Here the poor sentinel was at a loss. The rest of his instructions had been forgotten. The colonel was a very particular man, and insisted that every thing should be done exactly right. So, after spending considerable time in the endeavor to impress the "role" upon the mind of the sentinel, he suggested that he would act as sentinel while the other should personate the colonel. "Blinky"—for such was this soldier's surname in the regiment—moved back a few paces and then turned to approach the colonel.

"Who comes there?" challenged the colonel.

"Why, Blinky; don't you know me, colonel?"

This was too much for even so patient and forbearing man as Colonel Howell. "As green as verdigris," thought he. The gun was handed over, and the colonel assed on to the next post, meditating upon the vanity of all earthly things in general, and of things military in particular.

Brockett, Dr. L. P., *The Camp, The Battle Field, and the Hospital; or, Lights and Shadows of the Great Rebellion*, Philadelphia: National Publishing Company, 1866

ADVENTURE OF A SPY

I HAVE lately returned from the South, but my exact whereabouts in that region, far obvious reasons, it would not be politic to state. Suspected of being a Northerner, it was to my advantage to court obscurity. Known as a spy, "a short shrift" and a ready rope would have prevented the blotting of this paper. Hanging, disguised, on the outskirts of a camp, mixing with its idlers, laughing at their jokes, examining their arms, counting their numbers, endeavoring to discover the plans of their leaders, listening to this party and pursuing that, joining in the chorus of a rebel song, betting on rebel success, cursing abolitionism, despising Northern fighters, laughing at their tactics, and sneering at their weapons, praising the beauty of Southern belles and decrying that of Northern, calling New York a den of cutthroats and New Orleans a paradise of immaculate chivalry, is but a small portion of the practice of my profession as a spy. This may not seem honorable nor desirable. As to the honor, let the country benefited by the investigations and warnings of the spy be judge; and the danger, often incurred, is more serious and personal than that of the battle field, which may, perhaps, detract from its desirability.

It was a dark night. Not a star on the glimmer. I had collected my quotum of intelligence, and was on the move for the Northern lines. I was approaching the banks of a stream whose waters I had to cross, and had then some miles to traverse before I could reach the pickets of our gallant troops. A feeling of uneasiness began to creep over me; I was on the outskirt of a wood fringing the dark waters at my feet, whose presence could scarcely be detected but for their sullen murmurs as they rushed through the gloom. The wind sighed in gentle accordance. I walked forty or fifty yards along the bank. I then crept on all fours along the ground, and groped with my hands. I paused – I groped again – my breath thickened – perspiration oozed from every pore, and I was prostrated with horror. I had missed my landmark, and knew not where I was. Below or above, beneath the shelter of the bank, lay the skiff I had hidden ten days before, when I commenced my operations among the followers of Jeff Davis.

As I stood gasping for breath, with all the unmistakable proofs of my calling about me, the sudden cry of a bird, or plunging of a fish, would act like magnetism upon my frame, not wont to shudder at a shadow. No matter how pressing the danger may be, if a man sees an opportunity of escape he breathes with freedom. But let him be surrounded by darkness, impenetrable at two yards' distance, within rifle's length of concealed foes, for what knowledge be has to the contrary; knowing too, with painful certainty, the detection of his presence would reward him with a sudden and violent death, and if he breathes no faster, he is more fitted for a hero than I am.

In the agony of that moment—in the sudden and utter helplessness I felt to discover my true bearings— I was about to let myself gently into the stream, and breast its current for life or death. There was no alternative. The Northern pickets must be reached in safety before the morning broke, or I should soon swing between heaven and earth, from some green limb in the dark forest in which I stood.

At that moment the low, sullen bay of a bloodhound struck my ear. The sound was reviving—the fearful stillness broken. The uncertain dread flew before the certain danger. I was standing to my middle in the shallow bed of the river, just beneath the jutting banks. After a pause of a few seconds, I began to creep mechanically and stealthily down the stream, followed, as I knew, from the rustling of the grass and frequent breaking of twigs, by the insatiable brute, although, by certain uneasy growls, I felt assured he was at fault. Something struck against my breast. I could not prevent a slight cry from escaping me, as, stretching out my hand, I grasped the gunwale of a boat moored beneath the bank. Between surprise and joy I felt half choked.

In an instant I had scrambled on board, and began to search for the painter in the bow, in order to cast her from her fastenings. Suddenly a bright ray of moon-light—the first gleam of hope in that black night—fell directly on the spot, revealing the silvery stream, my own skiff (hidden there ten days before), lighting the deep shadows of the verging wood, and, on the log half buried in the bank, and from which I had that instant cast the line that had bound me to it, the supple form of the crouching bloodhound, his red eyes gleaming in the moonlight, jaws distended, and poising for the spring. With one dart the light skiff was yards out in the stream, and the savage after it. With an oar I

aimed a blow at his head, which, however, he eluded with ease. In the effort thus made, the boat careened over toward my antagonist, who made a desperate effort to get his fore paws over the side, at the same time seizing the gunwale with his teeth. Now or never was my time. I drew my revolver, and placed the muzzle between his eyes, but hesitated to fire, for that one report might bring on me a volley from the shore. Meantime the strength of the dog careened the frail craft so much that the water rushed over the side, threatening to swamp her. I changed my tactics, threw my revolver into the bottom of the skiff, and grasping my "Bowie," keen as a Malay creese, and glittering as I released it from the sheath, like a moonbeam on the stream. In an instant I had severed the sinewy throat of the bound, cutting through brawn and muscle to the nape of the neck. The tenacious wretch gave a wild, convulsive leap half out of the water, then sank and was gone. Five minutes' pulling landed me on the other side of the river, and in an hour after I was among friends within the Northern lines.

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FORAGING

NOTHING in the excitement of army life has been the cause of more sport than the liberty given under certain circumstances, and taken under others, for the private soldier to "forage." In civilized warfare, ordinarily, the supplying of the troops with necessary food from the enemy's country is supposed to be a systematic business operation, conducted by the officers of the army of occupation, by requisition, either in money or produce, for which receipts of greater or less value are given. In a civil war, the supplies are to be paid for, according to the tenor of the receipt, on proof of the loyalty of the party furnishing them to the government of the captors. But in actual practice, there is a large amount of private plundering, which army officers, though they may censure, find it convenient to wink at. The men may have been on hard and unpalatable fare for days or weeks, and it is nearly impossible to prevent them from taking pigs, chickens, etc, when they are in a vicinity where they abound. The plunder and destruction of other valuables, such as watches, jewelry, clothing, musical instruments, books, and the burning of houses, etc., as it was practiced by the "bummers" or camp followers of Sherman's army, is an outrage on civilized warfare, and is a just ground of bitter reproach to the administration of that very able commander. Some of the foraging stories are, however, full of humor, and could hardly be otherwise regarded than as excellent jokes, even by the sufferers themselves. We subjoin a few.

"THE PLUNDER AND DESTRUCTION… BY THE "BUMMERS" OR CAMP FOLLOWERS OF SHERMAN'S ARMY IS AN OUTRAGE ON CIVILIZED WARFARE,…"

TREASURE SEEKERS

DRAWING RATIONS.—There are some episodes in the life of a soldier provocative of laughter, and that serve to disperse, in some manner, the ennui of camp life. A farmer, who did not reside so far from a camp of "the boys" as he wished he did, was accustomed to find every morning that several rows of potatoes had disappeared from the field. He bore it for some time, but when the last of his fine field of kidneys began to disappear, he thought the thing had gone far enough, and determined to stop it. Accordingly, he made a visit to camp early next morning, and amused himself by going round to see whether the soldiers were provided with good and wholesome provisions. He

had not proceeded far, when he found a "boy" just serving up a fine dish of kidneys, which looked marvellously like those that the good wife brought to his own table. Halting, the following colloquy ensued:

"Have fine potatoes here, I see."

"Splendid," was the reply.

"Where do you get them?"

"Draw them."

"Does government furnish potatoes for rations?"

"Nary tater."

"I thought yon said you drew them?"

"Did. We just do that thing."

"But *how?* if they are not included in your rations."

"Easiest thing in the world—wont you take some with us?" said the soldier, as he seated himself opposite the smoking vegetables.

"Thank you. But will you oblige me by telling how you draw your potatoes, as they are not found by the commissary?"

"Nothing easier. Draw 'em by the tops mostly! Sometimes by a hoe—if there's one left in the field."

"Hum! ha! Yes; I understand. Well, now, see here! If you wont draw any more of mine, I will bring you a basketful every morning, and draw them myself!"

"Bully for you, old fellow!" was the cry, and three cheers and a tiger were given for the farmer.

THE BUMMER

The covenant was duly observed, and no one but the farmer drew potatoes from that field afterward.

THAT PIG.—A few nights since, as two of the regiments were at Annapolis Junction, on their way here, a mischievous soldier, who was placed on guard at some distance from the main body, as he was walking his rounds, shot a pig. A member of the other regiment, hearing the report, hastened to the spot, and demanded that the pig should be divided, or he would inform his officers. The prize was accordingly "partitioned," and served up to the

friends of each party. The officers, however, observing the bones, soon found out the guilty party; and, on questioning him, he replied that he did it in obedience to the orders he had received, "not to let any one pass without the countersign." He saw the pig coming toward him, and challenged it; but, receiving no answer, he charged bayonet on it, and, the pig still persisting, he shot it. The officers laughed heartily at the explanation, and sent him to find the owner, and pay for the pig, which he states was the hardest job he ever performed.

IN the summer of 1861, a regiment of light infantry from the vicinity of Norway, Maine, were encamped in Washington for a few days. Two of the men had become dissatisfied with their fare, and they conceived the sublimely impudent idea of foraging on the President's rations. How they did it is related as follows:

They proceeded directly to the President's house. Without ceremony they wended their way quietly into the broad kitchen – "bowing to a tall man" on their passage – and carefully selecting what they thought would "go round," made the following speech to the cook:

"Look here, we've sworn to support the government; for three days we've done it on salt junk; now if you *would* spare us a little of this it would *put the thing along amazingly*.

It is needless to say that the boys had an abundance that day.

HOW A YANKEE SOLDIER KEPT A HOTEL IN DIXIE.—When General Banks' army moved on up the Shenandoah valley from New Market, Quartermaster-Sergeant Reuben W. Oliver, of Cochran's New York battery, had to be temporarily left in a barn, on account of injuries he had received. Soon after our departure he made application at the lady's house adjoining for board; but he was informed, in true Virginia style, that she did not board "Yankee barbarians."

"Very well," replied Oliver, "if you wont board me I shall keep a hotel in your barn, but shall probably call upon you occasionally for supplies;" and ho hobbled back to the barn.

Oliver was every inch a soldier, and he went to work at once. Taking a revolver, he shot madam's finest young porker, which his assistant immediately dressed. His able assistant next went to the apiary and "took us" a hive of bees, and transferred the honey to the barn. He then went to the lot and milked a pail of milk from her ladyship's cows. Then, going to her servants' house, he made a "requisition" for a quantity of fresh corn-dodgers that had been prepared for supper. The addition of these articles to his ordinary rations placed him far beyond the point of starvation.

True to his Yankee instincts, he invited the lady to take tea with him, at the hotel across the way – at which she became spitefully indignant. But Oliver was as happy as a lark, and for the time almost forgot his injuries.

Soon he had several sick soldiers added to his list of boarders; and in due time a sheep, and another young porker, and a second hive of bees, were gathered under the roof of his "hotel;" and furthermore, not a cock remained to proclaim when the morning dawned. By this time her ladyship thought she could "see it," and sent for Oliver, who, as promptly as the nature of his injuries would permit, reported at the door.

"See here, young man," said she, "I perceive that it would be cheaper for me to board you in my house – and, if you will accept, you can have board and a room free."

"Thank you, madam, thank you," replied Oliver, removing his cap and bowing politely; "but I prefer boarding at a first-class Yankee hotel to stopping at any secession house in Virginia at the same price. You will therefore be so kind as to excuse me for declining your generous offer, as it comes too late!" And back he hobbled to the barn – and actually remained there two weeks – taking in and boarding every sick soldier that came along; making frequent "requisitions" upon her for supplies.

Her ladyship was mightily pleased when Oliver's Yankee hotel was discontinued, but it taught her a valuable lesson, and Yankee soldiers never thereafter applied to her in vain for food and shelter. They always got what they wanted, she evidently not relishing the Yankee hotel system.

FORAGING FOR WHISKEY.—The appetite for strong drink was so fierce among some of the soldiers, that they would resort to all kinds of expedients to obtain it. At the commencement of the war, when the troops were encamped near Washington, in spite of the most stringent orders many would get intoxicated; and it was found that it was smuggled into camp in gun barrels. At Falmouth, before the battle of Fredericksburg, General Burnside ordered several hundred barrels of commissary whiskey to be sent down from Washington to Acquia creek. Lieutenant _____, of the Twenty-ninth New York, acting brigadier commissary in Getty's division, sent repeatedly to the creek for a supply; but every barrel that was furnished here would disappear from the cars before reaching Falmouth, rumor having it that the roguish Hawkins' Zouaves had "gobbled" them. At length, despairing of obtaining any of the stuff by order, he proceeded personally to Aoquia creek for a supply. He obtained one barrel, and standing it up in the car, *seated himself upon the top* of the barrel, confident that no one would get that away from him. What was his dismay, on springing down to the platform at Falmouth, to find the barrel empty! Some ingenious soldiers had bored a hole up through the bottom of the car while the train halted at Potomac creek or Burke's station, tapped the barrel, and drained it to the dregs!

FORAGING BY VETERAN SOLDIERS.—In March, 1862, in the advance upon Winchester, Brigadier-General Abercrombie commanded the first brigade, having Cochran's battery with it. Abercrombie was very strict, not allowing his men to forage. The next morning after we camped near Berryville, the general rode through the battery. The captain was in his tent Approaching it, he discovered the quarters of a fine young beef that the men had "foraged" the previous night, lying against a tree. The general's brow contracted as he demanded of Sergeant Leander E. Davis:

"Where the d—l did you get that beef? I gave the commissary no orders to issue fresh beef here."

Davis, who was a very polite soldier, removed his cap, and saluted the general, saying, in a tone evincing perfect coolness and sincerity:

"General, I was sergeant of the guard last night, and about ten o'clock I heard a terrible commotion in the camp of the Twelfth Massachusetts, Colonel Webster's regiment, across the road. I rushed out to see what was going on, and just as I passed the captain's tent I saw a fine steer coming through the camp of the Twelfth Massachusetts, with about a hundred men after it. The animal appeared very much frightened, general, and, true as you live, it jumped clear across the road (about two rods), over both stone fences, and as it alighted in this lot it struck its head against this tree, and being so terribly scared, its head, hide, and legs kept right on running, while the quarters dropped