

## From the Second Ohio Cavalry.

**Encamped at Fort Scott--Hard Fare--  
Col. Doubleday--Discipline and Drill  
--How the Boys (are Armed.**

A friend, who is a member of the Second Ohio Cavalry, writes us from Fort Scott, Kansas, under date of March 18th, from which we quote as follows:

We came here from Kansas City in five days. The distance is 125. We live on hard crackers and coffee, and, in fact, that is about all we get now, except bacon, and we can't go that. We drew some bacon that was full of maggots, and we find worms in our hard bread very day. It is pretty tough on a 'Cowles House boarder.'

We got some Cleveland papers yesterday. I see by them that they are down on our Colonel, but if they knew the facts they wouldn't be. I will give you a few instances. One night Lieut. L. was officer of the guard at Platte City. The slave owners went to Colonel Doubleday and wanted the privilege of going after some runaway niggers. The Colonel gave them leave to take ten men, but found they had taken thirty, and he sent Lieut. L. after them. He did not find the men, but found twenty negroes on the road to Leavenworth and helped them along, and the Colonel said he did right. The Col. told the officers of the regiment at Platte City that they could do as they wished about helping nigger; he shouldn't know anything about it. So you see that is the same as to tell them to help them off. All this yarn about the Colonel started out of one thing. One day a nigger went to the Colonel and complained about his master, and the Colonel sent him back to his master. It wasn't thought much of at the time, but some one that was down on the Colonel started the story. The men all like him first rate. He is very strict and wants everything done right. He is Acting Brigadier General, and his brigade is composed of the 2d Cavalry, 9th Wisconsin, 12th Kansas and Crab's Battery.

The 9th Wisconsin, 12th, 13th and 1st Kansas and 4th and 2d Cavalry and Battery are stationed here at present.

We are drilling every day now, and it is very pleasant here. We are all troubled with the shorts just now, but we are expecting the Paymaster every day. We can't use any money if we get paid, but we can have the satisfaction of knowing that we have got a little "tin."

We are armed with a sabre, one revolver and a carbine. It makes a pretty good load.

I hope by the next time I write I can boast of being in a fight. Capt. Smith is back at Kansas City sick, and Tim and Billy White. Lieut. Wood is sick at Chardon. One of our boys, by the name of Nixon, died at Platte City, and I expect another is dead by this time. His name is Alfred Caldwell.

The writer was formerly a resident of Painesville, and a boarder at the Cowles House in that place, and now that he is living on salt bacon and wormy crackers, it is very natural that he should compare his present rations with his former sumptuous fare.