

THE GIRL'S SOLDIER LIFE.

The Romantic Military Career of a Philadelphia Lady.

In January, 1862, Edward L. Pierce, of Massachusetts, was sent by Secretary Case to Port Royal, S. C., to inquire into the condition of the negroes on the Sea Island cotton plantation, and to report on the feasibility of opening schools at that place for the benefit of the inhabitants.

As the masters had abandoned these plantations and fled into the interior, Mr. Pierce returned to Port Royal with a large company of young men and a few women to begin his experiment. Of the women there were Miss Susan Walker, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Donelson, of Washington. Among those who offered to go were two untired volunteers who were so faithful that Mr. Pierce declined to accept their services. One of them returned to her home. The other would not be denied, and her patriotic devotion was such she finally overcame the objections of Mr. Pierce. She pleaded for the right to serve her country in this manner, promising to supplement by her strength and activity the waning physical endurance of her superiors in age. Soon all of the ladies were installed in the home at the headquarters of Mr. Pierce, on Pope's plantation, St. Helena Island. Under the same jurisdiction was also the Eustace plantation of Lady's Island.

On both plantations were 500 field hands, with their families, needing every kind of care which intelligence and humanity could bestow. They were accustomed to work only under the compulsion of slavery. It was difficult to believe in the direction of white persons. The first thing to be done was to persuade them to work for a just pecuniary reward. When they found that Massa Lincoln meant freedom and gold dollars besides, good crops were soon in the ground and cheerful obedience was rendered.

Schools were established, the younger pupils studying by day and the older by night, and the reign of order and prosperity had begun. The old ladies were soon compelled to return north. The young men were distributed in various duties, and on the young devotee, who was Miss Nellie Winsor, of Boston, aged twenty-one, fell the sole direction of the 500 field hands. She appointed them their daily tasks every morning. She was their paymaster when their work was done, and in addition, she was their teacher, minister, nurse and physician all in one.

The duties of teaching were speedily shared by Miss Laura Towne, of Philadelphia; by Miss Ellen Murray and by several others, but the young girl who pleaded for the right to serve her country fulfilled every promise made to Mr. Pierce by the full surrender of her strength and activity. She began by determining to finish each day's duty before she closed her eyes in sleep. She soon found that her multiplied offices brought ever developing duties, and that these never could be finished. Sleep she must for the coming day and sleep she did, and thus preserved her youthful vigor.

A pressing necessity was now revealed. A picket guard was offered, but for prudential reasons Miss Winsor strongly objected. She preferred to rely on her own 500 field hands, with whom the most amicable relations had already been established. She therefore selected from them 100 able bodied men, drilled them daily in the manual of arms and established her guard, which did good service for over a year.

During this period Miss Winsor held a captain's commission and drew the pay of a captain. She was officially recognized by the United States government. Her duties as captain occupied but one hour daily, and, in fact, constituted but a small portion of her labors. It is, however, possible that these duties proved her as competent to deposit a vote as any one of those 500 men whom she directed in the labor of raising cotton or the 100 whom she drilled in the manual of arms.

When the necessity of protecting the plantation no longer existed, Miss Winsor's company entered Colonel Higginson's First South Carolina regiment with the advantage of a year's drill in military tactics.

After the close of the war Miss Winsor married and became Mrs. J. N. Oshing. She went to Burma as a missionary, and remained in that service fourteen years.—Philadelphia Press.

Devil Dick.

Devil Dick was a sergeant in his company (D, Fourth Kentucky). The first lieutenant was a small man and not very strong. While encamped at Dalton the first lieutenant was in command, the captain being off on furlough. Dick was in extra good humor one day, and for the lack of anything better to do procured a wheelbarrow and caught the lieutenant, and by force thrust him into the barrow and wheeled him swiftly down the color line. The lieutenant was shocked and outraged to such a degree that Dick was put in the guard house and reduced to the ranks. He was languishing under guard when his captain returned two weeks later, and it was with great difficulty that he got him relieved and restored to rank.—Exchange.

Soldier, Rest!

Soldier, rest, thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battles no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking,
In ourisle's enchanted hall,
Hark! unseen thy couch are strewn,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber drowsing,
Soldier, rest thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking,
No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war steed clamping,
Trump or pibroch summon here,
Mustering clan or squadron tramping,
Yet the life's whirl life may come,
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the lilters sound his drum,
Boonies from the sodgy shallow,
Rider sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warriors challenge here,
Here's no war steed's neigh and clamping,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping,
—Scott's "Lady of the Lake."

An Old Soldier.

Among the names of those who have been decorated with the medal of honor is that of Sergeant James Fegan, who for thirty-five years was a soldier in the United States army. His record shows that he enlisted in 1851, re-enlisted several times, participated in thirty battles, and was wounded five or six times. Army regulations ordain that the funeral escort of a sergeant shall consist of sixteen privates, commanded by a sergeant, and accompanied by the non-commissioned officers of the company wearing side arms only.

When Sergeant Fegan died at Fort Shaw, Mon., the colonel ordered out the whole garrison to follow the remains of a man whose years of faithful service and brave deeds were thought worthy of extraordinary honor.

Fegan was an Irishman who loved the service, and delighted to participate in its duties and dangers. One day in 1867, when his regiment was at Fort Dodge, on the banks of the Arkansas, Fegan called at the abode of his lieutenant, accompanied by his wife and son.

He called to put \$2,800 in the lieutenant's hands to keep for him. Standing erect, 6 feet 2 inches in height, he put his left hand on the boy's head, saluted with his right hand and said:

"Liftinint! the proudest feather in his father's cap it will be when he sees this lad iddicated like an officer and a gentleman. An' we've got the money to do it, too—haven't we, old woman? Dhrop a curtsy, woman! Right hand salute, James, to the liftinint!"

When the son grew up he enlisted in the father's regiment. He was promoted to be first sergeant of the company, and thus there was presented the singular spectacle of father and son serving as sergeants in the same regiment.

Fegan senior was respectful and soldierly in his demeanor to officers, who were to him of the "quality," and he exacted similar respect to himself when on duty.

One night at the guard house, he being the sergeant of the guard, was addressed by a recruit as "Jim."

Whack! and the raw recruit was sprawling.

"Jim, is it?" roared the irate sergeant. "Whin I'm on duty it's 'Sergeant Fegan' ye'll call me. Whin I'm off duty, thin, an' not till thin, I'm Jim. D'ye mind it? D'ye mind it?"—G. A. R. Gazette.

A Woman's Answer.

"Why do I belong to the Woman's Relief corps?"

"Well my father was a soldier—a strong, large man, with an iron constitution, we thought, when he went into the army. When he came home he was thin and gaunt, with lines of pain on his face and streaks of gray in his dark hair. Uncomplainingly he suffered a few years and died. An uncle, a plain, kind and generous man, left his little comfortable home among the northern pines followed soon by his son, the eldest of the family, but scarce sixteen—tall, straight as an arrow and graceful as the pine trees he had played beneath.

"The father, after lying in the hospital for months, was brought home, and, though still alive, has never seen one day free from pain, is bowed and bent, a helpless cripple from rheumatism. Yet he was paid in full for his services, and has never secured one cent of a pension, because some paper is wanting. The son died in the hospital of fever.

"Another—the dearest and best cousin of all—fresh from college, with the promise of a bright career in life, entered the ranks, was shot through the heart, and his dead body brought home and buried in the old cemetery near by.

"A playmate I had grown up with from infancy, who seemed like a brother, lost a leg, and now hobbles around on crutches.

"The man I married was a soldier too, and today suffers untold agonies of pain from exposure to wet and cold while bravely defending his country.

"These, my friends, are some of my reasons for joining the Woman's Relief corps, hoping in a quiet way with these loyal women to relieve some suffering widow or orphan, or at least to offer one word of sympathy. And I never met an old soldier, poor, dirty and ragged though he be, without thoughts filling my mind of the suffering and privations he heroically endured while serving his country, and I feel like grasping his hand in token of the friendship and respect I feel for him."

They Daltied Too Long.

One day a detachment of General Basil Duke's troops was moving through the northern part of Kentucky. Dick Wintersmith's son was in the band and its leader. The guerrillas were worn out and hunted down. Their horses were nearly fundered. The men were dirty and ragged. They halted for rest near a seminary for young ladies, all sympathizers with the Confederacy. Out came the young ladies when they saw the gray coats. They brought out food, drink and armfuls of flowers. They hung flowers around the necks of the hunted men, and sang in a musical chorus, "Oh, you darling Confederates."

A straggling Confederate, fat, greasy and ragged, came up flogging a jaded hack along, and swearing because he could not keep up with his associates. He was just in time to hear the invocation of the young ladies, and yelled out, "Yes, you darling, sweet Confederates, the Yanks are coming!" At this there was a bolt. The laggard pounded on behind, saying, "Oh, you sweet darlings, I hope the Yanks will get you!"

The Federals were indeed right at his heels, and the flying Confederates ahead wheeled in their saddles, expecting to witness the capture of the slow rider. Suddenly the tired horse stumbled and fell and threw the fat rider over into a ditch, where he escaped notice, while a detachment of Federal troops headed off the main band and captured every one. Only the laggard escaped, and the prisoners never heard the last of "Oh, you sweet, darling Confederates."—Southern Bivouac.



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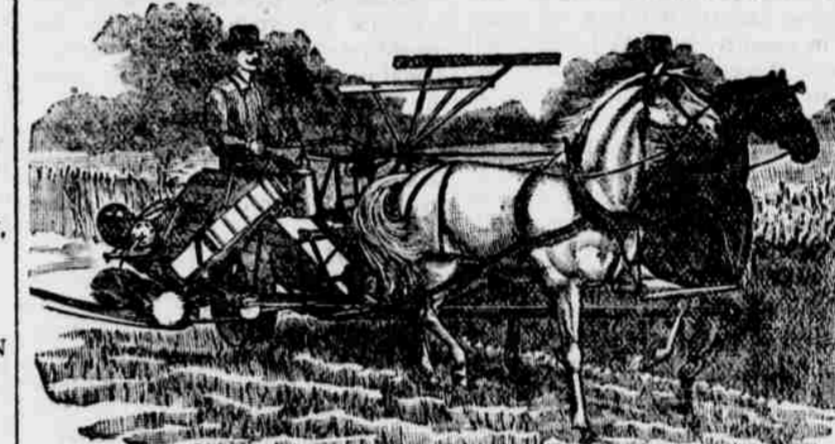
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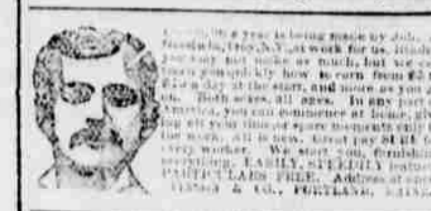
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