

had such good accommodations, they might not be so averse to washing. One fine Sunday evening, our kettles boiled with three days' rations, and next morning with sack and baggage, we crossed the Gauley. Our line of march bordered, a great part of the way, the banks of the New River, whose swift waters, ragged clefts, and wild scenery made it an enchanted place of wonder and admiration. One most noticeable scene in this route is the Hawk's Nest. At Look-out, we seemed to be encamped on a molehill, encircled by a vast arena of ridges, which in the distance were towering with their high peaks. The peculiar natural event of scenes at this camp, often afforded matter for contemplation.

Come, and enter our tents on Mt. Sewell. Peeping out, you can see the moving forms of the enemy, who are intrenched on the opposite mountain. Rain, rain, rain, drives to their tents all, but the faithful sentinel. The cold wind howls, and flaps the canvas of our tents, while we shiver in our scanty covering. Oh! those were times that tried all souls.

But the rain ceased, and the sun shone forth in splendor. Distinctly do I recollect going into camp on Sunday morning, (while everything else seemed smiling) and noticing the gloom and thoughtful silence which prevailed in our company quarters. Sad indeed was the reflection in my own mind, when I ascertained that our 2nd Lieut. Daniel W. Finch, was dead. As a soldier he had borne his part well. Mirthful and humorous, he won all to his presence. Time forbids me to say more in tribute to the deceased, but the saddened countenances of all his company, on hearing of his death, bore an unbounded evidence of the esteem in which he was held.

In the dead hour of night, we left this camp on a retrograde movement. Many incidents could I relate, but brevity must bound my remarks. Four or five days after, while the sun was declining behind the hills, we again cast our eyes on the waters of the Gauley, and quietly encamped on Tompkin's farm. For some time after, the writer was not with the company. But many a tale have they all to tell of the