

Excerpt from Frederick E. Phelps: A Soldier's Memoirs

Phelps, Frederick E. and Frank D. Reeve. "Frederick E. Phelps: a Soldier's Memoirs." *New Mexico Historical Review* 25, 1 (1950). Available at <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmhr/vol25/iss1/3>

Sometime in September or October, 1877, I received orders to report to Lieutenant John L. Bullis, 24th Infantry, who was in command of the Seminole Indian Scouts, and to go with him, as we then supposed, to guard a crossing of the Rio Grande near the mouth of Las Moras creek. Lieutenant Bullis had been in command of these Seminole Indian Scouts for two or three years, and had gained a great reputation as a scout and fighter. These Seminole Indians were a queerly mixed lot. They were the descendants partly of the Seminole Indians who had been removed from Florida, sometime in the forty's, to the Indian territory, and then had drifted down into Texas. A portion of them were only part Seminole, being descendants of negro slaves captured by the Seminoles who had kept them as slaves and inter-married with them. Nearly all had a strain of Mexican blood, so that there was a mixture of Indian, Negro, and Mexican. Generally a mixture like this produces a vicious man, but these men were quite orderly and excellent soldiers. They had a little village about three miles below Fort Clark, and were constantly employed scouting all over western Texas under Bullis. He was a small, wiry man with a black mustache, and his face was burned as red as an Indian; He was a tireless marcher, thin and spare, and it 'used to be said of him that when he wanted to be luxurious in scouting, he took along one can of corn. Of course, this was only said in fun, but it was a fact that he and his men could go longer on half rations than any body of men that I have ever seen, and I had a great deal of experience with them.

Besides my- self, Lieutenant Maxon and Jones of the 10th Cavalry, with a detachment from their regiment which was, and is, a colored regiment, also reported to Bullis. We made a night march to the mouth of Las Moras and bivouacked under a few scattering trees for nearly a week. By this time I began to suspect that we were there for some other purpose and was not surprised one night, about nine o'clock, when Bullis directed us to be ready to march to the Rio Grande, about two miles distant. We were directed to leave our pack animals behind under guard and to take one day's cooked rations. We forded the Rio Grande by moonlight and then Bullis informed us that we were to make a dash to the head of a creek about twenty or twenty-five miles distant to surprise, if possible, a gang of horse and cattle thieves who made that their rendezvous. We started at once and traveled hard all night, galloping and trotting alternately, but the twenty miles stretched into thirty; just at daylight we caught sight of a large building looming up, which proved to be our destination. This building was in reality an old stone fort, evidently built years before by the Spaniards. It was in the shape of a triangle, each side being about one hundred feet long, and the wall was twelve to fifteen feet high; there was only one door or gate which, unfortunately for us, was on the side opposite the direction from which we approached. We had just emerged from the brush into the open ground when we heard a shrill alarm given, and instantly spreading out, we charged at full speed to gain the gate, if possible, before anyone could escape. As soon as we had surrounded the place, Bullis directed me to take twelve or fifteen men, enter the fort and search every building in it for a notorious thief and desperado who had long been the terror of the frontier. There were about a dozen shacks inside the fort and I searched them quickly and thoroughly, but only found one man. He was a Mexican, and one of the men pulled him out from under the bed by his feet, and he was evidently scared almost to death, for he immediately got on his knees and begged for' mercy. I sent him to Bullis, but he was not the man we wanted and he was released.

We found plenty of women and boys and soon learned that all the men were absent on a raid, except the leader, and that as soon as we were discovered he had dashed out and made his escape into a

swamp which came close to the building. Our trip was, therefore, a failure and, after resting for an hour, we started to return, but fearing that we would be intercepted by the hundreds of thieves and desperadoes that infested the river on both sides at that time, we struck across the prairie for another crossing in the Rio Grande, Hackberry crossing, about fifteen miles below where we had crossed the night before. To arrive at this point we had to make a circuit to avoid passing over the hills on top of which we could have been discovered for miles. We marched very rapidly and, having had only one meal, and I having had none, for some way or other the lunch I had taken along had bounced out of my saddle pocket, we were hungry.

About noon I became very weak and Doctor Shannon, the surgeon with us, noticing my paleness, rode up beside me, handed me a tin cup with a strong whiskey toddy in it and directed me to drink it. I told him that I never touched liquor, that the love of liquor was hereditary with me and I was afraid to use it, but he insisted that I must take it as medicine and finally I swallowed it. It certainly braced me up wonderfully and I kept my place at head of the column, Bullis having command of the rear guard which he supposed to be the point of danger, until we arrived within about a mile of the Rio Grande. We had kept scouts well in advance; they came back and reported that about two or three hundred cattle thieves had prepared an ambush on both sides of a narrow canyon which we must pass through, and were waiting for us. After a moment of consultation, we plunged into a side canyon and put our horses on the dead run, knowing that the mouth of this canyon would bring us nearly opposite Hackberry crossing anyhow. Arriving at the bank of the river we did not stop to find the crossing but, lead by Bullis, forced our horses over the bank into the swollen river and swam our horses across. We had scarcely emerged on the other side when a crowd of thieves came hurrying down to head us off, but too late. I thought it strange that Bullis did not take us at once into the heavy timber which here lined the river, where we would be protected, but a glance to the right and left brought a broad smile on my face as I discovered, lying flat on their faces at the edge of the brush, about four hundred cavalrymen, all from Fort Clark, under the command of Colonel Shafter, and a little to one side were two Gatling guns carefully concealed behind the brush that had been cut off and stuck in the ground, and lying alongside of the guns, ready for business, were the cannoneers. Shafter had carefully arranged the whole plan and was anxiously hoping that these raiders would enter the river when he intended, as he told me off the face of the earth," or to open fire on them should they attack us without attempting to cross the river. We remained in plain sight for perhaps five minutes, but seeing that the thieves had no intention of crossing or firing, the command was given and all the troops rose to their feet; of all the stampedes that I have ever seen, I never saw such a one as those thieves made at once. They evidently had no idea that there were any troops there but ours, and as far as we could see them they were still running.

This was about three o'clock in the afternoon. I had been in the saddle since nine o'clock the night before and, as soon as we got a bite to eat, I threw myself down on the gravel and never woke up till seven or eight o'clock the next morning when the heat of the sun aroused me. We returned to our camp at our leisure; although the trip was not success so far as capturing the men we were after was concerned, it taught the thieves that we were watching them closely and they gave us very little trouble for a long time after. We returned to the Post in December and the next spring I again went out into camp. During the winter I had magnificent quail and duck shooting, and never enjoyed a winter more. I used to ride into the Post once a week and stay one day, each officer taking his turn. I sent game to my family and my friends almost daily, and we caught a great many black bass in the creek, so that we lived well. In September or October, Lieutenant Bullis, who had gone on a long scout to the big bend of the Rio Grande, was caught in a canyon by the Indians and severely handled, only getting his men out by his skill and courage, but losing several animals and all his rations.

We were still in camp on Pinto creek, the camp being commanded by Captain S. B. M. Young, 8th Cavalry, now Lieutenant General, retired. He took four troops of Cavalry, one of them being a colored troop, and we' made a forced march to Myers springs, about one hundred and fifty miles distant, where we met Bullis; we immediately took his trail afterwards, "to wipe them to the Rio Grande, crossed it and pushed rapidly to the place where he had been defeated. We crossed and re-crossed the river and finally ascended a high mountain, I suppose one thousand feet above the river, where we bivouacked for the night on the naked rock. The next morning we descended to the Rio Grande again, crossed and got up on the other side; after working hard for twelve or fourteen hours, we had not gone more than three or four miles in a narrow line. The sides of the mountain were very precipitous; we passed the place where Bullis had been defeated which was a narrow ledge not more than ten or twelve feet wide, with a mountain towering above and the river hundreds of feet below; how he ever got his men out of there, with Indians on both sides, was a mystery to us all. In our party we had an Assistant Surgeon by the name of Comegys, from Cincinnati. He had just joined the army and this was his first scout; he had suffered greatly during the day from the intense heat and the hard climb, and that evening he asked me where our next camp would be. Young was sitting nearby and I saw him smile when I pointed to a mountain peak perhaps sixty miles away, as I knew, and with a perfectly grave face informed the doctor that our next camp would be at the foot of this peak, and that there was not a drop of water between the two. In despair he turned to Young and said to him, "Colonel, you may as well bury me right now for I will never live to get there." When he heard the roar of laughter from the officers around he turned on me and upbraided me for playing it on him, but I stuck to it, and the next morning when we started we headed toward this mountain, and I can see yet the look of despair on his face; but we had only gone a few miles when the Indian trail, which we were following, turned abruptly to the left, went down through a canyon and brought us out again on the river, and I think he was the happiest man in camp that night.

The next day we pushed rapidly on the trail, made a dry camp, which means a camp without water, except what we had in our canteens, and about noon the next day arrived at the foot of a range of mountains known as Mount Carmen, or Red Mountains. During the day a blizzard of rain and hail struck us, with a high wind, and we suffered greatly from cold. We finally managed to find a little spring in a hollow and, with cups and knives, dug it out so the water would flow more freely; dipping the water out with our tin cups, we filled our camp kettles and watered the animals which took until nearly mid- night. As darkness approached, I looked around for a good place to sleep where I could be protected from the sleet, if possible, for, of course, we carried no tents. I soon found a hollow or depression about the size of a grave and perhaps four feet deep. This was probably caused by the uprooting of a tree, though there were no trees there then. This hole was half full of dead leaves from the sage brush, so I threw my bundle of blankets in which I had a buffalo robe, and around which I had a piece of canvas, into this hole, to indicate that I had pre-empted that sleeping place. Soon after dark, having completed all my duties, I went to this place, spread my canvas on the leaves, on top of this my blankets, and then my buffalo robe, with the hairy side uppermost. I had a long heavy overcoat with fur gloves and a fur cap; getting down and crawling under the blankets, and pulling the buffalo robe over my head, I was just congratulating myself that I had a warm, cozy place to sleep when I heard the voice of Lieutenant Guest, of my regiment, who had a peculiar habit of talking to himself.

This was Guest's first scout and he had more than once expressed a desire to meet a bear. It was dark as a pocket, but I could hear him or feel him kneel down at the edge of the hole as he threw down his roll of bedding by my side; the next moment he had gotten into the hole himself and, just as he touched the fur of the buffalo robe, I turned on my face, hunched up my back, and gave a groan as nearly as possible to what I thought a bear would make. With one wild yell he jumped out of the hole and ran toward

where the men were sleeping, yelling, "A bear, a bear," at the top of his voice, and in a moment I heard the rapid approach of feet. I could hear the rattle of the breech locks as the men loaded their carbines, and I thought it was high time to make myself known. So I stood up and called to the men that there was no bear there. Poor Guest never heard the last of this and in 1888, when our regiment was marching from Texas to Dakota, I again met him at old Fort Concho after a lapse of several years. The day after we left Fort Concho, while I was marching at the head of my troop, Guest dropped back by my side and almost immediately I heard from the men behind me the old familiar words, "A bear, a bear," and I saw his face get scarlet. He said in a low tone, "Will 'F' troop never let up on that damn story."

I laughed and said to him, "There are only two or three of the old men left, Murphy is one of them. He is in the first set of twos, and there are one or two old men back of him. If I were you I would drop back and shake hands with them. They would be glad to see you, and you will never hear anything more of it." He dropped back and I heard him call out, "Lord, Murphy, hasn't the devil got you yet," and Murphy gave a laugh; as I looked back, I saw them shaking hands heartily. Murphy fell out with him and, allowing the troop to pass, called his attention to the two or three old men, all of whom he greeted cordially, and that was the last he ever heard of that story.

The next morning we resumed our march and late in the evening we camped on a piece of ground thickly dotted with both hot and cold springs. In the hot springs the water varied from lukewarm to a heat so great that a person could scarcely hold his hand in it, while in the cold springs the water was cool enough to drink and, as I remember it, there were perhaps half a dozen of each in a space of eight or ten acres. Of course this was caused merely by two underground streams, one of cold water and the other coming up from hot springs away below the ground.

That evening Bullis sent six or seven of his men to follow the trail a few miles so that we could gain time in the morning. One of these men was sent on top of the mountain immediately above us; just after sunset he came sliding down and reported that the Indians had passed around the point of the mountain and were then encamped in a deep ravine just on the other side of the mountain, not more than a mile away, but four miles around the point by way of their trail. Colonel Young at once gave us orders that at daybreak we would climb the mountain and attack them from above, forcing them, if possible, into the open plain where we could get a chance. He sent for me and informed me that I would be left behind in charge of the camp. To this I strenuously objected, calling his attention to the fact that I ranked Lieu-tenant Guest, that I thought I should be allowed the choice of going or staying, and that I wanted to go. Colonel Young and I had had some words in regard to managing the mess a few days before, for as usual I had charge of the mess, and while this disagreement was purely personal, there had been a decided coolness between us; he told me afterwards that if he had not feared that I would think that he was taking unfair advantage of his being in command, he would have insisted that I remain behind, and I have always been sorry since that he did not.

We started up the hill at daybreak, and it was a hard climb. The hill was very steep, covered with loose shale and gravel, and we had to work our way up by clinging to the brush wood that thickly covered it; we had just arrived at the flat top when, sitting down to get our breath for a moment, we discovered a commotion in the camp. We saw the men running out and bringing in the horses from the flat where they were grazing; Bullis said that he had seen one of his men ride into camp at full speed and it was evident that something was wrong. Turning to me Young said, "Damn it, Phelps, I wish you had remained in camp, for you would know what to do, and I don't suppose Guest does;" then turning to Lieutenant Bullis, he directed him to go down and take command of the camp and do what he

deemed best. It turned out afterwards that the six or seven men, who had followed up the trail the night before, had discovered some of the Indians' horses just at dark; concealing themselves in the rocks, they waited till daybreak when, instead of returning at once to our camp with the information, they tried to steal the Indians' horses. An opportunity to steal a horse is one no Indian could ever resist. As they approached the horses, the Indians, who had evidently discovered them also, fired on them, fortunately, or unfortunately, without hitting any of them; and they immediately took refuge in a pile of rocks. There was only six of them against twenty or twenty-five Indians, but one of them sprang on his pony. and went back for help at full speed, and that was the man we had seen ride into camp. Had I remained in camp, I would, of course, have mounted all the men there and gone at full speed to the rescue of these men; we found afterwards that I would have cut the Indians off from the ravine and would have driven them straight into Young's command. Lieutenant Bullis mounted twenty or twenty-five men and hurried around, but the time lost had been sufficient for the Indians to start up a canyon. As we arrived on the edge of it, crawling up on our hands and knees, Young and one or two of the officers, peering over, discovered the Indians making their way slowly up the opposite side of the canyon; to me it looked as though they were walking along the side of the cliff like flies, but. we afterwards found there was a narrow ledge, in some places not more than three feet wide, and they arrived at the top of the canyon almost at the same moment that we did. My troop had been deployed as skirmishers; I had charge of the left wing and Captain Wells had charge of the right.

I discovered four or five Indians with their horses not more than one hundred yards distant; apparently they had not yet caught sight of us and were a little undecided which way to go. Raising my rifle, I fired straight at a buck, as the warriors are called, and at that distance I fully expected to get him, but just as I fired his horse moved slightly forward and the bullet struck the poor brute instead of the Indian. Like a flash they scattered among the rocks; for ten or fifteen minutes we banged away at each other without anyone being hurt on either side so far as we could discover. We were simply endeavoring to hold them there, for another troop had been sent to make a circuit and we had hopes of holding them until this troop could come up on their rear. I was lying flat behind a rock when I became aware of the fact that one of those Indians seemed to have a pick at me, for several of his bullets struck very near me. I finally discovered him about one hundred yards to my left by seeing him raise and lower his arm while loading his rifle. I called two of the men near me and, resting our guns on the top of a rock, we waited a moment until he should raise to shoot, when all three of us fired at him at once. He toppled over backward, his gun going over his head, and we heard no more of him. '

Just at that moment a bullet struck a piece of rock near my left foot, chipped off a piece of it which struck my left ankle bone with terrific force; when I arose to my feet the ankle gave way beneath me and I could not walk a step. The Indians had rushed down the side of the hill; the men ran to the edge, opened fire on them and, as we afterwards found, succeeded in killing four or five. One of these Indians was on his pony, for they succeeded in getting part of the ponies down the hill. Bending over his saddle, he was going at full speed when a bullet struck him in the back, and he rolled off. One of the men went down and captured his pony, a cream colored one; tied to the saddle was a complete, beautifully dressed buckskin suit, fringed with beads and porcupine quills, the most handsome Indian costume that I have ever seen. I immediately offered the man twenty-five dollars for it, but he declined to part with it; when we got back to Fort Clark he asked me to send it to his girl for him, which I did. By this time my ankle had swollen enormously and I was helped on one of the captured ponies, which one of the men led back to the camp. I knew the doctor had no medicine of any kind, for the mule bearing his medicine chest had fallen over a cliff a week before, and I was greatly worried about my ankle. They had to cut off the shoe and stocking; ripping up my trousers, the doctors saw that it was already swollen to nearly double its usual size and rapidly turning purple. One of the hot springs, as I have mentioned, was

close by and, with my blanket spread beside it, I completely immersed my foot and ankle in the hot water; here I remained all night.

Possibly nothing better could have been done; in the morning the swelling had gone down at least half, and much of the soreness was gone. It was a month before I could walk or put on a shoe, but I wore an Indian moccasin which one of my men had picked up and had given to me. We captured something like twenty-five or thirty mules and horses, and afterwards found that the Indian, at whom we three had fired, was the chief and that all three bullets had struck him squarely in the breast. His gun proved to be an old Harpers Ferry musket, model of 1854, with brass rings and the stock extending clear to the muzzle. It was a smooth bore, carrying a round bullet. The gun was loaded, cocked, and capped, but one of the bullets had broken the stock, or possibly the fall had broken it, and it was lying by his side. The men brought it back to me. I took it back to Fort Clark, sent it to the Ordnance Arsenal at San Antonio, had it restocked and it made one of the best single-barreled shot guns that I had ever seen; when I left the troop the men still had it.

This last skirmish occurred on Thanksgiving Day, though I doubt if any of us remembered it until evening. I had had charge of the mess and knew that our supplies were completely exhausted, except for a little sack, perhaps four or five pounds, of flour, and one can of apples, which I had stowed in my saddle bags on my own saddle a week before, intending to give the mess at least something to eat on Thanksgiving Day. While lying beside the spring, boiling my foot, I called to the soldier who cooked for our mess, gave him the flour and the apples and told him to make some apple dumplings, but not to tell anybody. We had no baking powder, so all he could do was to mix up the flour with water, put in some sugar and the can of apples, and boil the dumplings in a kettle. For supper that night we had hard tack and coffee only, for our bacon was all gone, but just as the officers were about to scatter I told them to wait, and our cook produced the dumplings. Well, we ate them, though they were as heavy as lead, and every Thanksgiving Day I remember the apple dumpling supper that we had that day nearly two hundred miles down in old Mexico.

Among the animals captured, we found several mules loaded with dried deer, horse and mule meat, all of which was divided equally among the men and officers, but it only gave us about two or three ounces each and we started back the next day for Myers springs where we had left most of our rations. We marched very rapidly and I suffered intensely with my foot. Finally we arrived at the point where we crossed the Rio Grande, and here Colonel Young directed me, as Adjutant of the scout, to send two men to Myers springs with instructions to Lieutenant Clay, who had been left there with a small detachment, to send us rations. That same evening we were sitting around a little camp fire when Bullis came over and told us that he had found a small sack with a few pounds of rice in it which he would give us. What he was living on, I don't know, but I have always believed that, like his Seminoles, he was living on rattlesnakes, for I have time and again seen the Seminoles kill and skin rattlesnakes and fry them just the same as fish. I had never tried it but once, and that was enough. We put the rice in a big kettle, poured on a lot of water and set it on the fire. I did not know that rice swelled so, but in a few moments it had swelled clear over the top of the kettle, so we concluded that it must be done. We had plenty of sugar left and stirred in a couple of quarts of brown sugar, then gathered around it and each one helped himself. The rice had been slightly scorched and made me deathly sick; it was twenty years before I could eat rice again.

The next day we marched about fifteen miles, the horses being very weak, for there was but little grass and, of course, no grain; about dark the two men we had sent to Myers springs came into camp with three mules loaded with coffee, bacon, and hard tack, a most welcome sight. The men had a method of

cooking the hard tack which made it very palatable to a hungry man. Breaking the hard bread into fragments, they put it to soak and it soon swelled. They then fried their bacon, poured the bacon grease! over the hard bread, and mixed a liberal quantity of brown sugar with it; while it doesn't sound very nice, it certainly was very palatable when a keen hunger was the sauce. The next day we arrived at our old camp at Myers springs. We found Clay had sent us all the rations there were, so here we were one hundred and fifty miles from the nearest post and the men living on quarter rations, while the officers had absolutely none. Jack rabbits were very plentiful, so I took my shot gun, which I had left at this camp, and killed great numbers of them, which we boiled, and I got so sick of rabbit that it was years afterwards before I could eat any again. From this point we sent one of the Seminoles to Fort Clark with a letter to the commanding officer, Colonel Shafter, asking that rations and forage be sent to meet us as soon as possible, and two or three days afterwards, as soon as we could shoe up the horses, we started on our return.

By this same messenger, Colonel Young sent a short official report of the scout to Colonel Shafter, which I prepared, under his direction, on leaves torn from my note book and in pencil. I also wrote a note to my wife telling her that I was all right, that my ankle was much better and not to worry. I endorsed on the back of it a request to Colonel Shafter to send it to her, and both were enclosed in an old envelope and addressed to the commanding officer of the Post. I told the Seminole to make the best speed he possibly could and, on arrival, whatever might be the hour, day or night, to report immediately to the commanding officer and deliver the letter. I also told him to go down to my troop barracks, where two or three men had been left, and they would take care of him, giving him something to eat and care for his horse. I afterwards learned that he arrived at the Post about two o'clock in the morning, aroused Colonel Shafter from his bed, delivered the letter and then went over to my troop barracks. As soon as he came in, the men began to question him about the scout, as not a word had been heard from us after leaving Del Rio about two months before. The Seminole could talk very little English and perhaps understand less, and the men only knew a few words of Mexican, which was the language that the Seminoles used. He told them, "Heap big fight, muchos Indians killed," which was, of course, an exaggeration. They then asked him if any soldiers were killed. Not understanding the question but, I suppose, believing that it meant if anybody was hurt, he said, "Yes, Adjutante," which is the Mexican for Adjutant. The men knew that I was Adjutant of the command. They were, of course, keenly interested, and asked him if the Adjutant was killed, and again misunderstanding the question, the Seminole nodded his head.

By this time it was daylight. The news that there had been a fight and that the Adjutant had been killed was quickly communicated to other companies, and by them communicated to servants up along the officers' line, or to use an old frontier expression, "the news went up the back porch of the officers' line and came down the front." Mary, of course, knew nothing of this, as she had not left the house at that time. At guard-mount, which took place about eight o'clock, it was customary for the officers to sit out on their front porches with their families and listen to music of the band. Mary took May and started to walk up the line to watch guard-mount. She told me afterwards that whereas officers would usually spring to their feet as she passed their quarters and lift their caps, she noticed that every one of them hustled inside, and she wondered why. About half way up the line she approached a group of three officers who had their backs toward her. One of them was Lieutenant Donovan, of the 24th Infantry, who messed with us. As she approached, she overheard one of the officers say, "Hush, here is Mrs. Phelps, now," and it flashed on her mind in a moment that there was some bad news. Walking straight up to Mr. Donovan she asked him, "Is there any news of the scout," to which he answered by inclining his head. "Is anybody hurt," she asked, and again he inclined his head. "Is Mr. Phelps hurt," she demanded. At that question, Mr. Donovan stepped by her side and said, "Mrs. Phelps, let me

take you home." He told me afterwards that quick as a flash she straightened up to her full height and, looking him squarely in the eye quietly said, "Mr. Donovan, I am a soldier's wife, if there is any bad news I want to know it instantly. Is Mr. Phelps dead?" He replied, "Yes, Mrs. Phelps, he was killed on Thanksgiving Day at the head of his troop." She turned ghastly white, took his arm, and leading May by the hand, she went back to our quarters, bowed to him, entered the house and closed the door.

In about half an hour Colonel Shafter knocked at the door and she bade him enter. Colonel Shafter was a large, jovial man and generally spoke in a loud tone of voice; in his jovial way, and not noticing the tears streaming down her cheeks, he said to her, "Madam, allow me to congratulate you." A month later he told me that he had not noticed that she had been crying, but that she instantly straightened up and, looking him in the face, she answered in a cutting tone, "Since when, Colonel Shafter, has it been the custom of the Army for the commanding officer to congratulate the widow?" He was dumbfounded for a second, and then blurted out, "If Mr. Phelps is dead, he is a mighty lively corpse, for here is a letter from him." Then, and I believe the only time in her army service, she fainted, and he caught her as she fell to the floor. Laying her gently on the carpet, he rushed out of the room into Mrs. Pond's quarters, next door, and shouted, "For God's sake come over to Mrs. Phelps's house, I have killed her." Mr. Pond ran into the house and dashed water in her face; they lifted her on the bed and in a few moments she revived. We had many a laugh over this afterwards, but at the time it was serious enough.