

WIFE OF THE STORM

BY THE DUCHESS

CHAPTER X.

It was a charming morning, bright with sunshine, as the captain of the "Merry Maid" sighted Gibraltar; the world was three weeks older than that on that eventful day. Marvel for the first time possessed a name. It had been three weeks of unalloyed enjoyment to her, not a shadow having darkened the days that sped all too swiftly. She was with Fulke, and she was happy. Not that she saw much of him; but she was quite content with the knowledge that he was somewhere near; and she had early learned that she was not to be a "trouble to him"—which meant that she was not to break in upon his moods when he appeared silent and distraught. And he was often so.

At Gibraltar they expected to receive any letters or papers that might have been forwarded to them; and Wriothseley, for two days before they reached it, could hardly restrain the cruel impatience with which he looked forward to the news that the society journals especially might contain. He could see the paragraphs describing how Leonie looked as a bride—each dainty detail of her wedding gown, the list of guests, the false flattering mention of the ancient groom.

It was all terrible to him, and the constant strain, the perpetual dwelling on the one subject, injured him both in mind and body; he grew pale, thin, filled as he was with an undying love for one woman and an undying remorse for another, until at last the pretty, laughing presence of Marvel grew insupportable to him.

Instinctively she felt this, but so vaguely that it hardly rendered her uneasy; but a desire to do something that should please him, that should win her a smile, incited her to be the first to receive the post when it arrived, and to carry it to him herself. He might have thanked her, she thought, for being the one to bring him that post for which he had so wearily, but he had thought of nothing but that stupid paper. She hoped she would never see a number of it again; she would always recollect the color of its cover.

Meantime Wriothseley with a rapid hand turned the pages. Here, there, he looked for the dreaded announcement, but as yet saw nothing. The small society paragraphs did not mention any fashionable wedding in which her name stood prominently. He had drawn a long breath of curious relief, and had just turned a fresh page half carelessly, when a heading in large letters caught his eye:

"Sudden Death of the Duke of Dawtry."

He read it three or four times; and, having mastered it—rather a trouble to him, because of the shock to his brain—he went on quietly reading the rest of the article. Only a few words of it clung to him. "On the eve of his marriage." On the eve! She had not married him then! And now she was free—free! He half started from his seat, forgetting all things but that, and that he must go to her. Then memory returned in its full power—Marvel's face stood out before him, and with a groan he sank back again; then, leaning his arms upon the table, his head fell forward on them.

It was thus that Marvel found him an hour later. She had reported of her short-lived anger, and in a sweet, penitent mood had come back to him. She saw at a glance that it was the paper she had given him that was lying open on the table before her. Something in his attitude frightened her and she came quickly to his side.

"Fulke, what is it?" she asked, nervously, laying her hand upon his shoulder. He started, and looked up, withdrawing sharply from her touch as he did so; and she saw that his face was ghastly.

"Nothing," he said. "I beg you will not worry me now. It is nothing."

"Do not speak to me like that," she entreated, trembling. "Tell me your trouble—let me try to comfort you."

He pushed back his chair and rose to his feet. There was a terrible expression in his eyes as they rested on her.

"You," he said—"you to comfort me—you who have been my undoing! Go, I tell you—leave me; I must be alone!"

"You mean," she began, "she was shivering from head to foot; his manner was so strange, so wild, that she was quite unnerved. 'Fulke, speak to me!'"

"What have I to say—what have you to hear—except that I would I had never seen you?" There was the bitter avowal of truth in his tone; he had lost all control over himself; but, when he had dealt the blow, he felt sobered. "There—forgive me! I hardly know what I say—I told you to go," he said; and then, waiting, knowing yet hardly caring for her pain, so great was his own.

She paused for a moment, as if turned to stone, and then went softly out of the saloon.

She felt stunned, terrified; she crept slowly up the stairs to the deck, where the salt breeze blew upon her face, and in a strange, vague way created in her a desire for tears; but she repressed them, and, seeing a wicker chair on her right hand, went to it and sank down wearily among the cushions.

Her hands fell listlessly upon her lap, and she stared out seaward with hot, strained eyes, to see nothing but a limitless ocean all around her, and, above, a cloudless sky. For the first time the exquisite, smiling beauty of nature seemed to her repellent. Oh, for clouds, for rain, for tempest, for anything save this heartless brilliance! How bad she offended him, that he should look like that—what fault committed, that he should say those dreadful words! He had said she was his undoing! There was something awfully, and it was in that paper—the paper she had given him last! Oh, how unfortunate she was that here should have been the hand to wound! She knew instinctively that he was hurt past healing; but what was it?

The next day Marvel found the paper and deliberately searched it. She felt that she had done attached itself to her for some extraordinary reason. She knew that she must not know of any certain thing that stood between him and her.

She would make no mistake; she would try fully to understand everything, that afterward she might be assured that she had done no wrong in act or thought by leaving him.

The paper was considerably crumpled on one page, as though a hand had involuntarily clutched it; and this she felt was where the mystery lay. She scanned the page hurriedly, and the large startling print of the first heading especially attracted her notice. "Sudden Death of the Duke of Dawtry." She read and re-read it in silent wonderment, and then the paragraph beneath; but Mrs. Scarlett's name was not mentioned there, and she scarcely knew what to think when she had come to the end of it. She knew this, however—that the reading of that article had caused him to look at her with eyes full of hatred; and in a sorrowful, silent way she began to ponder the best way of removing herself forever from his sight.

All through the week she sought for some excuse to offer him, but none came; and at last she determined upon telling him that she wished to return home. This was partly the truth, though to return to the old home—to her beloved Towers—was more, she thought, than she could endure; and if the marriage could be set aside, as she hoped and believed with a passionate misery that it could be, he would be the last to wish her there.

At length, one day toward evening, she summoned all her courage to her aid, and went to where he was, and, standing at some little distance from him with her folded hands tightly clasped, said, tremulously:

"Fulke, may I go home?"

"What?" he said, as one thoroughly amazed. His face changed, and he regarded her with a searching scrutiny.

"What is it you want?"

"To go home," she repeated, with a slight increase of nervousness this time.

He said nothing for a minute or two, spent principally in thinking out her words, and then, with a half smile:

"Yes, I am tired," she said, in a low voice. Her head was bent, and she was twirling her wedding ring round and round her finger in a little, sad, aimless way.

"Well, what is it?" asked he, not unkindly, though some sense of disappointment was irritating him. "There is something else you want to say."

"I wish I had not married you," she said.

The words came so quietly and with such calm distinctness that at first he could hardly believe his ears. Then his brow contracted.

"That is a terrible thing to say. Are you quite sure you mean it?"

"Quite—quite sure." She drew closer to him. "Why should it be terrible?" she asked. "The—our marriage can be undone, can't it?"

It was impossible not to see with what overpowering anxiety she hung upon his answer. It seemed to be a matter of life or death to her—this question as to whether she would or would not have to live the rest of her life as his wife. It was scarcely a flattering thought, and he resented it sorely. And could she indeed be so foolish, so ignorant, as to have a doubt on the subject? He looked at the pale, childish face upraised to his and saw that it was indeed so; but, as he looked, he misjudged the fear in the large eyes, and failed to understand the misery that saddened the young life.

"I am afraid I must tell you something you will not like to hear," he said, very gently. "Our marriage cannot be undone. My wife you must remain until kindly death releases you from me or from you."

"How can there be such a wicked law? It is unjust—horrible!" She clasped her slender hands upon her bosom. "How am I to live," she cried, "with this weight forever on my heart?"

"You are unjust," said Wriothseley, coldly. "I did not compel you to this marriage."

"No; that is it," she said, quickly, raising her lovely, haggard eyes to his. "It was I who made you marry me; I entreated you, I begged you—oh, how could I have done it?—not to leave me behind alone; and now—now—with such a depth of misery in the young voice as struck coldly to his heart—"I am doubly alone!"

Remorse grew stronger within him. A sudden awakening to the fact that he had sacrificed her to his own revenge troubled him, and, though justice had followed hard upon the heels of that deed, and his revenge had receded upon himself, yet he could not fail to see that he had done her an injury that was irreparable. How could he have thought that a child so reared and encompassed with love as she had been would rest satisfied with the barren existence he had given her?

"I cannot hear you speak like that," he said. "I alone am in fault. I have done you so great a wrong that I know not how to ask your forgiveness. You were, you are, but a mere child, yet I took you at your word—I permitted you to marry a man nearly twelve years your senior! I feel I have spoiled your life."

"Is that how it seems to you?" asked she, with indescribable sadness in look and tone.

"You are too young to live alone. But, if you do not wish to go to the Towers, there is that place in Yorkshire. It is handsome and—carelessly—picturesque, they say; and, at all events, it is well kept up and ready for you at any moment. Will it suit you?"

"It will be better than this, I dare say," she said, calmly, and with some spirit.

"Very good. I shall telegraph to-day to Ringwood, the name of your future home, and also to my cousin, Mrs. Verulam. You know her?"

"I have met her twice."

"Then you like her—every one does. I shall write to her to go up there and stay with you and—"

Was she going to faint? She averted a little and then recovered herself with a sharp effort. That lovely face over there—what other face did it resemble? What horrible thing was this that rose before her and cried aloud, "At last, at last!" in tones that would not be stifled? Was all this madness, or what?

She leaned further forward and positively glared at the girl, standing pale and tranquil and unconscious, until one near her remarked the intensity of her gaze, and lightly touched her on the arm with a lighter jest; she recovered herself then, but her face remained pallid as the dead. Thus, fair and tranquil, had that figure stood out from the surrounding darkness in her dream. It all came back to her now, and with it a strange sense that fate was crushing down upon her which seemed to paralyze her limbs. She made a vehement struggle to overcome her emotion, and after awhile succeeded, but the weary pain in her side which was beginning to torment her day and night grew stronger because of this effort, and she leaned languidly back in her chair hardly deigning to answer those who spoke to her.

Marvel unconsciously was creating a sensation. Her strange, romantic wedding was of course town talk, and not everybody more or less was discussing her merits and demerits. So this was the little wife, the stray that Wriothseley had married? No one knew who she was—more nobody—may, in all probability were that a nobody. Of course, the sort of thing never did. Here was she now, irrevocably bound to him; but where was he? It was one of the most unfortunate things that had happened to a young man of position for a very long time. All this from the woman; the man more lenient. They could see an acknowledgment that at all events she was unpeppery beautiful, and allowed there was every excuse for even so rash a marriage; but how account for his long absence? That puzzled them even more than the woman, who were not so willing to admit her charms.

(To be continued.)

A Quaker Romance.

Valentine Hollingsworth accompanied William Penn in the good ship *Welcome* and settled in Delaware upon the banks of the Brandywine. Katherine's daughter, "a delectable Quaker maiden," the pride of the little settlement, was wooed and won by big George Robinson. But George was of the Church of England, and Katherine "must be married in meeting."

"George," writes the author of "Hell-rooms in Miniature," "was willing to join the society, be a Friend, and be married in meeting or anywhere else; that Katherine said; accordingly he and Katherine made their first declaration 5th day, 1st month, 1688."

The elders, however, had "scruples," seeing that George's conversion was very sudden, and they asked him this searching question:

"Friend Robinson, dost thou join the Society of Friends from conviction, or for the love of Katherine Hollingsworth?"

George hesitated. He prized the truth and he did wish to marry Katherine. So he answered:

"I wish to join the Society for the love of Katherine Hollingsworth."

The Friends counselled "delay," and that Friend Robinson should be persistently and instructively dealt with. Shrewd men as they were, they allowed Katherine to deal with him; and within a year George joined the Society as a true convert.

An old manuscript reads: "He and Katherine were permitted to begin a long and happy married life together, being for many years an example of Piety and Goodness to those around them, and retaining their Love of Truth and Loyalty to the Society to the last."

Yankee Doodle.

After the representatives of Great Britain and the United States had nearly concluded their pacific labors at Ghent, in making the treaty of peace which ended the war of 1812, the burghers of the quaint old Dutch city determined to give an entertainment in honor of the ministers. They determined, as a part of their program, to perform the national airs of the two powers.

The musical director was sent to call upon the American ministers and obtain the music of their national air. A consultation ensued, at which Bayard and Gallatin favored "Hail Columbia," while Clay, Russell and Adams wanted "Yankee Doodle."

The musical director asked if any of the gentlemen had the music. None of them had it. Then he suggested that perhaps one of them would sing or whistle the air.

"I can't," said Mr. Clay. "I never whistled or sung a tune in my life; perhaps Mr. Bayard can."

Mr. Russell, Mr. Gallatin and Mr. Adams in turn confessed their lack of musical ability.

"I have it," exclaimed Mr. Clay, and ringing the bell he summoned his body servant. "John," said he, "whistle 'Yankee Doodle' for this gentleman."

John did so, the chief musician noted down the air, and at the entertainment the Ghent Burgher's Band played the national air of the United States, with variations.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Sherlock Holmes (at the theater)—That lady in front of us has remarkably pretty teeth.

Dr. Cubells—How do you know; you haven't seen her face?

Sherlock Holmes—But she has laughed incessantly ever since the curtain went up.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

The Veterans of the Rebellion Tell of Whistling Bullets, Bright Bayonets, Staring Bombs, Bloody Battles, Camp Fire, Festive Dags, Etc., Etc.

Battle of Patterson Park.

IT WAS a night of attack. And the Union regiment was about as poorly prepared for battle as it was six weeks before, when it had not yet been gathered up from the pines, farms, shops, offices, schools and mills. It is true we had been in camp nearly a month and done a good deal of tramping about under unskilled officers, but our arms were Harper's Perry muskets, next to the oldest pattern extant, and we had not received an ounce of ammunition when the attack was made.

Patterson Park is one of Baltimore's beauty spots. The Sixth Wisconsin reached the park at about 9 o'clock on Saturday night the last week in July, '61. How vividly I recall that night march through the then hostile city. The fate of the Sixth Massachusetts on the 19th of April, when many of its members were slain and others wounded, was known to the Western boys. In fact, the indignation they had felt over the attack on that command hastening to the defense of the capital had done much to lead to their enlistment. There was a serious face under each cap when the captains passed along the company fronts, just before the march began, and told the boys to keep in line, hang tightly to their guns, and be ready to quickly obey any order that might be given. I remember how solemnly Jake Decker asked Captain Bragg "what we would do if ordered to fire," and then remarked that we hadn't a load of ammunition in the company, and when Captain Bragg replied that no such order would be given, but that they might have an order to fix bayonets and charge in case the plunging attacked us. That remark made the faces still more serious, and I know that there was that shivery feeling in the knees that a fellow feels while making up his mind that he will take whatever comes, no matter how it comes or when.

It was one of those hot, sultry, breezeless nights so common there. The narrow street and solid buildings on both sides the entire four miles from the train to camp didn't tend to cool and purify the air. How our monstrosity knapsacks and full haversacks did bear down upon our aching backs and shoulders. The streets were lined with people in all walks of life. There was not a cheer given, as there had been when we passed through Chicago, Pittsburg and Harrisburg. Not an American flag was seen, save the one our bearer carried. There was no welcome in eye or face—except in the faces that were dark. But that was a thousand years ago. Baltimore now is as noted for its loyalty and patriotism as it is for its handsome women.

Our thousand men, officers and all, dropped down and went to sleep, not waiting for tents or supper. Within a year and a half from that time they could and did march twenty-five miles and help fight a battle without half of the weariness that they felt their first night in Patterson Park.

Early Sunday morning there was a stir among the hungry men. During the day tents were put up and guards stationed. What a long, lonesome day it was. The Sunday before we had broken camp at Madison, been given a grand reception and banquet at Milwaukee, and an ovation all the way to Baltimore. Now we are in the enemy's country, and must keep a sharp lookout for the foe. All day long inexperienced eyes swept over the country for two or three miles beyond the city. It must have been mid-afternoon when Private Kerr of Company D, after looking long and anxiously, announced that the rebels were making a fort on a hill a mile and a half from camp. At first only two or three paid any attention to him, but half an hour later a quarter of the regiment was critically examining the spot of red clay that peeped out from the green foliage on the hill. Major Ben Sweet was officer of the day, though previous to that camp a captain had filled the office. The major's attention was called to the new fort. He leveled his glasses upon it and looked like one deeply impressed and greatly vexed, and went away in a rather excited state. In a few minutes the colonel and lieutenant colonel made a critical examination. The old colonel went away with one of those forced smiles upon his lips that we all came to understand. There was much mystery about the whole affair, and it was not decreased a bit when Johnny Burns of Company E volunteered to put on a suit of citizen's clothes and scout for facts, and was informed by the colonel that it was no undertaking for men of so little experience as those of his regiment. There didn't seem to be that fear in the faces of the colonel and the major that so grave a state of affairs demanded, but the lieutenant colonel made up for all of the disturbed feeling that they lacked, and more too. It was plain to see that he was exceedingly uneasy. I heard him say to the colonel: "This should be reported to the general. We are likely to be fired at from that fort before morning." I didn't seek to get a scoop on anyone by locking up tight the remark of the handsome lieutenant colonel. Its substance was scattered through camp in a hurry.

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Experience of a General.

Writing about the personal feeling of a commander in battle, Gen. Schofield says in his "Forty-six Years in the Army," that in his own experience the greater the actual danger the less it was thought to be. The responsibilities of a great battle drive out all thoughts except those that are likely to influence the final result.

At the battle of Nashville Gen. Thomas and Gen. Schofield sat together on horseback on ground overlooking nearly the entire field. Occasionally when a shell exploded near and caused Thomas' horse to make a slight start, the only change visible in that calm, stout-hearted soldier was a slight motion of the bridle hand to check the horse.

Gen. Schofield's own gray charger was fearless; but Thomas never noticed what effect the explosion of a shell produced on either the gray horse or his rider.

Thomas would frequently reach for Schofield's glasses, saying they were the only field glasses he had ever found of much use to him. After looking long and earnestly he would return the glasses with what seemed to be a sign of irritation and impatience.

Late in the afternoon, after using the glasses for the last time, he said to Schofield with the energy that battle alone could arouse in his calm nature: "Smith has not reached far enough to the right. Put in your troops."

Natural combativeness is so strong in some generals in battle that they regret—Gen. Schofield confesses he did several times—that rank prevents them from using a musket in the ranks.

"I have seen this passion so strong," writes Gen. Schofield, "that a major general commanding an army corps would dismount and act the part of a gunner to a field piece, apparently oblivious to the battle raging all along the line of his corps."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Night for Lew Wallace.

All are not soldiers who wear a uniform, as General Lew Wallace found out at Fort Donelson. He saw four soldiers carrying a fifth, who seemed to be wounded. "Can't that man walk with assistance?" asked Wallace. "Oh, no," said the men; "he is dying."

Just then a shell exploded near by and the four men dropped their burden and fled. The man who was supposed to be wounded leaped to his feet and ran even faster than the others.—Youth's Companion.

Too Careless with Guns.

"Doan ax me ef I am gwinter jine de wuh," said old Uncle Aaron. "I got mixed up wid dattar Yankee ahn 'n seed rite away bit wuz unanse for a feller to fool wid hit. De great trouble in dat dey is always a lot o' fool fellers aroun' dat is too reckless wid der guns. Some o' dese young bucks wuh wants to show off keeps de air so thick wid lead dat a man's life is actually in danger putty nigh all de time. Wah might be a putty soshub thing 'n folks nigh sorter enjoy dersef of all dese rickless shootin' young fellers wuz made to stay at home."—Atlanta Journal.

Sumter's Parrot.

Sumter's parrot, a parrot belonging to William Parkinson, who lived on Staten Island, is dead. Polly was one of the garrison of Fort Sumter at the time Gen. Beauregard opened fire on it. She maintained good spirits throughout the fight, came out with the honors of war and was sent north by her then owner, who was an officer of the garrison.—Chicago Chronicle.

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It was one of those hot, sultry, breezeless nights so common there. The narrow street and solid buildings on both sides the entire four miles from the train to camp didn't tend to cool and purify the air. How our monstrosity knapsacks and full haversacks did bear down upon our aching backs and shoulders. The streets were lined with people in all walks of life. There was not a cheer given, as there had been when we passed through Chicago, Pittsburg and Harrisburg. Not an American flag was seen, save the one our bearer carried. There was no welcome in eye or face—except in the faces that were dark. But that was a thousand years ago. Baltimore now is as noted for its loyalty and patriotism as it is for its handsome women.

Our thousand men, officers and all, dropped down and went to sleep, not waiting for tents or supper. Within a year and a half from that time they could and did march twenty-five miles and help fight a battle without half of the weariness that they felt their first night in Patterson Park.

Early Sunday morning there was a stir among the hungry men. During the day tents were put up and guards stationed. What a long, lonesome day it was. The Sunday before we had broken camp at Madison, been given a grand reception and banquet at Milwaukee, and an ovation all the way to Baltimore. Now we are in the enemy's country, and must keep a sharp lookout for the foe. All day long inexperienced eyes swept over the country for two or three miles beyond the city. It must have been mid-afternoon when Private Kerr of Company D, after looking long and anxiously, announced that the rebels were making a fort on a hill a mile and a half from camp. At first only two or three paid any attention to him, but half an hour later a quarter of the regiment was critically examining the spot of red clay that peeped out from the green foliage on the hill. Major Ben Sweet was officer of the day, though previous to that camp a captain had filled the office. The major's attention was called to the new fort. He leveled his glasses upon it and looked like one deeply impressed and greatly vexed, and went away in a rather excited state. In a few minutes the colonel and lieutenant colonel made a critical examination. The old colonel went away with one of those forced smiles upon his lips that we all came to understand. There was much mystery about the whole affair, and it was not decreased a bit when Johnny Burns of Company E volunteered to put on a suit of citizen's clothes and scout for facts, and was informed by the colonel that it was no undertaking for men of so little experience as those of his regiment. There didn't seem to be that fear in the faces of the colonel and the major that so grave a state of affairs demanded, but the lieutenant colonel made up for all of the disturbed feeling that they lacked, and more too. It was plain to see that he was exceedingly uneasy. I heard him say to the colonel: "This should be reported to the general. We are likely to be fired at from that fort before morning." I didn't seek to get a scoop on anyone by locking up tight the remark of the handsome lieutenant colonel. Its substance was scattered through camp in a hurry.

Experience of a General.

Writing about the personal feeling of a commander in battle, Gen. Schofield says in his "Forty-six Years in the Army," that in his own experience the greater the actual danger the less it was thought to be. The responsibilities of a great battle drive out all thoughts except those that are likely to influence the final result.

At the battle of Nashville Gen. Thomas and Gen. Schofield sat together on horseback on ground overlooking nearly the entire field. Occasionally when a shell exploded near and caused Thomas' horse to make a slight start, the only change visible in that calm, stout-hearted soldier was a slight motion of the bridle hand to check the horse.

Gen. Schofield's own gray charger was fearless; but Thomas never noticed what effect the explosion of a shell produced on either the gray horse or his rider.

Thomas would frequently reach for Schofield's glasses, saying they were the only field glasses he had ever found of much use to him. After looking long and earnestly he would return the glasses with what seemed to be a sign of irritation and impatience.

Late in the afternoon, after using the glasses for the last time, he said to Schofield with the energy that battle alone could arouse in his calm nature: "Smith has not reached far enough to the right. Put in your troops."

Natural combativeness is so strong in some generals in battle that they regret—Gen. Schofield confesses he did several times—that rank prevents them from using a musket in the ranks.

"I have seen this passion so strong," writes Gen. Schofield, "that a major general commanding an army corps would dismount and act the part of a gunner to a field piece, apparently oblivious to the battle raging all along the line of his corps."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Night for Lew Wallace.

All are not soldiers who wear a uniform, as General Lew Wallace found out at Fort Donelson. He saw four soldiers carrying a fifth, who seemed to be wounded. "Can't that man walk with assistance?" asked Wallace. "Oh, no," said the men; "he is dying."

Just then a shell exploded near by and the four men dropped their burden and fled. The man who was supposed to be wounded leaped to his feet and ran even faster than the others.—Youth's Companion.

Too Careless with Guns.

"Doan ax me ef I am gwinter jine de wuh," said old Uncle Aaron. "I got mixed up wid dattar Yankee ahn 'n seed rite away bit wuz unanse for a feller to fool wid hit. De great trouble in dat dey is always a lot o' fool fellers aroun' dat is too reckless wid der guns. Some o' dese young bucks wuh wants to show off keeps de air so thick wid lead dat a man's life is actually in danger putty nigh all de time. Wah might be a putty soshub thing 'n folks nigh sorter enjoy dersef of all dese rickless shootin' young fellers wuz made to stay at home."—Atlanta Journal.

Sumter's Parrot.

Sumter's parrot, a parrot belonging to William Parkinson, who lived on Staten Island, is dead. Polly was one of the garrison of Fort Sumter at the time Gen. Beauregard opened fire on it. She maintained good spirits throughout the fight, came out with the honors of war and was sent north by her then owner, who was an officer of the garrison.—Chicago Chronicle.