

same. It looked as if he had an all-night's job to find that man, but presently he appeared again at the rear, with the little Irishman riding by him. The sight of them brought a laugh, but the men soon forgot all about the incident trying to sight the mud-holes in season to save a stumble.

Ginley had a painful boil on his right leg just above his boot-leather. His horse had stuck a foot through one of the ragged bridges, and the plunge of the horse had pressed the sharp edge of the boot right against the boil and cut it off clean as an army-surgeon's knife. That was when Ginley let out the cry. Any one might forgive him that, but headquarters didn't see it so that night, and he was kept in the background until just before the move of the Northern troops over from Deep Bottom to Reams's Station the last week in August, 1864. Then they put him back on his old detail. He went around after that with his head up in the air and his mouth shut tight.

The station-house at Reams's had been burnt, and some sorry, deserted entrenchments remained in a flat, woody country where two of the pasty roads crossed. The men fell to work tearing up the track, twisting the rails, and burning the ties. They had gone a dozen miles when word came in from signal-men that parties of Confederate cavalry were moving down on the station. The Northern advance guard easily held these off, but the main body of Confederate infantry and artillery came up, and after that the Yanks had to give up railroad-wrecking, for the time being, to attend to some hard fighting. The impending battle came on; not, at first, with actual firing, but with the hurry of preparation; then the long wait and marching backwards and forwards for position; and then, another wait, until the day was well spent before the battle began. Reserves were marched to the crest of a field where it joined some timber, and there ordered to lie down.

From this position a good deal of country could be seen. A battery was planted

off on the right and forward. At daylight it began to shell the enemy and created a commotion in their ranks. As the firing became general the battle-line moved forward slowly, till the section of it near the reserves passed the battery and moved into a terrific fight. The enemy's cavalry charged, detachments of infantry were put in heavily on this part of the field, and after a while the Northern men began to lose ground. They fell back at first stubbornly and in good order, but the enemy followed up their advantage until the retreat became a flight. Masses of men huddled back in disorder, the gunners ran away from the battery, and the guns were thus silenced; and then the Confederates, as if they were satisfied with having accomplished this much, halted and held their ground. The deserted field-pieces lay between the armies. They must have been to many a soldier on both sides tempting objects for a sudden capture, but the commanders had at that moment other matters on their minds. Sharp sounds of the chopping of trees in the forest, where the enemy were strengthening their position, were heard, with the rumble of artillery on a plank-road near by.

At about this time little Ginley was told by General Hancock to go with Colonel Walker to see General Barlow and to learn what Confederate troops were in his front. Almost immediately two mounted men rode across the line of battle. They moved so slowly that it was evident one of them at least was slightly wounded and could not keep his saddle at any sharper pace. Every step of the way they were raked by a heavy musketry fire. At one place they made a little detour, and passed toward the shelter of some breastworks which shortly before had been occupied by Northern troops.

The repulse of the main body of these troops earlier in the day had sent the hearts of the Reserves into their boots. They were crazy for action. But the moment the colonel and his orderly appeared on the field their attention was centred on their movements. To see