

supremacy at the little town of Guyandotte, which place had been abandoned, but a few minutes before by the rebels. How big with fate that little circumstance then was, I well remember from the number of letters which were written as soon as we had pitched tents on "Old Virginia" soil. Early in the morning, while yet quite dark, with shaking limbs and chattering teeth, we stealthily walked from our tents, and being formed in line, marched to where, from a rising ground we could see the many muskets of a watchful enemy, pointed toward us. Whiz, whiz, whiz, stopped all thought, and forward we pushed. The enemy scattered in different directions, and we took possession of Barboursville, on the Court-house of which place we planted our first colors, the handi-work of some of the young ladies of Woodward.

A tiresome march through the mountains of Virginia, brought us to the beautiful Kanawha. Worn out, and exceedingly hungry, the hands of several acted in unison with their appetites, by making sundry attacks upon some sutler goods. This incident I remember, as it was the first one of such a nature, but speaking of soldiers, it does seem strange that I should particularize any single circumstance of theft, or, as the term now is "confiscation."

Although lulled by the booming sounds of the battle of "Scarey," we were not participants. After a wearisome march, in which we passed the several places of defense which the rebel Gen. Wise had constructed for holding the Kanawha Valley, we halted on the banks of the Gauley, and pitched our tents on a ground around which nature seemed to revel in scenes of grandeur. These in a great measure relieved the dull monotony of camp-life, which at this place was of some duration. How familiar to every "Guard" is that word Gauley. Almost every rock, cleft and cavern, had become an association, a subject of thought to some one mind.

A strange sight was here afforded, by hundreds of soldiers, making *wash-boards* as it were out of the great flat rocks, on which they rubbed their clothes, while the bubbling soap-suds ran over into the flowing stream. But if soldiers always