

youder," she said, pointing to a house in the distance, "were twenty or thirty more wounded men of both sides." I told her of my adventures, and she seemed to be interested in my recital. She said she was older than I, and advised me to go back to Washington and stay there until the war was over. Meanwhile a surgeon of one of General Shields's regiments had arrived, and with medicines and bandages and sticks, attended to the wants of the wounded. Here I took my first dose of quinine. The doctor told me I looked sick, and declared that I "would surely get an attack of the ague," after my exposure. This was almost too good a place to leave, but in the afternoon I did so, and after a great march, sometimes riding and sometimes walking, I reached Washington again. Up to this time it will be seen that I was not yet a soldier, and I have thought that what I have written is somewhat out of place here, but, as it is done, I cannot forbear giving it a place, if for nothing else but by way of introduction.

CHAPTER II.

FROM ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF JUNE, 1862, WHEN I LEFT WASHINGTON FOR THE WEST, UNTIL THE LATTER PART OF OCTOBER IN THE SAME YEAR, WHEN I WAS AT CRAB ORCHARD, KENTUCKY, AS A PRIVATE SOLDIER OF COMPANY "B," OF THE EIGHTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT, ILLINOIS INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS.

1. DURING one of my many journeys to and from Washington in the spring of 1862, I chanced to be upon the railroad train from that city to Baltimore. In the cars were many convalescent soldiers; some had been wounded, and were discharged and being sent home, to recruit that great army of cripples already appearing in the various States of the North; others, not so badly off, were on furlough and leave of absence, and going to their homes for a season, in the full uniform of the army, and this without being under any of the restraints or inconveniences of army discipline. Among others on the train I met and became acquainted with Mr. Henry Weaver, whose home was at Loda, in Iroquois county, in the State of