

THE FUGELMAN

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SECOND WISCONSIN VOLUNTEER INFANTRY ASSOCIATION

THE BLACK HAT BRIGADE---THE IRON BRIGADE

1861-1865

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FU-GEL-MAN: A well-drilled soldier placed in front of a military company as a model or guide for others.

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PASS IN REVIEW

From the quill of Lt. Colonel Pete Seielstad



Now is the time for planning and preparation for 2015. Check out the 'Approved' merchant's catalogue. Send out your wish list for Christmas. Resupply your haversack and backpack. At the annual meeting we'll be deciding on which events to add to our calendar. Prior planning is important and takes a lot of the guesswork out of which events will be in the 2nd Wisconsin's best interests.

Our last campaign ended in the cold valley of Poplar Creek. Fall in the year 1864 found us on the heels of the confederate general Sterling Price (Ol' Pap) as we portrayed Company I of the 8th Wisconsin.

The scenario at Norskedalen was indeed a special event for me because it was taken from a letter of my great grandmother. Maggie Emmert wrote the letter in Jan. 1865 to her cousin Capt. Robert Hawk of the 92nd Illinois Vol. Inf. (Mounted). My sister has had the original in her possession for as long as I can remember of which I have a photocopy. Remembering that I had it, and after reading it again, it became the basis of our scenario. Her actions were not heroic in any grand way. In fact it was nothing more than seeing that the hungry soldiers were fed. But it was an experience of anxiety and fear as the war passed by her home.

It was indeed an honor to have my friends of the 2nd Wisconsin and our adversaries of the 41st Virginia, 10th Tennessee as well as the 1st South Carolina contribute to scenario near Ft. Scott Kansas. Thank you all!

Recently, I've had to step aside and let others take over at an event or prepare a battle scenario. It does take a lot of confidence to let others meet the challenge. I felt like an armchair general; wanting to play but knowing I have to let others make their own calls. Kevin Hampton [Wade House] and John Dudkiewicz [Norskedalen] have met the challenge and I must applaud their success. Yes, I had a hand in some of the planning but these gentlemen brought it all to fruition.

It is not only these two gents that make an event. It is the culmination of all your efforts in making a successful experience. The hours of preparation, the winter months spent on the drill field and the camaraderie on the march and while at events, create the esprit de corps that we all enjoy. I can only say, "Well done 2nd Wisconsin, well done indeed!"

Your obedient servant,

Lt. Col. Pete Seielstad

EDITORIAL

A THANKSGIVING MESSAGE TO THE TROOPS!



Fall has arrived and the profusion of color and the crispness in the air reminds us that the reenacting season is drawing to a close. The beauty of God's creation titillates our senses at this time of the year. The golds, reds, browns and yellows show us nature in all its glory. God is truly an artist when he paints nature in all these colors for us to enjoy! And for that this editor is grateful!

Gratitude is the foundation of the fast approaching holiday of Tanksgiving. By the very nature of the holiday it makes us stop and look back and account for the many blessings in our lives. And as Americans (and historians) we do have much for which to be grateful. That doesn't mean we should overlook our challenges. Jobs, good jobs, are not out there for us and our families. Unlike in President Lincoln's time, when political differences didn't halt progressive government, today we face political gridlock on an unimaginable scale. We have lost the ability to compromise in the name of effective government. Poverty and race relations have reared their ugly heads in new ways that need to be addressed. We have challenges from foreign affairs which can drive us crazy.

Despite all these concerns and more, we do have much for which to be grateful. Just as in October of 1863, when Lincoln issued his proclamation for a Day of Thanksgiving, we have had a banner year for crops across the country. While in 1863 the economy was booming, today it is gaining momentum with each passing month. The War of the Rebellion had turned in the Union's favor with the victories at Gettysburg and Vicksburg. The war in Iraq is over and the troops will be coming home from Afghanistan in the coming year.

The members of the Second Wisconsin had a very good year. Our events were well attended and the men in the ranks served well! Your military officers and corporate leaders are indeed grateful for your support of these various events! It is something we are very thankful for as your leaders. Your dedication to the units of the Association are unfathomable but then we have come to expect nothing less from the men!

But just as your Company and Association leaders are thankful for your efforts, you too have much to be thankful for this year. For the most part, the weather for our events was wonderful. It was a good summer overall for reenactors. The events themselves were challenging with new and unique attributes to enhance our enjoyment of the events. We were able to interact with our comrades from different companies at events that provided new friendships and experiences. And we can truly be grateful for the friends and comrades we have made over the years as reenactors. They are like our family. We have broken bread together, served on the battle line together, swapped stories, interacted with the public, attended family functions for one another, and slept together. We have spent so much time together we can finish one another's sentences at times. We share a passion for history and accurate portrayals of the soldiers of the civil war. We have more in common than we do with some of our own family members. We understand each other!

Last weekend a group of members of Company K who have moved on (and a couple who are still active) got together in Madison for a reunion. We all agreed that we missed seeing one another and that our old comradeship was something we still valued.

So as we gather with our families this year to give thanks for our many blessings let us remember our comrades from the Second Wisconsin as one of the best blessings from the last year. Your officers and the editor of the newsletter want to take this opportunity to wish you a wonderful

thanksgiving celebration. May you and your family have the best holiday ever!

CAMPAIGN SCHEDULES OF THE COMPANIES AND ASSOCIATION

NOVEMBER

8th	Veterans Day Parade (Co.K)	Milwaukee,WI.
11 th	Veterans' Day at the Capital (Co. K)	Madison, WI
15th	Gettysburg Remembrance Day (Co.K)	Gettysburg,PA.

REGIMENTAL DISPATCHES

***An after-action report from the Norskedalen event from John
Dudkiewicz:***

After Action Report

October 13, 1864

Colonel,

I have the honor to report the action of Co I of the 8th Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, who were nearly continually engaged with enemy forces on the 11th and 12th inst., while near a farmstead at a stream by the name of Poplar Creek.

At about 9:30 o'clock on Saturday morning, responding to scouts reporting the enemy was advancing toward our camp in three heavy columns, I deployed one-third of my strength to a hill to the north, and 2/3 to the south rise of our position. I determined to frustrate the enemy by ordering the north force, under the command of Srgt Schwandt to draw those arrayed against him as far north as possible, and the south force under the

command of Srgt Holbrook, similarly to draw the enemy as far south as possible alternately by engagement and disengagement.

I accompanied the south force, further dividing the command by ordering a platoon under the charge of Corp Yocum to take a high ground position, and flank the enemy when Srgt Holbrook's platoon drew them past. Corp. Yocum's force was eventually put in a perilous position as two enemy columns of superior strength each interposed themselves between my commands, causing a loss of contact. I remained with 2nd platoon who withdrew to the west, up a severe rise, and nearly into a cornfield over the course of 45 minutes of continual fighting and near capture. We had a strong force to our front, with our flanks continually harassed. Our dwindling numbers were eventually overwhelmed at the cornfield, and the seven remaining were captured by 23 of the enemy, some of whom were aggressive and angry for having to pursue us over such a great distance over difficult terrain. We later discovered that nearly the entire confederates arrayed against us were in pursuit at the end.

We were paroled and Srgt Holbrook determined a direct route back to camp. Special commendation is to be considered for Corp Yocum, who by chance of battle was forced to take his platoon independently and performed admirably throughout. Also to Srgt Holbrook, I recommend promotion to the Cartography Corp, for his ability to determine a straight line of march in the two dimensional sense, which was exceedingly challenging in the three dimensional sense, from our parole point to back to camp.

After a brief respite, our company was again active at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when we marched to the sound of the 2nd Iowa artillery placing counter battery fire on the enemy. I threw forward skirmishers under Srgt Boesel, who found a very superior force in his front. I quickly detached an understrength platoon under the command of Srgt Schwandt, to a rise, left of the enemy, with orders to flank him when I was able to cause him to deploy his forces.

By mistake of the inexperienced Union commander, a delay was caused in the defense of our ground through failure to advance to meet the enemy in time to prevent unnecessary casualties on our side. Srgt Schwandt saved the main force by performing a textbook flanking maneuver from the high ground, turning the enemies left. Effective work from the 2nd Iowa Battery allowed me to then send the first platoon under the command of Srgt Beseler, around the flankers, and take a position in the rear of the enemy.

By final advance, we were able to then secure a large lot of prisoners, who were taken behind our lines. Here I must commend 1st Srgt Beseler, who in his first independent command perfectly encircled the enemy which allowed for complete victory.

Upon our returning to camp, we happened across a farmstead, where a gracious lady shared bread and coffee with our men who were spent and hungry from the day's campaign. When the prisoners were marched past, they were such a sorry lot that some of our men took pity on them, and shared the precious food they had just received.

Unable to provide for the extra mouths, and desiring to not listen to the words emanating from the same, I paroled them on the provision they return to their homes.

The company spent a cold evening in camp, preceded by friendly contests and entertainment, while enjoying a large stash of fermented beverages that had been acquired by some of our bummers.

Sunday dawned early and cool, and the Union company commander sought council from his more learned and experienced superiors in the event of further action.

Sure enough, at about 9:30 o'clock, word came that the enemy were again advancing in three columns. I ordered Srgt Schwandt to take heavy squad to the south and continuously harass the enemy in any way possible. I am happy to report he was very successful in this endeavor, capturing and paroling an officer on two separate occasions, in different parts of the wilderness.

I remained with the bulk of the company heading to the north-slope, and due to good service the previous day, ordered Corp Yocum and his platoon, to draw the enemy past the rest of the company who I put in the deep brush as ambush. This worked exceedingly well due to the fine action of the Corp's platoon, rushing first east, then west then east again, staying constant contact with the Lt. through the effective use of his runner. As they passed our position for the third time they caused the enemy to stumble into our hidden position, causing a 'domino' effect of capture and counter-capture to take place. One or two of the enemy vocally proclaimed "give up Yank, we have you" and no sooner one of my men popped up from the brush to yell "no..you give up Johnny" followed by a gray back noting "you missed be Billy, now you're my prisoner" only to be surprised by one of my men

imitating a prairie dog emerging from his hole claiming “not so fast, you are mine”. This continued somewhat, until the final 3 of us rose up and faced the confederates, who as one groaned “awwwww”, as we had the last jump on the checkerboard. By mutual consent, we paroled each other and retired to our respective camps.

Special mention for Sunday action must be extended to Srgts’ Boesel and Schwandt, as well as Corp’s Reeck and Yocum and their runner who kept us all in contact.

After a brief time to eat a scant meal, the enemy again approached. This time in the posture of a lone sharpshooter, which two of my more imposing men took as prisoner, and removed from action behind our lines. He was only a precursor to a serious assault.

At the sound of our guns again at work, I quickly deployed by men by company into line, and throwing skirmisher forward under the command of Srgt Bass. He came across a strong force nearly immediately, and rallied on the company. I divided into three platoons, on the left under Srgt Bass, Center under Srgt Schwandt, and right under Srgt Beseler. We advanced as far as I dared, which in retrospect was again too timid for the occasion, but our firing was effective. I sent Srgt Bass’s platoon further forward, then back to the works, and had first and second platoons retreat in ‘skirmish’ fashion to the same.

Taking a strong position there, the enemy came on in fine style, where all at once, a full third of his force were eliminated by canister from our friends, the 2nd Iowa battery. I followed this with a telling volley that staggered the enemy so badly that we were able to charge and capture another large number of prisoners.

We again found ourselves at the farmstead, where once again the lovely angels there cared for our, and the confederate forces there resting.

My strongest compliments to all of the men of my company, who at various times and circumstances fell under the rotating commands of Srgt’s Beseler, Holbrook, Schwandt, Boesel and Bass, Corp’s Yocum and Reeck and the company runner. The entire company patiently followed the commands of their inexperienced LT., who alternately drilled them into and through fire pits, tents, stands of trees and barns, and ordered them occasionally by unusual commands not normally found in Casey’s Drill Manual. All the

time, they kept their good humor and I have the honor to have inadvertently lead them to victory.

Your humble servant,

Lt Sam Sargent, Co I, 8th Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry

ATTENTION TO ORDERS

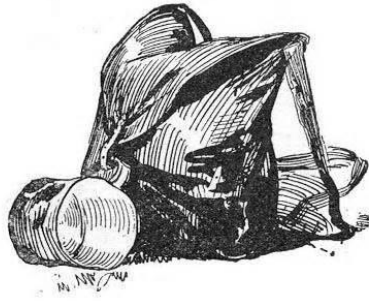
ANNUAL DUES ARE COMING UP

Gentlemen, another reminder that your annual dues are coming due in the very near future. Company annual meetings will soon be conducted and soon after that we will be holding the Association's annual meeting. The dues are due at the Association by January 1st of each year.

It is important for the various company secretaries to compile the roster of members and submit that to the Association prior to the annual meeting. This can't be done accurately if dues have not been paid. So please remember this administrative necessity and get those dues paid as soon as practical.

FROM THE CAMPS OF THE COMPANIES OF THE SECOND WISCONSIN

INFANTRY



COMPANY K

COMPANY K ANNUAL MEETING

Company K will hold its annual meeting on Saturday, November 1, 2014. The meeting will be held at the Lake Mills EMS center, where it has met during the last few years. The meeting is scheduled to begin at 9:00 a.m. and will last until shortly before noon. Below is the agenda set for the meeting as provided by Captain/President Ryan Holbrook.

2015 COMPANY K ANNUAL MEETING

I. Call meeting to order

a. Opening prayer

b. Pledge of Allegiance

II. Secretary's Report

III. Treasurer's Report

IV. President's Report

V. Recruiters' Report

VI. Quartermaster's Report

VII. School Day Report

VIII. Company Campaign Schedule for 2015

a. Spring Drills

b. Badger State Trail March

c. Kenosha Civil War Expo (March 21st)

d. Grant's Home Front (?April 25th & 26th)

e. Company K School Day (May 15th)

f. Milton (May 16th & 17th)

g. Memorial Day Events

1. Madison

2. Milwaukee

h. June 20th-21st? Heritage Hill

i. July 11th-12th? Wauconda Reenactment

j. July 18th-19th Menominee Falls

k. August 1-2nd Boscobel

l. September 5th & 6th Old World Living History

m. September 26th-27th Old Wade House

n. October 6-7

th Stockton

o. October 13th-14th Norskedalen

p. Veteran's Day Parade (2015)

q. Remembrance Day

IX. Election of Officers

a. Corporate Officers

1. President

2. Vice President

3. Treasurer

b. Field Officers

1. 2 Corporals (Charlie Holbrook & Jake Felmouth)

X. Old Business

a. Company Website

b. Company Mess

c. Company Bylaws

d. Company Campaign Schedule

e. Company K Baseball Caps

XI. New Business

a. Creation of Principle Musician Position

b.

XII. Adjournment

**VETERANS DAY EVENT AT THE STATE
CAPITOL**

Bill Raftery is again organizing the ceremony for Veterans Day at the State Capitol in Madison, Wisconsin. He is in need of a couple of people (in uniform) to serve in the color guard for the event. Those involved should meet at 10:30 a.m. on the second floor of the Capitol building. The ceremony begins at 11:00 a.m. and lasts a little over one hour. If you are able to take part in this ceremonial event please notify Bill Raftery at braftery@chorus.net as soon as possible so he will be aware of your intent to join the others from other military time periods.

WREATHS ACROSS AMERICA

The annual Wreaths Across America event will take place in both Madison and Milwaukee on December 13th, 2014. The details of the event in Madison and Milwaukee will appear in next month's *Fugelman*, but a communication was recently posted on the Company K facebook page by Scott Wallich regarding the Madison event. Last year, apparently, there were no representatives from the Civil War era at the event. That is an unacceptable situation and needs to be addressed! The event takes a little more than an hour of your time. Consider attending this event if you live in or near Madison. It uis a small investment of time for an important way of honoring the veterans who have gone on to their eternal rest.

COMPANY B



Bill Beseler of La Crosse and Jared Alexander and John Dudkiewicz of Onalaska, from left, pose for a photo for Jorg Rochlitzer of Iowa Falls, Iowa, who brought antique wet-plate photographic equipment to Norskedalen's Civil War weekend and produced authentic tin type photos of participants.

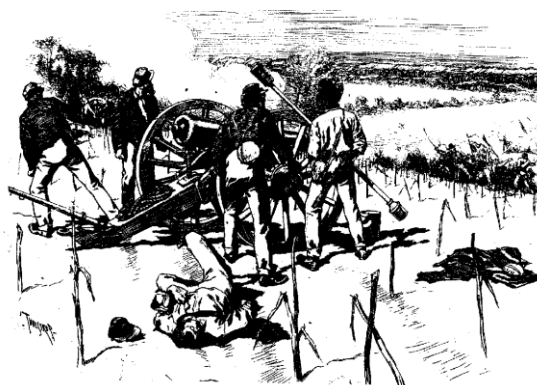


Jorg Rochlitzer, a native of Germany who now is a sociology professor in Iowa Falls, Iowa, does the countdown while taking a photograph using an 1860s camera at Norskedalen's Civil War weekend. Even in the bright sun, his subjects had to hold still for eight seconds to avoid being blurry in the tin-type photo.



http://lacrossetribune.com/courierlifeneews/lifestyles/photographer-adds-new-element-to-civil-war-event/article_e2500b04-cd11-5a33-8019-5066064c2bb1.html

ARTILLERY



The following photos were taken at the 2014 Norskedalen event and provided to *The Fugelman* by Lyle Laufenberg. Many thanks to Lyle for sharing these remembrances from the event.



THE SKIRMISH TEAM



MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS FOR CONSIDERATION

Gary Van Kauwenbergh reports that the date of the Civil War Expo has been changed to March 21, 2015. The change was due, apparently, to a scheduling conflict. If you are a group that participates in the Expo, you will want to take note of this change.

A Quiet Corner of The War: Hijinks and Home

Date: November 6, 2014

Time: 7:00 PM - 8:00 PM

Location: The Wisconsin Veterans Museum, 30 West Mifflin Street

City: Madison, WI

Contact: Kevin Hampton

Email: kevin.hampton@dva.wisconsin.gov

Phone: 608-261-5409

Sponsor: Presented in partnership with the University of Wisconsin Press

Cost: FREE

Musical Presentation

Featuring songs and stories from the Civil War, folksinger Judy Cook's presentation will highlight the often overlooked aspects of Civil War era history by exploring the everyday activities and pastimes of those that served and those that remained at home.

After discovering letters from her great-great-grandparents, Gilbert and Esther Clarfin, Cook shares them in her recent book, *A Quiet Corner of The War*. Gilbert Clarfin served as a soldier with the 34th Wisconsin Infantry while Esther Clarfin ran the family farm near Oconomowoc, WI. Their letters recount the trials of a family separated.

Cook's *Hijinks and Home* presentation is only one part of her entire Civil War program performance. The other two parts will be hosted by our partners, The Wisconsin Historical Museum and Sequoia Public Library during this week as well.

Presented in partnership with the University of Wisconsin Press.



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- See more at: <http://www.wisvetsmuseum.com/events/?ID=105#sthash.q53SHaVf.dpuf>

CIVIL WAR MILESTONES

NOVEMBER

- | | |
|---------------------|--|
| Nov. 1, 1861 | Gen. George McClellan replaces Gen. Scott as commander in chief of U. S. forces |
| Nov. 3, 1813 | Gen. Jubal A. Early, CSA, born |
| Nov. 4, 1862 | Mid-term election in which the Republican party lost dozens of House seats and two governorships, but did gain seats in the Senate |
| Nov. 5, 1862 | Gen. Geo. McClellan removed from command after he failed to pursue Lee's army after the Battle of Antietam |
| Nov. 6, 1861 | Jefferson Davis elected as president of the CSA. This was the second election for the post as he was elected to serve as provisional president when the CSA was being formed in Montgomery, Alabama |
| Nov. 6, 1862 | Direct telegraphic communication is established between New York and San Francisco |

Nov. 6, 1862	Thomas J. Jackson (Stonewall) and James Longstreet are promoted to Lieutenant General rank
Nov. 7, 1861	Union forces capture Port Royal
Nov. 7, 1862	Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside assumes command of the Army of the Potomac
Nov. 8, 1861	Capt. Wilkes seizes Confederate Commissioners aboard a British ship
Nov. 9, 1825	Gen Ambrose P. Hill, CSA, born
Nov. 9, 1864	Lincoln re-elected for a second term; the death knell for the CSA
Nov. 13, 1814	Gen. Joseph Hooker, USA, born
Nov. 15, 1864	Gen. Sherman begins his "March To The Sea"
Nov. 19, 1863	PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN DELIVERS THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS
Nov. 23, 1863	The Battle of Chattanooga
Nov. 24, 1863	The Battle of Chattanooga

Nov. 25, 1863

The Battle of Chattanooga

Nov. 28, 1861

Missouri formally admitted to the Confederacy

Nov. 29, 1815

Gen. Stephen A. Hurlbut, USA, born in Charleston, S. C.

Nov. 30, 1864

The Battle of Franklin

“ONE OFFICER, ONE MAN”

BY AMBROSE BIERCE

Captain Graffenreid stood at the head of his company. The regiment was not engaged. It formed a part of the front line-of-battle, which stretched away to the right with a visible length of nearly two miles through the open ground. The left flank was veiled by woods; to the right also the line was lost to sight, but it extended many miles. A hundred yards in rear was a second line; behind this, the reserve brigades and divisions in column. Batteries of artillery occupied the spaces between and crowned the low hills. Groups of horsemen—generals with their staffs and escorts, and field officers of regiments behind the colors—broke the regularity of the lines and columns. Numbers of these figures of interest had field-glasses at their eyes and sat motionless, stolidly scanning the country in front; others came and went at a slow canter, bearing orders. There were squads of stretcher-bearers, ambulances, wagon-trains with ammunition, and officers' servants in rear of all—of all that was visible—for still in rear of these, along the roads, extended for many miles all that vast multitude of non-combatants who with their various *impedimenta* are assigned to the inglorious but important duty of supplying the fighters' many needs.

An army in line-of-battle awaiting attack, or prepared to deliver it, presents strange contrasts. At the front are precision, formality, fixity, and silence. Toward the rear these characteristics are less and less conspicuous, and finally, in point of space, are lost altogether in confusion, motion and noise. The homogeneous becomes heterogeneous. Definition is lacking; repose is replaced by an apparently purposeless activity; harmony vanishes in hubbub, form in disorder. Commotion everywhere and ceaseless unrest. The men who do not fight are never ready.

From his position at the right of his company in the front rank, Captain Graffenreid had an unobstructed outlook toward the enemy. A half-mile of open and nearly level ground lay before him, and beyond it an irregular wood, covering a slight acclivity; not a human being anywhere

visible. He could imagine nothing more peaceful than the appearance of that pleasant landscape with its long stretches of brown fields over which the atmosphere was beginning to quiver in the heat of the morning sun. Not a sound came from forest or field—not even the barking of a dog or the crowing of a cock at the half-seen plantation house on the crest among the trees. Yet every man in those miles of men knew that he and death were face to face.

Captain Graffenreid had never in his life seen an armed enemy, and the war in which his regiment was one of the first to take the field was two years old. He had had the rare advantage of a military education, and when his comrades had marched to the front he had been detached for administrative service at the capital of his State, where it was thought that he could be most useful. Like a bad soldier he protested, and like a good one obeyed. In close official and personal relations with the governor of his State, and enjoying his confidence and favor, he had firmly refused promotion and seen his juniors elevated above him. Death had been busy in his distant regiment; vacancies among the field officers had occurred again and again; but from a chivalrous feeling that war's rewards belonged of right to those who bore the storm and stress of battle he had held his humble rank and generously advanced the fortunes of others. His silent devotion to principle had conquered at last: he had been relieved of his hateful duties and ordered to the front, and now, untried by fire, stood in the van of battle in command of a company of hardy veterans, to whom he had been only a name, and that name a by-word. By none—not even by those of his brother officers in whose favor he had waived his rights—was his devotion to duty understood. They were too busy to be just; he was looked upon as one who had shirked his duty, until forced unwillingly into the field. Too proud to explain, yet not too insensible to feel, he could only endure and hope.

Of all the Federal Army on that summer morning none had accepted battle more joyously than Anderton Graffenreid. His spirit was buoyant, his faculties were riotous. He was in a state of mental exaltation and scarcely could endure the enemy's tardiness in advancing to the attack. To him this was opportunity—for the result he cared nothing. Victory or defeat, as God might will; in one or in the other he should prove himself a soldier and a hero; he should vindicate his right to the respect of his men and the companionship of his brother officers—to the consideration of his superiors. How his heart leaped in his breast as the bugle sounded the stirring notes of the "assembly"! With what a light tread, scarcely conscious of the earth beneath his feet, he strode forward at the head of his company, and how exultingly he noted the tactical dispositions which placed his regiment in the front line! And if perchance some memory came to him of a pair of dark eyes that might take on a tenderer light in reading the account of that day's doings, who shall blame him for the unmartial thought or count it a debasement of soldierly ardor?

Suddenly, from the forest a half-mile in front—apparently from among the upper branches of the trees, but really from the ridge beyond—rose a tall column of white smoke. A moment later came a deep, jarring explosion, followed—almost attended—by a hideous rushing sound that seemed to leap forward across the intervening space with inconceivable rapidity, rising from whisper to roar with too quick a gradation for attention to note the successive stages of its horrible progression! A visible tremor ran along the lines of men; all were startled into motion. Captain Graffenreid dodged and threw up his hands to one side of his head, palms outward.

As he did so he heard a keen, ringing report, and saw on a hillside behind the line a fierce roll of smoke and dust—the shell's explosion. It had passed a hundred feet to his left! He heard, or

fancied he heard, a low, mocking laugh and turning in the direction whence it came saw the eyes of his first lieutenant fixed upon him with an unmistakable look of amusement. He looked along the line of faces in the front ranks. The men were laughing. At him? The thought restored the color to his bloodless face—restored too much of it. His cheeks burned with a fever of shame.

The enemy's shot was not answered: the officer in command at that exposed part of the line had evidently no desire to provoke a cannonade. For the forbearance Captain Graffenreid was conscious of a sense of gratitude. He had not known that the flight of a projectile was a phenomenon of so appalling character. His conception of war had already undergone a profound change, and he was conscious that his new feeling was manifesting itself in visible perturbation. His blood was boiling in his veins; he had a choking sensation and felt that if he had a command to give it would be inaudible, or at least unintelligible. The hand in which he held his sword trembled; the other moved automatically, clutching at various parts of his clothing. He found a difficulty in standing still and fancied that his men observed it. Was it fear? He feared it was.

From somewhere away to the right came, as the wind served, a low, intermittent murmur like that of ocean in a storm—like that of a distant railway train—like that of wind among the pines—three sounds so nearly alike that the ear, unaided by the judgment, cannot distinguish them one from another. The eyes of the troops were drawn in that direction; the mounted officers turned their field-glasses that way. Mingled with the sound was an irregular throbbing. He thought it, at first, the beating of his fevered blood in his ears; next, the distant tapping of a bass drum.

"The ball is opened on the right flank," said an officer.

Captain Graffenreid understood: the sounds were musketry and artillery. He nodded and tried to smile. There was apparently nothing infectious in the smile.

Presently a light line of blue smoke-puffs broke out along the edge of the wood in front, succeeded by a crackle of rifles. There were keen, sharp hissings in the air, terminating abruptly with a thump near by. The man at Captain Graffenreid's side dropped his rifle; his knees gave way and he pitched awkwardly forward, falling upon his face. Somebody shouted "Lie down!" and the dead man was hardly distinguishable from the living. It looked as if those few rifle-shots had slain ten thousand men. Only the field officers remained erect; their concession to the emergency consisted in dismounting and sending their horses to the shelter of the low hills immediately in rear.

Captain Graffenreid lay alongside the dead man, from beneath whose breast flowed a little rill of blood. It had a faint, sweetish odor that sickened him. The face was crushed into the earth and flattened. It looked yellow already, and was repulsive. Nothing suggested the glory of a soldier's death nor mitigated the loathsomeness of the incident. He could not turn his back upon the body without facing away from his company.

He fixed his eyes upon the forest, where all again was silent. He tried to imagine what was going on there—the lines of troops forming to attack, the guns being pushed forward by hand to the edge of the open. He fancied he could see their black muzzles protruding from the undergrowth, ready to deliver their storm of missiles—such missiles as the one whose shriek had so unsettled his nerves. The distension of his eyes became painful; a mist seemed to gather before them; he could no longer see across the field, yet would not withdraw his gaze lest he see the dead man at his side.

The fire of battle was not now burning very brightly in this warrior's soul. From inaction had come introspection. He sought rather to analyze his feelings than distinguish himself by courage and devotion. The result was profoundly disappointing. He covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud.

The hoarse murmur of battle grew more and more distinct upon the right; the murmur had, indeed, become a roar, the throbbing, a thunder. The sounds had worked round obliquely to the front; evidently the enemy's left was being driven back, and the propitious moment to move against the salient angle of his line would soon arrive. The silence and mystery in front were ominous; all felt that they boded evil to the assailants.

Behind the prostrate lines sounded the hoofbeats of galloping horses; the men turned to look. A dozen staff officers were riding to the various brigade and regimental commanders, who had remounted. A moment more and there was a chorus of voices, all uttering out of time the same words—"Attention, battalion!" The men sprang to their feet and were aligned by the company commanders. They awaited the word "forward"—awaited, too, with beating hearts and set teeth the gusts of lead and iron that were to smite them at their first movement in obedience to that word. The word was not given; the tempest did not break out. The delay was hideous, maddening! It unnerved like a respite at the guillotine.

Captain Graffenreid stood at the head of his company, the dead man at his feet. He heard the battle on the right—rattle and crash of musketry, ceaseless thunder of cannon, desultory cheers of invisible combatants. He marked ascending clouds of smoke from distant forests. He noted the sinister silence of the forest in front. These contrasting extremes affected the whole range of his sensibilities. The strain upon his nervous organization was insupportable. He grew hot and cold by turns. He panted like a dog, and then forgot to breathe until reminded by vertigo.

Suddenly he grew calm. Glancing downward, his eyes had fallen upon his naked sword, as he held it, point to earth. Foreshortened to his view, it resembled somewhat, he thought, the short heavy blade of the ancient Roman. The fancy was full of suggestion, malign, fateful, heroic!

The sergeant in the rear rank, immediately behind Captain Graffenreid, now observed a strange sight. His attention drawn by an uncommon movement made by the captain—a sudden reaching forward of the hands and their energetic withdrawal, throwing the elbows out, as in pulling an oar—he saw spring from between the officer's shoulders a bright point of metal which prolonged itself outward, nearly a half-arm's length—a blade! It was faintly streaked with crimson, and its point approached so near to the sergeant's breast, and with so quick a movement, that he shrank backward in alarm. That moment Captain Graffenreid pitched heavily forward upon the dead man and died.

A week later the major-general commanding the left corps of the Federal Army submitted the following official report:

"SIR: I have the honor to report, with regard to the action of the 19th inst, that owing to the enemy's withdrawal from my front to reinforce his beaten left, my command was not seriously engaged. My loss was as follows: Killed, one officer, one man." ■

