

The third regiment, Mass. Vol. militia, to its friends at home [12 stanzas of verse] J. P. D. Co. D. 3d Regt. M. V. M. Camp Jourdan, Newbern, N. C., April 1863.

The Third Regiment, Mass. Vol. Militia, to its friends AT HOME.

From Camp "Jourdan," near frowning guns of Totten fort, The gallant Third to friends at home now sends report. Old Time, with noiseless wings speeds onward in his flight, And shrouds the misty past in sombre robes of night; The future still before us shortens to the view, And gives to home and home scenes a resplendent hue.

Our daily duties in unbroken line appear;— One day of camp life stands the same for all the year. From bed of moss, or plank, or rubber covered earth, The soldier rises as Reveille sounds a new day's birth; And as he answers to his number in the line, Ablution done, he anxious waits for breakfast time.

At *seven*, the Breakfast call sounds loud upon the breeze, The cook gives bread and coffee,—the Sutler deals in *cheese*, And *butter*, too, if you possess a *Green Back*, And wish to add a flavor to your *hard tack*; And where's the harm, with flesh and spirit willing, To thus invest a supernumerary shilling.

At *eight* o'clock, the drum beats out the Surgeon's call To assemble the invalids, both great and small, At the Assistant's tent. O, what a task is his, To note each ailment, and to scan each phiz; What place his patients should in justice fill, Whether to give emetic, or recommend a drill.

Half past eight. The detailed guard with arms that shine, March out to sound of music on the color line. The ringing ramrod and the lock's sharp click Succeeds. Inspection then is over quick. "Right face! forward!" this daily duty now is o'er, And they relieve the old guard of the day before.

At *ten*, the day's routine in all its parts to fill Each Company musters for the morning drill. The Orderly busiest of the assembling host, Takes care that every man is promptly at his post, "Fall in, my lads, and while drilling, do your best,— In line, view the buttons on the third man's breast."

"Present!" The Captain now assumes command, And gives instruction to his warrior band; And whether Company 'tis, or Brigade drill, Each soldier seconds promptly his superior's will, And by obedience in a private station, Makes a true soldier, the defender of the nation.

The morning duty done—the dinner's welcome call Is heard, and quickly heeded to by invalids and all. Around the cook house the numbers fast increase, With shining offerings to the Emperor

of Grease! Salt junk and hard tack, and if fresh meat, soup, Compose the mid-day meal of the assembled group.

At *two* o'clock, our dinner eat, tho' not digested, Of dyspeptic fears we find ourselves divested; For full well we know the drill of afternoon, Puts all our organs in most healthful tune, Which finished and all preparation made, Once more we form in line for Dress Parade.

Our Supper call succeeds, to close the day, Which, like the others, we with willing steps obey. Once more we incense offer at the cook house door, Once more our pots are filled as they were filled before; Once more we to our tents contentedly repair; Once more regale ourselves upon the army fare.

At *half-past seven*, the final roll call comes, Heralded by trumpet's bray, and rattling drums; And when each man answers to his well known number, 'Tis his to read, to write, to talk, or slumber, Till "*Taps*" break hoarsely on the ear of noisy night, Which, to the *private* means, *Put out your light*.

O, may we ever, through the uncertain march of life, Prove valiant soldiers in the world's great strife, Act so, that when, our race on earth being run, We take our last look at the setting sun, The final "*taps*" to us shall bring no fright, And all resigned, let God put out our light.

J. P. D.

Co. D, 3d Regt. M. V. M.

Camp Jourdan, Newbern, N. C., April, 1863.

E. H. L.