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The brandy was in a keg strapped on the back of a mule, and the Surgeon (Dr. Elwees) rapped on it with his knuckles, observing at the same time "you hear it is full". Colonel Pierce, always full of fun, at the same time, the best of Officers, said, "Elwees that will not do, you must tap it, and show me it is brandy and not water", whereupon the Doctor bored a gimlet into it, and nothing flowed from the hole. Thinking it had evaporated, he placed the gimlet lower down, near the centre, and when he withdrew it, a stream of white sand followed, much to our amusement, and his annoyance. Henrici and the Hospital Steward were both present, but tho' I watched them, I could not detect in the face of either, the least sign of conscious guilt.

Our line of march traversed a very fertile country, densely covered with the original forest; the bottom lands were clothed with chesnut, walnut, oak and beach trees, and the uplands with pine, without undergrowth, and on the latter where the undulations of the ground permitted, the Column in march could be seen as on the open prairie from the rear to the head.

One day near the end of the campaign when my Regiment was in the rear, Gen. Scott with his Staff had halted on a commanding knoll probably to survey the column, and as we passed, he called out to Col. Pierce, "Colonel, lend me your Adjutant to send a message quickly to the front", "he appears to be better mounted than my aides".

This was considered a mild rebuke to his aides, with whom as with envy one near his person at that time, the noble old Chief was very querulous, and not infrequently out of temper, and sometimes unjust. The truth is, he was prominently named for the Presidency by the Whigs, and the democratic papers throughout the South, and many at the North, were loud in their denunciations of his mode of conducting the campaign, tho' perfect both in plan and execution, and blamed him for the delay in closing the Florida War. The nature of the War