

quiet, was hardly sufficient to get one's eyes fairly closed; but you must be sensible that out of one hundred men there must be some noisy, crazy fellows, and we had our share of them; so that not a quiet moment could be found all night; either a song, a laugh, or something or other at once dissolved every hope of sleep, if entertained for a moment. For my part, I made it a point not to sleep at all, and sometimes not for forty-eight hours together.

"We marched out to camp twice a week, met in town on the parade-ground four hours each day for the remainder of the week, which, with occasional parades, etc., etc., employed nearly all my time for three months. We received, or rather are to receive, the pay of regulars, eight dollars per month—the whole pay being put into common stock, and the officers sharing equally with the men. A very profitable business, for we spent regularly when in camp three dollars per day. However, we finished our career with *éclat*, 'sarved out our term with honor,' as Napperkin says, and received very high compliments from the commander."

While in camp, "near Fort Gansevoort, on Governor George Clinton's farm," Halleck composed his "spirited and patriotic ode," which, "under the most sacred promises of secrecy as to its authorship," he gave "to Charles W. Sandford, a young lawyer, and the youngest member of the Grays, who, being a fine elocutionist, was in the habit of reciting passages of prose and verse for the entertainment of the members of the company. This ode, so well calculated to stimulate their martial ardor, created the greatest enthusiasm among the Iron Grays, and, indeed, throughout the encampment, composed of three thousand volunteers, being a portion of the twenty-five thousand called out by Governor Tompkins for the defence of the city against the apprehended attack by the British. * * * * Halleck never included it in his collected poems, esteeming it as being of a too ephemeral character for that distinction."

"We twine the wreath of honor
 Around the warrior's brow,
 Who, at his country's altar, breathes
 The life-devoting vow;
 And shall we to the Iron Grays
 The meed of praise deny,
 Who freely swore, in danger's days,
 For their native land to die?"

"For o'er our bleeding country
 Ne'er lowered a darker storm,
 Than bade them round their gallant chief
 The iron phalanx form.
 When first their banner waved in air,
 Invasion's bands were nigh,
 And the battle-drum beat long and loud,
 And the torch of war blazed high!"