

thing for us to draw five days' rations, and at the expiration of that time have ten left; but I always noticed, that on occasions of this kind we were encamped close by a regiment that had not been in the service very long, and generally from Indiana. I leave you to draw your own conclusions. It is most likely, however, that the rations were of the kind mentioned in the record of that little feast long ago, where five thousand tramps were fed on twelve miserable little fishes and a few crackers, and when the multitude had eaten their fill, there were gathered up several wagon loads of the crackers, and hid away for future speculation. Some of the same crackers were issued to my regiment. I recognized them by the figures "346" and the letters "B. C." stamped on each cracker. They came to us from Louisville, and were made three hundred and forty-six years before Christ. I was not aware until then that Louisville was such an old city. Some of you will remember those big, square crackers; they were not bad to take after two or three days' soaking in water.

It occurred to Wells and me one day, while down in Georgia, that we would like some honey. We had been having nothing but butter and maple molasses to eat on our hot biscuits for so long a time that our appetites revolted at what, to ordinary mortals, would have been a toothsome diet. And we, not unlike our mugwump brethren, longed for a change. Well, we got it, just like the mugwumps did—over the left. As usual, George knew just where to go. He said that at a plantation, not far from the camp, there were a lot of bee gums in the rear of the house, and, of course, filled with honey, carefully stowed in beautiful white cells, on purpose for us. "The bees," he declared, "were Union bees, and anxious to be despoiled of their delicious sweets by Yankee soldiers." Of course I believed it, as I did everything else that George told me.

Providing ourselves with a half of a dog tent, we were soon on our way to the plantation aforesaid. As we went along—it was late in the evening—I ventured to inquire how George intended to proceed. He said, "When we get to the house, you go around to the front entrance and engage the ladies in conversation, while I go to the smoke house, where the gums stand, set one on the tent, tie the four corners over the top, lift it on my shoulder, and presto—the gum, honey, bees and all are ours. Don't you see? Easy, ain't it?" Well, it was easy as far as it went. Being a bashful man, I rather demurred at the part I was to take in the play—that of entertaining the ladies. However, I consented, and went to the front part of the house, as directed, while my companion dodged among the out-buildings in the rear. I unexpectedly found an old man sitting on the porch, sucking a cob

pipe, and three or four long-eared, yellow-legged hounds lying near him. My opening of the gate aroused the beasts, when they came for me; but the old man lit in among them, with yells and kicks, which drove the dogs off.

I was asked to come up on the porch, which I did, feeling anything but comfortable, fearing that the hounds would scent George, and go for him. My fears were not groundless, for I had been seated but a few minutes, when I heard a loud crash from the rear of the house, which I knew came from Wells. Instantly every one of those infernal beasts darted around the house, baying as only a long-eared hound can. The old man and I jumped to our feet at the same time, and followed the dogs; and as we turned the corner of the house, an awful yell came from the vicinity of the smoke house. On reaching the locality, we beheld George, hanging by the seat of his pants, which had caught in the paling, the bee gum laying on the ground, and a million bees swarming about him. It seemed to me at the time, that there were a hundred hounds, all baying at once, each trying to get a nip at Wells as he hung suspended from the fence. The old man yelled at the dogs, while I ran up and broke off the paling, which was holding Wells fast, and let him drop to the ground.

Wells jumped to his feet and shot one of the dogs, which sent the others howling around the house, and George and I took to our heels for the woods, not slacking our speed until we were pretty well on toward camp. What did we do with the honey? Left it behind. It was sour grapes to us.

It was down in the tar-heel state, that the emptiness of our commissary became alarmingly apparent. I refer to the commissary department now, and not to the fellow who ran it, as he was always full. But, as I was going to say, owing to the depleted condition of the commissary of everything but soap and molasses, these were issued to us in double quantities—especially the soap. The molasses we could use, but what to do with the soap was a vexed question. We tried to make soup out of it, but as few of the boys had tin-lined stomachs, we gave that up, and as a last resort, fell back on foraging. This, we knew from past experience, would not fail us, if the commissary did.

There were nine of us—nine, you know, is a lucky number—who started out one morning ahead of the marching column, to pay the compliments of the day to whomsoever we might find at home to receive us. We left camp in the morning as infantry, but had not gone far on the road until each was mounted on as good a horse as he could pick up. Somehow, I became the happy possessor of a very old and very blind horse; and without saddle, and with a rope tied to the