

THE FUGELMAN
A PUBLICATION OF THE SECOND WISCONSIN
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY ASSOCIATION



Civil War Christmas from Harper's Weekly

VOLUME XVII

ISSUE 12

DECEMBER, 2009

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

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

**DECEMBER 2009 CAMPAIGN
 SCHEDULE FOR THE
 ASSOCIATION**

Dec. 12 **Co. C Living
 History &
 Reenactment,
 Fredericksburg, VA**

DECEMBER MILESTONES

Dec. 3, 1828 **Gen. George B. McClellan
 U.S. born**

Dec. 5, 1839 **Gen. George Custer U.S.
 born**

Dec. 6, 1833 **Col. John S. Mosby CSA
 born**

Dec. 6, 1865 **13th Amendment to the
 U.S. Constitution passed.**

Dec. 7, 2009 **Pearl Harbor
 Remembrance Day.**

Dec. 11, 2009 **Hanukkah begins at
 sundown.**

Dec. 13, 1862 **THE BATTLE OF
 FREDERICKSBURG.**

Dec. 13, 1864 **Fort McAllister
 surrenders.**

Dec. 20, 1860 **South Carolina secedes.**

Dec. 21, 2009 **Winter solstice-the first
 day of winter.**

Dec. 25, 1821 **Clara Barton born.**

Dec. 25, 2009 **CHRISTMAS DAY.**

Dec. 31, 1815 **Gen. George Meade U.S.
 born.**

Dec. 31, 2009 **NEW YEAR'S EVE!**

**A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FOR
 THE TROOPS**

The year is rapidly drawing to a close. The onset of winter for us is broken by a month of festivities and bright lights, family gatherings, great food and social engagements are part of the joyous celebrations. As Sgt. Maj. Lynch can attest your editor loves to sing the traditional hymns this time of year, although not well! Along with many of you I gladly lift my voice in celebration of this season!

Christmas is in many ways similar to the holiday as celebrated by the civil war era families. A tree, the gathering of families, a special meal, visits to neighbors, parties and dances, and the exchange of gifts. James McPherson wrote that one of the most popular gifts for little boys during the war was an army uniform. Most gifts were handmade, as were the decorations. It was a time of deep religious faith and these people commemorated the holiday in a strong faith centered way.

The families at home and the soldiers far away felt the sting of separation more at this time of the year than at any other. It was true then and it is true today! (As an aside, let us not forget those men and women who currently serve and will once again be far from home for Christmas.) Hopefully, all of you will be able to share this special holiday with all your family members!

If you or your family are traveling this holiday season your officers and comrades wish you Godspeed and safe passage. Stay well and **HAVE A GREAT CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!**

A REMINDER THAT COMPANY REPORTS AND DUES ARE DUE IN JANUARY!

IMPORTANT DATES TO REMEMBER

As reported here in the last couple of issues of *The Fugelman*, the dues from the various companies are due on or before January 1, 2010. This is an effort to bring the companies into line with the regulations of our by-laws. This seems likely to be a subject of discussion at the annual meeting of the Association in January. A number of considerations have been discussed by the officers of the Association, but for the time being, and until there is a change in the by-laws, the dues are due on January 1st, 2010!

The Association's secretary, Dave Dresang, has also called for the preparation and delivery of annual rosters from the various companies. They must be turned in before or at the Association annual meeting on January 30th. Company presidents need to turn them in to Dave Dresang at that meeting. "Gentlemen see to this!"

Association General Roster

- 1) Name (must have)
 - 2) Address (must have)
 - 3) Phone number (optional)
 - 4) e-mail (optional)
 - 5) Rank and or position (must have)
 - 6) Dues paid & amount (must have)
- This information is kept confidential and only the Association leadership will get a copy. If anyone wishes information from the general roster will need to get permission from either the Vice President or President of the Association.

Civilian/Military Officers

- 1) Name (must have)
- 2) Address (must have)

3) Phone number (must have)
 4) e-mail address (must have)
 5) Rank and or position (must have)
 The reason for all the "must haves" is simple, this information goes out to all companies for the main purpose of contact and information.
 Each Company President/Commanding Officer will get a copy so they know who is in charge, and how to contact them.

**THE SKIRMISH TEAM'S
 ANNUAL MEETING AND OTHER
 INTERESTING TIDBITS**

* Interesting items on the web:
<http://skirmishnotes.com/> - a skirmishing blog
<http://acwsa.org/news.htm> - ACWSA News/Info page with lots of pictures and video

* The annual meeting for the 2nd Wisconsin Marksmanship team will be at 1 pm on Saturday, February 13 at the home of Roy and Cathi Nelson in Johnson Creek, WI. Agenda items include elections, musket cap and lead orders will be taken, and black powder distributed. All powder orders for the shooting team need to be into garyvank@aol.com by 12/1/09.

* Tentative 2010 2nd Wisconsin Marksmanship Team Schedule:

Date	Event
Feb 13	2 nd WI Marksmanship Team Annual Meeting @ Johnson Creek
June 5-6	66 NC @ Appleton, WI
17-18	56 VA @ Bristol, WI

7-8	1 US, 15 WI & 8 WI @ Boscobel, WI
Sept 4-5	8 & 2 WI @ Rhinelander, WI
18-19	15 WI @ Bristol

1. The Michigan group of the ACWSA held a very successful meeting on November 7th in Richmond, MI. Two new teams added, and a few additional members added to existing units. The group now has an AED donated by the Northwest Territory, access to a first aid kit, and steel to make metal targets along with other targeting materials for 2010. The Michigan calendar that is almost complete and more new teams are forming.

2. The Michigan ACWSA is now taking orders for T-Shirts to help raise start-up funds for the for the organization in their area. The shirts come in Royal Blue or Gray, and will have an ACWSA logo [see attached image] on the front left breast, and the attached image on the back. Price is \$14.00 a piece, with \$10.00 going to ACWSA. E-mail acwsa.michigan@gmail.com for more information.

3. See Mike Kendra's interview with ACWSA Commander Bob Chabalowski on his skirmishing blog at: <http://skirmishnotes.com/> Read the rest of his blog while your're there. You'll probably save it in your "favorites".

4. The ACWSA board meeting minutes and season standings that I started posting on the web page are now complete. Members now have complete access to every set of board meeting minutes and season standings since the ACWSA was founded in 1999!

Yr. Obt. Srvt.,
 Gary Van Kauwenbergh

ACWSA Adjutant

Ladies and Gentlemen,

1. Wondering where all the members of the ACWSA are? I did a density plot using the addresses of our 254 members as of 11-17-09. Look at it now before it's obsolete, our Michigan comrades tell me they've got two additional new teams signed up for 2010 along with additional members to the teams they've already enlisted. See the maps at http://acwsa.org/acwsa_membership_as_of_111709.htm

2. As of 9-19-09, the Board voted to allow any weapon appearing on the N-SSA Approved Weapons List in ACWSA competitions. I added a link to their approved weapons list right below our on the web site at <http://acwsa.org/By%20Laws.htm>

3. Reminders:

A. Don't forget to support our Michigan group. Be a fashion trend-setter by purchasing one their T-shirts. For details see

http://acwsa.org/ACWSA_T_Shirt.pdf

B. New content was added to our Veterans Page http://acwsa.org/acwsa_veterans_page.htm Veterans can still send their information to garyvank@aol.com Pictures welcome, but not required. If you have a print or slide you'd like posted, send it to Gary Van Kauwenbergh, 5692 Williamsburg Way, Fitchburg WI 53719 and it will be mailed back to you as soon as it's scanned.

4. For Sale: Euro Arms Zouave reproduction Per Bert Braunsteiner it is ".58 cal., micro bedded, and is in good condition, and it shoots a 515 grain Minnie ball very accurately. It is 5 years old and I bought it from a guy

that was getting out of shooting, so I really do not need it and my gun safe is filling up." Contact Bert directly at bert@klondyke.net

Yr. Obt. Srvt.,
Gary Van Kauwenbergh
ACWSA Adjutant

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I recently added two new pages to our web site at www.acwsa.org. The first page makes it convenient for members to send updated contact information to the ACWSA Adjutant for the official roster and e-mail list. The second is a new **Buy-Sell-Trade** page.

The Buy-Sell-Trade pages shows Civil War related items available for purchase or trade, and lets you post your own items. Newly listed items appear on top of the list. If you need to clean out your closets, find something you can't live without, or have a new teammate who needs a kit, check it out at: http://acwsa.org/Buy_Sell_Trade_List.htm

If you moved, have a new phone number or changed e-mail addresses please use http://acwsa.org/Member_Information_Update.htm to keep us informed. Club communications are only as good as our contact information.

Yr. Obt. Srvt.,
Gary Van Kauwenbergh

ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY FOR HONORING THE SERVICE OF OUR VETERANS!

A wreath laying event is planned for the Woods National Cemetery, the site of the Reclaiming Our Heritage event. If you live close in to the Milwaukee area it provides

you with a satisfying experience and a chance to do an important work over the holiday season.

The West Side Soldiers Aid Society is co-sponsor of the ceremony at Wood National Cemetery, Milwaukee. The ceremony begins at the Soldiers and Sailors monument at 11 a.m., December 12. We are offering an opportunity to warm up after the ceremony with some hot cider and wreath cookies. This is our 3rd year participating in this worthy cause. I'm attaching a photo from the snowy December 2007 event. It was beautiful!



<http://www.wreathsacrossamerica.org/>

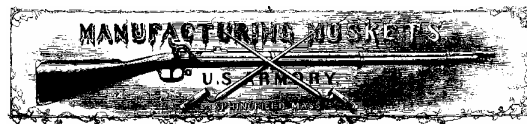
The website above has a moving explanation of this effort, nationally, to honor the fallen and those who serve. It is worth the time to check out the accompanying video which explains the purpose far better than your humble editor could!

COMPANY E ANNUAL MEETING SET FOR DECEMBER 5TH

The Co. E annual meeting will be held on Saturday December 5th from noon to 3 p.m. The meeting will be held in Green Bay at the Allouez Community Center, lunch will be provided.

COMPANY K ANNUAL MEETING

The Company K annual meeting will take place on Saturday, January 16th, 2010. The meeting will begin at 9:00 A.M. The meeting will be held in the Masonic Lodge in Oregon, Wisconsin. This is the same location as the annual dinner and dance has been held in the past. The dinner and dance will take place at the same location beginning at 5:30 P.M.



FOR SALE

1842 SPRINGFIELD MUSKET .69 CAL. ARMISPORT

- 1842 Springfield Musket .69 Cal (smoothbore).
- High quality bayonet.
- Sling.
- Nipple (extra one).
- Tompion.
- Fiberglass bedded (partial, tang to lockplate by a gunsmith).
- Great shape, looks like new.
- Never fired a round ball!
- \$700.
- Contact: Craig S. Mickelson (920) 319-

9068, day (608) 240-5463.



ANTIETAM LIVING HISTORY EVENT

A 24TH
MICHIGAN
EVENT SET
FOR OCTOBER,
2010

SITE OF THE TRAGIC DAY
OF BATTLE IN SEPTEMBER,
1862!!

TO THE LEADERSHIP OF THE
BLACK HAT BATTALION AND
OUR FRIENDS,

It is official! The 24th Michigan Volunteer Infantry will be sponsoring a battalion level living history weekend on October 23/24, 2010 and you are invited to join us! We will be camped near the Dunker Church. Typical firing demonstrations are held at 11, 2, & 4 on Saturday and 11 & 1 on Sunday. The 24th is currently

working on gaining permission to recreate the early morning advance of the Iron Brigade through the Cornfield. More details will be coming in the future. Should be a great weekend! If your unit is interested, please let me know so the 24th can make proper arrangements. Thanks.

Sincerely,
Craig DeCrane
Colonel, Black Hat Battalion

*This sounds like a great opportunity!
And the countryside should be beautiful at
that time of the year.*



A painting by a new Civil War artist by the name of Mark Maritato. The painting is of the Irish Brigade at Fredericksburg, December, 1862. His prints are pretty reasonably priced. The following is a link to his recent work:

REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS

CATCHING UP WITH PREVIOUS SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS: PATRICK
WEEKS, 2007-2008.

Scott Frank sent the following information to *The Fugelman* as an update on one of the early recipients of the scholarship from the Association. This is a clear example of an individual who benefited from the scholarship and in turn is an example of giving back to our nation. Thank you, Scott, for sending this update. It adds value to our efforts with the scholarship program. [Ed.]

Patrick served from 2001 through 2008 with Company A, growing from boy to young man during his service in protecting the Union. Currently, he was interning at the non-profit think tank Heritage Foundation in Washington, DC, since his graduation from Grove City College, Pennsylvania, with honors in Business Economics (BS) and Finance (BS). Patrick was married to the beautiful Nikki Cibula in August, and he is currently attending Officer Candidate School training this fall to become an officer with the United States Marine Corps. He is now 22 and a resident of Northern Virginia.





SPRING MUSTER SET FOR THE SECOND WISCONSIN

REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS:

The Second Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry Association has issued a call to all its member companies to assemble at the Old Wade House, in Greenbush, Wisconsin, on May 1st and 2nd, 2010, for its annual Spring Muster. All company commanders are requested to place this date on your agendas for 2010 and to encourage a maximum effort by your commands to attend this event. Further details will appear in future issues of the regimental newsletter!

AN AFTER ACTION REPORT OF A DIFFERENT TYPE OF EVENT

***The Fugelman* wishes to thank Tim Suprenant for this submission. It sounds like a fun and challenging event, except to this 61 year old soldier! Tim falls in with Company K from time to time and we appreciate the effort to share with us a unique experience in reenacting. (Ed.)**

BUMMERS 09 AFTER ACTION REPORT: CAMPAIGNER EVENT HELD 13-15 NOVEMBER 2009.

We stepped off at around 10:00 or so at night on Friday and marched down a road. We were given a bit of bacon but that was it, not nearly enough for a meal. We also were issued torches which we lit so we could see the way. Unfortunately they only provided light for about 10 minutes. Before I know it, I could not see but 10 feet in front of me. As we marched we were fired upon by some militia up the hill. I doubt they could see what they were firing at, but nevertheless it slowed us down. We couldn't see anything, but we advanced up the hill in blind confusion. Not finding anything, we were ordered to make camp on the side of the hill. We quickly made fires and cooked our meager ration of slab bacon, and went to sleep. We all had to pull picket duty. The duty was nerve racking, as it was too dark to see anything. Any noise could be the enemy, and several nervous pickets fired blindly into the darkness. Fortunately, all 3 divisions were camped together, so the Georgia militia didn't dare make an attack.

The next morning we got up at daylight and were ready to move out. While my unit, the 93th Illinois, was all packed and ready, the overall commander waited at least an hour and a half before moving out. Then their plans were awry. We were supposed to march along a river road, but due to the recent heavy rains the road was flooded. Instead, we had to climb the side of the ridge, up and down. Eventually we had to scale an incline that could be accurately described as a cliff. It was extremely slow marching. As being the third division, it was march 1 minute wait 2 minutes, and extremely frustrating and tiring. We called ourselves 'Billy Goats' as the trek was more suited for those animals. We were frustrated that our divisional commanders didn't have the foresight to change their plan and take the ridge road instead of the river road. At the end, we scaled the ridge because we were told there water there, only to find there wasn't any left for us.

By now we were hungry and thirsty. We went down the ridge we just climbed. As luck would have it, our Sergeant had iodine tablets, and by filling up water via a creek we refilled our canteens. We crossed a creek and finally got an opportunity to forage. The division, which was now on its own, stopped and sent each foraging party out to look for food. Our party searched a swamp to find nothing. In fact, the entire division found but a few sacks of sweet potatoes. We then continued up two ravines, hopelessly lost.

Our guide took our party up a large hill, telling us there was food and water on top. At this point, we were very exhausted. It was about 3:00 and we hadn't had anything to eat since the event started, save the meager bacon. I sustained myself by eating a few acorns. We termed the hill "hunger hill" and we collapsed on top of the hill. Our guide told us he was going to scout ahead. He never came back.

We were isolated completely. No one else from division had followed us and our guide had abandoned us. We were lost, but we put faith in our Lt, Jeremy Bevard, and Sergeant, Andy Roscoe, to find a way out for us. They had a map and compass, and sent scouts out to find water and food. We found water and quenched our thirst. We then traveled along the road, in desperate search for food.

We finally came upon some goobers which had been spilled on the dirt road. It didn't matter, we all got on our hands and knees and scooped up the peanuts. What would have been disgusting and unsanitary matters not when you are starving. Then we found a wagon whose team had been stolen by Wheeler's Cavalry. The women, bless their souls,

gave us bread, cheese, pears, and some chicken. We were gracious to them and left them alone. We then continued along the road and came across a homestead. While we knew they were secesh and deserved pillaging, our hunger was more important and if they gave us food we would be appeased. We found a ham, as well as corn and sweet potatoes.

Then our picket spotted cavalry. We rushed to the side of the road and prepared a hasty ambush. We were about to open fire when their leader saw us and waved the flag of truce. He told us, breaking first person, that third division was lost and the event organizers needed to find them to give them food and water. We told them what we knew, that we had been abandoned by that same division, and they told us we had a truce for the night. We headed back to the wagon, made camp, and feasted on the food we had found. We also found some boys from the 63rd Illinois who had left the 3rd Division as they were frustrated with the division's inability to find forage.

We got up early on Sunday at the crack of dawn. Our bellies full and thirst quenched, our priorities had changed from basic survival to our mission, make Georgia howl. We returned to the homestead and began pillaging in earnest. We found another ham and sweet potatoes. We forced the civilians to remove what they had in the cabin and began to destroy it. I smashed a board from the wall out with my rifle, piled hay next to it and set it afire. Unfortunately, the wood was damp and we could not burn the house down. We then heard several bugle calls over the way, from the militia camp. Our party of 20 was no match for the combined Georgia militia, and we knew staying around would be hazardous. We grabbed what we could and head out.

We trekked cross country, hoping to run into federals before rebels. We spotted militia pickets on a road overlooking a crossroad, and we immediately ran the other way. Lt. Bevard detached the 63rd boys to cover our retreat, and we took up a defensive position on top of a hill. We heard the boom of a mountain howitzer, and realized we might be outgunned. We ran into a civilian woman, who told us there was a "whole mess of federals" just up the road. We headed that way and ran into the pickets of 2nd Division, fellow Illinois troops the 116th. We gladly shared our food with them; they hadn't been feed in a while and were happy to get it.

The Georgia militia, in response to our running into them, sent out a detachment of cavalry and a company of infantry to chase us. Fortunately, now with the combined might of the 116th and 93rd Illinois we were determined to force them back. They began to throw up works, and Lt. Bevard, who had taken command of the picket line, ordered the 93rd to extend a skirmish line forward while the 116th provided a base of fire. We finally got to shoot our muskets at the damn rebels. However the crafty secesh sent flankers around us, and not wanting to be captured we were forced to fall back to the original picket line. The 2nd Division informed us the division was moving out and we were to be the rearguard. Keeping a steady watch on them, we fell back with the division. We climbed several more hills on good roads and passed the 1st Missouri Engineers on the top of the hill. Armed with repeaters, I knew we were safe once we passed them. We continued on without harassment back to the parking lot and the event ended.\

This event easily has provided the most authentic experience yet. We were tired, lost, and isolated. My unit bonded and we encouraged each other along the way, and we put faith in our leadership to get us out of our situation. Every man we stepped off with on Friday came back with us. First person was well done and fully immersive, except for Saturday night when the cease fire had to be called for real world reasons. The event

organizers did an excellent job creating homesteads and situations for the civilians. There are countless other experiences had during this event, and if you want to read them I suggest going to the authentic-campaigner forum to read others AAR. The lack of foresight in changing the route of march was a negative that hopefully will be addressed, but otherwise I was happy with the event. I came expecting a challenging and immersive event, and that's what I got. I got to make Georgia howl!

Pvt. Tim Surprenant
93rd Illinois, 3rd Division, XV Corps

LULA'S LETTER: A CHILD'S STORY

HARPER'S WEEKLY, JULY 23, 1864

"Mamma," said my little daughter, "may I write a letter to a soldier? All the girls have."

"Write a letter to a soldier, my child?"

"Yes, mamma. Maggie and Mary have written theirs and put them in the comfort bags, and we think the soldiers will be so pleased to find a letter. We sewed all yesterday afternoon, and Maggie's mother is going to send them away as soon as I write. May I?"

Leave granted, Lula brought the wherewithal, and sat down gravely to the production of an epistle. After an hour's hard work she brought it to me, nicely copied for the final reading. The composition was unassisted, and ran as follows:

"Dear Soldier,--We have all been making things for the soldiers, and I send this comfort bag to you. I hope it will be very useful. How queer it must look to see a man sewing; but I suppose it must be done when there are no women. I think it is very good of you to fight for the country, and I love you very much for it. It must be dreadful to get wounded so far away from home. I hope God will take care of you, and bring you safe home to your friends. I must stop now. Please answer this letter, for I want to know who gets the bag. My papa is Mr. George Nelson, Brooklyn, New York. You must direct to his care. Your affectionate little friend,

"Lula."

After the bags had gone Lula became impatient to hear from her soldier, as she called him. But many a long week went by, and the child had ceased to talk of it, when her father came in to dinner with the long-expected document. I, with the faithlessness of middle-age, was surprised that it should come at all; but Lula was in ecstasies. The impatient fingers tore open the envelope, and coming to me we read it together:

"My Dear Little Friend"—thus the letter began—"I have just finished your sweet note, and as you ask for a reply you shall have it at length. Accept my thanks for your gift. Bless the little

fingers that made the bag, bless the warm heart that felt for the soldier and wished to write him a letter. It was the first one I had received for sixteen months. My dear little sister Letitia used to send me a packet every week. She was my only correspondent, and when she died I thought I had lost every thing. But I had my father. He was captain of the company in which I was, and am, a private. We were together a year; and then, little one, in the battle of Cedar Mountain, I saw him fall. I could not go to him. The thought of him lying behind me made me fight like a fiend. After the battle ended, and the noise of the guns, the trampling of horses, the rattle of artillery had died away, the night became as still as it is in the country after the cows are milked and the crickets begin their sad cry. Then I could look for my father. I found him at last. Near the place where he fell grew an old pine-tree, torn by shells, but a few plummy branches yet left. At its foot I dug a grave with my bayonet. There I left him sleeping his long sleep, with the sod of Virginia over him. Forgive me for writing you so dismal a story. I could not help it; for since that awful night I have not spoken of what occurred, and I have been longing to tell somebody. So you see what your note has done to comfort me. I am now going to mend my stockings with the help of the 'comfort bag.' The holes I have to sew up would make you open your eyes. I hope your father will allow you to write to me again. I inclose an envelope addressed, that you can use when you wish to do another kind action. I have the honor to be

"Very respectfully yours,

"Daniel P. Fleming."

Lula wrote a longer letter next time, telling of her papa, and mamma, and brother Johnnie; how she went to school where there was a funny master, who pretended to be cross, and was not; how she, aiding her playmates, bought for him a fine ruler as a present, and placed it, with a note, on his table on April-Fool's Day. Even about her Java sparrow the little pen discoursed, her dear J. S. who wore a white standing-collar like old Mr. Waters, and who slept in a basket. She spent some time over the epistle, spilled ink over the table-cover, and double-dyed her fingers. But she sent off a cheery letter, and not a word of mine discouraged her. In due time Mr. Fleming answered, and the correspondence went on all winter. I liked his letters very much, as well as Lula did, which is saying a great deal for them. He remembered he was writing to a child, and while he interested her our feelings were excited by his simple relations. When Christmas approached Lula wished to send him a box.

"I think I ought, mamma; he is my soldier, and has nobody else to think of him."

I gave her permission, but offered no assistance, wishing to see how she would manage. She begged a soap-box of the cook, and Johnnie helped her line it with paper. Grandma was now besieged with requests for a pair or two of the blue stockings she was constantly knitting. They begged me to make a plum-cake, and papa gave a bottle of wine. The children bought nuts and candy; and Lula, after an anxious talk with me, sent, as her own

particular gift, pocket-handkerchiefs marked with his name—"D.P. Fleming." Papa having suggested something to read, Johnnie brought his favorite books, Arabian Nights and Pilgrim's Progress, and could with difficulty be persuaded to substitute Harper's Magazines.

The acknowledgment of the box was a grateful letter that more than repaid us. Lula was specially delighted, because Mr. Fleming confessed to weakness for candy, and her father had laughed at her for sending bonbons to a soldier. There was a note to Mr. Nelson, in which Mr. Fleming said he was to have a furlough, with the rest of the regiment, before re-enlisting for the war. He begged permission to see Lula. Mr. Nelson immediately wrote for him to come. But we did not tell Lula, to save her the excitement and fretting of expectation. About two weeks afterward I was reading in my room when Lula flew in.

"Mamma," said she. "there is a soldier down stairs asking for you?" And she hid her face in my dress and began to tremble.

The servant brought in his card.

"Don't you wish to see Mr. Fleming, Lula?"

"No, no!" she sobbed.

"I am going down, and will send Margaret up for you. You may be disappointed in him, Lula; but remember, he is fighting our battles for us; he is a soldier, and as such deserves comfort and kindness. Expect nothing, but come down quietly when I send for you."

I owned to a little trepidation myself: a glance dispelled it. He was a tall, robust young man—almost handsome. His voice trembled a little as he responded to my welcome, and told me he could never tell all our goodness had done for him. Lula's letter came when he felt forsaken—desperate—and saved him. His regard for her seemed a kind of reverence. While he was talking I saw Lula peeping in at the other end of the drawing-room, and I called her. At that name he rose, dropped the cap he held, and went forward to meet her.

She was blushing like a peony—an old-fashioned red one—but smiling, and looking up at him from under her long lashes. He offered her his hand without a word. Lula gave him hers, when he kissed it as if she had been a princess and he of the blood-royal. She was a little afraid of him at first; but all shyness wore off when Johnnie came home, and went into a complete state of admiration. Mr. Nelson asked him to stay with us during his leave, and I was afterward very glad he did so, for that week gave me thorough knowledge of him, and when he left us I loved him as if he had been one of mine.

For a long time after Mr. Fleming's departure Johnnie and Lula played army plays exclusively. They drilled with canes, got up camp suppers, fought battles, were taken by guerrillas—embodiments of the stories of their friend. A few letters passed between us, for I now undertook the bulk of the correspondence; then the campaign

began, and we hear nothing. I was sure, from the silence that followed Gettysburg, in which his regiment took a prominent part, that something had happened to him. Mr. Nelson vainly inquired. He was thought to be a prisoner, but it was not positively known. Lula and Johnnie could not realize our fears. To be a prisoner was fine thing in their eyes. What a story Mr. Fleming would have to tell them.

That fall we went to Baltimore to visit an old aunt, and in the course of our stay we went to see the hospitals. As I never lost any chance of hearing of the lost Fleming, I told his story to the pleasant young nurse who walked about with us. She had been to the front, in the very first rank of those who went to care for the wounded.

There was a Captain Fleming ill in one of the wards, dying of the wounds received at Gettysburg. She did not know his first name, or any thing about him, except that he had no friends to whom news of his condition could be sent. I asked her to point him out, for a misgiving seized me. Surely it was he, white and changed. I drew back, fearing he would see me too suddenly. The nurse spoke, and told him some one had come to see him. A little color flashed into his face as I came forward, and the poor fellow turned his face into the pillow and sobbed. I cried too. "Why didn't you let us know where you were?" I asked at last.

"I did," said he; "but my letters had been unanswered for so long that I thought perhaps you had done enough for me, so I wrote no more. Isn't Lula here?"

"You shall see her to-morrow. When you are a little stronger, and can be moved, you must come to us. We will nurse you well again."

"I shall soon be well enough to be moved," said he, with a melancholy significance, "but not to your house, dear lady. Do you think Lula will know me? I hope she will not be afraid again. You will bring her to-morrow?"

I promised—and the next day we came. Lula knew he was very ill, but she was not quite prepared for the white face, the great black eyes, with their eager, intense glance. He smiled, and motioned her to come near him.

"Then you didn't forget your soldier after all."

"Oh, I didn't—I didn't!" And both the soft arms went round his neck. "Can't you get up, poor Mr. Fleming?"

"Do you know," said he, holding her to him with his little strength, "they have made me a captain, and given me a sword? Lula, I must give it to you with my own hands. I know you will keep it for my sake. If I never disgraced my office, never hesitated in my duty, never doubted in the cause at last, it was because I knew Lula loved me and believed in me. There it is. Will you bring it to me?"

Lula was greatly afraid of any weapon, I knew. I saw her pause and turn from him to the sword.

"It will not hurt you, my child," said I. "It is in its sheath."

So the dimpled, inexperienced hands brought it to the bedside. He grasped it by the hilt, and held her hand with his there. A moment passed in silence. I thought he prayed.

"Now, good-by, dear little one! When I get well I will come for the sword. Keep it for me. Will you kiss me, Lula?"

She stopped her pouting mouth to his, and then looking up to me, one arm hugging the fearful sword, held out the other hand to be led away. The soft eyes were full of awe. She did not cry, but sat very still in the carriage. When here father came in at night, and Lula tried to tell him every thing, she could not for her sobs.

The next day Mr. Nelson went with me to the hospital; but all was over. We told Lula that Mr. Fleming was well. God had taken him home to his mother and father.

A few days after my husband went to Washington and succeeded in seeing Fleming's colonel, who spoke of our soldier in unqualified praise.

"I gave him a sword," said he, "for he saved my life once that day. His bravery won him his shoulder-straps and —a grave. Proud fellow! He lay suffering in Baltimore, and would not let me know. I would have given all I own to have found him."

When we were once more at home her father hung the sword on the wall of Lula's room.

"My little girl must remember," said he, turning and seeing the tears running down her cheeks, "that Captain Fleming never failed in his duty, died in doing it. She must guard purely what he won bravely. A child may live the life of a soldier in its highest sense. Lula, may yours never dishonor the sword!" **Harper's Weekly**



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