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THE HERALD

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PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA

AFTER THE MUD MARCH.

AN INCIDENT OF CAMP LIFE SPOILS SUNDAY DINNERS.

How One Regiment Got the Laugh on a Company of Yankees—Jerseymen Feasted on Roast Dog—It Was Then Served to Vermonters as Head Cheese.

Every old soldier of the Army of the Potomac remembers Burnside's mud march. It began on Jan. 22, 1863. This was forty days after his defeat at Fredericksburg. In an effort to retrieve it he followed the example of Charles XII and opened a winter campaign. He tried to strike the Rappahannock some miles above Fredericksburg, cross the river on pontoons and reach Lee's rear. It began to rain on the evening of the 22d, and it rained incessantly for three days. The pontoons never reached the river. They were stuck in seas of mud. Nearly every man in the army was wet to the waist for days in efforts to drag them to dry ground.

The Confederates on the other side of the Rappahannock quickly divined the situation. They stuck up immense placards on the bank of the river bearing such inscription as "Burnside's Army Stuck in the Mud," "Burnside is not McClellan," and other pat sayings. When the sun began to shine and the pontoons went back to its old camp.

Everybody was disheartened. The peninsula veterans, who were stanch McClellan men, shook their heads mournfully, saying, "I told you how it would be." The discontent rose to such a pitch that there was a spirit of mutiny in some of the regiments. Hundreds of desertions occurred every day and the army had no confidence in its commander until Joe Hooker succeeded Burnside.

THE REGIMENTS.
I was a sergeant in Company C of the Twenty-sixth New Jersey volunteers at this time. The New Jersey regiment was part of the Second brigade. This brigade had won a brilliant reputation on the Peninsula and at Antietam. It was known in the Army of the Potomac as the Vermont brigade. It was composed, with the exception of the Jersey regiment, of Vermont troops.

They were tall, ungainly Yankees. They drawled their words, and gave them a peculiar nasal twang. Their feet were so big that the Johnnies compared them to old-fashioned griddles.

A Mississippian once told me they were so big that whenever he killed a Vermont Yankee he had to go up and shove him over before he would tumble.

I saw some captured North Carolinians sent in from the front at the first battle of Fredericksburg. In stature, gait and accent they resembled the Vermonters. I believe that if they had worn the Federal uniform the Vermonters themselves would have taken them for brothers.

We went into camp after the mud march near White Oak church. About two weeks afterward Bill Young, a big Scotchman in our regiment, confiscated a sheep owned by some farmer in the vicinity. He had found a little corpse in an out of the way nook, where he butchered the sheep, hung the carcass to the limb of a tree by its hind legs and dressed it. He had hardly finished the work when he was frightened by a file of men who were approaching the spot. After hastily concealing the carcass he sneaked back to camp.

Two hours later he returned to the corpse. The mutton seemed to be all right. It did not appear to have been disturbed. He avoided collision with the camp guard, and managed to get it to his shelter tent after dark. Then he cut it up and distributed it among his friends in the ranks and the commissioned officers.

DOG INSTEAD OF MUTTON.
Twenty-four hours afterward a Vermont regiment, then commanded by Louis A. Grant, now assistant secretary of war (and by the way, Redfield Proctor was a captain in the same regiment) passed through our camp on picket duty. As they struck company C's street, through which they marched down the hill, they all began to bark like dogs. The Jerseymen rushed from their tents and wondered what the barking meant. The Vermonters kept up the canine demonstration for half a mile, yelling with delight.

Commissioned officers who had par-taken of the mutton were the first to solve the riddle. Some of the cold meat was left. After the Vermont demonstration it did not taste like mutton. It was a little rank, one said, and tasted more like coon meat that hadn't been par-boiled. Many who had received the gift were sick at the stomach.

It turned out that some bright Vermonters had seen Young at work on the sheep. He rang in his comrades and frightened the Scotchman back to camp. Then they stole the carcass, and put in its place the dressed body of an old Newfoundland dog that had been following a Wisconsin brigade.

When the Vermonters returned from picket duty and began to cross our camp the barking was resumed. This time the Jerseymen were ready for them. From 700 throats came the cry: "Head cheese, head cheese, you Yankees!"

This cry gave a pallor to the Vermont faces. Their stomachs were turned. While they were on picket duty some Germans in the Jersey regiment had gathered all of the cold roast dog in camp, turned it into head cheese, and peddled it on the Vermont picket reserve.

Head cheese was a delicacy rarely seen in the army. It had gone like hot cakes. Everybody bought it. Possibly even Secretary Proctor and General Louis A. Grant got their share of it. At all events there was no more barking and no more buying of head cheese on the picket line.—Amos J. Cummings in New York Sun

A Well Known Garment.
Landlady—Oh, Mr. Spendum, a small thief came in and stole your overcoat.

Mr. Spendum (gayly)—No matter, no matter; I'll soon get it back. He'll doubtless attempt to pawn it and every pawnbroker in town knows my overcoat.—Good News.

Prepare to Surrender Your Neckties.

The young man of the period must not be surprised if, when he is off on his vacation and sitting on the hotel piazza with his best summer girl, she should suddenly inform him that the necktie he has on is "very pretty and quite the thing for my rug. Just give it to me when you are done with it, please." Of course he meekly hands it over without so much as asking why, but the reason is soon given and the astonished man finds that she is saying the same thing to all the other fellows. She must need quite a collection.

But what this girl does with them is this: She cuts them into strips about an inch wide and sews them together, forming long strips of varied colors. This is pleasant work for a summer afternoon and the maiden makes a pretty picture, seated with a large box overflowing with daintily colored silks, and while she chatters away and easily sews them together her attendant cavalier winds the long strips into good sized balls. Not a very different picture from that her grand mother made while being assisted to wind a skein of worsted. At the end of the season there will be several large balls and then these are sent to be woven into a soft pretty rug that will grace the hardwood floor of our maiden's room.—New York Sun.

The Fast of Ramadan.

Ramadan, the Mussulman's terrible month of daily fasting, is like the Chinese New Year, governed by the moon. This year, precisely at the moment the new moon became visible on the morning of April 8, Ramadan began and continued throughout the lunar month. The origin of this long fast seems shrouded in mystery, as it is said to have been observed by the fire worshippers long before the time of Mahomet Ali, who thought the command to all true believers to fast for eleven months in the year was too much to require of mortal flesh. Through the angel Gabriel he therefore besought the Great Spirit to reduce the time one-half. Finding this still a heavy trial, he again interceded and got the time fixed at one lunar month, where it still remains. During this awful month nothing in the way of food passes the true Mohammedan's mouth between dawn and sunset. In the morning, as soon as a white thread can be distinguished from a black one, the fast begins.—St. Louis Republic.

Valuable Coverings.

Talk about a ninety dollar gown as a wonder on graduation day in the city! What will you think when you are told that a lady up in Oxford county protects her house plants while out of doors from frosts with a \$300 coat? Early in the month, during the frosty nights, a woman residing in a beautiful village in Oxford county took her husband's old coats to cover up her plants. Several days later he inquired for his coat, and when told the purpose for which it had been used and that probably it was left in the flower garden, said he guessed it had better be brought in, as there was a \$300 roll of bills in the inside pocket, which he had carried there for some time.—Lewiston Journal.

Cold Though Burned.

Calvin Meek, a colored man, who was stealing a ride in the first coach of the passenger train, was found over the engine of that train. When the freight engine moved its way under the coach Meek was thrown up and came down upon the steam drum, to which he was pinned by a mass of wreckage, which was removed after the greatest difficulty. While his injuries were being dressed Meek implored those around him to do something for the intense cold that he felt from his burns, and he begged them not to let him freeze. He asked for a blanket, and kept calling out that he was freezing to death.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An Industrious Turkey.

Henry Curtright, of this township, has the best paying turkey hen in his county. Early in the spring she began laying, and after she had laid the usual number of eggs went to sitting. She was broken from sitting and soon laid another sitting, and this time was permitted to sit and hatched out a brood of young turkeys. During the entire time she was sitting she laid an egg regularly every other day, and since she has been out with her young she has still laid every other day. This information was given us by Mr. Curtright, and he is a truthful man.—Paris (Mo.) Appeal.

Appreciate a Courtesy.

In a recent issue the Japan Gazette says: "We desire to express on behalf of all British residents our recognition of the kindly courtesy displayed by the United States man-of-war in harbor in firing a salute of twenty-one guns in honor of her majesty the queen's birthday when there was no English man-of-war here to do so."

Franklyn W. Lee, author of "A Shred of Lace," is a well known newspaper man of St. Paul, and a descendant of Chancellor Kent. Although but twenty-seven years old he has edited two papers, written a novel and published a volume of verse, both of which have enjoyed wide popularity. He will bring out another story in September.

The average number of men employed by the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific company last year was 11,872 against 11,431 in the preceding year, while the average monthly pay roll was \$595,286, as compared with \$570,014 in the year before—the monthly wages showing an increase from an average of \$49.86 to \$52.33.

The prize fish liar of 1891 is a Dexter man who says the mosquitoes were so thick and so fierce that they ate all the worms off his hook before he could drop it into the water.

A tornado at Trenton, Ga., carried off the roof of a house, leaving a sick man in his bed unharmed but shelterless. His neighbors at once built a temporary shelter over him.

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Time Table

GOING WEST	GOING EAST
No 1, 3:50 a. m.	No 2, 5:00 p. m.
" 3, 5:45 a. m.	" 4, 10:00 a. m.
" 5, 7:25 a. m.	" 6, 7:40 p. m.
" 7, 9:15 a. m.	" 8, 9:40 a. m.
" 9, 11:00 a. m.	" 10, 11:15 a. m.
" 11, 1:00 p. m.	" 12, 3:30 p. m.
" 13, 3:00 p. m.	" 14, 5:30 p. m.

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