

more homelike, issued orders that each day a new curtain should be let down as an ornament. The place soon looked quite comfortable and had quite a military air, (I don't mean atmosphere).

At 5 o'clock we were divided into squads of fifty and marched to supper. I was fortunate, I at first thought, in getting in at a very nice place. Our host was, he told us, a brigadier general and had been in 56 pitched battles during the late war. I at first thought it quite an honor to dine there, but when I had taken one meal and found out that three fourths of the male population of Gettysburg were generals who had each fought in no less than thirty engagements, the honor sort of wore off. Besides I learned that one squad had struck a place where there were four girls to wait on the table. We only had one girl and she left the next day after Corporal Pyne came to live with us.

Night set in and the campaign began. I was on duty as sentinel at the front door. The barracks were as silent as a grave. I was pacing my lonely beat and reciting to myself that old poem: "Alls quiet along the Potomacto-night," when I heard a stealthy foot step, and glancing about espied a man crouched along the wall. Quick as a flash I came to a "charge bayonets" (much to the admiration of two boot-blacks who were watching me) and cried "who comes there." "William Stuart with the countersign," was the answer. "Advance, Bill and give the countersign," said I. Then he whispered "Gettysburg" in my ear. That was all right and if it had been any one else I would of let him pass but I called out the guard instead and had him arrested for monkeying with the password. He was taken to the guard house, violently protesting against this injustice, and there he remained for the rest of the week.

On the following day I took in the town. I came to the conclusion that it was a very slow place to have such a big reputation. They have nothing there but a large number of monuments which mark the graves, as the guide told us, of the various regiments who participated in Pick-

ett's charge. These monuments are yearly subjected, as he also explained, to an enfilading fire, while Brook's corps, of Jones' division, marches out of the stone wall and General Smith receives a bullet in the thumb.

We went there to study the battlefield and we really learned a great deal, with the exception of Corporal Banks who went extensively into photography. He spent so much time in pursuit of knowledge in that line that it became necessary to have him placed under arrest. Accordingly, on October 27, an expedition was sent out against him under command of Captain Hildebrand. He was besieged in the Gallery and only surrendered after a desperate resistance. It seems that, being warned of the approach of the expedition, the clerk had hidden him beneath a camera case, under which he was found after a search of two hours. Fortunately and unexpectedly no blood was shed in this skirmish.

Great gloom was caused in the battalion on Oct. 28th, by the discovery of the fact that two of the most trusted officers of the corps, Lieutenants Hile and Aull, had deserted and had, for some unknown (?) reason, fled to Chambersburg, Pa. This was the only unmilitary or disgraceful occurrence of the whole expedition and it was decided that the offenders, if caught, deserved terrible disciplining. It was the opinion of many that if captured they would be instantly shot, but it was decided to award them a punishment more lasting. Accordingly, orders were issued for their arrest and confinement to the hotel for twenty-four hours. Our adjutant watched with drawn sword every train on the night of the 28th.

The traitors to their country did not appear and it was not discovered until midnight that they had entered the town by a back road and were in their quarters. After a desperate struggle they were captured by the Adjutant singlehanded, arrested and confined to twenty-four hours novel reading. I must say, however, that no stigma should attach to the corps on account of the behavior of a few officers.