

fell off the fence and lay there as motionless
as death. I did not know but it might be that
the ball had glanced and hit the sinner. I watched him
carefully. At length he rose cautiously, looked around &
began to feel the back of his head. Soon one or two
of his comrades returned to look after him. He said
he was shot in the back of the head would not lie
long, &c. There was likely to be a mob over it but
they had no definite idea where the shot came from.
I went out - my shoulder-straps secured me im-
munity - went up to the fellow who was "kilt"
collared him roughly and told him he "was well
enough only he had hurt his head tumbling from
the fence in his 'scare'". This proved true and they all
dispersed - not however till I had recognized several
who were tried next morning by the Provost Marshal
for plundering. I am very anxious to
get out of Danville, somewhere - I care little where
it may be. - I am daily in a quandary which is laugh-
able enough just now. I have no uniform here
save, one pair of pants and my blouse. The
pants are becoming seriously dilapidated. I can

See Journal Page

nothing, all mention of the battle of Perryville is unknown
to me. Only once - to Coon, have I summoned sufficient
"grip" to detail the affair, and it sickened me then.
If it should ever happen to be in the mood, when writing
to you, I will write all about it. If not you must be con-
tent to wait and hear it from my lips - I am, I
think, considerably better than when I wrote last. I took
quite a walk yesterday, without any serious discomfort
at the time though I do not feel much like repeating
the experiment today. I have some hope of conquering
my ills and being ready to do something else soon.
I came pretty near having an adventure the
other night. I was quite wakeful, and about midnight
I heard persons running around the house pretty fre-
quently. I got up and saw about a dozen soldiers prowling
around, stealing whatever they could find and not hesi-
tating to try doors and windows. At length they gathered
almost under my window for consultation, some of
them sitting on a fence near by. I took my revolver &
fired directly down from my window into the ground
to scare them. I accomplished my purpose, and they
scattered splendidly - all save one! He fell

See 2nd page

get no more done and the question is "What shall I do?"
It is a question of moment too. How think of it
Tomorrow evening a lady is to send her carriage to take
me to a party at her mansion. I know there will be at
least a half dozen young ladies there who will have a
special interest in "the odd Lieutenant" - you see I have
a new eyeglasses, - and what shall I do, appearing there
with old soiled metalic shoulder straps - all I've got - and
an old rusty button steined and fatter-torn blouse, and
to crown all - if a crown is ever placed in that position - a
pair of extremely dilapidated pants? I know I shall put my pants in
my trunk which I will be sure not to black, I have not shaved
for a week and will not until after that. I will not think to comb
my hair or do anything to make myself presentable. I will
not go and act the careless boor, however, that's too common, but I
will put on a long face and be very punctilious and polite.
This will increase the ludicrousness to me, and it will all be
set down to the score of my eccentricity, so I shall be safe
enough. Oh! Key society is just the greatest thing I ever saw.
The principal item of conversation - no matter how great or small
the company is "scouthearts." I have worn a mask ever since
I have been here, and have scarcely said four words in earnest.
They are a very insensitive set of beings and think no more of
putting one through a private catechism in regard to his own affairs
at an evening party, than you would of saying "How do you do?"
When I first came to Mr. Cheis' I was as cheerful as one as sick could
well be and used to try and have some fun out of my own miseries.
This was unheard of among them. If one of them is sick he moans & groans
& scolds until he is well or dies. They therefore got the idea that I was rapidly be-
coming mad as I now and then went to the parlor they thought it time to
begin to quiz me. I went down one night in a very solemn mood - ostensibly - and
whatever they asked me I answered very honestly and deliberately. There were two young
ladies - Mollie and Polly Baldie - and Mrs. Cheis, and poor I had a hard time
Almost their first question was "Are you married, Lieut?" I was going to answer "No"
but fearing Felix would unwittingly let me out, I told the truth and gave as a reason
for remaining so long a bachelor, the fact that I had never yet seen a woman
who could mind her own business. One of the girls thought she saw something
"sarcastical" in that, and said "Perhaps you think I can't mind my own business."
I replied that I should require proof on that point. Well she said she could not
replied that she had a funny way of showing her power. Places weren't there
Starrs! She owned and I laughed. This a wild creature accustomed to make all
when she was mad, and it started her and I didn't care a bit.

