

or more, and we can hear the tinkle of a cow-bell coming up to us from the valley. The peaceful scene reminds us of home, and a feeling of restfulness comes over us, together with a longing to see once more the faces of the dear ones whom we have left behind.

But what is that, moving behind that clump of bushes? It sounds like the tramp of many feet. Who can be coming this way so early in the morning? There they come between those trees. Blue coats! The beams of the morning sun are reflected brightly from the shining bayonets and belt plates. Count them. Twenty-five—forty—yes, fifty blue coated boys.

Hark! A bugle blast rings forth far in the distance. Can you catch the notes? To your inexperienced ear they mean little, but to the young man with two bars on his shoulders out there in the bushes they are teeming with import. See the sword flash from the scabbard. Mark the clear, quick tones of his voice. He evidently knows his business and means to do it. "Company, attention! Forward, *march!* Point out, flankers right and left oblique, double time, *march!*" The blue coats spring quickly to their places at his first word, then begin moving to the front. At his second command half the men break away from the rest, some running straight to the front, deploying into line of skirmishers as they go. The rest with pieces at a trail move out quickly diagonally to the line of march until they occupy positions several hundred yards out and a little to the front of the main body. That group is in the meantime moving to the front, and the day's march has begun. How many brave boys in blue are there following those we have seen, relying upon the trustiness and fidelity of the vanguard to give them early warning in case any danger may threaten. How many brave boys are there who are making their last day's march; for, tho' they know it not, down the road half a mile hidden by the turn is the enemy waiting for them in force. On they march, strong in their youth and the glory of their young manhood. On they march, gay and happy hearted as the birds singing in the branches above them, some of them "into the jaws of death."

Look! More are coming out of the woods. A larger body this time under command of a beardless youth. What may he not be capable of, this young man, scarcely out of his teens, yet bearing proudly upon each of his broad shoulders a gold leaf.

Hark! A musket shot rings out from the front. A thrill runs through the ranks with the speed of an electric spark. That