

THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

By WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

It had been a great day in the village. The Phil Sheridan post, G. A. R., No. 120 had paraded the street with fife and drums, bearing the green flag of old Ireland proudly beside the tattered and battle-worn standards of the great war.



THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE SAWED THE AIR WITH ITS LONG ARMS.

It was a great night that followed when the campfire was lighted behind the closed doors of the post. Chaplain O'Beak was orator of the occasion, which simply meant that the good father was first story teller.

The smoke had settled on a famous battlefield among the hills of Pennsylvania. Besides the presence of the victorious troops wherever the eye turned was abundant evidence in the fields that something unusual had happened.

It was the evening of the 5th of July. Bugler Ohld, who carried an arithmetical in his nosebag, and who had found some fraction of time to cipher during lulls in the late engagement, now laid that well thumbed companion of his curlycomb beside a gun wheel and stood forth to blow the supper call.

Before the dust kicked up by the apparition aforesaid had settled about the quivering bundle of rags 50 "Q" men were charging through the grain as only a petticoat could toll them to charge. Corporal Conn was first on the ground and at a glance under the sunbonnet rolled in the wheat convulsed with laughter and in imminent danger of being ground under the heels of the charge.

Without further ado four muscular cannoners seized the body of Teddy by its four extremities and burst through the crowd in the direction of the officers. "Lo, there, Glasheye," muttered Teddy as his half open eyes fell on the broad shouldered corporal with one eye who carried his left boot. "Glad—er—see—ye, Glasheye."

The officers of Battery Q were seated in the open air under a supper of toasted crackers and coffee spread out on a pair of empty ammunition boxes when the bearers with their burden approached, followed by a stream of men from all the batteries in the line.

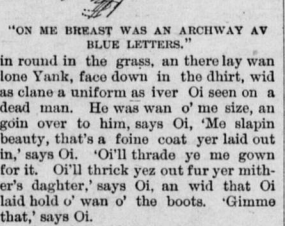
but soak the drink out of him and bring him here in the morning." Teddy had been last seen by his comrades about noon of the first day of the battle bent over his lead team plying the lank like a jockey on the last quarter and swearing galore above the crackling of rifles and swish of the whips.

Directly after guard mounting Teddy Greggan was marched up to headquarters in charge of the new corporal. A small collection of saddles piled against a crumbling stone wall in the shade of a sturdy oak, with blankets spread on the ground and bridles and fieldglasses and side arms strewn about, constituted Battery Q's modest official headquarters on that sultry July morning.

Teddy was arrayed in a clean new uniform and looked as fresh and ruddy as a baby turned out of its bath. Alongside the corporal he came to attention, and the two stood dumb before the powers as handsome a brace of soldiers as any commanding officer would wish to see.

The corporal was excused, and the captain called over the officers of the next battery, so that before Teddy began his story he had an audience of a dozen, including the first sergeant, who stood apart with the quartermaster in a tangle of dry limbs clipped off the oak tree by the artillery practice of the enemy.

"It's a long story about the dress," spoke up Teddy, "but the whusky is a short war. Oi had no intention av comin to the battery in female attire, captain, an at twelve o'clock yesterday mornin, havin heard that ye was lyin in this place forinist the cemetery gate, I says, 'Teddy,' says I, 'av ye go in this way ye'll be raisin expectations that'll und in cruel disappointment. The leftenant's might fall in love wid ye. I'll first thrade me clothes wid a shiff, says Oi. So Oi made off, cravin along the fences down to yander hollow be the woods, an just as I had consated there was a liberal shprinklin o' dead Johnnies a-ly-



"ON ME BREST WAS AN ARCHWAY AV BLUE LETTERS."

in round in the grass, an there lay wan lone Yank, face down in the dirt, wid as clane a uniform as iver Oi seen on a dead man. He was wan o' me size, an goin over to him, says Oi, 'Me slavin beauty, that's a foine coat yer laid out in,' says Oi. 'O'll thrade ye me gown for it. O'll thrick yez out fur yer mither's daughter,' says Oi, an wid that Oi laid hold o' wan o' the boots. 'Gimme that,' says Oi.

"'Git out!' says he, wid a foine look o' scorn. 'Cud yez strup the whole skin off a ripe tomato? Yer ignorance is due to yer limited opportunities in the artillery. Come down to the post,' says he, 'an we'll give you a drinkin'."

"Sure, captain, Oi was as shary as a last year's goord, an seen the humor av it I tuck Jack's arm, wid me flowin skirts clutched up in me hand, an ye paraded down to the videttes. Its sora more Oi know av what tuck place till Oi landed in camp, except that thim hay-thins had foraged a jugful av applejack. Oi remember the blackgards was makin love to me, wid 'Plase, dear, have anither sip,' and 'Down wid it, me old girl: it's drinkin yer health we are.'"

"The next Oi knowed, captain, was when Oi woke up wid the police squad sossin me in the crick. 'An now Oi'm towld its rollin lush Oi was when Oi arrived, an it's sora Oi am, captain, for Oi intinded to come loike a soldier escaped from the inemy, an proud av the thrick Oi am. Shure Oi'd have come in in man clothes, as Oi ought, av thim murtherin cavalrymen hadn't injuced me to drinkin'."

"It is better to omit the remarks pertinent and impertinent with which the story had been greeted, and now as Teddy rested the hillside rang with jeers and laughter from the shoulder strapped audience seated on the wall. 'Well, Greggan,' said the captain when the talk and the laughter had subsided into an evident state of expectation for more, 'yeon commenced your story in the middle.'"

"The devil Oi did, yer honor. Oi commenced it at the ind, loike a fox when he digs his hole widout havin any dirt outside. Thankee for the limonade, but seen the state Oi was in last night, an xin yer pardon for that same, ye'll see a small dram vnd ase mo troat. Me inards is burnin after the lush."

"So Teddy smacked his lips over the dram, regarding his audience with a far-away look, half unconscious for the moment of the fusillade of questions as to where he had been, what he had seen, how he escaped and how he was captured.

"Where have Oi been," began Teddy, disregarding an invitation to sit down, "where have Oi been? Begorra, Oi'd loike to know myself where Oi've been. It was two days' march to the southwest they tuck me, an when we got there it was nowhere in particular, Oi'm thinkin. Wherever it was, there was a small river an a dirty canal alongside it. Oi was that lame all the last afternoon Oi cud hardly walk at all, or else I played it that way on the long legged lad from Varginny what was detailled to bring me along in the rear. What wid tellin stories and stalin cherries an the loike we got sun't at friendly by the time we struck the canal. 'Let's take a bit swim,' says Oi to the lad. 'O'im thinkin the river water ud cool the blishters on me fate,' says Oi.

"'All right,' says me innocent guard, for the hate was bakin the two av us. 'They all won't be campin far ahead. You uns' clothes is you uns' parole,' says he. 'So we tuck our clothes off on the roadside. I throw mine over the limb of a tree, an the lad laid his togs on the top of the wall. After wadin through the black ditch av a canal we crossed the towpath to the river an jumped into the cool water. We might have been shwimm about in the shade an lyin under the bank for the matter av half an hour as happy as a pair o' thrins when we agreed wid sh'wim across the stream an back an after that go on about our business. Oi was the first to git onto the far bank, an lookin across to the bit o' road where we had lift our things there was a spotted calf wid his four feet on the wall chewin Johnnie's suspenders, loike a boia constructor makin ready to swally the whole uniform. 'Will ye luck o' that?' says Oi. 'He'll be aiten yer gun next.' Wid that we both slid down the wet clay bank, an Oi lay laughin in the brink av the river to see the lad shwimm in for his life in the direction av the wild animal.

"Come on," said he as he scrambled over the towpath. "All right," says Oi. "O'im after yez." An then for the first time Oi sized up me chances. The three was thick above stream, an a foine sandy beach lay alongside the wather. Lavin to me feet, I ran like a red deer until I was aisy out av his sight, and thim I climbed over the bank an tuck into the shwamp. "Says I, 'Teddy, me boy, ye'll fetch up in Batthery Q in somethin thicker'n the skin av ye.' It was the afternoon av the first day Oi'm spakin av, an Oi'm towld the devil was let loose hereabouts, but it was that still in the shwamp ye cud hear a bullfrog plump into the wather half a mile off. An be that same token Oi must have been twinty miles away. 'It's Pennsylvany Oi'm in,' thinks Oi, 'an O'll be matten up wid some wan as ul give me clothes to cover me nakedness.' Wid that I tuck heart an began fawn me way through the shwamp. Says Oi, talkin to meself loike: 'O'll sthay hidin in the shwamp by day an foragin in the fields by night in me skin until the devils retreat. Prisons is fur the infantry,' says Oi, 'an the artillery in the person o' Teddy Greggan ul kape out to see. Shure me innocent tane ud blush to see me,' thinks Oi, 'but it's bad luck av Oi don't stale a horse blanket afore mornin'."

"The briers scratchin me hid was worse 'an a currycomb to a kickin horse, but afore sundown Oi was out on the edge av a plowed field. An aisy quarter av a mile down the fence was a shape hovil, an I lucked loike a palace me considerin. Oi wasn't ornamental to luek at after passin the shwamp, but all bein still in the field an nobody present to do the luekin I made a roby for it down the fence. "The first thing me eyes lit on inside was a big sack half full o' male. Says Oi, 'Teddy, there's a dress suit ready made for ye to begin the world over in.' So Oi impied the male on the ground, an findin an old sickle behind a raffter Oi cut a hole in the bottom for me head to go through an two shilts in the two corners for me arms. Shlippin the nate down over me head, the bottom av it fallin near to me knees, I had a shirt on

me fit to mate the ladies in. Oi tuck a few turns up an down the shed in me pride. On me breast was an archway av blue letters, '140 pounds, extra foine!' 'O'im a liar,' says Oi, 'av that ain't me weight and description, an O'i hope there's no mistakes on the back.'"

"Oi was that hungry my inards was crying for mate. 'But,' says I, 'Teddy, me lad, ye'll sthay here till dark comes, and if anybody else comes ye'll retreat to the loft.' Not yet havin explored that sthory, I climbed up the ladder onto a flure av rails, an as a reward av me curiosity I found a pair av gun arctics. The cold leathers lucked as if they had done a thrick o' dooty onto a scarecrow, but that didn't hinder ther casin me feet fur the march. Av Oi'd found a bag of goold I waden't have been so proud. So Oi had to decid an take a few more turns on the dirt av the shed in me completed gorgeousness. 'Misther Johnnie Reb from Varginny,' says Oi, 'will ye look o' that? Ye can march up to the provost marshal wid Teddy's uniform under yer arm,' says Oi, 'an get a thrick o' punishment dooty. O'im a prince in disguise—140 pounds, extra foine!'"

"At this point of the narration the audience under the tree gave way to their merriment, and the captain's servant under instruction revived the exhausted Greggan with a small jorum of whiskey and water. "Oi'd give a month's pay for a photy-graf av myself in that dress," cried Teddy, "more particular at the time o' night when Oi marched up to an old maid wid the tale o' me hunger."



"GOOD AVENIN," SAYS OI.

"'Murther,' says she. O'i'd got between her and the gate while she was lookin at the moon. "Let me go," says she. 'Ye're undacent,' says she. 'I can't luek at ye.' 'Me dear lady,' says Oi in me softest accents, 'it's sthavin Oi am fur a taste o' mate. O'im a gentleman from the artillery, an please don't judge me by me clothes,' says Oi.

"But the more I pleaded the more she screamed, an that brought her old father to the dure. "Good avenin," says Oi. 'O'im just askin for somethin to ate, boss, an the lady is takin exceptions to me raiment.' "Go on," says he. 'Thee's a tramp.' "Go on yerself," says Oi. 'O'im escaped widout me clothes.' "From a lunatic asylum?" says he. "O'i may look it," says Oi. 'O'im escaped from the ribbel guard wid niver a bite-sine mornin'."

"Thee's a Yankee, then," says he. "O'im an," says Oi, 'from County Clare. Oi was tuck after havin foive horses shot under me restrainin into Gettysburg the day before yesterday noon. Me guard let me in swimmin in the river, takin me clothes in parole av me, an Oi cut sticks in me skin. Yez might be acquainted wid the male sack Oi have to me shirt,' says Oi. 'O'i tuck it from the shape shed in the plowed field beyant to cover me nakedness wid.' "What's thy regiment?" says he. "Batthery Q," says Oi, 'the pride of the First Corps.' "Come in," says he. 'Thee'll git the best in the house,' an wid that he fell to shakin hands wid me. 'Hold on,' says he. 'The good woman ud be havin a fit at sight of thee, an small blame to her. Go round to the barn,' says he, 'and O'll bring thee decent raiment.' "O'im a man of pace," says he whin he came out wid the lantern. 'I've laid me two sons on the altar of me country,' says he, 'but I'm sora tempted to go out wid thee and smite the Gibeonites. And now thee may get up in the buggy and put on these garments.'"

"He was about two sizes bigger nor the quartermaster there, an his heart was as big as his body, for he'd brought me his Sunday clothes. Ye shud 'a seen me whin Oi come down out o' that bugy! A shad belly coat o' the color o' snuff, wid hucks av tails swavin the ground, wid hucks av eyes for buttons. He was a kind o' Quaker they calls a Drunkard. The breeches was peg tops—barn door—b-r-r-r-r—whoop-la—big enough to go twice round me and long enough to turn up to me pockets. "Thee's not improved so much as thee might be," says Mr. Quaker. "Thee'll fit me better after Oi've had somethin to ate," says Oi. "That night was the first time in two years O'i'd slept in a bed, an betwene the bed and me tiredness O'i slept on till near noon the next day. It was the Fourth av July, an the old man had the good news for me. "Praise the Lord and Gideon," says he. 'General Meade has won a great victory. But thee'll be grieved to hear of the thousands and thousands of the Lord's anointed that are slain,' says he. 'An small care for the loss of the hathan that wint out to give us battle,' says he, wid a wink. "But there's sora trouble in the house," says he. 'Here's Leah, the wife of my son, who druv out from Gettysburg last Lord's day a week, and her little wans, barrin the baby, in the midst o' the battle these three days, and Ezra in the ranks, the Lord preserve him. She's bound to go home av she walks, and Oi must tell thee the Gibeonites are encamped five miles up the turnpike, wid fresh rifle pits dug in front o' them.'"

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"An Batthery Q ul be marchin widout Greggan," says Oi. 'Be the blood of the saints, they will not!' says Oi. 'Go find the provost marshal of the inemy,' says Oi, 'and get a pass to drive yer daughter through the lines to the town. An get another pass,' says Oi, 'for Mary, the Oriah nurse,' says Oi, 'an don't ye forget that pass for the nurse,' says Oi. 'Thee'll find,' says he, 'they will not pass a man.'"

"Go on," says Oi. 'O'll wake up a woman in the mornin, an a foine wan at that,' says Oi. 'Get a pass for yourself if you can, but for two women on ways. There's no time to lose,' says Oi, 'and mind ye don't carry them thaves a horse. Ye'll better walk on yer feet,' says Oi. "After he had gone Oi explained me plans in dethail to the ladies. 'An now,' says Oi to the old maid, who had become somewhat reasonable, 'the Johnnies might be droppin in on us. Ye'll give me clothes to dress up in for the nurse imedeately, and O'll be after gettin used to handlin the baby,' says Oi. "Whin the old Quaker returned, Oi was sittin on the front steps nussin the kid. "The Lord be with thee!" says he, lookin at his shalpin grandson an thim at me widout a sign of recognition in his face. "Did ye secure thim passes?" says Oi. "Praise the Lord!" said he, gettin on his glasses. 'Thee's the soldier man! Thee'll do! Thee'll do!'"

"Av course he cud git no pass for himself, an Oi advised him to be gettin his horses and cattle into the shwamp. "The mornin came at last, an the horse an wagon was brought up to the dure. By this time the baby tuck to me like a duck to wather, but the missus was that nervous she cud hardly hold the lines, and all the women folks was in tears except meself. "Then the old Quaker spoke up, his face as long as me arm and the under lip av him trimblin: 'Leah, thee and the soldier man (the nurse,' says Oi) are in great peril. (Then don't be makin her worse,' says Oi.) 'Thee'll both pth thy trust in the Lord. Rachel and I would never slape tonight if we let thee pass into the camps of the Gibeonites to the neglect of our mornin duties. Thee'll bring me the Testament, mother.' An wid that he wiped his old horn specs on his shirt sleeve an opened the buck to the very first chapter, there bein no time to chuse an one being as good as another. "An Abraham begat Isaac, an Isaac begat Jacob, an Jacob begat some other feller an his brother. An all the time feller was singin in the lilac bushes, an the bugle was soundin in the distance, an Oi was would be drivin after the drums. But the Quaker man was nisy an kept readin on—this one begat that wan, an t'other begat t'other—a kapiin chune wid the bumble bees in the clover, wid the licentiousness av Solomon an the

rist o' them hathens—until me eye lit on two rebel cavalrymen ridin down the lane, an then I mnde bowld to hit the old roan horse wid the gad, an we started, the baby scramin wid the bellyache an the missus trimblin wid fright. "Terence begat Michael, an Michael begat Pather, an Pather begat Teddy, an Teddy begat Mary Ann, an that's me,' says Oi. "The cavalrymen, havin their thoughts on the corner, didn't so much as luk at us, an that heartened up the missus a bit. Says Oi thim: 'Ye've have the pass, an it's gud. Ye've only wan thing to fear, an I'm afear av that meself. The nursegril might let loose an cuss of the occasion was ripe for it, but O'll do me best indeavor to restrain her,' says Oi. "It was no thrick at all gittin to thim lines while the guard was luekin at the pass. God knows it was cruel av me, but Oi alus pinched the poor little innocent and set him to howlin, which made it necessary for the nurse to be bendin over the child an soothin him loike."

Teddy's smiling countenance, a full moon with freckles, must have been a fine foil for the sweet face of the young Quakeress at his side when the butter-nut and gray soldiers streamed over the remnants of the fences that were to stare at the ladies, as soldiers will. "Did ye secure thim passes?" says Oi. "Praise the Lord!" said he, gettin on his glasses. 'Thee's the soldier man! Thee'll do! Thee'll do!'"



"KAFE IT AN BE DURNED!" SAYS OI.

Teddy scooted to descend to the ordinary details of their passage through the camps of a defeated and destitute army bivouacked in picturesque confusion for miles and miles along the summer fields, eating the green things like locusts and drinking the wells dry, but we drew the facts out of him with corkscrew questions. "The appearance of the rival artillery interested him. "One place," he said, "we passed a sorra lubin string o' batteries. Sore backed mules pullin on old rope traces, wid bed quilts under the saddles an howlin idjots on the top av thim. 3-inch guns an parrotts an light

twilves, all together in the same battery, making a disgraceful connection. "The nearer we got to the rifle pits, which Oi knew wud be the last av thim, the more Oi see there was going to be no chance for a bit o' fun, an Oi grew oneasy as the missus got calm. About twinty yards from the gap in the bristworks lift open on the turnpike the last thave av a sentry tuck a look at the pass. "Hurry up," says Oi. 'Can't yez read?' "I'll kape it," says he, 'to remember ye by.' "Kape it an be durned!" says Oi. Oi was spollin for a ruction be that. "The pits below the road was full o' Johnnies makin their dirty malo into hockees an burning the rails av the fences. Says Oi, 'What's that stuff yer cookin?' says Oi. 'Shure we wudn't fade that to the hogs in Pennsylvany,' says Oi. 'O'i can lick the best wan av yez meself, says Oi. 'Come on!'"

"Wid that they streamed over the bristworks makin for the wagon, an Oi plumped the innocent baby into the missus' lap, an she sayn her prayers, the devil I was, an lathered the big roan into a run. Thim pokin me head an shoulders through a hole in the yellow top—the saints forgive me!—Oi swore at the gray devils until they was lost in the dust. Thim Oi tuck the reins out of her hands and kept the roan at a gallop for another mile indiverin to soothe the missus wid me blarney. But 'twas no sort o' use. We was close onto the village, an she made bowld to order me out of the wagon. Av course Oi got out in disgrace, and Oi've been heapin disgrace on disgrace iver since until Oi'm thinkin O'im no gentleman at all from the artillery."

The Heroes and the Flowers. There is gladness where the showers Of the sun rays run along. All the grass is gay with flowers. All the air is sweet with song. Little happy birds are nesting In the hedge and in the glade, And the smile of God is resting On the good that he has made. Comes a burst of battle thunder, And the frightened birds have fled. Solid ranks are rent asunder, And the green is dripping red. There's a shock of foemen meeting For it enters in the portals, While the heavy feet are beating Down the flowers in their path. Now the flowers gently, gently Fall upon each narrow mound, And the spirit ears intently Catch the echo of the sound, For it enters in the portals, Tells its message sweet and dear. And the warrior immortals Know they are remembered here. Ah, the years are gray with kindness, And the sky is blue with peace. Gone forever is the blindness, Now the battle voices cease. Birds are singing in the meadow, Love is shining in the sun; Gone forever is the shadow, For the blue and gray are one. —Detroit Free Press