

— Saturday Morning —

May 31st, 1862. —

Last night was one of anxiety  
and excitement. When the distant  
firing of our foot pickets  
warned us that the enemy  
was near, the tired soldier  
would rouse from his broken  
slumber, grasp his gun, and  
await their approach, until  
overpowered by sleep and  
fatigue he would relapse  
into his dreamy rest. As I  
became unconscious, I heard  
the voice of an absent friend  
pronounce my name in tones  
of former times. I started

E. S. Smith's Good