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## Civil War Resources

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by James W. Sullivan

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# Boyhood Memories of The Civil War 1861 - '65

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## Invasion of Carlisle

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A Letter Written by James W. Sullivan in July,  
1932, at Hereford, England, to His Friend,  
Jane Van Ness Smead, of Carlisle,  
Pennsylvania.



Read before the Hamilton Library Association,  
at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, on Friday Evening,  
February 24, 1933, by John M. Rhey, Esq., a  
friend of the writer.

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# Boyhood Memories of the Civil War 1861 - '65

## *Invasion of Carlisle*

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Hereford, England  
July, 1932

Dear Jane:

That is rather a large subject you have assigned me — the old town of seventy to eighty years ago, when your father and I were youthful chums.

Accepting the assignment in part, in this letter, I will tell you something of the happenings in Carlisle during Civil War times as witnessed by a half-grown boy, myself.

In April, 1861, when hostilities began, I had just reached the age of thirteen. It was in April, 1865, when Lee's surrender brought the war to an end, but I had left home three months before, when I was not quite seventeen.

Consideration of the scope I should give this bit of story has led me to glance at certain of the pre-war political circumstances in which Carlislens lived and also at some of the baneful effects of the war, while it lasted and afterward. Remote effects have not yet all died out.

The little chapter of the Confederates in Carlisle has never in the seventy years that have since elapsed, fallen away in my mind to the plane of a mere account of thrilling adventure for the town. Of itself alone, it could be made an indictment of war, but when with broader view, one comes to draw an outline of the community's experiences in the four years of conflict, the indictment becomes overwhelming in its tragic elements — the distresses of premature death, maiming for life, loss of health, broken careers, blasted hopes, impoverishment. The major aspects of every great war ought to drive home these truths: War is a horror in its butchery, a staggering shock to civilization in its destruction of wealth, a cause of endless miseries in its dislocations of family and society, and a crushing burthen to one succeeding generation after another through its debts and pensions and ramifications of poverty. And yet men can forget all that nightmare

in an hour of contagious insanity over a difference that might be ended in the employ of reason. From what little I have to tell you of Carlisle's share of unhappiness from that fratricidal war of our country there emerges unbidden a theme made up of anti-war lessons drawn from actualities.

In the long acrimonious prelude to actual warfare between the pro and anti slavery contestants, Carlisle, almost within sight of slaveland, I think must have been fully up with the rest of the country in its unallayable excitement over the burning national question. From my earliest years I was accustomed to hearing among our neighbours the high notes of political arguing — or wrangling — especially over the party manoeuvrings in Congress to extend or restrict the slaveholding area.

My infantile playmates were prone to impart to me startling partisan information bearing on the subject. I must have been yet a small boy when one day a comrade, my senior by a year, gave me a lesson in the distortions of reckless assertion. He told me awful things about one of his Democratic father's political adversaries, the Rev. Mr. Chenoweth, retired Presbyterian minister, an active opponent of slavery. He averred: "He's a Nabbo-Lisha-Ness!" At least, so I caught the horrid appellation. "He wants to marry his daughter to a nigger!" That apparently respectable elderly preacher, I knew that moment, must be crazy — if my informant's assertions were based on fact.

What an abolitionist was, we two set out to learn from older boys. But, alas! while some of the best in our crowd said he was something like an angel, other good and sane boys declared he was more like Satan himself. The argument over slavery hadn't got much farther than that stage with the great public when the war broke out, years afterward.

Heat and exaggeration we uniformly expected in the public discussions of the slave system to which I listened in my early youth. Men in the street crowds, of course, struck a crude level of argument: "Would you let your daughter marry a nigger?" "What did God make some men black and kinky haired for except to be slaves?" "Doesn't the Bible sanction slavery?" In the Courthouse forum, the plane of debate was expected to be higher: "What are the original distinct rights of the individual States?" "How can abolition be

brought about peaceably?" "Who are to raise cotton if not the negroes?" Really, some highly refined Carlislors very properly used the words "negroes" or "coloured people." But the subject seemed not to permit cool persuasiveness.

It may be imagined, correctly, that in the decades preceding the war the press, which at that period meant the country newspaper, helped to bring the national issues of slavery and secession to a high pitch of sensationalism. From that state came periodical necessity to the voters for an outbreak of explosive emotions. The occasion arose to the best advantage with a Presidential election.

I was old enough to appreciate some of the local aspects of the quadrennial national political campaigns of '56 and '60. In '56 my candidates, "Buck and Breck," won. They took the Presidency and Vice-Presidency at Washington as Buchanan and Breckenridge. That year's four months' season of hot politics broke me in to party parading, banner raising, badge wearing, and boys' electioneering by fisticuffs. Four years later, the historical contest between Lincoln and Douglas brought me to the stage at which I took interest in the speeches. Bell and Everett represented the dying Whig party, Breckenridge and Lane the extremists among the Democrats. I attended meetings, indoor and outdoor, of all four parties. The boys of my age were thus in good part educated in American political life. Some of them could already talk their party principles just like their fathers! We all had the voters of the town divided into sheep and goats, our private opinions varying as to which was which, according to our respective partisan leanings.

We boys enjoyed the parades of all the parties. As spectacles, were they not got up merely for our fun? But as demonstrations of party strength—that was another matter. Every boy could see that his own particular party turned out in line more voters than any other. In the sky-scraping height of the banner poles, too, was rivalry. The wonders in this line in both '56 and '60 stood in Minnich's lot, south-east corner of Pomfret and East streets. That of '56 must have been the tallest pine tree on all the Blue Ridge. The entire trunk was unbarked, and the topmost branches still retained their foliage, when up was drawn in imposing place the spreading tri-coloured Democratic banner, in

the centre Buchanan's portrait, of colossal measure, work of a local artist who had once painted scenery for a theatre!

A word here about the Presidential campaign of '64, (if I may leap ahead of my story) when the war had been going on three and a half years. The Democratic National Convention at Chicago that year in nominating McClellan, declared the war a failure, thus destroying all chances of his election. The Cumberland County delegates tried on their return home to explain. To this purpose the Carlisler among them, a lawyer, made "the effort of his life" in the courthouse before a crowded audience. As for myself, now sixteen years of age, I listened — as the French put it — "in stupefaction." My brother Tim had been an enthusiastic supporter of McClellan as a General from early in the war and I naturally had imbibed his sentiments. (The day before he was killed, at South Mountain, September 14, 1862, he wrote home repeating his admiration of McClellan, of whose reinstatement in command he had just heard. I kept this letter, stained with his life blood, until, in 1926, on leaving America, I burnt it, with much other precious matter of family record.) I had been sorely aggrieved when McClellan was removed from command of the Army of the Potomac. But, "the war a failure?" That reckless utterance of political extremists completely threw me off my mental balance. If I owed it to my party to believe it, the fact was I couldn't believe it. Tom had died for the Union and it must be preserved by means of the war. The play of party politics, of the rivalries of Generals and of the machinations at Washington, so much of all this devilry was past my understanding. To my immature mind the great events of the war formed the crux of world history. I was for McClellan, but I was also for the war. Must I remain Democrat or turn Republican? I was continually in a fever of uncertainty as to my political duty.

In '61 that the the Union must be preserved was a mass sentiment in the North. In '64 the dissensions springing from the two political parties were alone sufficient to put the Union in peril. But other causes for the cooling off of patriotic fervour were at work from the beginning.

Inevitably, after the outburst of '61 a reaction began to sober both the thoughtful and the selfish. The

necessary replacing of inefficient emotional demonstration by deliberately organized functioning worked changes both as to means and results in the conduct of the war. The average practical citizen learned to look to organized authority to take matters in hand. Even unselfish voluntary war workers speedily came to say, "This is not my duty," or "Let paid officials take care of that," speaking of tasks unpleasant or unusual to them, or below the grade of their training. For example: In the early summer of '61 when a railway train of soldiers was announced by the locomotive whistle it was perforce a general call to duty. Men, women and children, bearing baskets and bundles, flocked to the train's stopping place to give without price good things to the boys on their way to the front—above all else good cheer. Girls of every social circle exchanged handkerchiefs or other souvenirs with the gallant defenders of the country and promised to correspond with them. The elders poured forth eulogy for them or blest them in fervent exclamations. The half-grown chaps like myself envied them. Alas! It took only about a short year to alter regrettably scene and sentiment. Indiscriminate generous donations of initialed handkerchiefs and pious encouragement to all sorts of the recruits had been found frequently to count less in appreciation than proffer of a swig of rum. Train after train might now pass up Main Street without attracting heart-throb attention. Transportation of recruits had become commonplace. At the camp for volunteers by that time extended in the fields along the "Garrison lane" clean down to the part of Louthur Street beyond "the spring," the only good things reaching its occupants, in the form of extras, now came from a line of sordid peddlers ranged by order of the commanding officer at a point where they were under constant supervision by the guard, the sergeant of which exercised the right of search of baskets, bundles and persons. In the early months of the war we boys, disdaining any thought of reward, would hasten to help a private soldier carry his kit, or a commissioned man his valise; in the days later on when the smuggling of alcohol into the camp led to the sergeant's ungallant manhandling of fat old darky women peddlers amid the guffawing of the undisciplined rowdy recruits the noble war sentiments of respectable women were by that much limited in sphere of expres-

sion and "us boys" usually let soldiers of every grade pack for themselves. If all the ballyhoo had not quickly gone flimsy, more spectacular exhibitions of loyalty, it had come to pass, were unconvincing; the realities of war had assigned the variously capable citizens to other duties than loud cheering en masse and offering beer-thirsty huskies fond advice and soda water. The various classes — officers and men, contractors and munition workers, doctors and nurses, hospital workers and army teamsters, philanthropists and politicians, respectable women and others — had settled down in their respective war-designated roles. The ardour of emotional vapouring had given way before the cruel mechanism of practical bloody conflicts.

It is true, one deep-seated feature of patriotic sentiment remained predominant in the North to the end of the war. This was the fond belief that in the big battles the Union troops must win; they had always to win; they were sure to win; no Northern newspaper could ever report them otherwise than having won.

This sanguine idea long possessed me. The day after the Union disaster of Bull Run, July 21, '61, I went by rail with a neighbour lad to Harrisburg, it having been rumoured that Tom's company was to pass through the State capital on the way to Washington. We spent the day mostly about the railroad yards inquiring, in vain, for the whereabouts of the First Reserves. Toward evening we gave up the search, though we found other regiments on the move amid a great confusion and the noise of transportation, road and rail. We scented that there had been a battle; of course our Union side had won. We decided to walk the eighteen miles home to Carlisle, why to walk I am not certain;—at times I think it was because the last train of the day had gone, at other times because our joint exchequer was unequal to the fare for both. Off we started. Country people on the way (not the pike) stopped us to ask about the battle. We really knew nothing of it. But — here's the point — we had ready the story of a great victory, gathered from the Harrisburg atmosphere. Some of our questioners, perhaps having caught contrary rumours, while not contradicting us, unconsciously looked their doubts. My war spirit could not admit the possibility of a Union defeat. We two lads carried assurances of victory along the highroad clear home, where we arrived about 10

o'clock. couriers from nigh the seat of war, messengers from Marathon.

What the Northern press had to tell about the battles of the war — and the same may be noted of the Southern press for their side — differs mightily from what even bold partisan writers dare say now. I have had occasion in times since to run over the headings of articles describing Union "victories;" they made me blush. I make this point, not so much to descant on the errors of prepossession as to describe a war state of mind, shared in by Carlisle with the Unionists in general, and at the same time to give a look toward Maryland, its border only twenty air line miles from us; where events were viewed contrariwise by many thousands of Southerners, earnest and honest people, usually.

Our Carlisle citizenry permitted no violation of the rule that every battle was a Union victory and any criticism of our officials treachery. There was the John B. Bratton incident. To have the "Volunteer" in the black books of the heated war supporters its Democrat editor but needed occasionally to hint at doubt of the Republican administration or insufficiently praise a popular war orator, or call attention to fundamental rights violated by the military. It seems he was not canny enough to perform safely his part as one of the political opposition. Perhaps no one could. At all events, one night the feeling stirred up against him found vent in the act of persons unknown, who dumped some of the "Volunteer" printing material into the street. Who these parties were I never heard. The circumstance was described as a "gutting" of the office, but I happened next morning to view the heap of "pie" and saw no more than a case or two of well-battered type. One of J. B. B.'s apprentice boys, desiring to give the boss a good advertising turn, might have thus disposed of some old metal profitably. How the affair is dealt with in the pages of Carlisle chronicles I do not recollect, but in verbal tradition as long as this independent editor lived, tongues wagged; "His printing office was destroyed by a mob during the war; he was a Copperhead." But this did not prevent his becoming later a Public School Director, President of the Board, I believe. His traducers thus "swallowed their own words."

The year 1860 was not yet out when war came in sight at last with its foredoomed realities. Southern States began seceding. Northern States, woefully unready, talked war measures in earnest. The firing on Fort Sumter in April, '61, brought both North and South to face the dread fact. The country was at war.

Carlisle's part in the prompt supply of fighting men was highly creditable. A company of "three-months" men, Capt. Christian Kuhn, went out—in April—under President Lincoln's first call, that for 75,000 volunteers. Hardly were they gone when rumours of terrible disasters to them began to reach the town. One was, "The Ninth Regiment has been cut to pieces!" We knew that Christ. Kuhn's company was in that regiment. Louther street wives bewailed their supposed dead. But contradiction came speedily. In due time these three-months' boys were mustered out, without loss of a man.

In the course of the war, companies not in form, acting as homeguards, were sent out from Carlisle on three occasions.

The first was when the ironically termed "battle of Papertown," took place in May, '61. Capt. Robert McCartney's company, its members roused from their sleep before dawn by messengers and the Courthouse bell, was — I presume by proper military authority — dispatched the five miles afoot to the Holly pass, there to dispute its seizure by "rapidly on-coming Confederate raiders." I helped to call from their beds some of the men in the north-east quarter, Bedford and Louther. "What's the matter?" a querulous voice from an upper window, after a banging at the street door. Reply from the important youthful courier from the army: "Capt. McCartney's company has orders to march to the front at once!" The company was soon moving in good order southward in Hanover street. (As the only boy taking part in this famous battle I wrote, forty or more years afterward, an account of the day's events — one being the accidental shooting of a young man of the town. Probably a copy of this article, as published in a Carlisle paper, is among the matter from my pen among your father's effects.) Summing up, the company's achievements of the day were no more than marching out and marching back, the raiding enemy proving a figment of a rumour monger's imagination. At that stage of the war, baseless

reports — of battles, of town-burnings, of horrible massacres, of treacherous surrenders—were every-day sensations in our town so near the Mason and Dixon boundary.

I think it was in '63, some weeks before the Confederate army actually came, a home-guard company, under Capt. John S. Low, who already had had war experience — in the nine-months service as a company officer and previously as a wagon-master — went up to Happy Retreat and occupied a thin and shallow line of trenches thrown up by enforced coloured labour. But the company returned without firing a gun or being kept from their beds a single night.

On the third sally of a company in civil dress, Capt. Ephraim Cornman's command went up the valley, about Hagerstown, I believe, and were gone two or three weeks. They returned without casualties. In later years I heard a disgruntled veteran who had been out "for the war" grumbling because he had been told that the participants in this bloodless expedition, "a picnic," were qualified to become members of the G. A. R.

Your father and I together tried to enlist under both Capt. Low and Capt. Cornman, but did not succeed. The consent of parents was necessary for boys under seventeen. Our widowed mothers having each had a son killed, in '62, their distress was acutely renewed at the possibility of losing another.

The memorable day to date from, by Carlisle mothers, wives and sweethearts — by most of the townspeople indeed — during and long after the war, was June 6, 1861. On that fateful day the three companies enlisted for "three-years or the war" left Carlisle, each with its full quota of one hundred men. They went first to Winchester, to be mustered in as units of regiment and brigade. Their army division was entitled "Pennsylvania Reserves," ironically, their history proved.

It was in the morning when the men fell into line to entrain. Capt. McCartney's company took its place in Main street fronting the jail, the captain being County Sheriff. Joseph Stuart was First Lieutenant, Thomas P. Dwen, (our Tom), Second Lieutenant. Capt. Lemuel Todd's company formed further up, at the Square; Capt. Robert Henderson's yet further along near Pitt. At Westchester the last named company was mustered

in as A, Seventh Reserves; Capt. Todd's as I, First Reserves, Capt. McCartney's as H, of the same regiment. Very soon promotions and resignations took place among the officers. In a few months, Tom was elected by the men of his company its Captain, the choice thereon validated by higher authority. Lieut. Stuart was a brave and competent officer, much liked by Tom, who, however, could hardly be expected to decline the preference his friends in the ranks showed for him. In the letter he wrote his wife the evening before he was killed, he spoke highly of his comrade Stuart, who a few weeks before had met his death at Bull Run, the second, where Capt. John Smead, your father's brother, also fell.

There was also a nine-months' service midway in the war, Carlisle contributing to it a company under Capt. Porter, locally known as a writer for the press. I recall seeing this company mustered out at the end of its service assembled in the Square, under trees near the side of the Courthouse, the men listened to a parting speech by the Captain. John Madden's father, Patrick, was a member of this company. He was known as an unusually fine soldier; I heard one of his admirers call out: "Hurrah for Pat Madden!" But it was not the moment for complimentary cheering. Women relatives of the men were standing by waiting to accompany them home. Was not Lieut. John Hays of Capt. Porter's company? And Capt. Beatty? There came about in the course of the war numerous shifts of our townsmen's military rank. As I left Carlisle before the war was over, I was later at times uncertain as to how some of the titles had been gained. The impression in general, in Carlisle as elsewhere, finally seemed to be that whereas at the start the rank of commissioned officer in some cases went to influence or social prominence hard service in the end brought up toward the top rough and ready merit. "The fortunes of war," When in France in 1916-17 I heard much to the same effect. I knew of one case of a cafe-restaurant roustabout (plongeur), who, by bravery in the field, time and again, had won the right through his uniform to mess with regimental officers, to the chagrin of intellectuals of lesser rank not admitted to this exclusive circle.

The return of Capt. Porter's company was the only one I witnessed that was attended by any resemblance

of a popular reception. Company H came back late in the summer after its three years were up — in 1864. I was sadly disappointed on then seeing what little was left of its original membership. Tom, its captain for fourteen months, had been dead two years. Its latest officers bore names strange to me. I recognized only a few of the men; death, wounds, disease, discharge for various causes, with new assignments to its ranks, had transformed its personnel. It had set out one hundred strong; it now reappeared twenty to thirty. A few had remained at the front, re-enlisted. The returning company left the train at the gas-works siding, marched up Louth street to East and then by Main uptown. It was as a whole distressingly shabby and unmilitary in appearance. I can recall no welcoming ceremony; I went home and sorrowed. Tom, my hero, friend, brother, was not among those who had returned. Most of Company A, Seventh Reserves, with a considerable part of its regiment, were made prisoners by the Confederates toward the end of the war. Release came only after Appomattox. I was living in Philadelphia when that admirable soldier Sergt. John I. Faller and a comrade of this company made their appearance, May, '65, where I boarded. Both were reduced to skin and bone, starved by Wiertz at Andersonville, they were still suffering from fever, their uniforms were dirty and worn out, their shoes barely holding soles and uppers together. But they were in gay spirits, it may be believed.

When that post-war national event, the formation of the Grand Army of the Republic, took place the membership in Carlisle included perhaps a majority of its able-bodied, or once able-bodied, men yet in early life. Many had been wounded or had lost their health. It seems that any term of war service, however brief, qualified a man for this organization of veterans. The number of Civil War Federal pensioners in the nation soon reached more than half a million. Of these Carlisle appeared to have its full proportion. The G. A. R. hat and copper bottom were long to be seen at all times in almost any street, and the full uniform in the parades on public occasions. As the decades passed the disappearance of the insignia of the "comrades" was to be pathetically observed. At the fiftieth anniversary of Gettysburg — 1913 — I looked about without success in the camp of the forty thousand veterans of the

battle and the campaign of '63 for a single survivor of "Tom's company." Albert Kelley, the last man of the hundred I had followed in the march to Holly in '61, died about eight years ago.

On Memorial Day for a long time after the war the graveyards of Carlisle bore testimony, in a beautiful display of flags and flowers, to the fact that the contributors were proud of the town's record in the defence of the Union. I wonder if the custom is still creditably kept up. I cannot recall when I was last present at the ceremonies. As in later years I wandered in the Old Graveyard after a May 30th, and read on a grave flag the name of a citizen-soldier I had known, I could see him again in his young manhood, venturing to war. Perhaps I could recall where he was killed.

Customs differ among different peoples. The year after the end of the World War, the work of U. S. A. graves registration, then incomplete, I sent from Paris to Issoudoun, addressed to the maire, a flag—the Stars and Stripes—to be planted Armistice Day on the grave of an American soldier killed in aviation service, brother of a friend of mine. I suggested that perhaps some kind-hearted French mother living near the cemetery might feel moved to lay a few flowers on the last resting place of an etranger whose mother far away was mourning her dead soldier boy. After the anniversary the maire wrote me in reply that the flag was afloat on its hamp over the American airman's grave. In response to my wish a good woman had also placed there "a bouquet of flowers." She fixed no sum in payment. I "could give her according to my inclination." Another year at Armistice time I noticed in Dax cemetery that the solitary grave of an American soldier was without flag or flower. Observing that the grounds of a wineshop near were running wild with autumn plants I asked a young woman, who apparently was one of the household, if I might have a few flowers for the friendless foreign soldier's grave. She accompanied me to the garden, plucked several of a rank growth of dahlias and some sprigs of verdure and on handing to me the bunch promptly named her price. There was no sign or other indication of a flower dealer about the place. The young woman was polite, even sentimental. It is to be remembered in connection with these two incidents that French customs widely differ from

American; in their way, on occasions that appealed to them, especially in religious matters, these two women might offer striking examples of self-sacrifice. I have thought since that they may have doubted my denial that I was a U. S. A. official, expenses paid; in France so much is done only through the government.

While a guest of your family in 1923 I learned that neither of the two public libraries nor any person of my acquaintance, so far as I could find out, had a roster of the town's three-year volunteer companies. I had preserved for half a century a printed list of each company in full as it had left town to be mustered into service. I sent these faded sheets of paper to the Hamilton Library.

And now I come to the episode in Carlisle's history, to which its townspeople of newer generations have quite invariably referred when saying to me: "Tell me about the Civil War!" They have meant the shelling of Carlisle. I'm not sure what you have had in mind as the scope of my narrative in making your request, but I may venture to think it probable that at most it was the coming and going of the Confederates in '63. But in reviewing in mind those war times I have been prompted to refer to other events of the period which I feel must interest you, especially as I am obliged, in setting down things as I saw them, to give some of the more picturesque points a different version from that which, I am aware, have become legend unchallenged. And I have also felt that I have something to say further about war as illustrated in our own town.

"The rebels are coming!" was a cry heard in our border community so often in the early half of the war that its effects came to resemble the scepticism of those sheep farmers in the fable on hearing the alarm, "Wolf! Wolf!" But early in June, '63, the situation at the Virginia front led to a general acceptance of the fact that the Union Army of the Potomac might be unable to hold Lee back. But this capable commander made no sudden raid; he took time for thorough preparation. His deliberateness in coming gave opportunity to the farmers southwest of Carlisle in the Cumberland valley to begin a hegira that lasted several weeks, their objective the region in Pennsylvania east of the Susquehanna. This movement brought them in large numbers through Carlisle. I wonder if historians have ever given it a deserved study. These refugees

travelled in families, each little caravan much the type of the others. Leading came a buggy or other light conveyance, usually far from new, carrying the mother as driver and the babies; next, a covered wagon with a boy driver, laden with kitchen utensils and bedding, some furniture perhaps and even a chicken coop. Following were the farm animals in charge of the head of the family. In the final days of their escape, when the advancing Southern troops were almost upon them, these fleeing farmers formed nearly continuous processions on the main valley roads. The line passing nearest our house took the old-time route of the cattle drovers—into town down the Walnut Bottom road and out of town by Hanover, South and East streets and on to the “York and Harrisburg junction,”—and on and on, slowly, wearily, miserably, stoically. The men and boys pegged along like tramps. The women and children, peering from their poor vehicles, seemed frightened dumb. They rarely took up talk with the townspeople, who gazed at them. I remember them as never singing, or calling, cheerily or otherwise, to one another, or shouting at the animals. The small children neither laughed nor cried. All, plainly, were bewildered. I do not remember that mention of these refugees and their plight took up much space in current accounts of the invasion. I imagine they were mostly of the class of tenant farmers or “workers on shares” (metairistes), whose few possessions were for the most part transportable. Solid property holders had car fare.

When this movement of people fleeing slackened and then ceased, the Southern army, it was generally inferred, was close upon them. There ensued some days during which few Federal troops passed either up or down the valley, by rail or on the march. The regulars from the garrison were out acting as Vedettes. About this stage of events the futile feint was made by the hastily organized company of homeguards of occupying the short line of intrenchments about a mile west of town. Memory just here thrusts before me two trival incidents. The dandy darkey of the town, “Doc”—(?) on being impressed for trench work protested earnestly against “shoveling dirt wearing a plug hat.” I was sat upon myself. While taking a look at the “fortifications” with a group of lads I burst forth, “Now that they have drafted the blacks to work

they ought to draft the whites to fight." A fellow older than I a year or two shot me dead, by word of mouth: "You're too young to talk like that. Shut up!"

All idea of defending the town was soon abandoned. There ensued some days of anxious waiting. Carlisle traced the occupation successively of Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Shippensburg, and Newville as the telegraph ceased to work from this forty-mile line of valley towns. Our local inhabitants could picture to themselves "the coming of the conquering hosts."

When at last columns of the Confederates actually marched into the west end of our town there were panic stricken persons who knowing in indubitable report that the dreaded fact must be so yet could not realize it was so until they saw it for themselves. My dear mother was in this paradoxical convinced but uncertain state of mind. Restless, I had gone "up street" bent on seeing how the victorious soldiers in gray were behaving. I ran home. "Mother, they're here, coming right down Main Street!" She had been behind a window shutter peeping. By impulse to see for herself she hastened out on our front porch and despite my protests fairly ran the fifty yards to Irvine's corner and looked up town. Neighbors from behind their window curtains called to her to go back home. But she had to linger and satisfy her temerarious curiosity. I stood by her side as in a tremble she gazed up the street. There they came, only a few hundred yards away!

Just about the jail corner, one block from us, an array of cavalry, ranged in close formation the width of the road from curb to curb, was moving toward us slowly, the sharp clatter of their horses' hoofs the only sound to be heard. Behind a little distance came in a dense body other troops, also mounted. For a brief fraction of a minute we beheld the picture spell bound. When opposite Gardner's foundry, on the brow of the Main street slope, the composite silhouette of the front rank of horsemen, as seen from our lower level, was outlined against the sky. Of a sudden my mother shrieked, turned and ran homeward; I kept by her side. She locked the front door after us and bolted the ground shutters, her one thought now the safety of her daughter whom she hid away. From what many persons said afterward we learned that at this stage of the taking of the town a horrid uncertainty as to what

treatment its people were to receive was general in the homes.

I took a watching place on our upper floor and looked through a rent in a window shade. The advancing invaders were slow to appear at the corner; they were moving vigilantly. They had been split into two columns by the railroad embankment, which, beginning half way up the square, takes up part of the middle of the street and becomes higher as it forms lower down an approach to the long bridge over the Letort and its shallow valley.

The two columns debouched from upper Main at East street at the same moment. The clatter of the horses' hoofs was the louder because there was no other sound. The foremost riders appeared ready to make a charge at any instant necessary. Big men, wearing broad brim hats, and mounted on good horses, they had a picturesque air of confidence and readiness for action. Their carbines they carried butt resting at the knee and barrel pointed upright. Merely a mounted advance guard, this first section to pass was of itself a strong force. Between it and the column of infantry which followed down Main street and continued on by the Harrisburg "dirt" road there was a long gap — perhaps of half an hour. The other main column of cavalry and infantry was passing north on Hanover street, and out the Harrisburg pike; in much lesser numbers a detachment went down Louthier street and out to the barracks to take possession. There was no marching about the side streets for mere parade purposes. In these movements of that day Carlisle had nearly all the opportunity it ever had of seeing any of the Confederate forces. Most of the streets of the town saw nothing of them except as they passed at distant cross-way corners... On leaving the town, most of them perhaps without halting, they tarried in camp only for the night's rest. The object of the invasion was not yet attained. On returning a week later from the venture toward Harrisburg and Columbia the bulk of the army [that had] passed through Carlisle either moved out nearer the South Mountain by side roads to Holly Gap or passed through our town in the night of June 30-July 1 and pushed on to take part in the expected general battle, destined to be at Gettysburg. I saw part of a column of infantry passing our house in the early part of that night and abed heard the tramp

of others until after midnight. Thus it is easily possible that by far the larger portion of the population of Carlisle never caught a general view of their Confederate visitors. Stay-at-home women, living off the streets through which the soldiers marched, may not have seen anything of them except at a distance. They may have believed the newspaper stories as to the desperately poor condition of the invaders and have had no opportunity to see better for themselves.

I may now mention some of the points as to which I think the legend has not its facts right. It describes, for instance, the invading army as "half starved" and "in rags" and its equipment as "worn out." My eyes saw differently. I used them to advantage, going about freely, as a grown man might not have done.

Only a small part of the cavalry vanguard had passed down along by the railroad bridge piers when from behind my window shade I saw a neighbour boy standing on the corner opposite Irvine's composedly looking at the passing enemy as he might at a holiday parade of our local fire department. He was at this moment their sole spectator at this point or any other within my sight. Well, if he could stand and stare why couldn't I? With mother's reluctant consent — perhaps she deemed it well to propitiate the monsters — I joined him. In a short while we boys on the corner had become a group. Two or three elderly men came and stood with us. The passing soldiers paid us no attention. They were at their day's work.

When the infantry came along they presented nothing very strange to our eyes in their appearance. They might have been recruited along the seventy miles from Carlisle to Baltimore. Their type in stature and physiogomy was that of the youthful American. They were civilians soldiering, at that moment dusty and tired; they were bronzed; they were marching in their proper file places though not in step. Such points one took in at a glance.

Where were those "ragged uniforms?" those "half-starved stragglers?" that "army in a plight?" Our newspaper prophets of a speedy Confederate collapse through its army's miseries must have been talking about some other army! The passing uniforms undergoing our inspection were if not new, newish; there was no showing of torn coats and badly frayed trousers. A party of students on a walking tour would look

little better at the end of a season. Knapsacks and haversacks, the whole personal kit, was in order; arms were at every man's command. A significant touch as to neatness was a tooth-brush at hatband or button hole — an odd sight to some of our hardy youthful townsmen unused to fine lady finicky things. The officers' uniforms were of a light-gray cloth, the garniture a brilliant gold galloon; the privates' a dark gray with a few martial frills. Further opportunity for inspection of cavalry, infantry, artillery and the transportation service confirmed my first impressions of a fit, well-fed, well-conditioned army.

During the stay of the Confederates with us I saw on the roads no broken down wagons, dead horses, old accoutrements thrown away, or other evidences of an army in deprivation engaged, as alleged, in a desperate raid, its purpose solely food, clothing and munitions of war. In the week ensuing this first view of their advance forces, a boy of fifteen years in roving about town and camp where women and grown men might have been restrained, I certainly saw the Confederates not as "ragged" and "half-starved," "their munitions exhausted." Events proved at Gettysburg and on their retreat afterward that their army had powder and shot sufficient for service in the greatest contest of the war,—three days of a fierce battle, a safe getaway for the main body lasting days, the rear guard meantime in continual action, and finally an immediate renewal of a defensive campaign in Virginia. We, the public of the North, "had we been fed on lies?"

My first impression of the good fighting state of this army was deepened when, boy like, I that day early walked up Main street and back and forth to look at its marching columns. As to the infantry the picture of one regiment in good fettle was the same for all. Brass bands, of eight or ten pieces, about one to a brigade or perhaps to two regiments, played "Dixie" and little else. That was the only note of victory one could hear. No cheering; no triumphant singing; no gibing at our citizens, now venturing as spectators in slim numbers to the sidewalk curbs. Flags were few. The major column, now going north on Hanover street, were making for the Harrisburg pike. Very little artillery was to the fore among the long files of infantry. It came later, mainly before the wagon trains, these last with "Ramseur's Brigade," "Imboden's Brigade,"

lettered on the canvas covers. I looked for skeleton draft animals hitched to battered wagons. None. The horses and mules, mostly the latter, helped show the transport service up to ordinary efficiency. Everything was moving along with the regularity of a well organized parade. By the time I got back home any notion I had had of seeing an army foretelling defeat by signs of impoverishment and exhaustion was dislodged from my mind. We had been fed on lies.

I had some confidence in my ability to pass upon not only the essentials of the physical condition but also upon the outfitting and the disciplinary standards of a military force. I had been witnessing the instruction of soldiers at a model barracks all my days. I had had garrison boys as playmates, living as our family did within sound of the bugle calls. I now knew quite well the cavalry manual of arms, had seen the sergeants drilling the recruits in all the successive steps of company exercises. "Tom," a Mexican war veteran and a volunteer lieutenant during my early boyhood, was a military enthusiast. Army lingo, the "shop" talk of the old non-coms of the dragoons, their appreciations of dress and deportment and of what constitutes the soldier in appearance—all this I had absorbed as I had much other every-day knowledge to be gained outside school. It is not to be overlooked that for more than two years during the war my age-grade of playmates had been taking in and discussing the soldier life to be continually seen on a large scale at the barracks and camps and on the move in active war service.

In the course of that first day of the confederate occupation a company of infantry marched into our home "block" (square) in East street, halted and stacked arms. In a little while it had broken up into mess groups. From an army wagon grub was issued; fires were lighted on the roadway for supper. Water was brought from our common street pump; fuel came from the telegraph poles just cut down to destroy communication with the Union forces. We boys shyly questioning, could only learn that the company was halted there "under orders;" guesswork suggested it was the provost guard or it was a detail to stand by near the railroad bridge until its destruction, now going on, should be carried to a point putting it out of service. This work, by the way, proceeded rapidly — track rails were ripped up and thrown down to the

surface road; next came ties, which were set afire, and then all the fifteen to twenty piers were stripped of their half-dozen upper courses of heavy stone. Until the night of the shelling nothing else in the town, that I am aware of, was destroyed while it was in Confederate possession.

These mess groups attracted "galleries" of youthful spectators, who surrounded them and put questions sociably. From the soldiers came civil, even gentle, replies. In half an hour we boys had each several acquaintances among the harmless enemy. We thereon introduced some elderly men who had ventured near, politely! And, by-and-by, when the soldiers had their coffee, several matrons who a few hours before had been in paroxysms of terror were expressing to them their one supreme wish for the end of the war. That was the day which these soldiers longed for too. The scene became a picture of perfect peace, when our girls—East street had many nice girls—came and stood modestly by their mothers listening to what the soldiers, so touchingly like our own boys, had to say. The talk went on soberly and in uninterrupted kindness. They told us of their army life—much like ours in nearly all respects. Yes, it was true, "reb" pickets — on dark nights traded their tobacco for "Yank" pickets' coffee. Their bandsmen? They were stretcher bearers in battle. Those one-armed men in the ranks? There must be a worse disablement to bring a discharge. They certainly had clothes enough for the field in summer weather. The South produced food in quantity; the slaves were mostly at work as usual. They asked how was it that so many unenlisted men were to be seen in these Pennsylvania towns? In the South all the able-bodied were under arms. So the current of expressed ideas ran. A pacifist "reb" in my little group propounded the problem, "How did this war get started, anyway?" "What was it all about?" No one seemed to have an answer ready. Perhaps every one present felt it would be silliness and meanness to repeat the political claptrap of either side at that momentary fraternizing of stricken human beings. East street mourned buried sons; the Confederates had had dreadful losses; these very boys talking with us were, every one of them, to face death in a few days; of the outcome to himself each was apprehensive. And the heart of every one in our little circle about the camp

fire was melted. Women silently wept. I had begun diplomatically my own interpretation of the immediate causes of the war, since no one else had spoken in response to the query on that point. But I cut my exposition short; all in the group seemed agreed that extremists on both sides were to blame. That line of talk was not kept up; it turned to exchange of personal and family information. All the little assemblages that the company had attracted soon dissolved. The soldiers prepared to spend the night in the open, ready to move on at any hour. "Good night! And God help us all."

Not a word of rancour, of recrimination, of boasting, of menace, of bitterness, did I hear that evening. These Southern soldiers were patterns of discretion and even chivalry. They saw no occasion to play the victors. A seriousness of demeanour was their most striking trait. We others realized they felt they were going to their sacrifice. Perhaps they exhibited little of that soft-heartedness among themselves when on the march; the presence of sympathetic and trustful women stirred their hearts. What a singular incident of war! Its minutest circumstances were graven in my memory. In the morning early they were gone.

Another intriguing incident of that week has recurred often to my mind. Industry of all kinds quite suspended, even the printing offices closed. I had a holiday. After their army had passed on toward Harrisburg, few Confederates were to be seen in the streets. An infantryman, very youthful in appearance, came along one day as I was on the Main street footbridge over the Letort. I took him to be possibly an officer's orderly returning leisurely from an errand. Entering on a friendly talk, we climbed up on one of the partly ruined railroad bridge piers. I told him about our agricultural county in peace times. He gave me his address—Henry Fairfax, Fairfax Courthouse, Virginia. (Nearly all our "visitors" were Virginians and North Carolinians). He had only commonplace remarks for me, was not lively, was in fact taciturn perhaps under orders to guard his tongue. I did the talking. We agreed to write to each other after the war if—. He was acting peculiarly in one way. He couldn't take his eyes off me. His looks were eager. He wanted to say something. I wondered what. I think I know now. He was in the shadow of death. I thought afterward

he might have wanted me to assist him to desert. His age was seventeen. Seventeen! When he left me, with what was in his mind unexpressed, I was puzzled. Long afterward, I asked myself why I had not suggested to let me capture and secrete him. But if I had tried to do it and failed? In a few days he was at Gettysburg. Killed, 5,600; wounded, 26,000! The reason, likely, why I never heard from him is, these figures.

On another day of that week a company of their cavalry came crawling along from the barracks road—"the garrison lane"—past the "boardyard" and "gas-house" wading through puddles in a heavy shower. I had got in out of the wet at the long shed in the lumber yard. One of the troopers left his place in the column and came into the compartment of the shed in which I was sheltered. He muttered he was "sick" and couldn't stand the bad weather. Two or three boys and a citizen straggled in and stood looking at the "Johnny reb" on his horse. Johnny suddenly seemed to waken up. He looked about suspiciously at his unwelcome audience; he made to draw his revolver. His admirers fled. When the heavy shower was at its worst one of the soldiers of that company, seeing a man afoot standing by the roadside protected by an umbrella, rode apart to him and ordered him to give it up. The citizen indignantly refused. His change of demeanour was a sight when the cavalryman out with his revolver. He surrendered without parley. These were the only hostile gestures toward any of the public I witnessed on the part of the Confederates.

Some of the Southern soldiers expressed their impressions of the situation frankly. One day I heard this exchange of greetings between two cavalry scouts: "Hello, Bill! What's goin' to happen to us?" "Hello! You got back? You know as well as I. We're all in a damn big box with the lid shut down!" The death that soon was to come to so many was probably haunting every mind. Repeatedly I heard one or another declare his amazement at the many men in the Northern towns they had gone through, who in the South would have been impressed into the army.

Some of the officers, now regimental and brigade commanders, who years before had been stationed as U. S. army company officers at our barracks, called to pay their respects at Carlisle homes where they had

been acquainted. They were courteously received and entertained. This I did not myself see, but the fact was common gossip, not ill-natured. When the two young commissioned men assigned to search the houses in our block for arms or provisions came to our home they spoke to my mother with grave politeness and to my sister not at all. They "didn't see me" though I was beside them from cellar to garret. They took nothing from us. Mother wept as she told them of her son killed in battle and hoped they would get back to their mothers safely. They were thoughtfully silent.

The visit of these gentlemanly despoilers had been preceded by an incursion through our street of three elderly city fathers rather excitedly warning all persons in the neighborhood not to show opposition, even by word, to the coming "requisitionists," "who were only performing their duty." But this assumed guardianship was superserviceable. The attitude of the Confederates from the beginning had resulted in inspiring a feeling in our community that we were to be treated fully as well as circumstances permitted.

It was probably the day of the occupation when in the afternoon I saw under guard at the Mansion House corner a buggy occupied by an elderly couple. Bystanders told me: — "Captured while fleeing from the rebs." The old man driver had halted only when a bullet from a Southern scout's rifle struck his horse. I remember that the wound was on the left flank. Both the old people were frightened speechless. The horse, already driven a considerable distance back to the requisition office, stood passive, giving no sign of pain. A Lieutenant-Colonel, who had this case in hand, seeing the plight of the captives, was saying in the manner of a lenient Judge, as I came up: "Take this horse home and have him ready to go along with us when we leave!"

I never read any summary of the portable property officially appropriated by the Confederates during their brief regime. The quantity must have been small. I heard it asserted that the requisition officers were passing their bills in worthless Confederate notes! There was no indiscriminate authorized plundering nor any unrestrained pillaging by the soldiers so far as I heard. Perhaps the category including chickens did not count.

This brings me to another generally accepted point in the "legend," which I have cause to question. In the years following the war, during which the various stories relating to "When the rebels were here," were fusing into somewhat consistent sensational tradition, laymen to the art of printing could accept it as a fact that printers from the army of occupation had turned out from a convenient local press a supply of Confederate paper money. Fairly good circumstantial evidence of this notion was produced. In one, or more, of the four printing offices of the town, all being closed to regular business, Confederate typograph soldiers really had been set at work to print—something. After the brief sojourn of the Southerners one of the Cornman family — John? — who had some knowledge of presswork, declared he had detected on the press of his father's office (the "Democrat") traces of the production of paper money. I can say it is highly probable, indeed almost a certainty, he had done so. But not of the issue he was looking for. His detective findings consisted of print marks accidentally made on the canvas "blanket" (tympan), used as a backing of a sheet of paper when under impression. If the sheet has a hole in it the canvas instead of the paper gets the ink. On old-time hand presses tympan thus became much daubed and spotted. Now, here was evidence "enough to hang a dog" if not a man. You may instantly photograph in mind the sequence of apparently convincing points — the army's need of money; at hand all the means for producing it, namely paper, ink, type, a press, a compositor, a pressman; moreover there was secrecy for the operation. Lastly, the tell-tale tympan impressions. But, to each of these points there is a reply in contradiction: Not one of the print shops in Carlisle could have in stock paper of banknote texture, design or durability or ink of the fixed colours of the Confederate currency. Nor would ordinary type serve the purpose; the printing must be done from legally authorized engraved plates, certainly not likely to be carried about the country liable to capture. The Confederate Treasury had its Bureau of Engraving and Printing and doubtless kept book record of its paper money issues. As to the testimony of the tympan spots, I have an explanation. They may have really shown the border and script type often to be seen in old-time paper money. The Cornman office turned out some of

this very character soon after the war broke out and coin disappeared from circulation. During the time it took for Federal paper "fractional currency" to be authorized and produced, the government offered no interference if at his own risk a responsible citizen issued printed promise to pay on demand. Our County Treasurer put out notes for ten, twenty-five and fifty cents. These were printed in black ink on common white writing paper in the "Democrat" office. I had my 'prentice boy's part in running them off. Of course, to be valid they needed proper written signatures.

From numerous sources, by the way, were small notes issued throughout the country the first months of the war. Their circulation was usually limited to the locality in which they were printed. They soon became over-plentiful. A traveller going beyond their common territory of acceptance would be "stuck" with them. In France, in 1916, the cities issued small notes through their principal business organizations. Being obliged to move often from place to place, I had, for example, to watch carefully not to have the "meal tickets" of the Chamber of Commerce of Toulouse when in Carcassonne.

I wonder whether my story of "The Shilling" — which I am now about to tell you—is to differ considerably in certain of its main features from others generally told. I know it has differences from the legend as a whole. Nearly all the accounts I heard just after the event or in later years during my sojourn in Carlisle were of personal experience and not related either to the general features of the campaign or to the strategy of the besiegers or the behaviour of the besieged the night of the shelling. I have never come upon an official military report of this affair nor upon accounts that aimed at the accuracy to be gained only through serious investigation. I can offer no more myself than the impression of an eye-witness during the Confederates' occupation of the town, with its climax the shelling, my competency to observe with judgment being only, as I have said, that of a lad of fifteen, albeit with more than ordinary military experience.

On July 1, 1863, I was awakened soon after dawn by the sound of several voices cheering. Looking from a window of my room I saw a small group of persons standing on the heap of great stones which had in part formed the end of the embankment approach to the

railroad bridge. They were looking down the south side roadway of Main street toward the Letort. Hurrying over to join in the excitement I learned that several mounted Federal pickets had just passed by and gone up town. More were in sight, down toward the gas-works. These came along at a smart trot. As they passed us we gave them a hurrah of greeting. Mrs. Dwen, waving a big Union flag, brought out from its hiding place, stood on the topmost rock of the broken embankment. Other squads of Union soldiers came along in a few minutes followed soon by a full company.

The occupation of the town by Confederates was at an end, forever! Few other Union troops arrived until much later in the day. It may have been an hour before sunset when the main body of the infantry marched in. They made a brave showing in coming up Hanover street from the Harrisburg pike to the central square. First were the Twenty-second and Twenty-third regiments of the New York National Guard, led by a drum and fife corps, six or eight men abreast, several files deep, their thrilling martial music of an order rarely heard in a Carlisle turnout. Every company, in its dandy light gray uniform, was marching as in dress parade. Following them was a battalion of the New York Seventy-first, in its dark blue uniform. Then other regiments.

The entire population, it would seem from the crowds in waiting, had been making ready to receive their rescuers. When the soldiers had stacked arms in the broad streets about the big four-quartered Square they found on the benches of the old-L-shaped market house refreshments for the entire body of several thousand men. The women of Carlisle had brought out from their scantily stocked larders the essentials of a welcoming reception. Soon the scene was that of a merry picnic on a large scale. The soldiers had the appetite induced by a sixteen-mile walk. Our citizens were rejoicing almost as though the war were over.

This spirit of jubilation had been in possession of soldiers and people perhaps half an hour when suddenly amid the laughter and chatter there was set up a note of alarm. Quickly it was taken up on all sides. The men in uniform began running one way and another, making for their respective commands. Being at the moment on the Courthouse quarter of the Square

I was slow at learning what had happened. In the confused shouting I caught no information. As the blue uniformed men were hurriedly flocking to the west end of this quarter where their guns were stacked, I ran beside one. "What's the matter?" The reply was: "The rebels are right on us down by the railroad bridge coming into town!" If this was a fact, they had enveloped our house, but when I had last seen them, my mother and sister had been about the market place and already the crowd had melted. In the two or three minutes since the first alarm neither soldiers nor citizens remained there. A cry had been raised for women and children to take to the cellars. I gave up finding my people. Some work for me turned up at once. A Seventy-first officer was assembling his company between the Courthouse and Main street along the small street running to Rheem's hall, (Sentinel building). He directed them to discard their knapsacks. They ran over in order and threw them on the west sidewalk as they passed. "Put them in this basement," some one commanded. "Help to take them down, you citizens." At once responding, I was actively helpful in the war, with two other boys carrying knapsacks and tossing them down the basement stairs! The work proceeded rapidly. All the packs of the regiment were coming to us it seemed I handled so many. The last were heavy!

It was while I was proudly at this patriotic task that I heard the music of my first shell. Blank cannon shot I was familiar with through the barracks reveille gun. The opening of the bombardment came like a series of rock blast explosions attended by aerial screams louder and more piercing than big siren rippers from industrial works. The three or four shots after the first followed one another so closely as to be almost simultaneous. One could imagine in action a battery, all the guns having awaited the order to fire, going off at once. Thenceforth the reports came rather wide apart, at times up to half a minute.

The long-drawn-out sound of the shells in soaring high over us, as they all did at the opening, told us of the parabola-like course each was taking. The time consumed in the flight of a shell may have been at most ten seconds. It seemed longer! The sound to us at the start was, comparatively, piano; from directly above it was fortissimo; from the distance, before the

bursting, it had fallen to pianissimo. Or, perhaps these terms represent my heart-beats. One hears with deep satisfaction the explosion of a shell that has past to a good safe distance beyond him. Since I have ventured descriptively into music I may go on recklessly and say a bass horn might softly imitate the beginning; a cor-net at its topmost note the maniac scream when just above us; a bubbling flageolet the dying note in the distance before the wicked thing bursts with a disagreeable raucus crash. Curiously, as this play of cannon report, shell screech over us and nasty explosion at the end went on, it at times seemed that the separate sounds reached us out of their due order, the screech scoming before the boom. Question for l'Ecole Polytechnique: When does a projectile move faster than sound?

We three young chaps at that stage of the extraordinary affair were enjoying the thrills of adventure under cannon fire and the satisfactions of special voluntary service for our country. We soon became uncertain as to whether the town was undergoing a destructive bombardment or merely a warning to citizens to take to cover. Or was there bad marksmanship? No missiles had yet fallen about the Square. Non-combatants were not being mercilessly slaughtered. Before setting his batteries going the enemy must have spied out where the crowds were collected.

I moved to go home; the two town boys with me argued that if the assaulting army were to charge up the streets I would meet my doom; I could bring no help just then to my mother and sister wherever they were. No doubt they had obeyed the order to take to the cellars.

Our knapsack job done, we walked up the Education Hall alley to Pitt street and by Pomfret to West, the cannonading at a lull. No assault on up town occurring, I felt in a short while that if I could get there, home was my place. I hastened down through the town by the alley which I had gone up. Hardly any people were in the cross streets! I saw no soldiers; I imagined them disposed in defence as strategy dictated. The shell fire had ceased.

Arrived at the southwest corner of East and Main, just below the Smead home, I found there two Louther street neighbours, their attention directed down the road. One of them gave me this piece of news:

"There comes a flag of truce!" A hundred yards down Main street, slowly advancing toward us in the gathering darkness, were three horsemen. They were, as I saw afterward, cavalry officer and two troopers. The officer bore on a staff held sidewise, horizontally, plainly visible to us, a white flag of quite a large size, I should judge a third of an ordinary sheet. When these three were midway between the spring and East street two men armed issued from behind one of the partly destroyed railroad piers, halted the truce bearers, exchanged a word with them, and conducting them past where I was standing moved on up Main street. While within my sight they attracted no crowd. Our population had taken to subterranean quarters. No soldiers were to be seen stationed thereabout in the streets. Up to this moment I had witnessed neither ruin nor carnage on all the battle field that I had wandered over!

My mother, who with my sister had returned home before the alarm had sounded, had gone up to a garret window when the cannon firing began and, view being uninterrupted, on looking down toward the gasworks, only four to five hundred yards direct from our house, and a less distance below the railroad bridge, had made out something of the movements of the Confederates. As she continued in her exposed situation, noting after a while that several men sheltered by the railroad embankment were firing their rifles, she was suddenly made to realize that the post of voluntary observer during a battle is not respected by the laws of nations as neutral ground. A whizzing bullet sped by her; it was not more than three inches from her nose, she now declared to me. She had been seen — and sighted — by a Southern sharp-shooter! She hastily retired to the cellar. In the excitement of this incident she had been the less affected by my absence.

Up to this time our house had escaped damage. None to their homes was reported by the neighbours, who gathered to hear me tell about the flag of truce. The enemy shells had also in this quarter soared high and sung their song afar before announcing by a nasty crash in the distance their due explosion.

Mother, convinced that there would be a renewal of the bombardment if the effort at a truce were a failure decided we had better get away from our part of town which would be sure to suffer seriously if a battle in

earnest should take place. She collected some sleeping garments and set out with her two reluctant children up Main street. It was now quiet; few persons were to be seen. We moved slowly, at mother's pace. We had reached but a short distance west of the Square when a lively firing by the Confederate batteries began again. No truce had been agreed upon. In a half-minute hardly a soul was to be seen by us in any direction, but mother in order to get to a friend's house further up town pressed onward. A shell exploded with deafening force back by the First Presbyterian Church; another across the street from us; several near, both to the east and west. A man with a stentorian voice roared at us from over the way; he had sought shelter in an alley between houses; I remember his grammar: "For God's sake, woman, take them children off the street. Do you want all to be killed?" But it was not until we had reached the Methodist Church, opposite the Mansion House, that mother gave up going on to the point she had had in mind. We found cover in the dwelling in Pitt street next the church. We sat there in the basement with the occupants and several other refugees until the cannonading ceased. This second spell of firing, like the first, was brief.

Quiet restored, mother soon wanted to go home. Slowly we retraced our steps. It may now have been 10 o'clock or later. When we entered our parlour and made a light it was to see a cart-load heap of bricks and stones in and in front of the chimney place and a coating of mortar dust in all parts of the room. Mother's screams betrayed her fears that the house — her home for fifty years — was about to fall. Her trials during that day of feverish excitement had been too much for her. She wept and wailed. I went up stairs. On the second floor the damage was small, but in the garret the chimney was much broken up. The parlour floor debris had fallen down a chimney flue. Pieces of the shell that had struck the chimney were scattered about on the garret floor. Besides, at two places in the roof, one near the further end of the house, close to the floor, and one midway up toward the comb, shells had passed through without exploding. The four holes in the shingles were as clean as though cut by carpenter tools.

Neighbours came. The two or three men among them were of opinion that there was no immediate

danger of the battered chimney falling. The rear chimney of the house was intact. The ancient idea now passed round that no place in battle is so safe as where a ball has struck. Whether they were controlled by that thought I can't say, but mothers brought their small children to our cellar, which was dry, spacious, and ventilated and had a street door, and said they would spend the night there with us. I brought down a settee and chairs and spread on the floor bits of carpet. Soon the babies slept and the mothers whispered their fears. Then silence. Even mother, despite her nerves, dreamed.

Toward midnight I slipped out of the cellar intent on learning the trend of the battle. Going along East street to Louther, I found, in cover between the large stone houses of the Sheaffer and Alexander families, which stand on opposite sides of the street, a mass of soldiers in line after line. I asked, "What regiment?" Was answered, "The Twenty-second New York." But there could not have been more than two hundred men in the compact body. Wishing to see Union soldiers similarly posted in waiting elsewhere, ready to repel an attack, I innocently inquired, "Where are the rest of the regiment?" A joker replied: "In the cellars!" There was a laugh. A dash up Louther street by the enemy had been expected. I was warned to get home.

I obeyed. From a rear second story window I looked northeast and east over open plots and fields, in those days our house being at the last limit of the town in that quarter. I saw a striking evidence that the Confederates knew their job. Long rows of the brick barracks buildings, in a direct line half a mile away, were in flames. The big lumber yard, much nearer, was also brilliantly burning. This spectacular destructiveness was going on without the slightest noise. Not a shot was to be heard. In fact, but little firing of small arms had taken place during the entire engagement. The dead silence enhanced the impressiveness of the scene. The "Rebs" were gone.

Toward morning three or four cannon reports came to our ears from a point south of the town. The Confederates thus told us they had cut around and were making their way off in safety. Our militia force had not made any attempt to intercept them in their march to join the main Southern army.

Evading my mother, who would have said, "Nay," I quietly went to bed in my own room and did not return to the cellar. Below, all were sleeping soundly after their day of jubilee, and night of terror.

Next morning the first incident at our home was a call from a member of the Twenty-second. Seeing me at the gate of our side lot he asked for a cup of coffee. In a moment my mother had him as our guest at breakfast. He was deeply sensible that he was encountering the hardships of war. The long march of sixteen miles the day before, the horrible surprise (jar) given him and his comrades by the appearance of the Confederates, the disagreeable shocks of the shelling, the fatiguing wait of his group during the night in expectancy of a bloody charge on them at the Louther street corner—all these trials, with little food or sleep, to one, like himself, soft muscled and unaccustomed to roughing it, had been painfully wearing. His comrades were men of gentle breeding, like himself, he admitted. Here, not quoting exact words, I am merely reviving impressions of a softly yearning for home and mother.

I now looked about in our block for effects of the shelling. Mrs. Dwen's house, directly opposite ours, had been hit, on the roof and the front wall, in about a dozen places, by what some war veterans later pronounced canister shot and others fragments of ordinary shells. Search in the street and gardens within a hundred yards of our door yielded me about thirty bits of metal, some, if not all, probably from the shell that had burst at our chimney. Other boys, soon at search, picked up pieces of the same character, but I had gathered most of this treasure dropped from the skies. Only one other house in our immediate locality had been hit. The souvenirs were rare.

My further inquiries in and about town that day brought me to conclude that most of the buildings struck were along the Main street line. The term "damage" might suggest exaggeration of the total effects of the shelling. Among the conspicuous hits were two on the street wall of the First Presbyterian Church. In front of that building lay a dead horse, heels up, probably killed by the shell, the terrific explosion of which near us had so much frightened my mother.

I cannot recall hearing, at that time or subsequently of any serious casualties that night among either citizens or Union soldiers. Some of the deaths from illness

that took place in the community within a few weeks were adjudged traceable to fright or exposure to the chill of the cellars during the night of terror. On several house fronts struck by missiles the fact was later recorded by a marble tablet or simply by a painted date "July 1, 1863."

I never heard of any estimate made of the number of cannon shots fired that night by the Confederates. There is reason to believe that all, or nearly all, the shells thrown during the first spell of firing went clear over the town. It is highly probable that the artillery commandant, surely provided with a glass, before beginning the action knew of the crowds of citizens and soldiers in the heart of the town; his scouts could see from the gas works cross roads, people at market place and other parts of the Square. Had he so intended he could have quite accurately directed death dealing shot among them, only half a mile away.

Of these inferences I received confirmation many years after the war. Mr. Louis Faller, while travelling, in the South I believe, fell into a talk with a gentleman who when Mr. Faller mentioned he was from Carlisle, said he had been a Major in the Southern force that had made the artillery attack on the town just before the battle of Gettysburg. It was—(as had long been known)—J. E. B. Stewart's cavalry under Fitz Hugh Lee, (the latter destined to be, nearly forty years afterward, a Major-General, U. S. A.) It was a case of both sides being surprised, the Union force coming to Carlisle from the eastern part of the country by the Harrisburg pike and the Southerners from the southeastern by the York and Harrisburg dirt roads — converging radiations. Lee and Stewart moved in the belief that their infantry had not all left Carlisle. The Union General commanding took it for granted that the Confederates had gone away for good. The converging was unintentional. The situation was such as an opera bouffe is built upon. The Confederates, seasoned fighters, calmly took up the little task of throwing confusion into the inexperienced Union militia by a lively play of artillery fire purposely harmless to non-combatants, followed by a demand for surrender, to kill time, squads detailed meantime to set fire to the barracks and the lumber yard and gasworks close at hand, while the main body made its way out the Holly dirt road and thence by cross-country ways to the pike

that led on south toward Gettysburg. This plan of leaders familiar with the art of war, at the head of tough old soldiers who knew their part of the work, of course easily triumphed over a General who on being surprised seems to have had no idea further than putting his feather-bed raw militia on the defensive in places of safety.

The morning after the shelling streams of people, still panic stricken, fled from the town to points of rest in the country northward, mainly along the Conodoguinet, at or near the cave. They returned in the evening laughing at their fears and the absurdities of their flight. The Confederates had vanished; the Union men, mostly, had marched off. Gettysburg was in full blast, the second day of the awful battle.

We, the Sullivans, were among those refugees, who picnicked that afternoon about a mill near the creek. Our immediate party was led by mother, who had insisted in going away from where, in her mind, homes were being razed by pitiless cannon. Among the members were Mrs. Dwen, my sister and the elderly and nervous Misses Fanny and Margaret McManus. I was the only male in this party. All the women had loaded themselves up with what they called valuables, but soon grew tired of carrying them. 'Tis well I had developed the toting strength of a donkey. Miss Margaret's volubility was in ceaseless play. In the course of her correcting all men and things, she declared that I was an arrant coward; I was old enough to be out fighting the rebels, a gun on my shoulder. My nerves were already tried. For several days I had had toothache!.. In comparison with my vexations of this day, apart from the toothache, the shelling had been fun.

Since that memorable "battle of Carlisle"—alluded to in that form of words by a field officer of the Twenty-second in giving his record on taking a high position on the New York Police Force — my mind has entertained unsatisfied queries relative to the activities of the Union troops on the occasion. I am in the dark thereto, never, as I have said, having read an official report of the affair and not being able to gain, at the time or since, from writers or verbal tradition weavers, much that I have ached to know on the subject.

Why, when the gallant Twenty-second and the other regiments were about entering Carlisle on their march hither in the afternoon, did they not seize and hold the

abandoned barracks which they were passing at a short stone's throw? Their dress parade reoccupation of the town signified nothing, except, perhaps, desire for a hurrah in newspaperdom: "Another City recaptured from the retreating rebels!" A few companies of infantry stationed at the post might have well been able to drive off the small detachment of Confederate cavalry that so speedily brought it to ashes.

Why was not some effort made to seize and hold Holly Gap at the earliest moment on that afternoon or in the evening as soon as the cannonading began? Surely the Union commander knew the importance of this road. It was the only one through the long South Mountain range in a stretch of many miles except by a long roundabout zigzag route. In 1923, in visiting this gap with Captain Smead he and I saw how with the felling of trees and blowing up of the roadway at narrow defiles the almost perpendicular mountain sides would have rendered a passage most difficult. The single company of mounted Union troops reaching Carlisle half a day before the New York militia and a score of farmers with axes might have kept Fitz Hugh Lee and Stewart from giving the help they did to the main Confederate army on its retirement after Gettysburg. Was the commanding officer at Carlisle marching without a map that would have suggested obviously this possible exploit? Did none of the leading citizens who crowded about him at his hotel headquarters on his arrival indicate to him any points for strategy?

Why, when the morning after the shelling it became a certainty at headquarters that the Confederates were gone far on their way toward Gettysburg, were the terrorized women and children fleeing in large numbers not officially notified that their flight out of town was inadvisable? (In 1914, warning from the American Embassies to U. S. A. citizens not to give way to the panic which was filling even the ship steerages with refugees from the war in Europe doubtless saved lives and prevented losses. Mrs. S. and I waited until the rush across the Atlantic was over, in October.)

That fateful night of July 1, while going about as I did from the moment of the first alarm when the Union soldiers on their arrival were enjoying their treat at the market house until I went to bed after midnight, my mind was occupied with "wondering why" one thing or another was not being done in the defense.

When walking homeward after the first shelling I wondered that I heard from our side no firing — no boom of cannon, no rattle of infantry arms, no hurrahs from our cavalry dashing and pistol firing? I wondered if there was to be no counter attack. Where were our troops? When I myself saw that the flag of truce party coming up lower Main street was not halted until near where I stood watching them approaching I wondered why none of our soldiers had been placed as sharpshooters near the Confederate artillery. The bridge piers, only half leveled to the ground and the railroad embankment beyond were ready-made breast-works. Why not a charge on the enemy? After I had seen the Twenty-second's "rump" at the Louthier street corner, waiting in shelter, I wondered whether all the various commands were similarly posted in comparative safety. What had they come for? But—I admit that I could not pose these queries, even to my own mind except in the character of a youngster totally ignorant of the science of war. For all that, I would today like to get replies.

And I should like to know if this rich story is true. As told, Miss Polly Maginnis, elderly, excitable, dashed into the big room at headquarters where the Union General was busy with a crowd of advisers and heroically declared: "Never surrender!" And years after good citizens petitioned our government for a pension as reward for this histrionic play of enthusiastic patriotism.

That night as, before turning in to bed, I looked at the grand spectacle of the big lumber yard burning—only a three minutes' run from me—I wondered if the government would compensate Shrom and Delancey, owners, our neighbors. In Carlisle, nine years ago, one of its citizens told me it had never done so. He asserted: "They were poor men to the end of their days." Tardieu said at the close of the World War: "The losses in our devastated regions are to be the losses of all France and not of individuals."

When the Confederates and the Union militiamen from the cities had alike marched away, never to come again, our Carlislens gossiped about the composition of both forces viewed as men and not as either aids or adversaries. Judged by conduct the Confederates, so far as I heard opinions expressed, had won a general verdict in their favour. Their behaviour was the bet-

ter, as to language especially. I heard Confederates more than once say, in effect, that every Southern soldier was expected to be a gentleman. What was meant, I suppose, was that their Army of Northern Virginia was disciplined and held to a civilized bearing toward the general population. I heard report of but one serious infringement of that rule. On the other hand, I was witness on several occasions to unprovoked insults offered citizens by the militiamen. The Shafer mansion, its doors hospitably opened by the family to the Twenty-second men grouped in front of it, was "abused abominably," the words of neighbours who saw the damaged furniture and defaced walls afterward. Our citizens exhibited only kindness and generosity toward these raw recruits; from whom on their return to New York, and for years afterward, came descriptions of their reception by the people of Southern Pennsylvania as hostile or at least the reverse of friendly. I was hotly indignant when during the years I lived in New York, I came upon similar animadversions in the local press. On the whole, however, facts which proclaim man a savage can in endless number be gathered wherever there is an army engaged in killing. As for North vs. South, wrangling over the burning of Columbia and the atrocities of Andersonville may score for both sides. In what I have here written, I have attempted no more than testimony with respect to the time, place and men I have brought under consideration.

It was only a day or so after Carlisle's little taste of actual conflict, when news of the awful carnage at Gettysburg began coming. While it was generally expected that thousands of the dead and dying would be brought our way and that swarms of the slightly wounded and "missing" would arrive on foot, it was not so. Very few of either class came North over the mountains to our locality. Carlisle never had much of a military hospital during the war. Aside from the old building at the barracks I can recall only one, a private dwelling, in use for soldiers in the town. Neither did our community receive any of the many thousand Confederate prisoners taken in the great battle.

As to the reverberations of the tremendous cannonading on the 1st, 2nd and especially the 3rd of July, whether they were at all audible in Carlisle was a point

disputable. Your father has always said he had heard them, but only faintly when standing down by the gas-works cross roads. I have contended I was everywhere else around-about, listening for them, and I heard none. The intervening mountains blocked them off.

And was the weather dry or wet? Another point in dispute. My recollection is that in and about Carlisle it was generally fair, with showers, before the long fight, but that immediately after it there was a deluge. In the roads about our town army wagons were sunk in mud to the hub. Was not the escape of General Lee's army said to be more or less due to bad roads which made pursuit of it difficult?

Sightseers began flocking to the Gettysburg battle grounds on the 4th, the day after the Confederate retreat and have been continuously going there in crowds ever since, increasing in numbers with the automobile age. When I was there last, seven years ago, on a Sunday, thousands were wandering about the thirty square miles of park-like government reservation, marked off as it is with memorials of the three-days struggle. Every corps, every brigade, every regiment, has its monument—in variety and richness remarkable. Metal index signs relate the story of the battle. "Here fell 'General' or 'Colonel' Blank." "Here took place Picket's charge, when a thousand men died." "Here a gallant Confederate regiment (North Carolinians) pierced the Union line." A row of modern hotels is kept up by the visitors. Immediately after the battle hundreds of Carlislens walked the twenty or more miles to the scene, covering thousands of acres. To my disappointment I had to work in the printing office, but with your father, military books in hand, have since tramped over the field.

You have asked me, "How many were there?" As to the Confederates engaged in the invasion north of the Potomac, the Count of Paris, serving as French observer with General Meade's staff, in his carefully prepared work estimates the number as "about 90,000." The Union army in defence he puts at "about 100,000." The "World" Almanac, a carefully edited publication, says the Confederates had but 65,000 effectives in the battle, "their cavalry not having come up." These figures, however, do not apply to the Confederate forces that came to Carlisle. The main body of Lee's army was at no time in Cumberland County.

It cut across country from Chambersburg to Gettysburg, moving south of the mountain ridge and the county line. Only a part of one corps, Ewell's, passed through Carlisle. How many men? My answer, in my uncertainty, would be: "At most, twenty thousand. Perhaps not more than ten thousand."

What as to every-day life in borderland Carlisle during the long and anxious four years of the war? The town and its vicinity had continuously several hundred of its sons in the army — the number at times may have reached four to five hundred. The shadow of death in battle hung over them all, for most of those in assignments at the rear were subject to orders for the front. Word reached town from time to time: "There has been another big battle!" Soon came the lists of killed and wounded. Next, one heard: "My husband," "My son," "My brother," "is dead" or "wounded." In a few rare cases, "So and So is missing," possibly meaning "has deserted," or "fled from the field."

The peace time inquiry regarding a male relative "How is he getting along?" expressing hope that the one "asked after" was doing well in his material affairs, in war time became "Have you heard from him lately?" implying a fear that he had met his death. Ordinary business was usually at a standstill except where there were war contracts.

Notes: In the general ebullient exhibition of patriotic sentiment in the first months, good intentions indeed outran knowledge and wisdom. Many of the flags that swung from almost every house were home-made, the patterns in cases ludicrously far from regular. I saw a mother and her daughter sewing at a grand new flag of their own design, one long and wide enough to cover half the house front. When I told them that the United States flag had no blue stripes — theirs had — their disappointment was keen. McCartney's company, when first at drill in town, carried a type of sword I afterward saw at Booth's Theatre in "Julius Caesar," a blunt, short, broad, heavy meat-chopper. I have often wondered where these "properties" came from. Sergeants from the garrison were assigned to the newly recruited three-year infantry companies to teach them elementary evolutions and the manual of arms. Years afterward I heard our veterans laughing over the fact that on reaching Westchester

they were obliged to unlearn these instructions; the sergeants had taught them cavalry drill. Quite throughout the war period it was the fashion for mothers to put in gay home-made uniforms their small children — girls as well as boys. The U. S. Commissary Department would in many cases have been puzzled to attribute the various styles to their proper branch of the army. Some mothers had a pride in uniforming their small boys correctly; little Johnnie Rhey had a zouave suit with a red cap. The camp soldiers (and followers) attracted to Rheem's Hall, sole amusement house of the town, a scrubby lot of variety troupes. One of these brought scandal to the community; some of its actresses actually appeared in ballet costume. New war songs, pathetic or martial, came out frequently. Every square had a prima donna who, on summer evenings would sit on the front porch of her home and sing, the children of the neighbourhood gathered about her as chorus. In the house next door to the Smeads lived a girl about twelve years of age, who with a sweet voice and an aptitude for popular music, acquired a repertory that gave her local fame. I can hear her today. "When This Cruel War is Over," "Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "The Captain with the Whiskers," "Marching Through Georgia."

How war wrecks men and brings confusion to social and moral values!

Social values! For example: There used to come to town, "from over the North Mountain," it was indefinitely said, a Red Indian, the only one to be seen in our part of Pennsylvania. He was short, squat, fat, bow-legged; his coarse black hair hung touzled on his shoulders; his physiognomy, in its fixed distortions, was hideous; his odour was vile; his speech animal grunts. His errand to town was to get drunk. As to his work, it was said he was a woodchopper in the mountain forests. In all, his "value" to society, was a detrimental liability. In the war, he became an asset. He could, perhaps, shoot one of the enemy. In the time of "the draft" I saw him one day coming out of the examining doctors' rooms, on the ground floor below us of the printing office, in the rear of the First Presbyterian Church, a soldier having him in charge. He had passed the physical examination and was being conducted to quarters to be uniformed and sent on to the

army. Later, gossip said that a well-to-do man who had been caught in the conscription lottery had bought the Indian as a substitute at a bargain price. Instead of an "A1" soldier the government thus took a "Z26." In the ranks this human beast was to count, like every other private, one to slay, or be slain. This outrage on the service was exceptional. Perhaps in this case it lasted no longer than the few weeks or few days the low creature kept sober; but it illustrates one form of the overturning of civilization in time of war.

"Thou Shalt Not Kill!" (Except on orders.) In a big brick building next our printing office, formerly a hotel stable, an infantry company from "up state" doing provost guard duty was for a time quartered. We 'prentice compositors at work at our street windows, soon knew many of the men by sight. One was an athletic young sergeant, often "in evidence" through his high spirits and rather reckless habits. Another was a man who looked the oldest age of enlistment—forty-five. One day, the sergeant, taking a joy ride on horseback, came up in front of the company quarters several times and joked boisterously with comrades grouped on the sidewalk. We boys commented on the sergeant's gaiety; the soldiers, we heard afterward "guessed he was out for fun." He was. He galloped down to the "Poplar lot," where a herd of government horses were corraled, rode among them, selected one and started to drive it to the street. The sentinel at the gate was his middle aged comrade. This guard performed his duty — to the end. He forbade the sergeant to take out the horse. The sergeant impatiently ordered the private aside, refused to show authority to take charge of the animal and attempted to force his way out. The private, after giving the regulation warning, in defence of his own integrity shot the sergeant dead. In only a few minutes after we printers had seen him riding off so gaily, word of the young man's death reached us. On court-marshal the private was exonerated. "Unauthorized taking possession of government property" in war times justifies comrade on duty killing comrade violating duty.

When the Confederates came they found no colored people in Carlisle. These had fled. Exceptions possibly, a very few, aged or ill, hidden away in their humble dwellings. Fear of being enslaved had caused the able bodied to disappear. When the campaign

was over, Lee again south of the Potomac, the mass of them reappeared. In taking up with their old life they found in the town, as competitors for their work, that of servants and manual labourers, late camp followers and roustabouts of the Southern forces, left behind in the retreat. All through the war, before and after the date of the emancipation proclamation, negroes of the field hand class from the Shenandoah valley poured into Southern Pennsylvania, Carlisle getting its full proportion. The burden of dragging them up to the simplest elements of civilized customs fell on the communities in which they ended their flight. Much of this task was borne for years — generations, even — by the coloured workers who had preceded the refugees to our region. This aspect of the sufferings of the black race and the tax on the white would call for serious treatment in any history aiming at a comprehensive review of the costs of the war. The picturesque bombing of Carlisle, a mere simulation of warfare, a feint to cover a retreat, had been a stock subject for description by the good white folks who shared in its thrills. The distresses of the miserable negroes in the Gettysburg campaign — of all that we of the other race seldom or never heard one word.

Taty Coyle was a young Irish-American, who when he enlisted in the Regular Army betrayed his unsophistication in replying to the question "Your trade?" by "Blacksmith." Sophisticated recruits return: "No trade," aware of the danger of being put to work at an occupation of which they admit knowledge, and kept at it during their term of enlistment, at a private's pocket-money stipend. How often since the World War have we heard its veterans declare with cynical merriment that every man of them soon learned to report himself as knowing nothing about anything when a squad was told off to perform at "fatigue" a task involving a particle of skill! Taty was put to work in the blacksmith shop at Carlisle barracks, to sweat at bellows and anvil month in and month out, his opportunities rare to show himself in the fine uniform of the permanent company. Handsome, athletic, intelligent, he longed for the day when he could prove himself worthy of promotion. At last it came. In the summer of '63 the barracks command was sent on scouting duty in the Shenandoah valley. One day a patrol from it came upon a small party of mounted

Confederates and gave them chase. Taty, riding his horse furiously, drew ahead of his comrades. He caught up with the lone last man among the pursued and by fiercely shouted threats induced him to halt and surrender. Taty turned him over to the first of his comrades who came up and galloped off at once and in a few minutes had a second laggard rebel a prisoner. This feat at capture he performed three times. The exploit brought fame to his company, commendation to its officer in command and to Taty on his return soon after to the barracks, his reassignment to anvil and bellows and sweat. This outcome of the affair created gossip. I spoke to a non-commissioned officer. "Oh," he said, "being blacksmith, Coyle had chosen the best horse in the company!" I asked Taty, who knew me as one of his youthful admirers at times as he juggled white-hot iron at the anvil: "What about that?" He admitted: "I did, several times pick out for myself a good horse — and each time a non-com. exercised his pull in taking it from me. There were in the company several better horses than mine." I could not detect in Taty's manner any intention of again risking his life under the spur of ambition! He had had his first, but most important, lessons in the education of the soldier — the "old soldier." The play of ignoble qualities seen in these experiences of a private has a larger scope the higher the rank. Witness — any "Life" of Generals — McClellan in '62; Foch in 1914-'18; Kitchener in 1914. The other night I heard Marshal Sir William Robertson complaining on the radio of his small salary today as compared with the rewards in ordinary business and his due punishment for bucking against rivals. Jealousy cheated a Carlisle Colonel out of his due General's commission, his friends declare.

One of our neighbours in Carlisle, a fine, well-educated young naval officer, was detailed as engineer on one of the Monitors watching for the movement possibly to be made by the Confederate iron-clads in Virginia waters. After about eighteen months he was a physical wreck for life through the long-continued exposure to the excessive heat of the "pepper box" and the tropical summer sun. His vessel never fired a gun in action. Prisoners in a penitentiary were well off compared with him as he thus participated in the "glories of war." Yet, fifty years after his experiences other fine, well-educated Carlisle men were obliged to

go to war, to be wrecked for life or to be mourned among the dead. The sin of war goes on.

North and South are now at peace. The Union is intact. One radical difference in the constitution of Southern society: Slavery is abolished. Three million slaves were set free. That is, they were free "to move on." The cost by war to bring about this situation of an indissoluble Union and of a burden shifted from individual slave masters to the nation as a whole included: Losses by death, 300,000; soldiers engaged, 3,000,000; in pensions alone since the war, money enough to have paid for every slave more than \$2,000! But the South refused to listen to manumission with compensation. It wanted slavery.

The war years 1861-'64 brought me significant facts to ponder over, did it not? It brought before me scenes to touch my heart; witness my accompanying Tom's company to Holly in a fond spirit of comradeship and my evening in a fraternal relationship before Tom's own door with Confederate soldiers, perhaps the very men who killed him. Both these military companies were made up of young Americans, kindly, good citizens, ordinarily peaceable, men who wanted to live and let live. At the thought of either, Northern or Southern, my heart leaps with good will and admiration for them in their youth and manliness. And war set them to killing one another. A few weeks ago, at Briand's funeral, a strange situation was created by a great body of the marchers raising a discordant shout which they repeated ceaselessly, "La paix! La paix!" Their behaviour was adjudged untimely, but it was their method of telling France what was burning in their hearts — a desire for peace. I am with people of this sentiment, no matter their country, race or colour, or their methods of uttering a heartfelt call.

J. W. SULLIVAN.