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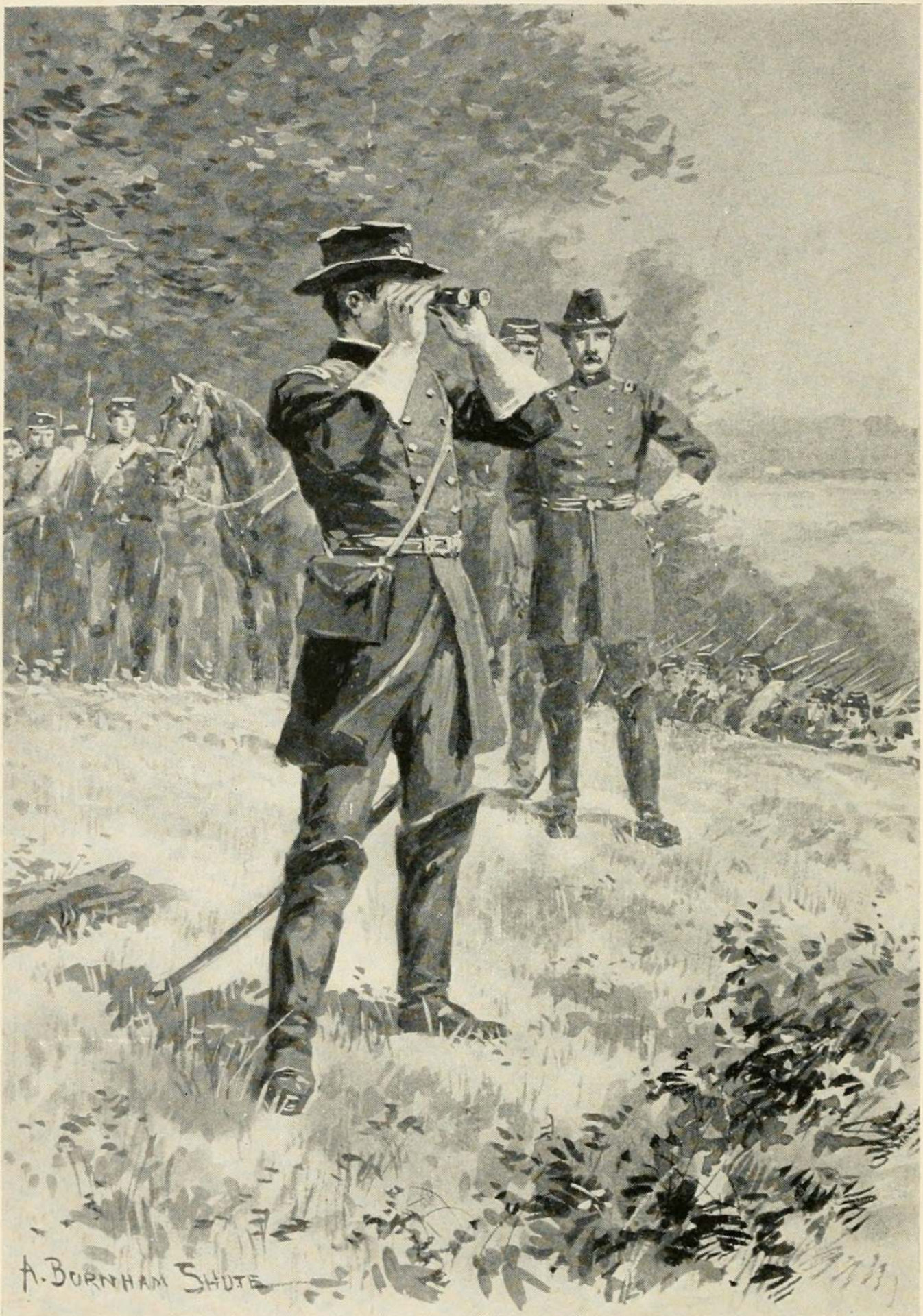

HE WAS THE FIRST OFFICER TO DISCOVER THE APPROACH OF EARLY'S DIVISION.

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HENRY IN THE WAR

OR

THE MODEL VOLUNTEER

BY

GEN. O. O. HOWARD, U.S.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. SHUTE

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Henry in the War.

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To

MY MOTHER

WHO WATCHES FROM THE OTHER SHORE

THE COMING OF HER LOVED ONES

I Dedicate this Little Volume

PREFACE

THE war with Spain, just finished, called out over 200,000 more of volunteers. As Henry has lived through both the civil strife and this later foreign struggle, he is now a veteran indeed, and a fair representative of our citizen volunteers.

My young friends who are acquainted with "Donald" and had glimpses in "Donald's School-Days" of the younger of the two boys will, I trust, welcome a continuance of Henry's noticeable career.

My promise in my first volume to carry Henry through the Civil War and give a recital of actual campaigns and battles I have carefully borne in mind. In this new effort I have striven to present only the truth of history in all matters of importance, while cherishing a great hope of adding something to the attractions and inducements which make boys become manly, upright men.

10 EAST 23D STREET, NEW YORK,
January 6, 1899.

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Come in the evening or come in the morning;
Come when you're looked for or come without warning;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you;
And the oftener you come here the more we'll adore you.
— Thomas Osborne Davis.

Orville Darrow, now a lieutenant in the topographical engineers, had long ago left the hill country of New York State, where we last saw him with his little family. He had by army orders been obliged for one year to separate himself from wife and children and go to the frontier for field duty among the Indians. That year, though filled

with new experiences and those helpful to his ambition, seemed the longest of his life hitherto. But of a sudden, with little previous warning, to his joy, he was directed to repair to West Point and report to Colonel Delafield, an officer of the Engineer Corps, then superintendent of the Military Academy. This was in the fall of 1857. He joined his family en route, brought them, now three in number, with nurse and luggage, to the new station, reported to the superintendent, and then to the mathematical professor, the able author and teacher Professor Albert E. Church, that he was ready for duty in his department.

After some changes in quarters Lieutenant Darrow was occupying at the time of the opening of this story the little "cottage on the Rock." It was a low, one-story house of uncertain age, situated between the Mess-hall and the cadets' hospital. It had ample yard-room, such as it was, with little vegetation on its surface, for it was indeed on rocky ground. Yet the barrenness of the situation was more than compensated by the

grand views of the Hudson, which, visible in all directions, was reflected from the north and east windows of the cottage.

One morning in May, 1859, as Lieutenant Darrow was standing near the north entrance to his domicile, he caught sight of a young man with valise in hand slowly ascending the steep ferry-road. His gait was moderate, because he was gazing about him. He had found the record of old battles engraved in the faces of the high ledges to his left; he had noted the trees fresh with their new leaves and the abundant vines on the slope's crevices and crests above him. He next saw the immense buildings whose names he afterwards learned, the new riding-hall with its long whale-back roof, and the Library with its observatory and dome; as he approached the crest of the grade, he caught sight also of the great brown Academic building and the granite Mess-hall adjoining. Over and beyond him were the heights of Fort Putnam, Redoubt Hill, and Crow Nest. "This is fine," he said to himself, "but where can I find my cousins?"

Coming toward him, a burly soldier in uniform, fat and stout, with authority in his manner and a rough style of speech but pleasant eyes, accosted the young man as he was crossing the Mess-hall street.

"Are you looking for Roe's Hotel, sir?"

"No; I was looking at things in general. Can you tell me where Lieutenant Darrow lives?"

"Oh, yes; in that cottage yonder on the Rock. There he stands now outside his house."

Expressing his thanks, Henry Woodward — for it was he — hastened to the nearest corner, pulled open the gate with a jerk, sprang up the steep path to meet Darrow halfway; for he was already recognized the instant he turned away from the soldier.

"Why, Henry," said Darrow, after the first warm greeting with both hands extended, which was as warmly returned, while the valise rolled on the slope, "what a surprise! Why didn't you let a fellow know you were coming?"

"I came as soon as a letter could, after it was decided I might come; and I don't like to startle

people with telegrams. You see I hadn't forgotten your hearty invitation in your last letter to Donald, — to him and his brother too."

"All right, old boy, — only wanted to meet you, say at Garrisons, and bring you hither more ship-shape! Mrs. Darrow and the children will be charmed to see you. Hugh will remember you, and little Mabel will soon be acquainted."

Darrow had seized the escaping valise and led the way. A cordial reception awaited Henry as they opened the front door and stepped into the hallway; for there were Mrs. Darrow and both children to greet him and conduct him to their little parlor.

Henry, as soon as the questions and answers concerning mutual friends had been exchanged, was shown to his room. He had hardly time to wash and adjust his linen before he was called to breakfast.

This first breakfast with the Darrows, Henry Woodward never forgot.

It will be remembered that when Donald Wood-

ward was living with the Darrows and attending the law-school, each morning just after the family sat down to breakfast, or rather were gathered around the table, Orville was accustomed to take the large Bible and read a selection of Scripture. After his separation from home and while in a frontier village, an extraordinary change of mind and heart had come to him, so that Donald's ardent hopes for this friend and cousin had been more than realized. Darrow having gathered his precious household once more in a new home, not only, day by day, read his selection of Scripture, but after the reading all kneeled together and repeated Our Lord's Prayer; then Orville led the family in a brief petition for the wants of the day. This cheerful and helpful exercise pleased Henry Woodward as much as it would have Donald had he been present. It was a frugal repast that morning, but everything was neat and tidy, as was always the case with aught that Mrs. Darrow planned or controlled. They had a round table. Hugh and Mabel were yet too small for

ordinary chairs. Their high ones were placed respectively to the left of papa and mamma. The boy fell to his mamma, and "the baby," Mabel, but two years old, to her papa. Henry took his place, which Mrs. Darrow had designated with her welcoming smile, at her right.

Henry had never conceived a happier home-scene than this. It lasted but a half-hour, for "Orville," she said, "must go to his section at the first bugle-call."

"Yes, Henry," answered Darrow, with a smile, "being second assistant, I am obliged to teach the first and second sections of the fourth class; so my hours are from eight to eleven. Mrs. Darrow will entertain you till my return."

While Henry was trying to tell him that he must not let his coming interfere with his duties, the lieutenant darted off through the door and down the steep path in double time, that he might be in his section-room before his cadet pupils filed in and took their seats.

Mrs. Darrow laughed and said: "Military ways

are imperious! Henry, you have had a hard journey from Maine to New York and probably would like to rest a while before we show you the sights and initiate you into West Point customs."

"Oh, no, cousin; I don't feel at all weary from my journey, for I sleep on the cars as well as in bed and generally put in more hours. I had a few glimpses of buildings, grounds, trees, and hills on both sides of this grand view, and I'm anxious to get acquainted and see more."

"All right; Hugh has got your hand already and wants to show you round. Go and look about till I can do a few things that housekeepers must attend to in the morning, and then Mabel and I will join you and Hugh for a walk. Let us see — Hugh, you keep watch, and when we pass the Academic building, you and Cousin Henry come to us."

"All right, mamma," said the manly boy of but four years, accenting the first *a* of "mamma"; "Hugh will!"

Thereupon Henry and little Hugh went out,

running from Mabel, who, seizing her sunbonnet, cried, "Me dō too!" They shut the hall door after them as her mother caught up the little girl and diverted her attention. "By and by, Mabel and mamma will go. Where's Mabel's new dress and hat?" So mothers, keeping back their tears and brightening their faces, know how to comfort little hearts.

Hugh and Henry left the cottage, descended the pathway, swung open the corner fence-gate, that closed itself behind them with a bang. Hugh loved to walk, or rather to run, and was, for so young a lad, quite entertaining. His small, white collie ran through his own hole in the fence and was ready for a lark. He would run here and there, to and from his young master, and make, as dogs do, ten journeys to Hugh's one. Hugh told his cousin Henry all about "Dōdō," what wonderful things he could do. But Henry wanted to learn the names of things as he went. Hugh, speaking quite distinctly for his age, told him what each building was called. "This is the

Mess-hall. That's papa's place" (pointing to the long Academic building); "that's the Chapel; and that over there" (off to their right), "that's the Library." Hugh pronounced it "Libarie."

They had come to the corner where Mrs. Darrow by and by was to join them, and Henry saw for the first time that charming plateau called "the Plain." The grounds at this season were at their best: the whole open parade richly carpeted with bright green, the maple grove, with large leaves, near the Library; the foliage of various kinds off to the east of the Plain; the large elms in front of the long, whitish stone barracks that extended from near him far westward; the shade trees guarding the east and west, and the north and south walks, broad-topped and beautiful; the grotto-like roadway in front of numerous houses along the west side of the Plain, and a sightly pile of buildings high up on the north side (it was what the blunt police soldier had called Roe's Hotel), with hedge and thin grove of old trees in front of the elevated porch which

stretched across the hotel's front. All these, and more, Henry's young eyes took in and were enjoying, when Hugh, who had dropped his hand and was running after his frisky Dōdō for a few minutes, came back, and retaking his hand, said, "Come see 'em march." He led his cousin to the west end of "papa's building," and sure enough the cadets, who had formed a long line at the bugle-call behind the barracks, had now broken up into squads or sections and were marching, in columns of two abreast, aiming for a platform at the middle door of the Academic hall, to which they ascended by two opposing flights of stairs. This, too, was a new sight to Henry, — the cadets' gray dress, all alike; so many golden buttons, shaped like large bullets; such bob-short, close-fitting coats, and queer caps of blue. Out by himself giving orders, each cadet squad-marcher appeared to be playing the officer. Who was that tall cadet with a high plume of black feathers, like a horse's mane, falling over his stiff stove-pipe hat? He had a red sash across his breast

and white belt and straight sword by his left side, and gold stripes were upon each arm. He was in the middle of the parade watching the sections as they marched.

"Who is that, Hugh?" asked Henry.

"Oh, he's the Det Cap'n offither-day."

Henry also caught a glimpse of another man in a handsome blue uniform, who had stepped out during the class assembly from a large house with a clock-tower on it, situated opposite the Barracks across the "rear parade." As this man saw the last section ascending the stairway, he turned in a dignified way and entered the middle door beneath the clock-tower and disappeared.

"Who was that man over there, Hugh?"

"Don't know. He's an offither."

Henry soon after this occasion found that the one in blue was "the officer in charge" — usually one of the tactical instructors (an army lieutenant) detailed to supervise all exercises and keep order for the day.

As Henry sauntered across the rear parade, —

what is usually called "the Area," — he and Hugh, who was still holding his hand, with Dōdō darting here and there chasing some sparrows that were alighting or flying near the ground, had come as far as the middle, when the "Det Cap'n," as Hugh named him, walked out from under the clock-tower and, with his handsome figure set off by his dress, came straight to them. Henry was noticing the shape of the huge Barracks, in plan like a "two-foot carpenter's square," and wondering how the inside rooms looked, if like his in college, when the cadet accosted him : —

"Sir, citizens are not allowed in the Area during call to quarters ! "

Henry Woodward was puzzled by this speech delivered with polite firmness. He knew he was where he ought not to be, but "call to quarters" and "the Area" were not understood.

"Excuse me, sir, I'm a stranger. Where can we go ? "

"I'll show the way."

The cadet then conducted him through a passage

called the sally-port that led under the Barracks, crosswise. At the front entrance he showed him the road and walk where "citizens" were allowed, and then raising his hat politely, returned to the Area.

As Henry faced the north he had his first view straight up the Hudson. The sun was shining upon the city of Newburg. Framed in by the high mountains on both hands, the houses of that city filled all the space, and were seemingly near in the superb light of the morning. Henry knew that he had never witnessed a finer landscape. Nothing was wanting for grandeur, beauty of outline, or charming detail.

Hugh had dropped his hand while he was absorbed in gazing, and had run after Dōdō toward the appointed corner where he was to meet his mamma and Mabel.

Slowly Henry made his way thither just in time to find Mrs. Darrow passing the Mess-hall, preceded by the little girl, with her golden locks straying from under her pretty hat and floating in the breeze.

Smiling and happy, they came together half way. Dōdō, to the delight of Hugh, jumped up to mamma, and then to Mabel, throwing her down. She was too happy to mind the fall, and was in an instant on her feet again. It was a pretty picture — the trees so beautiful, full of leaves and sunshine between the grand buildings, the charming young mother, the healthy, happy children, and the young man, hearty and handsome, with face lit up with these new interests. Add to the whole the bright spring day and the birds chirping overhead or hopping along upon the walk and the roadway. It was a picture which greatly delighted a large, sombre-looking man, slightly stooping with age, who was coming from the Library toward them and whose eyes took in the scene.

Henry Woodward noticed him and his peculiar dress. His coat and trousers were of dark blue, — the coat a kind of cutaway with bright, gilded engineer buttons; the vest of a yellowish tinge; the boots properly blackened, and the tall silk hat with a reasonably broad brim; his dark gray hair

curling slightly, and beneath it his large, intelligent face, always strong and usually serious.

"Who can it be?" thought Henry, as this impressive person drew near.

"Oh, Professor Weir!" said Mrs. Darrow as she, turning from the children, saw him.

"Yes, Mrs. Darrow, it is I. We hardly see you any more since you left our neighborhood and have established yourselves upon the Rock."

He said this with a slow, deep voice a little dragging and nasal, while with his large eyes he looked from her bright face to the pretty children.

"Let me present my cousin, Henry Woodward —Professor Weir."

He spoke pleasantly to the young man, and then excusing himself passed on toward his home north of the plain.

"Is that the great painter, Robert Weir, who painted the 'Embarkation of the Pilgrims'?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Darrow; "we lived just beyond his studio for more than a year. Before you go away you must go in and see some of his

other paintings. The Chapel there has one that you will be glad to see — a kind of national coat-of-arms that includes Liberty, the shield, and the old flag, everything superbly painted. Professor Weir is placed over the drawing and painting of the Academy, but one hardly ever thinks of him as an ordinary professor."

Our happy group sauntered along eastward toward the great river, looking at the outside of the Chapel and then the Library. As they were just passing beyond the Chapel, two gentlemen were descending the steps from a west door, coming from what was called the superintendent's part of the Library building. One of them, a shortish, elderly man with a prominent nose and iron-gray hair, had, Henry thought, a strong face. The other, a taller man, possibly ten years younger, was very straight, quick-motioned, and graceful. He had a kind expression, but one would not so readily catch and recall his personality as that of his elder companion. Both were in uniform with slight differences that Mrs. Dar-

row was already skilled enough to detect, but not Henry. Both raised their hats and politely stopped a few moments to say something pleasant, as army officers do, to ladies whom they esteem. Captain Darrow himself was liked by them. Mrs. Darrow hastened to introduce her cousin, first to the elder : —

"Permit me, General Delafield, to introduce Henry Woodward, Captain Darrow's cousin. Colonel Hardee, Henry."

They bowed to Henry, then raised their hats and passed on toward the Barracks.

"Who were they, cousin?" asked Henry.

"You are lucky, Henry Woodward. You have been introduced to the superintendent of this academy, General Delafield; to the commandant of cadets, Colonel Hardee; and a little while ago to the distinguished painter, Robert Weir."

"All right," answered the young man; "that makes up for my reprimand and being walked off the premises by what Hugh calls 'the 'det offither-day.' But I thought General Delafield was the commander here."

"Oh, he is. He, as superintendent, commands everybody; but they call the officer who has the immediate instruction of the cadets in tactics and who orders them around in all military exercises the commandant of cadets. Colonel Hardee, distinguished in the Mexican War, is the author of the work named 'Hardee's Tactics.' He is, as you see, a very polite and pleasant gentleman."

Being with the children and having Dōdō to bother, Mrs. Darrow thought it better not to go then into the Library.

"There's lots to see, Henry, as well as to read; but the Library will keep, and this beautiful sunshine isn't here every day."

They then skirted along the plain on the east side. The gentle slope down toward Fort Knox to their right, by Major Dade's monument, was tempting, but that too was put off.

"You will want some day to go around 'flirtation walk,' — which begins here, — probably with some young lady," she said archly.

Henry smiled and blushed. He didn't think

then he should find such a young lady. The fine walk seemed to lead to very inviting shades as it disappeared among the overarching trees.

"But, cousin, who is Major Dade?" asked Henry, as he saw the monument.

"He was an army officer, a graduate of the Academy, some years ago on duty in Florida. He was passing from one post, or fort, to another, when he was waylaid by Indians in a thicket, and he and all his command, over one hundred men and officers, were massacred. The bloody affair is usually called 'Dade's Massacre.'"

"Indians must be hard enemies," said Henry, reflectively, "but maybe white men in ambush would do the same."

"No, I guess not," said Mrs. Darrow. "They'd give some chance for surrender."

By this time Dōdō was chasing another little dog across the cadets' camping grounds, and the children were delighted to see the fun as the two dogs began to run up the slope of old Fort Clinton, where both fell back and were rolling playfully over each other.

"See, mamma; see Dōdō!"

The encampment from the middle of June till the 28th of August, by the cadets, was explained to Henry and the name of the old fort given.

"Can you tell me who General Clinton was?"

"Well, he was with Washington — Mr. Darrow will tell you. My knowledge of Revolutionary times is a little dim, but, Henry, here is a large monument, round this way."

They then went along the road northward behind Fort Clinton, till they came to a monument on a high knoll. It had a large pedestal and a squarish shaft, with a double weather-cap for ornament and cover.

As they lingered near the monument and tried to read the name and inscriptions, Mrs. Darrow remarked that she had had lately the curiosity to read up on Kosciuszko.

"All I know," said Henry, "I had once in a piece for declamation. These are the words: —

"'Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And freedom shrieked as Kosciuszko fell!'"

"Yes, he fell covered with wounds in a battle against the enemies of Poland, about 1794."

"But why," asked Henry, "did they put up this monument here at West Point for him?"

"He was here in all the Revolution from 1776, was made a colonel of engineers and received the thanks of our Congress for his deeds. He went back to Poland after that. On his second visit to our country he had bounty land given him and received a pension. He became provoked, however, at some law which was afterward made against aliens or foreigners, and so went off to Europe. He lived in Switzerland during his last days. He did not die when he fell, you notice, but in 1817.

"Born in 1746, he was but thirty when he first came here. Yes, Henry, just think of it! Only a year older than Orville. They made young colonels in those days, didn't they?"

The party passed on by the hotel gates. When Mabel became a little tired skipping and tripping, now with her mother and now running

after Hugh and Dōdō, Henry caught her and bore her triumphantly seated upon his shoulder.

The flag flying from its staff near the relics of three wars made an attractive feature as they reached the spot. It is located half way, going from Roe's Hotel, westward, to the road that passes the superintendent's. There they remained long enough to look at a fragment of the great chain that had, during the Revolution, spanned the Hudson at the Narrows; also at the cannon and mortars surrendered at Saratoga, at Yorktown, and in Mexico. Henry wondered at the nice order of everything. The mortars and guns of every size, carefully lacquered and kept on high skids, always looked new. He had here another bright view of Newburg, and admired Break-neck, Crow Nest, and the other mountains whose names, as he gathered in their lofty features, he was already fixing in memory.

Just before the party turned the next corner homeward, Mrs. Darrow, for Henry's benefit, showed him, first, the post-office. It was kept

by the widow and daughters of the late French Professor Berard. Next farther down toward the soldiers' villages strewn along the bank of the river, were Clark's post-traders' store, to the left, Morrison's tailoring-rooms, and Haight's shoe-shop.

"The new cadet that they call a 'plebe' always gets his complete outfit down there," said Mrs. Darrow; "and beyond, a few yards, is a chapel. In that Mr. Darrow has his Sunday-school for the soldiers' children.

"The Catholics have the church Sunday morning, and the rest of us afternoon and evening."

"How is that?" asked Henry. "Can Protestants and Catholics agree to worship in the same building?"

"Oh, yes; it is a government building, which cannot make distinction of creeds. The Catholics have a small portion for their altar and accompaniments, which they have consecrated. They shut off that part, when not in use, by folding doors."

Passing the house of the commandant, the

larger one of the superintendent, and then those of professors and instructors all behind the iron fence and beyond pretty front yards bedecked with shrubbery and a variety of flowers, Hugh anticipated his mother, and told Cousin Henry the names of the occupants. They soon began to meet officers singly, or in twos or threes walking abreast. Their neat uniforms, their manner of walking, their exceeding courtesy, always lifting their hats as they passed Mrs. Darrow, usually saying, "Good morning, Mrs. Darrow!" were noticeable.

Henry Woodward said to himself: "This is something ahead of college."

They had chatted so much by the way, and lingered so long at the monuments and in gathering in the names of mountains and dwellings, that the morning hours had fled. Darrow was already at the corner gate to ascend the walk with them. Giving his books to his wife, he swung Mabel up as Henry had done, to perch upon his broad shoulder. Laughing and happy, the little party,

Dōdō included, soon passed up the front steps of their cottage and disappeared from the view of a young man in civilian dress who was passing their gate.

Darrow, noticing him, as he turned to close his door, said, "That's John Weir; you must know him, Hal. He's good company and about your age. You will like him. You and he can tramp together, when the rest of us are tied up at the Academy."

CHAPTER II

DARROW'S FAMILY — HENRY AND JOHN WEIR — THE GRATIOTS, WARREN, FITZHUGH LEE, SPRIGG CARROLL, AND OTHERS — STORY OF PUTNAM

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

— NATHANIEL COTTON.

LIEUTENANT DARROW was the busiest of men. He not only beforehand with much pains looked over the lessons for his sections, but he was daily reading the Scriptures and studying books connected with their elucidation. At a meeting in the lower chapel every mid-week in the evening he gave a lecture to the soldiers, their families, and others who desired to hear him. These lectures required time for preparation. Henry Woodward soon learned his studious ways, and insisted that

he should act the part of a brother, and at least make himself at home.

"Do not, Orville, treat me as company. Please go ahead with your work as if I were not here. I'm going to Bangor Seminary this fall and must do some reading myself. So when you read or study I'll profit by your example."

"All right, Hal! I guess that will be good for both of us."

Henry always remembered the family scene when Orville would become absorbed with his books and his writings, with the children playing about his feet and his wife sitting by with her work in her lap, diligent at her woman's tasks, but never remitting her watchful care of Hugh and Mabel, or her interest in their plays and joys.

That was a good time for Henry to think and plan as well as to read. Those passing hours were very quiet and restful, yet they initiated Henry into a systematic use of his time.

If we take a good look at our young man we shall see but little change in him since he entered

college. He at this time stood about five feet eight in his stockings: wore his dark brown hair, nicely parted and combed back behind his ears, a little too long to suit Mrs. Darrow. His forehead was very fair and high, and his mild blue eyes were habitually lighted with a smile. Orville declared that he was too thin chested, and that he needed drill to put his limbs and figure into soldier trim.

"Oh, Orville," he would say, laughingly, "you don't want everybody to be a soldier."

"No, no; I'll not be one myself long, but I'm right glad those pesky drill-men straightened me up!"

During the second evening after Henry's arrival, John Weir came to call. He was hardly as old as Henry Woodward, and in many things quite his opposite. He was taller, straight as an arrow, precise in manner and speech, and as Henry soon found, singular in his sentiments and tastes. Both, however, were conscientious, upright, straightforward young men. Their marked differences sprang more from their different early surroundings, reli-

gious teachings and experiences, than from essential, or fundamental characteristics. As young men of about the same age they found enough in common and soon became fast friends. Henry's primary leaning after college was to the Christian ministry; John's was to the calling of his distinguished father, for he wanted to become an artist. John, rather reticent by nature, a little inclined to be exclusive and somewhat caustic and critical in his judgments, needed the cheeriness, buoyancy, and broad sympathies of Henry as a wholesome influence; while from companionship Henry was to be uplifted by young Weir's habits of closer scrutiny and by his stories of knowledge already gleaned in the artist's field. The proverb is good: "Iron sharpeneth iron: so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." These two became friends from their first meeting. As John arose to take his leave, he said: —

"Mr. Woodward, suppose, for a couple of hours before parade, we take a stroll to-morrow afternoon."

"Charming; I should greatly enjoy going with you. As to your parade, I've not seen one yet; 'tis a promised pleasure."

"Ah, I'd like to take a person who had never seen one, to a parade! I'll call for you at half past three, shall I?"

"Yes; nothing on my part to hinder," said Henry as John turned to Mr. and Mrs. Darrow and took his departure.

After he had gone, Mrs. Darrow congratulated Henry upon the young man's early call and the prospect of a good comrade for him during his visit.

In a few minutes the door-bell sounded, and Orville stepped into the hall to welcome Mrs. Gratiot, and behind her her husband, Lieutenant John T. Gratiot, and Lieutenant Warren; these officers then belonged to the "ethical" department of the Academy — a department of which Professor French, D. D., had charge. This professor was also the chaplain and conducted the religious services. Lieutenant Warren was his

first, and Lieutenant Gratiot his second assistant in English.

Mrs. Gratiot was a favorite with the Darrows, and in fact with all who knew her. She was hearty and cordial in her manner, and ready for every good work.

"How are you, Mr. Darrow," she asked, "and how is my little friend, Mrs. Darrow?" As she stepped in, taking Mrs. Darrow's hand, she said: "I brought my work, Mrs. Darrow; so sit right down and we will have a good chat." As she said this, she threw off a light wrap and took a seat.

Meanwhile Henry had been presented to each of the newcomers. To Henry this evening was, in fact, the introduction to a subsequent brilliant history some years later of patriotic sacrifices, of which none present had then the faintest conception. Henry Woodward, young as he was, enjoyed the study of people more than of scenery or books. Each new acquaintance furnished him an object-lesson.

Lieutenant Warren had decided opinions. He was an engineer and loved his profession, but he was always more than a professional soldier. His politics and his patriotism, favoring the restriction of slavery and the slave power, soon came to the surface in conversation. Henry and Darrow sympathized with him and greatly enjoyed his strong arguments.

Mrs. Gratiot was more conservative and very politic.

"I think," she said, "that politics always disturb people. Father is now constantly corresponding with Senator Jefferson Davis, who has been his friend for many years, urging him not to be such a fire-eater."

Lieutenant Gratiot, an artillery officer, always managed to say little. He ventured in a lull of the earnest talk to suggest that newspapers were making trouble between the North and South.

"That's not a good diagnosis," said Warren; "newspapers are bad enough at times, but they have to follow public opinion."

"I am afraid," said Darrow, "that a sentiment is growing that will bring disunion before long."

Then he gave an account of a secession talk that he had heard in South Carolina and Georgia as he passed through those states.

He finished by saying: "One planter declared that there was no safety for the property and rights of the slave states except in secession. Another said that every slaveholder must have the right to take his property with him through any part of the country; that it wasn't enough grudgingly to return fugitive slaves."

Mr. Gratiot, with a show of excitement, said that he thought the abolitionists were most to blame. "They say that our constitution is a league with hell."

His strong language and unusual voice attracted the attention of the ladies, who had been chatting aside about their own domestic affairs.

"Why, Mr. Gratiot," cried his wife, "what can be the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," answered the young military

man, smiling, "only a little pyrotechnics between secession and abolition. I put in a voice for the Union."

"Well, gentlemen," she said with her most charming style, "if you northmen can't agree, what will become of the country?"

Then she and Mrs. Darrow happily introduced new and less exciting subjects; and soon Henry was getting bright views of the family and social life around them.

After a brief half-hour, the visitors departed. Then soon Mrs. Darrow excused herself for the night. Darrow and Henry remained together for a long time before retiring, discussing the state of the country as men did in those days. His last prophetic words Henry remembered well when their fulfilment in after years recalled them: "Be sure, Henry Woodward, this struggle between slavery and freedom will not cease till war comes. These very young men and others now at the Academy from North and South will be in the great conflict, — some will be wounded and some slain."

"Oh, I guess not, Orville. Let us hope not. Good night."

"Good night, Hal. Hope you won't dream of 'wars and rumors of wars.'"

In the morning before 7.30 Hugh and Dōdō conducted Cousin Henry to the iron seats which were east of the road in front of the superintendent's house, to see "guard mounting."

This was "a first time" to Henry. It was a beautiful sunshiny morning. The trees in full leaf bordering the walks on both sides of the roadway were lively with songsters. The Plain was spread out before him clear of everything but the grass, which was kept closely cut and gave in itself a bright carpet of light green. The band was in place, consisting of twenty-four members, preceded by twelve boys in the drum-corps, all in perfect uniform and headed by the famous drum-major with a hat altogether too tall. Henry was curious to observe every performance: the cadet adjutant placing his markers with their little flags to show the line to be taken; the four

small squads, — details of cadets from each of the four companies, — they marched out, keeping step to the grandest music, and were turned over to the adjutant — all to make up the new guard; next, the formal and close inspection of every guardsman, with the rammers ringing in the barrels and the bayonets glistening in the sunlight as each man lifted up his piece; next, the coming of the old and the new officers of the day, one standing to receive the review and the other somewhat retired, — both with bright sashes over the shoulder and across the breast, each with shaggy plumes above them and handsome short-swords by their sides; then the wheels into column of the guard, preceded by the band; all marched around a rectangle, bringing their platoons close to the new officer of the day, who saluted all who saluted him; then the band stopping to play the new guard back to the neighborhood of the barracks, where it passed the old guard and received its orders. All that, too much to tell and too much for a stranger to military affairs to

comprehend, deeply absorbed our young friend. Hugh already knew all about this exercise of guard mounting and so answered Cousin Henry's questions with surprising intelligence. The drummer-boys in the drum-corps, who took up the music when the band stopped, and marched off past the old guard, pleased Hugh the most.

"What are those boys for, Hugh?"

"Why, they make music in the morning and they bring to papa and mamma papers, and do lots of things."

Henry noticed a number of people in civilian dress walking up and down, and here and there a cadet walking with them.

"Who are those people, Hugh?"

"They are the 'Dets' papas and mammas."

It seemed to Henry Woodward as he walked back to breakfast that morning with Hugh holding his hand, that no place and no parade could exceed that just witnessed.

Henry in his heart almost wished he had chosen the military profession.

"Everything is so fine, so nice and orderly, so charming," he said to himself. The uniforms of officers, cadets, and soldiers contrasting with the dresses of ladies, civilians, and children, the beauties of nature exceeding all bounds of preconception; the music, the graceful movements, the superb appearance of everything, absorbed the attention of newcomers; and in their delight they seldom dreamed of the hardships or even of the human foibles of the little community — on duty, or residing at West Point.

Henry, like so many before his visit and since, had fallen in love with the whole place.

Darrow, meeting him near his academy door, laughed at his extravagant praises.

"Ah, Hal! wait awhile, and in our circles you will find anger, even hatred and malice, and enough of it. True, the outside is near perfection; but souls here are just like souls everywhere. Good-by."

Hugh and Henry went home to take a late breakfast: but they didn't mind that, they were so happy.

The same afternoon found John Weir and Henry Woodward wandering over the heights in search of old "revolutionary redoubts." John called them outworks to Fort Putnam. Trees, hard and soft, and abundant bushes with moss and vines, had covered the knolls where the works were built, and they could find only here and there signs, like continuous ridges and corresponding depressions in the soil, to mark the spots where, so high up in the air, our grandfathers placed their batteries. John inclined Henry to lift his eyes and pay more attention to the highland scenery that was always changing from hour to hour as the sun, clear and bright, travelled westward to its setting.

At last they stood together on the old parapet of Fort Putnam. They were looking around, examining the bubbling spring and the caves that were once rooms, and chatting about the use of such a construction on so high a point, when two officers from the Academy joined them.

One cried out as he ascended the eastern inner

slope toward the place where they were standing, "Hello there, John Weir! Are you proposing to transmute 'old Put' into a picture?"

"No, no, Mr. Carroll; 'old Put' cannot be transmuted. It is a picture itself already!"

"All straight, John! Who's this youngster that you're filling with your *weir'd* tales of bygone days?" said Lieutenant Samuel Sprigg Carroll, the quartermaster. He was out of breath from his fast climbing, and sat down on a rock facing the young men, while his companion was more leisurely coming up the incline. Carroll, with his sandy hair and long beard, was always in a jolly, saucy mood and full of fun.

"Why, lieutenant, this is Mr. Darrow's cousin and guest, Mr. Woodward. He has been regaling me, not I him, with ancient tales. He knows the story of the hardy old general who made and named this fort."

As Carroll heartily shook Henry's hand, the other stranger drew near. Henry had not seen just such a character, — small of stature, short-

necked, thick-set, with very bright, laughing eyes, then inflamed from some temporary cause, he seemed the embodiment of health, and more even than Carroll running over with oddity and humor.

"What on earth, Sprigg, did you fetch me up here for? — certainly not to see two young fellows like these! Where are those young ladies we were to meet and hear you explain the situation, and tell the wild tales that always haunt your poor brains?"

"Why, Fitz, you are beside yourself! You brought me, because you knew that there would be no women up here! Let me present — "

"No, sir, not you. Don't I know John Weir? Couldn't forget a son of the old man, who used to appreciate my delicious paintings; but who's the other?"

"He is a friend of that odd genius, northern fellow, Darrow," said Carroll, "and visiting him. Mr. Woodward, Lieutenant Fitzhugh Lee, the nephew of old Robert E. Lee, once Scott's chief engineer, now lieutenant-colonel of the Second

Cavalry, a former supe of this glorious military school."

"And indeed, that is a respectful introduction!" rejoined Lieutenant Lee. "I'm right pleased to know you, Mr. Woodward. What is your native state?"

"The same as that of my cousin, Mr. Darrow — Maine," Henry answered, smiling.

"Ah, Sprigg, that must be a tough state to come from; all Yankees, no liquor, and no darkies!"

Henry began to feel some little resentment. He thought that these southern people who were full of the doctrine of state rights, ought at least to respect another man's premises.

"Gentlemen," said he with a show of asperity in his look and tone, "I am from Maine and I'm proud of my state, that according to its motto, *Dirigo*, dares to take the lead in principles of reform."

Fitz Lee, pretending that Carroll had spoken these words of offence, said: "Hush up now,

Sprigg Carroll; don't give us any of your homilies on state sovereignty. The young man knows what he is talking about, and I respect him; just say a word against old Virginny and see where you'll be in a jiffy."

"Quit your fooling, Fitz! Remember that you are a company's tutor and not out on the plains. Be on your good behavior. Say, John Weir, won't you and your friend tell us a little about the old man whose name this fort bears?"

"Yes, of course, Mr. Carroll; but you are quizzing us to ask?"

"Indeed, I am not. You never know when that scapegrace, Fitz Lee, is in earnest; but I am sure he don't know much about Israel Putnam, because Israel was not from an F. F. V. But I really would like to know a point or so of Israel's history."

"Come, come, Sprigg, keep quiet. General Putnam never saw your thin state, called 'My Maryland'; let us hear the story from these young men."

The officers then took some convenient stones for seats near to John and Henry, who leaned against a fragment of the old wall as they prepared to accept the challenge which seemed but half in earnest.

Young Weir began: "Mr. Woodward says that Israel Putnam was born in Salem, Mass., in January, 1718; that he was a captain in the French and Indian War (1756), and fought at Crown Point and Ticonderoga; that he became a captive to Indians, and that Indians were about to burn him at the stake when a French officer (Molang) rescued him. After he had been exchanged, he became a lieutenant-colonel. When that war was over he married and moved to Connecticut and became a farmer and a raiser of sheep. He was elected to the Connecticut legislature, and though a rough man with little education, was much respected for his character and courage. One story told of him, Woodward says, is that a she-wolf not far from his farm in Pomfret, Conn., made great havoc of the stock and terrified the

people. She was chased to her den on one occasion. Putnam took his gun and a torch to light his way, followed the ugly creature's trail, went into her den, and as she was about to spring upon him, slew her by a single shot.

"When the Revolution broke out at Lexington, Putnam was ploughing at Pomfret. As soon as word came he let his oxen loose, mounted his horse and rode to Cambridge. He then went back to Connecticut, was made by the legislature a brigadier-general and returned with a regiment to help at Bunker Hill. — We had proceeded thus far, gentlemen, when your coming broke the thread of our story."

"Do tell us the rest, Mr. Woodward."

"I see that one Yankee had some pluck, Sprigg, if he didn't come from 'My Maryland.'"

"There is but little more that I know," answered Henry, with modesty. "Washington made him one of the first four major-generals. He sent him up here to defend the highlands of the Hudson, and while trying to do so he had this fort

and several others made. This one was named for the general himself.

"At one time after this duty in the highlands Putnam went with about one hundred and fifty horsemen and two cannon to hold in check the British general Tryon, who was ascending the river with fifteen hundred men. Putnam, getting his men into great danger, saved them all by causing their retreat into a swamp that was handy, while he himself, as a decoy or to avoid almost certain capture, plunged down a steep embankment on horseback, followed by showers of musketry. One bullet passed through his hat."

"Why," asked Carroll, "don't we hear more of this man's generalship as one of Washington's generals?"

"Of course, I can't tell you military men that; but when he was on furlough, as early as 1779, the third year of the war, while at home he had a paralytic stroke and was ever after, till his death in 1790, unfit for any work."

"Now, I tell you, Sprigg, that we must look

out for these Yankee boys. They haven't in them the blood of our old families, but you see they have the knowledge and the sand. Why, this youngster in war would scale a wall or charge a battery. He don't need to feed upon your snipe, your canvas-back ducks, nor drink your whiskey."

"Well, Fitz, poor boy, you've got your breath again, and parade is coming nigh; you'll receive it to-night. Let us be moving down. Thanks, gentlemen, for your story. These old stones and dungeons will have more interest for me now. I'll bring Mrs. C. up here and tell her about the brave old Yankee boy. But the annals do say that it was Rufus and not Israel who actually built this affair. Good day."

"Sho, Sprigg!" said Fitzhugh, "meanest of men, you actually besmirch the face of Historia herself. Who was Rufus? Israel for me!"

The two lieutenants then hurriedly took a direct path down the steep to the Plain, while John and Henry walked by the winding roadway and entered the grounds by the north gate.

The badinage of these stranger officers, and their southern allusions, did not altogether please Henry; but they, like Colonel Hardee and Lieutenants Warren and Gratiot, afforded him new points for thought and study.

CHAPTER III

BROWN'S MONUMENT — CADET PARADE — THE DOUBLE TIME — McCLELLAN AND FRIENDS — CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP INJURED BY WAR — JENNIE GRAHAM

> I, loving Freedom for herself,
> And much of that which is her form,
> Wed to no faction in the state.
> A voice before the storm,
> I mourn in spirit when I think
> The year, that comes, may come with shame.
>
> —TENNYSON.

As John Weir and Henry Woodward sauntered along, looking around them and conversing, they heard what John denominated the "first call for parade."

"I have heard so much about the parade," said Henry, "that I can hardly wait for it."

"It'll be on now in a few minutes," answered his companion.

Seeing a high monument on a knoll to their

left as they were rounding the corner near Colonel Hardee's house, Henry asked whose it was. He had passed near it the first day with Mrs. Darrow and the children; but sightly as it was, it had escaped his eye.

"That monument is one that old General Jacob Brown, who was prominent in our miserable war of 1812, put up in commemoration of Lieutenant-colonel E. D. Wood of the corps of engineers. He fell in battle (1814) at Fort Erie, leading a charge. Let us go up the hill, — time enough before parade."

They then ran together up the slope and took a closer look at the monument; a square, high pedestal with plain marble shaft of twenty feet or more was shut in by an iron fence. Henry read the inscriptions, one of which he took special note of and was glad it could be said of such a patriot: "He was exemplary as a Christian and distinguished as a soldier."

"It is fine, isn't it, Weir, that a soldier can be a Christian?"

"Why should such a thing surprise you?" asked John.

"Oh! I was only thinking of their business in war, and how far it seemed from the cultivation of faith, hope, and charity."

"They are not in war much, and their work is a duty to be done like the punishing of a criminal. I reckon one's own exposure to danger and death must give a fellow peculiar emotions. I should, I am sure, want my country's cause to be a righteous one."

John was a thoughtful youth and by his answer set Henry to pondering and asking himself — if he could possibly be a soldier and a Christian!

Meanwhile they walked back past the carriages standing along the road which crosses the plain, and soon joined the crowd of lookers-on who filled the iron benches and thronged the walks opposite the officers' quarters. Many civilians were gathered in groups, strangers to West Point, women and children from Roe's and Cozzen's and from numerous summer residences situated

below the military reserve. There were also present, as on pleasant nights at this season, a goodly portion of the *élite* of the garrison, *i.e.* the officers, their wives and families.

The sun had just gone behind the hills. The shadows lengthening over the green, now slightly darkened the Plain, heightening its beauty. The summer dresses of the ladies, of different shades of color, were mingled with the blue uniforms of the officers, with here and there the gray suit of a cadet who had been excused from the evening parade. The hum of many voices, not forgetting the children's higher notes, was music to Henry's ears, wafted to him in the gentle breeze that was fanning the Plain. All this was new to Henry, who, with eyes and heart wide open, was taking in the charm of the scene.

Suddenly John called his attention to the same cadet adjutant of the morning, with that abundance of bell-buttons over his breast and his plume quivering in the breeze. He was placing the markers again, including the cadet sergeant-

major in the same place as at "guard mounting," to lay off a longer line parallel to the walk where John and Henry were standing. The handsome band was off near the Barracks, and had struck up a march that thrilled Henry's soul. The music, so full and strong and harmonious, appeared to pervade all the place and fill the air.

"Look, look!" said young Weir.

The companies just leaving the trees were separately marching, each cadet captain stepping to the music by the side of his company in a column of platoons; while the lieutenants or sergeants were leading them. Henry's admiration was excited. Each company moved like an entity. Every cadet had butt of musket in the left hand; no swinging of arms; he formed an integral part of a perfect machine. The band, continuing to play, meanwhile marched to the new line beyond the adjutant. Coming opposite his place in the traced line, by a simple manœuvre each captain deployed his company, halted it near, and then dressed it toward the right. All

this procedure the adjutant, remaining beyond the battalion, had closely observed.

The first thing done by the adjutant was to bring all hands to an "Order arms" and "Parade rest." Quietly watching for something to happen, with guns resting against their shoulders and hands apparently folded low across their bodies, every cadet in ranks was motionless, while the band, smartly playing, moved out and marched the length of the battalion and back to place. Then came the three rolls of drums and simultaneous louder clashes of the instruments, when the evening cannon at the giant flag-staff was fired and the garrison flag came rapidly to the ground.

At the right moment, thereafter, the adjutant caused the whole line now in ranks to "Shoulder arms," and the rear rank to fall back a few steps, every man casting his glance toward him; at this moment the cadet officers came out to the front and stood in another line before their companies.

In a loud voice the adjutant cried "Front!" as

Henry saw him marching along with graceful stiffness to the middle of his battalion. Here he turned toward Henry and moved straight forward until he approached Lieutenant Lee, who, as officer in charge, had stepped out between him and Henry to receive the parade. The adjutant stopped, turned on his heel to the battalion and said, "Present arms!" With a clear ring, as from one blow, the muskets came to place.

Again whirling around he saluted the lieutenant in charge with his sword, who, with raised hand quietly returned the compliment; upon this the adjutant passed beyond Lieutenant Lee and stood at his left a little back. Very coolly unhooking his scabbard from its suspension at his belt, Lee drew his sabre and placed it against his shoulder and then proceeded to drill the battalion at the manual of arms. Henry saw no cadet do differently from any other during this trying ordeal; but John Weir said that he saw several mistakes, and that the delinquents would get reported for carelessness and have demerit.

"No mistakes at parade are forgiven," he remarked.

At a nod from Lee the adjutant returned to his post in front, halted, dropped his sword, to hang by the sword-knot at his wrist, while he pulled from under his cross-belt all orders which were to be read — some from the commandant, and some from Washington. His was an extraordinary voice, bell-toned, and ending each sentence by an upward inflection much prolonged. Natural tones were greatly strengthened by use. Five thousand men could have heard every word.

About this time also the adjutant called out, "Sergeants, to the front and centre, march!"

Each first sergeant left his company and marched near the battalion to the middle. He, holding his musket erect by his right hand, brought up his left horizontal, touched his piece and reported, "Present or accounted for!" One sergeant that night said "Two privates absent."

John *sotto voce* to Henry remarked, "Those boys will catch it!"

The adjutant by distinct commands sent the sergeants to their posts and turned again to the officer in charge.

"Sir, the battalion has two privates absent."

Lee, who of course knew that, without the suspicion of a smile answered, "Dismiss your parade, sir!"

The adjutant turned to his battalion, returned his sword to its scabbard, glanced to the right and left, and then walked at a quickstep to the middle of the cadet officers' line, but continued faced to the rear; all the other cadet officers, who had returned their swords at the same moment with the adjutant, also marched toward the middle point and halted facing inward. The adjutant commanded, "Front — face!" Turning on their heels, all now faced toward Lieutenant Lee.

All being ready the adjutant, so as to be heard by the band, which after its first performance, marching down the front of the battalion, had remained stationed at the extreme right, cried, "Forward — march!" The band gave a succession

of quick, spirited strains. All the cadet officers took the rapid step. They had on their pretty red sashes, white belts, and white gloves; their straight swords were bright as they swung and thumped by their sides; and in marching, their high plumes gently moving gave a handsome finish to their stiff hats. Expert ladies declared that to be the finest part of the parade.

"Halt!" All stopped in front of and near Lieutenant Lee; all, at once, raised right hands to hat brims and saluted. Lee, who had returned his sabre to its scabbard after his manual drill, gracefully saluted in return, when the whole party broke up, some to go directly to the Barracks, and others to linger a few minutes to chat with some lady friends. Henry's eyes had scarcely seen the end of this last pretty performance, when the band began a tune in double time — that night it was "Pop Goes the Weasel."

The last performance was a climax to the whole, so animating that the observers at the benches couldn't help rising and clapping their hands.

The manœuvre in double time, first coming closer to them, was so easy, graceful, and regular that it seemed more like a lively dance than a march. To the spectators it was sheer fun.

Each first sergeant had taken command of his company. All four of the companies, by the flank, were speeding by different routes over the Plain, and finally back under the great trees till one company after another had passed through the sally-port and gone out of sight.

After the parade John and Henry walked together toward the Barracks. Several new faces here caught Henry's observation. Among the first a group of three, standing as they passed near Professor Church's gate, were conversing together like old friends.

"Did you notice those officers, Woodward, by the gate?"

"I saw three gentlemen there who seemed like old friends met again after long absence. They came together just after the parade."

"How observing you are getting! I have

known them since I was a boy; they are Captains McClellan, G. W. Smith, and Edmund Kirby Smith. They must be here for some conference."

"Do you know anything to distinguish them?"

"Why, yes; they are all engineer officers. George B. McClellan, well known since the Mexican War, has been lately sent to Europe, and has since his return published a grand book on European armies. He is a lovable gentleman. G. W. Smith was long the first assistant of Professor Mahan in the academic department of engineering. He was while a lieutenant brevetted a captain for gallantry in the Mexican War. When distinguished he was commanding a detachment of sappers and miners. Edmund Kirby Smith also gained, when he was a second lieutenant, unusual credit. He was honored in Mexico for two battles. The Smiths are both southern men, — G. W. from Virginia, and Edmund Kirby from Florida. Lately the latter has become a full captain in that famous Second Cavalry of which Robert E. Lee is the lieutenant-colonel."

Orville Darrow had obtained of Colonel Hardee, the commandant, the permission for an unused room in the Cadet Barracks, where he and his friend, Lieutenant H. W. Albert of the engineers, had gathered some long benches, a few chairs, table, and lamp. It was a sort of prophet's chamber. Twice a week for half an hour, just after their supper, he was accustomed to meet a dozen or more of cadets. They had there a simple religious exercise. This gathering, called "The Cadets' Prayer-meeting," so inaugurated by these lieutenants, has continued up to this date, 1899, for over forty years.

That evening after Henry's first parade, it being Friday, Orville invited his cousin to go with him to this cadets' meeting. After the lamp had been lighted and Orville had selected an appropriate hymn to be sung and a chapter in the Testament to be read, the cadets came one after another in Indian file as they do into their recitation rooms, with coats buttoned up to the chin, and took seats on the benches, which were arranged in hollow

square — that is, on three sides, Orville's table holding the fourth side. They sang the evening hymn strongly as choirs with male voices do. Orville read some words from the Bible, then all knelt together and first repeated the Lord's prayer; following which there were put up from the young men several brief voluntary petitions clothed in simple language. They then sang again. This night, instead of the usual selection from some choice author, Orville asked his cousin, as he was a Christian student, to speak a few words to these young men. Henry assented, and out of his own happy life he told them incidents that cheered them. Hope beat high in his own breast, and so he failed not upon an occasion like this to inspire those, particularly of his own age, with a little of his loving kindness and enthusiasm in the Master's service. As soon as the shrill bugle near the great sally-port sounded the well-known "call to quarters," the meeting broke up. Several of the cadets remained a few minutes to speak with Lieutenant Darrow, and he presented

them to Henry. In after years, when their names became famous, he recalled among those introductions especially these: Cadets Upton, Moses Wright of Tennessee, Roland of Virginia, C. G. Harker of Ohio, Hall of Michigan, and Benjamin of New York. How before this great war Christian young men from the North and the South were here mingled together is made very plain by such a list. It required strong influence to separate these friends from one another into the opposing hosts; in reality they never did have, as has been before remarked, any personal grievances to settle or individual animosities in which to indulge.

The next day was Saturday. In the afternoon, that being a half-holiday, Darrow took his cousin and Hugh in his buggy for a ride. They went *via* Buttermilk Falls to Fort Montgomery and back, making some calls by the way. Buttermilk Falls, since named Highland Falls, was then a small village below Cozzen's large summer hotel, about a mile south of the military reservation of West Point. It had two churches, Methodist and

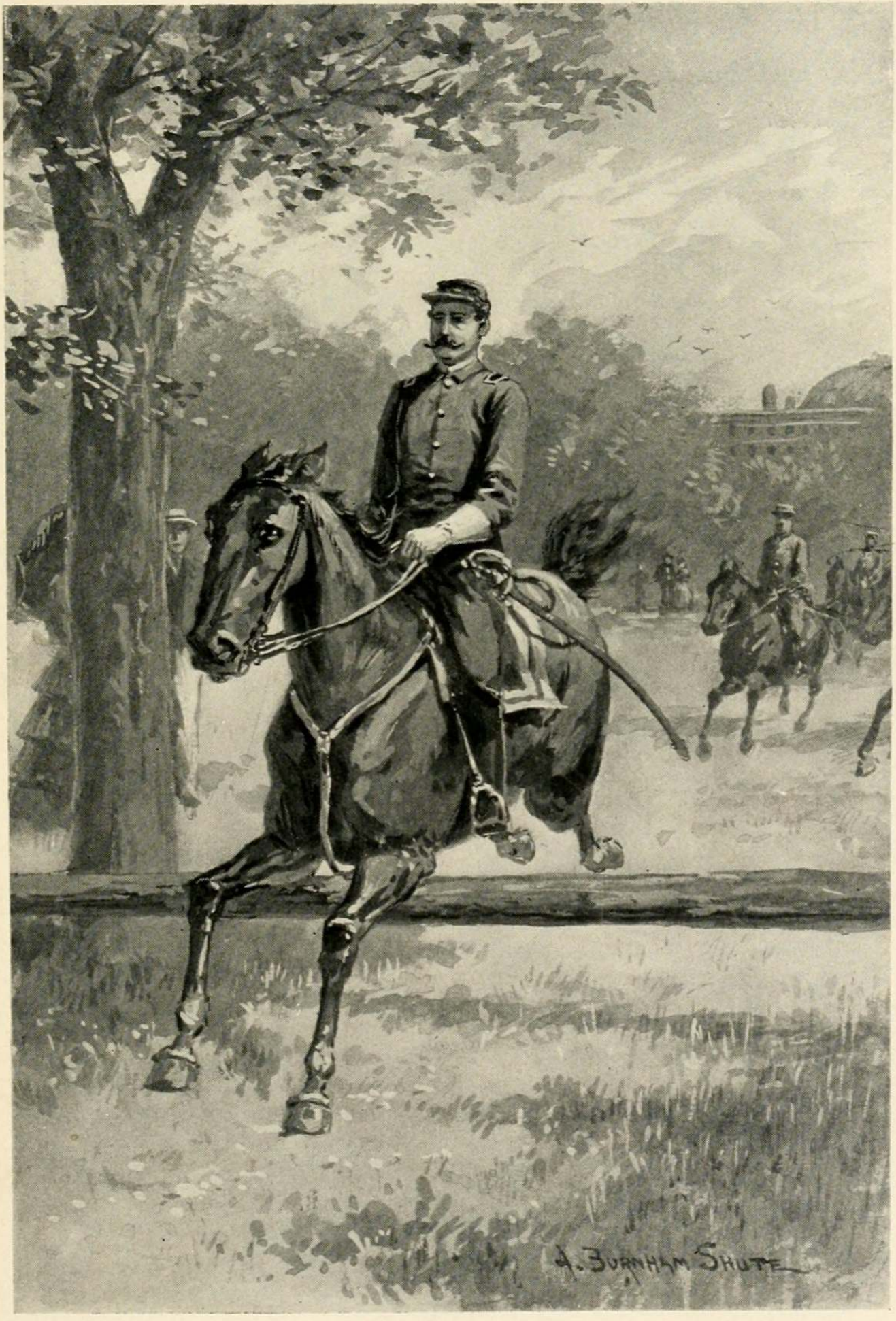
Presbyterian. Professor Weir's Memorial Chapel (Episcopalian) was nearer Cozzen's and outside of the village proper. Rev. Dr. Graham had been for some years the pastor of the Presbyterian church. He had, before the time of Henry's visit, been suddenly cut off by a violent illness of short duration; he had left Mrs. Graham a widow, and Jennie, a lovely daughter, an orphan. The pecuniary circumstances of the Graham family, like that of most clergymen, were anything but prosperous. Mrs. Graham had, before her marriage, belonged to a household of high standing and marked culture. In their bereavement, Lieutenant and Mrs. Darrow had greatly sympathized with the afflicted ones, and had in many ways befriended them. This Saturday, Orville called at the parsonage and introduced his cousin. Jennie Graham was very womanly and attractive. Officers' families welcomed her to their parties and cadets to their parades and concerts. It had long been a pleasure to Orville's wife to have her come to West Point on reception occasions and bear a

part, as Miss Graham, with her good taste and modest, graceful manners, well knew how to do. This was Henry's first young lady acquaintance after his arrival at West Point. That Saturday led to, at least, a pleasant friendship. But Henry Woodward, a little sensitive when he came into the society of the fair sex, probably on account of certain past experiences, was never too deeply impressed with Miss Graham. She was subsequently sought and won by a lieutenant in the army; but the home of the Grahams was a pleasant resort for Henry, and the acquaintance of the cultured society meeting there enlivened his stay at West Point. When the Lollards, the Frenches, or other young ladies of the Point, with a few choice male companions which included him and John Weir, invited Miss Graham and went to an out-of-door party, an excursion, a walk around "flirtation," or elsewhere, these two were apt to be sent off together when two and two was the order of procession. Not many days after that ride and introduction, several of our young peo-

ple had a much-coveted treat. They selected a fairly good position for observation at the east side of the Plain of West Point, to witness a cadet cavalry drill. Lieutenants Charles W. Field and Robert Williams were both present and participated in the exercise. Two sections of cadets of the first class, probably thirty in all, made up the cavalry. They first, in a variety of movements, were exercised on the open ground between the Chapel and the Cadet Encampment plot. The drill appeared to be perfect to our observers, though Lieutenant Field, in his forcible style, made many strictures upon the conduct of individual cadets, and Robert Williams in his deep chest tones startled others in such words as these: "Mr. B., keep your horse in hand, sir!" "Mr. K., where on earth are you going, sir!" "The command was 'fours left' and not 'fours right'!" All now moved at a walk; then at a trot; then a gallop. Horses and men grew excited as the pace was increased, and often the dust arose enough to envelop the riders in a cloud. Our

lookers also became excited too, but Henry's enthusiasm culminated when the troops had come over near to their standing-place, where there was a log-hurdle. The jumping part was broad enough for four horses abreast to leap over. Now to begin the vaulting Lieutenant Field rode his strong-built horse at a walk, then at a trot; when near the barrier he gently raised the horse's head, touched its sides with his spurs, and whew! over the horse went and trotted off in a circle to the left and back to the barrier that his rider might direct his cadet pupils. Nearly all the cadets of the first section, following suit, jumped one after another. Some horses balked, some refused to go near the logs, springing back or to the right and left on approach. For each failure the cadet was scolded, and made to try his luck again and again till he succeeded or till the case became hopeless.

Lieutenant Williams and his section repeated the operation. After jumping singly, by twos, then by fours, the troop wheeled off down by the Library and faced north in a double line. At a



Over the Horse went.

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signal they moved out again for a few rods at a walk; then at a trot, keeping well in line; then at a slow gallop till just abreast of our friends, when they heard the strong command of Lieutenant Field repeated by Williams so that it could be heard even at Fort Putnam, "Charge!" The cadets gave a simultaneous yell, and each man ran his horse to its full capacity. No horse needed the spur, for the screeching of a locomotive could not then have added anything to the spirit of the fiery animals. Henry was so excited that he talked excitedly and watched with trembling interest to see if any cadet was knocked out or off his horse, or was run away with. Two of the horses did get the mastery and made off to the left across the Plain. But it all came out well. All came back in comparative quiet and re-formed. They made a second spirited charge, and then gathered again in ranks, were dismounted, and dismissed to their rooms and their studies. Their young nerves were not at all disturbed.

Another day, by agreement, after finishing a

pleasant stroll to the cemetery, which, with its historic monuments, is situated on the northwest extremity of the plateau, monuments seemingly as you approach huddled there beneath the lofty Crow-Nest, the young people took chairs outside the hotel hedges and observed the light artillery drill. It was a full battery of six-pounder guns. Each gun had its ammunition-caisson and every gun and caisson had four horses in the harness. A soldier, as driver, rode every "nigh" wheel horse. Cadet officers were selected as chiefs of pieces, sections, and caissons ; and plenty of cadets became numbers "one" and gunners ; and there were enough other battery men to fill up all the places and still have extra cadet soldiers in reserve. How that battery swept over the ground ! The artillery instructor, Lieutenant George L. Hartsuff, with his shrill voice and his bugle which repeated every order, filled the Plain with his calls. His shrill tones seemed to fill the interstices between the roarings of his noisy battery wheels. Henry saw the column coming toward his party at

a wild trot, with every cadet riding somewhere on limbers, caisson-boxes, and horses. Suddenly all halted; the guns were detached and so swung around as to point straight toward the hotel. To Henry's surprise they began to fire gun after gun, with blank cartridges, "by piece" and then "by battery," that is, with all six guns together.

In a few minutes, an order rang out, "Cease firing!" In an incredibly short time the whole battery had changed its front and was pointing toward old Fort Clinton, where the firing was resumed. Then presto, change! off went the whole affair, mounted again, toward the Library. In another minute the cadets had loaded and pointed their pieces once more, all in a line facing south. That handling of artillery was indeed an object-lesson to Henry looking on, as it was intended to be to each participating cadet. Such lessons to cadets, oft repeated, could not be forgotten.

As the young people after the drill took the walk around by Fort Clinton toward the Library,

Miss Graham said: "That artillery was too much for me—seemed too much like war!" Henry replied: "Many of the officers here think we can't escape a civil war; both sides will get the advantage of such teaching and practice as that, will they not?" "Oh!" said the young woman, with a depressed look, "don't let us kill each other." "God forbid!" answered the young man, in spite of his forebodings.

As that year rolled on toward its academic ending, Henry, sometimes with the Darrows, sometimes with these delightful young friends, and sometimes alone, watched the different work going on and took notes. Why he was so deeply interested he could not have told.

Now it was cadet shell-filling and powder study and practice at the ordnance yard; now it was the laying of pontoon bridges, putting them far out over the north shore of the Hudson and taking them in, with the engineer officers to teach and the engineer soldiers to help the cadets; then it was practice at "the sea-coast batteries" with the

heaviest cannon; or at the siege fort where gabions, fascines, and sand-bags were used to illustrate rapid constructions. The mortars, too, were of great interest, from the little ones that could toss their iron shells a few hundred yards, where their flight could be traced all the way by quick eyes, to the large machine, which, poised in air, could throw its huge round projectile to the top of Crow-Nest. It will not be long before we shall see how useful was all this West Point experience, social, scientific, and military, to our Henry.

Too soon for his heart's comfort, Henry Woodward was obliged to bid his cousins adieu. Hugh could see no reason whatever in his departure, for who would now go with him to "guard mounting" every day? John Weir, too, had become greatly attached to Henry, and all the young social circle, including many cadets who had become his friends, joined in expressions of sorrow at his departure. But duty called him to Maine; so, when the regrets had been spoken, Henry crossed the Hudson and was soon speeding away to his eastern home.

CHAPTER IV

HOME AGAIN — CHARMING SCENERY — SOCIAL FERMENT — THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY — FERVID CLASSMATES, MULLER AND OTHERS — POLITICS — PROFESSORS SHEPHERD AND HARRIS AND BANGOR SOCIAL LIFE — LINCOLN'S INAUGURAL — FORT SUMTER AND LINCOLN'S CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS — JAMESON'S REGIMENT — FLAG PRESENTATION — THE TALL YOUNG LADY

We're all here,
Father, mother,
Sister, brother, —
All who hold each other dear.
Let gentle peace assert her power,
And kind affection rule the hour.
We're all — all here. — CHARLES SPRAGUE.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom
Her country summoned — she gave her all.
— T. B. READ.

DONALD WOODWARD, who was just then, during the summer of 1860, enjoying a brief visit at the old homestead in Grenville, came with "the colt"

and wagon to the Grenville station to meet his brother Henry. After the usual fraternal greetings and the lifting of Henry's trunk into the back part of the wagon, the young men sprang in and drove off southward toward the Woodward farm. They chatted by the way of what had taken place since they parted; of father and mother and Parker, who seemed by this time part of the home family; of the neighbors; of Donald's new work in the ministry at Farrington; of the theological seminary at Bangor where Henry was already registered, and where he would go to resume his study for the ministry the ensuing fall. It takes such talks to wear off strangeness and bring back old established confidences, dulled by distance and absence.

Suddenly they began to climb the hill beyond the mill, and Henry was taking in the full expanse. Rising above the first crest, he exclaimed, "Well, Don, the Hudson is lovely and the highlands are grand, but nothing after all suits my sight like this!" It was a royal sweep of the

eye, westward from hill to hill up to mountain heights, and southward to pleasant slopes, one above another, till at the summit the crowning maple grove was in view; and eastward was a broader country, wild with bushy pastures, cranberry bogs, and thick forests. Henry enjoyed everything; the houses and barns at intervals, the old orchards, the ledges and stone walls and open fields of grass and ripening grain. Every farm as well as every inhabitant in that neighborhood had pleasant remembrances for Henry; and every face which he met welcomed him back. But to Henry, the mother's embrace and sweet welcoming voice, and smiles lighting up her beaming countenance which met him in the vestibule of home, and the father's hearty call from the inner door: "Well, Henry, glad to see you! glad to see you! Chickens must come home to roost!" were, of course, the best of all.

It was refreshing to these boys to sit once more at their mother's table, to take in the neatness of everything, the best of everything, nay,

the abundance of everything that they saw before them.

The old candles had been partially exchanged for lamps. "Skip," now nearly blind, rolled himself before the open fire. The kitty, fat and sleek and lazy, was then, as of old, by the fireplace corner. The handsome clock, firmly held against the wall, ticked on, still keeping perfect time, above the square-topped iron safe. Parker's look was happy, and his old pipe, that night, more satisfying than ever.

Henry now realized in his heart, as never before, the comforts of home. Why do these New England Anglo-Saxon boys always roam? Probably because enterprise is in their restless hearts. Because sometimes God manifests himself to them, more or less distinctly, and calls them to self-denial, to hardship, to duty, be it far away or near.

Donald soon returned to his new village home, to wife and child, and to absorbing church work; but Henry remained during that summer to help his father and cheer his mother. In the township,

he renewed his friendships, somewhat interrupted by his absences at the Classical Academy and the college. This summer at home really took in all the neighborhoods of Grenville. Notwithstanding the hard work of the farm, the people round about, more disturbed than usual by political agitations, managed to assemble here and there at each other's houses or at the schoolrooms and the churches; and young people had frequent meetings of their own at parties, picnics, or on fishing excursions. Henry's bright spirit made him welcome, and the experience he had had when away, especially at West Point, made him just then an oracle for consultation and conference. The subject now ever before the public was that of slavery. It would not go down. It was the year when the speeches of Phillips, Garrison, Gerrit Smith, Seward, Douglas, and Lincoln filled the journals. Secession had already given its evident battle-call; and the lovers of liberty and union, in great consternation, it is true, were clustering around new leaders and preparing for coming conflicts.

"Henry, do you think Mr. Lincoln's election or inauguration will bring war?" So Mr. Woodward's neighbor, Francis DeLoster, put the question at the first social meeting with the young man.

"No, Mr. DeLoster, no; I guess not. But an organized, armed resistance to the government surely will."

Such were Henry's prophetic words. The union man of New England, like Samuel Adams of the Revolution, would not begin a war; but he would assert his convictions and be ready to resist any military aggression, even by armed force.

The latter part of August, 1862, Colonel Woodward took his son, together with his luggage, to Grenville corner, and bade him "God speed" as the young man stepped aboard the departing train. Just at sunset, after a weary day on the cars, he entered Bangor. His faithful classmate, Muller, met him at the station, and having ordered an expressman to look up his baggage and fetch it to their room at the seminary, the young men

walked up, about a mile, together. How it does gladden one's heart, in a new place, thus to meet a trusted friend. It cures loneliness; it forestalls homesickness; it brings at once rest and wholesome comfort.

As the two students sauntered between the Penobscot and its tributary, the city of Bangor grew upon them; first, they noticed the shops and stores; then the mills with their sawed and unsawed lumber in piles on the river bank, or in the enclosing booms; and then the convenient bridge.

"The common people of Bangor are thrifty and industrious, aren't they, Muller?"

"Yes, Woodward; but it would not do for any of them to hear you call them 'common.'"

"Oh, I didn't mean more than if I had used the old Anglo-Saxon word 'folk' or 'folks.' What big church is that?"

He had noticed, across the street from them, a large steepled edifice among the trees as they were talking.

"That is the famous Central Church of Bangor; if we turn up here on Hammond Street, we shall soon come to another large building for worship, usually called the 'Hammond Street Church.'"

A little later, as Henry was noticing the walks, the lawn, and shrubs which beautified the approach to this Hammond Street edifice, situated a little back from the street, and thinking of its grounds and steps and the beautiful trees that were near it, lifting their heads like great sentinels before its walls, he inquired: —

"What is the difference between this and the Central?"

"Nothing more, I believe, than comes from locality. Our solid, deep-chested, inimitable Dr. Shepherd preaches at the Central once during each Sabbath; and the incisive, variable, but able Professor Harris talks at the same place, taking the other half of the day's service. The seminary students usually attend worship down there."

"I guess, Muller," put in Henry, "they must like their professors, having them all the week

for teaching and then going to them Sunday for service."

"Yes, our young men have rid themselves mostly of college vagaries and miffs against professors and the like. Nothing helps them more than Dr. Shepherd's might in presenting the truth; but they gain enough by discussing Professor Harris's productions as the students always do at the Commons after church. None of us like to talk after hearing Dr. Shepherd, for he touches the deepest emotions of our hearts and makes a man feel more like personal examination or prayer than like talking."

By this time, they had come to the gate near Dr. Pond's and passed in. Henry raised his eyes to see the large three-story brick structure a few rods before him, that, probably, was to be his home for the next three years. The building was constructed midway of a gentle slope fronting southward. There was ample space for grass and trees in front, and room also for all sorts of ball-playing on the plateau above; for the Semi-

nary was at that time at the outer border of the city. The young men quickly came around to the long front. Here were two large doors, one belonging to each half. They entered the farthest and ascended two flights of stairs to Muller's and Henry's room.

The room, new to the latter, with a smouldering fire in a Franklin stove, with a cheerful paper on its walls, a modest carpet on the floor, a bookcase, a table and a few chairs, and two windows opening eastward, was not luxurious, but carried a welcome, as most college-rooms do, to students who enjoyed each other's company. It was a pleasant and commodious study-place. Two doors from the side opposite the entrance naturally led to two bedrooms, one for each. It did not take Henry long after the arrival of his trunk to go in, take possession, and domesticate himself. Everything was homelike to these two happy souls. A half-hour later, they closed their doors and made their way to the Commons.

The Commons then had some thirty theological

students. They were all in their places when Muller and Henry Woodward entered the hall. Muller took his companion and introduced him to the purveyor, a student chosen for the office. He and Muller had seats together not far from the head of one of the tables. They could hear murmurs of conversation here and there, but generally the young men were very quietly taking their repast. Henry made the acquaintance of a few of them, some of whose names he had heard before when they were in college with his brother. Three or four like young Muller had been with himself at school, and these, knowing the young man, at once rose from the table and came around to his place and bade him welcome to Bangor.

Near the time of finishing their frugal supper, a young gentleman sitting near the entrance, who had been glancing over a newspaper at intervals during the meal, suddenly threw the paper on the table, and said loud enough to attract everybody's attention: "Say, fellows, the ball rolls on. Good

for September ! Our Maine republican governor's elected by over eighteen thousand majority." There was instantly loud applause as several cried out : "'Tis the beginning of the end." "As Maine goes, so goes the republic ! "

An animated talk with the usual sound of broken manly voices followed this news of those early September elections, and Henry learned that theological students were as lively and jolly or partisan as he had found the officers and cadets at West Point. Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas, and Breckenridge were then before the nation as the candidates for the next Presidency, — Lincoln for the republicans and free territories ; Douglas for a part of the democrats and squatter sovereignty (that is, to let the people of the territories settle the slave question themselves) ; while Breckenridge led the consolidated pro-slavery hosts.

Henry learned that evening that in a Bangor Lyceum course, Frederick Douglass, the escaped slave, already a choice orator and advocate of the rights of his people, had but lately spoken in

Norumbega Hall to a full house. His subject was: "The aims of the slave power."

The student spokesman, who had thrown his paper on the table, was challenged by a bright student, a sort of "an old time democrat," or rather a youngster who pretended to be one, to state Breckenridge's principles properly. He laughed at his scowling interlocutor, but jumped upon a chair and pulled out his notes of Fred Douglass's late lecture: "All right," he cried, "if you will have the truth, here it is from their own speeches, all three of them.

"1. BRECKENRIDGE. — 'The citizen of any state has a right to migrate to any territory, taking with him anything which is property by the law of his own state, and hold, enjoy, and be protected in the use of such property in said territory. And Congress is bound to render such protection wherever necessary, whether with or without the coöperation of the territorial legislature.

"2. DOUGLAS. — 'Slavery or no slavery in any territory is entirely the affair of the white in-

habitants of such territory. If they choose to have it, it is their right; if they choose not to have it, they have a right to exclude or prohibit it. Neither Congress nor the people of the Union or of any part of it, outside of said territory, have any right to meddle with or trouble themselves about the matter.'

"3. LINCOLN. — 'Slavery can only exist by virtue of municipal law; and there is no law for it in the territories, and no power to enact one. Congress can establish or legalize slavery nowhere, but it is bound to prohibit it or exclude it from any and every Federal territory, whenever and wherever there shall be necessity for such exclusion and prohibition.' "

As the reading ceased, the Commons' supper broke up in excited discussion and quick departures. Henry and Muller entered their hallway, slowly ascended their stairway and reëntered their sanctum.

"That Commons, Muller, surprises me; glad theologians are so much like other folks."

"Yes, indeed they are, of course; but these

times, Woodward, are peculiar. The restlessness is universal. Every class of society is moved. The newspapers are eagerly read, and that man Abraham Lincoln has won the heart of most northern people. He will go on to victory; and if the South isn't mere brag, state after state will nullify or do something to resist the republicans. I look for trouble ahead. Trouble upon trouble, and that soon. I'm afraid this Union is doomed."

"Oh, no, Muller; keep hoping, as you keep praying, that the right may prevail. How can the southern "fire-eaters" break the Union?"

"Indeed, I'll be with you, Woodward, in hope and prayer, for my strong convictions go with the republicans. If we prevail, as Seward continues to say in all his platform speeches, slavery must go to the wall."

"All right," Henry rejoined with emphasis, "let it go there and break its head. Southerners are brave enough, but they are not fools. I hope they will not take up arms against the country."

The next day the lectures of the professors commenced. To take notes; to study the text-books and give to the Scriptures a systematic search; to write theses; submit to wholesome and kindly criticism, and answer questions such as their teachers knew well how to ask, — these were the daily duties, except Saturdays and Sundays, of the young men in the Seminary.

Henry, who had made up his mind after much prayer and thought, though with some troublesome misgivings, that the Holy Spirit called him to the Gospel ministry, came to these seminary requirements with a sincere pleasure. Whatever his future, he did enjoy the knowledge here acquired, and was delighted especially with the literary training involved. The reading prescribed was good and solid and the discipline of the lecture-room capital. Those old professors who had already become historic, were object-lessons to this young man. The Rev. Dr. Pond, a little odd in his manners, had a warm heart, and was remarkable for a plain and simple statement of the

difficult; and the profound Professor Talcott was learned, and had great facility in the impartation of knowledge. Professor Harris, in those days, was inclined to be a little critical, but he always maintained with warmth the orthodox standards and kept the students to evangelical doctrines and methods. An hour with him enlarged the scope of a searcher for truth, but Professor Shepherd carried his pupils into the heights and depths. Strong, vigorous, deep in mind and voice, he never failed to impress saint or sinner who once heard him expound the word of God. At times, in the pulpit he first sank a little and then rose to his full height and stretched up his arms till the hearers were made to tremble at the tremendous emphasis which the completion of his singular gesture brought.

Henry, who some years before had been taken by him into the Hallowell church, delighted in the energy of Dr. Shepherd, and more still in his gentle condescension and evident personal affection shown in private. Of course, Henry won

his own way into the sympathetic regard of not only his instructors, but of his fellow-students. Nature and grace met in him to effect this result. The Sunday-school at the Centre Street Church first found him a scholar and then a teacher. Soon he began to meet the families of Bangor, not only those of the professors, but such households as the McGees, the Godfreys, the Durens, the Littles, the Crosbys, the Hosfords, the McGregors, and others. How beautiful those little girls, little Misses just budding into sweet womanhood, that he had in his first Sunday-school class! It is not very wonderful that for years afterward his mind and heart wandered back to those scenes, perhaps with the secret hope of some day carrying off one of those charming pupils to be the staff and stay of his subsequent life. But it isn't fair to anticipate, for if this story were a novel, it might spoil the interest.

Many a bud has failed of fruitage; and many a heart-journey of like purpose has been unsuccessful. But we may say that our Henry before

the war was a welcome guest all that year in many a house, in some where girls were of large growth and had bright eyes, bright minds, and winning ways. Probably it was due to the potent influence of his studies, the abundance of his manly physical exercises at foot and round ball during leisure hours, and other absorptions, that the social life did not take a stronger hold upon him during the fall of 1860 and 1861; for Henry Woodward, with his own genial ways, not only favorably affected new acquaintances, young and not so young, but he himself was impressible; and one would have thought that he might have been an easy prey to well-known inducements to social enjoyments that were always outcropping in Bangor circles; yet his historian believes that he escaped the first year of his theological life without any perceptible upsetting of his mind. There was, however, this year, as I have before intimated, another thing more momentous, which touched Henry. It was the ever increasing disturbance in the nation's political life.

Mr. Lincoln was, in due time, elected to the Presidency on the 6th of November, 1860. Before and after this election violent speeches were made in both houses of Congress. Threats of disunion were followed by vigorous attempts at secession. A South Carolina convention, assembled at Columbia, December 17, 1860, passed a primary resolution which was brief and to the point. It read: "Resolved, That it is the opinion of the Convention that the State of South Carolina should forthwith secede from the Federal Union, known as the United States of America." This convention, which the South Carolina legislature, a month before the announcement of Mr. Lincoln's election, had duly called, being interrupted by the news of the increase of a small-pox contagion at Columbia, adjourned to Charleston. There, after a number of hot speeches from its members, and after hearing from a number of sympathizing delegates from other slave-holding states, the convention passed, December 20, 1861, the more formal ordinance, as follows: "We, the people of

South Carolina, in Convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained, that the Ordinance adopted by us in Convention, on the 23d day of May, in the year of our Lord 1788, whereby the Constitution of the United States of America was ratified, and also all Acts and parts of Acts of the General Assembly of this State ratifying the amendments of the said Constitution, are hereby repealed; and that the Union now subsisting between South Carolina and other States, under the name of the United States of America, is hereby dissolved."

Other seceding states followed the example of South Carolina early in the spring of 1861, viz. Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Tennessee, and Texas; then later, Virginia, Arkansas, and North Carolina. But Missouri, Maryland, Kentucky, and Delaware, which were usually called the border states, never joined their "departing sisters" in secession.

Imagine, if you can, how all this hostile action would move the people of a nation. Henry could

give you some pictures of northern society. Frequently meetings were called, large and small; the large ones at Norumbega Hall. Professor Harris was always intensely patriotic and so was often called to participate. His clear incisive utterances would command attention, at once bring order out of confusion, and create a wholesome enthusiasm.

Muller and Henry had followed up the press accounts in detail with the deepest interest in what was occurring. I wonder if the lectures of even Professors Shepherd and Pond were not often dim in their memories when they were catechised the next day after their delivery. Mr. Lincoln's Inaugural Address the 4th of March pleased Henry very much. When it appeared in full, he read snatches of it to his room-mate.

"Listen to this, Muller," he said, as he placed his feet against the front of his Franklin stove and leaned against the back of his chair. "Mr. Lincoln talks as a President should. Here are his words: 'I, therefore, consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken,

and, to the extent of my ability, I shall take care, as the Constitution expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union shall be faithfully executed in all the States.' Again, 'The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and collect the duties and imposts.' — Once more, 'In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You can have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government; while I have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend" it.'

"'I am loth to close. We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection.'

"Hearken, friend Muller, to this affecting paragraph: 'The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave, to every

living hearth and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.'

"It seems as though," said Woodward, thoughtfully, "that even the holders of slaves would listen to such touching paternal appeals."

"Yes, Henry, but you know they will never see or read that Inaugural; they will get only such rehashes and caricatures of it as partisan editors may furnish them."

One morning, a little more than a month after that reading, the next day after the surrender of Fort Sumter, the young men were discussing that event. Muller averred that the great Civil War had actually begun. "Last night's telegrams leave no doubt," said he.

"I'm not so sure of that, my friend," answered Henry. "I hardly think the fire-eaters, hot as they are, will like to be credited with striking the first blow."

These words were hardly out of Woodward's lips

when a classmate who had been coming up the stairs two steps at a bound, burst into the room and shouted: "Muller and Woodward, Mr. Lincoln has called for you!"

"What do you mean, Howell?" both cried in a breath.

"Here it is," said the newcomer, as he raised a morning newspaper and began to read: —

"Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution and the laws, have thought fit to call forth the militia of the several states of the Union to the aggregate of seventy-five thousand, in order to suppress said combinations and to cause the laws to be duly executed." — "I deem it proper to say that the first service assigned to the forces hereby called forth will probably be to repossess the forts, places, and property which have been seized from the Union."

The students gave a hearty approval to Mr. Lincoln's action; and so generally did the people of Bangor. A meagre few showed anger at first

and made hateful speeches. A sample of such appeared that very morning in the "Bangor Union."

Speaking of the republicans, this paper said: "When the government at Washington calls for volunteers or recruits to carry on the work of subjugation and tyranny under the specious phrase of 'enforcing the laws,' 'retaking and protecting the public property,' and 'collecting the revenue,' let every democrat fold his arms, and bid the unioners of Tory despotism do a Tory despot's work. Say to them fearlessly and boldly, in the language of England's great lord, the Earl of Chatham: 'If I were a Southerner, as I am a Northerner, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I would never lay down my arms, — never, *never*, NEVER!'"

But the northern democrats, as a party, did not follow such false teaching. For, indeed, they well knew who first organized the forces of rebellion; who seized United States forts, obstructed United States mails, and who stopped the collection of the revenues, and who, after great prepa-

ration and with great *éclat*, fired the first hostile shots and followed them up, and forced the surrender of the United States garrison at Fort Sumter.

Indeed, the democrats like Jameson, Roberts, and Berry of Maine, Butler of Massachusetts, and Sprague of Rhode Island were among the first in the field in answer to President Lincoln's call for volunteers.

Professors, students, and citizens did not talk much now. They organized companies; they gathered arms and ammunition; they met nightly to drill and get ready for orders which, with an abiding excitement, they were every day expecting.

But for his correspondence with his friend, Lieutenant Darrow, Henry would, without doubt, have been in that first two years' regiment from the Penobscot.

The inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, the 4th of March, had received at Bangor a hearty public recognition; his conduct in attempting to provision Fort Sumter was strongly approved. The

firing by the Confederate hosts under Beauregard, at 4.20 A.M., the 12th of April, upon Fort Sumter, had now caused a culmination of excitement. The people of Bangor with but slight dissent then seemed to have but one voice. Abolitionists, republicans, and democrats were for the most part at last united. Men ran together for action. Out of the first excitement came plenty of volunteers calling for organization and drill.

A little later, Colonel Jameson's Second Maine regiment, a thousand strong, offered themselves to the President for two years' service.

There were some interesting scenes connected with the fitting out of Jameson's regiment. During the time many ladies assembled every day in a large hall for the purpose of making comforts, havelock-caps, and other articles of use that they thought would contribute to the benefit of the soldiers. A special visit to this hall by Henry and his companions was made a subject of record in his diary, to wit: "The ladies were at work all through the lower part of the hall and also in the

gallery above. There were groups of the younger ladies, some of whom were friends and acquaintances, assembled in different parts of the hall engaged in sewing, folding, and packing." Henry's Sunday-school class was well represented. A tall girl sitting in a group in one of the galleries, having on a large hat of light-colored straw with a cherry-tinted ribbon (she was of the same Sunday-school class), particularly attracted his attention that day, so that our young friend not only examined the work and inspected the hats and uniforms of the soldiers, but was seen to venture into that gallery to have, if possible, a few words with her.

Another incident also connected with that Second Maine regiment was the presentation of a beautiful silk banner to the regiment. It was given by Miss Josephine McGregor. She was the daughter of an excellent physician of Bangor who afterward became a surgeon attached to the staff of General Sedgwick. She was a beautiful young woman herself, and a warm friend of the before-

mentioned young lady of the gallery, though her senior in years. My informant says Miss McGregor herself would have passed well for the Goddess of Liberty, but it did not detract at all from the tableau to have her beautiful friend near her during the ceremony. Miss McGregor's words were eloquent and touching as she handed the silken banner to Colonel Jameson, the commander of the regiment. This presentation, to the regiment and people, was a most thrilling performance, emphasized and deepened in Henry's mind, and in the memories of all who were present, by subsequent history.

Henry soon began to see and feel the need of all his military knowledge, and that was little enough, which he could make of practical use.

It was then that his letters to Lieutenant Darrow began to multiply. The social condition of this eastern city, permeated with a warlike spirit, was found everywhere in the truly loyal states. The press declared: "The forts are being taken, the mails are being tampered with; funds from the

Interior Department have been stolen; the lighthouses are in hostile hands or dismantled; cannon, small arms, and troops have been sent to the far south. . . .

"Major Anderson and his men are made prisoners of war; a new flag has been raised; our navy has gone to the four winds; our very existence as a nation hangs in the balance. Let us go on at once and put down this rebellion. We can do it all in a few days!"

Of course, there were braggarts; and there were unwise speeches; but there was genuine patriotism in Bangor on the part of nine-tenths of its population. The Theological Seminary embodied the very gist of it. The professors spoke strong and true words and the young men were as ready for the part of battle as if they had been educated at a military school; and Henry, though in the junior class, was foremost among them. "War is upon us now," he said, "and slavery must be destroyed."

CHAPTER V

THE GRENVILLE GUARDS — COLONEL DARROW — HENRY'S ENLISTMENT — EXCITEMENTS IN REGIMENT — GOVERNOR WASHBURN — SCENE AT PARTING — RECEPTIONS EN ROUTE IN BOSTON, NEW YORK, AND PHILADELPHIA — SCENE IN BALTIMORE — RECEPTION IN WASHINGTON — HARD TIMES — REGIMENTAL BREAKFAST — JAMESON'S KINDNESS — A STORM — MERIDIAN HILL, WITH DRILLS AND PARADE

Thro' the walls of hut and palace shoots the instantaneous throe,
When the travail of the ages wrings Earth's system to and fro.

—James Russell Lowell.

One morning about the middle of May, 1861, as Muller and Henry were reading their morning papers in their room, Muller noticed a paragraph which he was sure would greatly interest his friend.

"Say, Hal, listen to this: 'The Grenville Guards, a full regiment, recently gathered at Au-

gusta, has had an election and chosen Lieutenant Orville Darrow for its colonel, Isaac Reckut for lieutenant-colonel, and George Henry Plepston for major. Darrow, who is a regular and stationed at West Point, New York, has accepted the command and will soon be with the new regiment.'"

"That *is* news!" cried Henry. "Those Guards came from my place and the towns round about, and I wanted them to select Cousin Orville, and so did brother Donald. It was a wise thing to do." He had hardly spoken these words when a classmate threw a letter into the room, saying: "For Mr. Henry Woodward." It proved to be from Darrow, and was very brief. It was mailed in Boston.

"DEAR HENRY: They have elected me, as you perhaps know, colonel of your Grenville regiment. It looks like a big leap from a lieutenancy to a colonelcy. But I shall try. Come to me at Augusta as soon as you can. I am on my way to Maine, — want to get to the regiment soon enough to have a voice in appointing the staff.

Things move fast nowadays. Come and help me.

"Affectionately your cousin,

"ORVILLE DARROW."

Henry was not much surprised, except a little at the brevity and the suddenness of the call for himself. Within half an hour he began to pack his valise, while he still continued to talk to Muller. He caused, by the kindness of his classmate, some of his extra clothing to be sent to his mother, but he left his books and furniture in the seminary room, and was off by the first east-bound train.

His good friend bade him "God speed" as they parted at the railway station. The two classmates were many years together in school and afterward; but they were destined not to meet again till Henry had been through many unforeseen and trying experiences. "The Lord keep you, Hal, amid dangers seen and unseen. Good-by."

"Good-by, Muller; remember me in your prayers."

"You know I will do that, Woodward."

These last words rang in his ears as he sprang upon the platform of the morning train. On his journey he had time to think of the friends he had left behind without even a word of farewell. The group at the Sunday-school class, the other in the gallery, and the tableau at the flag presentation naturally passed before his vision. "Shall I ever see her again?" Then he thought of his mother, father, home, and Donald. "War is serious business. What will come of it?"

On account of the delay of the mails, Darrow, coming faster than letters, had been in Augusta a day already when Henry, in answer to his Boston message, arrived and looked him up. It was in the evening at a hotel on Capitol Street where he found him.

Orville gave him a hearty welcome. They soon fell to talking about the regiment. "Where, Cousin Orville, are the Guards?" at last asked Henry, with a smile.

"They are out here in front of the State

House encamped in a nice grove, — that is, what of them choose to remain there for the night."

"Why, haven't they tents enough for all?"

"You may believe it. Plenty of tents; but order and discipline they have not. They do about what they like. Their captains and lieutenants are all elected by the men, and I assure you are mostly as ignorant of their duties as their soldiers. Somehow the excitement has gotten the better of a great number and they seem to think that they are on a bender."

"I guess," replied Henry, laughing, "you'll straighten things in time. Have you found an adjutant yet?"

"Yes, fortunately, there is here at Augusta an ordnance sergeant who is still bright and active, and who served in the Mexican War. He was recommended to me by the governor. His name is Erskine Brent. He has already drilled some of the companies, and I was glad to make him adjutant.

"The quartermaster, too, is a fine young fellow

of a business turn, with some little experience. Of course, in time we can get in the discipline, instruction and drill; but the Washington people are naturally enough impatient. A thousand men are hardly together before they are off to the front. Jameson, with the Second, and Mark Dunnell, with the Fifth, are already somewhere near the capital."

Henry saw that Orville was very weary and somewhat over-anxious and depressed in view of the greatness of his apparent undertaking, so after one more question he left him for a sleep. That one question was: "How about me?"

Darrow, whose mind seemed already entirely settled about his organization, answered: "I want you to be near me all the time. You must enlist, of course, because the commissions are full; I will make you a musician, as you love music, and then detail you for a while as a clerk at regimental headquarters." Henry found a room and was soon in bed sleeping, and dreaming of officers, soldiers, musicians, regimental clerks, and what

not, till the strength of youth prevailed, so that from midnight to sunrise a profound and happy forgetfulness refreshed him for a coming busy day. When he had washed and dressed, he went below to find his cousin. Darrow met him on the hotel steps just returning from the camp.

"Why, Colonel," said Henry, "you *are* an early bird!"

"Yes, Woodward," he replied, "the colonel must be on hand at reveille for example's sake, if not from a sense of duty."

They breakfasted together and then went straight to the camp, where began in good earnest a regular system of West Point order and discipline. The tents were rearranged, so that each of the ten companies had its own company street; the non-commissioned officers were properly located; the commissioned were carefully and evenly set in the officers' row, and the regimental commander and staff were put back and tented in the place where the army regulations assign them.

The young colonel was at that time simply indefatigable. Now the captains and lieutenants were around him as he showed them what to do. Now the quartermaster, now the commissary and oftener the adjutant, each plying him with questions; next were visits to Governor Washburn's room to settle questions of commission and relative rank; to Adjutant-general Hodgdon's to secure extra tents, arms, and equipments; and then came the run to the tailor's shop to be measured for a new suit of gray uniform, — for Maine had chosen the cadet-gray for her volunteers, — and back to supervise, first the officers' drill, then the staff instruction; a little later to attend the company drills, where the faithful Adjutant Brent was going from company to company to see that every movement was according to tactics and the regulations. Henry kept with Darrow and helped him with pen, pencil, and paper, as a clerk would, till his head began to ache, and he was, as he declared, "Tired all over."

That was a busy day and so were the next five that ensued. All those first "good times" attended with hilarity had ceased. Darrow's quiet severity made him quickly unpopular with the captains. They were sore from their new trials, and sorry they had chosen such a sad, hard-working specimen from West Point, whom they had never before seen. Their lieutenant-colonel, who knew no drill or regulations, had a pleasant way with him, was familiar and cordial. "Why hadn't we elected him!" they cried. Some went to the lively little governor: "Can't you transfer this young colonel somewhere else? He will kill us all; he won't have any fun and is down on all drinking; the men are already getting home-sick." And they added other complaints. "No, no! my boys. Don't mind it; things will work in kindly by and by. This is new business to you, and you must learn. Don't he teach you all right?" "Yes, we like him in drills, but he is as strict as a country schoolmaster in study hours."

"Go ahead, my boys, you've bloody work ahead, I fear, and must be ready; though it won't last long. I'll speak to the colonel to let you up some. He must remember that we are only volunteers, not all born soldiers!"

Governor Washburn's happy, almost jolly manner and soothing promise half satisfied the discontent. He did talk to the new colonel. "Guess, Colonel Darrow, you must take more time to get them ready; can't break young colts in a day, can you?"

"How much time have we, Governor Washburn, before we answer the President's call?"

Darrow had hardly asked the question when a despatch from Washington was put into Governor Washburn's hand. He tore open the envelope and read the telegram to himself.

"You've been right, Colonel; no time to lose. This says: 'Send the Grenville Guards to Washington as soon as you can get them off. Signed, L. Thomas, Adjutant-general.'

"Think we'll have to trust you, Colonel Darrow. Be as gentle with our boys as you can."

"Why, Governor, you cannot think that I do not care for them. We want God's blessing, so we must do right. In time the men will love and trust me, for I shall put their interest and welfare before my own."

"Certainly, certainly, Colonel Darrow! Go ahead and get ready.

"How much time is needed before your departure? I want to answer this despatch."

"Three week-days will do to pack and get into movable shape. Tuesday next, — that will be the fourth day of June, — if you will have the train here for us, we will early in the morning put bag and baggage aboard and be ready to march to the station and go into the cars so as to be off at 10.30."

"Indeed, you are a prompt man. You always mean business. Guess you can drill as well in Washington as here."

"Oh, better, far better. Fathers, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts throng the camp now. Sentiment must be repressed, and can be in Washington better than here, to get ready for battle."

The sprightly governor then arose, gave Darrow a hearty shake of the hand, as he half laughed, while his eyes filled with sympathetic tears.

"God bless you, my son; it is serious business! Those fire-eaters have brought it on; they must be put down. God bless you! Good morning!"

Orville went away to do his new work, very thoughtfully. He resolved to be as kind in manner as he could; but he was very soldierly in spirit, and felt, like Joshua of old, that he and his must be not only loyal to the government but to the Lord whom he was trying to serve, even whilst the hurried preparations for departure were going on.

Henry learned from a comrade from his neighborhood that his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Woodward, were coming to Hallowell on Sunday, two days before the date fixed for the departure of the Guards. He asked and obtained permission to spend that day with them at the house of a relative. This was just what his mother wanted. To her and to him that was a sacred day, long to be remembered. She

read to him and she prayed with him, and when he left for the camp she placed the Bible which she had chosen and inscribed to her beloved son in his hands: "Go, my son, and our God go with you!"

A mother's tears, a mother's blessing, sealed with her holy kiss, it was the parting remembrance never to be forgotten, never to abate its influence.

The departure of the Grenville Guards from Augusta cannot well be described. It was a picture too large to sketch and too fraught with sentiment to find for it words of expression.

In the bright sunshine, the extended slope above the railway was covered with a multitude, as the thousand men in gray marched down the nearest street, and, turning to the south, stretched themselves along beside the awaiting railway coaches.

The stars and stripes, waving in the gentle breeze above the middle color-sergeant and his comrades, contrasted finely with the new bright-buttoned uniform. Indeed, in itself it was a handsome display. As soon as the order sounded out "In place — rest," many a soldier obtained permission to run up the

slope to bid good-by to mother, sister, wife, or friend. Behold the family and neighborhood groups up there, the variegated clothing of every hue, the white handkerchiefs waving, the mixture of the darker attire of the men with the brighter colors of women's dresses and parasols. From the cars, the whole scene was simply beautiful. But gay as they were, those groups were moved with strange emotion. As the soldiers approached, the sounds of weeping could hardly be repressed, and generally when they left their loved ones to join their commands, amid cheerful voices of "God bless and keep you," and "bring you home safe," the sobbing here and there mingled its deprecatory sound.

"Oh, James, if you should not return!"

"I will, I will, — be sure of that, Mary. This affair will be very short!"

Such speeches as those of Mary and James indicated the heart-breaking fear of many a wife to be left with the children, and the usual oft-repeated consolation: "It will be a short job. We shall soon be home again."

The cars were finally loaded with material and lastly with officers and men. Every coach was full. The train moved out in two sections. The young colonel with some of his staff around him stepped upon the rear platform just as the last section drew out from the station. He waved his hat and so answered the cheer of thousands, which was meant as a farewell encouragement to him and his.

A deep sense of responsibility then settled upon his heart as he thought, and asked himself: "How many of these fathers, sons, and brothers will ever return?" Henry just then standing near him said, "Orville, you are very tired!"

"No, no, Hal; but war is a sad extremity. I can take them to the front, but how can I ever bring them back?"

The restless people, the waving parasols and handkerchief-scene, which was bright indeed to their eyes, became a sad one to Henry under Darrow's sombre reflections. "Who of us can ever come back?" he asked himself, when a sudden

curve in the railroad shut out the impressive view and changed the current of his thoughts.

Very soon, as he had expected, he caught sight of his father, mother, and cousins just outside the crowd at the station. The train stopped for perhaps five minutes. The adieus were given, — the tearful mother again brokenly committed her pleasant boy, her jewel, to Colonel Darrow and to Him who was better able to succor him in the hours of exposure and extreme danger.

After his own home-scene at West Point and that parting, Orville could and did in his heart sympathize very fully with his men who were leaving all they had and loved behind them ; but his kindness of feeling did not make him weak ; and his strength and self-control soon inspired Henry with a growing fortitude and soldierly deportment.

At Brunswick, there was an unexpected turnout. The whole college had come down from the hill to join the citizens in cheering the men as they approached and passed through the dark station. How the multitude did shout. Henry

met Professors Boody, Packard, and Smith. How gentle their voices! How warm their greeting! How moist their eyes as they gave their farewell!

Henry had never realized before that these dignified professors were such real friends. The students of the older class who knew him shouted his name. "Hello, Henry Woodward, you, going to the war?" or "Bully for you, my boy!" "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" But many showed more quiet sympathy, and came to bid him God speed as one brother might another.

Henry Woodward thus off for the war felt a little proud, for he was dividing the honors with the slender young colonel, his cousin.

When he stopped to think, after their departure from Brunswick, he said to himself, as this thoughtful young man, reflecting, was wont to do: "What are these honors given for? We have accomplished nothing yet. They are probably because we have had the pluck thus early to enlist and start. It is a long way yet to the danger points! It is indeed wise not to value, before bat-

tles, expressions of popularity over much. The issue of a single contest may utterly dissipate its glory."

As there was no reshipment of baggage or change of cars at Portland, the delay did not exceed twenty minutes. Crowds similar to those at Hallowell and Brunswick were waiting for the soldier-train. All were kindly disposed, but as few of the officers or soldiers recognized any personal acquaintances here, there was less reciprocal feeling or enthusiasm manifested.

"Committees came to our colonel," wrote Henry, "and offered us, if we would tarry, free and generous hospitality; but we could not stop for it." Lunch baskets and bouquets of flowers were handed up to the windows of the cars without stint by women and children. How this showed patriotic feeling and good-will! Thus by little gifts freely tendered the heart of Maine bade adieu to Maine's soldiers. Henry and Darrow thought that there might be similar goings on at other points even south of Mason & Dixon's Line.

The railroads responded right loyally to Mr. Lincoln's calls. They wasted no time, but hurried Darrow's regiment forward to Boston like fast freight. Henry, looking from a car window, caught sight of the celebrated city of Boston some time before the sun had gone down.

He had been in Boston before, but the monument on Bunker Hill, of which he had a glimpse as the train neared the city, seemed now more significant than when he previously visited it. It reminded him of Warren and his comrades who fell there to found a republic. "We may also fall, to preserve the republic!"

Colonel Darrow was met at the station by officers of Governor Andrews's staff; and besides the police, he found drawn up for escort a few companies of the city guards in perfect dress. When they swung out in advance of his men, Darrow watched their movements and wondered if his Grenville Guards would ever be able to execute commands like that.

The streets of Boston were very narrow, and

soon were filled by a curious friendly crowd of people.

The police, without noise or violence, were able to keep the way sufficiently clear for marching.

Colonel Darrow, his field and staff officers, and a few soldiers, detailed to orderly duty among whom was Henry Woodward, preceded the regiment in motion attended by the governor's welcoming officials. They made a slow and steady march to the great Boston Common. They entered from the side near the State House and went down the Common in platoons. The Grenville Guards did well — did their best; and indeed in their new gray suits with bright buttons, their waving flag, their evenly held muskets with glistening bayonets, they presented a soldierly appearance, and made the multitudes feel that such men so armed and so moved could accomplish wonders. But a singular obstacle was before them, straight athwart their way. It was a set of tables loaded with provisions and tended by ladies of Boston. Who could have dreamed of this? Colonel Dar-

row was doubtless apprised of this treat, but it was a surprise to Henry. Soon the regiment was arranged at the tables, each man standing opposite his plate. No mothers and sisters could have been more cordial; no waiting-maids could have exceeded these sweet-voiced women who flitted back and forth from the supply stands to the principal tables with coffee or tea or lemonade, and saw to it that each man was treated with all the edibles he could make away with. Words of patriotic cheer and comfort, too, were not forgotten.

A bright, happy face looked into Henry's every few minutes and asked: "Can I get anything more for you?" "You are young to start for the war. I hope you will have great success and come home safe," etc.

No wonder the regiment was proud and happy when it went on after this repast to take the train for Fall River.

After the marching through the street and the excitement, probably every man had a quiet sleep

on the cars during the three uneventful hours it took to reach that Massachusetts city of embarkation.

Once before, Henry had been a passenger on the *Bay State*. It was the largest steamer he had ever seen. This night of June he took a second look around. It was after all the bustle of loading was over and the men were stowed away on board. The size of the vessel seemed to expand to take on the Grenville Guards and as many more passengers without the slightest crowding.

By the bright gaslights, this Palace of the Sound shows at her best. Henry found a friend, for he had made one of a comrade of the regiment. They visited the huge engines and watched their steady and powerful play. They traversed her galleries and promenaded her decks among other restless and curious people.

Easily she set out on her voyage after one or two heavy warning whistles, and bore them all along with no rolling or pitching. Henry and his companions did not remain up to see if there was a storm off Point Judith, but camping for the most

part, with their blankets around them, on the carpeted floors of the principal cabin, slept soundly till the *Bay State* blew her fog whistle in the East River inside the limits of the great city of New York.

During the war days the railway from Philadelphia to Baltimore crossed the Susquehanna near its mouth, where that river empties into the Chesapeake Bay. At the time Colonel Darrow's regiment went to the front, instead of going around by Annapolis it went straight by rail to Baltimore, it being one of the first that did so after a Baltimore mob had assaulted the Massachusetts Sixth in that city. It crossed the Susquehanna from Perryville to Havre de Grace upon a flat-bottomed boat of immense size, said to be the largest at that time in the country. It was worked by two immense engines, — one on each flank, — and it took on board an entire train with plenty of room to spare. Of course, the train was much shortened by the two or three tracks that were available.

Henry and his comrade, William Renut, leaving

the train, walked about the boat and were greatly interested in the whole procedure of taking a train of cars over the Broad River. Twenty minutes were consumed in this operation. When properly landed, on they went, very soon to arrive in Baltimore. Here Henry watched the doings of the colonel and his officers very closely. He kept within hearing of Darrow, for fear he might be wanted; for Baltimore seemed to him then to be a strange land. There was an immense crowd of people hanging about the depot. There were no flags flying, and no happy greetings like those in New York and Philadelphia. Philadelphia loyalty had indeed appeared to him to exceed all others; and under unfavorable skies New York had given such a warm reception and cordial hospitality as the former residents of Maine could get up on a fearfully rainy day.

But at Baltimore a few men slyly pressed the hands of the colonel and other officers, fearing to be recognized while they did it; but the most of the crowd appeared angry and sullen.

Henry heard the colonel with firm voice say to his men, "Fall in, in two ranks;" and then he caught a more significant order, to wit, "Load with cartridges, load at will!"

Henry said to himself, "We may have trouble;" and he doubted in his heart whether it was wise to have loaded muskets in the hands of such green men, some of whom had never fired a gun in their lives. While he was thinking, the colonel cried again, loud enough for all to hear, "Fix bayonets!"

The crowd saw plainly enough, though the men of the regiment were a little awkward in worrying their bayonets on to the muzzles of their guns, that this work meant business. His next command was for the men to come to a shoulder. Meanwhile Colonel Darrow, standing in front of the centre of the regiment, addressed them a few words. In substance they were like this: "My men, I want you to be very careful in handling your muskets while they are loaded. As soon as you are faced to the right, two deep, I shall give

the command, 'Right shoulder — shift!' and every officer must repeat my words, and do this close to his company all the time we are marching through the city."

The colonel, lieutenant-colonel, major, and adjutant then mounted their horses, and the regiment, with arms upon their shoulders, marched off much like old veterans.

Everything was so well arranged that nobody dared disturb such resolute young warriors. Any city mob would have gotten the worse in an attack. At any rate, they tramped through the city from depot to depot, a distance of nearly two miles, without any disturbance. After this operation of the Grenville Guards, all the regiments that followed imitated them, and came safely through Baltimore without any further bloodshed.

The venerable Colonel Mansfield, not yet a general, was at that time in command of everything in the city of Washington. He sent his quartermaster, a regular officer, to meet Colonel Darrow at the Baltimore and Ohio station, near the Capitol.

The regiments were arriving so rapidly under Mr. Lincoln's call, that it was difficult to tell what to do with them; but the quartermaster in conjunction with Lieutenant C. T. Nestor, Darrow's regimental quartermaster, — for this quartermaster had very properly preceded the regiment by one day, — had found some old warehouses which were vacant, and the regiment for the night was marched off and bivouacked, or quartered, there.

The men had not yet learned how to make themselves comfortable with a single blanket, and they were not used to sleeping on the floor; furthermore, though they had food enough in their haversacks, there was no way to get either tea or coffee, so that the most of them began to feel the hardships of war.

The next morning, they were sore enough, and full of discontent. Many of them declared that their officers, who had more means, had gone off to hotels, or somewhere away, and slept in beds. The men were homesick and fretful. Henry and his comrade Renut had managed better: that is, to

get through the night together with very little discomfort. In fact, they did not care for tea or coffee, so that with some good meat, bread, and water, they enjoyed their supper, and after that their sleep; they came out, probably a little bruised by the hard planks, yet with cheerful hearts and happy faces.

Henry, seeing the condition of the men, and being free to go, hastened to meet Colonel Darrow just as the sun was rising. The young colonel had been obliged to separate himself from his regiment that night in order to make proper provision for it the next day. He accosted Henry after the old fashion, "Hello! Hal, how goes the battle?"

"The floor was somewhat hard, I admit, but I'll get used to it in time. The men, however, are already discontented and homesick, and not so eager as they were 'to put down the rebellion.' If they could only have a good breakfast and a cup of hot coffee, it would make matters much better."

"Well, Henry, I'll try it. I am afraid it will be hard for me to get the money back; but I'll risk it and take them to Willard's if the proprietor will feed them for fifty cents apiece or less, and I hope less."

They then went back along Pennsylvania Avenue to Willard's Hotel and soon arranged for a good breakfast for the entire command. Old regulars, hanging about the hotel, shook their heads, and said, speaking of Darrow: "That boy is foolish!" "It will be a big bill, and soldiers might as well be taught first as last to live like soldiers;" but Henry, overhearing them, agreed with Darrow that it was best to humor the boys and break them in to suffer hardships more gradually; and after all the excitement of leaving home, the fatigues of the entertainments by the way, and of other incidents of the long journey, they needed at least one good wholesome meal before going into the roughness of camp life. Indeed, it was months before Darrow recovered his money, but at last the good state of Maine paid the bill.

During the day, and a singularly inclement one it was, raining all the while, sometimes the rain coming down in torrents, the Grenville Guards were marched from their temporary barracks along Pennsylvania Avenue, at first with their good band leading them, and playing cheerful music, till they came to Fourteenth Street. Turning northward, they went out Fourteenth Street in close order for a short distance, when the colonel tried to have them march more at ease.

Along a stretch of the way, where at that time there was a stone wall with no buildings, some of the men, leaving the ranks, clambered over the wall. One poor fellow, as he was about to come back into the street, pulled his loaded musket after him very carelessly. The top stone of the wall struck the lock and the gun exploded, and he was dreadfully wounded.

I hardly think anything could have more deeply touched Henry's heart than this accident. His poor comrade who had been full of patriotism and hope was thus cut off in the outset of his

military life, and so sadly maimed that it would be difficult for him afterward to make a livelihood, if indeed he recovered at all.

He was made as comfortable as possible at a house near by. The hospital steward and an attendant were ordered to remain with him, while the regiment, warned by this soldier's careless conduct, marched with more attention to the top of Meridian Hill, reaching a field just beyond the Columbian College. Here Colonel Darrow for the first time met Charles Jameson, the colonel of the Second Maine. It was raining too hard, the rain being accompanied by much wind, to allow the distributing and erecting of the tents of the Guards.

Jameson therefore invited the colonel so heartily to take up his quarters for the night with him, and to distribute his men among his own, that the colonel, though very reluctant to burden him, complied with his request. Darrow knew that it would be a great trial to thus tent his regiment, but there appeared to be nothing else

to do; thus the two regiments spent that stormy night together. The kindness was extended by a thousand men to a thousand other men, and was never forgotten. Darrow's soldiers learned much from those of the Second Maine, as to how to put up with inconveniences; how to cook their coffee and make small messes.

The next day their tents were pitched on rather moist ground near the college, but the day itself was beautiful overhead. As soon as the regiment was well in camp, then commenced drills in good earnest.

Henry, during this his first visit to the capital, desired greatly to visit the War Department and the White House, the Treasury, Post Office, the Interior Department, the Capitol, and other public buildings; but Colonel Darrow told him that he must stay with him and set an example, for every other man in the regiment, he declared, would not be satisfied till he had talked personally with Colonel Mansfield, laid his complaints before the Secretary of War, and shaken hands with Abraham Lincoln.

In fact, the few that were permitted to go on pass, after the close of their guard duty, were so careless about coming back in time, and some of them were so inclined to get under the influence of drink and run into some sort of mischief, that the young colonel, as he knew well how to do, soon began to draw closer and closer the reins of discipline. Herein, the innocent were obliged to suffer for the guilty, and the regiment chafed under it, and wrote more letters against the colonel, complaining of his harshness, than he dreamed of; but his company clerk, Henry Woodward, more in contact with the men, kept warning him of how matters were going. His only reply to Henry was: "By and by they will forgive me, when they see the use of it all."

Fortunately for Colonel Darrow's popularity, he had some few stanch friends by this time among the officers; and the wife of one of the captains, Mrs. Lampson, who had come out to aid the sick and do everything she could for her "boys," as she called the soldiers, steadily took up his de-

fence and showed the good reasons for his discipline. It aided him not a little that the President and his cabinet and officers of rank often rode out at the close of their day's work to see his evening parade.

The Grenville Guards soon became famous for the excellence of their parade and "guard mounting." Perhaps, also, the fact of a sudden illness which happened to the young colonel and lasted a week or ten days, obtained the sympathy of his men; for as soon as the administration fell into other hands they, the men, saw the difference and were ready enough to welcome back the colonel when, convalescent, he again appeared on the field and in his place.

Henry was proud of his colonel. His regimental surgeon, studying his constitution, said that he had never seen greater recuperative power than in this young man; and he, with all his assistants, defended the colonel in his difficult work. Furthermore, the district commander, Colonel Mansfield, sent him a regular officer to

subject the regiment to drill *sans pitié*. The contrast in Darrow's favor soon became evident to the whole regiment. He, though strict, Henry declared, was kind like a father to his children.

CHAPTER VI

DARROW CALLED TO A BRIGADE — FIRST BULL RUN — SCENES OF THE BATTLE — HENRY'S GALLANTRY — THE FEARFUL PANIC — HOSPITALS AND SICKNESS — RUSH HILL

> The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
> Telling the battle was on once more.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> The first that the General saw were the groups
> Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.
>
> — *Selected.*

Colonel Darrow was so successful with his regiment that General Irwin McDowell designated him to command a brigade in his second division. One day on Meridian Hill Henry, his clerk, brought him a note to this effect : —

"Choose three other regiments besides your own to constitute the second brigade in the second

division, and report immediately the regiments you select to these headquarters.

"By direction of General McDowell,

"(Signed) CHAUNCEY MCKEEVER,

"*Assistant Adjutant General.*"

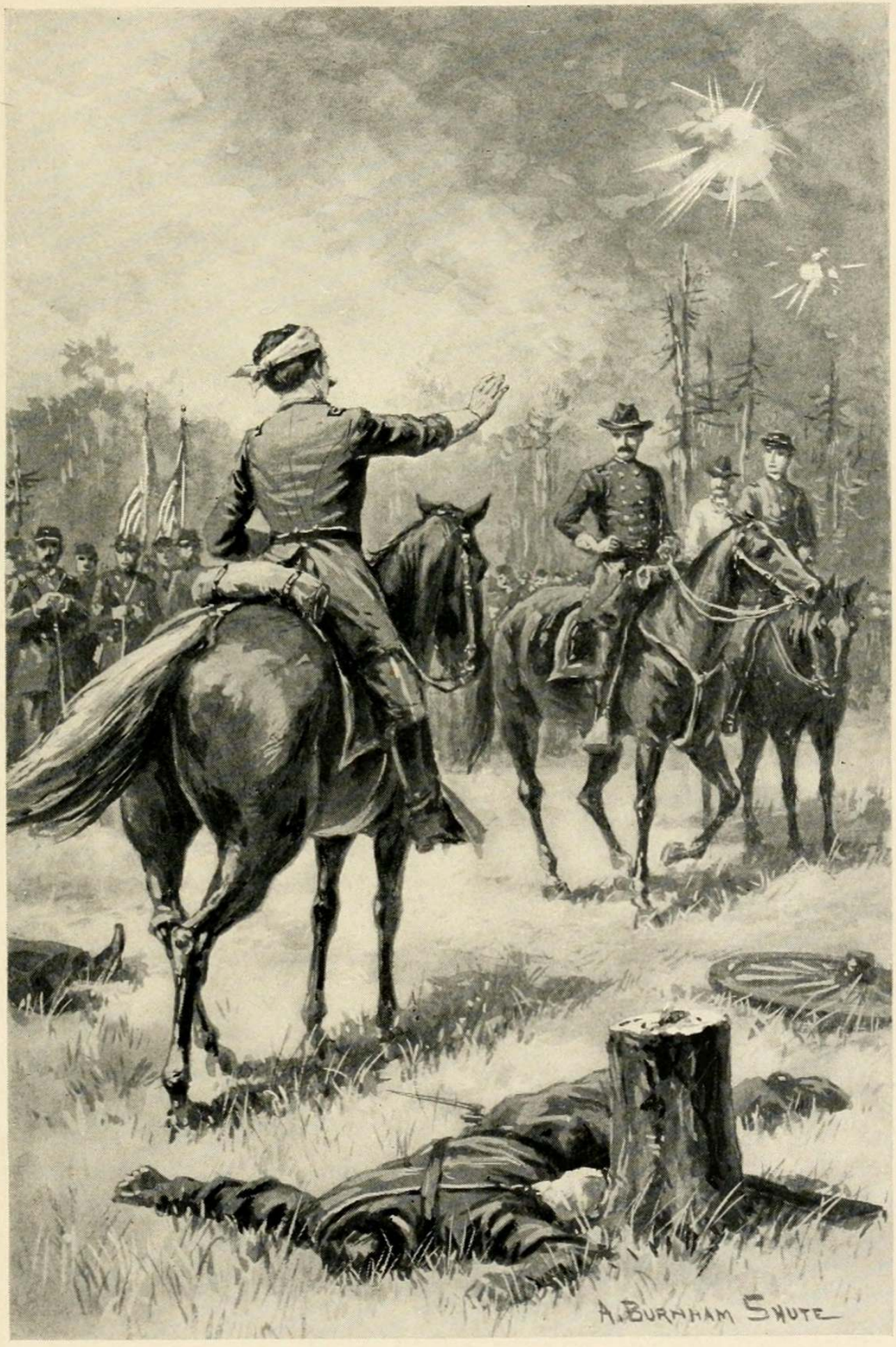
The three regiments were so chosen and the brigade was organized, passing immediately through Alexandria to the front line beyond the Potomac. Darrow was permitted to take Henry with him as his clerk at brigade headquarters. Various incidents of thrilling interest the young man recorded in his diary or in letters to friends, — some touching the negro question; how people about headquarters managed to protect the colonel from literal obedience to McDowell's order to return fugitive slaves by secretly receiving them and conducting them back to places of safety; and also how at times Confederate scouts and spies attempted to cross the lines in the night, deceiving our men, who were as yet unused to guard; and how one such scout, a splendid young man

from Mississippi, was discovered, but refused to surrender, and therefore was shot as he spurred his horse into a run to escape. All these things deeply moved our hero.

Our men were still hardly prepared for an active campaign when, the 21st of July, Darrow's brigade with so many others went into their first battle on the field of Bull Run.

Henry on that occasion was treated by his cousin as an aide-de-camp, being now denominated "secretary," and furnished with as good a mount as any of the aides or orderlies about headquarters. He was very desirous to be commissioned, but the wary governor would not, for some political reasons, grant his petition, though one or two vacancies had occurred in the brigade. Henry, however, was not discontented where he was, and was every day learning more and more the profession of arms.

It was a solemn occasion when the chaplain prayed with the men the night before the battle and the brigade commander addressed them, sit-



"COLONEL DARROW, YOUR BRIGADE IS WANTED IMMEDIATELY."

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ting in rows upon a side hill, and urged them to be guided by the highest sense of duty to their country and to their Maker.

At that time the young man reconsecrated himself to the work in hand, which he apprehended might cost him his life. The next morning the first great trial was to wait at the head of a column five hours for the first division to pass; and the second, was to stand on the ground by Colonel Darrow and wait again eight or ten hours more in a brigade reserve while listening to the terrible sound of artillery and musketry not more than three miles from him, though the actual operations were hidden by a thick forest from his sight. At last he beheld the adjutant of his regiment, who had been sent forward to Sudley Springs to see how the battle went on, returning without a hat and, with his head bound up with a handkerchief, coming at full speed to report the situation. The adjutant said in a breathless way, "Colonel Darrow, your brigade is wanted immediately!" But these words were hardly out of

his mouth before a captain of engineers from McDowell's own staff brought the more formal order for Darrow to move forward to the battle-field in 'double-quick' time.

The captain guided him as he drew out his four regiments and made the attempt in that hot summer day to comply with these urgent instructions. Instead of conducting him straight to the field, he was guided by the Sudley Road, seven miles, in place of the three miles through the forest. The distance, the heat and the excitement to new men overburdened with what they carried, caused more than half his command during his march to fall out and drop down by the road-side.

Henry tried his best to encourage officers and men, often walking with them while leading his good horse. About midway he began to meet ambulances groaning with the wounded, and a little later soldiers less badly hurt, limping along to the rear. All this had a depressing effect, but the injured for the most part were

cheery and said, "Go on, boys, or you'll lose the fun."

Darrow had hardly crossed the Bull Run when he saw McDowell, his staff, and mounted escort off to his right upon high ground; and then looking over a broad expanse leftward he could see Burnside's brigade not far from him, with arms stacked and resting after their battle. Some batteries were firing and shells were screeching, while our men at the front, with all sorts of uniform, — red, gray, and blue, — appeared to be confusedly skirmishing and retiring. Beyond Burnside he could now see no regular formation, and the Confederates in force were not visible. He did, however, notice the smoke of hostile batteries on wooded knolls here and there, while shells and solid shot struck the ground altogether too near for comfort, and he could hear the continuous rattle of musketry-fire all along from the Bull Run to the heights near Manassas. At that instant Captain Fry, an aid to McDowell, later the provost-marshal general, rode up to him and

said, "General McDowell wants you to go over yonder," pointing to the extreme right of our line. Fry led on, and what was left of the brigade marched by the flank far beyond any other troops.

The captain showed him a height somewhat abrupt, just beyond a stream of water, thinly covered with trees, and told him that Ricketts's battery was up there, and that his brigade must hasten and support that battery or it would be lost. Henry and an aide helped the young colonel form his lines in the ravines, and the first line marched up through the trees. As they came to the edge of the woods the soldiers beheld only the débris of a battery. Ricketts had been wounded and taken prisoner, and his lieutenant was endeavoring to get away with one or two carriages and all that was left in that part of the field.

Henry was trying to keep down the excitement and to see clearly things as they existed. No enemy was yet visible, but from the edge of

another wood across an opening, bullets were coming thick and fast. Our men immediately began to fire back, but as the lines were too thin the colonel sent Henry, with his two aides, to go back and bring up the second line. They did so, but in the confusion the regiments were much mixed and began to crowd together, as men will when first engaged in battle. They seemed to think their safety lay in grouping, but we know that the danger was thereby increased. Henry and some others detected the movement of a Confederate command—probably Kirby Smith's—which was coming straight from the Thoroughfare Gap Railroad, and would strike Darrow's brigade on its right front. He then hastened to Darrow, who was near the middle of his lines, and told him what he saw. Darrow, as was natural, ordered the brigades to retire to the ravine and re-form. While this was being executed, Henry looking back saw two young men staying on the line. They were brothers, and one of them proved to be mortally wounded. His brother

would not leave him, and remained to be taken prisoner. This was Horace Henson, who after he returned from prison had a distinguished career in the army.

Henry lingered to help some other disabled comrades, but feeling that his colonel might need him he rode down the hill and joined him just as one of the captains of his regiment, walking by Darrow's horse, was tearfully explaining that he could not hold his company together, because, he said, none of the men would obey his orders. This was about the truth. All the soldiers, walking quietly enough, seemed to have made up their minds that retreat was the universal order. They could not be induced to halt at all; and instead of stopping in the ravine to re-form, they continued more and more rapidly to retire toward Sudley Springs. Henry's division commander met Colonel Darrow and his two other brigade commanders near that point, and berated them soundly for not keeping their men in order and for retiring without his instructions. Henry noticed that this

general — a veteran soldier of the Mexican War — had himself been wounded in the arm, and that it was in a sling. This veteran's severity, Henry felt, did little good, because the brigade commanders had done all in their power to keep the men together. Henry, however, greatly distinguished himself during the retreat. He could not bear to give up and leave the field without another effort, so he pressed his cousin to try again. They had a little success in gathering a column, but a startling cry that the Confederate cavalry would be upon them in a few minutes broke up the formation and instantly scattered the men into the fields and woods. Again Henry urged Darrow to make another effort. It was done through officers and non-commissioned officers, but that call proved unsuccessful under a fresh alarm caused by some batterymen running their horses through a crowd of men with unaccountable shouting. Henry's last effort was to go from group to group and repeat Darrow's order, given to as many as

he could reach, to gather again on the field of Centreville, from which village they had marched in the early morning. His expression was, "Meet at the last camp! meet at the last camp!! meet at the last camp!!!" — a hundred times repeated. His effort proved effective this time, and the majority of each regiment of the brigade were thus gathered before dark at that historic place. Darrow did not intend to move farther back, for he had already passed Colonel Dixon Miles's long line facing the enemy, well formed and strongly posted; but he was informed, after perhaps fifteen minutes' delay, that McDowell's instructions were to retreat to Alexandria, and Henry, who had been skirmishing for information, told him that the entire army was already moving back and that his brigade, there in the dark, was exposed to capture.

What a night journey was that so-called retreat! Henry said it was not a march. Irregular masses were filled with causeless terror; the only order about him was in Darrow's brigade. They

saw soldiers hiding, jostling, running, wading streams, crowding; artillerymen claiming the road on horses half harnessed; cavalrymen, detached, spurring on their steeds among the infantry; wagons broken, less a wheel or a tongue, overturned, or sticking in the fords.

Henry was at times vexed at the madness of the frightened soldiers, and then he himself was alarmed in view of the consequences of such miserable conduct. But before midnight Colonel Darrow had worked his command into a comfortable bivouac at Fairfax Court House, where they remained in comparative quiet till just before dawn; then one of the colonels, panic-stricken, — one who afterward became the bravest of the brave and gave his life to his country, — heard the discharge of a rifle, and believing that the Confederates were upon him, hurried up his men and marched off without orders toward Alexandria. Darrow, seeing what was done, immediately put the remainder of his brigade in march and followed, giving the appearance of having

ordered the whole movement. No staff officer did more to help the young colonel in that emergency than his secretary.

The decisive courage of Darrow was manifest, for he speedily united his brigade. Some of the companies now almost in mutiny, he brought back and posted on Rush Hill — four miles in front of Alexandria, and held that important point between the Centreville pike and the railroad till McClellan had come to the army, and had changed its name to the Army of the Potomac. McClellan, as soon as he saw how far out Darrow's regiments were stationed, ordered them at once to the rear. They then fell back and took position on the heights just north of the Fairfax Seminary.

While near Rush Hill, before and after Bull Run, a large percentage of sickness set in among Darrow's men. A Confederate's extensive mansion near at hand was turned into a hospital, and soon filled with fever-stricken patients. Chills, typhoid, measles, and pneumonia prevailed.

Now Henry was at his best, — kind, tender, Christian. As often as Darrow could spare him he went to the mansion and to other field hospitals which were added, — using large tents, — and did all in his power to help and comfort his stricken comrades.

It was here that R. T. Tongass, one of his classmates of the Bangor Seminary, coming from the famous Army Christian Commission, joined him. Through his commission he brought delicacies and extra supplies. Darrow's brigade surgeon, Dr. Lorimer, was a jewel, and left no stone unturned to find and apply proper remedies, and at the same time the efficient and choice nursing was led by Mrs. Sarah Lampson. She and Henry knew how to break in recruits as nurses and teach awkward and inexperienced men to do their work patiently and well at the bedside.

CHAPTER VII

SCENES IN CIVIL LIFE — IN BANGOR AND ELSEWHERE — KATHLEEN AND MINA HOSFORD — HENRY'S CLASSMATES — DARROW'S NEW BRIGADE — HENRY'S FIRST COMMISSION — DR. MCGREGOR AND DAUGHTER — ROBLE AND KATHLEEN — HENRY'S EXPEDITION AND PRAISE — THE DELMORE FAMILY — YOUNG DELMORE A SCAPEGRACE — DISLOYAL TO HIS COUNTRY — BRADY DELMORE AND KATHLEEN

A knight and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

REGINALD HEBER.

MR. HOSFORD was the leading merchant in Bangor, but unlike many of the business men of that city, he was a man of education and culture, and often occupied a high position in the executive or legislative branch of the state government. Mr. Hosford, his wife and children were all members

of the Hammond Street Church The beautiful young girl, remarkable for her height at sixteen, was one of the daughters. Her name was Kathleen. Justin, a bright and promising lad of fourteen, was the only boy; while Mina, a child of eleven summers, of charming face and disposition, completed the family group.

Kathleen and Mina were members of the girls' Sunday-school class which Henry Woodward had been teaching when at the Seminary. After Henry's departure his classmates, or rather some of them, — for example, Leonidas Muller, Thomas K. Roble, Sam. Penney, F. A. Band, and P. B. Fisher, — were accustomed at proper times to visit the Hosfords, and often one or two at a time were invited to lunch or dine with the family. It is not hard, therefore, for Henry's biographer to see how he and Kathleen kept up an acquaintance with each other, — an acquaintance that had ripened into something more than the ordinary relationship between teacher and pupil of a Sunday-school.

Henry's room-mate, Muller, never forgot him night or day, and wrote him with fidelity, cheerfulness, and affection. Few were the letters that Muller sent that did not speak of the beauty, worthiness, and often of the daily life of Kathleen.

On the other hand, Henry never failed, however busy he might be, to get off a few words in answer to his friend, so that Muller became as familiar almost as Henry himself with Meridian Hill and its doings, with Darrow's brigade, with the advance to Bull Run, with the inglorious retreat, with the settling down at Rush Hill, and lastly with what afflicted Muller's heart more than the defeat — the dreadful sickness and fatiguing hospital work of which Henry apprised him.

One evening Kathleen and Sam. Penney were talking aside in Mrs. Hosford's parlor, while Mrs. Hosford herself was diligent over a batch of needlework in her lap and Mina at the centre-table looking at some photographs in an album.

Penney said: "Miss Kathleen, I had a letter

to-day from Henry Woodward. He writes me that his cousin, Colonel Darrow, has become a brigadier-general and gone to Washington. Just now Henry is back with his regiment, and says that he is a *bona fide* soldier, doing duty with the rest of his comrades, that is, he goes on guard, attends drill, and performs his part as a 'high private' at parade."

Penney paused, as he noticed that Kathleen's cheeks had reddened and that she betrayed unusual interest in his story. She said: "I am sorry to hear that, for I thought he would continue as a secretary to Colonel Darrow. It will be hard for him to be back with his regiment in that way, will it not?"

Penney said: "Oh, no, I guess not. Hal is good for anything, and will be happy and useful wherever you put him."

Kathleen answered: "Yet I don't want him to go back. After what he has done, why couldn't the governor give him a commission?"

"Oh, he would," Penney said, "unless he thought

he could do better politically by promoting some other lad."

Kathleen then added, showing considerable feeling: "I don't like it. I believe my father will do something to help so worthy a young man to get promotion."

A few minutes later Muller was introduced. After he had spoken to Mrs. Hosford and Mina, he came over to take Kathleen's extended hand. She made him sit down near her and Mr. Penney and immediately put this question, "Have you heard anything lately from your room-mate?"

She looked so serious and anxious that Muller did not answer as he often did such a question in a teasing, bantering tone, but simply said, "Oh, yes, Miss Kathleen, I received a letter from him and read it just before I came here; and as you do not forget him, I am happy to tell you some good news. His brigade commander, having been made a brigadier-general a month ago, has at last secured a large brigade which is stationed at Bladensburg, back of Washington. He has three

New York regiments, one Pennsylvania, one Rhode Island, and one from New Hampshire. In one of the New York regiments Henry has received the commission of second lieutenant, and has since then been appointed an aide-de-camp on the staff of General Darrow."

Kathleen, with a face grown much brighter, instantly rose and re-told the story to her mother and sister, and they all seemed very happy at the good tidings. Henry, who was evidently their favorite, had not only a good name for his work thus far in the war, but was on the road to promotion. After a few pleasant stories and an agreeable interchange of sentiment, the young men took their leave.

That night, from the old room at the Seminary, Leonidas Muller gave a glowing account of the evening in a letter to his friend.

When Henry at Bladensburg received this good letter, it made him very happy. He could not just tell why. His heart had been impressed with Kathleen more than with any other young lady

whom he had met, but she seemed too queenly and standing upon too high a pedestal for him to reach. He would admire her, — yes, almost worship at her shrine, — but he had no hopes of anything beyond that. Still, Muller's picture of the bright scene at the Hosfords' was never forgotten.

It might have been two weeks after the former event when Muller, this time accompanied by his classmate Roble, called at the Hosfords'. It was so near the lunch hour that Mrs. Hosford and Kathleen persuaded them to remain. They found there a young student who had just come to Bangor from the far west. His name was Troas Biggs, the son of a famous missionary among the Indians of the Northwest. They were of course introduced to him and also to a young lady whom we have met before, — the girl of noble carriage and patriotic impulse who had presented the silken flag to the Second Regiment of Maine Volunteers, — Miss McGregor. Her father was in an adjoining room talking with Mr. Hosford. It was Dr. McGregor who, not long after this, went to the

front as the surgeon of a regiment and became medical director at a later period of the Sixth Army Corps. Here, then, they had, without previous provision for it, quite a lunch party ; but Mrs. Hosford and her young people could never be taken by surprise at lunch or dinner. In a brief time everything was ready in the dining room, the doors thrown open, and lunch announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Hosford were opposite each other, placing Dr. McGregor by her right and Muller at her left. It was arranged so that young Biggs and Mina were at the left of Mr. Hosford ; Mina and her brother at one end of the table, while Roble and Kathleen sat at the other.

In those days, however happy the gathering and lively the people, neither wit nor learning could escape a discussion of the state of the country and the work of the war. Everybody's mind, north and south, was absorbed with the interest and often the sorrow which battles and battle-fields engendered.

On this occasion the special event discussed was

the sudden movement of the Confederate army of Northern Virginia from Centreville back to Richmond or its vicinity, and the corresponding effort of McClellan to take the Army of the Potomac from the neighborhood of Washington and transport it by water to the Virginia peninsula. In fact the Confederate movement had been completed, and McClellan's was already far advanced.

Dr. McGregor said to Mrs. Hosford, but with clear tones everybody at the table heard, "I am getting ready to go to the front."

"How is that, doctor, can't you send younger men?" asked Mrs. Hosford.

Kathleen added brightly, "Oh, doctor, we cannot spare you from Bangor!" While Muller murmured, "I like patriotism, but everybody must not be a soldier."

Miss McGregor, so lovely and so dignified for a girl of twenty years, unexpectedly to the rest, took her father's side and said, "We feel as we hear of the increasing illness in the camps above Fortress Monroe that not only patriotism but hu-

manity requires that such men as my father should be there and bear their part."

"Well spoken for you, Miss Josie," said Mr. Hosford. "We haven't much sickness in Bangor just now, and we will lend the doctor to the army, if he will promise to take as good care of himself as he does of others."

Miss Josie added with emphasis, "But if father will let me, I shall go with him; because he will never take care of himself otherwise."

"Oh," said the doctor, "that is the game, is it? We shall see about that."

Roble then announced that he had secured a chaplaincy in a western regiment and proposed to join it before it went to the front. For a few minutes the party all sympathized with him — some congratulating and some deprecating his departure.

Kathleen by his side said gently, "I am glad you are going, Mr. Roble, and am more satisfied that you go as a minister, for that is your profession."

Mr. Roble was very proud to sit by Kathleen, and her words were very sweet to him. He took them to mean more than they were intended.

"Why, Miss Kathleen, I thought you were partial to a classmate of mine who left his profession and became a soldier!"

Miss Kathleen blushed deeply and said that she did not know why he should say that to her. "Perhaps you refer to Henry Woodward. I did not mean to criticise him or find fault. I am sure he did what he thought was right, but I only spoke my opinion as a rule of life; one had better choose his profession conscientiously and stick to it, had he not?"

Roble instinctively felt from Kathleen's manner that she did not want to let him or anybody know how she regarded Woodward; and furthermore her manner was such that he did not venture to press any claim of his own, particularly where others would probably overhear.

Indeed, Muller overheard enough to put in a word for his friend. He said very quietly, but

somehow no one was talking and all caught his expression: "Henry Woodward has received public commendation for the part he bore with General Darrow's brigade which formed the rear guard of McClellan's army. His commander succeeded in clearing away all the Confederates, especially Stuart's cavalry, from Warrenton to the Rappahannock, and caused the burning of the bridge across that river."

Miss Josephine looked up archly and said, "Ah, Mr. Muller, what did your *friend* do?"

Kathleen was eager and coloring a little, for she couldn't help that, when Muller replied: "Oh, nothing more than usual. He worked all night to get the troops ready; he had charge of the skirmishers all one day when they were advancing; but no bullets hit him, and with other aides he carried General Darrow's orders into some very hot places; he located Captain Hazzard's battery near the bank of the Rappahannock, where it is said to have done great execution against a well secluded battery of the enemy."

Dr. McGregor and Mr. Hosford both exclaimed at the same time, "Well done for Henry Woodward!"

Mr. Hosford added, "It is a nice thing for our seminary to be bravely represented on the front line."

Kathleen greatly enjoyed her father's rejoinder.

Of course there was more conversation in such an intelligent party, but it soon broke up and the family was left to itself.

That night at their rooms Roble and Muller had a long talk, after which, if Roble had any leanings which would be disastrous to Henry's future, they never appeared.

Again, a good account of that precious afternoon found its way to Henry's tent just after he landed at Shipping Point on the peninsula, but his hopes, though enlivened, were not yet strong enough to venture beyond the sending of an occasional journal with a marked paragraph or column that he thought might or might not interest Miss Kathleen and the rest of the Hosford family.

In Bangor one of the most aristocratic and wealthy families was the Delmores. General Delmore, the progenitor, had distinguished himself in the War of 1812, — not accomplishing much, it is true, for nobody did so in that war except Generals Harrison and Jackson. Still, General Delmore's name was well known, and he left, when he died, a large fortune to his children. Brady Delmore was a grandson of the famous general. He lost his father when he was about ten years old and was brought up by a fond and over-indulgent mother.

Under a democratic administration young Delmore had received an appointment to the Military Academy, the nomination coming more from the helpful democracy of the family than from the military reputation of his grandfather.

Brady entered the year before Orville Darrow's coming, and Orville never forgot how the young man undertook to increase the vexation in his case of the ordinary hazing of a new cadet. In fact, Delmore delighted in worrying anything —

animal or man or child. He never would spend sufficient time on his lessons to make a good recitation; and he did all possible to make the life of his instructor miserable.

During Orville's first year he had frequent accounts of how Delmore was teasing the professor of French — a quiet little man who spoke very indifferent English and never intended to report any cadet for misconduct. Delmore would come in loaded with watch-chains or with seals and charms attached to a cord about his neck. His French was never mastered, and he took great pleasure in mispronouncing every word.

The horrified instructor would say to him, "Mr. Delmore, I will report you if you do such tings."

Then Delmore would humbly apologize and declare that he meant no disrespect.

There was no end to his pranks, but he was such a fine-appearing gentleman, military in deportment and figure, that great pains were taken by his classmates and his instructors to help him through with the first and second year of his

course. In the third year, however, his scholarship became so poor and his conduct so little improved, that he was found deficient and sent away.

His mother, feeling sensitively the disgrace of his dismissal, encouraged him to go to a southern city and try to get into some business that he liked. She supplied him with money and he went to Nashville, Tennessee; but he left whatever he was doing at the breaking out of the war and returned to his family, where he began, as his friends said, to study for the profession of medicine.

In the spring of 1862 he was still in Bangor, already called "Doctor" and received with more or less attention on account of the respect that everybody had for his good mother and other members of the family who had lived respectably. He was very handsome, but dissipated and pretentious. He enjoyed very much calling at Dr. McGregor's and at Mr. Hosford's. In a way peculiar to himself Delmore made himself agreeable to young ladies. He took a particular fancy

to Miss Kathleen Hosford, and very few occasions passed where it was possible for him to have a talk with her that he did not make some very complimentary remark; and just before the lunch that I have mentioned Kathleen was greatly tried by an interview that she could not avoid because he found her alone when he called. He then made an open declaration of his wish that she would receive him favorably and allow him to press his suit for her hand.

She had treated him with all the reserve and dignity which a girl of her years could command, but was made most happy when her father stepped in just in time to relieve her embarrassment.

This wretched young man spoke openly and frequently against the cause of the country and against the President and his administration. Among the young men of patriotic impulses he was pronounced a "Copperhead"; and Kathleen was so mortified that she had had any talk with him by himself, and that he had been able to address her as he had, that she went away as

soon as he had left, to shut herself up to give vent to her grief and vexation in tears.

Probably this untoward event made her even more patriotic than she otherwise would have been at the lunch party, and very much inclined to treasure every incident which concerned Henry Woodward, who was getting a warmer and warmer place in her heart.

CHAPTER VIII

HENRY AT YORKTOWN — HIS ASSOCIATES — NEWALL, MILLS, BALLARD, AND OTHERS — THE MESS-TABLE — WILLIAMSBURG AFTER BLOODY BATTLE — HENRY IN THE HOSPITALS — THE CHICKAHOMINY — GALLANTRY AND WOUNDING OF HENRY AT FAIR OAKS — RETURN TO MAINE

> Ah, never shall the land forget
> How gushed the life-blood of her brave, —
> Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
> Upon the soil they sought to save.
>
> — William Cullen Bryant.

Sumner's corps, of which Darrow's brigade formed a part, was located a couple of miles south of Yorktown at the time McClellan was stopped there by the Confederate forces and their thorough system of fortification.

Henry spent most of his days in supervising construction-parties who were making fascines and gabions which were to be used in the trenches to

enable McClellan to carry forward his siege operations. Occasionally the young man rode out to visit different parts of the peninsula with a view of securing something fresh for the mess. The staff officers took turns in filling the purveyorship for that mess; and Lieutenant Woodward, in spite of Darrow's hints "to take what was set before you, asking no questions," had a strong proclivity for something nice to eat. He had a particular penchant for eggs, turkeys, chickens, and ducks. He sympathized decidedly with Sprigg Carroll who paid Darrow a visit, when Sprigg said: "How is this, Darrow, you never give me anything good to eat, when I come to see you — nothing but this wretched bacon and hardtack! Why don't you have canvas-back ducks, or at least half a dozen slices of prime roast beef?" Indeed, after that raillery of Carroll's, half in earnest, Henry concluded that when he was purveyor he would find something palatable and acceptable to the officers; for he noticed that General Darrow, though utterly oblivious of what he was eating as a rule, did enjoy

things that were good when they came to his hand without his forethought or provision.

An officer's mess in camp or in campaign is the best index of his social life. Henry's companions, next after his commander, for whom he cultivated habits of deference more than his previous relations would suggest, were all pleasant, and he enjoyed their fellowship; yet at this time there was not one to whom he intrusted his choicest confidences such as were contained in his letters to his room-mate Muller and to his beloved classmate Sam. Penney.

Darrow's adjutant-general was Captain Edward A. Newall, a man of thirty-five — not very robust but highly educated and very military. Henry thought him over-nervous and exacting, but while acting chief of staff, Newall kept officers, clerks, and orderlies to a high standard of military duty.

Newall's successor, who came to Darrow upon his promotion, was Captain Elihu Whitney. Whitney was a college professor who left his college, pressed by patriotic feeling like that which induced Wood-

ward to leave his seminary. He was already a middle-aged man of sterling principle, pure character, and great firmness. The captain seldom uttered a sentence that was not worthy of consideration and remembrance, yet he enjoyed humor and occasionally indulged in spurts and jets of it as a luxury.

The other aide-de-camp besides Woodward was Norton B. Mills. Coming from a New England state, Mills had been recommended to Darrow by an old general who was interested in his family. The young man, only twenty-two, though strongly built, of fine figure and five-feet ten in height, did not look to be more than twenty, and the governor had refused him a captaincy in his regiment on account of his youth. Indignant at this he had sought and obtained the position of aide-de-camp in Darrow's brigade. Mills was self-contained, reticent, retiring in private, but exceedingly brave in action. General Sumner said of him, "That young man will either get death or promotion very soon."

His fault was an over-weening ambition; but he did succeed in attaining a high rank and large command later in the war.

The quartermaster, whom Henry regarded as altogether the most important functionary in the brigade, for he controlled the tents, the wagons, the animals, and many other essential utensils for war, was Captain Willard Oren, a college graduate, an engineer by profession, and a capital man for any practical business.

There was one more who was probably of more importance than any other staff officer, because however Henry might skirmish as a purveyor, he had in last resort to depend on him for his daily bread and meat. His name was Joseph N. Ballard, a first lieutenant, detailed from an eastern regiment as brigade commissary. Ballard was a character. At first somewhat unmilitary in figure, never choosing to stand quite straight, his odd appearance made Henry laugh, and a little later he found him droll and amusing in everything he thought or said; but for duty

in his department nobody ever exceeded him. In fact he had had a military education in Vermont, and was very precise in his accounts and never failed to come to time with provisions. He went through different grades till he became a most trusted commissary of an army corps.

Such were Henry's daily associates, living side by side — usually two in a tent — and eating usually three times a day at the same table. Sometimes that table was the mess-chest, sometimes a box, sometimes a rectangular piece of canvas spread upon the ground; but whenever possible to obtain two or three boards, — no matter how rough they were, — a mess-table of more pretension was put up.

General Darrow was particular to ask a blessing at every meal, and whenever possible he gathered in his own larger space the staff, clerks, and orderlies once or twice a week for reading, singing, and prayer. Henry delighted in those gatherings and was seldom absent; but if one should judge by these requirements and practices that

the headquarters had any sadness about them, he would be mistaken.

The mess-table always brought out something worth remembering; and not infrequently you would hear bursts of laughter, and Henry realized a keen enjoyment there, even in the midst of the dreadful war through which he was passing.

Though so remarkably different in education, in habits, and in character, the officers of that mess were all pronounced Christian men and when at home active members in the branch of the church to which they severally belonged.

The delay at Yorktown had chafed General Darrow beyond measure, so that one day he sent Henry to his corps commander and offered to lead a charge across the lines near where the brave Vermonters made their vain attempt; but his offer was not accepted. The next day all were together at their mess and canvassing the *pros* and *cons* of so much delay which caused a great amount of sickness and a constant diminution of the strength of the command.

Newall remarked testily, "We can never succeed in putting down this rebellion by lying here and making fascines."

Ballard laughed and said, "I guess the old man knows what he's about; he just draws all the rebs down here so as to whip around them by West Point and the White House and end the war before you know it."

Three or four voices shouted, "Well done for you, Mr. Commissary!" At that instant word came that the enemy had left their works and that the army had taken up the pursuit.

This *was* news, and everybody about headquarters was full of excitement. The general, after ordering his command under arms, set off at once, followed by his staff, all mounted, to join his division commander and find out what was to be done. It was a weary day of waiting. All that and the next held them in camp till near night, when Darrow was required, while the rain was pouring down and the mud was deep, to lead his brigade through the openings in the Confeder-

ate works and follow on to support the troops which had been more or less engaged all the way from Yorktown to Williamsburg.

Darrow went into camp after a most grievous night-march, through which it was next to impossible in the deep mire to keep the men together. It was about five miles from the Williamsburg battle-field.

Henry was much amused to see the adjutant-general that night trying to rest by putting his hips between two rails taken from a Virginia fence. Henry and Darrow more sensibly spread a tent-fly from the top of the fence to the ground, stretching it out, and had McDougal, the orderly, build a fire near the lower end of the fly. Then they lay down with their feet toward the blaze, having a soft bed, and took a comfortable sleep till dawn.

At the break of day, Henry and Ballard were sent on to make observations, and see what was going on at the noisy front, while Lieutenant Mills was ordered to find the division commander and ascertain where the brigade could do most good.

When Henry Woodward and Ballard reached the dreadful bloody field, the battle was over and the Confederates were gone, all except those who were strewn on the ground — the wounded and the slain.

On our own side the field was even worse. It was the first time that Henry had ever seen so many blackened corpses, and so many horses dead or dying — here and there found at irregular intervals as he passed along. The two young men soon made their way to a large hospital that had already been established and into which the stretcher-bearers were rapidly bringing wounded men. The first young officer that Henry saw within was sitting in a high-back chair, stripped to his waist. The surgeon had just finished probing his wounds — two through his breast, and another through his right arm. Clean bandages were being put about him. Henry noticed how young he was and how beautiful was his face and form. However cool and collected Henry Woodward might be, that sight was too much for him, and the hot tears poured down his face in showers as he spoke

to the young man. "Oh, it is nothing, sir," he said. "I am all right. I am proud to suffer this little for the Union." But we need not delay upon these scenes of after-battle. They are always harrowing and dreadful.

The army of McClellan worked its way on, as everybody knows, with one or two important engagements, till it was established before Richmond. The Chickahominy — a narrow stream not exceeding twenty yards in width, ordinarily — divided the main army from the four divisions strewn along the right bank and nearest the city.

A great freshet came, and the river rose till it was a mile in breadth, and up to the waist of the men outside of the river bed. Johnston, in command of the Confederates, suddenly broke upon Casey's division, swept it back after a fierce engagement, broke Couch's in two and was holding Kearny's in check, while Hooker was hastening to hold our extreme left from destruction. Sumner, crossing the breaking, floating logs in some unaccountable way, came to join a part of Couch's divi-

sion which had retired before the Confederates back toward the Chickahominy ; he went forward just in time to save the day.

Lieutenant Mills, at dark, guided Darrow's brigade across another sad battle-field, and Henry brought orders from his division commander to place the brigade to the rear in reserve. The fighting was over for the night. One regiment was led out to the skirmish line by Lieutenant Woodward to cover the front, a difficult thing to do in the dark where Confederate regiments were doing precisely the same thing in almost the same place. In fact they ran into each other's camps in the darkness and confusion of the night, and many were made prisoners ; but by dawn the hostile lines were already well arranged. It was Sunday morning. Darrow sent the brave Lieutenant Mills with one of his regiments to fill a dangerous gap. It received such a hot fire that it was instantly broken up and its colonel killed. The remainder of the day one of its captains, having rallied six companies, kept them fairly well to the

front, while Mills gathered the other four and fought them successfully. Meanwhile, Darrow and Henry put the remaining brigade into battle and charged through the enemy's lines.

About the time the battle ended successfully for the Union troops, Henry, after his horse was killed, was severely wounded through the thigh, but he was able to work his way to the rear; he was leaning on his scabbard, pleasant and smiling in countenance as ever. He was fortunate enough to come to a large stump, where one of the bravest of the surgeons of another brigade, Dr. Galt, was binding up the wounds or operating upon such of the wounded as came to him. Instantly the doctor recognized this young man, for he had seen him before with General Darrow. He ordered two men to lay him carefully on an army stretcher, and then examined his wounds. "Oh," he said, "my young friend," as he was probing, "this is not bad! It is only a flesh wound. It will do you honor."

The bandages being properly put on, Henry was

carried back upon his easy carriage, the stretcher, to the main hospital. There he had a very comfortable night. The next day, taking the train with many another maimed soldier like himself, he made his way to the White House Landing, then by steamer to Baltimore, and thence by rail to the neighborhood of his home.

In a little village about six miles south of Grenville, after passing the ordeal of much public notice by crowds of people, his own father and mother met him and cared for him, for they found him too feverish and too lame to proceed any farther.

It was a sweet luxury for Henry to have his mother's sympathy, care, and nursing. At first he seemed to weaken, no longer feeling the necessity of exerting fortitude; but in time Mr. and Mrs. Woodward were able to bear him away to their own comfortable country residence at Grenville.

CHAPTER IX

HENRY AT HOME — BIGGS'S REPORT FROM BANGOR — COPPERHEAD DENUNCIATIONS — DELMORE IN PRINT — HIS DISLOYALTY AND HOSTILITY TO HENRY — HOW KATHLEEN REJECTED HIS ADVANCES — HENRY'S VISIT TO BRUNSWICK, AUGUSTA, AND BANGOR — HIS KIND RECEPTION AT THE HOSFORDS'

Love still hath something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose;
No time his slaves from love can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose.
* * * * * *
At first disdain and pride they fear,
Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and falsehood soon appear
In a more dreadful shape. — SIR CHAS. SEDLEY.

HENRY was highly praised for his conduct in battle, not only in official reports, but many paragraphs to his credit found their way into the daily papers. Owing, as his mother said, to his being somewhat "run down before the battle,"

his recovery of his strength was not very rapid ; but his wounds healed in three weeks, at least sufficiently for him to be up and dressed every day.

Henry was quite happy at home and doubtless a little proud of his record. It seemed, however, as if his achievements did not have their full fruition without Kathleen. His classmates were now away from Bangor and nobody was keeping him informed. Young Biggs, it is true, who was fond of Mina, but had naturally not even asked permission to address her, as she was as yet very young, had written words of sympathy and congratulation to Henry from the Seminary as soon as he heard of his wounding and return to his parents. Biggs said incidentally in his letter, "There are some of our girls who speak rather warmly about your gallantry and heroism."

Henry only wished that he knew whether Biggs meant to include Kathleen Hosford. He wanted to write directly to her, but though so brave in battle he didn't quite dare to venture there very

far. He had come to that pass when he was afraid to risk anything. He could not even dream out the disposition of the family toward himself. Her father and mother, he knew, didn't believe at all in early attachments for their children; and Mina was always such a pronounced peace girl, she wouldn't favor a soldier for her sister.

There were voices against Henry in his neighborhood and elsewhere in the state, as well as those in his favor; he had been too severe, some mothers said, with many of the Grenville boys in the march and at Bull Run; he had gotten promotion never by merit, but by favoritism. One day his father, visiting a store in a neighboring village, met a peace-at-any-price lady. She accosted him like this: "Ah, Mr. Woodward, what do you think now? Guess you've had enough of war, seeing your boy's wounded and disabled. Good enough for the youngster and for you! Hope everybody will be served as you are, — everybody who invades the South."

Her mocking tones were worse than her words. Mr. Woodward, with a flushed face and vexed at himself for being angry, as if to hold himself in check, answered slowly : —

"It is evident, madam, that you do not know the stuff WE are made of. As soon as he is well enough our son will return to the front."

With the historian's privilege, we may reveal somewhat of the goings on in Bangor. General Jameson, his brigade, and many of his Second Maine had been sadly stricken at Fair Oaks. There was sorrow in Bangor as the saddening news reached the city. The good women were everywhere preparing lint, hospital garments of all sorts, and putting up delicacies for the sick and wounded, as well as needle-books, havelocks, and other useful articles for the well soldiers. Their loyal hearts were just now full of conflicting emotions; anxiety, joy, sorrow, sympathy, and hope were jostling and crowding each other in those days.

The troubled women found their best distraction

— indeed their only comfort at times — in soldier work, for they felt that they must do something.

Miss McGregor was fond of having the Hosford girls with her group of workers, which was preparing a large box for the front. Her father was already there, and though she longed to be with him and offered to nurse in the hospitals under his care, he had not yet consented.

One day, while this group was busy at her house, a Bangor newspaper of the pessimistic stripe — for there was one such in the city — was picked up by Mina, while the rest were gathered around a large table. After glancing it over she read aloud a single paragraph that caught her eye, entitled, "The Abolitionists are getting their Dues!"

"'McClellan's retreat is proving disastrous enough. His victories are abortive, and he is back shivering on the banks of the James at Harrison's Landing. Our brave General Jameson is wounded and sick, for making the sad mistake to fight for the thieving abolitionists. There is some consolation, however, that the nigger-loving Woodward of Grenville

is getting his proper pay. His promising son, who, we understand, has been cruel to our men in camp and battle, lies wounded and helpless at his father's house.

"'The mills of the gods grind slowly;
But they grind exceeding small!'"

Mina's voice trembled considerably before she finished; but Miss McGregor's eyes flashed fire as she raised her chin a little higher than usual. Kathleen seemed simply grieved; she bent her shapely head forward while the hot tears were falling upon her lap and bedewing her work.

Josie McGregor, in a decided voice, said: "For shame! That bears the ear-marks of our Maine addle-headed young traitor."

"Pray, who is that?" asked one of the busy workers, without looking up.

"Why, Brady Delmore, of course," said Miss McGregor. "He and the editor of that Copperhead sheet are great cronies. Union defeat is their stock in trade. I despise them!"

Kathleen, without speaking, continued for a while

thoughtfully and sadly at her task, and then she rose and, standing impressively with her grand figure at full height, said: "Josie, I thank you from my heart — not simply for your sentiment, but for revealing to me the character of Mr. Delmore. — Come, Mina, we will go now."

After the usual adieus the Hosford girls walked away from Dr. McGregor's, taking the shortest route to their own home. When about halfway a young man overtook them. It was Brady Delmore. He was fresh and hearty, and never looked more magnificent than when he spoke to Mina and then to Kathleen.

The young ladies were polite to him, but this evidently bespoke no cordiality. After a few commonplace remarks the young doctor said: "I think we shall see peace soon, and I know you will be glad of that. Every sensible man knew that such a revolution would never go backward and the republicans were simply mad to undertake, as they call it, *to put down the rebellion.* I shall be glad of peace on any terms."

Kathleen merely said: "Mr. Delmore, I do not

agree with you. My whole heart is with my friends; I have no sympathy with the enemies of my country."

Delmore, evidently nettled at this brave speech from a young girl, thought he would leave at least one sting, for he had heard that the Hosfords were friendly to Henry Woodward, so he added: "By the way, did you see that thrust at Woodward, the old abolitionist, in the morning paper, and at that young upstart who left the Seminary and his chosen profession to go to war as a private soldier?"

This was too much for Kathleen. She turned upon him with a severity and a dignity that no one could have dreamed to be at her command, and said: "Mr. Delmore, how dare you insult the daughters of a patriot and a true man like Mr. Hosford? He will be informed of your conduct. From this time understand that your presence is not wanted."

Delmore had the sense to lift his hat with military politeness, and though his face was red with anger he moved off without speaking another word.

Then the girls hastened home to unbosom their grievances of the morning to the sympathetic ears of their tenderest of mothers.

How Mr. Hosford closed out the matter between the families of Hosford and Delmore was never known outside the participants; but Brady never came again, so that for Kathleen one chapter of vexation and annoyance was ended.

Henry began to move about in August. The accounts in the papers about the Army of the Potomac annoyed him very much.

Pope's campaign had set in and was likely to prove disastrous, and his mother felt that, from an increasing irritability and restlessness, it might do him good to see some other faces than those at his home and at the church of Grenville on Sundays, so she encouraged him to take a trip by rail to visit his old friends at Brunswick and Augusta. His special friend, Horace Henson, having been, after a long imprisonment, exchanged, was there enjoying a short rest for recuperating his strength before returning to his duties in the field. He was now a lieutenant

and soon to be on the staff of General Darrow. Horace had strongly urged Henry to pay him a visit at his home, for he was about in the same condition of depression and trouble as Woodward himself, whilst he perused the discouraging daily accounts of fighting and retreating only to fight again and retreat. But Henry desired greatly to go farther and visit Bangor and the friends there before his return. One day, just before he left for this railroad tour, a spasm of courage seized him and he wrote a letter straight to Kathleen Hosford herself, — a thing, to be sure, that he might reasonably have done before. He told her of his intended visit, and asked her if it would be agreeable to the family for him to present himself, *in propria persona*, at her father's residence.

The answer reached him while *en route*, to the effect that all the family would expect a call from him if he came to Bangor. Of course these letters were very commonplace affairs, and they spoke not at all of things that lay nearest to the heart of each correspondent; but the ice was

broken, and before long all the troublesome fragments might possibly be cleared away.

At Brunswick, Henry was greatly delighted at the notice taken of him while he limped around using his heavy cane, especially by the professors and those older students who recognized him.

At Augusta, Horace met him at the train and drove him in a comfortable coupé to his mother's home, — a home made bearable by Horace's brief visit, though Mrs. Henson's heart was sadly torn by the loss of her husband, a soldier himself, dying in New Orleans, and of her son Alonzo, killed at Bull Run. She laughed amid tears when she greeted Henry Woodward and bade him welcome. She remarked, "Your coming will make poor Horace's stay a little less desolate."

Henry saw the governor and his adjutant-general on official business, with whom he had many arrangements to make for the future of comrades who had written him from the field. After a couple of days, however, the two young men, already fast friends, who could talk or pray to-

gether with sympathy and agreement, separated, — Horace to go to Washington and Henry to his brief visit on the Penobscot. He found his own room at the Theological Seminary, with its contents, as he had left it a year and a half before, and he was invited by the professors, in the heartiest way, to visit them. He always insisted that they were the grandest of men. "Both Dr. Harris and Dr. Shepherd," he remarked, "preached wonderful, patriotic sermons, worthy to be compared with the orations of Fisher Ames, James Otis, or Patrick Henry, and they greatly moved the hearts of the people."

The appreciation of such men who regarded young Woodward as a patriot and a hero was very sweet to the young man. It was flattering enough, but fortunately it did not make him vain. He selected the most favorable time for an evening call at the Hosfords, where he was met by frank and friendly cordiality by every member of the family and enjoyed a pleasant evening. When he took his departure that night,

Kathleen, in a hospitable way, followed him to the front door and said: "Be sure, Mr. Woodward, to call here to-morrow morning about eleven. I want to see and consult you about something very important."

As he walked away the moon was shining and the stars seemed never brighter, and you would hardly have thought he was lame at all, as he trudged along, throwing his heavy staff before him. He wondered, of course, what that important thing was; but whatever it might be, the invitation itself, delivered so happily and with so much deference, he greatly enjoyed, and rolled it like a sweet morsel under his tongue. Of course Henry was on hand at the proper time. To his surprise he found Miss Kathleen with her hat on and ready to go out. She said to him aside, "There were so many in this morning that I thought we would be safer to ourselves if I took you to a walk by some of our old haunts."

"Oh," said Henry, "I am glad of that."

"But," she said slyly and softly, "aren't you

too lame for a walk? Why didn't I think of that?" The tears obscured for an instant those large eyes of royal blue. Could the sun be as genial without the showers?

Henry answered laughingly, "Walks do me good. They are prescribed."

Meanwhile Justin Hosford had followed and seized his hand with the hope of an army story, and Mina objected to Kathleen's carrying him off; but Mrs. Hosford interposed — her husband not being present — and said, "Kathleen must have her way this time, as she wants to consult Mr. Woodward concerning her supplies."

In a few minutes they set out together, when Kathleen said, "Don't you remember Josie McGregor, whom you admired so much when she presented the silken flag to our regiment?"

Henry had not forgotten her, though he stammered that he thought his admiration had taken another turn on that day.

Kathleen reddened a little but went on: "Josie wants to see you and talk with you about our

army box. It is partly filled. What can we put in it that will do most good?"

They sauntered along, chatting freely about havelocks, lints, work-bags, needle-books, and what not, till they came to Dr. McGregor's door.

Josephine was there and answered the bell. She instantly recognized the young man, and smiled pleasantly to see him with his cheery face and happy ways, though still rather pale and thin, in the company of her precious young friend, Kathleen. They both looked happy that morning.

We will not delay to detail the conversation. Henry was soon going back and would see his general, officers of his brigade, and Dr. McGregor, and would write just what to put into the next box, if not this one. Henry said "extra socks" always came in well, and though he couldn't recommend them, soldiers did enjoy pipes and tobacco.

When the interview was over our young people took their leave of Josephine and sauntered along together through Hammond Street, recalling

THEY SAUNTERED ALONG, CHATTING FREELY.

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well-known places and associations. The nearest approach to the subject which Henry had at heart was when he asked Kathleen, just before reaching her front gate, if he might write her now and then, and if she would be glad to receive his letters.

She answered frankly: "Oh, yes, Mr. Woodward. I shall be delighted to have you write me from the field all about battles and campaigns and encampments. I only wish I were a young man that I might be down there."

"But," said Henry, "I shan't dare to write many times unless I get answers."

Kathleen's eyes brightened and she said laughingly: "Well, that is fair. Surely, papa and mamma will not object to my letting you know I have received your letters."

That was as far as Henry went. He did not dare to tell of the love of his heart, but he showed it in his face and in all his deportment; and surely had the sharp eyes of another critical girl been near, she would have said that Kathleen

in her heart of hearts reciprocated the young man's feeling.

Could Henry, a few days before, have witnessed her parting with the young fire-eater, Brady Delmore, which had taken place on the street when she bade him an everlasting adieu, and have contrasted that with her kind and sympathetic reception when he came, her conversation and final parting with himself, he would have been more than satisfied and relieved from his frequent misgivings and subsequent attacks of embarrassment.

CHAPTER X

HENRY AND COMRADES AT ANTIETAM — VISITS TO WOUNDED AND BIVOUACKING WITH THE DEAD — FIRST LETTER TO KATHLEEN — FREDERICKSBURG BATTLE-FIELD — HORSE AND RIDER WOUNDED — SCENE IN FREDERICKSBURG — THE MORNING PRAYER — NEW COMPANIONS — HENRY'S ILLNESS — MEETING THE HOSFORDS IN AUGUSTA — ANOTHER RIVAL, HOWARD BRICE, A COUSIN OF KATHLEEN — MR. HOSFORD PERMITS HENRY'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH HIS DAUGHTER

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat:
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat.
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him, be jubilant my feet.
Our God is marching on! —JULIA WARD HOWE.

HENRY WOODWARD and Captain Whitney, with a couple of new horses, arrived in Washington early in September, and rode together as far as Henry could bear the fatigue of the journey. They followed each day in pursuit of the Army of the Potomac. They passed through Frederick,

Maryland, and went on, overtaking General Darrow's division at Middletown. Now the headquarters seemed complete, and Darrow welcomed his cousin and his new adjutant with *empressement*. He was expecting a battle at any moment, in fact listening to the distant cannonading in the direction of the South Mountain and wondering whether Franklin or Burnside were not already engaged. This was the fact, so far as Burnside was concerned. His men were in the midst of a sharp conflict. The next morning, very early, Darrow's division hurried up for support, but the enemy had retreated from the gaps of the mountain in the night and gone on toward Boonesborough.

The newcomers found those lately in the severe battle resting by the roadside, and Henry was greatly interested to see the magnificent Burnside, who this time did not get up to the field till the firing was over, moving around grandly among his men and receiving their salutes. Henry said to himself, "Oh, how hand-

some he is!" On horseback his figure showed to the best advantage, and he was a noticeable man among ten thousand.

The main battle of Antietam was on the 17th of September, 1862. Henry wrote his first Bangor letter a few days after the battle. We give a part:

"DEAR MISS KATHLEEN: Captain Whitney and I had hardly reached my cousin's headquarters before we advanced to support Burnside at South Mountain; but I only saw some of the horrors of that field, and took a good look at Burnside, whom you ladies so much admired when he visited Maine. His appearance is fine, especially when mounted. I shall never forget his smile and the broad Burnside hat that crowned him. . . .

"The most dreadful battle I have been in was on the 17th instant. My recollections of it are confused. Early that morning our division moved off two or three miles to our extreme right and went into action just as General Mansfield was repulsed; 'the grandest Christian gentleman,' so

famed, in the old army, at the time he was slain, with his large clear blue eyes, and pure white hair.

"We went forward in three lines beyond the Antietam into a thick wood — Darrow with his staff, and myself among them, following the first line. Fierce firing began without our seeing anybody. Our left was turned by our enterprising foe, and we had to get back out of the woods, — Sumner, with his hat in his hand, rode his horse backward, back and forth, crying at our retiring lines, 'Oh, my men, don't disgrace an old veteran!' We gathered at the next wood but a few rods to the rear.

"That night I bivouacked without knowing it with a group of the slain, whose faces were covered by their overcoats as if asleep. The next day, after the forces of Lee had withdrawn, I went about with Captain Whitney to visit wounded friends. Our old division commander, Richardson, had fallen and Major Sedgwick, my special friend, was mortally wounded. I have just heard of his death.

"As we came back to our own bivouac we saw lines of the slain, as if skirmishers had all been taken at a time. Beside a fence was a thicker grouping, as if a volley had brought down a whole regiment, or the greater part of it, at a blow.

"The hospitals in barns and stables and out of doors are too terrible for me to describe, and surely too affecting, if I could, for the tender heart of a young lady like you. . . .

"I am not fit for much else than writing letters now, and it remains to be proved whether I will do for that — I mean officially. I have not been able to ride for more than a week, owing to a bruise to my wound occasioned by overmuch riding at the time of the battle, and consequently I am taking very little exercise, not being able yet to walk with ease. The result has been a bilious attack, threatening fever. Still, by careful dieting, a few days' rest, and a thorough course of medicine given by our brigade physician, I am pretty sure of pulling through. Indeed, I am better this morning.

"Give my kindest regards to all at your home and think of poor me as kindly as you can.

"Ever your soldier friend,

"HENRY WOODWARD."

So Henry wrote to Kathleen.

The army was soon in motion, every day southward bound. Until Henry gained his strength he rode in an ambulance. He was able very soon to participate in all the requirements of his office. The snowstorm, however, that came upon the Army of the Potomac as it pursued Lee in his backward march not far from Warrenton, Virginia, was very trying upon the young man, whose leg was far from strong. He declared that the ice and snow manifested itself in that limb. It was at this time that McClellan was relieved by Burnside.

When the army had come in sight of Fredericksburg, Henry was able to ride his horse again a whole day. He was quite chagrined because Burnside refused to allow Sumner to cross the fords, then shallow, over to Fredericks-

burg and take possession of the Marye Heights, just then hardly defended at all; because he had seen the cow that had walked over with so much deliberation from Fredericksburg to Falmouth and had noticed and watched Colonel Brooke of the Fifty-third Pennsylvania, who had measured the depth of the water upon the cow's side and declared that the men could wade the river without difficulty.

Darrow's division was the first subsequently to cross the river into the city; and all the staff, including our hero, was present in the difficult and dangerous operations of taking full possession of the town.

After the battle, so terrible and so bloody all along the lines where there was hardly a hope of breaking through, and none whatever of turning a flank, Henry wrote another epistle to his young friend at Bangor. He was sure that he would be justified in this because of the brief and friendly, but as he thought rather formal, acknowledgment of the Antietam letter.

This time he had much to tell. He spoke of how the foe strewed the front with our men in blue; of how his general had sent him with messages into the thickest of the fight; and especially of one occasion as he crossed a street when he received a full volley, providentially passing above him and his horse. Later his horse was struck, and he was slightly injured through the leg of his rubber boot.

There have been some changes in Woodward's companionship. Mills left Darrow after Fair Oaks, being promoted to a major in a New York regiment. Henry learned, and put it in his letter, of the gallant conduct of the young major. A bullet had struck him in a vital place and opened an artery, but the young man had seized the lips of the wound, holding them together, and had himself taken to General Darrow that he might suggest to him where he could most effectively put in and use his command.

An instance just before the battle went into the letter, where a good lady of southern feeling

but warm Christian heart had told him that the South would conquer in the end. "You will be obliged," she said, "to ascend by a *Long-street*, a high *Hill*, and break over a *Stone-wall* before you can begin to think of success."

After our Henry and several of his companions that morning had read some passages from the Bible and earnestly prayed for God's blessing and help in her hearing, and then departed with the cheerfulness of men leaving their homes for the business of the day, she followed him to the door and said smilingly through her tears: "What, going into battle in that spirit? I am more afraid of you than ever before; for I thought you were all bad!"

To this letter there came another answer, which, without any special reason for it, Henry counted as a little more personal and tender than the former; still, it didn't seem anything like what he wanted, and no wonder, for the young man, though braver than Julius Cæsar in campaign and battle, had not yet learned how to storm the

heart of such a queenly young woman. He had not even asked permission of her parents to address their daughter, and indeed they had been very reluctant to allow even a friendly correspondence under the circumstances; but her mother thought the best way was to humor Kathleen in this, as she was so patriotic and so deeply desirous of getting facts straight from the field where she much wanted to be present herself, that she almost quarrelled with her fate that she was not a man.

What was called "Burnside's Mud Campaign," which amounted to nothing but long marches in deep mire up the river and back again, was very hard for all the men who were not in perfect health. It was in mid-winter, and so snow and ice and mud and sleeping on the ground made the weak weaker and the sick sicker, and all Henry's clear grit hardly kept his head aboveboard through that useless operation.

In the previous November his cousin, General Darrow, had been promoted to become a major-general of volunteers. This rank carried with it

the right to one captain on his staff, that is, one by direct staff assignment. The general sought and obtained this appointment for Lieutenant Woodward.

About this time there came also to the personal staff a young man whose name was Willard H. Jeffries, of Philadelphia, who was probably more to the taste and companionship of Henry Woodward than the other officers. He was as brave and straightforward as any, and at the same time very kind, gentle, and sympathetic.

Malarial attacks now came to afflict our hero. During Henry's periods of depression and fever, Jeffries and, a little later, Horace Henson were taking turns to cheer him up. At last it occurred to his brigade surgeon that a trip to his home would be the best for complete recovery of his tone and strength; and his general subscribed to the idea that his record was already sufficiently brilliant to entitle him to a regiment. After this decision we soon find him first at his home for a few days, to his father's satisfaction and to his

mother's great joy. They both desired to get more facts of the war than the daily papers afforded, and Henry's genial face was an ornament to the table at meal-time, and a great relief to the home-circle of a long winter evening; of course, too, they loved him and were surer of his safety when at home. Hardly a week, however, kept him idle; he appeared at the state capital and was soliciting the governor and his council and using what influence he could with the legislature to put in trim still another Maine regiment. This time he wanted, as Darrow had recommended, the colonelcy, and desired that a skilled officer whom he named, one of character and experience, be appointed the lieutenant-colonel. Those concerned went so far as to start the companies and enroll them, and so hosts of Henry's friends were drawn into the service, but his own colonelcy was not forthcoming, because it was decided to reënforce existing organizations. When a young man seems to rise too rapidly, unexpected obstacles and hindrances are sure to come and check his progress.

It is disappointing, but as a rule quite wholesome discipline.

There was, however, a wonderful compensation to Henry at this time. First, a complete restoration of health and an enlarged acquaintanceship with the public men of his state; but the best of all was this: — Kathleen's father, Mr. Hosford, was a senator and very prominent in the Upper House of the legislature. His family had accompanied him to Augusta and were boarding at the best hotel in that city. Imagine his delight the first day he was in Augusta to have this opportunity opened to him for beginning, if we may say so, his suit. The preliminaries had been favorable enough, but there was as yet no intimation of anything more than an ordinary acquaintanceship coupled with a friendly exchange of letters.

Some lady friends assure the writer that a book is much less harrowing and more acceptable if it does not have a storm, a hindrance, — and is far better without any catastrophe whatever. The historian admits all this, but he is obliged with

impartiality to adhere to the true events of history. Facts are facts, and we cannot ignore them. At Antietam a young officer who, till Fair Oaks, had been on the staff of General Jameson, Captain Howard Brice, detailed from a Wisconsin regiment, and who had passed to the division staff of General Hooker, was sadly injured near the river by a fall of his horse when under a severe fire of the enemy. As some men were carrying him back he was wounded again in the arm and feared at first that he should lose it. He was a cousin once removed to Kathleen Hosford, and so Mr. Hosford met him at a Philadelphia hospital and took him straight to his own home in Bangor.

Kathleen and the young ladies had always been Brice's friends. He was somewhat their senior, but they always had enjoyed his society as one of their own age, called him by his first name, wrote to him freely whenever they liked; they had visited his father and mother in Milwaukee; in brief, the families had long been in closest intercourse and friendship. Think how delightful it

was for them now to minister to one who had served with their own regiment, who had had wonderful experience in battle, and who had at last been wounded and otherwise injured on the glorious field of Antietam. Mina and Kathleen, I am sorry to say it, had grown more and more intimate with this chivalrous youth; and when the Hosfords moved to Augusta for the winter term of the legislature they took Captain Brice with them, now splendidly convalescent, moving about as Henry had done, some months before, with a stout cane in his hand, limping just enough to attract the attention of patriotic men and women.

Henry was not long in seeing the drift of things. He knew Howard Brice very well, and understood how unconsciously the brilliant young officer was poaching upon his preserves.

Kathleen appeared innocent of any intentions whatever when she introduced her cousin to Captain Woodward. After the visit Henry said to himself: "Possibly it is only a cousin, but really she has the air of preferring him to me. I guess

I had better get away as soon as possible; but she is so splendid, so good, and has been heretofore so friendly to me—" He did not finish his sentence or his thought, but the persistency of his nature would not allow him to give over his hopes without a trial.

At the church, the Sunday-school, the social gathering, and public entertainment the young people constantly met, but Henry never succeeded in a personal interview with Kathleen alone till the day of his departure.

Captain Brice was cordial enough, but gave Henry distinctly to understand that Henry's friendship for his cousin was right enough when kept within proper bounds, and that he himself, though he did not exactly say it, was the accepted suitor. Kathleen herself for some reason — whether she had any intention to do so or not her girl companions can best judge — was decidedly more attentive to her cousin than to Henry; so that this winter vacation which began so delightfully for Henry Woodward and had such prospects of early promotion, and

of settling something more important according to his heart's desire, was likely to prove a failure. One night he reasoned a long time with himself. It resulted in his writing a letter, as well worded as Henry could make it, and unmistakable in its meaning, to Mr. Hosford. He asked the privilege of paying his addresses to his daughter with the hope of winning her for his life-companion.

The next day after the receipt of this good letter Mr. Hosford replied that he and his wife consented to his earnest request, and that they would leave the whole matter to Kathleen herself, as she was already, for one of her age, of mature judgment. Wishing him abundant success and praising him for his patriotic conduct and high-toned life, he affixed his signature.

The sky began to clear in Henry's mind as he received that letter. It was the last evening before he left to rejoin the army, when he called at the hotel and asked for an interview with Kathleen. This time she met him by himself.

We will not intrude upon the privacy of that interview, but simply say that Captain Woodward after that understood that he was the accepted suitor; it was not, however, as they both agreed . . . , — not an engagement. She had a prejudice against long engagements; for some reason did not want to be considered engaged; perhaps, like young people in other things, wished to see how matters developed, — not perhaps what Henry would become, for he was already a manly man, but to see how she herself would feel toward him and others as time passed on.

CHAPTER XI

HENRY AT CHANCELLORSVILLE — HIS GALLANT CONDUCT — HIS GREATER BRILLIANCY AT GETTYSBURG — HOW HE MET EARLY'S DIVISION — DONALD AND PHILIP BRAY — HENRY AND CAPTAIN JEFFRIES — JEFFRIES'S DEATH — KATHLEEN'S ANXIETY — HENRY TRANSFERRED TO THE WEST — HIS DUTY THERE — HIS TRANSFER TO A LARGER CORPS — PARTICIPATING IN ALL THE BATTLES OF SHERMAN — ATLANTA WON — HENRY'S PROMOTION — KATHLEEN'S AMBITION — HIS PART IN MARCH TO THE SEA — VISIT TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN — PROMOTION TO COMMAND REGIMENT — COLONEL COMMANDING BRIGADE — BREVETTED BRIGADIER-GENERAL — KATHLEEN'S CONGRATULATION

> So he [Lincoln] grew up, a destined work to do,
> And lived to do it; four long-suffering years,
> Ill fate, ill feeling, ill report lived through,
> And then he heard the hisses change to cheers.
>
> — Tom Taylor.

In the spring of '63 General Darrow was promoted from a division to an army corps. When

the corps staff was arranged, Captain Woodward obtained a grade. He was thenceforward for some time a major and the senior aide-de-camp. It took him some time to get used to the new name and the new position; the staff was larger, the responsibility much increased, and the officers' mess was no longer a small, single affair. His general took, however, his aides, his adjutant-general, and judge advocate to his own table. Captain Whitney had become Major Whitney, and the judge advocate of the corps. Jeffries and Henson, Woodward and Whitney, were hereafter as close as brothers, and notwithstanding they were in the business of war, eked out much enjoyment from their delightful inter-association.

Darrow always declared that the battle of Chancellorsville showed him what King David meant in the Psalms by the "valley of the shadow of death." He and his staff passed through that; but the Lord was their helper, their restorer, and their shield.

The part Henry bore in that battle was a marked

one. He led away Darrow's principal brigade for the support of another corps and then returned to be present in an open engagement, where for a time it seemed impossible that anybody could live through it. He helped, however, effectively to fill cross intrenchments with retiring men, to change front of an entire reserve division, and to locate batteries in position to cover a necessary retreat before the oncoming of Stonewall Jackson's numerous brigades. He bore his part nobly in this conflict, and we may be sure that Kathleen received a modest account of his doings. He loved his general, and delighted to set forth the brilliant things that he imputed to Darrow, rather than dwell upon his own achievements. His general said justly of him and his friend: "Woodward and Henson were in the thickest of the hail, and did nobly. I had sent Major Whitney to bring up a train of forage, so he was not there during the encounter." He further says of his staff, which included Woodward: "They worked as hard as men could to stop a rout. Sometimes they would get a line

behind a fence or in the woods, but to little purpose until our reserves of artillery and infantry were reached. Then they succeeded in reorganizing all that was left of the whole, terribly depleted command."

Henry's remarkable career received additional brilliancy at Gettysburg. He was strong again, and able to ride all day without sensible fatigue. He was the first officer to discover during the first day the approach of Early's division from York, threatening the front line westward of the town. His report to his general was just in time to save a great disaster to the right flank, and was the opening to a successful retreat to the Cemetery Ridge, where solid lines were formed and effective resistance secured.

Henry's brother, Donald Woodward, coming to Gettysburg for the Christian Commission, was able to rescue his friend, Major Philip Bray, dreadfully wounded in the battle, and whose conduct was so remarkable as to receive the highest commendation from his immediate commander.

Henry, who saw Philip Bray when he could in the hospital, in his letter to Kathleen mentions this instance of worthy sacrifice. The young man was already unconscious when his friend Donald picked him up. No braver man than Bray fought at Gettysburg.

Henry wrote further about Captain Jeffries, his closest companion. How in a last reconnoissance Jeffries was shot through the body just above the hips and mortally wounded. His letter also is full of other remarkable incidents of that great battle, a part of whose field has been designated and staked out as "the high-water mark of the rebellion."

Henry then goes on in his writing to depict Robert E. Lee's retreat and the following him up to the point of his crossing the Potomac to again retire to the vicinity of Culpeper, Virginia.

Day and night this young man had labored and contributed no small part to the grand success of that great battle. The tender words at the close of his story of Gettysburg to Kathleen need not

be repeated, but they were very precious to her, and she did not fail to express by return mail her joy and appreciation, and give to her young major all the evidences of her growing affection that he could reasonably ask.

Constantly exposed to danger, with fellow officers and companions falling around him, the situation was trying, harrowing, to those who loved him, and not less so to Kathleen than to others. He of course knew when the danger of battle was over, could anticipate days of cessation; but her mind and heart had to be perpetually on the *qui vive* of anxiety and apprehension. This indicates a condition of warfare which is not a hindrance but a help to the deepest movements of the heart.

A little later in the strife we find Darrow's corps, with but few changes in his staff, operating under General Thomas in the army of the Cumberland. At Wauhatchie, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge Henry was exceedingly active. The distances for staff officers to ride, their constant exposure to the enemy's skirmishers, and

their dangers in battle were even greater than he had experienced in the east. It was because somehow the northern and the southern forces operated on longer lines, made more extensive marches over rougher territory, and became bolder and more aggressive in all their operations. These things he carefully explained in his correspondence with Kathleen, which he continued most faithfully whenever he could get time to write and a reasonable place and proper material for so doing. His account of his march to the relief of Burnside, now besieged at Knoxville, was very graphic.

The building of bridges which he supervised; the crossing of deep fords; the encountering of loyal citizens in East Tennessee who would strip off their coats and shoes to give to our needy soldiers; the escape of Longstreet with his corps, and the junction with the Knoxville commander,— all such items were calculated in those days to give an extraordinary interest to those who were hungry for news and hoping for the end of the war.

Kathleen remarked in one of her letters after this campaign: "Oh, Henry, what rapid progress you are making! Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge taken, Bragg's army driven back, and Knoxville a hundred miles away rescued. I rejoice at the part your general and you, helping him, bore in this eventful history."

Kathleen had much good sense. Be sure that this was the right sort of praise from the right source for Major Henry Woodward.

In April, General Darrow himself with his personal staff went to command another, a western, corps in Thomas's army. Its story is a matter of historic record. The subsequent battles in which Henry bore an active part were Tunnel Hill, Taylor's Ridge, Resaca, Adairsville, Kingston and Cassville, Dallas, New Hope Church, Pickett's Mill, Muddy Creek, the Kenesaws, Kolb's Farm, Smyrna Camp Ground, Peach Tree Creek, the Battle of Atlanta, Ezra Chapel, Jonesboro, and Lovejoy Station. At Pickett's Mill he was the officer who worked the command all night after a bloody repulse at

the hands of General Johnston. He so located the brigades and batteries, and so barricaded and fortified, that General Johnston saw at daylight that his meditated attack would prove a failure. Henry's grip upon the situation, tenacity, and wise provisions caused the Confederates to throw back their whole line. Thus he helped save Sherman's flank and his army from suffering a great loss. It was that bloody day at Pickett's Mill when Horace Henson fell by his side pierced through the lungs with a rifle-ball. Henry's heart had never been so torn with grief, for he loved this young man as his own soul. Henson did not die immediately, but lived to suffer for many months; yet at last he succumbed to the terrible wound received on that field.

At Atlanta, after the city was won, Major Woodward received his fourth commission. He became, on the recommendation of an army commander, an inspector-general of his army and department with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. His friends at home were naturally pleased and his mother

fully satisfied with such exaltation — not so Kathleen. She said that Henry was equal to an independent command. Lieutenant-colonel Woodward, gathering this from a hint in one of her letters, bore it in mind, and so when that part of the army to which he was attached formed a wing of Sherman's movable force, he went on with it to the sea, day by day, meditating upon some plan for getting command of an independent body.

He guided the active troops and helped to locate the lines near Macon, which broke up and nearly destroyed the Confederate force hurled against them. The wing moved across the country in several columns; Henry usually was chosen to guide one of them, to stay with it through the day and bring word to his general as soon as there was a halt for the night.

Some things in war he hated. The "foraging freely on the country" always worried his sensitive soul; but he was glad to have good things gathered, like eggs, chickens, and sweet potatoes, found in abundance, to be used with the small

rations of sugar and coffee and hard bread carried in the wagons. He condemned the burning of cotton and cotton-presses; but that was ordered. When rough men wantonly destroyed any property of a private nature, such as stables, barns, and houses, Henry was furious, and did all he could to prevent it. But of course he was obedient and executed most faithfully all his duties during that March to the Sea, up to the time when the troops took Fort McAllister, — an operation which he watched from the flat roof of a mill, — and so on till the army had come in close around Savannah; then was he delighted to find that General Hardee did not stay too long; that he had abandoned the beleaguered city without waiting for the meditated assault. The morning after that withdrawal, on a fine spirited horse Henry Woodward rode gayly and proudly into Savannah and stayed there long enough to participate in all the exercises which pertained to Sherman's triumph. He attended the great review held in the broad streets, always deep with sand; he was at the

joyous reception of officers at Sherman's headquarters; he was present at the public meetings which Sherman held with the citizens and later with the leading black people; and at the prolonged inspections of which he himself and his several coadjutors in the corps, divisions, and brigades formed a part; the inspections indeed were all under his exclusive charge. This disciplinary work was never better done.

Meanwhile, personal letters to his mother, his brother, and Kathleen, necessarily interrupted by the grand march when cut off from all communication, were ready when Colonel Harland, who came up the Ogeechee by the first steamer with his immense mail-bags, was ready to return to carry back a larger mail to Washington, — a mail for distribution to the four winds.

What was his astonishment and joy to be the first man chosen to go along with the letter-sacks and carry important messages, written and unwritten, to President Lincoln. "Mr. Lincoln was shaving," he wrote to Kathleen, "when I was

announced at the White House. He had me come in at once, stopped shaving *in medias res*, laying down his razor; then he took my right hand between both of his and told me how happy he was to see me. He then made me tell all I could about Sherman and his officers and our successes, probing me with his peculiar and significant questions whenever I did not satisfy his curiosity."

Henry loves still to speak of that extraordinary occasion.

Our lieutenant-colonel, who had some duty for his department in the valley of the Mississippi, did not succeed in getting back to Savannah till the forces of Sherman had disappeared in their northern march through the Carolinas. He could not join them. Now was his time to carry out the plan he had been so long meditating. Kathleen was dreadfully disappointed that he should approach as near as Washington and not run up to Maine and pay her a visit; but Henry's sense of duty was too great for that, — he dare not devi-

ate from his shortest route to the Mississippi, because his orders were imperative and of importance to secure extensive coöperation throughout Sherman's vast military division. But now that he was back in Savannah he endeavored to get command of a new regiment, then being raised along the coast of South Carolina. He succeeded, and soon had gathered his recruits and organized them into companies on one of the convenient sea islands. True these were negroes, and there was still a prejudice against them; but that fact suited Henry's sentiment, and the regiment belonged to the United States. He enjoyed the idea of escaping from all state connection and of having under his authority United States troops. He was very sure that our negroes would make excellent soldiers if properly taught and properly commanded.

Judging by his numerous letters written at that time, Henry was at his best. He was happy indeed and proud enough when after a few weeks he took his commission from its tin box and unrolled it for his comrades' inspection, — comrade officers

that he had gathered around him, young men with whom he had served during the preceding years in one capacity or another. And they congratulated him warmly upon this unmistakable evidence of appreciation by such promotion.

Colonel Woodward and his colored regiment before long were ordered over to North Carolina, being sent by sea, and it had like a rolling mass of snow become speedily enlarged to a brigade. On that coast Woodward was drilling his brigade when Sherman at last reached Goldsboro. He was holding an important post town, only a colonel, but a colonel commanding a brigade. Here he heard of Lee's surrender to Grant, of the death of his noble friend, Abraham Lincoln, felled by the assassin's shot, and soon after of Johnston's capitulation.

The triumph celebrated by Henry and his black men was jubilant beyond description; but the sorrow so speedily coming was like the shock of a heavy blow, deep, bruising, and enduring. Indeed, the war which might have closed but

for this with too great — perhaps unwholesome — rejoicing was providentially to end for our people in a sublime and universal grief.

One more promotion, a crowning reward for his long, gallant, faithful, and effective service, came to Henry Woodward when at last he was ordered to muster out and disperse his fine body of colored troops. That promotion came in the shape of a brevet brigadier-general. Kathleen, evidently proud of him, wrote: "Isn't that enough, dear Henry? You left us in '61 a private. You have passed through nine grades and now are coming back a brigadier-general. Yet," she added, "after all, it is Henry Woodward and not General Woodward that I love."

CHAPTER XII

HENRY AWAITING ORDERS AT WASHINGTON AND THEN AT HOME — KATHLEEN AND MINA AT GRENVILLE — MADE INSPECTOR OF LARGE DIVISION — THREE STATES — HENRY'S WORK IN RECONSTRUCTION — HENRY CROWNED AS MODEL VOLUNTEER — HENRY AND KATHLEEN ENGAGED IN 1866 — MARRIED DECEMBER, 1867 — THE WEDDING AND AFTER LIFE

What is the meaning of the song
That rings so clear and loud,
Thou nightingale amid the copse,
Thou lark above the cloud?
What says thy song, thou joyous thrush,
Up in the walnut tree?
"I love my Love, because I know
My Love loves me." —CHARLES MACKAY.

AFTER the great Civil War, for a few weeks Henry was much like the naval officer on shore awaiting orders, uncertain of the future, but disposed to make the most he could of the present. It seemed to him as he roamed over the haunts of

his boyhood and went in and out from his father's house at Grenville, and met the happy faces of old friends, that there, after all, was the land of promise and the people he loved. His mother's tenderness was at this time attended with less show of discipline or anxiety for him than ever before. He said to himself: "It is a precious home. I wonder if I shall ever have one as fitted to my taste and my being as this is."

He succeeded in bringing Kathleen and Mina, their mother thinking it proper enough for them to go together, to his father's house. It had troubled him to think that Kathleen, who had been so carefully brought up in city ways, and so persistently trained at home and in her schools of high grade that she was already a young woman of culture, — to think that she might be annoyed by the peculiarities of country life; that she might not like his mother, whose environments had been for years so different, or his father, who, though a great reader, was a blunt, outspoken, hardy farmer. Henry soon

found, however, that girls of genuine feeling and character and real culture are not disappointing when they come in contact with others who have been denuded of their special advantages. They enjoyed everything, and were soon on the best of terms with Colonel Woodward and all his belongings.

The good mother right away took them to her heart, and Henry knew when their visit ended that it was all right with his parents, and that the young ladies had simply enlarged their own knowledge, and found new sources of enjoyment in that simple, beautiful country life where he was born.

Strange to say, during this *off-duty* the *status quo* was preserved, and to all appearances there was no well-settled plan for the future even considered. Certainly no engagement was announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Hosford checked Henry at once when he began to hint at a possible home of his own, and how much he wanted to brighten it with the light of his life. "No, no, General," they said,

"Kathleen is too young yet to bear responsibility. She must perfect herself in her music and complete her term at the young ladies' seminary before we can consider her as a grown woman."

The young man had learned not only to think carefully, to labor hard, and to achieve results, but he had learned also to wait, to bide his time. In fact his possessions were small, and he could not for the life of him see how he could properly maintain another besides himself. True, he had a colonel's pay, but that could not last long, because the army would before many months be reduced.

His parting this time with Kathleen was not altogether so happy as the last one, for anxieties in view of the future were coming into the hearts of both of them. Still, great hopefulness helps young people at that age to make bright tomorrows.

Woodward's work as an inspector had been so eminent that the impression of it had been felt even at that solidified place of methods called the War Department. The honorable

secretary sent him to report to his favorite general, who, at that time stationed in South Carolina, had the charge of three states, — South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida Those were the days of reconstruction For this, General Henry Woodward sped from city to city, and organized the immense district in such way as to take care of the impoverished, set labor in motion, plant schools, and reëstablish social order. For a year the young man was so abundantly successful in his undertakings in the performance of public duty that the secretary concluded to bring him to Washington, and give him charge of what he called the "Home District," that is to say, the District of Columbia and portions of states bordering thereupon, — a district that gave the secretary more uneasiness, perplexity, and trouble than did the remainder of the Union.

Henry was in consequence assigned to duty according to his brevet rank, and the limits of his jurisdiction fixed in orders. In that sphere he worked hard, settling difficulties between the

freedmen and old owners, sending the impoverished, thousands of them, to places of industry and thrift; he established schools and opened up possessions for the poor, and permeated the whole of his command with Christian teaching and influence with a persistence that can never be forgotten by living witnesses. Verily, this *model volunteer*, so successful in the war, showed himself abundantly equal to the demands of peace. No man exerted more power than he in settling the chaotic condition of social life upon a permanent basis of law and order where there was, and has been since, a due regard for human rights independent of color, nationality, or previous condition.

It was during this all-absorbing work that, unbeknown to all his friends, the most important matter to him was settled. He and Kathleen say that it was in the month of August, 1866, that she consented to a prospective wedding.

In the cold month of December, 1867 (who would have dreamed it?), his friends assembled in the

city of Bangor. There were many of them who came, — the Darrows, including Hugh and Mabel, eight years older than when we first met them, Colonel and Mrs. Woodward, Donald and his wife, the Brices, not excluding Henry's rival, several of Henry's companions, classmates at the Seminary and officers from the army. Mr. Hosford's hospitable home was of course not sufficient to house so many except during the anticipated and joyous occasion which the coming together had foreshadowed. There was nothing, after all, about that wedding sufficiently marked to give it very distinctive features.

Dr. McGregor, standing by his queenly daughter, looked on with interest, and for some reason, perhaps fearing that some other general might soon rob him of what was more precious to him than life, — that is, of Josie McGregor, — thus leaving him in desolation, his eyes were suffused with tears.

Father Woodward was a little awkward in such grand company, but behaved himself in the main with wonderful propriety. He stepped a

little above his usual phrase concerning boys, and remarked to General Darrow that young men would be young men; and though the tall bride, with her brown hair, blue eyes, delicate complexion, and sweetest of expressions, was well supported by the beautiful Mina and bridesmaids carefully selected and appropriately attired, and though the minister performed his part in proper voice with cheerful gentleness and thorough completeness, yet for some reason best known to fathers and mothers Mrs. Hosford could not keep back the tears, and Kathleen's dignified father gave evidence of emotion that he could not control. Why should there be such exhibitions of feeling at a wedding?

As soon, however, as the ceremony was over, and the bride and groom were properly greeted and congratulated amid hundreds of charming prophecies and best wishes, the joyous spirit awakened and prevailed. After the wedding supper the happy throng inspected the many beautiful gifts displayed in an adjoining room, then gradually scattered through the house, filling it with

the music of their voices. Then came the leave-taking and the separation one from another, family from family, friend from friend, to go back to their own places of abode and catch up again the thread of life's duties.

Doubtless our Lord Himself who was present at Cana in Galilee was present by His Spirit and by His servants, and blessed that wedding of Henry Woodward and Kathleen Hosford. Their subsequent history has shown it, because the things we have revealed have been only the beginnings, just glimpses into a long and fruitful life, — a life that has had in it its depressions, its hardships, its sorrows, but has been flooded with joys, glory, and blessing.

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