



WHAT DID THE PRIVATES DO?

BY J. S. ELLIS.  
 Our dainties seem with  
 darning deeds,  
 And books are filled  
 with fame,  
 Brass bands will play  
 and cannons roar  
 In honor of the name  
 Of men who held com-  
 missions and  
 Were honest, brave,  
 and true:  
 But still the question  
 comes to me,  
 "What did the privates do?"

Who were the men to guard the camp  
 When foes were hovering round?  
 Who dug the graves of comrades dear?  
 Who laid them in the ground?  
 Who tent the dying message home  
 To these he never knew?  
 Who did all these things?  
 "What did the privates do?"

Who were the men to fill the place  
 Of comrades slain in strife?  
 Who were the men to risk their own  
 To save a comrade's life?  
 Who lived on salted pork  
 And bread too hard to chew?  
 Who did all this alone?  
 "What did the privates do?"

Who laid in bits on rainy nights,  
 All eager for the fray?  
 Who marched beneath the scorching sun  
 Through many a toilsome day?  
 Who paid the soldier's double price  
 And scanty rations drew?  
 Who did all this alone?  
 "What did the privates do?"

Then, what did privates do?  
 All honor to the brave old boys  
 Who rallied at the call!  
 Without regard to name or rank,  
 We honor one and all.  
 They're passing ever on, by one,  
 And soon they'll all be gone  
 To where the books will surely show,  
 Just what the privates done.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

ABEL shaded her eyes with her hand and looked toward the hills. The sun was half-way down toward the western horizon, shining from an unclouded sky, and everything was brought into full relief.

"Look mother!" she cried, with stretched hand.

"What is it?"

"A man. He is coming this way." The widow presently saw him. He came rapidly over the crest of the hill, looked back, ran a little way down the slope, and then at a more deliberate pace descended to the level meadow. This he crossed without stopping, climbed the fence, came across the road, and made for the house, where he saw the women in the doorway.

"He took off his cap and spoke."

"May I come in? I am tired and thirsty."

"Yes," said Mrs. Gorton. "Come in."

He followed them into the trim and tidy sitting room. He hesitated at the door.

"I am dirty and dusty," he said. "I am not fit for so nice a room."

Mabel eyed him furtively from the kitchen doorway. Her mother went straight up to him.

"You are a soldier of the Union," she said; "I see that by your dress. You have been fighting to-day in the battle over yonder. My husband was killed at Fort Donelson. You are welcome to all I can give you."

He looked his thanks; but under those powder-stained lips and dust and sweat-begrimed features it was impossible to tell what kind of a face he had hidden. Yet Mabel observed that his eyes were blue and bright, and that his hair, when not matted with sweat and dust, was brown and curly. The widow noted with swift compassion the rugged sleeve of his blue blouse.

"Are you wounded?" she asked.

"O, no; but 'twas a narrow escape. A hot piece of shell tore blouse and shirt-sleeve, and killed the man next me; but I'm not hurt."

"Come up stairs," said Mrs. Gorton. "I'll lay out a suit of Abner's summer clothes. You shall take off this hot, dirty flannel, wash yourself clean, and put on a cool suit. Come, my boy; I'll see to you."

In a few moments the widow came down again. Sudden shocks still agitated the air, but they came from points more and more remote, and near sunset all sounds of firing had died in the distance. It seemed quite plain, the widow observed, that the Union army had the better of it.

The table had been set for tea, when the soldier again made his appearance. Neither of the women would have known him had he entered the room from any other quarter than the stairway. He had a slight, boyish figure and still more boyish face, ruddy cheeks, laughing eyes and mouth, and brown hair that ran in curls all over his head. Not even the

raiment of the late Abner Gorton, decidedly large for him, could detract a particle from the manly beauty of this Union straggler.

He sat at the table with them, and as he ate and drank they heard his story of the battle. A flush covered his face as he eagerly sought to disclaim the character in which he feared they would regard him.

"I'm not a deserter—not I—and hardly a straggler; or, if I am a straggler, there were hundreds more like me, and I couldn't help it any more than they could. I belong to the Iowa Regiment; I have been in the service more than a year, and this isn't my first battle, nor my second. My regiment was on one of the flanks over there, and was harder pressed than it could stand. We fought for more than an hour, and broke when we couldn't help it. When a regiment breaks in battle, it's mighty hard to get the pieces together, now, I tell you! I wandered off this way, wanting to take a breath and get a drink of water, and I got here before I knew where I was. I shouldn't have thrown away my gun—but," and he laughed, "the best of soldiers get demoralized sometimes. A good night's rest will do everything for me, if you'll be so kind as to give me a bed; and then I'll brush up my soldier-clothes, and, perhaps you'll mend my ragged sleeve, ma'am—and I'll hurry along after our army, and take one from the report of 'missing.'"

He sat up late with the widow and her daughter that warm summer night, talking with them about the war, about the dead soldier of this little lonely family, about his own home and mother and sisters near Burlington, in distant Iowa. He talked well and pleasantly; he did most of the talking; and after he had retired, it was Mrs. Gorton who said, with a sigh:

"It seems too bad for that dear boy to go back to the army to-morrow. How beautifully he talked about your poor father!"

Mabel was silent.

"But I suppose he must."

The widow thought it hard; yet she slept with her accustomed serenity. But Mabel's thoughts kept her awake till well toward midnight.

The morrow came; breakfast passed, the soldier dusted his uniform, the widow insisted upon washing it out, and when it was dried, carefully mended it. Dinner-time was then at hand, and the guest remained. Gorton's face was serious, as they thought of the parting at hand; but the guest lingered. He talked to them of his duty, of how glad and surprised "the boys" would be when they saw him come back unharmed; but he made no motion to go. The hearts of the two women were gladdened as he stayed.

This branch of his story need not be prolonged. For a week he fought out with himself the stern battle between love and duty—and then he yielded. Mabel burned up his uniform in the kitchen stove; the widow, with her own hands, altered over the dead husband's clothes for him; to the few and scattered neighbors of that section who remarked his presence, it was given out that he was the son of a Kentucky cousin; and in a fortnight from the day when he entered this house as a fugitive from the battle, the soldier and Mabel were united in marriage.

For the next year unceasing torments of soul were his.

Dearly as he loved his young wife, the reproaches of duty were ever in his ears. He heard them, waking and sleeping. He worked the little patch of ground about the house, and marketed its produce with a mule and cart in the city; the theater of war in this State was now far removed from this vicinity; there was nothing but conscience and memory, and the frequent Nashville papers that he read, to remind him of the war and the part that he ought to be playing in it. In silence he suffered, ever maintaining to Mabel and her mother a cheerful, satisfied demeanor. They never knew, never suspected the stings of disregarded duty borne in silence by the ardent Northern volunteer; and when Mabel gave him an infant son she and her mother deemed that his allegiance to this humble home was fixed beyond change.

And so it might have been, but for one of those incidents, suddenly occurring, with which the war was filled.

One of General Morgan's Confederate cavalry raids was threatening the railroads in this part of the State; an infantry brigade from the Union front was hurried back to the exposed point. It so happened that it embraced the regiment of the fugitive soldier. Disembarking from the cars at a point several miles down the road on which Mrs. Gorton's house was situated, the brigade marched past it on its way to the threatened point.

In the back yard, so close to the house that he had seen nothing of this, our fugitive heard the crash of brass music. His wife, pale and agitated, beckoned him in.

"They are Federal soldiers," she said. "Don't let them see you."

He went into the front room and peered through the blinds. With wildly throbbing heart he recognized his lost comrades. He saw the dusty ranks marching by with company front, each stalwart soldier whom he had known and loved with a musket on his shoulder. His face was white.

"Mabel, its my brigade, my regiment!" he cried. "Let me go. I must join them."

For answer she placed his baby in his arms. The chubby hands patted his cheeks and played with his hair. The soldier's head drooped on the window-sill.

"Fetch some water, Mabel," said Mrs. Gorton. "He is faint." He was dead!

A Reminiscence of the Rebellion.

GEN. AVERILL, the dashing trooper, raided up the valley with Sheridan and endeared himself to two generations of Virginians by the homestead he saved from the torch. As he swings down Broadway to his office on a frosty morning he is a soldier every inch of him, barring gray hairs. General Averill was introduced to a young man named Rudd a day or two ago and, it reminded him of a curious incident in his military career. He was at West Point with a Jack Rudd, who afterward became a Major in the Confederate army. On a raid into West Virginia some cavalymen were about to pillage a farm which proved to be no other than Jack Rudd's. It was a tight little patch of arableland right under the mountains. As soon as Averill heard the name of his old classmate, he set a guard over the place, and not a straw was touched. That was in August, 1863. Just a year afterward, at a noted mountain pass called Calhoun's, just twelve miles from the White Sulphur Springs, a Confederate prisoner was brought into General Averill's headquarters, which were in the ambulance, where he slept and read dispatches, and captives looked long and hard at each other, and knew each other once more as "Rudd" and "Averill." And, afterward, when a friendly rap had thawed out twelve years of absence, and Averill had told Rudd how he saved his farm from being pillaged, Rudd exclaimed: "My—man! why, I came within an ace of shooting you dead! I was in ambush on the mountain side and drew a bead on the officer who rode into my front gate, as I thought, to fire the house. I soon saw his kindly intention, though, and am now doubly thankful for what we both escaped."

The following funny extracts are from the diary of a Confederate who was captured during Morgan's raid into Kentucky, in the summer of 1863:

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How New York Doctors Ride.

The doctors of New York have adopted a special vehicle. They now drive in carriages that are similar enough to have been manufactured from one pattern. It is a buggy, with a top or hood which is a complete protection from the weather. It differs from a light trotting buggy, as the box is big, roomy, and comfortable, and the hood is arranged in several joints so that a portion of it may be pushed back at a time. The wheels are almost heavy enough for a light T-catt. The doctors drive two horses, usually handsomely matched, well-built and stylish animals, with docked tails. The coachman is uniformly in snug livery, with corduroys and varnished boots, as the horses are harnessed well to the head of a long pole and the harness usually silver mounted, the whole outfit is decidedly handsome and impressive. There are at least ten or twelve of them in town. They have entirely superseded the brougham among the doctor, because, in the first place, the buggy can be driven much faster than a heavy brougham, and, in the second place, there is no slamming of doors and drafts from windows if they are open. The doctor gets the benefit of the fresh air, going from one place to another, and, as the distances in New York are very great in the practice of more celebrated physicians, speed is of importance. The physicians seem to have struck the right thing in vehicles, and undoubtedly the doctors buggy has come to stay.—New York Sun.

Hotel de Vicksburg.

Bill of Fare for July, 1883.

Mule tail.	SOUP.
Mule bacon, with poke greens	BOILED.
Mule ham, canvassed.	ROAST.
Mule sirloin.	VEGETABLES.
Mule hook, stuffed with soldier buttocks.	ENTREES.
Peas.	Mule head, served a la mode.
Other green things—all in your eye.	Mule beef, jerked a la Mexicana.
Mule head, served a la mode.	Mule ears, iced as a gatch.
Mule beef, jerked a la Mexicana.	Mule side, stewed, new style, hair ea.
Mule ears, iced as a gatch.	Mule spare ribs, plain.
Mule side, stewed, new style, hair ea.	Mule liver, hashed.
Mule spare ribs, plain.	SIDE DISHES.
Mule liver, hashed.	Mule salad.
SIDE DISHES.	Mule hoof souped.
Mule salad.	Mule brains, a la omelette.
Mule hoof souped.	Mule kidney, stuffed with peas.
Mule brains, a la omelette.	Mule tripe, fried in pea meal butter.
Mule kidney, stuffed with peas.	Mule tongue cold, a la Bray.
Mule tripe, fried in pea meal butter.	JELLIES.
Mule tongue cold, a la Bray.	Mule foot.
JELLIES.	PASTRY.
Mule foot.	Pea meal pudding with mule sauce.
PASTRY.	Cottonwood berry pie—without crust.
Pea meal pudding with mule sauce.	Chin a berry tart.
Cottonwood berry pie—without crust.	DESSERT.
Chin a berry tart.	White oak acorns.
DESSERT.	Beech nuts.
White oak acorns.	Blackberry leaf tea.
Beech nuts.	Genuine Confederate coffee.
Blackberry leaf tea.	LICQUORS.
Genuine Confederate coffee.	Mississippi water, vintage of 1492, \$3.
LICQUORS.	Limestone water, late importation, very fine, \$2.75.
Mississippi water, vintage of 1492, \$3.	Spring water, Vicksburg brand, \$1.50.
Limestone water, late importation, very fine, \$2.75.	Meals at all hours. Gentlemen to wait upon themselves. Any inattention on the part of the servants will be promptly reported at the office. JAY DAVIS & CO., PROPRIETORS.
Spring water, Vicksburg brand, \$1.50.	CARD—The proprietors of the justly celebrated Hotel de Vicksburg, having enlarged and refitted the same, are prepared to accommodate all who may favor them with a call. Parties arriving by the river or Grant's inland route will find Grape, Canister & Co.'s carriage at the landing or any depot on the

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We had one child, a bright little fellow about two years old, who by reason of his cute, babyish antics, had become a great favorite with the patrons of the hotel; and they, as a token of their affection, presented him on his second birthday with a diminutive iron bank, in which, each of the miners and teamsters had dropped a silver dollar. As day after day came and went, dollar after dollar found its way into the little treasure box, till it became so heavy that baby could no longer lift it, and I placed it for safe-keeping upon a bracket in my dressing-room.

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use of intruments. Buck, Ball & Co. take charge of all baggage. No pains will be spared to make the visit of all as interesting as possible.

The Colored Sentinel.

During the organization of colored troops in Kentucky, considerable trouble was taken to perfect their knowledge of their duties as sentinels, and to this end many expedients were resorted to. Approaching one of the dusky warriors, on campguard, one bright moonlight night, I was challenged and responded in due form, but a few moments after, expressing a desire to see if his musket was not a rebel one, it was unhesitatingly handed to me. Wishing to impress upon his mind how indiscreet he had been, and the necessity of caution, I stepped quickly back, and bringing the piece to a charge, the bayonet near his breast, I said: "Now, sir! suppose I was a rebel, what would you do?"

After scratching his head for a moment, in the meantime evidently considering the question, he replied: "Well, massa, I doesn't know but I specs I'd run."

This was too much for my gravity, and, I need hardly add, for that time he got off free. The lesson was not lost on him, however, for when, a few nights afterward, a very stormy one, by the way, Lieutenant L. intentionally gave the wrong countersign, he was ordered to mark time, dar!" and the order being complied with, the sentinel unconcernedly resumed the walking of his beat. Lieutenant L. soon tired of this exercise, however, and offered to give the proper counter sign, but it was of no use; every time the Lieutenant relaxed his exertions, down would come the bayonet, and with it the reply, it tones not to be misunderstood: "Mark time, dar! I tell yer! Mark time, dar! No such man as yer got de countersign."

This was kept up for fully half an hour, and the relief was never more heartily welcomed by weary sentinel than it was that night by Lieutenant L.

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would pause, look back with an exultant, devilish expression upon his hideous face, and then swagger off again with a low, gloating chuckle that pierced my heart like a dagger.

In this manner the race was kept up until his hut was reached, when he bounded inside, closed the door with a bang, and then locked it. In vain I pounded upon the door, begged, wept, and pleaded; the brute was as immovable as a rock, and I could hear my poor baby pleading in plaintive, wailing accents for "mamma, mamma, mamma!"

The sound of my lamentations attracted the attention of a score of half-naked, sleepy-looking Indians, who rushed pell-mell from their cabins to learn the cause of the unusual commotion, and to them I renewed my pleading. "No sabel!" was all that I could get out of them, and I returned to the door again knowing that Jack could at least understand me.

He gave me no answer, however, contenting himself with holding an animated confab in his own dialect with his comrades on the outside. What they were talking about of course I could not tell, but I was not to be kept long in ignorance; for I was suddenly seized, dragged to an adjoining hut, and rudely thrust inside. With the sound of the key turning in the lock as I was made a prisoner, and the feeble wail of my child ringing in my ears, I fainted,—the intensity of my mental anguish was more than I could endure.

How long I lay thus I do not know, but when I awoke to consciousness all was silent. I listened, but I could not hear my child's plaintive cry in the adjoining hut. A horrible thought flashed into my mind: Had the demon Jack killed him?

My distracted mind had not yet found the answer when the sound of my door being unlocked was heard, and the next moment Jack entered my presence, locking the door after him. I rushed toward him, and frantically grasped his arm. "My boy! Where is he? What have you done with him?"

The Indian shook me rudely away. "Ugh!" grunted he. "Boy no good! Too much yah! yah! all time,—d—boy!"

I would not be thus put off, and still assailed him with my entreaties. He endured it with stolid indifference for several moments, and then, as if prompted by an uncontrollable impulse, took one hasty stride toward me and rudely clutched my arm. "You tell jail man let my Julia come back!" demanded he savagely.

I told him I would