like a seventy-four pound shot through a redoubt.

"Uncle Frank, are you talking common sense?"

"The plainest of common sense, Annie; the fruit of your and Chatterbox's tuition."

"And you mean to marry Chatterbox?"

"If I can win her."

"Which you seem in a fair way to do," remarked Calico, as she suddenly disappeared with that strange, quizzi-comical smile that always boded mischief.

I was about renewing my addresses when those troublesome folding-doors, which have figured so extensively in the first act of the drama, again parted with a rumbling noise like distant thunder, and my niece advanced with a broadcloth sleeve encircling her waist, which, on careful scrutiny, I found to appertain to a "fellow" half hidden behind her ample crinoline. Guess my astonishment to find said "fellow" was none other than Arthur Nelson, brother to Chatterbox and junior partner of the firm of Knox, Nelson, and Co., wholesale dry-goods merchants down town. Though he had been a frequent visitor at my house, the idea of his courting my niece had never suggested itself. A very nice young man he was, doubtless, but I had never condescended to exchange a dozen words with him. Alas, how much goes on in this world without one knowing it if one but happens to be "above the mass!" And now the junior partner of the firm of Knox, Nelson, and Co., dry-goods merchants, etc., advanced under convoy of the crinoline, and taking the hand of Calico, said, in a prompt, business-like tone,

"Mr. Tupper, I wish to invest my fortune in this choice lot of dry-goods."

"What? Calico? *my* Calico? The eight-penny baggage? Do you call this common sense, Miss?"

"Excellent sense, uncle; for when a 'man above the mass' makes love to a Chatterbox, Calico will soon be out of fashion."

"Never! fair niece; never! With me Calico will always be in fashion. But 'as you like it,' my dear. I perceive that you are already compromised—hopelessly confiscated. Now, if this rash young speculator considers you a desirable article, with the sanction of the elder heads of the family firm affairs may be arranged on the principle of Debit and Credit. I will take Chatterbox, and he shall have Calico."

"Hold!" cried Calico. "I protest against being bargained away like a bale of dry-goods; from henceforth I repudiate the label *Calico*. Joe Nelson! what has come over you, girl, that you keep so quiet? You surely ought to have a voice in this matter; though I plainly perceive you are no longer a *Chatterbox*. But come up in my room, dear, and let *us* decide 'when the bargain closes.'"

And so when the girls again met in their own room they had something else to talk about. I was a true prophet, although I am not a Mephistopheles; and I advise all old bachelors who have any courting to do, and whose nieces are around, to keep an eye upon the folding-doors.

CAMP LIFE AT THE RELAY.

THE "Relay House" is an old wooden tavern at the junction of the Baltimore and Ohio and the Washington Railroads. It is small and dingy, with a broad piazza along its front. Hither, on the 14th of last May, came the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment from Washington, following the Sixth toward Baltimore from the South, as they had previously followed it from the North. Some of the incidents of that first march have been narrated. But others, more important and more thrilling, which preceded their junction with the New York Seventh, are yet unwritten. The dash upon the steamer *Maryland* at Havre de Grace, which they supposed to be in the possession of the enemy; the cutting out of the *Constitution;* the grounding of their vessel through the treachery of the pilot; their lying foodless and waterless in the harbor of Annapolis, from Saturday night till Tuesday morning, at the mercy of the foe, who, by putting a ball through the vessel, might have sunk them at once; the welcome appearance of the Seventh, who had left them at Philadelphia; their landing and seizure of the dépôt—all these await a chronicler.

We had been allowed a few weeks' rest at Washington, after opening the way for the nation to its capital; and now, leaving our marble quarters, marching down the magnificent staircase whose panels Leutze will hardly be able to fill with pictures as glorious as that living one which then passed before them, we took the cars, were borne off, and dropped on the side of a hill about half a mile from the Relay House. Opposite to this now-famous hostelry is the dépôt, and between them the track. Along the platform saunter the guards, looking vastly like firemen off duty. They are set to examine the cars from Harper's Ferry, and while these tarry they all slumber and sleep—if they can. A few rods west of the dépôt the road divides. One track turns toward Washington, crossing the Patapsco on a massy stone viaduct; the other bends westward, hugging the northern bank of the river. Just beyond the cleft hill that here juts over the river is a narrow esplanade between the cliff and the stream. Looking frowningly toward Harper's Ferry two guns of the Boston Light Infantry are posted. These command the road to the West. The trains can not run after a certain hour; for the enemy are in force at the Point of Rocks, a few miles above, and might choose to pay us an evening visit. Beyond the viaduct the Southern Railroad runs along the edge of a valley at the base of lofty knolls. On the most prominent of these have just been pitched the tents of our comrades of the Sixth; two guns of the artillery commanding the bridge. A road winding up the hill leads to a comely private residence, standing in a clean grassy grove.

Near the base of this hill lay the troops just landed from the cars, preparing to bivouac. Little fires light up the growing darkness. Live-

ly forms bustle about them. The ship-biscuit and milkless coffee are soon swallowed; and the soldiers, wrapped in their coats and blankets, recline upon the dewy grass. But hardly has the murmur of the camp died away when the shots of sentinels and the alarm-cry of "Baltimore!" breaks the silence. The long roll sounds. We leap to our feet, seize our guns, fall into rank, and rush up the steep hill-side to the camp of the Sixth, and halt to load and prime. The rattle of ramrods and the click of triggers smite the still air. We sweep down the road to the spot whence the cry had come. The alarm was connected with the arrest of Ross Winans. He had been taken from the train coming from Frederick. Some show of resistance had been made, but the affair is soon settled, and we return to our damp couches.

Next morning the brow of the hill opposite the mansion was appropriated to our use; and here, in the soft May air of Maryland, the white canvas town of "Camp Essex" rose like an exhalation. The camp was not arranged precisely according to "regulation," yet nearly enough to give an idea of the ideal law, which in the army, as elsewhere, is fully realized but rarely. Close to the trees was a row of tents—the dépôts of the Commissary and Quarter-Master, and the hospital quarters. The next row was that of the Colonel and his staff; next, the tidy quarters of the Major; then those of the Surgeon and his assistants. The yellow flag of the Surgeon was followed by the white one of the Chaplain, with whom tented the Paymaster. Arms, gold, and the Gospel seldom come into such close conjunction as they did in this tent. At night the Chaplain slept between a box of rifles and a box of money. The third and last of the official rows was that of the Captains. At right angles to these were the streets of the privates, more closely built and more densely populated than those of the officers. Yet crowded into these tents were many who in wealth, culture, and position were fully the equals of their military superiors. The son of an Ex-Senator of the United States, and the son of a "Bell-Everett" electoral candidate—himself a Boston lawyer—do duty with the musket, each enjoying his undivided fifteenth part of the canvas ten-footer with fishermen and shoemakers, carpenters and sailors for comrades.

Our flank companies are representatives of the flanks of the State. Pittsfield on the left, and Salem on the right. Next to the brilliant Salem Zouaves come the Marblehead fishermen. One of these companies deserves special mention, as the first in all the land to respond to the call of the President. At sunrise, the very next morning after the summons left Washington, this company marched from home through a storm of driving sleet, and Faneuil Hall welcomed them first of all to the service of patriotism with which it is identified. As they entered its honored walls, bound on a grander mission than any to which their fathers had responded, the "stone must have cried out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber have answered it," in honor of the perpetual valor of this most patriotic of towns. In no less than three of the historic pictures which cover the walls of the Rotunda are representatives of Marblehead. The new pictures which shall reproduce this holier war will not be without her heroic presence. Beverley and Gloucester—wonderfully given to fun, frolic, and letter-writing—occupy the next street. Loquacious Lynn and conservative Newburyport share the last two streets. It would never have done to place all the argumentative shoemakers together: there would be no knowing how, with rifles and revolvers in their hands, they might have concluded to carry on their discussions. So Conservatism and Progress were hitched together; and the staid bearers of the name of Cushing and the lively followers of the Senatorial Crispin balanced each other. Outside of the last street was Pittsfield, looking north and west, protecting the camp on its most assailable side. So seven hundred men were housed within four-and-twenty hours after leaving the Capitol.

The view from our camp was charming. At our feet lay a narrow valley through which crept the slumberous Patapsco, covering its face with willows. It had been hard at work miles above driving mills and factories, and seemed to enjoy its release from labor: only temporary, however, for it is soon caught again, driven into sluice ways, and broken upon wheels, only finding lasting peace when it melts into the bosom of the placid Chesapeake. Just at our feet nestled the little village of Elk Ridge Landing—once a port of entry and a haven for ships. But the washings from the hills have choked up the channel, and choked off the trade. Now it seems devoted to the imbibition of whisky, of which, judging from the number of shops, enough is sold to reopen navigation, were it judiciously applied to that purpose. From the hill-top the village had a pleasant aspect, with its two churches, one embowered in trees, and the other standing in a field of blossoming clover, the white tombstones casting a moonlight lustre on the green mounds beneath. But these are almost the only adornments of the village. The main street is a collection of wood and brick houses, with no sidewalks, and few gardens and trees.

The walks around the camp were as delightful as its out-look. Deep ravines, heavily shaded, covered the northern and western sides. Through each of these trickled a tiny brook dancing down to the river. Threading the way through these glens one enters the upland, which opens into varied vistas. Above the viaduct the Patapsco runs through a deep gorge, scattered along which are mills and the dwellings of the workmen. The summits are crowned with the dwellings of the landholders and their tenants. Looking from these eminences the landscape spreads out in those softly undulating lines which rich soils only can exhibit. A hard thin soil requires mines of imported wealth and generations of

culture to give it character. But this rich earth enriches every thing. It thickens and deepens the foliage of the trees, softens the hard edges of the hills, and gives to the whole landscape a royal sweep and fullness.

Such was the out-look from our camp. Let us now look within it, and observe the regular routine of its everyday inner life:

The life of a soldier is one of real and regular work. His hours of rest and labor may not indeed be uniform, but they are none the less regulated. It is not the ten-hour system of the factory, but all-hours system of the ship. The details of the programme of a day in camp can not be as fixed as in other forms of labor; yet its general outlines are the same day after day.

At five o'clock the *reveillé* rattles. A different combination of sounds is appointed for each of the calls of the day—from reveillé to taps. They are intended to be harmonious. But our mother's voice arousing us from the happy morning nap did not seem as musical as when proffering her dainties. So this melodious summons never appeared especially fascinating to our drowsy ears. Up spring the soldiers at the ungenial call. Their toilets are instantly made. They leap full-armed from their slumbers. Their close-cropped skulls and unshaven chins need little manipulation. "Fall in, Company A!" rings down the street; and, with variations in the last letter, is repeated over the camp. Out tumble the sleepy-looking men. They range themselves in front of their tents. The roll is called, and in the hottest of the weather they proceed to drill. This is accomplished, much as the sunrise drills of the recitation-room in ancient college days, with great drowsiness of the flesh and profaneness of the spirit. The neighboring brook then affords them a laver and looking-glass. Then comes "pease on trencher," as breakfast was called—for what reason or by what authority we know not; that conjunction, perhaps, transpired sometime at the officers' mess, and they may have innocently supposed the luxury was general.

At the fascinating summons they take their tin plates and dippers, pewter spoons, and iron knives; and headed by their file leader in fun, to the music of the tin-plate march, they proceed to the cook's quarters of their own company. There they lie upon the ground in as complete abandon as was ever witnessed at the Symposia of Alcibiades. The milkless coffee is dipped from a huge kettle, each one being Ganymede to himself. The salt junk is taken from its pile by the five-pronged fork, which is nature's outfit. A wafer of "hard tack" follows the meat; and the history-maker, the Union-saver, the unintentional cause of innumerable future epics, proceeds in Homeric style to strengthen himself for his duty. The bread is buttered, coffee creamed, and meat potatoed with jokes and laughter. They have the music and dancing, if not the fatted calf. Sometimes the true chronicler must confess that grace is said backward, and the dish is spiced with unseemly execrations.

After breakfast comes the everlasting pipe. At eight is guard-mounting—quite an imposing duty. The band takes its station in front of the camp, and the sections detailed for that service march thither. About one-fourth of the regiment are usually employed. They are formally reviewed, and a portion marched to their appointed posts, while the remainder is reserved for relief. At nine the whole regiment is called together. When in line a company is selected to march to head-quarters for the colors. Preceded by the band and the color-guard they move in silence. The flags are brought forth, saluted by the band in an enlivening air, carried to the front of the line and waved before the troops amidst presented arms, saluting swords, and ringing music. This exciting ceremony shows how completely the army is taught to recognize the standard as the centre of its life. It is the symbol of authority and power.

The regiment is now formed into a hollow square, officers and band standing within the lines. Behind the piled-up drums, and under the banners, the Chaplain leads the devotions of the camp. At the close of his brief prayer the band gives forth the wild warblings of "St. Martin's," the plaintive yearnings of "Sweet Home," the quick step of "Coronation," or the grand march of "Old Hundred." Pre-eminently martial and fitted for the field are these last two. We never tire of them. Only the last ought to be performed in its original movement, which is more rapid and vigorous than the slow step into which it has been drawn out. No "God save the King," or "Marseillaise," or "Star-Spangled Banner" can compare with religious airs in inspiring soldiers with that sublime force and fury that makes them as insensible as martyrs to the fear of death. One can easily understand how the psalm-singing soldiers of Cromwell and Gustavus Adolphus were roused to an almost divine rage by the passionate refrains of the religious hymns to which they marched to battle.

The service closed, the troops are sometimes drilled as a regiment, sometimes in companies or squads, and sometimes dismissed till afternoon. Going round the camp near mid-day, one can see almost every conceivable form which the feeling of ease can assume. The trees in our rear were our favorite resort in the heat of the day; for a tent is a furnace under the central fires of a July sun. The oaks spread their cool roof over the loungers. Stretched on his rubber blanket lies the sleeper, wearied with his last night's march and watching. A Sartor Resartus repatching his patch proves himself a greater than Carlyle in reducing to practice what he merely preached. Others are scanning the morning papers or the New York pictorials, or shuffle and study lesser pictorials, with that intense sobriety of countenance which is always seen on faces that are indulging in questionable sport. Others yet, prone on the belly, are making a

writing-desk of the lap of earth, and pursuing love and homesickness under difficulties. Still another, of a more romantic turn, strolls off, book in hand, to the cooler ravines and water-brooks, or, all human things and thoughts cast aside, listens to the solemn music of the woods.

"After all, there is no company like the woods," said Sir William Hamilton to an American tourist. "I can not understand why you should come over here to look at our cities and ruins. I would give more to see a forest primeval than all the treasures of Europe."

So pass the blazing hours till noon, when the regulation "roast beef" is served up. This dish, like fame, and power, and most military phantasies, is sadly changed when precipitated into reality. Our "roast beef" is not the juicy sirloin that rises at that word before one's olfactories and gustatories, but a half-de-saltpeterized, half-washed, half-cooked article, known to its devourers as "salt horse." This salt beef occasionally gives way to its fresh kindred, but is usually only varied with salter and fatter pork. Potatoes and other vegetables, pudding, pastry, sauces, and gravies have to be supplied from the kitchens of memory. For why shouldn't memory have "kitchens" as well as the "chambers" in which poets have so long quartered her? Does she only sleep and nothing more?

Were it not for the redoubled energies of the tin-dipper band, almost every dinner would be the occasion of a mutiny. As the Chinese calithumpianize the moon in an eclipse out of the mouth of the dragon that is swallowing her, so the uproarious rattling of plates and dippers, with the more uproarious rattling of merry voices, frightens away the dragon of discontent. This worse than prison fare is utterly needless, and is unworthy of the Government. There is no reason why it can not afford its defenders the moderate fare to which the poorest have become accustomed. It could be easily done. Let the Department allow the privates to commute their rations, as it does the officers. If there should be any conflict because it could not tell how many might choose to avail themselves of the privilege, let it grant the favor on the application of a company or a regiment. On thirty cents per day they could live vastly better than they do. This was tried in not a few cases. Men who utterly refused the Government fare supported themselves well from the vendors round the camp for less than that sum. Others "boarded themselves" in a home-like and decent manner within that allowance. If this is too small, Government ought to allow more. Three dollars per week is the usual price for the board of laboring men. This sum might be allowed with less cost to the country than its present mode of supplying the commissariat. If it were done, regiments would procure their own caterer and live like men. The abominations of the sutler and liquor-seller flourish chiefly because of this treatment. Let it be changed, and we shall hear but little of these official and unofficial robbers.

The afternoon glides away like the morning, till about four o'clock, when the daily regimental drill occurs. These are hours of hard work. Long marches, practice in firing, bayonet exercise, forming into squares, and into line of battle; marching in companies and in double-quick; charging imaginary batteries and battalions; and other evolutions and movements keep the troops in violent action for several hours. This work was executed on the field where they made their first bivouac, or on the slopes and plains beyond the river. Toward sunset they are marched to the camp, and the dress parade closes the regimental day. The troops are drawn up in line of battle, and the order, "Parade, rest!" given by each Captain to his command. The band "beats off;" that is, marches down and back in front of the regiment, playing slowly down, and a quick step back. The officers step four paces in front, the Major and Lieutenant-colonel in advance of the rest. The sergeants march to the centre of the column, and make their report to the Adjutant. He reports to the Colonel, and steps behind him. There is then a brisk exercise in arms, and the order of "Parade, rest!" is repeated. The officers sheath their swords, proceed to the centre, face the Colonel, and under the lead of the Adjutant march up to him, touching their hats as they approach, and, encircling him, hear his remarks and orders. Returning to their posts, the regiment breaks up into companies, each of which, marching to its quarters under the lead of the sergeants, is disbanded. Then comes the unchangeable "hard tack" and coffee, and the day's work is done.

Not, however, with all. At eight o'clock the force detailed for night-duty appears before the tent of the Adjutant, with coats, and blankets, and loaded rifles. The countersign is given them, and the officer of the night marches them to their posts. Near the camp sentinels pace lazily their brief rounds. Farther out stand a line of pickets, and yet farther another. To each of the outermost stations the three were sent together, who are to relieve each other during the night. This is preferable to sending them forth at their appointed hours, as it gives them company in their loneliness, and is a protective against sleeping and in case of attack. It is the "three brothers" practice of emigration, so marked in our early history, applied to new circumstances.

The camp puts on its liveliest air in the evening. Man has much of the wild as well as the tame beast in his composition. Darkness seems to be needed to wake him up. He goes forth to his labor till the evening, and then he goes forth to his enjoyment. And the latter is much more natural as well as agreeable than the former. It is hard work to get up a passion of the oratorical, poetical, or even the tenderer sort in the daytime. Out of many a tent issues the notes of comic, plaintive, patriotic, and even pious music. Fierce discussions, political, military, or personal, rage in other quarters. Some-

times the sportful disposition demands larger scope for indulgence, and pours through the candle-lighted streets. The elephant, well known to the exhausted frequenters of watering-place parlors, is seen waddling through the camp, a gray army blanket forming an admirable hide for his Trojan horse viscera. High on their comrade's shoulders the stilted warriors stride. On a platform, supported by half a dozen most willing subjects, Jeff Davis, kneeling, blindfolded, with a rope round his neck, and an executioner at his side, moves to his death.

Through the lively but usually not boisterous sounds may sometimes be heard the voice of social worship issuing from the clerical tent. Here are clustered a little band of praying men, who are encouraging one another to fight manfully the good fight of faith. At times this is the centre of attraction, and many come in and, sitting on the straw, join in the songs of Zion, or listen to the experience and exhortations of their Christian comrades. There are few scenes pleasanter than this. And many are the soldiers that, after the war is over, will recall with gratitude the sacred moments thus spent in the tent of the Chaplain, or under the soft sky of summer, or round the camp-fires of winter.

At ten the tattoo beats its warning notes, and, half an hour later, three taps on the drum order lights to be extinguished and sounds to cease. They, however, still linger in odd corners and official quarters. At times the spirit of fun breaks the chains of law and slumber, and ranges wildly through the camp. Gradually its devotees become exhausted, and cease to "vex with mirth the drowsy ear of night." The sentinels pace their beats, announcing the hours, adding sometimes amusing commentaries, chiefly as to the delay of their relief. So the belated straggler, ignorant of the countersign, appears at a post, and its guardsman calls for the corporal of the guard, with the number of the post at which his presence is wanted. "Corporal of the guard number one!" goes the rounds till it reaches that officer, who usually favors the wanderer with blanketless accommodations at the guard-house. Or the shot of a distant picket and the cry of "Baltimore!" cuts the air and the cords of sleep. This watchword of danger was adopted probably because our foes were at the beginning of that household. Instantly the long roll sends forth its thrilling summons, the most exciting of all the calls of the camp. The sharp voices of the Captains follow. The clear orders of the Colonel overtop all other sounds. The shorn Samsons shake off the Delilah of sleep, and the streets are black with armed men. There is a pause for further orders. Scouts are sent out to the picket whence came the alarm. It is found, perhaps, to arise from an assault by a stealthy foe, but more commonly from a wandering cow, or a particularly stern and soldier-looking stump, or from the dreaming fears of a napping sentinel. The excitement dies away, and the men fall back to their hard couches and soft dreams.

Rainy days have their appropriate variation of damp and dullness, of mud and misery. Glee is then wrung out of the lips as the water from the clothes, and Jacob Faithful and Mark Tapley become the patron saints.

The line of demarkation between the Sabbath and its secular neighbors is very narrow in camp. The reveillé raves on the Sabbath as usual. Fast is broken in the same untempting way. Then comes a new but not very sacred scene. Inspection of tents, arms, and persons is appointed for that day. Cleanliness is next to godliness, and if the greater virtue can not be secured the less is rigidly required. Gun, man, and tent must be set in order. The first is first attended to, as being the most important and most difficult of cleansing, according to the regulation standard. In and around every tent they are driving at their task. Those on duty the night previous are excused from inspection, and lie among their busy fellows wrapped in sleep. The guns being ready, tents demand attention. These are swept and garnished. Knapsacks, coats, and blankets, carefully folded, have each their appointed place, and must be found in them. The débris around the tents and in the streets is carefully removed to the rear and burned. Officers and men are alike required to obey this order. So the burnishing, arranging, sweeping, and burning that is going on over the whole camp gives it a lively and, in a degree, home-like aspect. After this work is accomplished they put their persons in order, and the neighboring brooks are filled with splashing mermen. They contrive, in their dress, to get a faint reminiscence of former Sundays; though coarse, cowhide shoes, ignorant of blacking, and the blue shirts, blouses, and baggy pantaloons, in which they have lived night and day for months, but poorly suggest the jaunty black coat, shining collar, fancy tie, "loud" patterned "vest" and "pants," and glittering patent-leathers, in which they were wont to march forth victorious on such mornings at home. Still they did the best they could under the circumstances, and their sweet-hearts, could they but have seen them, would have no doubt esteemed them, in their patriotic garb, the superiors of Beau Brummel, or even of Solomon himself in all his glory.

At the hour of ten inspection is ordered. The regiment is drawn up in companies, the colors, staff, and band in front. The Colonel inspects his staff first, and they follow him on his tour. The band relieves the tedium of the task by music. As the officer approaches a company they "present" and then "order" arms. The ramrods dance in the barrels to show that they are unloaded. Each gun is taken and examined, and the ramrod drawn and passed through the white-gloved hand. If it is soiled, glove, gun, and man are condemned. The constant putting on and off of gloves is not common in the volunteer service. It would be an expensive operation, considering the way in which the arms are kept. The examination concluded, the troops are dismissed in companies and drawn up before their tents, while the Colonel and his

staff pursue their tour of inspection thither. The quarters are sometimes adorned with flowers, giving them a very agreeable aspect. The whole of the forenoon is occupied in this duty.

In the afternoon religious services are held; the two regiments united in this, assembling on the lawn in front of the mansion. On the grass under the trees, compact together, in companies, by hundreds and by fifties, reclined from twelve to fifteen hundred men. Most of them have a true church air of respect and reverence, though some on the outskirts smoked their pipes and kept up a low conversation. A few buried their faces in the grass and slept. If like privilege was granted a city congregation as many would probably avail themselves of it. Would not a deacon or vestryman occasionally like to recline at full length on the velvet cushions in a more velvet sleep? Would not some church-going weed-burners delight to relieve the wearisomeness of the discourse with the fragrance of a dainty Habana? When as free an expression of prevalent feelings is allowed in the church as in the army, it may be found that the soldiers are not alone in their irreverent indulgences. On the veranda and the terrace before it are seated the officers, singers, and neighbors. The Chaplain stands on the flag-stone under the banners and behind the drums, which are now "drums ecclesiastic" no less than military. In the air of a delicious dolphin-dying day he reads a sacred lyric. The choir bodies it forth in an all-animating voice. There is no singing like that of a multitude of men in the open air. It can "create a soul under the ribs of death." The Scriptures are read, prayer follows, and an exhortation is given—brief, simple, fraternal, patriotic, and religious, inciting to moral and Christian courage in the great duty which is laid upon all. Singing follows, and a short drill concludes the services in a true military style.

These exercises are enjoyed, provided they are unconstrained and brief. Formal sermonizing is counted a bore. "Firstly," "Secondly," and so on, they can not away with. The war, among its benefits, will not pass by the pulpit. The hundreds of chaplains will learn much, and communicate of their learning to their profession. Pompous discourses, carefully drawn and quartered, will give way to simple, earnest, familiar *talks* on Christian doctrine and duty. Ministers should sit in their chairs like professors or physicians, on a level with their audience, and converse with them on religious subjects, personal and doctrinal, they being expected to respond freely, whether with questions or otherwise. Such was the practice of Dr. Judson in the market-places of Burmah, and is still the custom of many missionaries. Such was the usage of the early Church, as narrated in sacred history and embodied in the very words that we have metamorphosed to mean solitary and prolix discourses. "Homily" and "sermon" signified practically, as they do etymologically, simply "talk," and even when they assumed the form of exhortation or exegesis it was without single texts or formal arrangement; and to the time of Chrysostom the audience were permitted to interrupt the speaker with questions and propositions, as they now often do a political orator.

The camp is a grand iconoclast. It grinds to powder many notions on dress, food, beds, and shelter. It will have no small effect on preaching. The religious teacher will find a guide in the greatest of the teachers of Athens—walking in the Academy, and charming every one he met no less by his familiar manners than by his pleasantries and penetration, and by the higher thoughts to which he conversationally led them. He will find his chief model in the Great Teacher himself. His "sermons" were conversations, uttered sitting on the Mounts of Beatitudes and Olives, at Jacob's Well, in the house with Nicodemus, or walking by Tiberias, or reclining at the table of Pharisee and publican. The divinest of them, as reported by John, was spoken without book, or bands, or pulpit, or gesture, but while simply leaning on his elbow at a festival. This unrestrained talk from a full heart is the true model. May the army contribute to its revival, and the soldiers convert the chaplains and the chaplains convert the clergy! Then may the clergy hope to convert the world.

Our Sabbath evenings resembled their Puritan ancestry, though the spinning-wheel and wash-tub were not in lively exercise. One tent usually had its praying company. The camp sang with them those cheerful airs which are the blossoming of the most gladsome of Christian faiths. Uncongenial sounds were largely suppressed, and all, consciously or subconsciously, observed the consecrated hours.

Thus passed two months at the Relay. On the first of July came an order from General Banks for half of the regiment to prepare to march. They proceed to Baltimore and bivouac on a smooth hill on the Carroll place, near the house often frequented by Washington and his revolutionary associates. Little did they imagine that its grounds would be covered with thousands of Northern troops in arms to sustain the Government they had established, and that, too, against the very kindred of guest and host. This house was the head-quarters to-day of as great patriots as frequented it then. That night Marshal Kane was arrested. Within a week the rest of the regiment moves, and our camp is pitched under the fine old oaks on the place of General Stewart. This is the spot which Frederica Bremer so enthusiastically describes in her "Homes in a New World." We enjoyed the views of Baltimore, and the bay on which she dwells; but our host's absence in Virginia prevented the hospitalities which we might have otherwise received.

The country was regretfully exchanged for the city. The spot made dear by novel perils, excitements, and duties was abandoned. The fields so long trodden down by the soldiers were remanded to their proprietor. The prospect that rose so often like a new world on our awakening eyes was transferred to the living galleries within.