

room for the living. Some hospital attendants, bearing their bloody burden, saw Joe asleep, and supposing him dead, laid a corpse down beside him. This was followed by others; and when the tired drummer awoke he found himself at the head of a ghastly rank of whom he alone was living, and from whom he fled yelling that they should not use him for what he called a *header*.

There lives out in Winnebago County a prosperous farmer who is in all respects a leading and worthy citizen. In army times he was called "Bob Oliver," and became a captain; but he fought at Shiloh as a corporal. He was as fine a type of the citizen-soldier as the exigencies of national tribulation ever brought to the front. He claims no literary skill, and would blush like a schoolgirl if he were asked to write anything to be read in public. But he did write in a private letter what follows, and expressed himself so well that the letter is, in its way, a gem. He had been ordered to the rear with a wounded man, but soon turned his charge over to a sergeant with a broken arm, because the latter was too disabled to use his gun; while he returned to the line. What follows is in his own language.

"I heard some one call out, 'For God's sake, Robert, don't leave me!' I looked back and saw James D. Goodwin of my company. He had everything off but his pants and shirt, and was as red as if he had been dipped in a barrel of blood. I said, 'Never! Put your arm around my neck, and I will do the best I can for you.' The Rebels were very close all around us, but I felt strong enough to pull up all the young saplings that grew on the battlefield. While I was taking him back, he was hit once or twice. When I got to a surgeon and we cut the shirt off Goodwin, to my horror I found seven bullet-holes in that boy not yet seventeen years old. I never could tell this experience without something coming up in my throat to cut my speech off. From the minute I took hold of him until I got to the river he never murmured nor broke down. Whenever

he was hit, he gave a sudden start and then braced up again; I never saw such nerve. He died on May 8, the noblest boy I ever saw."

It would seem as though the existence of the Republic must be eternal, when it can reach out over the prairies and gather from the farms soldiers like these.

The remnants of Stuart's brigade retreated from the south side of the ravine, where they made such stout resistance, a few minutes after two o'clock. Just after reaching the opposite side I was myself wounded through both legs, at almost the same instant. Weak and staggering, and suffering intense pain, I stumbled over the ridge into the next ravine toward the Landing. A fine soldier—an orderly sergeant who had been helping his terribly wounded nephew away, and was returning to the front—found me helpless under a tree. Being told that the regiment had retreated, he came to me and put his arms around me, and I clambered up at his side, clinging to his strong form for support. Thus slowly and painfully we dragged our way a few rods. He reached his left hand across his body to hold me closer to him, and the movement pulled up his blouse sleeve and disclosed a bandage around his arm. I exclaimed, "Bagley, if you are hit, take care of yourself; don't wait for me." His reply is remembered well; his words were the last utterance of an uncrowned hero; they were spoken with the last breath of a man who lost his life helping me save mine; they are burned into my memory by the one great tragedy of a lifetime. These words were, "That does not amount to anything; lean on me just as heavy as you are a mind to; I feel just as well as I ever did."

Instantly there rang out clear and distinct from the edge of the ravine a rifle-shot. A burning sensation passed along my back, and we fell together, two quivering, bleeding human beings. The bullet fired at me, a