

Sergeant Rothrock was least fortunate in making arrests than were the parties in this case; being unable with twelve privates, armed to the teeth, to capture a desperate character, one Taylor of Co. D, who was under the ban for saluting his superior while on horseback.

Gettysburg is a great place for relics. Everything there is a relic. It has even been said that the beefsteak and cigars are survivors of the late war. I believe it. We found a large number of curiosities about there. For instance, a union bullet can be found at Devil's Den for five cents and a confederate for ten. There were a large number of these gathered up.

One thing which was commented on by all and which reflected much credit on the corps was the quiet which reigned at night in the barracks. It has been estimated that at no time, on any night between the hours, of 11 and 6 was there less than one scuttle full of coal or one half a cord of chair rungs in the air at one time. In order to give the reader some idea of the condition of the atmosphere we might mention that Corporal Brewer was actually hit once during the week and that Lieut. Read looked like a coal bin on wheels after taking a walk between the rows of his sleeping comrades.

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The above, kind reader, are but a few of the incidents which come to my mind that occurred during that short space of time. They are but anecdotes which I have chosen to record since I feel that history will deal only with the principle features of that campaign and that with history alone the world would know but little of the thoughts, opinions or experiences of one who, while serving his country in the humble capacity of a private, had greater opportunities to examine the inner life of the barracks than did the Press reporter.

Yet one word more and that the word of a poet,

Arms that once could swing a saber
With a nerve of truest steel,
Now soon weary of the labor
From the poverty they feel.

Empty pocket books—no credit,
Not a solitary cent,
To cheer our hearts or fill our purses
Since we on that campaign went.
PRIVATE BLANK.

THE GETTYSBURG ENCAMPMENT.

The long anticipated moment when the boys should pack up traps and pull stakes for Gettysburg has arrived and gone. Twenty-five minutes after five o'clock Friday morning, October 23rd, found the boys lined up in front of the college building and five minutes later saw them enroute for Lemont. The three miles from the College to Lemont was covered in forty-five minutes and a few moments more found entrained one hundred and fifty-eight cadets, men and officers, ready for a week of pleasure and benefit.

The battalion reached Harrisburg at ten minutes after twelve. The boys were allowed twenty minutes for lunch after which the battalion was formed, marched up Market and down Second streets, in columns of companies, leaving the Reading depot, for Gettysburg, at half past one o'clock.

At Harrisburg some anxiety on the part of the commandant was occasioned by the alteration of what he understood to have been the previous arrangements; but all was favorably adjusted and no delay caused. The foot ball team remained in Harrisburg over Friday night; leaving for Lancaster the next morning.

The battalion reached Gettysburg at about a quarter after three and immediately proceeded to quarters, officially named "Pattison Barracks," in honor of his excellency R. E. Pattison, Governor of Pennsylvania. The barracks consisted of an old skating rink, of size sufficient to allow plenty of room for all furnished with appliances for heating, ventilation, etc., rather more however, of ventilation than of the former, but forming on the whole very pleasant quarters.

The following general calls were announced for the week: Reveille and assembly of musicians at