B. K. BENSON

# WHO GOES THERE?

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## Historical Novel

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# INTRODUCTION

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"I'll note you in my book of memory."--SHAKESPEARE.

From early childhood I had been subject to a peculiar malady. I say malady for want of a better and truer word, for my condition had never been one of physical or mental suffering. According to my father's opinion, an attack of brain fever had caused me, when five years old, to lose my memory for a time--not indeed my memory entirely, but my ability to recall the events and the mental impressions of a recent period. The physicians had agreed that the trouble would pass away, but it had been repeated more than once. At the age of ten, when occurred the first attack which I remember, I was at school in my native New England village. One very cold day I was running home after school, when my foot slipped on a frozen pool. My head struck the ice, but I felt no great pain, and was almost at once on my feet. I was bewildered with what I saw around me. Seemingly I had just risen from my seat at the breakfast table to find myself in the open air, in solitude, in clothing too heavy, with hands and feet too large, and with a July world suddenly changed to midwinter. As it happened, my father was near, and took me home. When the physicians came, they asked me many questions which I could not understand.

Next morning my father sat by my bed and questioned mo again. He inquired about my studies, about my classmates, about my teacher, about the school games.

Many of his questions seemed strange to me, and I answered them in such words that he soon knew there was an interval of more than six months in my consciousness. He then tried to learn whether there remained in my mind any effect of my studies during the past term. The result was surprising. He found that as to actual knowledge my mind retained the power developed by its exercise,--without, however, holding all details of fact,--but that, in everything not positive, my experience seemed to have been utterly lost. I knew my multiplication table thoroughly; I had acquired it in the interval now forgotten. I could write correctly, and my ability to read was not lessened. But when questions concerning historical events, either general or local, were asked, my answers proved that I had lost everything that I had learned for the six months past. I showed but little knowledge of new games on the playground, and utter forgetfulness of the reasons for and against the Mexican War which was now going on, and in which, on the previous day, I had felt the eager interest of a healthy boy.

Moreover my brain reproduced the most striking events of my last period of normal memory with indistinct and inaccurate images, while the time preceding that period was as nothing to me. My little sister had died when I was six years old; I did not know that she had ever lived; her name, even, was strange to me.

After a few days I was allowed to rise from bed, to which, in my own opinion, there had never been necessity for keeping me. I was not, however, permitted to go out of doors. The result of the doctors' deliberations was a strict

injunction upon my father to take me to the South every winter, a decision due, perhaps, to the fact that my father had landed interests in South Carolina. At any rate, my father soon took me to Charleston, where I was again put to school. Doubtless I was thus relieved of much annoyance, as my new schoolmates received me without showing the curiosity which would have irritated me in my own village.

More than five months passed before my memory entirely returned to me. The change was gradual. One day, at the morning recess, a group of boys were talking about the Mexican War. The Palmetto regiment had distinguished itself in battle. I heard a big boy say, "Yes, your Uncle Pierce is all right, and his regiment is the best in the army." I felt a glow of pride at this praise of my people--as I supposed it to be. More talk followed, however, in which it became clear that the boys were not speaking of Franklin Pierce and his New Hampshire men, and I was greatly puzzled.

A few days afterward the city was in mourning; Colonel Pierce M. Butler, the brave commander of the South Carolina regiment, had fallen on the field of Churubusco.

Now, I cannot explain, even to myself, what relation had been disturbed by this event, but I know that from this time I began to collect, vaguely at first, the incidents of my whole former life; so that, when my father sent for me at the summer vacation, I had entirely recovered my lost memory. I even knew everything that had happened in the recent interval, so that my consciousness held an uninterrupted chain of all past events of importance. And now I realized with wonder one of the marvellous compensations of nature. My brain reproduced form, size, colour--any quality of a

material thing seen in the hiatus, so vividly that the actual object seemed present to my senses, while I could feel dimly, what I now know more thoroughly, that my memory during the interval had operated weakly, if at all, on matters speculative, so called--questions of doubtful import, questions of a kind upon which there might well be more than one opinion, being as nothing to my mind. Although I have truly said that I cannot explain how it was that my mind began its recovery, yet I cannot reason away the belief that the first step was an act of sensitive pride--the realization that it made some difference to me whether the New Hampshire regiment or the Palmetto regiment acquired the greater glory.

My father continued to send me each winter to Charleston, and my summers were spent at home. By the time I was fifteen he became dissatisfied with my progress, and decided that I should return to the South for the winter of 1853-4. and that if there should be no recurrence of my mental peculiarity he would thereafter put me in the hands of a private tutor who should prepare me for college.

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For fully five years I had had no lapse of memory and my health was sound. At the school I took delight in athletic sports, and gained a reputation among the Charleston boys for being an expert especially in climbing. My studies, while not neglected, were, nevertheless, considered by me as secondary matters; I suppose that the anxiety shown by my father for my health influenced me somewhat; moreover, I had a natural bent toward bodily rather than mental exercise.

The feature most attractive to me in school work was the debating class. As a sort of *ex-officio* president of this club, was one of our tutors, whom none of the boys seemed greatly to like. He was called Professor Khayme--pronounced Ki-me. Sometimes the principal addressed him as Doctor. He certainly was a very learned and intelligent man; for although the boys had him in dislike, there were yet many evidences of the respect he commanded from better judges than schoolboys. He seemed, at various times, of different ages. He might be anywhere between thirty and fifty. He was small of stature, being not more than five feet tall, and was exceedingly quick and energetic in his movements, while his countenance and attitude, no matter what was going on, expressed always complete self-control, if not indifference. He was dark--almost as dark as an Indian. His face was narrow, but the breadth and height of his forehead were almost a deformity. He had no beard, and yet I feel sure that he never used a razor. I rarely saw him off duty without a peculiar black pipe in his mouth, which he smoked in an unusual way, emitting the smoke at very long intervals. It was a standing jest with my irreverent schoolmates that "Old Ky" owed his fine, rich colour to smoking through his skin. Ingram Hall said that the carved Hindoo idol which decorated the professor's pipe was the very image of "Old Ky" himself.

Our debating class sometimes prepared oratorical displays to which were admitted a favoured few of the general public. To my dying day I shall remember one of these occasions. The debate, so celebrated, between the great Carolinian Hayne and our own Webster was the

feature of the entertainment. Behind the curtain sat Professor Khayme, prompter and general manager. A boy with mighty lungs and violent gesticulation recited an abridgment of Hayne's speech, beginning:--

> "If there be one State in the Union, Mr. President, and I say it not in a boastful spirit, that may challenge comparison with any other for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina."

Great applause followed. These were times of sectional compromise. I also applauded. We were under the falsely quieting influence of Douglas's Kansas-Nebraska Bill. There was effort for harmony between the sections. The majority of thinking people considered true patriotism to concist in patience and charity each to each. Mrs. Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had appeared, but few Southerners had read it or would read it. I also applauded.

Professor Khayme now came forward on the rostrum, and announced that the next part of the programme would be "'Webster's Reply to Hayne,' to be recited"--and here the professor paused--"by Master Jones Berwick."

I was thunderstruck. No intimation of any kind had been given me that I was to be called on. I decided at once to refuse to attempt an impossibility. As I rose to explain and to make excuses, the boys all over the hall cried, "Berwick! Berwick!" and clapped loudly. Then the professor said, in a low and musical voice,--and his voice was by far his greatest apparent attraction,--that Master Berwick had not been originally selected to recite, but that the young orator

chosen the duty had been called away unexpectedly, and that it was well known that Master Berwick, being a compatriot of the great Webster, and being not only thoroughly competent to declaim the abridged form of the speech in question, but also in politics thoroughly at one with the famous orator, could serve with facility in the stead of the absentee, and would certainly sustain the reputation of the club.

How I hated that man! Yet I could see, as I caught his eye, I know not what of encouragement. I had often heard the speech recited, but not recently, and I could not see my way through.

I stumbled somehow to the back of the curtain. The Doctor said to me, in a tone I had never heard before. "Be brave, my boy: I pledge you my word as a gentleman that you shall succeed. Come to this light." Then he seemed to be brushing my hair back with a few soft finger-touches, and I remembered no more until I found myself on the rostrum listening to a perfect din of applause that covered the close of my speech. If there were any fire-eaters in the audience, they were Carolina aristocrats an knew how to be polite, even to a fault.

I could not understand my success: I had vague inward inclination that it was not mine alone. My identity seemed to have departed for the time. I felt that some wonderful change had been wrought in me, and, youngster though I was, I was amazed to think what might be the possibilities of the mind.

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For some time after this incident I tried to avoid Doctor Khayme, but as he had charge of our rhetoric and French, as well as oratory, it was impossible that we should not meet. In class he was reserved and confined himself strictly to his duties, never by tone or look varying his prescribed relation to the class; yet, though his outward gravity and seeming indifference, I sometimes felt that he influenced me by a power which no other man exerted over me.

One afternoon, returning from school to my quarters, I had just crossed Meeting Street when I felt a light hand on my shoulder, and, turning, I saw Doctor Khayme.

"Allow me to walk with you?" he asked.

He did not wait for an answer, but continued at once: "I have from your father a letter in relation to your health. He says that he is uneasy about you."

"I was never better in my life, sir," said I; "he has no reason to be worried."

"I shall be glad to be able to relieve his mind," said the Doctor.

Now, I had wit enough to observe that the Doctor had not said "I am glad," but "I shall be glad," and I asked, "Do *you* think I am wrong in health?"

"Not seriously," he replied; "but I think it will be well for you to see the letter, and if you will be so good as to accompany me to my lodging, I will show it to you."

Dr. Khayme's "lodging" proved to be a small cottage on one of the side streets. There was a miniature garden in front: vines clambered over the porch and were trained so that they almost hid the windows. An old woman, who

seemed to be housekeeper, cook, and everything that a general servant may be, opened to his knock.

"I never carry a key," said the Doctor, seemingly in response to my thought.

I was led into a bright room in the back of the house. The windows looked on the sunset. The floor was bare, except in front of the grate, where was spread the skin of some strange animal. For the rest, there was nothing remarkable about the apartment. An old bookcase in a corner seemed packed to bursting with dusty volumes in antique covers, A writing-table, littered and piled with papers, was in the middle of the room, and there were a few easy-chairs, into one of which the Doctor motioned me.

Excusing himself a moment, he went to the mantel, took down a pipe with a long stem, and began to stuff the bowl with tobacco which I saw was very black; while he was doing so, I recognized on the pipe the carven image of an idol.

"Yes," he said; "I see no good in changing."

I did not say anything to this speech; I did not know what he meant.

He went to his desk, took my father's letter from a drawer, and handed it to me. I read:--

> "MY DEAR SIR: Pardon the liberty I take in writing to you. My son, who is under your charge in part, causes me great uneasiness. I need not say to you that he has a mind above the average--you will have already discovered this; but I wish to say that his mind has passed through strange experiences and that possibly he must--though God forbid--go

through more of such. A friend of mine has convinced me that you can help my boy.

Yours very truly, "JONES BERWICK, SR."

When I had read this letter, it came upon me that it was strange, especially in its abrupt ending. I looked at the Doctor and offered the letter to him.

"No," said he; "keep it; put it in your pocket."

I did as he said, and waited. For a short time Dr. Khayme sat with the amber mouthpiece of his pipe between his lips; his eyes were turned from me.

He rose, and put his pipe back on the mantel; then turning toward me, and yet standing, he looked upon me gravely, and said very slowly, "I do not think it advisable to ask you to tell me what the mental experiences are to which your father alludes; it may be best that you should not speak of them; it may be best that you should not think of them. I am sure that I can help you; I am sure that your telling me your history could not cause me to help you more."

I was silent. The voice of the man was grave, and low, and sweet. I could see no expression in his face. His dark eyes seemed fixed on me, but I felt that he was looking through me at something beyond.

Again he spoke. "I think that what you need is to exert your will. I can help you to do that. You are very receptive; you have great will-power also, but you have not cultivated that power. This is a critical time in your life. You are becoming a man. You must use your will. I can help you by making you see that you *can* use your will, and that the will

is very powerful--that *your* will is very powerful. He who has confidence in his own will-power will exert it. I can help you to have confidence. But I cannot exert your will for you; you must do that. To begin with, I shall give you a very simple task. I think I can understand a little your present attitude toward me. You are in doubt. I wish you to be in doubt, for the moment. I wish your curiosity and desires for and against to be so evenly balanced that you will have no difficulty in choosing for or against. You are just in that condition. You have feared and mistrusted me; now your fear and suspicion are leaving you, and curiosity is balancing against indolence. I do not bid you to make an effort to will; I leave it entirely to you to determine now whether you will struggle against weakness or submit to it; whether you will begin to use your sleeping will-power or else continue to accept what comes."

I rose to my feet at once.

"What is your decision?" asked the Doctor smiling--the first smile I had ever seen on his face.

"I will be a man!" I exclaimed.

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I became a frequent visitor at the Doctor's, and gradually learned more and more of this remarkable man. His little daughter told me much, that I could never have guessed. She was a very serious child, perhaps of eleven years, and not very attractive. In fact, she was ugly, but her gravity seemed somehow to suit her so well that I could by no means dislike her. Her father was very fond of her; of an evening the three of us would sit in the west room; the Doctor would smoke and read; I would read some special

matter--usually on philosophy--selected by my tutor; Lydia would sit silently by, engaged in sewing or knitting, and absorbed seemingly in her own imaginings. Lydia at one time said some words which I could not exactly catch, and which made me doubt the seeming poverty of her father, but I attributed her speech to the natural pride of a child who thinks its father great in every way. I was not greatly interested, moreover, in the domestic affairs of the household, and never thought of asking for information that seemed withheld. I learned from the child's talk, at odd times when the Doctor would be absent from the room, that they were foreigners,--a fact which. I had already taken for granted,--but I was never made to know the land of their birth. It was certain that Dr. Khayme could speak German and French, and I could frequently see him reading in books printed in characters unknown to me. Several times I have happened to come unexpectedly into the presence of the father and daughter when they were conversing in a tongue which I was sure I had never heard. The Doctor had no companions. He was at home, or at school, or else on the way from the one to the other. No visitor ever showed himself when I was at the cottage. Lydia attended the convent school. I understood from remarks dropped incidentally, as well as from seeing the books she had, that her studies were the languages in the main, and I had strong evidence that, young as she was, her proficiency in French and German far exceeded my own acquirements.

By degrees I learned that the Doctor was deeply interested in what we would call speculative philosophy. I say by degrees, for the experience I am now writing down

embraces the winters of five or six years. Most of the books that composed his library were abstruse treatises on metaphysics, philosophy, and religion. I believe that in his collection could have been found the Bible of every religious faith. Sometimes he would read aloud a passage in the Bhagavadgita, of which he had a manuscript copy interleaved with annotations in his own delicate handwriting.

He seldom spoke of the past, but he seemed strangely interested in the political condition of every civilized nation. The future of the human race was a subject to which he undoubtedly gave much thought. I have heard him more than once declare, with emphasis, that the outlook for the advancement of America was not auspicious. In regard to the sectional discord in the United States, he showed a strange unconcern. I knew that he believed it a matter of indifference whether secession, of which we were beginning again to hear some mutterings, was a constitutional right; but on the question of slavery his interest was intense. He believed that slavery could not endure, let secession be attempted or abandoned, let secession fail or succeed.

In my vacations I spoke to my father of the profound man who had interested himself in my mental welfare; my father approved the intimacy. He did not know Dr. Khayme personally, but he had much reason to believe him a worthy man. I had never said anything to my father about the note he had written to the Doctor; for a long time, in fact, the thought of doing so did not come to me, and when it did come I decided that, since my father had not mentioned the matter, it was not for me to do so; it was a peculiar note.

My father gave me to know that his former wish to abridge my life in the South had given way to his fears, and that I was to continue to spend my winters in Charleston. In after years I learned that Dr. Khayme had not thought my condition exempt from danger.

So had passed the winters and vacations until the fall of '57, without recurrence of my trouble. I no longer feared a lapse; my father and the physicians agreed that my migrations should cease, and I entered college. I wrote Dr. Khayme a letter, in which I expressed great regret on account of our separation, but I received no reply.

On Christmas Day of this year, 1857, I was at home. Suddenly, even without the least premonition or obvious cause, I suffered lapse of memory. The period affected embraced, with remarkable exactness, all the time that had elapsed since I had last seen Dr. Khayme.

Early in January my father accompanied me to Charleston. He was induced to take me there because I was conscious of nothing that had happened since the last day I spent there, and he was, moreover, very anxious to meet Dr. Khayme. We learned, on our arrival in Charleston, however, that the Doctor and his daughter had sailed for Liverpool early in September. My father and I travelled in the South until November, 1858, when my memory was completely restored. He then returned to Massachusetts, leaving me in Carolina, and I did not return to the North until August, 1860.

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The military enthusiasm of the North, aroused by the firing on Sumter, was contagious; but for a time my father

opposed my desire to enter the army. Beyond the fears which every parent has, he doubted the effect of military life upon my mental nature. Our family physician, however, was upon my side, and contended, with what good reason I did not know, that the active life of war would be a benefit rather than a harm to me; so my father ceased to oppose, and I enlisted.

# I
# THE ADVANCE

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"Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm."--Shakespeare.

In the afternoon we broke camp and marched toward the west. It was July 16, 1861.

The bands were playing "Carry me back to old Virginia."

I was in the Eleventh. Orders had been read, but little could be understood by men in the ranks. Nothing was clear to me, in these orders, except two things:--

First, to be surprised would be unpardonable.

Second, to fall back would be unpardonable.

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It was four o'clock. The road was ankle-deep in dust; the sun burnt our faces as we marched toward the west. Up hill and down hill, up hill and down hill, we marched for an hour, west and southwest.

We halted; from each company men were detailed to fill canteens. The city could no longer he seen.

Willis pointed to the north. Willis was a big, red-haired sergeant--a favourite with the men.

I looked, and saw clouds of dust rising a mile or two away.

"Miles's division," says Willis.

"What is on our left?"

"Nothing," says Willis.

"How do you know?"

"We are the left," says Willis.

The sergeant had studied war a little; he had some infallible views.

The sergeant-major, with his diamond stripes, and his short sword saluting, spoke to a captain, who at once reported to the colonel at the head of the regiment. The captain returned to his post:--

"*Comp-a-ny*--B ... ATTENTION!" ...

"*Shudda* ... HOP!" ...

"LOAD!" ...

"*Shudda* ... HOP!" ...

"*R-i-i-i-i-ght* ... FACE!" ...

"*Fah--w-u-u-u-d* ... MOTCH!" ...

"*Fi--lef* ... MOTCH!"

Company B disappeared in the bushes on our left.

The water-detail returned; the regiment moved forward.

Passing over a rising ground, Willis pointed to the left. I could see some black spots in a stubble-field.

"Company B; skirmishers," says Willis.

"Any rebels out that way?"

"Don't know. Right to be ready for 'em," says Willis.

Marching orders had been welcomed by the men, and the first few miles had been marked by jollity; the jest repeated growing from four to four; great shouts had risen, at seeing the dust made by our columns advancing on parallel roads. The air was stagnant, the sun directly in our faces. This little peaked infantry cap is a damnable outrage. The straps across my shoulders seemed to cut my flesh. Great drops rolled down my face. My canteen was soon dry.

The men were no longer erect as on dress parade. Each one bent over--head down. The officers had no heavy muskets--no heavy cartridge-boxes; they marched erect; the second lieutenant was using his sword for a walking-cane. "Close up!" shouted the sergeants. My heels were sore. The dust was stifling.

Another halt; a new detail for water.

The march continued--a stumbling, staggering march, in the darkness. A hundred yards and a halt of a minute; a quarter of a mile and a halt of half an hour; an exasperating march. At two o'clock in the morning we were permitted to break ranks. I was too tired to sleep. Where we were I knew not, and I know not--somewhere in Fairfax County, Virginia. Willis, who was near me, lying on his blanket, his cartridge-box for a pillow, said that we were the left of McDowell's army; that the centre and right extended for miles; that the general headquarters ought to be at Fairfax Court-House at this moment, and that if Beauregard didn't look sharp he would wake up some fine morning and find old Heintz in his rear.

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Before the light we were aroused by the reveillé.

The moving and halting process was resumed, and was kept up for many hours. We reached the railroad. Our company was sent forward to relieve the pickets. We were in the woods, and within a hundred yards of a feeble rivulet which, ran from west to east almost parallel with our skirmish-line; nothing could be seen in front but trees. Beyond the stream vedettes were posted on a ridge. The

men of the company were in position, but at ease. The division was half a mile in our rear.

I was lying on my back at the root of a scrub-oak very like the blackjacks of Georgia and the Carolinas. The tree caused me to think of my many sojourns in the South. Willis was standing a few yards away; he was in the act of lighting his pipe.

"What's that?" said he, dropping the match.

"What's what?" I asked.

"There! Don't you hear it? two--three--"

At the word "three" I heard distinctly, in the far northwest, a low rumble. All the men were on their feet, silent, serious. Again the distant cannon was heard.

About five o'clock in the afternoon the newspapers from Washington were in our hands. In one of the papers a certain war correspondent had outlined, or rather amplified, the plan of the campaign. Basing his prediction, doubtless, upon the fact that he knew something of the nature of the advance begun on the 16th, the public was informed that Heintzelman's division would swing far to the left until the rear of Beauregard's right flank was reached; at the same time Miles and Hunter would seize Fairfax Court-House, and threaten the enemy's centre and left, and would seriously attack when Heintzelman should give the signal. Thus, rolled up from the right, and engaged everywhere else, the enemy's defeat was inevitable.

The papers were handed from one to another. Willis chuckled a little when he saw his own view seconded, although, he was beginning to be afraid that his plans were endangered.

"I told you that headquarters last night would be Fairfax Court-House," said he; "but the firing we heard awhile ago means that our troops have been delayed. Beauregard is awake."

Just at sunset I was sent forward to relieve a vedette. This was my first experience of the kind. A sergeant accompanied me. We readied a spot from which, through the trees, the sentinel could be seen. He was facing us, instead of his front. The poor fellow--Johnson, of our company--had, been on post for two mortal hours, and was more concerned about the relief in his rear than about the enemy that might not be in his front. The sergeant halted within a few paces of the vedette, while I received instructions. I was to ascertain from the sentinel any peculiarity of his post and the general condition, existing in his front, and then, dismiss him to the care of the sergeant. Johnson, could tell me nothing. He had seen nothing; had heard nothing. He retired and I was alone.

The ground was somewhat elevated, but not sufficiently so to enable one to see far in front. The vedette on either flank was invisible. Night was falling. A few faint stars began to shine. A thousand insects were cheeping; a thousand frogs in disjointed concert welcomed the twilight. A gentle breeze swayed the branches of the tree above me. Far away--to right or left, I know not--a cow-bell tinkled. More stars came out. The wind died away.

I leaned against the tree, and peered into the darkness.

I wanted to be a good soldier. This day I had heard for the first time the sound of hostile arms. I thought it would be but natural to be nervous, and I found myself surprised

when I decided that I was not nervous. The cry of the lone screech-owl below me in the swamp sounded but familiar and appropriate.

That we were to attack the enemy I well knew; a battle was certain unless the enemy should retreat. My thoughts were full of wars and battles. My present duty made me think, of Indians. I wondered whether the rebels were well armed; I knew them; I knew they would fight; I had lived among those misguided people.

# II
# A SHAMEFUL DAY

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'He tires betimes, that too fast spurs betimes."--
Shakespeare.

"*Fall in, men! Fall in Company D*!"

It was after two o'clock on the morning of July 21.

We had scarcely slept. For two or three days we had been in a constant state of nervous expectancy. On the 18th the armed reconnaissance on Bull Run had brought more than our generals had counted on; we had heard the combat, but had taken no part in it. Now the attack by the left had been abandoned.

The early part of the night of the 20th had been spent in trying to get rations; at twelve o'clock we had two days' cooked rations in our haversacks.

At about three o'clock the regiment turned south, into the road for Centreville.

Willis said that we were to flank Beauregard's left; but nobody took the trouble to assent or deny.

At Centreville there was a long and irksome halt; some lay down--in the road--by the side of the road; some kept their feet and moved about impatiently.

An army seemed to be passing in the road before our column, and we must wait till the way was clear.

Little noise was made by the column marching on the road intersecting ours. There was light laughter occasionally, but in general the men were silent, going forward with rapid strides, or standing stock still when

brought to an abrupt halt whenever the head of the column struck an obstacle.

I slept by snatches, awaking every time in a jump. Everybody was nervous; even the officers could not hide their irritation.

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Six o'clock came. The road was clear; the sun was nearly two hours high.

Forward we went at a swinging gait down the road through the dust. In ten minutes the sweat was rolling. No halt--no pause--no command, except the everlasting "Close up! close up!"

Seven o'clock ... we turn to the right--northwest--a neighbourhood road; ... fields; ... thickets; ... hills--not so much dust now, but the sun getting hotter and hotter, and hotter and hotter getting our thirst.

And Sunday morning ... Close up! close up!

Hear it? Along the southeast the horizon smokes and booms. Hear it? The cannon roar in the valley below us.

Eight o'clock ... seven miles; nine o'clock ... ten miles; ... a ford--we cross at double-quick; ... a bridge--we cross at double-quick; the sound of cannon and small arms is close in our front.

What is that confusion up on the hill? Smoke and dust and fire.

See them? Four men with another--and that other, how the red blood streams from his head!

What are they doing up on the hill? They are dying up on the hill. Why should they die?

Ah, me! ah, me!

The Eleventh is formed at the foot of the hill; the commander rides to its front:

"*Colour*--*bearer*--*twelve*--*paces*--*to the front*--MARCH! *Bat-tal-ion*--*pre-sent*--ARMS!"

Then, with drawn sword, the colonel also salutes the flag--and cries, DIES BY IT!

A mortal cold goes to the marrow of my bones; my comrades' faces are white as death.

"*Bat-tal-ion*--*fix*--BAYONETS!

"*For-ward*--*guide centre*--MARCH!"

Slowly we move up the hill; the line sways in curves; we halt and re-form.

We lie down near the crest; shells burst over us; shells fly with a dreadful hissing beyond us. I raise my head; right-oblique is a battery; ... it is hidden in smoke; again I see the guns and the horses and the men; they load and fire, load and fire.

A round shot strikes the ground in our front ... rises ... falls ... rises--goes over. We fire at the smoke.

Down flat on your face! Do you hear the singing in the air? Thop! Johnson is hit; he runs to the rear, bending over until his height is lost.

And now a roar like that of a waterfall; I look again ... the battery has disappeared ... but the smoke rises and I see a long line of men come out of the far-off woods and burst upon the guns. The men of the battery flee, and the rebels swarm among the captured pieces.

Now there are no more hissing shells or bullets singing. We rise and look,--to our right a regiment is marching forward ... no music, no drum ... marching forward, flag in

the centre ... colonel behind the centre, dismounted,--the men march on; quick time, right-shoulder-shift; the fleeing cannoneers find safety behind the regiment always marching on. The rebels at the battery are not in line; some try to drag away the guns; swords flash in the hot sun; ... the rebels re-form; ... they lie down; ... and now the regiment is at double-quick with trailed arms; ... the rebel line rises and delivers its fire.

The smoke swallows everything.

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Again I see. The rebel line has melted away. Our own men hold the battery. They try to turn the guns once more on the fleeing rebels; and now a rebel battery far to the left works fast upon the regiment in disorder. A fresh rebel line comes from the woods and rushes for the battery with the sound of many voices. Our men give way ... they run--the officers are frantic; all run, all run ... and the cavalry ride from, the woods, and ride straight through our flying men and strike ... and many of the fugitives fire upon the horsemen, who in turn flee for their lives.

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It is long past noon; the sun is a huge red shield; the world is smoke. Another regiment has gone in; the roar of battle grows; crowds of wounded go by; a battery gallops headlong to the rear ... the men madly lash the horses.

"*Bat-tal-ion*--ATTENTION!"

Our time is upon us; the Eleventh, stands and forms.

"*For-ward*--MARCH!"