needn't smile—confederate notes and their purchasing qualities.

Why, I remember once, down in Tennessee, being in a party of ten, who were asked to take a smile, and then repeat the dose, and when the knight of the jug—there's where he kept it—was asked the damage, he counted up the drinks on his fingers, and said, "Two thousand dollars." The amount was produced from an old leather carpet bag, which lay on the floor between our friend's legs, and paid without a murmur.

Mr. Webster defines a forager as "one who forages." Now that is plain, and easily understood; and yet, were you to ask any old veteran what a forager was, as he understood it, he would tell you that he was a soldier, who had been on quarter rations for a month and had determined to draw upon the country for the supplies the commissary had failed to provide. He sees him, as he starts out in the morning, picking his way through the mud, now and then thrusting his hand into his greasy haversack for the remaining crumbs left from the ration of hardtack, which he had drawn some days before, picking out the bits of cracker from among the scorpions and other festive insects which have found their way into the bread basket, and eating them; his face wearing an expression like that of Pilgrim, when he struck the Slough of Despond; his clothes flapping around his body, indicating very conclusively that there is very little inside of them. As he passes, he is heard to mutter something about the "blankety blank commissary," and the nearest to him know that he is, in his peculiar way, praying for that individual. It was a habit we all had, to ask the Great Father to look sharply after the fellow, who often fell short in his cracker account.

This is about how a forager looked in the morning; but how different is his appearance at evening. We see him coming into camp about dark, mounted upon a fine horse, a smile as broad as the Columbia river spread over his face, and hanging across the withers of his horse are hams, sides of bacon, chickens, and not infrequently young pigs. Strapped to his saddle behind, are bags of yams, sweet potatoes, sacks of corn meal, pots, pans and kettles, and wooden ware of various kinds and conditions. In fact, everything portable was sure to be seen suspended from some part of the horse, covering him from his ears to his tail, while our forager would sit serenely on top, inquiring his way to Co. Q, 200th Washington Territory. This is, I believe, a correct picture of a forager as I have seen him.

It may seem a little fishy, but the impartial historian, when he comes to write the exploits of a forager, will record it as a fact, that during the early part of the war, known as the "three months service," I did not engage in any foraging expeditions worth mentioning—that is, beyond a chicken or two and a few bushels of sweet potatoes—but that don't count. The fact that the West Virginia mountains were not the best region in the world to forage in, may account for this.

Although twenty-seven years of stirring events in our country's history have passed away, I have a vivid recollection of my first real experience in the art of foraging. It was down in the good old corn-cracker state, when the forager laid himself out and reveled, as it were, in all kinds of "truck," from a spring chicken in January to a copper still full of apple jack—you all know what apple jack is.

It was while marching through the commonwealth of Kentucky, that my first depredation was committed against the good people living south of what was once known as Mason and Dixon's line. I wish I could stop right here, and say to you that this was my first and last grub expedition; but, like the Father of our Country, I can not prevaricate or lie about a little thing like that. It was not the last, but only the beginning of a long and vigorously conducted campaign, both offensive and defensive, against everything eatable and drinkable in the Confederacy.

As I previously remarked, it was while hoofing it through Kentucky, that I was first led from a life of innocence and soldierly rectitude, into what I afterward became; and all through the machinations of another, and that other, a mule whacker. It was he who first called my attention to a flock of fine Thanksgiving turkeys, strutting majestically through a corn field close by the road.

I was not very well that morning, when the column resumed march, and was allowed to ride in our company wagon. For a man to be under the influence of an army teamster for a whole day, and not commit murder or steal something, entitled him to a thirty-day furlough, and no questions asked. I will say I never knew of anyone getting a furlough under those conditions. With all this to contend with, is it any wonder that I date my downfall to that unfortunate circumstance, which placed me under the seductive influence of the muleteer? At the command of the aforesaid teamster, I jumped from the wagon, gun in hand, and started acoss the field in pursuit of the turkeys. Coming up with the flock, I singled out one of the largest, and went for him. Seeing my preference was for him, the gobbler—I forgot to say that the one I had determined on catching was of the male gender—left his companions and started out for himself, with all sails set, and I in his wake with visions of turkey for supper within me. I pressed closely, hoping soon to foul his rudder, when he would fall an easy prey to my voracious appetite. But just as I