was a politician, and shall not now presume to enter into the merits of that gigantic quarrel. I merely have to do with some small details and incidents of the quarrel itself.

When volunteers were called for, it is scarcely necessary to remind my readers that at the first there was little or no difficulty in procuring men. Many volunteered from pure motives of patriotism,—some for the romance of the thing; and a good many of the “great unwashed,” because they thought it an easy way of getting a living, never dreaming that they would be called upon to put their bodies in jeopardy in battle. Others, and I fear I must say a very considerable number, volunteered when under the influence of liquor, and did not know what they were doing. To this class I belonged, for I came to my senses one morning in June, 1861, and found myself in a camp on Staten Island, surrounded by a lot of fellows in military garb, who, by swearing and quarelling among themselves, looked more like denizens of Pandemonium than patriotic volunteers. I never doubted but that in one of my frolics I had accompanied some of the volunteers into camp on a “lark;” but, if so, why did I wear the uniform? I began to think that I had had “honors thrust upon me,” and so it turned out; for, on making inquiries, I was informed that I was duly enrolled, and had been in camp for about a week. I never really got at the truth of this statement, and if it was a truth it was strange that I should have lost all consciousness for such

a period ; for I had not the most remote recollection of meeting any of those heroes, or of my transformation from a civilian to a son of Mars. I immediately retired to a quiet corner and held a council of war with myself. I first enquired what I had to do with the quarrel. I was not a citizen of the United States, and never meddled with politics, even in the way of expressing an opinion ; and, besides, many of my best and most valued friends were Southern people. Why, therefore, should I make war upon them, or why should I give them a chance of ornamenting my body with bullet holes ? I knew that no contract, not even a military one, such as I was accused of having made, would stand good if made during a state of aberration of mind ; and, having strong friends, I had no doubt of being able to compel my release. On the other hand, if I had an opinion at all on the subject, it was in favor of the justice of the Northern cause ; and I was forced to acknowledge that, for a year or two preceding, I had been of little use to myself or anybody else ; and that supposing I “lost the number of my mess,” as getting killed is delicately termed, it would only be a small unit of the sum of human life ; and should I survive, I might return a better and wiser man. I therefore resolved to make the best of it and turn my most active attention to military duties. Had I enlisted from choice, or with my eyes open, however, I should have chosen a different regiment. I was, I found, a member of the 6th New York, or “Billy Wilson’s Zouaves,” as they were termed, a regiment that was professedly raised from among the roughs of New York. It had originally had nearly 2,000 of this class on its roll ; but most of them, after being clothed and feasted for a few weeks, had “skedaddled ;” and now, when on the

eve of leaving for the front, its roll did not contain more than 1,000 men, composed of the most heterogeneous material imaginable. A few of the roughs remained; some were young boys, and a great many were "broken-down sports," and broken-down traders. Some months ago, there was a warm discussion in the English papers, as to who had first used the expression "Adullamites" to the discontented party in the House of Commons. It is an idea that would naturally occur to any one, and it occurred to me on the occasion of enlistment, and was used by me in a letter referring to our regiment, in which I compared Col. Wilson to David in the cave of Adullam, when "every one who was in debt" every one who was discontented, and every who had run away from his master, gathered themselves unto him and he became a captain over them." As above described, I came to my senses just a few days before the regiment was to leave for the seat of war. The few days I spent among them in camp were among the most gloomy in my experience. I knew no one in camp, my system was almost in a state of collapse, and my mind was in a state which would have made fair prospects appear discouraging. Besides, my friends knew nothing of my whereabouts. I was bidding farewell to civilization, and I considered my prospects of filling an unknown grave as very encouraging. In all my drinking scrapes, I had always some kind of romance in the thing, and ever had a great abhorrence of coarse or quarrelsome company. Judge, then, of my feelings when I found myself shut up in a narrow space, where drinking and quarrelling went on from morning till night, in their most repulsive form. The men were mostly unfit for the field, having had little or no drill, and I am sure some of them never had

a gun in their hands till supplied with old government smooth bores, a day or so before leaving. But fortune favored this motley collection, and if they did not go out, they at least returned good soldiers. A few days after my joining, orders were received for the regiment to embark on board the steamship *Vanderbilt*, for the seat of war. Such an embarkation I never saw. After parading the streets of New York, and receiving a present of a stand of colors, &c., from the ladies of New York, most of the men were got on board the vessel ; but there was an immediate and simultaneous rush of all hands, to procure leave of absence for the night. I believe three-fourths of them got ashore by some means or other, and those who remained on board were, generally speaking, in a deplorable condition. I suppose this must have been the reason why I was picked upon, as one of about a dozen, who were placed on guard, about the decks. I had far from a distinct idea of what I had to guard ; but a drink or two about relief time, made me somewhat complacent over the duty. When morning came, the men began to tumble on board in all kinds of shapes. Most of them were inebriated, and many of them carried off mementoes of New York, in the shape of black eyes and other facial adornments. Some of them were so helplessly drunk that they were hoisted on board, by a block and tackle, from the tender, like so much merchandise. At last all were on board that could be found ; and, as we steamed out of the harbor of New York, I took many a regretful look at the hills of Staten Island, where I had spent so many happy days. A few years before I had entered that magnificent harbor, on a beautiful September morning, a young man full of hope and high impulses, with the best introductions ; and in short, with every earthly good in prospect of attainment, and now "whither away?"

There was nothing very remarkable about the voyage. When a few days out, we learned that our destination was the Island of Santa Rosa, in the Gulf of Mexico, and that we were meant as reinforcement for the famed Fort Pickens on that Island. In due course of time we arrived there, and were landed, as well as could be, by small boats, which only reached within about fifty yards of the shore, the men wading the balance of the distance through the water. Several days were spent in landing stores in this way, and, at last, "Bill Wilson's" were fairly encamped in the sand, about a mile from the Fort.

CHAPTER X.

INTRODUCTION TO MILITARY LIFE.

My new home was not of the most enchanting kind. The Island of Santa Rosa is a long, narrow island, composed of white sand, and with scarce a blade of vegetation. It stretches along the coast of Florida, about a mile from the mainland. Fort Pickens on the island, and Forts Barancas, McRae, and the navy-yard, in the mainland, command the entrance to the harbor of Pensacola. The Federals had possession of Fort Pickens, while the rebels, or confederates, held the fort on the mainland. The confederates had a very strong force there; and it seems strange that they did not make an earlier attempt on Fort Pickens, in which there were already some of their leaders prisoners, and which would have secured

them complete possession of the best navy-yard in the South. It is scarcely possible that they could have been aware of our position, or they would have attempted so desirable a prize. It is an old Spanish fort I believe, but it has been strengthened and improved of late years.

The sight of this stronghold suggested some ideas to me about the unnaturalness of the quarrel, and the different governments the territory had been under, which ideas I attempted to put into verse, and which I here transcribe with the heading of

“LIBERTY.”

O liberty, sweet liberty,
 Thou phantom of our race,
 What various garbs we bid thee wear,
 And should our nearest kin oppose,
 Or say we've robbed thee wrong,
 In deadly strife twin-brothers close,
 Each with a patriot's song.

What stories could this fortress tell
 Of those who've bled for thee!
 Each calling his opponent knave,
 Because he could not see
 That thou shouldst wear a certain form
 Or perish midst the battle's storm.

O goddess of this sacred shrine,
 Unveil our misty eyes,
 And let thy sacred beauty shine
 From out thy native skies,
 Till all mankind behold thee
 In robes of heavenly light,
 And cease for aye to mould thee
 From visions dark as night.

It is astonishing to think how men can adapt themselves to circumstances. Here were a body of men, right from the heart of a great city—where it is reasonable to suppose most of them had the comforts, at least of common life—all of a sudden, brought to sleep on the ground; often drenched by rain, tortured by insects, and reduced to live on hard bread, salt pork, and coffee as their unvarying fare; and yet few of them got sick or weak in body. Many, no doubt, were homesick; but most preserved good, if not gay, spirits. I have often remarked it since, though contrary to what most people would expect, that troops raised in cities stand the hardships of a campaign far better than those raised in country districts. The only probable reason that I can assign for this fact is, that most country people live a much more regular life than towns-folks and, consequently take worse with irregular rest and meals, which are concomitants of all campaigns. Drilling went on vigorously, under the direction of officers from the fort, and in the course of six months the regiment presented a very creditable appearance. We had not been long on Santa Rosa when the company to which I belonged was sent to Key West, where we remained for three or four months, living an easy and agreeable life, the climate being delightful, and the duties light. While there we heard of our companions, on the island, having had their first experience of actual warfare, the Confederates having landed about 1,500 men on the upper part of the island, and attacked our camp in the night. Nearly all our picket were killed, and the enemy were on the camp before the men could turn out. They did turn out, however, and an irregular kind of skirmish was kept up till day-light, when the “confeds” retired to their boats, where a sad

mishap awaited them. The boats were aground, and could not be got off; and the men being crowded together on them like bees, they had no opportunity of retaliating. Our fellows had about half an hour's peppering at them, at point-blank range, before they could get away. They lost a great many men in killed and prisoners, and we lost about thirty in the same manner, for they managed to carry off some of our men. I learned one incident of this fight, which shows the spirit of the Southern women in their cause. A nice looking young Southerner, a sergeant, was among the killed, in whose pocket was found a letter in female hand-writing, and, no doubt, from his sweet-heart; in which she threatened to discard him unless he killed her a "nice six-foot Yankee" in the fight, for which she understood he was a volunteer. Poor fellow, it likely was his first, and certainly was his last, opportunity of gratifying her in that way, and how sadly were her aspirations as well as his own rewarded! While our company were *playing* at soldiers, our less fortunate companions had another taste of service. Col. Brown, who commanded Fort Pickens, having got some large Parrot guns mounted on sand batteries, attempted by them, and the guns of the fort, to drive the rebels out of the forts on the mainland. The bombardment lasted for two days without much effect. A friend and countryman of mine made a singular escape here, which I shall narrate. He was orderly-sergeant, and his company was in charge of one of the sand batteries. At the end of the first day's bombardment, he was sitting in his *shanty*, behind the battery, making out a detail of men for the following day, when a shell came tearing along from Barrancas, cutting the book on which he was writing, in two, digging a hole in the sand, blowing him and

the shanty several feet in the air, and bursting some distance behind, where it carried away the leg of a man as a trophy; but, singularly enough, doing the sergeant no harm. He was found in the excavation made by the shell, with nothing but his head above the sand, and saluted his friend with the only regret he was heard to express, in those emphatic words, "Ah Jack, our shanty's gone!" He had not a scratch; yet the book on which he had been writing, which I afterward saw, was cut diagonally as clean as if divided by a knife. He preserved the book and a piece of the shell as mementos of the narrow escape. This artillery duel ended without any decisive advantage to either side, and with little loss of life on ours, and I suppose with as little on the side of our opponents. Separated as we were, by a mile or more of water, we had little or no communication with the Confederates. After the battle of Bull's Run, in Virginia, they adopted a somewhat novel method of conveying us the intelligence of their success. One day a large mongrel dog was found on the island, with a ticket tied round his neck, on which was a written request that we should keep him until the Confederates should meet us at Manassas Junction, which was the name first given to the Bull Run field of battle. Of course this message was all Chinese to us, as we had no news from the North of so late a date. The dog was taken good care of, but we never had the opportunity of exchanging him as directed; for, although, as my readers are aware, there was a second Bull's Run, our regiment had the good luck to be in better if not so active quarters.

CHAPTER XI.

MILITARY INCIDENT.

After spending two or three months at Key West, our company was transferred to Fort Jefferson, or Dry Tortugas, as it is called, to aid other two companies of the regiment in the duty of guarding prisoners and garrisoning the fort. This fort, mounting nearly 500 guns, is built on an island of coral formation, in the Gulf of Mexico, about 60 miles from Cuba, and covers the whole island. Why it should be called Dry Tortugas I could never divine, as the ocean laves its walls, unless it be that there is no spring in the fort, or from the scarcity of spirituous commodities. In the volunteer army and in the United States army generally, the most rigid rules were enforced as to temperance; and, at this place, it was next to an impossibility to get liquor for love or money, as the saying is. A somewhat peculiar and bold expedient was adopted by a member of our company in order to obtain a supply. He was an old ship-captain—a very thirsty soul—and was detailed to manage a small boat kept for the benefit of the commanding officer. A vessel had arrived with bricks for the completion of the fort, and seems had some of the contraband article on board. W., as I shall call the boat hand, had some spare moment managed to get on board this vessel, and purchased a ten-gallon keg of brandy, the money for which he raised among the men. He bargained with the skipper that he should send a boat to a certain point, under the walls of the fort, with the keg, about midnight. He found out who was to be on guard at

this point, and managed to get him so far to forget military duty as to take no notice of the transaction. W. and a friend were at the spot, on the top of the fort, with a rope and, all being "fixed," they hoisted the keg over the rampart. Thus a liberal supply of fire-water was procured, which puzzled the officers sadly, as they could not dream of where the men got the means of being so glorious. About this time, while a fatigue party were working in the commissary department, two young dare-devils walked deliberately off with two cases of brandy, right under the nose of the guard and commissary officers. The thing was done so deliberately and coolly that it was not noticed. This supply was distributed among a few of a certain class; and the result was they became so outrageous that three or four of them were arrested by the guard, and tied up by the thumbs. This agreeable process consists in tying a cord round the two thumbs, and fastening it to some object overhead, so that the culprit has to sustain all but his own weight by those two digits. From the effects produced, I should judge an hour of this to be severe punishment. Be this as it may, on this occasion the prisoners were cut down and rescued by their comrades. Some shots were fired by the officers of the guard without effect, which led to the mutineers loading their pieces and turning the company quarters into a fort. The peaceably disposed, to which number I belonged, had no alternative but to escape and take up neutral ground for the night. Nothing serious, however, happened; but when the rioters awoke in the morning they found a battery of field-pieces surrounding the quarters, ready to blow them to atoms at the word of command. The consequence was, that the whole company was disarmed; although, perhaps, not more

than ten had had anything to do with the disturbance. Under those circumstances, I being known as a pretty good scribe, was requested to write a letter to the commanding officer representing the state of the case, and requesting that discrimination should be made, so that the innocent should not be punished with the guilty. Such a letter I wrote, and, after its being signed by all the non-commissioned officers, it was sent through our company commander to the commander of the post. The consequence was, that, next day, our arms were returned, and only three or four of the ringleaders were held for punishment. They, too, got off very easily, for such an offence, getting only a few months' imprisonment. This rumpus did me some good, as the letter, which had a slight "taste" of the spread eagle in it, attracted attention; and, having been traced to my humble self, I was immediately detailed as clerk, and in one department or other I continued in that capacity throughout the war; which, although it effectually precluded the possibility of rising in rank, gave me easy times and good opportunities of seeing more, and picking up a great variety of information on subjects that would never had come under my observation had I continued to do military duty. In the spring of 1862, our company left Tortugas, and again returned to Santa Rosa. Some progress had been made in the South. The fleet had taken the forts, on the mouth of the Mississippi, and New Orleans surrendered to Butler without a shot. Shortly after this, unusual activity was observed in the Pensacola navy-yard. A movement of some kind was evidently in progress. One evening, I had been sharing a bottle that had, by favor, been procured, with my friend the sergeant, of whose escape I have already spoken. It was after tattoo when I returned

to my quarters, and all hands were asleep. Just as I was about to enter my tent, I observed a very brilliant white light on Fort McRae; instantly a similar one appeared on Barrancas, and again at the navy-yard. They were evidently signals of some sort, and I immediately ran and awoke our company commander. The camp was presently alive, and had soon something to look at. Simultaneously, fire broke out in the forts I have named, as well as in the Marine Hospital, a large building on the Confederate side. The fire was of the most brilliant kind, and was evidently helped by supplied combustibles. The commander of the island soon came to the conclusion that the rebels were evacuating their strongholds; and, to prevent the further destruction or removal of property, the guns of the fort were opened on the burning forts. The spectacle then became one of the grandest imaginable. The flames shot fiercely up into the air, illuminating the whole heavens, while around hung a pall of lurid clouds of smoke, amidst which the explosion of the shells was now and then visible. Of course, most of my readers are aware that shells are of two kinds—those fired from cannon, and those fired from mortars. The latter shell describes a parabola as it goes, the mortar being elevated at a greater or less angle, according to the distance of the object aimed at. The fuse is cut long or short, according to the distance, and at night emits a twinkling light as the shell progresses with a rotary motion. On the occasion referred to, it was a beautiful sight to watch their course and see them burst over the flaming forts, or among the lurid clouds of smoke that canopied them. The spectacle continued till day-break, and by mid-day a few companies of the regiment, among which was ours, were got in readiness to

cross and take possession; for it was now definitely ascertained that the Confederates had abandoned the forts, and left for parts unknown, the opinion being that they had made for Port Hudson on the Mississippi, which was then becoming known to the North as a second Vicksburg. Our lot fell to take possession of Fort Barrancas, a very strong old Spanish Fort, and the sand batteries adjoining. Nearly all the guns had been left, but most of them were spiked. A considerable quantity of munitions of war was also left available. Some wooden buildings, outside the fort, were left standing; and we rejoiced in the prospect of again sleeping under a roof. Tired and sleepy, most of the men spent an unconscious night; but, when morning came, I, for one, began to feel as if I had been transported back to the time and place of Egyptian plagues, although unconscious of meriting such a fate; for I found myself literally alive with fleas and other nameless insects. I do not exaggerate when I say that you could actually see the men's light-blue trowsers speckled with fleas of most respectable dimensions—fellows that looked as if they enjoyed their food and got plenty of it. It is needless to say that those houses were no longer occupied, and if the Confederates used them as dormitories, I can easily account for their being wakeful and vigilant.

In a day or two the whole regiment, along with the — New York, that had been with us for some time, took up our quarters in the town of Pensacola, where we had good houses to live in, intercourse with citizens; and, in short, had a fair opportunity of relapsing into civilization. A few months passed away very agreeably there, the only duty being an occasional raid into the surrounding country, where we very rarely met with the enemy in any force. At this

time Neil Dow, of Maine-law fame, got a General's commission and came as commander of the post. He wanted some men detailed as orderlies, &c., from our regiment, and Col. Wilson, knowing his peculiarities, sent him two or three of the most inveterate drinkers in the regiment. The very first night, they made the general's quarters hideous with bacchanalian attempts at music and other recreations, and were duly returned to the regiment next morning.

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE MOVE.

The month of December came, and we had orders to move. Although a change is generally hailed with pleasure by soldiers, I believe there was very little rejoicing on this occasion; for we had found Pensacola a very pleasant little town, and had met with much kindness from the citizens. The regiment had got such a name in the North, and had been represented in the Southern newspapers as such cut-throat blackguards, that even the sharks in the bay of Pensacola had forsaken their haunts on our account. When, therefore, the good people of Pensacola found that we were very much like other people, and much more free with our money than our neighbors, the regiment was received with open arms by all classes. On the whole, they showed that they deserved this favor, and only had one break-out, that I remember of. This was on an occasion when a barrel of whiskey fell into the hands of a fatigue party. They were employed

at the dock, loading commissary stores on carts, and the Post Quartermaster had designed to give them a treat before they left his jurisdiction, and he did it in a way somewhat peculiar. There was among the stores a quantity of whiskey; so, calling the sergeant who was in charge of the party, he told him that, when such and such goods were loaded, he wished the men to leave off, and specially called his attention to the fact that there were *forty* barrels of whiskey, making him count them twice over. Now, the sergeant in so doing found that there were 41 barrels; but he said nothing, judging (as it was afterwards found to be) that the odd one was meant to fall into the hands of the men. When the work was over, the head of the whiskey-barrel was taken out, and a cup having been procured, hard drinking commenced. What they could not drink was carried off in canteens to the regimental quarters; and, before night, the village, or town, presented a somewhat lively appearance. Some held concerts in corners; and a few got on a warlike expedition against another regiment, with which they were not on the most amicable terms. Something like a free fight took place, without much damage being done, further than alarming the citizens a little, and leaving some of our fellows with broken faces as mementos of their farewell to Pensacola. We were then sent to New Orleans, where General Banks had just assumed command, and was supposed to be preparing for some great movement up the river. I shall take this opportunity of saying something about his predecessor, General, or as he was familiarly called in the South and in Europe, "Beast Butler." I am by no means a partizan of his. I do not admire his physiognomy, which is none of the handsomest, I do not claim that he was a great or even a good General

neither do I think he is likely gloriously to immortalize himself as a legislator ; but common fairness leads me to say that, from all I saw and heard, he was the right man in the right place, in the great southern city, New Orleans. Any one who has been in the South, previous to the war, is aware that the Crescent City was one of the most reckless places on this continent. The mighty Mississippi bore on its bosom, from its countless tributaries, as mixed and reckless a population as could well be imagined, to centre in New Orleans, and to contrast in vice and immorality with the wealth and refinement of that great Southern capital. Who has not read of the almost nightly assassinations and brawls that took place there? When Butler took possession of it, the intellectual and moral worth had disappeared, and little but the substratum of degradation and moral impurity remained. I suppose I am near the truth when I say that about 20,000 women and children, calling themselves families of confederate soldiers, were there and had to be provided for. Butler found that several banks and large mercantile firms had contributed largely in money to the rebel cause ; and, judging that they had thus been instrumental in bringing about the existing state of things, he taxed them in the same ratio for the support of those helpless families. This caused those parties to indulge in vituperation ; and one or two cases of severe but deserved punishment of abandoned women gave occasion to those parties to get up an outcry of ill-usage to the *ladies* of the South. Females who would stand on the sidewalk and deliberately spit on an officer's coffin, as his remains were being carried to the grave, could not, in my opinion, whatever their political tendencies might be, put in much claim to ladyship. In

short, so far as I could learn (and I made special inquiry on the subject), this man, who got so heartily execrated, did nothing more than a police-magistrate would have done, or than is done, every day in well-regulated communities.

But this is a digression, and I must hasten on with my narrative. After spending a month or so at New Orleans, the regiment was brigaded and sent to Baton Rouge. This looked like something active, Port Hudson evidently being the objective point. Troops began to concentrate, and at last, General Banks arrived ; and with 30,000 men, advanced on Port Hudson. We got within eight miles of it that evening, and encamped for the night. About midnight I awoke at the sound of heavy cannonading, and had no doubt the confederates were on us. It soon appeared that the firing, which was continued, was at Port Hudson. By and by a brilliant light illuminated the heavens, and a luminous body seemed to be descending the river. Then a great explosion took place, and the light was extinguished. The explanation of all this was afterwards found to be, that Admiral Farragut had succeeded in running some of his ships past the forts, but that one (I think the *Mississippi*) had grounded and taken fire, ultimately floating off and down the river, and then exploding. Next morning, to the chagrin of some and the relief of others, the troops faced about and returned to Baton Rouge ; and hence we concluded that the movement had only been a *ruse* to aid the ships in passing up to the aid of General Grant, at Vicksburg. After a few days delay, the troops were ordered on board transports, and landed at Donaldsonville, on the western side of the river. But lest I should forget the object of my sketches, the temperance cause, I must here give another illustration of the evils of

intemperance. Just before leaving Baton Rouge, some of our "hardest cases" had got a liberal supply of fire-water, and could scarcely be got into the ranks; and when there, and marching down the main streets to the transports, could not be restrained from singing the Southern song of the "Bonny Blue Flag." When on board, they next directed attention to some negroes that were there, one or two of whom they threw into the river, at the imminent risk of their being drowned. To wind up with, one of them watched his opportunity and hit the Brigade-General in the face with a piece of raw pork. The offender could not be found; the officers of the regiment were powerless to preserve discipline, and utter anarchy prevailed. The consequence was, that on arrival at Donaldsonville, our colors were taken from us, and the regiment was disarmed. Next day three officers were cashiered without a trial, and about eighty of the men were picked out, and sent under guard to New Orleans, as prisoners, for the balance of their term of enlistment. The colonel himself was put under arrest, and never did duty with the regiment again; the lieutenant-colonel being in charge until the expiry of our term of service. From Donaldsonville we had a long and tiresome march to Brashear city on the Gulf of Mexico. Troops were here concentrating for some important purpose.

While taking a walk here, one day, I met a soldier belonging to another regiment whose face seemed familiar. I looked, and he looked, but passed on without recognition. The same day I met him again, and this time I addressed him. He instantly called me by name, and proved to be James Blank, whom I had found houseless, in the streets of New York, some years before. Of course, I had to hear his further his-

tory, and it was sad enough. Since last I had seen him, he had been somewhat like myself, sometimes keeping sober for a time, when things would go well with him, and again relapsing into drunken habits and consequent misery. When the war broke out, he joined in Virginia previous to coming to Louisiana. He had twice been promoted sergeant, but always "lost his stripes" by breaking out in drink, until now he was a confirmed private; but, like myself, was detailed to do regimental writing and other odd jobs. Some months afterwards, on the Red River, when our time had expired, and we were leaving the brigade, I called to bid Blank good-bye, and was told that, on the march, a hundred miles or so back, he had got drunk, and had straggled, and nothing further was known of him. Perhaps he was killed, and the best that could be hoped was that he was a prisoner. Most likely he sleeps by the bayou tributaries of the Mississippi, a sad instance of bright early days clouded and quenched by intemperance. Farewell poor Blank. After a week or two we were again put on transports, and sent up Bayou Le Bœuf, and landed about ten miles in the rear of Franklin. It was my fortune to be on board the gun-boat *Westfield*, in which I recognized an old acquaintance, in the shape of an old, or rather new ferry-boat, that used to run from New York to Staten Island. Her upper works had been removed, and she carried three or four guns of the heaviest calibre. She was the very thing for navigating the bayous and lakes, and I could not help smiling at the idea of the boat, and citizen-passenger of two years before, being thus changed to warlike uses, and navigating hostile waters, two thousand miles away.

CHAPTER XIII.

SKIRMISHING.

I was now destined to smell powder for the first time. Gen. Banks, with the main body of the army, had for some days been advancing on Franklin, a place of some strength, and our division had been sent round in the rear to cut off retreat. On landing, our brigade was in the advance, and our regiment was deployed as skirmishers. We passed through a wood in safety ; but, on coming out on an open expanse of country, we were saluted by a battery of artillery planted among some trees about a mile or three quarters of a mile distant. I had taken a rifle from choice, and now I almost regretted it. Round shot and shell were coming uncomfortably near, and we had no opportunity of retaliating. We were ordered to lie down behind what shelter we could find till our artillery should come up. Our company had a dog that always followed it,—a big, good-natured mongrel, and, on this occasion, he was sauntering about from one recumbent figure to another. He had been paying me a visit, and was a short distance on his departure when a twelve-pounder struck the ground in advance, ricocheted, rolled along and struck my canine friend in the stomach, pitching him unceremoniously into a ditch. I had not much time to commiserate him, for the artillery not making its appearance, a few companies were brought into line and ordered to advance on the battery. We had not advanced far when to our relief we saw the field battery limber up, and “skeddaddle” across a bayou, the bridge being instantly destroyed, for which arrangements had been made before. This ended

the duties of the day, and my first skirmish, in which we lost but one man killed and two or three wounded. Next morning, however, we had something resembling a "real battle." We got over the bayou in the night, and by daylight were on the road to Franklin. This day our place was in the rear of the division, which was in accordance with our usual good luck; for we had not proceeded far when a furious cannonading was opened upon the head of the column, from several batterier planted in a wood, facing across the road. A line of battle was immediately formed by the two first brigades, and artillery and musketry went at it in right good earnest. This lasted for an hour or more, our brigade lying as reserve. The enemy were behind breast-works, in the wood, and had made fearful havoc on one of our brigades, some regiments of which were almost annihilated. We were then brought up and ordered to make a *détour*, and charge the intrenchments with the bayonet. Whether the enemy saw this, and were frightened, or whether they were "going to leave any way," I knew not, but they instantly ceased firing; and when we reached the wood, we had nothing to do but capture, or rather collect, prisoners, who were found in twos, threes and fiftens, scattered here and there. We then learned that General Banks had taken Franklin the day before, and that we had been fighting the retreating army, who were only anxious to get away. That afternoon we joined the main body of Bank's army, and, after burying the dead, lay down to sleep in expectation of an early start. I have been thus particular about this skirmish, which might be dignified with the name of battle, and is known as "Indian Bend," merely as it was my first experience of the "pom-p and circumstance of glorious" war. I have since seen some impor-

tant affairs that will be known in history, but I have utterly failed to see the gloriousness of intelligent human beings—especially father and son, brother and brother—trying to blow each other's brains out, as in this war. There is no fiction in the statement, that such relationship met on opposing sides on more than one occasion.

A rapid and toilsome march now commenced northward. It was in the middle of summer, the heat was great, water was sometimes scarce, and yet the daily distance marched was twenty to twenty-five miles. We had almost daily skirmishes, but no regular battle; and yet we were almost every day losing men in these affairs that the country never heard of. Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that the men gave out with fatigue, and were lost by straggling. Strict orders were given against straggling or pillaging; and, as rations were sometimes scarce, it is not to be wondered at that a stray pig came to grief occasionally. The orders against this irregularity were again promulgated, and threats of punishment held out. One of the most painful sights I saw in the army was the fulfilling of this threat. When beyond Opelousas, a poor fellow belonging to the ——— New York volunteers, was complained of by a negro for having entered his shanty and helped himself to a chicken and a pair of drawers, or trowsers—I forget which. At four o'clock in the afternoon, he was found by the guard, with the articles in his possession. He was taken before the general of brigade, whom I shall not name, and was told that, that evening at sun-set, he would be shot. And such was the case; for at six o'clock the drum beat, the brigade was formed on three sides of a square, and without a trial, this poor fellow was marched out and shot on two hours' warning, merely, I

suppose, to make good a threat, or, as it was called, to preserve discipline. This man had a wife and family dependent upon him; and, when one reflects upon his sease, and that of the thousands who die more gloriously, it may be by war, he cannot fail to think of the responsibility that rests upon those who, for slight or visionary reasons, would plunge a nation into the horrors of war. At last we reached Alexandria, on the Red River, and got peaceful possession, the rebels having cleared out on our approach. The two years for which our regiment had volunteered had now expired, and every one of our number was exultant at the prospect of returning home. Perhaps no regiment had had such good fortune during those two years. We had been sent to what was supposed to be the "hottest" place, more ways than one, and yet we had seen little or no fighting, and had lost few men, comparatively, by sickness. Notwithstanding all this immunity from hardship, almost every man asseverated his determination to cut the profession of arms for ever; and yet, I believe, in less than a month after their discharge, fully one-half of them were again under the flag; and, I am sorry to say, it was my lot to see many of them carried to their rude though glorious resting-place, on the battle-fields of the South. But I anticipate.

At last transportation was found, and we were sent by steamboat over a narrow bayou, the name of which I forget, to Brashear city, and thence by railroad to New Orleans. While we lay there, waiting transportation to New York, the wounded were arriving, by hundreds, from Port Hudson. Our luck had again been to escape that slaughter-house, by a week or so. At last we got shipped on a steamer, to New

York ; and all hearts were light and buoyant. Nothing remarkable occurred on the voyage, all arriving in New York in good health. And this ended my first two years of soldiering.

CHAPTER XIV.

A GLIMPSE OF CIVIL LIFE AND THE CAMP AGAIN.

On the whole, during those two years of military life, I had been temperate, and not altogether so by compulsion. Detailed, as I had been, I had opportunities of getting liquor which few had, yet it was only occasionally that I submitted to its influence. I had plenty of time for reflection ; and when I thought of my former enviable position in life, and reflected that all my misfortunes and sufferings had been mainly brought about by drink, it is not to be wondered at that I formed strong resolutions of abandoning so ruinous a course and endeavoring to regain my position in society. I had also been watching the course of trade, being well supplied with newspapers, as I had contributed to several from time to time. I had particularly noticed that with the issue of *greenbacks*, and the continued suspension of specie payments by the banks, exchange on Europe, or its equivalent gold, was rapidly rising in value. I formed a theory which has since been fulfilled to the letter in experience, that this would go on with the increased issues and continued war, and that a fall would take place when peace or return to specie payments came in prospect. This opinion I formed

early in the war, when gold was at a premium of only 10 or 15 per cent., and letters of mine are now in my hands of friends, hinting at the after probable course of monetary affairs. My plan then was to endeavor to get into some business, by which I could control some money for margins, and, when exchange had reached a high figure, borrow as much money as possible in England on security of stocks, and repay it when the anticipated decline in exchange should take place. Had I kept temperate, I should undoubtedly have managed this to some extent myself, or at all events would have got some of my moneyed friends to do so ; for I had several who had great confidence in my judgment. Some, I believe, did act on my imperfect suggestions and made money, Never was there such an opportunity, exchange having at one time been as high as 300 per cent. and within a month or two after, it was down to 150 per cent. But my enemy, drink, was at hand, and I lost the opportunity of making a fortune, which, in the eyes of some at least, would have atoned for all my past irregularities ; for money is with some, what charity is with the few, the cloak which "covers a multitude of sins.

On arrival in New York, I shuffled off my military habiliments as quickly as possible, got "rigged out," and took private lodgings up town, for the express purpose of being quiet and out of the beats of my late military associates. The very day I got installed in my new quarters, I went out for a walk and, turning a corner, ran against two men who had belonged to the company, and with whom I had been somewhat intimate ; one of them having once occupied a first-rate position in India and China. This latter—though, like myself, he had been making resolutions of amendment—was

already wallowing in the mire, and all my excuses were of no avail. I agreed to take a glass of beer, then I had to take another ; and at last with a bottle of wine in one pocket, and a bottle of brandy in another, we adjourned to my lodgings, where, after the drink was discussed, we began to sing and dance at such a rate that my landlady appeared, on behalf of the other inmates, to ask a discontinuance of the entertainment. I adjourned with my friends to the Park Barracks, where they still lived, and at length fell asleep. When I awoke in the morning, my hat was gone ; and, on making inquiry, I was informed that all the good hats were doubtless in Chatham street long before, as there were a number of handy gentlemen about, who contrived to raise their bitters every morning by this species of traffic. Borrowing an old cap, I sallied forth to call on a friend for the purpose of getting some money, the regiment not having yet been paid. He gave me a scolding for being under the influence of drink ; told me that if I kept straight, it was his intention, along with others, to lend me a small capital for the purpose of starting me in business ; and wound up by telling me that he would give me no money then, but that I should go away to the country, where he would pay my board until I got all right, when matters would be arranged. He had no objection to Staten Island, so I went there, but soon found that I had made a bad choice, as I was known there as a former respectable resident, and could get not only drink, but money in almost any grog-shop in the neighborhood. Things went on badly, in this way, till I got paid ; and then they continued to exhibit symptoms of improvement and relapse for about six weeks, when, with a great effort, I got sober and continued so for a day or two. I then started by

the boat one morning for the city to see what arrangements I could make about business ; but, as ill luck would have it, I encountered, in the boat, a man who was formerly sergeant in the old regiment. We got talking about old matters ; and, on landing, I was foolish enough to be persuaded into taking a drink or two. Then I was easily persuaded to accompany him up town to see the recruiting going on for the new style of organizations, called veteran volunteers ; namely, regiments composed of men who had served two years before. I went, and, to be brief, under promises of almost certain preferment and other influences, I found myself by four o'clock that afternoon again in camp on Staten Island, as a private in the 17th N. Y. veteran volunteers. Next day brought the usual useless regrets and bitter feelings, one of the latter being caused by the reflection that the heartless fellow who had persuaded me in to volunteering, and who was to join himself, not only failed to do so, but as I afterwards found, had got money for fetching me, and made a spoil of my new citizen clothes besides. But regrets were unavailing. I managed to communicate with some of my friends, and, occasionally, they did me the favor to visit me in my prison-home, and do what they could to cheer and enliven me. I call it a prison-home, for the camp was enclosed, and there was scarcely a possibility of getting a pass to go out. Shortly after I went, however, the houses forming one side of the square took fire, accidentally or otherwise, and were totally consumed ; and thereafter there was only a guard placed along to keep the men in camp. As might be expected, this guard was not very efficient,—one man on post favoring the exit of a friend to-day in expectation of a return of the same kindness on some future occasion. Recruiting went on slowly for the regiment ; and dur-

ing the time I remained in that camp (some three or four months), I could get out almost any time I liked in the above clandestine manner. Great circumspection required to be exercised, when out, however, as cavalry and infantry patrols were on all the roads on the Island, and on the ferry-boats ; so that, unless you had a pass, you were in danger of being brought in under guard, when punishment was sure to follow. While in camp I formed an intimacy with Harry —. He had been a seafaring man, was very intellegent, had seen a great deal of the world, and could sing an excellent song but was very fond of his liquor. Moreover, Harry had a somewhat romantic history which knit my heart to him. We were inseparable, and were known throughout the camp as the most daring blockade-runners, as the passing of the guard was called. Not far from camp were several houses where they sold the most miserable compounds under the name of whiskey, at one of which Harry and I were in the habit of paying our devotions pretty regularly. A cavalry patrol was constantly on the road passing it ; and as we had become obnoxious to them, on account of our expertness, they had resolved on capturing us at all hazards. There was a dense clump of trees not far from the house where we used to lie and reconnoitre the enemy till a favorable opportunity presented of making our descent on the rum-seller. One day, we had just issued from the shop with two or three full canteens, when our friends, the cavalry patrol, came full tilt round the corner. We fled for our cover, and they charged after us. But cavalry have little chance with infantry among trees and so they found on this occasion. The shrubbery was dense, and the horses could not penetrate. They rode round and round, while we were busy concealing

ourselves among brush and dried leaves ; and, when at last, they tried the search on foot we were nowhere to be found. Another way of procuring liquor was by stratagem. A can, with a long pipe, like a coffee-pot, was procured, but the pipe had no communication with the pot itself. When the blockade could not be safely run, leave was asked to go out for milk, which was sometimes granted. On returning by the gate, the officer of the guard would want to see the milk which was accordingly proved from the pipe, while the can itself contained the unsuspected and much-prized corn-whiskey.

CHAPTER XV.

SHERMAN'S FIRST RAID.

On General Grant obtaining supreme control of the United States army, the war assumed a different aspect almost immediately. Without any of the bluster which characterized the speeches and actions of some of his predecessors in Virginia, the greatest activity prevailed ; and matters began to look terribly in earnest. He himself was to direct matters at the great centre of the war, while other trusty chiefs were to act in concert with him, in other quarters, according to a regular plan. One of those chiefs, and one who has earned laurels perhaps as imperishable as those of his superior in command, was General W. T. Sherman commanding in the west and south-west. It was my fortune to be, in an humble way, a participant in those raids which have rendered Sherman's

name familiar throughout this continent and the world. The regiment to which I belonged was lying at Arlington Heights, near Washington, when we received marching, or rather transportation orders, and going on board the cars at Washington, we went forth like the patriarch of old, "not knowing whether we went." We knew that we had orders to join General Sherman, but where we might find that migratory genius was another affair altogether. After a dreary ride, at far from express speed, we reached Bellaire on the Ohio river, where we crossed into Ohio, and had a good night's rest, squatted on the muddy banks of the river,—every man doing the best he could for himself. It was a relief, bad as the accommodation was, after having been packed up like cattle in the train. Some of the men who had been accustomed to the comfortable huts and tents of Virginia, thought this a rough beginning; but before the winter was through, they could accommodate themselves to circumstances, and I verily believe could have slept on a perch like winged bipeds. Next day we proceeded by railroad, and about mid-day stopped at the handsome little town of Xenia, where it was the intention of the inhabitants to regale us with a dinner; but time being inexorable, there was a general turn out of the fair sex, with baskets containing cakes, sandwiches, fruit, &c., and it must have surprised the young ladies to see the zeal with which the "brave defenders of their country" made war upon the eatables. Some of those wingless angels were condescending enough to distribute their cards, and doubtless afterwards were enlivened with military despatches enough to furnish the archives of a moderately ambitious war department. At Cincinnati we got on steamboats and proceeded down the

Ohio to Paducah, Ky., thence up the Tennessee River, and finally fetched up at a place glorying in the name of "East Port," consisting of an old barn on the banks of that stream. On passing up we were within sight of the famous field of Pittsburg Landing, where so many brave fellows fell in the fight between Grant and Beauregard. After remaining here about a week, without finding our commander, we received orders to embark again, and proceeded down the river to Cairo, Illinois, and thence to Columbus, Ky. This is a handsome little town, and could be made impregnable. The situation resembles that of Quebec more than any other place I remember of seeing in the South. On arriving here we were sent to a place called Union city, about thirty miles from Columbus, and here we at last met with other troops, and began to prepare for active service. There were, in all, perhaps 20,000 men here under General Smith, whose object seemed to be to get a meeting with General Forrest, afterwards of Fort Pillow notoriety. The confederate was too wily, however; and although we made raids for thirty or forty miles into the surrounding country, we never encountered the object of our search, whose force principally consisted of cavalry, that could not be found napping. Winter was now fairly set in, it being about New Year's, and the troops suffered much from cold, having no other protection against the elements than their shelter tents, as they were called. Those tents are simply a piece of canvas about the size of a small sheet, with buttons on one side and button-holes on the other. Each soldier carries a piece; when they encamp, two join, button the two pieces together, and by means of crotches and cross-sticks, form a covering, open at both ends, which will partly shelter from the rain,

but is totally useless as a protection against cold. One of the most uncomfortable nights, I remember, was on our leaving this place. We got orders to "strike tents" in the morning, and had to stand till evening in a pelting rain. On getting into the railway cars, it began to freeze; and on arriving at Columbus, the men's clothes were stiff with frost. Our regiment considered themselves lucky in getting under an open shed, at the railway terminus, and lay down, closely packed together, to sleep. Snow fell heavily during the night and drifted under the shed, so that when the drum beat in the morning, the men started up from under a covering of at least six inches of snow. Those who had taken off their shoes had difficulty in getting them on, and many lost toes, and some feet, by frost bites. At last we got again on transports and moved down the "father of waters" to a more genial climate. After two or three days' sail we arrived at Vicksburg, and got fairly under the immediate command of General Sherman, the chief with whom we were destined to travel so many weary miles. A large body of troops were concentrating here, but for what purpose no one could imagine. The Mississippi was now clear; and, although the confederates had in different quarters raiding parties of considerable force, it was not supposed that they had force sufficient to call forth such a gathering on the part of General Sherman. But a movement was impending, and we had not long to examine the fallen stronghold of the Mississippi, when the army had marching orders. Everything was put in the smallest compass, scarcely a tent was allowed to an officer, and all superfluous baggage was left behind. The army took the road to Jackson, the former capital of Mississippi. The roads were bad and the poor teamsters and

artillerymen had hard work in getting along their respective charges. The infantry did pretty well, being reduced to the lightest marching order. The weather was moderately warm, and, when night came, and orders were given for encamping, there was a simultaneous rush of all hands to the nearest fence, which disappeared in the most miraculous short period of time. In ten minutes immense fires were blazing in all directions, pork frizzled, coffee boiled, and the men were as contented as if they had the run of the St. Lawrence Hall or any other first-class hotel. The sleeping arrangements were of the simplest description. A little dry grass, if it could be got; a blanket on top of it, two men on the top of that, another layer of blanket: the pile of unconscious humanity was complete and the elements were defied. Neither rain, the artillery of heaven, nor I may say any other agency, could awake those sleepers till the accustomed bugle or drum recalled them to consciousness and activity. *Réveillé* generally sounded two hours before day, when the men prepared their breakfast, packed their knapsacks, and were ready for the march at the first streak of dawn. The cavalry went first, then the different corps, subdivided into divisions and brigades, each division having a battery or two of field-pieces following. I have been particular in this narration, as it will give the reader an idea of how the celebrated marches of Sherman, which I mean to describe, were conducted. This was his first, and doubtless enabled him to acquire that masterly ability for conducting such undertaking on a grander scale. This one was not remarkable in any way. We reached Jackson, found no enemy and proceeded on almost in a due easterly direction. We passed through numerous small towns, where the people regarded

the hated Yankees with sullen indifference ; but neither citizens nor their property were molested, nor did they, of course, offer any insult to the troops. Now and then small bodies of confederate cavalry would be seen hovering round the line of march, and once or twice they attacked the waggon-train, firing among the teams, and making off again. Several of them lost their lives in this inglorious warfare. At last we reached Selma, Alabama, a distance of 150 miles from Vicksburg, having destroyed several sections of railroad, and some government factories for the production of military stores. It was now generally supposed that our objective point was Mobile, the only place of importance in the extreme south which yet remained in the hands of the confederates. In this we were disappointed, for, after resting a few days, we retraced our steps, and without incidents worth narrating, arrived at Vicksburg within thirty days from the time we left, having travelled out and back, in all, over three hundred miles. I believe this was more an experiment than anything else, on the part of Sherman, to see how large bodies of troops could be taken through an enemy's country, and to see what supplies could be reckoned on by the way. At all events, I could never see that we accomplished anything that could have a permanently injurious effect upon the enemy. It certainly startled them not a little, and was characterized, in the southern papers, as the boldest thing of the war up to that time. While Sherman was on this expedition, troops were arriving in large numbers at Chatanooga, in northern Tennessee ; and, on our arrival at Vicksburg, he set off for that post, leaving us to follow in the same direction. After a few days' rest we were again on transports, and moved up the Mississippi.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SIEGE OF ATLANTA.

Our brigade stopped at Memphis, and the misfortune of getting a supply of greenbacks befel us there. We had now been out four months and here got our first pay. I had plenty to occupy me, having been detailed as quartermaster's clerk a month or two previously. No returns had been made by the regimental quartermaster, and I had just begun to bring something like order out of the chaotic mass of paper confided to my care, when the event referred to happened. I was in a manner my own master, and I am sorry to say that, notwithstanding all my good resolutions, I allowed my old enemy to get the better of me again, and to lead me into a somewhat serious scrape. We stayed only a short time at Memphis, and proceeded up the river to Cairo, where the brigade went into camp, about a mile from the town. In those Egyptian localities, I seemed to have been overtaken by the plague of darkness so far as to abandon myself almost entirely to the worship of Bacchus, and got into some curious adventures; but as I have already dwelt long enough on that description of folly, I shall not stop to describe them. I must, however, tell, that one day I had been so occupied, from morning until night, and that on returning to camp I found nothing but camp-fires and the usual debris of a broken encampment. On inquiry, I was told that the brigade had unexpectedly received orders to proceed to Paducah, by transports, Forrest having made an attack upon that place. I immediately reported to the Adjutant of the post, and found that I was in a bad fix, as

the brigade was not expected to return, nor was there any prospect of my being able to join them. I was requested to stay at the Soldiers' Home for further orders; and they were not long in coming, for that evening every soldier able to bear arms was packed on board a steamer and sent down to Columbus, Kentucky, where they were expecting an attack from the Confederates. This body of men was the most heterogeneous imaginable, consisting of stragglers from cavalry, artillery, and infantry, and mostly, like myself, a little shady from the effects of bad liquor. Men under such circumstances, are generally afraid of their own shadows; and I for one, felt far from being in that state which is more graphically than elegantly described, as "spoiling for a fight." Fortune favored us, however; for after waiting at Columbus for two or three days, and no enemy appearing, we were again all bundled off up the river to Cairo. I now found some of my own regiment, among others an intimate acquaintance, holding a responsible position, like myself. After waiting a few days longer at Cairo, we were told that the brigade was at Nashville, Tennessee, and were furnished with transportation thither. Nothing very remarkable occurred on the journey, further than that when near Cave city, a short distance from the famous mammoth cave, Kentucky, the train, when going at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, was thrown from the track. It was undoubtedly caused by obstructions placed on the rails, by the rebels. The engine was smashed to pieces, two express waggons met a similar fate, and the next passenger-car in which I was, was badly broken. Several were severely hurt, but none were killed. The post-commander, at Nashville, knew nothing of our regiment or brigade, but believed

them to be at Columbus, Ky. ; and so, after waiting a day or two, we were sent back to Cairo. There we were as bad as ever, and after another delay of a few days, were again sent back to Nashville. This time we learned that our brigade was at Decatur, Alabama, and we immediately arranged our transportation and started for Decatur the following day I felt very uneasy, never doubting but that I should be court martialled and punished. Fortune again favored me however, for, on arriving at Decatur, we found them in the expectation of an immediate attack from the Confederates ; and the quartermaster was so much in need of my services that he promised to procure a complete overlooking of the irregularity, provided I would immediately turn to in earnest to his accounts. This I did with a will, and never heard more about my absence of nearly two months from the regiment during which time they had had some arduous marching in pursuit of our old friend Forrest. The expected attack was not made, and in a day or two quiet and confidence were restored. Great defensive arrangements now began to be made, and, during about three months that our brigade remained here, the place was rendered formidable by the erection of two or three forts, and other defensive preparations. The rebels frequently presented themselves and exchanged shots, but never made any regular attack. During the time we remained here, Sherman had been doing great things in southern Tennessee and northern Georgia. With hard fighting and almost incredible perseverance, he had driven the Confederates back till he was at last thundering at the gates of Atlanta, about three hundred miles from where they first gave him battle. He had proceeded this distance, through the enemy's country, and all his supplies had to come

by that distance of railroad ; a large number of his men being employed in guarding the line. Great pains had been taken by the Confederates to fortify Atlanta, and they were prepared for almost any sacrifice rather than lose it. It was one of the largest factories for munitions of war, and was also the junction of several important lines of railroad. General Hood, who had succeeded General J. Johnston in the command of the Confederate army, was now, after stubborn resistance outside, shut into Atlanta, and Sherman's army had invested the place. The public mind had been of late, much directed to Sherman ; and, in the South especially, the interest taken in the fate of Atlanta was intense. Should it fall, the effect would be immediately felt, in the stoppage of supplies of men and materials, by Lee's army in Virginia. Such was the position of affairs when our brigade was ordered on to join our great leader before Atlanta. We arrived there about the beginning of August, and the next day were assigned to a position on the line of attack, the corps to which we belonged, the 18th, was on the west of the city, which was hid from view by a thick forest of trees. In moving to our position we were enlivened by the enemy's shot and shell in profusion, and it was remarkable to see the number of gigantic trees that were shivered and prostrated by the missiles of war. The next day, our regiment was employed in advancing our lines. That is to say, they took up a position considerably nearer the city than the old breastworks, cut down trees, piled them up, and digging trenches piled the earth up to form a means of defense. While exposed at this work, we lost quite a number of men both by shell and rifle-shot. But we soon got accustomed to those contingencies, and during the month we lay around Atlanta

got so accustomed to the roar of artillery and musketry, that some of us were like the man who lodged over the blacksmith's shop, who, when he moved, could not sleep for want of the music of the anvil. A somewhat curious escape occurred to our colonel while here. His tent was just inside the breast-works, and one morning, while he and the major were about to sit down to breakfast, a conical shell came along through the breast-works, and, without exploding, struck between the logs, projecting about half its length into the tent. The concussion upset their table, and bespattered them all over with rubbish, without doing any further harm. The uninitiated will be apt to think, that a person would require a good appetite to enjoy his breakfast, after such a visitor. About the same time, another rather singular escape occurred. Our regiment had been transferred from the 18th to the 14th corps, and in changing our position we became visible and obnoxious to a rebel battery, which began to play upon us. One of their round-shot, a twelve-pounder, struck the knapsack of one of the men, scattering his wardrobe to the wind, and upsetting him without doing him a bit of injury, further than shaking his nerves a little. Narrow escapes were so common that so long as a person was not hit he never minded. The cannonading had now been incessant for a month, and we were gradually drawing nearer the city. The Confederate General Hood was hard pressed, and saw that he must either withdraw from Atlanta, or be captured with his army. The place was not completely invested, and he withdrew towards Jonesboro. Sherman immediately moved round a portion of his army in that direction. He found Hood's army intrenched on a favorable position, and immediately gave them battle. On the 1st of September,

there was fought the short but sharp battle of Jonesboro, which sealed the fate of Atlanta, Hood being completely beaten, losing many men in killed and prisoners, and several guns. Our regiment, now much reduced in number, lost about 100 out of 300 who entered the fight, and amongst the killed was our gallant colonel, who fell several feet in advance of his colors, while leading an attack on the enemy's entrenchments. Hood's army scattered in all directions; and left Sherman in undisturbed possession of Atlanta, having previously destroyed an immense quantity of munitions of war, work-shops, railway-stock, and other property. The troops immediately entered the town or encamped in the suburbs; and, while they were resting, their leader was maturing his plans for the celebrated march which has made him so famous, and which I shall endeavor to describe in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XVII.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

After the taking of Atlanta, the army remained inactive for about a month. Great activity prevailed in the quartermaster's department, however. The road for Chattanooga was completely covered with trains, carrying clothing, provisions and munitions of war; and a general order gave token that some great project occupied the mind of the general-in-chief. All the citizens of Atlanta were ordered to leave, getting the option of being sent, with their effects,

within the Confederate lines, or of being transported north to Chattanooga or Nashville. No reason was given for this apparently harsh measure, and General Hood took up the matter in a paper warfare with General Sherman, in which the former fared about as badly as in the military contest. Subsequent events showed that Sherman acted a humane part, in the course he pursued; and, although it was undoubtedly a hardship for the citizens, yet a military necessity left the general no alternative between this and a greater evil. The fall of Atlanta had caused a great sensation in the south, and "President Jeff" himself had been stumping on the subject, predicting that Atlanta was to prove Sherman's Moscow. Most likely he was the originator of the attempt which was made to make it so. While we were lying inactive, General Hood had collected his army, and, making a *détour*, crossed the Chatahoochie river, northward, and got between us and the source of our supplies. The men began to wonder why Sherman did not attempt to prevent this, and were apprehensive of being cut off from all communication with the north. By and by the army, or at least the greater portion of it, was put in motion, in pursuit of Hood, as if Sherman was afraid of his communication; the Confederates still proceeding northward, closely followed by our forces. They began at length to destroy the railroad, which seemed to agree with Sherman's plan, for he immediately retreated towards Atlanta, destroying the railroads as he went; so that between Hood's army going north and Sherman's going south, the road soon ceased to be anything but a ruin. Things now developed themselves quickly. All the sick and wounded had been sent to Chattanooga some time before; and, immediately on the army returning

to Atlanta, preparations for a long march were made. Clothing was distributed to the men; the wagons were well stored with coffee, sugar and other indispensable articles, but very little provisions or bread; and on the 14th November all the military and public buildings of Atlanta were blown up or burned. The next day, the four corps, composing the army, started by different roads, heading in a south-easterly direction, and the great march was begun. Hood was completely hoodwinked. He was two or three hundred miles farther north; the railway was destroyed; and we were walking into the heart of the Confederacy, with scarcely a man to oppose us. Moreover, General Thomas was preparing a warm reception for Hood at Nashville, should he venture thither, which he afterwards did, and had his army almost annihilated. In the meantime we were proceeding southward, as if on a pleasure excursion. The weather was mild the roads good, and, saving a little skirmish now and then between our cavalry, under Kilpatrick, and the confederate cavalry, we heard nothing of any enemy. The distance marched each day was from fifteen to twenty miles; and for the first week or so we were supplied with the usual government rations. But, by and by, a different state of things obtained. It seems the general had reckoned on making the enemy pay for his men's board, and the immortal band of Sherman's bummers was accordingly organized. The word bummer was originally applied to stragglers or worthless characters, but latterly came to signify those who were sent out to forage for the army. As I said already, each corps took a different road. Those roads ran nearly parallel with each other, and were, perhaps, on an average fifteen or twenty miles apart. Each regiment or brigade sent out a certain number of men

every morning to forage and bring in food for the men and horses. The foragers of the different corps frequently met, and thus between the four corps a swathe of about 60 miles was, I may say, completely swept of everything eatable. The bummers were everywhere, like locusts. It was no use trying to conceal anything from them. The planters and others tried every conceivable plan to conceal their goods, but it was no use. Hogsheads of hams, barrels of flour, and other goods, were found in the woods, in swamps, and even under the ground. Some of the bummers got so expert that they would follow the track of a wagon through the woods, for miles, in hopes of making a discovery of a pile, and frequently were rewarded. It was also part of their business to bring in horses and mules, which they found in large numbers hid away in the woods and elsewhere. These they would hitch to wagons or any kind of a wheeled conveyance obtainable, and bring into camp the most heterogenous mass of materials; Anything that was "good for food or pleasant to the eye" was sure to find its way into the bummer's wagon. Pigs, turkeys, geese, potatoes, flour, everything imaginable was there. They made as much amusement as possible out of their heartless occupation. Sometimes you would see one come into camp dressed in the most fantastic fashion, mounted on an asthmatic mule, the mule being all hung over with the spoils of the day. But this business was not all sport. It was always fatiguing and sometimes dangerous. They would frequently lose themselves, and be surprised and taken prisoners by the Confederate cavalry. In one or two instances we found the bodies of whole parties of them, with their throats cut or their bodies suspended from trees. As

far as possible, however, they were kept in bodies under the command of an officer, whose duty it was to see that they took nothing but what was necessary. It must have been a very disagreeable duty, however, and one unsuited to a man of any delicacy of feeling. Those supplies when brought into camp were equally distributed among the different brigades and regiments; and, I believe, I am safe in saying that many of the men never lived better before nor since, than they did while on the march through Georgia. While on the subject of the bummers, I must mention a somewhat amusing incident that befel a party belonging to our regiment. They were out foraging, and had made a seizure of a quantity of wine or spirits. It immediately put the party, six in number, into high spirits, and they proceeded on, ahead of the advance guard. They at last came in view of an entrenchment, over which the muzzles of two guns were visible. The men, or rather "John Barleycorn" within them, suggested that it would be a glorious thing to charge and take the battery without help. The captain in charge was not a drinking man, but he was utterly fearless, and he agreed to lead them. He was on horseback, and led them along the road to the attack. They had not proceeded far, however, when one of the guns belched forth a charge of grape and down went the captain's horse. Nothing daunted, they persevered, when the other gun sent its contents among them, hitting one of the men in the fleshy part of the leg. They now began to think "discretion the better part of valor," and beat a precipitate retreat, taking their wounded comrade along with them; and making the Confederates, as we afterwards learned, think that they were either domons or madmen. The best of the joke was, that the poor fellow who got

wounded, instead of getting any praise for his valor, on coming into camp, was immediately placed in charge of the guard for being drunk. Thus the march went on, day after day, almost without intermission, and with scarcely an interruption of any kind. Sometimes a bridge would be burned down, or a marshy road had to be "corduroyed," which would necessitate a half-day's delay, but nothing more. This corduroying was a great feature of the march, and was done with great rapidity. When a road was impassable for wagons or artillery, a number of men were scattered along it with axes, and by cutting down trees and laying them across, soon made a good passable road. The mules did their duty nobly, and evinced little of the stubbornness usually attributed to their progenitors. Almost never was there a "stick in the mud," and if by chance there was, the men gathered round with a will, and literally lifted the team out of the mire. The greatest good-humor prevailed, and the General did everything in his power to encourage it. Stories of his geniality passed round and helped to promote this. One I think worth repeating.

On one occasion, he rode up to a planter's house, while the boys were taking an inventory of the Confederate's effects; most of his household goods being on the road in front of his house. Learning that it was General Sherman who approached, the sufferer remonstrated, remarking that the men were carrying away all his effects. Considering that the man deserved some punishment, the general replied: "Well, why don't you take some? you have as much right to them as they have." On this "Johnny Reb" wisely concluded to abide the course of events, and be content with what was left. On the whole, however, the planters and

citizens generally submitted with a good grace to what was inevitable, and, in many cases, seemed even anxious to contribute to the comfort of the troops. In fact, it was a very common thing for us to hear expressions of the greatest loyalty to the United States Government from some of those planters; but, of course, we knew, that under the then existing state of things, such expressions would stand a very liberal discount.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ARRIVAL AT AND CAPTURE OF SAVANNAH.

During the greater part of the march, the wildest surmises were made as to our ultimate destination. Milledgeville Macon, and the principal inland towns of Georgia, had been visited by one or other of the corps, and all had fallen into our hands, almost without resistance. Our corps passed through Milledgeville, the capital of the State, but neither Governor Brown nor his co-legislators stayed to welcome us. The place was not molested, the corps passing through it without even stopping. After passing this point, the weather became agreeably warm, though it was now the end of November; and no inconvenience was felt by the men in sleeping on the ground without tents or shelter of any kind. They lived well, and, unless in regard to clothing, were in better condition than when we left Atlanta. The Government were at little or no cost for food, as the only articles supplied by the quartermaster's department

were coffee and sugar. The mules were better, in fact were different stock, as we took the planters' mules, and left our old worn-out ones in their stead. It has been said that "all is fair in love and war;" but, I dare say, it was rather difficult for some of the Georgians to subscribe to the statement. About the middle of December, we were approaching the sea-coast, and it was now generally known that we were bound for Savannah. Although the march had more the appearance of a pleasure excursion than that of an army going through a hostile country, all were pleased at the prospect of its termination. We had, of course, had no news from the loyal portion of the country, and were anxious to know what had been transpiring in Virginia and elsewhere. From prisoners we occasionally heard rumours, but they could not be relied on. In the north, great anxiety had also been felt regarding us, as nothing but misapprehensions, through the rebel papers, had been heard of us since we left Atlanta. Whatever may be said to the contrary, there can be no doubt that Southern editors, either by coercion of the Confederate Government or choice, kept the people very badly informed as to the true state of matters during the war. I heard of a somewhat ludicrous illustration of this. A foraging party in advance of, or at least away from, the main body of the army, went into a small planter's barn-yard to take some fodder. The man was perfectly thunder-struck on seeing soldiers in the United States uniform, and on being told that they belonged to Sherman's army that was close by, exclaimed: "Well, I declare that beats everything! Here have I been reading every day how Mr. Hood was whipping Mr. Sherman, and the first thing I do know is that you are here helping yourselves to

my fodder. There must be something wrong somewhere, and I fear that it is not far from home." The fact that a hostile army could walk with impunity through one of their largest States, and supply itself with everything it required, seemed to take them all aback, and did much to destroy confidence in the cause. Another very serious injury—in fact, a fatal one—which those raids inflicted on the South, was the wholesale destruction of railroads which we practised. Expert men were detailed to superintend this, and a brigade could destroy 20 miles of road in a day. Each regiment got so much allotted to it, the rails were torn up by crowbars, the sleepers made into piles, with the rails crosswise on top, the sleepers were set on fire, and before they burned out the rails were red-hot, and bent with their own weight. Sometimes they were taken by the ends and twisted round telegraph poles like wire, rendering them forever useless as rails, until re-rolled in a mill. At last we arrived at Savannah, having marched about three hundred miles in a little over a month—the precise number of days I forget. Without the least delay, each corps, as it came up, was assigned a position along the rebel defences, which were of a very formidable character. The northern and western exposure of the city is very swampy; a great portion of the country being rice-lands, which, at certain seasons of the year, like the ancient land of Egypt, is submerged. Naturally, Savannah is a strong place, and everything had been done to make it stronger. Earthworks had been thrown up all around, and heavy guns were in position. General Hardy commanded, and was supposed to have abundant supplies, and about 12,000 men. Had he thought best to defend the place, he might have held out for almost an

indefinite time ; but he thought otherwise, for after about a week's show of resistance, and after Sherman, by a rapid movement and a little sharp fighting, had got the forts below the city on the river, Hardy, one night, got away through the rice-fields, with nearly his whole army, leaving us his guns and a city full of population and wealth. An immense quantity of cotton came into Sherman's possession, and was shipped off to New York on Government account. I write these sketches from memory, and cannot be precise in anything, but the value was several millions of dollars. The citizens received the Union troops joyfully, and the greatest order and quiet prevailed. The former Mayor and Town Council immediately declared for the old government, intimating that their secession proclivities had ceased ; and Savannah was "reconstructed" immediately. This easy acquiescence in the new order of things, on the part of the people of Savannah, procured them the hearty ill-will and abuse of the Confederates generally, but more particularly that of the chivalry of South Carolina. In fact, those fire-eaters denounced the whole State of Georgia as cowardly and lukewarm, for not having eaten up Sherman and his army. The Charleston and other South Carolina papers contained the most furious articles imaginable. They were to "strip to the waist," and make their territory the arena of the war, should Sherman venture thither. In short, there was no end to the valiant things they were going to do, on the first opportunity. Now, the poor Georgians ill deserved this abuse, for the soldiers of that State had fought like heroes at Atlanta ; and from the way in which Hood had been beguiled, there were not men enough in the State to offer any effectual resistance to the seventy thousand men

which Sherman commanded, and therefore they acted wisely in making no resistance at all. And, moreover, the South Carolinians acted very foolishly for their own interests, for they inflamed the minds of Sherman's men with bitter feelings towards them, and brought down upon themselves, and other innocent parties, the most sweeping decimation. The people of Georgia had been comparatively well treated. Their houses, excepting those of a few leading secessionists, were all spared, and nothing was taken from them but what was absolutely necessary. In fact, their own soldiers did the same thing, only they gave receipts for the property taken; which receipts purported to be a voucher against the Confederate Government, which of course were worthless at the close of the war, and even then only possessed a nominal value. I often felt grieved to see the poor people pillaged of everything by friends on the one hand and enemies on the other. It was also fearful to see the marks of ruin left through one of the finest countries imaginable;—bridges burned, fences (a considerable item of value to a planter) torn down and reduced to ashes by camp-fires, and all the other devastating marks of an army's progress. The negroes too, left their masters by hundreds: but perhaps that was no great loss, as some of the planters must have been at a loss for the means of feeding them, after having been visited by the bummers.

To sum up in a rough way, and in a few words, the result of this march through Georgia, I may say that it cost the State many millions of dollars, in loss of property and slaves; it cost the loss of nearly all the railroads through the State, thereby curtailing supplies of every kind to Lee's army, besides hindering the transportation of men and

materials of war ; and last, but not least, it gave a rude and violent shock to confidence all through the South—so much so that Georgia and Florida took into serious consideration a voluntary returning to the Union. All this would have been enough to render Sherman famous ; but he had other laurels yet to win, and nobly he won them, as will be seen in the succeeding chapters.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE CAROLINAS.

When preparations began to be made for another campaign, it was not very difficult to guess the scene of future operations. Charleston still held out as vigorously as ever, notwithstanding all that had been done by land and sea to reduce it. The South Carolinians, the originators of the war, were as defiant as ever, and, as I have already hinted, by their recent bravado had invited the invasion of their territory. If such really was their wish, they were not long in being gratified, for Sherman soon had his preparations made, and, with precisely the same army with which he had marched through Georgia, prepared for the invasion of the land of Chivalry. As before, the different corps took different routes, but within supporting distance of each other, and, about the beginning of February, all were in motion. Our corps proceeded northward, on the Georgia side of the

Savannah River, and crossed that stream on to the sacred soil of South Carolina, at a place called Sister's Ferry. We proceeded northward without delay, and without interruption, till we reached a place called Branchville, on the Charleston Railroad. The old process of destroying the road had to be gone through, and it was generally supposed that we were to follow up the road till we arrived at the celebrated stronghold itself. In this we were disappointed, however, for on marching we proceeded north, on the road to Columbia, the capital of the State. Nor was our proceeding to Charleston necessary, for we soon learned that Charleston had been evacuated by the Confederates, without our army being nearer it than a distance of sixty miles. Dis-severed railroads, and the prospect of being completely shut in, had intimidated the defenders of Charleston, and, at last, it was in the hands of the Union troops. This march was very different from that through Georgia. Whether the General had given such orders, or whether the men could not be restrained, I know not; but the track of the army was a perfect scene of desolation. Not a planter's place was spared. If not burned to the ground, the houses were pil-laged and destroyed. In fact, you could scarcely see any-thing of the wooden houses remaining but chimneys, stand-ing ghost-like to mark where wealth and splendor had so lately spread their allurements. As a general thing, the houses were unoccupied, the inhabitants having left and followed the retreating Confederate army, or sought shelter in cities that lay out of the line of march. Plate and valu-ables were generally hid away; and great was the anxiety of the men to find the depositories. The negroes very fre-quently revealed these, and oftener than once were stores of

jewellery and money thus discovered. As soon as the army went into camp, you would see men wandering in all directions in search of spoil. The usual implement carried was the iron ramrod of the rifle, which was sure to descend into all mounds of newly-dug earth, or suspicious plots of garden ground; and, I am ashamed to say, not unfrequently into newly-made graves, as one or two discoveries had been made, through information of negroes, in the sacred precincts of burial grounds. Newly-made graves were, therefore, objects of special interest; and I remember a somewhat good joke, at the expense of two men belonging to our regiment, who got by it the appellation of the "the resurrectionists." One evening, on going into camp, they discovered something like a small grave, not far from camp, and were sure that it contained something worth digging for. Lest any one should share their treasure, they resolved to wait till after dark before commencing operations. When all was quiet, they repaired with spade and mattock to the spot, and began to unearth the valuables. One held a candle while the other dug, all unconscious that a person lay in ambush watching them. After they had both got a good sweat, they came to something carefully wrapt up in a blanket, and with eager haste pulled up—not a bag of gold, but the corpse of a young negro. They had worked hard in digging the hole, but I believe they used greater energy in filling it up again.

At last the army reached Columbia, the beautiful capital of South Carolina. A feeble resistance was made, and it fell into our hands. Almost at the same instant, it was on fire in several places, and, before the fire could be extinguished, the greater part of the city was in ashes. The Southerners blamed this upon the Union army, but there is

very good reason to believe that it was their own act. At any rate, there seems something meet in the order of things, that the city where the plot of rebellion was hatched, and the first ordinance of secession was passed, leading so many thousands into misery and death, should meet with some signal chastisement. Oh! how bitterly must those fiery secessionists have felt, at seeing Union soldiers striving to stay the flames that were reducing their once proud and beautiful city to a heap of ruins.

Next day, the army proceeded on its way northward, its course as before, being marked by devastation and ruin; and, notwithstanding all their boasting, the South Carolinians were not a whit more valiant than the people of Georgia, in fact not so much so. Here there was an army, as the garrisons of Savannah and Charleston had been collected into a body, and were retreating northward before us, without a show of opposition. It is true the poor bummers suffered more severely, many of them being taken prisoners; and not a few were found barbarously murdered, with insulting inscriptions pinned to their bodies. This thing went so far that Sherman threatened to retaliate, which had the effect of somewhat checking it. At last we got into North Carolina, and immediately a perceptible change took place in the conduct of the men; scarcely a house was burned, and, as in Georgia, there was very little wanton destruction. Spring was advancing; and rich in blossom. The weather was agreeable, and it was quite romantic to traverse those gigantic pine forests during the day, and to see them illuminated by thousands of camp-fires at night. We had got pretty well north in the State before we met with any opposition, but eventually met with our old friend, General

J. Johnston, at the head of the concentrated Southern Army, He was entrenched in the woods, near Bentonville, and meant evidently to do mischief. The 14th and 20th corps, with whom General Sherman was, at the time, encountered him, and a general battle immediately ensued. I saw only a part of it, of course, and cannot pretend to give a particular description of the affair without being indebted to others ; but this I can tell, that the Confederates fought as if everything depended upon the result, which in a measure was the case. as we were marching on Goldsboro' not far distant, where General Sherman expected to be reinforced by troops under General Schofield. They were behind breast-works, from which, during the first day, we could do nothing to dislodge them. The next day the fight was resumed, and raged with great fury. The two armies were so close together that sometimes, in their evolutions they actually changed sides of the breastworks. A rebel officer came running up to our regiment with a box of amunition, and found he was in the *wrong box*, having mistaken us for his own regiment. Of course, he was provided with board for the future. The battle continued till dark on the second day ; but, when day dawned again, the Confederate defences were forsaken, and their army on quick march for Raleigh. We immediately proceeded on, and reached Goldsboro, where we went into camp ; the men being much worn out, both in body and clothing, in fact their uniforms were now of a highly romantic and varegated character, many of the men more resembling so many scarecrows, after a summer campaign, than United States soldiers. The campaign had been a most arduous one, not only on account of the distance travelled, but on account of the physical difficulties overcome. In its

course, we had crossed numerous rivers, including the Savannah, the Edisto, the Santee, the Pedee, the Combahee, the Cape Fear, and others of less note, every one of which had to be pontooned, as the rebels invariably destroyed the bridges, and used every artifice to impede our progress. But our arrangements for meeting such emergencies were perfect, the pontoon train being under most efficient management. It was no unusual thing for us to encamp on the bank of one of those rivers, several hundred yards wide, in the evening, and before evening of the following day, a pontoon bridge would be thrown across, and the army, with artillery and waggon train, would be on the opposite side.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CONCLUSION.

After having rested his army for a considerable time at Goldsboro', Sherman was again preparing for a movement, when we received news of a very encouraging character from Virginia. Grant was pressing Lee very hard, and everything belokened a crisis was at hand. At last we started after Johnston, who was supposed to be at Raleigh; and never did the army proceed on the march with greater spirit, almost every soldier being impressed with the idea that it was to prove his last campaign. The communications with the south and west were now completely dis severed, and the war was reduced to a comparatively narrow compass. On reaching Raleigh, we found that the Confederates had left

making in the direction of Greenboro. We immediately followed up, and had come almost up with Johnston's army when the—to us—glorious news of Lee's surrender reached us. A truce was immediately made, and the negotiations entered into between General Sherman and Johnston, for the surrender of the Confederate army. I shall not attempt to explain those negotiations, as all who read the newspapers of the period, will know more about them than I do. Suffice it to say, that the surrender was at last made, and the Union Army immediately marched for Richmond. After a few days' delay there, which afforded but little opportunity of viewing the scenes of the fierce struggle for which Richmond will ever be memorable, we again started for Washington, where we at last arrived; and our brigade encamped on almost the same ground where we had been previous to joining Sherman's army. In the *interim* we had travelled several thousand miles,—at least 2,000 of it on foot,—and were now here, the war over, and every one jubilant at the idea of returning to civil life. After spending a month or two in the neighborhood of Washington, during which, there was a grand review of the whole army, we were mustered out, and sent home to our respective States, our regiment arriving in New York, and there receiving the arrears of pay and bounty due. This might seem a fitting opportunity for moralizing on the evils of war; but I will leave others more capable to indulge in the reflections which such a theme suggests, contenting myself with having narrated the bare and simple facts and incidents, as I remember to have seen them.

And now I must close these sketches, which have assumed different dimensions and shape from what was originally intended. They were begun with the intention

of showing the curious phases in life through which intemperance will drag a man, and how baneful it is in all its influences. Much more might be quoted from my experience, both painful and ludicrous; but I forbear, and shall close by saying, that, after leaving the army with several hundred dollars in money, I again relapsed into former habits, instead of embracing opportunities which offered of retrieving my fortune; or, at least, of getting into a respectable position. My experience was a series of good resolutions, and temporary efforts after reformation, with another plunge into the abyss of intemperance and disgrace. I went home to Scotland, and remained two years, during which I was heartily striving after a new line of life, and in the main was successful. But the "Land of the West" seems to have irresistible charms for me; and here I am in Canada pledged to total abstinence, and hoping to become a respectable citizen of the New Dominion. I have felt no inconvenience in keeping my pledge,—in fact I never was more comfortable or contented; and my earnest and emphatic advice to all who, like me, have suffered by this fearful scourge is, "Go and do likewise." It is the only safety, the only hope. Fallen brother, try it—surely you do not wish to live in misery and disgrace, and at last to reel into the presence of the Great Eternal, a drivelling drunkard! I shall conclude with a few lines, which have already appeared in the *Witness*, but which I think may fitly close these unpretending "Notes of a Checkered Life:"

INTEMPERANCE.

What tongue can tell the misery
That drink has caused to me?—
Once happy as the mountain rill
That seeks the flowery lea.

Now all my mirth is hushed and still,
 As Arctic's frozen sea,—
 The murmers of the happy past
 Are all that's left to me.

I once had friends, a joyous heart ;
 But neither now have I,—
 Nor dare I hope again to have,
 Until the day I die.
 The loss of wealth I grieve not for,
 Though gained from many a sea ;
 Yet that, and treasurers greater far,
 Has strong drink snatched from me.

And, worse than all, though I have been
 Where fell the great and brave,
 And I for one would rather die
 Than live to be a slave ;
 And though I've fought the demon Drink
 With all my might and main,—
 Yet all believe that I'm content
 To hug his frightful chain.

Great God, thy power is infinite :
 Whate'er my sins may be,—
 Oh, see my helpless agony,
 And set the prisoner free.
 And then, perchance, when much forgiven,
 In love I'll more abound.
 And sing that, through thy heavenly love,
 "The farthest lost is found."

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

In these days of military tastes and of Volunteer Associations, it may interest a few to hear a brief account of some of the singular escapes which occur in battle, by an ex-volunteer who has had some experience in the field. It was my lot to belong to the United States Volunteer Army throughout the late rebellion, and the position which I occupied gave me opportunities of witnessing many singular deaths,

and some still more singular escapes. In the following brief paper, I shall relate some of the latter which came under my own observation, or for the authenticity of which I can vouch. But, first, let me say a word about the different methods employed in modern warfare for the destruction of human life. Indeed, I may say that there is only one method; for fire-arms, in one shape or other, are almost exclusively the weapons used, swords or bayonets being very rarely brought into requisition. Still there are different branches of the military service, each branch having arms more or less different from the others. I have heard the different departments of an army classified in the following manner, cavalry for show, artillery for fright, and infantry for execution. I will not say that this is correct; but there is a great degree of correctness in the classification, at least, as regards the place assigned to infantry. Round shot, commonly known as cannon balls, are rarely used save in sieges, or in clearing away some obstacle to the advance of an army. Shell, again, are generally employed in discovering the position of an enemy, or at the commencement of an action; but when the work begins in earnest, the rifle is the weapon relied on; and ugly neighbours those rifle bullets are, their peculiar "whiz zip," when they pass your ear and strike some object near, having far from a soothing effect upon people of a nervous disposition. The deaths from round shot are comparatively rare, yet those missiles are sometimes alarming enough. On one occasion a down-east or Yankee regiment were employed as skirmishers; as the column neared the enemy's position, a round shot, from a battery, struck in front of a tall, raw Vermonter, who had heard that in such a case it was safest to take up a position

where the shot struck, from the unlikelihood of two shots striking the same spot. He adopted this theory, but had scarcely taken up his position when a second shot dug up the ground within a foot or two of him. Our hero speedily evacuated his position, afterwards remarking that it did not strike exactly the same spot but came so alarmingly near that he thought he had better keep moving. On another occasion, our regiment was employed as skirmishers, and while one of the men was crossing a fence, the top rail, on which he stood, was splintered to atoms by a round shot, without his receiving any injury. At the siege of Atlanta, while our brigade was moving from one position to another, it exposed itself to a rebel battery, which opened on us with shell and round shot. The men were in what is called heavy marching order, that is, they carried all their effects with them; and a corporal of our regiment had his knapsack struck from his back by a round shot, a twelve-pounder, and had all his wardrobe scattered to the winds, without himself receiving any injury. The knapsack was old and straps somewhat decayed, or he would not have escaped so easily.

Shell are much more deadly, and when dropped among a body of men usually do great damage, besides being very apt to demoralize or cause panic among troops. The most remarkable escape from a shell with which I am acquainted, occurred in the experience of a Scotch sergeant belonging to our regiment, at the time we were stationed at Fort Pickens, in Florida. The fort was on a small sandy island in the Gulf of Mexico, about a mile from the mainland of Florida. On the mainland, the confederates held Fort McRae, Barrancas, and the Navy Yard. Besides Fort Pickens, we had

several sand batteries, and the company to which our Scotch sergeant belonged was in charge of one of these batteries. On New Year's Day, 1862, a bombardment of these forts was commenced by General Brown, the Federal commander. At the close of the first day's bombardment, the sergeant was sitting in his hut behind the battery making out a detail of men for the following day, when along came a rifled shell from Fort Barrancas, knocking the book on which he was writing out of his hand, demolishing the hut, digging an immense hole in the sand, blowing the sergeant about ten feet in the air, and taking the leg off a man who stood about fifty feet behind the hut. The sergeant descended into the excavation made by the shell, where nothing but his head was visible, the loose sand having gathered round him. Another Scotchman who lived with the sergeant in the hut came up to gather up the remains of his comrade, and could scarce preserve his gravity, when the supposed dead man greeted him with the exclamation, "I declare, Jock, our shonty's gone!" Strange as it may seem, the sergeant had not a scratch, yet the book on which he had been writing was found cut in two diagonally, as if the operation had been performed with a knife.

One of the grandest sights that I remember to have seen during the war, I witnessed at this station some months after the occurrence of the incident above mentioned. The sergeant had got his hut rebuilt; and, as he could tell a good story, sing a good song, and was withal a genial kind of soul. I was in the habit of spending an evening with him occasionally; often, you may be sure, talking of bonny Scotland, and the scenes of our earlier years. One evening I had been with him pretty late, and returned to my quarters when the

camp was still as the grave, all apparently being asleep save the sentries on duty. It was a beautiful night in May, and I was taking a farewell view of the heavens and the beautiful bay before entering my tent, when I saw a most brilliant white light on Fort McRae. Instantly a similar one appeared on Barrancas, and thereafter at the Navy Yard. Evidently, it was a signal of some kind, and the sentries, of course, immediately reported it. Before many minutes, these forts, along with the Navy Yard and Marine Hospital, were enveloped in flames of the fiercest character. It soon became evident that the Confederates were evacuating the forts, and wished to destroy everything before doing so. The forts must have been filled with combustibles, such as tar and resin, for the flames literally illuminated the heavens as with living gold. High in the heavens, clouds of lurid smoke formed a canopy to the elemental war below, and soon another element of grandeur was added to the scene. Our commanding officer, rightly judging that the Confederates were destroying the government property, opened on them with shells from the fort. Mortar shells were principally used, and added a new feature to the scene. Mortars are short, wide cannon, and the shell fired from them have a fuse which ignites when the mortar is fired, and is of the length sufficient to burn till the shell reaches the object aimed at. According to the distance of that object those mortars are elevated; so that at the distance of a mile the elevation would perhaps be 45 or 50 degrees. The shell therefore describes a parabola, and as it revolves through the air at night, you can watch its course as I did on this occasion; the fuse twinkling like a star of the first magnitude, till the shell burst among the clouds of lurid smoke,

illuminating them as you have seen sheet-lightning illuminate a murky cloud on a summer evening. This grand spectacle continued throughout the night, and I am sure can never be forgotten by any one who witnessed it. The unnaturalness of the contest impressed me very powerfully about this time. Here were two sections of a powerful nation, lately united in the closest amity and prosperity, now endeavoring to destroy the lives of each other as well as the common property of both. Each faction was perfectly sincere in their belief, that they were fighting for a pure principle, and, above all, for liberty.

But this is a digression, and I must return to my narration of incidents. Another very singular escape from a shell occurred at the siege of Atlanta, in Georgia. Colonel G—— of our regiment was commanding the brigade, the regiment being under command of the major. One morning, these gentlemen were at breakfast together in the major's tent, immediately inside of the breast-works, which were composed of large trees piled one on top of the other, and banked up with earth. This breast-work formed one side of the tent, and just as they were in the act of sitting down to their repast, a rebel shell came along straight through the breast-work into the tent. Most fortunately for the inmates it did not explode; but being a conical shell struck between the logs forming the breast-work, projecting about four inches directly in front of the colonel. The concussion upset the table as well as the major and his man, scattering earth and *débris* all around. The colonel, who was a remarkably cool man, and afterwards lost his life at the battle of Jonesboro, kept his seat, and when order was somewhat restored, exclaimed with considerable warmth, "That stupid Johnny has

completely spoiled our ham and eggs!" I must here explain that the Union or Federal soldiers always called the rebels, or Confederates, Johnnies, and they in turn called all Northern soldiers Yankees, although the term properly applies only to the people of the New England States; the term Yankee being a corruption or modification of an Indian word, signifying English, as applied by the Indians to the original settlers in the Eastern States.

I shall now give a few instances of escapes from rifle shot, but they must be understood as modified escapes; namely, from death after the man had been wounded in what would seem a fatal manner. I might give instances of men whose lives had been saved, through a ball having been intercepted by a book or other object in a pocket, by a canteen, a cartridge-box, or other appendage; but, in an engagement of any consequence, almost everyone has had so many bullets near him, if not through his clothes, that the escape is not considered wonderful unless he has lost some trifling convenience, such as a toe, a finger, or even a piece of his scalp, admonishing him that, had he been an inch taller, it would have been all up with him. I know more than one, who wear a silver plate in the upper story, to keep the air from their brain, and who yet enjoy tolerable health.

The first escape I shall notice was that of a sergeant at the battle of Jonesboro, a very sharp affair, and which, by the by, decided the fate of Atlanta. A sergeant was cheering and gesticulating at a great rate, when a rebel bullet literally stopped his noise by entering his mouth, performing an extensive dental operation in its course, and coming out at the back of his neck, narrowly escaping the vertebræ. After having been some time in hospital, and his wound

being to all appearance almost healed, it again became much swollen, suppurated, and discharged four or five of his grinders, after which, it very sensibly healed up, and gave him no further trouble.

Another very remarkable case was that of Captain C——, at the same fight. He was struck by a rifle shot in the stomach, the ball coming out at his back, yet he recovered; and, when last I saw him, was as healthy looking a man as you could wish to meet with. But there is no use in particularizing. The wounds from rifle-shot are so numerous that you can in an hospital, after a battle, see men who have been shot in almost every part of the body, and yet recover. On the other hand, many who seem to have very unimportant wounds die. And here, although it be foreign to the subject with which I commenced, I must say that, during the late war, many of these poor wounded fellows got very poor attendance. It cannot be denied that the Government, and even the citizens—particularly the ladies—did everything possible for their benefit; but, after one of those large slaughterings, the wounded were so numerous that it was impossible to bestow proper attention upon all. But it cannot be denied that there was a want of medical experience among the army physicians. Too many medical students and apothecaries, without a degree, were admitted through favor, or through want of better, to the rank of army surgeon. I remember of hearing a very good story as a hit at this class. It may be true, though I do not vouch for its correctness. A poor Irishman had got wounded in the arm, and had submitted without a murmur to amputation. The surgeon, who

was noted for his roughness, complimented the poor fellow upon his great nerve; remarking that, on that account, he would have made an excellent doctor. Pat replied, "An' sure wasn't it myself that was next thing to a doctor afore I joined the army." "Indeed," said the doctor, "you were a druggist, then." "No," replied Pat, "but I was a butcher."

Let me, in concluding this short paper, hope that our New Dominion may long be spared the miseries of war; for, though there may be considerable "pomp and circumstance of glorious war" in a field-day or a review, there is precious little of it in actual warfare, as many of our Crimean heroes can tell.

I shall now conclude this rambling paper, with a few verses on the subject of war. I consider them very beautiful, but am unable to give the author's name:—

I looked on the field where the battle was spread,
 Where thousands stood forth in their glancing array,
 And the beam from the steel of the valiant was shed
 Through the dim rolling clouds that o'ershadow the fray.

I saw the dark forest of lances appear;
 As the ears of the harvest unnumbered they stood;
 I heard the stern shout of the foeman draw near,
 Like the storm that lays low the proud pines of the wood.

Afar the harsh notes of the war-drum were rolled,
 Uprising the wolf from the depth of his lair;
 On high, to the wind, streamed the banner's red fold,
 O'er the death-close of hate and the scowl of despair.

I looked on the field of contention again,
When the sabre was sheathed and tempest had passed :
The wild weed and thistle grew rank on the plain,
And the fern softly sighed in the low, wailing blast.

Unmoved lay the lake in its hours of repose,
And bright shone the stars through the sky's deepened blue,
And sweetly the song of the night-bird arose
Where the fox-glove lay gemmed with its pearl-drops of dew.

But where swept the ranks of that dark, frowning host,
As the ocean in might, as the storm-cloud in speed?
Where now were the thunders of victory's boast,
The slayer's dread wrath, and the strength of the steed?

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