

Annual Reunion.

Continued from 1st page.

the real restful would-be gentry of this country, those who have aristocratic aspirations, and who, in their own opinion, constitute the blue-blooded American nobility, and who are so far above honest toil that they regard it as debasing, hence, they naturally prefer to rest, rest in the shade while somebody else does the sweating for their bread and all the other vanities and luxuries of their lazy good-for-nothing lives.

Now along the line of fun and trouble (that's the text) let me ask comrades, do you remember the fun John Shaffer and some of you had with the pie-women who came to camp Curtin ostensibly to sell pies and sew on the stripes &c. for our newly elected sergeants, corporals and musicians?

While Shaffer was a great tease, as you remember, the pie-women were enough for him. They generally gave as good as was sent with something added to turn the joke. John was as full of good natured fun and the Old Nick as were Jack Karns and Pete McCommons.

A man during peace may be a gentleman, a scholar, and a good judge as to whether whiskey will kill typhoid germs. But in time of war its different. He don't stop to philosophize nor experiment in war. With the enemy after him he hasn't time.

I almost forgot to inquire in connection with the pie-women and the fun and trouble they gave us, do any of you remember how sick some of the boys got from eating those high priced and mysteriously stuffed pies? Whatever they were made of no one knew.

the pie-girls brought them. That was enough to know about them. They sold like hot cakes, but, alas, it was said that some of those sweet pie-women were rebels; and that they were selling poisoned pies to us.

Another matter of fun and trouble grew out of the hardness of our hardtack. We often heave a troubled sigh for the bread and biscuits mother used to bake.

Excepting the poison the rebel-women fed us, the sutler pi-s were the worst of all.

As to hard tack and hard times I have a little parody on a song about 40 or 50 years old. It goes like this: They stopped the game of poker and joined the hungry pack.

CHORUS. Hard tack, hard tack, come again no more.

Many days have you lingered upon our stomachs sore, O, hard tack, come again no more.

He was a lazy, hungry soldier who cursed his life away— His clothing showed their better days were o'er.

CHORUS. O, hard tack, come again no more.

We crossed the hills and valleys, thro' briars, bogs and brush, And gray-backs were an ever-present bore.

CHORUS. O, hard tack, come again no more.

Though old and very wormy, you were pie beside that mush With our salt-horse and our pork forever more.

CHORUS. O, hard tack, come again no more.

Though we were often hungry, ragged, and crummy yet money was plentiful with us in those days.

CHORUS. O, hard tack, come again no more.

I believe he tried to be fair with us. He gave us all the poor fellow had allowed him for our daily rations to sustain us.

CHORUS. O, hard tack, come again no more.

After organization and a brief stay at Camp Curtin we were ordered to the front in Virginia where much fun was knocked out.

CHORUS. O, hard tack, come again no more.

We well remember yet the harbingers of death that first attracted our sight and so shocked our ears as to give us more trouble than fun.

CHORUS. O, hard tack, come again no more.

The urgent patriots who stayed safe at home and cried "on to Richmond!" (through somebody else) and who now call pensioners "paupers," were gentlemen of more or

less patriotism and discretion—especially discretion. In fact they believed, like Artemus Ward, that discretion is the better part of valor when careless shooting is going on.

Company E, whatever its fun and troubles (and it had a full share of both) did "face the music," and did finally get on to Richmond, or Petersburg, as faithful soldiers of whom their worthy and respected officers need not be ashamed in peace or war.

The course dinners we got on these festive occasions are so different from the course dinners we got from Fritz's mess-kettles that the comparison seems odious to Fritz—our company cook.

When the rebels cut loose on us (as they did very promptly) you remember we were ordered to dismount and take shelter behind the breast-works.

There was more trouble than fun for those of us who escaped alive from the breastworks at Bermuda, and also from the captured fort referred to.

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with drivers clubbing horses into a gallop to get out of danger. You remember how we searched each others faces, comrades, for sympathy and courage to do our whole duty, "to face the music," as we used to say.

Here, as if to augment our trouble and lessen our fun, you remember the chills and fever many of us got from drinking surface water, milk white from Virginia clay and decayed vegetation.

Among other troubles there we got the old-fashioned shakes that shook us punctually every other day for quite awhile.

Another occasion giving us much trouble with the fun left out was when we were ordered to mount the breastworks at Bermuda Hundred and face rebel cannons just a dead sure shot across the meadow, you remember.

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