

and were kept there chafing until August. Then, however, we joined McClellan in the peninsula and were at the battle of Antietam. At last I thought my chance had come. I was waiting for a charge that I might prove traitor to my country that a personal vengeance might be satisfied. I gloried in the mental picture of him in the hospital, suffering.

“We were in a hail of balls and men were dropping all around me. I was afraid the Major would be hit before I had a chance at him. Indeed I was more afraid for him than for myself and as I heard a large shell go screeching over my head, I turned to see where the Major was standing. As I turned I remember the battle-field faded from my view and when I came to, I was in a field hospital-tent with the surgeon binding up a large wound in my thigh. I was bleeding in a half dozen places and the surgeon warned me that I was near the divide. Another chance was gone and I was forced from action by my wounds. Two dreary months passed before I was able to be out of bed, another month and I was allowed the freedom of the camp but was not pronounced well as I hobbled around on crutches. Next, just as I was hoping for a return to duty I caught a cold which developed into pneumonia and Spring had come by the time I was given my freedom. I was sent North with a batch of incurables and was placed on a farm in New York to get well or —.

“I surprised the doctor by recovering rapidly and I wanted more fight, but the doctor told me I could not live six months of such life. I obtained employment in a tinsmith's shop and made enough money to put away some for a case of need. Then I wearied of one place and became a journeyman plumber and tinsmith. This wandering life I followed until I was brought here almost a corpse.

“In all my wanderings I had not heard of Major Wilson.

“In 1897, however, I had a job with a Philadelphia firm and was busy there mending roofs. Going down Market