

woods for the remains of our unfortunate comrade, but with no success. We discovered, in one place, a suspicious pile of brush against the foot of a tree, and, clearing it away, were rewarded by finding the uniform of a rebel soldier, a pair of boots, some papers, and several medical works. You may imagine our men swore vengeance upon Champ, and have since kept their oath.

SECESSIONESSES.

The fair seecsh are by no means so defiant and contemptuous as when we passed through this country in the spring of '63. Then black looks and certain little elevations of certain of the facial muscles, conveyed the impression to the most dashing cavalier among us that while her Romeo was far away in the rebel ranks, the fascinating Juliet would scorn the sweetest compliments of his enemy. So none of us ventured any attack upon the fair but bristling fortifications of Ye female Chivalrie. But yesterday, as we neared a small town, seventy miles south of Nashville, some delay with the trains gave us an opportunity to change our close quarters in the cars to the green meadows outside. A few of us, with true soldierly instinct, made our way to a fine house at hand to beg a glass of water.

Five ladies were seated upon the porch, a sort of female cabal, met perhaps to read a smuggled copy of that amiable and tolerant sheet, the *Richmond Examiner*, (we saw its familiar caption under a chair), and have a good time, hurling their spicy and piquant little anathemas upon the savage hordes of which we were a few of the barbarous officers. The acorns on our felts—less happy than that lucky offshoot of Tennyson's Talking Oak—touched the ground as we bent before the F. F. T's. One by one, smiles came out, like lamps in a light-house, upon the fair countenances, two of which, sooth to say, were very fair, and in less time than it takes me to record the delightful fact, we were sitting at our ease, for the first time for six months, in a lady's drawing-room, listening to amiable prattle, exchanging playful badinage and applauding good music. We heard the overture to William Tell, a *quatre mains*, and "ah, non quinge" as far as the "mi abbraccia" when the warning whistle of the locomotive tore us from our elysium and we rushed back, pell-mell over the fields, thick and sweet with clover, in time to jump into our dreary box-cart, as it rolled slowly away. Secesh waved its handkerchiefs and the *Richmond Examiner*, and we our hats, till we turned into a dark gorge and forgot each other.

JIM DERRY, ESQUIRE.

The first time I was on the Cumberland Mountains, while out on a scout with the Colonel, I came across a rough-looking Hibernian named Tim Derry, and I opened on him. "Good morning, Mr. Derry," said I. "Good mornin', sir," said he. He was stout and hearty. "What's the reason you're not in the rebel

army?" "Well," said he, with a lowering glance at me, a threatening one at the Derries about him, and a keen, expectant one at the mountain behind him, "I kep' out o' it."

Encouraged by this satisfactory reply, I asked him several other questions of the rebel movements during Bragg's retreat; whether they had gone across the mountain, and by what road; to all of which I received similar lucid replies. It then came his turn to interrogate: "Where did you come from this mornin'?" said he. "Oh!" I answered, "I'm just riding around, looking at the country." "Faix," returned he, with the amiable glance of a hungry tiger, "did you bring nobody wid yer but yesself?" I smiled grimly, and told him I was not alone, placing my hand on my "navy," and after complimenting his wife on the neatness of her earthen floor, rode away.

I may mention here, for the benefit of those ladies who "adore guerillas," as well as by way of a finis to Mr. Derry, that at last advices he was under guard in Chattanooga, and about to expiate his crimes of bushwhacking, horse-stealing and murder, under the iron hand of military authority, and be "roped in."

SERGEANT MILLER ON THE SANITARY.

NO. 4.

HUCKLEBERRY, PA., (On the Merryland Border.)
To the Editor of the *Daily Fare*.

Respected Sir, Esquare.

Befoar leevn hoam i was suplide by Square Stevens with noats to make me none to Mr. WELSH, Mr. FURNIS, yorself and sum other Sannytarians.....as you uns are cawld heeri always fetch a letter of intryduckshen to good sosity, as the hawk sed wen he brot his Bil to the hens.....i deklined wun frum a certain wealthy friend of owrs over the line in Washington County, hard on to Conokycheegwho was Secesh until his last nig run away.....and who even now is onaly a Union Man wen he comes to town, or on Sundase.

Our Root to Philadelpy was renderd in-trestin to Betsy by my pintin out the seens witch the War hes made sakrid to Historyas wen i shode Her the road by witch General Lee was gided by Ike Fishel.....hoo was subseqntly pardnd in order to encourage thg uthers.....also the spot wher a Sesesh farmer toald sum of ower men he wuld see them damd before he would giv em a stick of fewel to make a fire with.....so that they wer compeld to burn up his Pigg Pen and eet the occu- pence..... it may gratify the lovers of strickt disaplin to lern that wen he complande to our Colonel.....that gentelmn perlately promisid to speak to Sekertery Stanton on the subjeck.Att carlile we contemplatd the place wher the Rebs fired shel and canvester without warnin into a town ful of Wimin and childrnand Landissces batery.....a performance

witch.....accordin to the Richmond papersis piculier to Lincoln Hirelins.....and Dutch Van Dals.....but is not in keepin with cristian war fare, like as the rat sed wen they tide him to the tale of a sky-rocket.

At Chambersburg we were delade by Oald Mommy Morris stoppin to By a peck of Merryland biskit from an Ameriken citisen of Afreken dissent.....there issum things witch niggers kin do better than wite foalks.....like as the Crow remarked to the pidgen wen he giv him lessens in steelin Corn.....at carlile wee ware treeted with the jinerus hospitalety.....for witch that nobul town is emanent.....as menny a hungry soldier can testafy.....there is a grate deel of refinement Goin on there.....like as the moccasen sed wen he saw the boot bein blacked.....if a poet wants a theem, let him sing the prases of the Ladies of Carlile..... and wile he is aboutt itt.....let him say a good word for the Men.....tho Cander compels me to admit that the latter has an ireglar Bush- fitin way of firin at Rebels on thare oan Hookwitch as a strict dissyplinarean i cannot endorce.....mutch as i Addmire thare motivs.

Att harrysburgi was layin down in the bottom of the Waggin and Miss ELIZABETH MORRIS a sittin up.....thare cum along a promisin Yeuth, who, reeding the innscription on owr vehycle.....asked of that yung lady if she was Supplize for the SanniteryTo witch she urbainly replide.....as a public car- rictierthat she pled guilty to bein sometimes cawld Lize among her freinds, but did not expect to Sup befoar tee time.....His anser i blush to record.....itt was to the efect that he had herd tel of the Father of Lize and was glad to see wun of the Famely.....heerin this i aroas in rath.....and hee, seein my fewrius and marshal aperence.....in a Fatig Cap..... took to Fight.....with an L in it..... I feer that the legislatur at harrysbug is demorylisin to the yung peepel ther.....to judge by the sass, brass, and gass of the Boys.

Had i none befor hand.....the Corgial re- cepshn witch awated us at Philadelpy.....i should trooly hav exclamd.....'There's a good time cummin'.....like as the boy sed wen he smelt Gingerbread a bakin. We were kindly made Gests of a Saniterry gentleman in his house.....i trust that i do not vlerlate the con- fidents of horspitality wen i state that wile there we lived like Dellywariuns in duck time.Or as i myself have herd it exprest in that gloarious little Stait.like Piggs in a Peech- orchid.

I heer drop my tale for the present.....like as the Taddpoal sed when he turned into a Frogg.....Of the Sanniterry peepel whom i met.....Of thare personal aperence.....*et cetera*, &cyou will be dooly informed in my neckst letter.

Yours to cummand
ISAIAH MILLER.
Late Sergt. Co. C. 941st Regt. P. V.