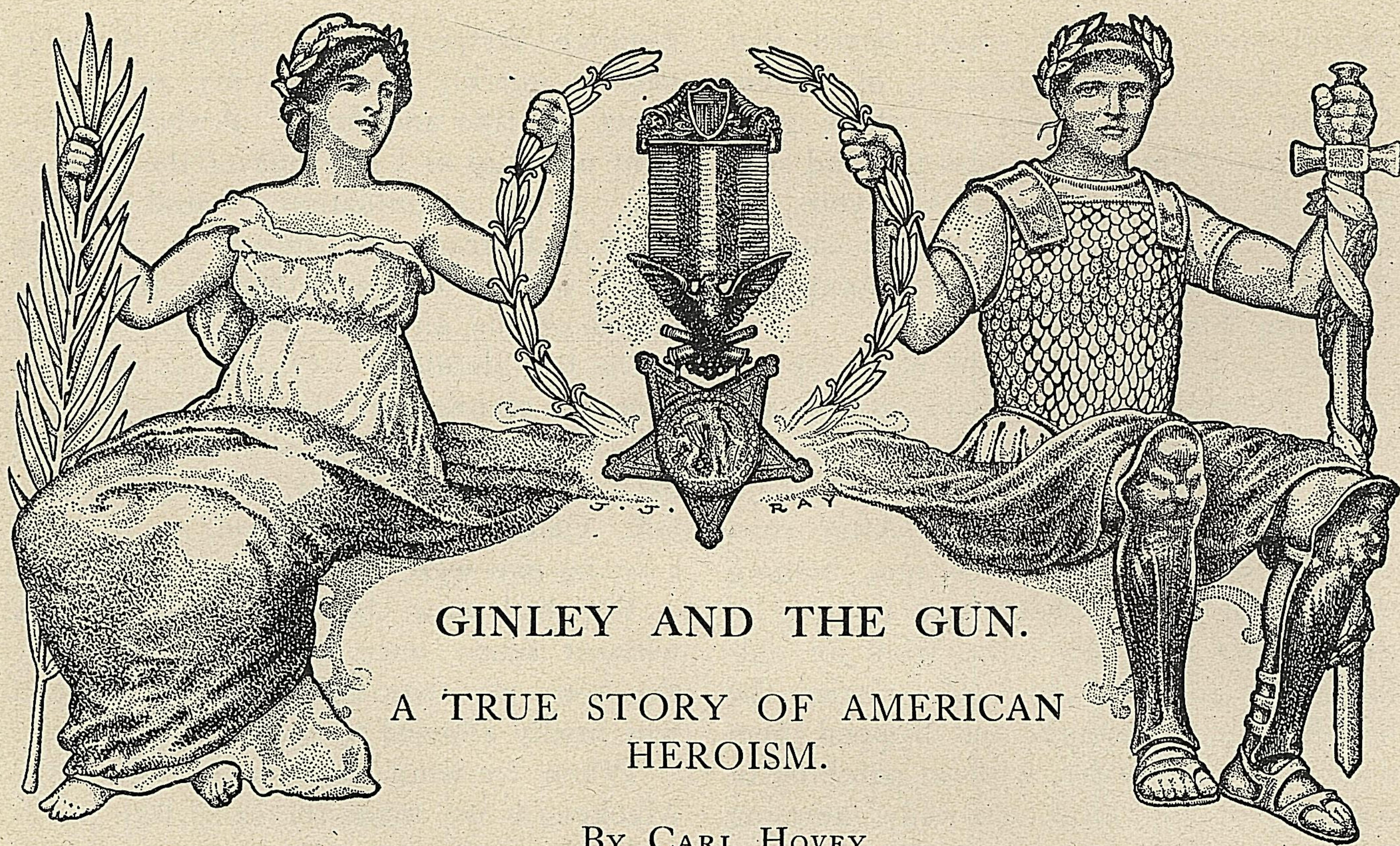




GINLEY AND THE GUN.

A TRUE STORY OF AMERICAN HEROISM.

BY CARL HOVEY.

[In the December number of EVERYBODY'S appeared the first of a series of stories telling of heroic deeds for which the Congressional Medal of Honor has been awarded. This is another tale of the winning of one of these medals.]

THERE was a little Irishman named Patrick Ginley, in Hogan's Battery, who had an army record as long as a man's arm. He served seventeen years in the British Army, first in the Fifth Dragoon Guards, then in an Irish infantry regiment, took part in the Crimean War and fought at Balaklava, Inkerman, and Sebastopol. He went through the Indian Mutiny. When his time was out he came to this country, where the war was then coming on. Here he immediately enlisted in the ranks, first in the infantry, then in the artillery. He was detailed as mounted orderly at headquarters, Second Army Corps, during the fighting on the south bank of the James in the summer of '64. Part of the time he served in disgrace, as a peaceable non-combatant, helping the company cooks; but mostly he was in the midst of the fight.

There had been an extra secret advance one night in a blinding rain when the roads were a trough of mud and as full of nasty holes as a Long Island swamp. The commanding general had dyspepsia, or else the weight of responsibility had

become so heavy that he couldn't help fretting under it. Anyway, his orders that no man should speak above a whisper, not a harness-strap should creak, nor a canteen rattle against a bayonet in the belt, were such as could not be exactly obeyed. He had his orderlies plunging back and forth along the line of march all night, passing the word that if silence wasn't kept in the ranks he'd have somebody shot for it. Yet the devil was in it, for Patrick couldn't keep still.

You see Wilson's cavalry raid on the Weldon Railroad, back in June, had started off the Johnnies to making their prettiest efforts to defend this line. The Union men wanted to finish the work on the quiet. They were slumping along at a good gait, every man mum, when suddenly there was an awful yell, one shriek, and then absolute, dead silence, somewhere in the front. The thing hadn't died away when a scuffle of hoofs came up behind the ranks, and an orderly was asking in polite swear-language who had made that noise. Those in the rear sent him on ahead, and those ahead did the